

EXT. GARDEN STATE PARKWAY - NIGHT

Three luxury buses with blacked-out windows speed toward Atlantic City. A laser show explodes off of Trump Plaza.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

SETH DAVIS stares out the window.

Seth is 20 years old. No menacing physical presence but a sharpness that you feel right off. He's a smart kid. Confident but edgy. Eyes always darting.

The bus is filled with 19 and 20 year olds. They wear very sharp suits: Hugo Boss, Armani, very slick.

They're going nuts. Cards games in the aisle. Five guys throwing dice in the back. Booze and coke, yelling, screaming.

EXT. BUS - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Exterior shots of the casinos bring us into Bally's Grand.

INT. BALLY'S - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

A top level manager for Bally's runs toward them. He greets MICHAEL BRANDTLEY with a warm handshake. Michael owns JT MARLIN, the company that these kids work for.

MANAGER

Mr. Brantley, how are you?

MICHAEL

Great, great.

MANAGER

Would you prefer to go to the ballroom first, or are you going to hit the tables right off?

MICHAEL  
Let's go to the room. The boys look  
hungry.

CUT TO:

INT. LARGE BALLROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

A buffet and a full bar set up against a wall. Staff members are there to serve. A huge projection TV occupies another wall.

The doors open as we approach, and the group enters. Seth smiles widely as he enters. The group has attacked the buffet and the bar. A large group of managers are snorting coke off a glass coffee table. A dice game is beginning. At least 30 guys are in front of the TV betting on a horse race.

RICHIE  
Holy shit, that's the jockey from  
Venezuela. He's a sicko. I heard he  
weighs like forty-eight pounds.

CHRIS  
No, 119, but you're close, slut.

RICHIE  
Whatever. Give me three to one on that  
skinny nigga.

GREG  
Do me a favor, Richie...

RICHIE  
(laughing)  
You wanna throw down?

Seth is sitting in an armchair with a drink in his hand.

Michael moves to the front of the room to make an announcement. He has a glass of wine in his hand.

MICHAEL  
Quiet down a second. I want you all to  
know that those pikers at the NASD are  
finally off our ass. JT Marlin once  
again has unlimited trading

authorization. I told you guys, you can't keep a good man down.

(big applause)

We are the superstars now. JP Morgan just faxed over their congratulations. It said, "Welcome to the Club." This also means that the teams headed by Ron and Anthony who were good enough to give up their rep numbers, can stop cold calling and start trading again. Welcome back. To show you guys just how appreciative I am, I have a little something extra for you. I want all of you guys from those teams to go up to suite 418. We're players now, boys, let's celebrate it. Salute!

They all go wild.

CUT TO:

INT. SUITE 418 - NIGHT (LATER)

CLOSE UP ON RICHIE, a broker with a bad temper, who is fucking a prostitute from behind on one of the double beds in the room. He's still half dressed. There is nothing sensual about it.

We PAN OVER to the other bed where another broker is fucking a prostitute. The two men are looking at each other and laughing.

The women are quiet. There is a lot of noise coming from the hallway in the form of lewd CHEERS.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

There are 17 more guys waiting in line.

MARC

Take it to 'em, Richie!!

TODD

And take it quick, we're all waiting  
out here.

Everyone laughs as we FADE TO BLACK. It does down and then  
one voice RINGS out, loud and crude.

VOICE  
Put it in your ass!

FADE OUT.

THREE MONTHS EARLIER

INT. RECEPTION AREA/JT MARLIN - MORNING

We follow GREG FEINSTEIN through a reception office. Greg is  
a senior broker here at JT Marlin. He walks tall, wears  
expensive clothing, drives a Ferrari. But if you look close  
you can see the high school loser who made good.

An attractive secretary in her mid-twenties, DEBBIE HILLIARD,  
picks her head up when Greg walks in. Debbie is black.  
She's street smart and has that "in the know" look about her.

Greg walks straight up to Debbie. He doesn't look happy.

GREG  
Morning baby. You wanna tell me where  
the fuck you were last night?

DEBBIE  
Not particularly. And don't call me  
baby.

(pauses)  
Greg, I'm not sure how better to  
explain this to you, but it's over.

GREG  
That what you think?

DEBBIE  
(nonplussed)  
Kiss off would you, I've got work to  
do.

Greg, incensed, GRABS her by the arm as a group of brokers  
walks in. He tries to act like he's showing her something on

the computer but she angrily SHAKES loose of his grip. Greg leaves her and walks into...

CUT TO:

INT. BOILER ROOM - MORNING (CONTINUOUS)

...the trading room of JT MARLIN. The cold light of this enormous room almost blinds the viewer. The room is spartan.

This is no traditional trading house. Each broker's desk touches another on either side as well as directly ahead.

It looks like one very long cafeteria style table with brokers sitting across from and next to each other. There are close to twenty brokers sitting at each table. On the tables are only two items, phones and index cards. A secretary is at the head of each table. They answer incoming calls.

We move QUICKLY along one of the tables, passing brokers on the phones, their pitches melding into one another.

BROKER #1

About how much would you say you have invested in the market right now? More than a half million, less than...?

BROKER #2

No, no, no. You don't want out now. I'm telling you this stock is going to thirty. I'm in very heavy myself. Just stay put.

BROKER #3

I don't know if you've ever had the opportunity to purchase IPO before but we have a company that we're bringing to market in the next...

BROKER #4

Look, we have to move on this right now. This is gonna happen in the next week. We don't want to marry this stock. We're in we're out...

GREG

No, I understand why you'd be concerned. You just have to calm down for a second. You see nothing's changed. Our game plan's the same. Look, this is off the record, but I spoke to the controller this morning. He assured me that they will be reporting better than expected third quarter earnings next month.

(soothing)

Right. See I'm telling you, just sit tight, everything's fine. It's type two buying power. You're golden. Call me in a month from now when you're rich. Bye.

One of Greg's trainees, MARC, approaches with a stack of cards.

MARC

Here you go, Greg.

GREG

I hope these are better than the last batch of shit you gave me. You produce more wood than Ron Jeremy.

MARC

What? What do you mean?

GREG

I see you making your calls. Listen to me, you can't just get on the phone and say, 'Can I send you some information?' If you want them off the phone so bad, why don't you just hang up? You have to excite them about things. You want them to beg for a broker on that first call.

Debbie walks through the trading floor to drop a package off at a broker's desk. Greg watches, seething.

MARC

You're right. I freeze up when...

GREG

Just stop pussying out every time someone picks up the phone; it's what

you want.

CUT TO:

INT. QUEENS COLLEGE DINING HALL - DAY

Three students sit at a table eating lunch. They're all white, 19 years old, come from families with money.

KID

You still owe me twenty-five bucks.

His friend has a hamburger in his mouth as he hears this and almost spits it out to answer.

KID 2

From what?

KID

I spotted you at Douglaston last week.  
Remember? The birdie on nine?

KID 2

Oh yeah, yeah.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a bunch of chips from a casino. He lays them out on the table and counts out \$25. All of the chips say "Seth's" on them.

KID 2 (CONT'D)

Here you go. Now pass me the sauerkraut, you stank ho.

He takes the chips, counts them, and drops them in his shirt pocket. The third friend's interest is perked.

KID 3

Yo, where did you get those?

KID

Mind your fucking business.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

A black Acura pulls up in front of an attached home in New Garden Hills, Queens. The boys from school get out of the car and go up to the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. SETH'S BEDROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

A comforter hangs in front of the window. Nothing is in order except for a desk in the corner with a ledger book on it.

A hard KNOCKING is heard and Seth stirs in his sleep. The knocking is heard again and this time Seth straightens up.

CUT TO:

INT. DOORWAY - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Seth comes running down the stairs. The knocking is steady now. He opens the door to Josh's raised fist about to knock.

SETH  
Sorry about that.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

There are two full-size couches and a coffee table. A large-screen TV, VCR, and Sega game system sit in one corner. The windows in the room are covered by red-velvet curtains.

The centerpieces of the room are two blackjack tables. They're for real -- professional felts, cash boxes, stools.

Seth hits the lights. He stands there in sweat pants and a "cunning linguist" T-shirt, dealing to the three kids.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Seth stands at the door of an affluent looking home in Flatbush. After one knock, his mother comes to the door.

MOTHER

I'm just saying, this isn't good, Seth.  
You're late and your father's really  
upset with you. He won't even tell me  
what it is. I just wanted to warn you.

She goes back to the kitchen before Seth can respond. He opens the screen door and walks in. He's nervous.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

His family is eating dinner. Seth's father, MARTY DAVIS, does not even look up from his plate. Marty is a Federal Judge. He's an intimidating man both in his work and personal life.

Seth moves toward the empty seat. His younger brother NEIL, is happy to see him though.

NEIL

What's up, Seth?

SETH

Hey bro, how's school?

MARTY

That's a good question. You want to  
tell me what happened, Seth?

NEIL

We didn't know if you were still  
coming.

SETH

There was traffic.

MARTY

So?

SETH

Don't you want to wait till after

dinner?

MOTHER

Yeah, I think that's a better...

MARTY

Answer the question.

Everyone stops eating. There's no more denying the tension.

SETH

I dropped out.

MARTY

Tell me why.

SETH

I gave it a year Dad, it's not for me.  
I'm sure of it.

MARTY

So you've been lying to our faces for  
six months now. Six months. Schools  
fine, Dad. My grades are good, Dad.  
Okay, let's leave that for a second.  
If you dropped out then you're not  
getting your student loan checks  
anymore. Right? I want to know how  
you're making rent every month.

SETH

Dad, please don't ask me that.

There is a long pause here as Seth just stares back at her.

MOTHER

You're dealing drugs, aren't you?

SETH

No, of course not. I'm not a drug  
dealer, Mom.

MOTHER

Well, what are you doing? This is  
making me nervous, Seth.

SETH

Okay. There's a business I'm running.  
But I'm earning my money honestly.

Marty reaches into his pocket and takes out a handful of chips from Seth's casino, SLAMMING them down on the table.

MARTY

Is this what you call earning a living?

MOTHER

(hysterical)

What are those, Marty? Are those drugs?

SETH

Yes, it's an honest living. Ask any of my customers.

MARTY

Customers? What are you talking about? They're people's children from this community.

How do you think I got these? Anyway, it's illegal! You're running a back-door card game! How do you think this reflects on me? I'm a judge for Christ's sake! If this ever gets out...

Seth looks away. He's just too scared to maintain eye contact.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Are you listening to me?!!

SETH

Yes.

CUT TO:

INT. SETH'S CASINO - NIGHT

The room is now filled with people. The television is blasting out a Knicks game. The tables are at their capacity. Many more stand around placing bets on the dealer's hand.

Seth is dealing on one table and one of his employees, JEFF, an even younger looking kid, deals at another. One patron is

at the center of all the action. He looks very nervous about the stakes he's playing.

SETH  
(stone cold)  
That's sixteen.

CASINO PATRON  
Hit me.

Seth puts a King on top of his hand.

SETH  
And bust. I'm sorry.

The patron is fuming over his loss. He slams his hand down.

CASINO PATRON  
Fuck! I cannot win a fucking hand tonight.

SETH  
Hey Steve!

STEVE (O.S.)  
Yeah?

STEVE is the new guy there.

SETH  
Get in here.  
(to patron)  
What kind of soda you like?

CASINO PATRON  
(still angry)  
I don't care!

Steve is standing at the other table struggling with the plastic on a new carton of Marlboros. He hands out packs to customers, then makes his way over to Seth's table.

SETH  
(holding out car keys)  
Here, take my car and go get Mike a coke and a falafel. You hungry?

CASINO PATRON  
(surprised)

Yeah, yeah... sure. Why not?

SETH  
Come on, Mike. It's a roller coaster,  
ups and downs. You know that.  
Alright, place your bets.

FADE OUT.

INT. SETH'S CASINO - NIGHT (LATER)

The room is near empty. The clock on the wall reads 3:00 AM. The last two kids there finally call it quits. No more money.

SETH  
See ya guys.

KID (O.S.)  
Fuck you!

Steve walks them to the door and locks up after they leave.

Seth removes the cash boxes and spills the money onto the table. There is easily \$5,000 there. He begins to count, straightening each bill out as he goes along.

CUT TO:

EXT. SETH'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

A black Ferrari rips around the corner. Greg and Adam emerge from the car. Adam knocks as Greg squeezes past him.

INT. CASINO - NIGHT

Seth jerks his head up from the table. He puts the money aside, writes a figure on a pad, and walks toward the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOOR - NIGHT

ADAM

He's not gonna let you in. He doesn't know you. The kid's not stupid, Greg.

A small makeshift metal plate slides open on the wooden door and we see Seth's eyes looking at the pair.

SETH'S POV

SETH

Who's this?

ADAM (O.S.)

This is my boy Greg.

The plate closes and the door swings open.

SETH

We thought we were done for the night.

ADAM

Is it too late to get a couple of hands in?

SETH

Nah. Twenty-four/seven, you know that.

Steve takes their coats and hangs them in the closet.

SETH (CONT'D)

Hey Steve, go grab a couple of sandwiches.

Seth leads them over to the tables and discreetly puts the cash away. Greg takes notice. Seth shuffled the cards.

SETH (CONT'D)

Okay, house rules are as follows. We play Las Vegas with the exception of a particular side bet. You can bet over-under thirteen on the dealer's hand with a loss occurring on blackjack.

GREG

That's cute, like the green spot on a roulette wheel.

Seth does not respond.

GREG (CONT'D)  
How many idiots take that bet?

SETH  
More than you'd think.

Greg laughs and then removes a huge wad of cash.

ADAM  
Alright give me... four hundred  
dollars.

GREG  
You didn't say anything about the  
betting.

SETH  
What were you thinking?

GREG  
Five hundred Max?

Steve, who has just walked in with the sandwiches stops dead  
after hearing Greg's suggestion.

SETH  
We don't usually service that level of  
action here... but I'd hate to turn  
away a new customer. Thing is, we may  
not have enough cash here to settle you  
at the end of the night.

GREG  
That's okay. You can pay me tomorrow.

SETH  
(laughs)  
Sure. How much you want?

Greg unfolds his bank roll and puts down a wad of cash.

GREG  
Five dimes.

Seth counts out the money on the table.

SETH

In what denomination?

GREG  
Denomination? Ummm, I'll take three  
Puerto Ricans, two Chinks and a Guinea.

Adam, Steve and even Seth laugh, lightening the mood.

GREG (CONT'D)  
I'll let you mix it up for me.

Seth takes the money and pushes it into the cash box. He then counts up \$5,000 in chips for Greg.

ADAM  
You're such a prick. Gotta make me  
feel like I'm playing at the kiddie  
table.

GREG  
If the shoe fits, baby. Oh shit. You  
got real chips.

Holding them up to Adam.

GREG (CONT'D)  
(laughing)  
Look, they even say "Seth's" on 'em.  
This is no joke.

ADAM  
I told you.

SETH  
At first we just used Bicycle poker  
chips, you know, the kind you can buy  
in a deli. Then some kids started  
sneaking in additional funds.

ADAM  
(laughing)  
Jesus Christ. Bet you put a stop to  
that shit real quick.

Greg reaches over to the platter for a sandwich.

GREG  
And you pay for food and drinks for all  
these kids?

SETH

I sure as hell don't cook for them.  
I've already lived in four places in  
Queens. I don't think I ever turned a  
stove on except to light a cigarette.

GREG

You and me both.

SETH

But I take care of my customers.  
Smokes, food, soda. Look, I'm not  
stupid, I never buy decaffeinated.

GREG

(laughing)

Holy shit, would you listen to this  
kid.

SETH

(all business)

Alright. Place your bets.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP, NYC - DAY

Seth is sitting in a booth waiting for someone.

A Towncar pulls up and Seth's father gets out. He comes  
inside and heads toward the booth. Seth stands to greet him.

MARTY

(cold)

Hi Seth.

SETH

Hey Dad.

The two have an awkward moment as Seth reaches out to embrace  
his father. They're obviously uncomfortable around each  
other.

MARTY

(gruff)

So what's up?

Seth is very nervous here. He's trying to reach out toward his father. New territory.

SETH  
How you doing?

MARTY  
I'm fine, Seth. What's on your mind?

SETH  
I just feel bad about the way things went at the house last week. I feel like we just don't get anywhere talking at home.

MARTY  
(cold)  
I'm not sure what there is to talk about. You're a habitual liar. You've dropped out of school, you're running an illegal casino out of your apartment. You're putting my career at risk. What do you want to talk about?

SETH  
Why can't we just discuss this? Maybe you're not seeing my side.

MARTY  
Your side? You're doing wrong. I'm not your best friend, here to nod my head and sympathize. That's my your mother's racket. I'm your father. I let you know when you screw up. Did you think I was going to pat you on the back for this casino idea? Tell you what an entrepreneur you are?

SETH  
No.

MARTY  
So, what do you want from me? Meeting me in a coffee shop is not going to change the life you have. God, if I ever asked my father to meet me for a cup of coffee to talk about my screw-up he probably he probably would have

laughed. We didn't have nice little chats about why I was a bad boy. Whether I was just calling out for attention or not. I got smacked and then I didn't do it again. Much simpler.

SETH  
(mutters)

Well that really worked great on me, Dad.

MARTY  
What?

SETH  
Look Dad, I'm sitting here and I'm trying to restore what's left of our relationship.

MARTY  
(angry)  
Relationship?  
What are you talking about? We're not dating, Seth. I'm your father, not your girlfriend. So stop with the pop-psychology talk. Did your mother feed you this crap?

SETH  
(embarrassed)  
No.

MARTY  
Clean up your life. Make an honest living. Then we can talk like normal people.  
(looks at watch)  
I gotta get back to work. I'm hearing a grand jury indictment this afternoon.

Marty slaps a five dollar bill on the table and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO - NIGHT

It's the end of the night. Seth sits with Greg.

GREG

I'm just saying, this is risky business. You plan on dealing cards to college kids when you're thirty-five? Think you won't get busted in the next two years? You need to start thinking about down-the-line time.

SETH

So I should come work for you, huh? I guess it'll be retribution for me taking all your money here.

GREG

(laughs)

First of all, I'm not done with your here. And no, you'll only be working for me for a short time. You learn the ropes, pass the series seven, then you're on your own. Just ask Adam, he'll tell you.

Seth stares at him, contemplating.

CUT TO:

INT. SETH'S CAR - DAY

Seth is driving on the LIE. We see the NYC skyline through the rear window. He's driving away from the city.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOILER ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

It's lunch time as Seth pulls up in his mother's Volvo wagon. The first sight he comes across is 14 kids in wing-tips and dress shirts playing street hockey in the parking lot.

There are three Ferraris right in front. The rest of the lot is filled with Mercedes SL's, Corvettes, and other exotics.

As Seth closes the car door, he spots a bright yellow "Jewish

Mother on Board". He throws it on the floor in the back.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The room is packed with interviewees. Some have to stand. They're all terribly dressed. Sunday's best doesn't cut it. The front door opens and Seth walks in. He wears a sharp suit. He walks tall. All eyes fall on Seth, even Debbie's.

DEBBIE  
Over here.

SETH  
Have they started interviewing yet?

DEBBIE  
No.

SETH  
How long do you expect the wait to be?

DEBBIE  
You'll all be going in at the same time.

SETH  
I thought this was an interview.

DEBBIE  
(finding the words)  
It's a group interview. You'll see.

She reaches under the desk and pulls out a clipboard.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
(smiling)  
Here. Fill this out. I'd say have a seat, but that doesn't look like it's going to happen.

Seth doesn't have a clue that she is trying to make conversation with him.

SETH  
That's okay.

RUDE KID

Hey, when's this shit gettin' started?

Debbie doesn't even look up from her desk.

RUDE KID (CONT'D)

You hear me?

DEBBIE

I hear you. I'm just not answering.

RUDE KID

What the fuck?

She sighs as if she's done talking, then...

DEBBIE

Open your mouth again and I'll  
personally guarantee you never get a  
job here.

One of the doors of the trading room opens. Seth catches a glimpse of several brokers crouched down, playing dice near the far window of the trading room. The door closes in SLOW MOTION as Seth cranes to get every possible view.

Out walks JIM YOUNG. Jim is a team leader at JT Marlin. He is dressed to the T. He looks like someone not to be fucked with.

JIM

Alright guys, come this way.

CUT TO:

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The room used mostly for interviewing and on the rare occasion a meeting is needed with someone outside the firm.

Jim walks in to find Marc sitting at the head of the table. He laughs to himself.

JIM

I'm sorry, but that's my seat.

MARC  
(scared)  
Oh man, I'm so sorry.

JIM  
It's alright.

Marc JUMPS to another seat. He is chided by one of his friends, the same kid who was having words with Debbie.

RUDE KID  
Fucking dumb-ass.

JIM  
You can get the fuck out of here.

RUDE KID  
(terrified)  
What? What?

JIM  
Don't talk to me, don't look at me,  
just pick your ass up out of that  
Italian leather chair and get the fuck  
out of this room.

He gets up and leaves without saying another word.

JIM (CONT'D)  
We expect everyone here to treat their  
co-workers with a certain level of  
respect.

Everyone in the room is silent and staring at Jim.

JIM (CONT'D)  
(calm)  
Now before I get started I have a  
question. Has anyone here passed the  
series seven?

One hand goes up. It's one of the few kids who wears a good suit and wasn't too worried looking in the waiting room.

SERIES SEVEN  
I have a series seven license.

JIM  
Good for you, now you can get out too.

SERIES SEVEN

What? Why?

JIM

Because we don't hire brokers. We train new ones.

Jim waits for him to leave the room and then calmly continues.

JIM (CONT'D)

This is the deal. I am not here to waste your time and I can only hope you're not here to waste mine. So I'm gonna keep this short. You become an employee of this firm and you will make your first million within three years.

(pauses)

Okay? Let me repeat that. You will make a million dollars within three years of your first day of employment at JT Marlin. Everybody got that? There is no question as to whether you will be a millionaire working at this firm, the question is how many times over.

Every kid in the room besides Seth is completely starry eyed at this point. Some mouths even hang open. Seth is excited too, but is smarter than the rest... he doesn't show it.

JIM (CONT'D)

You think I'm joking. I am not joking. I am a millionaire. It's a weird thing to hear, right? I'll tell you, it's a weird thing to sa. I'm a fucking millionaire. Now guess how old I am? Twenty-seven. You know what that makes me here? A fucking senior citizen. This firm is entirely comprised of people your age, not mine. Lucky for me, I am very fucking good at my job or I'd be out of one. You guys are the new blood. You're gonna go home with the kesef. You're the future Big-Swinging-Dicks of this firm. Now you all look money hungry and that's good. Anybody who says money is the root of

all evil, doesn't have it! Money can't buy happiness? Look at the fucking smile on my face. Ear to ear, baby. You wanna hear details? I drive a Ferrari 355 cabriolet.

(throws keys on desk)

I have a ridiculous house on the South Fork. I've got every toy you can imagine. And best of all, kids, I am liquid.

Jim takes a pause here and circles the room.

JIM (CONT'D)

So now that you know what's possible, let me tell you what's required. You are required to work your ass off. We want winners, not pikers. A piker is someone who walks at the bell. A piker asks how much vacation time he gets in the first year. See, people work here to become filthy rich. No other reason. That's it. You want vacation time? Go teach third grade public school.

Jim pours himself a glass of water from a carafe and drinks.

JIM (CONT'D)

Your first six months at the firm are as a trainee... you make one hundred and fifty dollars a week. After you're done training, you take the Series Seven test. When you pass, you become a junior broker and you'll be opening accounts for your team leader. After you open forty accounts you begin working for yourself and then... sky's the limit. Now a word about being a trainee. The other brokers, your parents, whoever: they're gonna give you shit about it. And it's true, a hundred and fifty a week is not a lot of money, but pay no mind. You need to learn the business and this is the time to do it. Once you pass the Series Seven none of it will matter.

He pauses to drink.

JIM (CONT'D)

Your friends are shit. You're gonna tell them you made twenty-five thousand last month and they're not going to believe you. Fuck them! Your parents don't like the life you lead? Fuck you Mom and Dad! As a trainee you will be building a foundation for yourself. Think of it as the foundation to a building. Right? Gotta build the foundation before you can put up your skyscraper. You know what I built?

(takes out a model)

The fucking twin towers. Now go home and think about whether this is for you. If you decide it isn't, nothing to be embarrassed about. It's not for everyone.

But if you really want it, then give me a call on Monday and we'll talk. Just don't waste my time. Alright. That's it.

Jim walks out of the room leaving the door open behind him. No one has moved from their seat.

FADE OUT.

EXT. BOILER ROOM - DAY

Shot of Seth walking in the building.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION AREA/JT MARLIN - MORNING

Seth walks in. From the look on his face alone, you can see it's his first day of work. He walks past Debbie.

DEBBIE

Hey, Seth.

He stares at her for a long moment. Her beauty is hitting him for the first time. No idea what her name is though.

SETH  
Hi...

DEBBIE  
Debbie.

SETH  
I'm so sorr...

DEBBIE  
(all smiles)  
It's okay. I never told you my name.  
Besides, you looked pretty frazzled the  
other day. I'd be surprised if you'd  
remembered.

SETH  
First day.

DEBBIE  
(sarcastic)  
No shit?

Seth laughs. Likes her already. She watches him leave.

CUT TO:

INT. BOILER ROOM - MORNING

It's 8:00 and the trading room is already packed. Seth sits  
at his new desk with a box of cards in front of him.

Greg drops down in a seat next to him. He picks up the box  
of cards and starts right in.

GREG  
These are the D&B cards. Dunn and  
Bradstreet.

SETH  
Good morning.

Greg checks his paper as he continues...

GREG  
They're the company that supply us with

our leads. Every one of these cards is an opportunity. These are good leads. People on these cards buy stock. Your job is to call them and get them interested in the firm. You're not actually selling stock yet, but you're selling the dream. Get 'em wet and tell them that in a month from now a senior broker will call them back with one idea.

SETH

Who are these people?

GREG

Average client's forty-five years old, from the Midwest, two hundred and fifty thousand dollar annual income, three million net. Has a local broker, but loves a New York guy who sounds good on the phone. The card's not gonna tell you any of that. Only says their name, address and occupation. You gotta feel them out.

(picks up card)

Here. Peter Davis, Vice President of Parks Telecommunications. Guy's probably a whale. See what he's playing with. Truth is it doesn't matter these days. With the DOW where it is now, everyone wants a piece of the market. I can close anyone at any time anywhere in the country. Just give me a phone number.

JOHN FEINER, the compliance officer, walks out of Michael's office. He looks at Seth as he walks by.

SHERYL

Greg, I have John Duncklee on line three.

GREG

I'm not here. After you qualify the guy you send him a press packet. It's all really easy and it'll get you feeling comfortable on the phone, which is key. This entire business revolves around the phone. A good broker makes

over seven hundred calls a day.

SETH

(laughs)

What's the phone bill like here?

GREG

This month was approaching four hundred thousand. Now listen to me. Even though you're not actually selling stock yet, I want you to remember the coda we have here. Did you see Glengarry Glenross?

SETH

Yeah.

GREG

Alright then, you remember ABC?

SETH

Always be closing.

GREG

Right. Always -- Be -- Closing. That's the attitude you need. Always be closing Seth. Telling's not selling. Now there's two rules you need to know as a trainee. The rest will come later. Number one, we do not pitch the bitch here.

SETH

What?

GREG

We don't sell stock to women. I don't care who it is, we don't do it. I'm serious. Nancy Sinatra calls, you tell her you're sorry. They're a constant pain in the ass and never worth the trouble.

They will call you every fucking day asking you why the stock is dropping. And God forbid the stock should go up you'll hear from them every fifteen minutes.

(mocking)

Is it a good time to sell? It's simply

not worth the time or effort.

SETH

Okay, don't pitch the bitch.

GREG

Second rule. Don't write wood. A lot of trainee are so anxious to get off the phone they just steamroll the guy into getting the press pack so they can hang up. Then I call in a month and say, Hi, you spoke to a junior associate of mine last month. The guy's like, Yeah, I'm not interested. Bye. That's a shitty lead. It's fucking wood. The info we send is bullshit. The important part of the call is telling them you have that one great idea, and that a broker is going to call them back in a month. This shows that we don't just fire a million recos a day. We tell them we have six or seven great ideas a year! They don't want to think you're pitching them something you read in the journal this morning. Get it? No wood.

SETH

Yeah, I got it. Chill.

GREG

Don't even start with that shit. I'm just telling you what your place is and what I expect of you. I'm making your job easier.

This is not the Greg that Seth remembers from the casino.

SETH

Okay. Well what happens if they want to buy stock right then?

GREG

Alright, now we're talking. You should go into every call thinking just that. If they want a recommendation, you put the guy on hold, you stand up, and yell "RECO" at the top of your lungs. The first senior broker to get to the phone

gets the sale.

Seth smiles broadly.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Seth walks up the path toward Greg's house. It's a beauty. The door is open and Seth slowly lets himself in. He passes through the living room which has no furniture -- just cardboard boxes waiting to be unpacked.

In the den there are 15 guys from the firm sitting on the floor. They're eating pizza and drinking beer. A huge TV sits against a wall, the only thing in the room besides the pizza.

They are watching the movie "Wall Street".

ADAM

Seth! What's up, man? Thought you weren't gonna make it. Sit down, grab a slice, have a beer.

GREG

(pointing at TV)

Shut-up, shut the fuck up, Gecko's coming. Alright my turn.

The doors to Gordon Gecko's office open and Greg begins. The following is intercut with scenes from the film.

GREG (CONT'D)

What the hell's goin' on? I'm lookin' at two hundred shares, pal. I wanna know if we're part of it. We better be or I'm gonna come down and eat your lunch for you. Back in two, Alex.

Richie picks it right up.

RICHIE

Sorry, Jeff. Look, I loved it at forty, it's an insult at fifty. Their analysts? They don't know preferred stock from livestock. Alright, we wait

till it hits south, then we, we raise  
the sperm count on the deal. Get back  
at ya.

CHRIS VARICK picks it up from there. He's also a team  
leader; but has his shit together more tightly than the rest.

CHRIS

This is the kid. Calls me fifty-nine  
days in a row, wants to be a player.  
Oughta be a picture of you in the  
dictionary under persistence, kid.  
Yeah, now listen, Jerry. I'm lookin'  
for negative control. No more than  
thirty, thirty-five percent. Just  
enough to block anybody else's merger  
plans and find out from the inside if  
the books are cooked. Looks as good on  
paper and we're in the kill zone, pal.  
We'll lock and load. Lunch? Oh you  
gotta be kidding. Lunch is for wimps.  
Okay, Fidel, I'll talk at ya.

Everyone in the room says this line in unison.

EVERYONE

How do you do, Mr. Gecko. Bud Fox.

GREG

So you say. Nice to meet you. Hope  
you're intelligent. Where'd you get  
these?

EVERYONE

I got a connection at the airport.

GREG

So what's on your mind, Kimosabi? Why  
am I listening to you?

The sound fades down as we see Seth looking around the room.  
All the money in the world and no one to share it with.

CUT TO:

INT. DEBBIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Debbie walks in looking beat. She's just come from work. The apartment is small and modestly furnished. Working class.

DEBBIE  
Mom?

MOTHER (O.S.)  
I'm in bed.

Debbie heads back toward the bedroom. She walks in to find her mother in bed coughing. She does not look well.

DEBBIE  
Bad day?

MOTHER  
Miserable.

Debbie gets her mother's medication ready.

DEBBIE  
Let me make some tea. You sound really congested.

Debbie leaves for the kitchen.

MOTHER  
How was work?

CUT TO:

INT. SETH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Seth is on the phone with his mother. There is a monitor showing the tables downstairs.

SETH  
I told you, Mom, I'm not a broker yet. I'm a trainee. I still need to pass my series seven test.

MOTHER  
Oh please, you're a stock broker. You wear a suit to work every day, don't you?

SETH

Yeah?

MOTHER

So? What are we arguing about then?

SETH

Thanks Mom.

MOTHER

You're doing great, Seth. You're working your way up from the bottom. That's never easy. I'm very proud of you. And I told you father about things.

SETH

What'd he say?

MOTHER

He's very happy. Shocked, but happy. He's been waiting for you to call him.

SETH

Well why doesn't he just call me?

MOTHER

One miracle at a time, okay sweetie?

CUT TO:

INT. BOILER ROOM - MORNING

Seth is on the phone trying to make things happen.

SETH

Uh...

(looking at card)

...Mr. Mathews please. Seth Davis.  
From JT Marlin. No, he doesn't know me. Yes it's concerning investments.  
Hello?

Seth hangs up the phone and stares at it for a moment.

SETH (CONT'D)

(muttering to himself)

Fucking bitch.

He dials another number.

MARC

Tech stocks are down today.

GREG

Hey Warren Buffet, you trying to e  
cute? Make the fucking calls! You're  
not a fund manager! How's it going  
there, Seth?

Seth shrugs his shoulders. Greg comes over. The phone is  
ringing.

SETH

Hi, Howard Young please. It's Seth  
Davis from JT Marlin. No, he's not  
expecting my call. No thanks, I'll  
call him back.

GREG

Okay, first of all there are going to  
be a lot of those regardless of how  
good you are. But you happen to suck  
dick. I have this friend who runs this  
other firm. He gives out this book to  
all his trainees. The Rebuttal Book.  
Looks like a fil-o-fax. Has those  
index tabs but they don't say A to B to  
G to H, they say things like Wife won't  
let me, I'm not in the market now, Call  
me back, Send me a prospectus.  
Has a rebuttal for any excuse. That's  
all the shit you're gonna have to learn  
later. For now you only have to  
remember one thing. You can be whoever  
you want on the phone. So say what you  
have to. Use a different name if you  
want. Tell them you're a vice-  
president here. Just get them on the  
line. That's the first step. It's the  
hardest part sometimes, but just get  
the cocksucker on the line.

SETH

I don't understand. How can I do shit  
like that? Isn't there a compliance

offer here? Isn't it...

GREG

Illegal? No, Seth. Everyone does that shit. Even on Wall Street. And John over there, he works for us.

Greg points to John who is at a desk in the back of the room.

GREG (CONT'D)

He's a fucking chimp. The only compliance work he's doing is making sure my lunch is still hot when it gets here. He's only here because the SEC requires it. He might have the easiest fucking job in the entire world. Look at him I think he's actually masturbating right now.

A Fed-Ex package is brought over by Debbie. She's got a few of them in her hands. She smiles at Seth as she drops the package on Greg's desk. Greg sees this.

GREG (CONT'D)

Bad news. Stay the fuck away.

Chris walks over. Debbie continues to hand out packages.

CHRIS

Holy shit. You slut. You made the call.

GREG

(smiling wide)

I did.

Seth sees Debbie picking up packages as well. One broker is seen angrily stuffing cash into a Fed-Ex envelope.

CHRIS

And you went big too.

GREG

I did.

Greg opens the package and removes a good \$20,000 in cash. Seth's attention is snapped back to Greg and the package.

GREG (CONT'D)

Fuckin' A. Only bookie in New York  
that delivers Federal Express.

CUT TO:

INT. RATNER'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Seth and his whole family are having dinner in celebration of  
Seth's new job. Marty looks about as happy as pie.

MARTY

So when are you taking the test?

SETH

After the training program's over.  
They really want you to get a good idea  
of how things work before you take the  
series seven. It's a great system.  
I'm really learning a lot. They're  
very thorough.

NEIL

Are you gonna be rich, Seth?

SETH

I hope so.

MOTHER

God willing.

MARTY

I gotta ask you: how come I've never  
heard of this firm?

The question makes Seth nervous. Familiar territory.

SETH

They're a small firm, Dad. There's a  
million others just like it that you've  
never heard of either.

MARTY

I guess what I'm asking is why you  
didn't try and go straight to Goldman  
Sachs or a company of that stature.

MOTHER

Marty, why are you starting?

SETH

(calm)

It's okay, Mom. The reason, Dad, is that the larger houses don't hire kids straight out of college unless you went to an Ivy League school or you want to do cash-flow analysis for the next fifteen years. They want you to work outside their firm for a couple of years to get a sense of the marketplace. That's why almost all brokers start in small firms like JT Marlin.

MARTY

(to Mother)

See, that wasn't so bad. He answered the question. This is good stuff, Seth. Good stuff. So how does it feel to have a real job?

SETH

It feels real good, Dad.

Seth looks elated. There's a long content pause.

MARTY

All you have to do now is close the casino.

MOTHER

Marty! We talked about this.

Seth looks at his watch. He realizes he's late for something.

SETH

I hate to run, but I'm late to meet a friend.

He kisses his Mom and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT (LATER)

Seth walks into a dimly lit bar in downtown Manhattan. It's a class joint. He searches the room until he sees Debbie sitting at a table in the back.

SETH  
Debbie.

DEBBIE  
(big smile)  
Hey Seth. Go get yourself a drink.

FADE OUT.

INT. BAR - NIGHT (LATER)

They've already had a couple of drinks by now and are pretty loosened up.

SETH  
So who do you live with?

DEBBIE  
Oh, you mean is the black girl here taking care of her grandma because her momma's a crack-head?

SETH  
Yeah, exactly. I thought it was smack, though. You know you have got to get a hold of that edge. It's kind of sharp sometimes.

DEBBIE  
(embarrassed laugh)  
I know, it's true. I just got so much shit at JT. Sometimes I have to get into that mode just to fend them off.

SETH  
So why are you there? It doesn't seem like the ideal working environment for a black woman.

DEBBIE  
No, it isn't. But tell me, how many secretaries you know make eighty

thousand a year?

SETH  
(smiling)

One.

DEBBIE  
Exactly.

SETH  
You could always go back to school.

DEBBIE  
(laughs)  
You pompous ass. What makes you think I want to? College isn't for everyone. It's not like every black girl dreams of being a marine-biologist her whole life.

(dramatic)  
If only she could get out of the ghetto.

SETH  
Hey, you don't have to tell me. I dropped out.

DEBBIE  
Really? Now that's a surprise.

SETH  
(mocking)  
You know it isn't for everyone. It's not like every Jewish boy wants to be a CPA if only he could make Wharton's.

Debbie laughs hard and they settle into intimate eye contact. Debbie leans toward Seth who pulls away, embarrassed.

SETH (CONT'D)  
Whoa. I don't even know what synagogue you belong to.

Debbie bursts into laughter.

CUT TO:

INT. WALL STREET BAR - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

We are at a "broker bar" with Greg, Chris, Richie, and Adam. The guys have come from work. They look very confused.

RICHIE

Yo. I thought this shit was a broker hangout. Merryl Lynch, Solomon Bros, the big dicks.

GREG

Yeah. What is this? Looks like an insurance salesman convention.

A group of brokers at a nearby table take notice of the guys and start pointing, laughing.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

DEBBIE

You don't fit in there. You know that? They're all white trash. To them, this is going legit.

SETH

What do you mean by that?

DEBBIE

Always talking about being a big swinging dick on Wall Street. It's funny, 'cause Long Island is as close as they're ever going to get. But you could be doing the real thing at a real trading house. Instead you're here. You don't need to be making it this way. At a chop-shop.

SETH

What are you saying? JT isn't a chop-shop. We just push the envelope a little. I mean it's not like we do anything illegal. We just push a little. Same as on Wall Street.

Debbie laughs.

SETH (CONT'D)  
What?

DEBBIE  
You don't have to convince me.

Debbie raises her glass to Seth.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
To bending the rules.

SETH  
Alright. That I can handle.

CUT TO:

INT. WALL STREET BAR - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

The brokers from the other table are now next to them.  
They've been listening in. One of them approaches.

JP BROKER  
(smiling)  
Hey. You guys looking for a broker?

RICHIE  
Who the fuck are you?

CHRIS  
Easy Richie, would you?

JP BROKER  
I thought maybe you guys were looking  
for someone to invest for you.

GREG  
Hey pal. We ARE brothers.

JP BROKER  
(trying not to laugh)  
Really? You guys with Jacoby & Myers?

ADAM  
JT Marlin.

JP BROKER

Never heard of it.

CHRIS

Hey! Hold on a second. Who are you?  
You sell car insurance or something?

The rest of the crew comes over now to back their boy up.

JP BROKER

We're with JP Morgan.

RICHIE

Yeah right. And I'm a black Negro.

JP BROKER #2

I know JT. It's a fucking chop-shop.  
Named your firm so it sounds like ours.

JP BROKER

What the fuck is with those suits? You  
look like you're on Gotti's crew.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

DEBBIE

So tell me about your family.

SETH

My family? It's a mess.

DEBBIE

Whose isn't?

SETH

Yeah I guess. Well my mom's great.  
Real supportive and loving. Almost to  
a flaw. I can do no wrong.

DEBBIE

Sounds terrible.

SETH

My dad's the mess, but that's not very  
interesting conversation. What about  
you?

DEBBIE

Mom raised me. No money. Now I'm taking care of her.

SETH

What's wrong?

DEBBIE

Chronic pneumonia. Smoked for fifteen years. She's been sick for a while now. It makes her so happy that I make this salary so I can support us. It's a little scary.

SETH

And your Dad?

DEBBIE

Rather not talk about my father either.

SETH

Boy, I'm so glad we had this conversation. I really feel like I've gained this insight into your life.

DEBBIE

And me into yours.

They both laugh.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Tell me something real.

SETH

What do you want to hear?

DEBBIE

Tell me a story about your dad.

SETH

Well I have so many great ones.

DEBBIE

Tell me.

SETH

Okay. I'm ten years old. I just got this new bike. A red Mongoose. You

know, BMX. So I'm skidding out in this puddle -- Starsky & Hutch style. My foot slips, and the pedal spins around hard enough to break my leg. Real bad too. But I don't fall off the bike. I keep coasting down this hill. So finally I get scared and I jump off. Fell right behind a parked car. Laid there for half an hour. Finally, I hear my father screaming my name from up the block. I was so happy that he was coming to get me. He comes around the car and sees me lying there. There's blood everywhere and the bone is sticking out straight through my skin.

DEBBIE

Oh my god.

SETH

I looked up at him, and for the first time in my life I saw how much he loved me. He was frozen. It hurt him to see me in that much pain. So he leans down... and slaps me across the face.

DEBBIE

What? Why?

SETH

I don't know. Maybe he was mad at me for making him that helpless, or it was the only thing he could think of. I don't really care anymore. What I remember now is the look on his face when he first saw me. That's all I remember. That's what I miss.

DEBBIE

I'm so sorry.

Debbie leans over and kisses him deeply.

CUT TO:

INT. WALL STREET BAR - NIGHT (LATER)

Richie is being carried out by two bouncers.

GREG

Can we get the fuck out of here now?

FADE OUT.

INT. BOILER ROOM - DAY

SETH (O.S.)

I'm sorry, sir, I didn't realize...

DR. JACOBS

I'm really busy, Seth.

Seth looks over towards Michael's office and sees Greg and three other team leaders coming out.

SETH

I understand. I'm real busy here myself, Doctor. Look, we're going to come back to you in a month with one idea and one idea only. If you like what we have to say, great, we'll do business. Worst case scenario you'll hear yourself a new business idea. Chat about it with your golfing buddies and we'll part as friends. That's fair, right?

A nurse is asking the Doctor a question and he loses focus.

DR. JACOBS

Ummm what?

SETH

Great. So tell me, Doc, are you working with a million dollars in the market right now?

DR. JACOBS

Who is this again?

SETH

Tell me something, you're a doctor. Have you ever heard of a drug called

Fenamul? It's being manufactured by  
MSC pharmaceuticals.

DR. JACOBS

No.

SETH

Well it's in the third stage of FDA  
approval right now. Word is, it's  
going to get approved in the next three  
months. Could be tomorrow for all I  
know. Anyway, I'm getting ahead of  
myself. And you're real busy over  
there. Why don't I send you out the  
info you requested about the firm and a  
senior broker will call you next month  
with that one idea.

DR. JACOBS

Wait, wait, wait, hold on a second,  
forget the info, let's talk about this  
now. What was the name of the drug  
again?

Seth begins to smile.

SETH

You know what, sir, let me pass you on  
to a senior broker who's more involved  
with this particular stock. Hold on a  
second.

Seth pushes the hold button. He pauses and then YELLS:

SETH (CONT'D)

Reco!!

Everything and everyone in the room stops. There is a slight  
pause and then CHAOS. About 20 brokers BOLT toward Seth.

Chris is closest. Another broker JUMPS onto the table  
separating him from Seth and clambers over it. Chris puts on  
the steam and gets there first. The other broker runs  
straight into Seth, unable to stop.

Chris regains his composure wiping the smile off his face.

CHRIS

Card.

SETH

Okay, his name's Dr. Jacobs and from the sound of it, I'd say he's definitely...

CHRIS

Whoa, whoa, I don't wanna hear it, kid.

Chris grabs the card from his hand and looks at it briefly.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Hi, Dr. Jacobs, this is Chris Marlin over at JT Marlin.

DR. JACOBS

Marlin?

CHRIS

Right. He's my father.

Another broker connects a wire to a jack on the back of the phone and the conversation is now heard on the PA system.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

So my associate tells me you're interested in one of our stocks.

DR. JACOBS

Yes, MSC sounds like it might be interesting.

CHRIS

Might be? Might be doesn't sell stock at the rate MSC is going, Dr. Jacobs. We're talking about very high volume here.

DR. JACOBS

Well, I still have to run it by my people.

CHRIS

That's great, Doc. If you want to miss yet another opportunity here and go watch your colleagues get rich doing clinical trials, then don't buy a share and hang up the phone.

DR. JACOBS

Well hold on a second. I didn't say that. I just wanted to talk more about it.

CHRIS

Honestly Doc, I don't have the time. This stock is blowing up right now. The whole firm is going nuts. Let me open the door to my office.

Chris holds the phone up to the 100 brokers standing there silently. They begin talking loudly and screaming "Buy, Sell". Chris makes a hand motion and they stop.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You hear that? That's my trading floor, Doc. Now I have a million calls to make to other doctors who are already in the know. I can't walk you through this right now. I'm sorry.

Huge pause. Everyone looks on waiting to hear what he'll do. Chris doesn't even look mildly concerned. Then...

DR. JACOBS

Okay, okay. Let's do this.

CHRIS

Now, since you're a new account I cannot go any higher than two thousand shares. I'd love to but I just can't do it.

DR. JACOBS

Two thousand?! Whoa! That's way more than I was thinking about. Two thousand, Jesus.

(pause)

I'm just curious, why can't you sell me more than that?

The brokers hold in their laughter.

CHRIS

Well, we like to establish a relationship with our clients on something small before we get to the

more serious trades. Let me show you several percentage points on this small trade and then we'll talk about doing future business.

DR. JACOBS

That sounds good. Give me two thousand shares.

CHRIS

Done.

DR. JACOBS

You sure you can't do any better on this one?

CHRIS

No, I'm sorry, Dr. Jacobs.

DR. JACOBS

Alright, let's start with this trade then.

CHRIS

Great. I promise we'll go big on the next one.

(feigns masturbation)

Now do you want the confirmation sent to your office or your mansion?

DR. JACOBS

(laughs)

Very funny, Mr. Marlin.

CHRIS

Alright, let me put my secretary on. She'll take your info.

Chris hits the hold button and then...

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Done and done.

The entire firm applauds when he gets off the phone. The crowd disperses. Chris sits down on Seth's desk.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I love doctors, man. All that money and not a clue what to do with it.

Fucking rollovers. Hold onto your ankles, Doc, here comes the love.

SETH  
Why'd you put a max on his buy?

CHRIS  
Didn't you tell him how it works?

GREG  
He's still a trainee. He doesn't need to know about initial sell limits.

CHRIS  
Right, right. Make sure he shows you the ropes. He's too busy calling his bookie. You fucking Hebrews, man. Always looking out for yourselves, never the trainees.

GREG  
That's great. Why don't you go back to little Italy now?

Greg points across the room.

CHRIS  
Why don't you go make a latke dreidel boy.

(back to Seth)  
The reason I capped him is in case he's a piker. See, we're going to go ahead and front the money for this sale. If he doesn't send the check, I'm the one holding the bag.

(whispers)  
Last commission month a kid on Jim's team wrote a million dollar ticket. Stock was down three and a half points by settlement. Fucking kid took a one quarter million dollar hit. Besides, first sale just whets the appetite. If he's a whale, which it looks like he is, then I'll get him on a day when there's a real rip.

SETH  
Rip?

CHRIS

(surprised)

Rip. Commission. That's why we work here. We get huge rips.

SETH

(quietly)

I actually still don't know how it works.

CHRIS

A two dollar rip, which is unheard of anywhere on Wall Street, means you're walking away with two dollars for every share you sell. Real money. Jesus Greg, you tell him where the bathroom is yet?

GREG

Seth, I showed you where Chris' desk is.

SETH

How does Michael afford that?

CHRIS

I don't know, but if he's doing it, he's making money on it. Point is, don't worry about selling small on the first trade. You service the client right and he'll be back for more. Bide your time. Show him a three percent return and he'll trust you to watch his kids for the weekend. If he's serviced correctly it's not a matter of whether he's making a second trade with you, it's a matter of how much.

Chris' secretary calls out from across the room.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Gotta bounce.

Seth stands there in awe. He sees the potential here.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI ECONOMIC CRIMES UNIT - DAY

We are looking at a photo of Seth outside JT Marlin. PULL BACK to see the photo is on the desk of the director's office.

DAVID TRUE, a young agent trying to make a name for himself, is in the office as well. He's excited.

DIRECTOR

Of all the people at JT Marlin you picked this kid Davis. Why?

TRUE

Because he's perfect. He's new, so his loyalties don't run that deep. He also seems to be the smartest of this last group of trainees. Used to run a full time casino out of his house in Queens. Now he just picks up the checks. He's more ambitious than any other trainee there. And I mean by a lot. The rest of them are fucking idiots to this kid. He'll turn state's. No question.

DIRECTOR

How are you gonna get to him?

TRUE

I'm working on that. We just started surveillance. We'll get to him.

CUT TO:

EXT. MICKEY'S - NIGHT

This is a local bar near the office.

Several exotic cars are parked outside. The sight is incredibly strange in this lower-middle class neighborhood. Greg's Ferrari is there and we see the license plate: "2 RIP".

INT. MICKEY'S - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

About 35 brokers are here drinking. Seth sits at a table with Greg, Adam, Chris and a group of junior brokers and trainees.

CHRIS

What were you doing before you came on?

TRAINEE 2

I work at the 7-11 in Babylon.

GREG

You mean worked.

TRAINEE 2

No, I mean work. I still do two shifts every weekend. A hundred and fifty dollars a week just doesn't cover it all.

ADAM

(sympathetic)

No, it doesn't.

TRAINEE 2

I don't mind it though. So I'll live like a nigger for six months.

Seth snaps his head up at this comment, amazed that it was said with such assertiveness and clarity. No one else budges.

CHRIS

What about you, Seth? What were you doing before you found JT?

SETH

Well I was, actually still am, involved in the gaming industry.

CHRIS

Really! AC, Foxwoods, Vegas?

SETH

Atlantic City.

CHRIS

What'd you do there?

SETH

I won.

Everyone laughs. Seth takes out his key chain which is a \$50 dollar chip from his casino. He SLAPS it on the table. Chris smiles and then slaps a pair of dice down on the table.

CHRIS  
You wanna roll, slut?

SETH  
You wanna lose?

CHRIS  
Oh shit, we got a player.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK OF BAR - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

We move around a jukebox where, in an empty space next to the bathrooms, we see six brokers kneeling, playing dice.

They're making a lot of noise, yelling at each throw, cursing or cheering depending on which way the money is going.

CHRIS  
I got one-fitty against.

RICHIE  
Booked!

ADAM  
I got one hundred against.

SETH  
Booked. Wait, who's got the roller?

CHRIS  
come on, somebody cover Greg.

Michael Brantley walks in at this point and pushes his way down into the circle. Everyone goes nuts when they see him.

MICHAEL  
Alright, I got the roller. I can't believe you guys aren't fighting over it. Betting against Greg's roll is the

only sure thing there is in the world.  
(to Greg)  
What are we going, two hundred dollars  
on this?

GREG  
Booked.

FADE OUT.

INT. BACK OF BAR - NIGHT (LATER)

Seth is out of the game watching from the side. Greg's luck  
is atrocious and he too is soon out.

GREG  
(to Seth)  
Let's go get some reserves.

Greg bumps into a local coming out of the bathroom.

LOCAL  
Quit staring and just apologize.

The dice game comes to a halt. All eyes are on this  
confrontation. Richie does not wait for it to sort itself  
out.

RICHIE  
He doesn't have to say shit. Now why  
don't you go back to your Heineken and  
shut the fuck up.

LOCAL  
Was I talking to you?

RICHIE  
Do I give a shit? If you're talking to  
me, then you're talking to me and my  
fucking crew.

The local sees what he's up against and wisely opts out.

Richie decides to have a go anyway GRABBING him by the back  
of the shirt yanking him back into the small alcove.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

We move along the wall until we pass a door which FLIES open.

Richie pulls the guy outside with the help of three other brokers. Richie does not waste any time once outside. He KNEELS quickly, coming down on his stomach. The man's face raises off the floor in response and Richie ATTACKS his head.

He stops as suddenly as he started, stand up, and spits on him. The man is completely unconscious. Only Seth carries the expression of genuine shock. The others have seen this before.

Richie goes back in and closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. FERRARI - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Greg is driving. Seth still has a blank look on his face.

GREG  
You okay?

SETH  
I just, I, I'm a little disturbed you know. I mean Jesus didn't that bother you?

GREG  
Me? You think I was watching? I can't look at that stuff, makes me nauseous. You have to understand. These are not the kids you and I grew up with. Remember in Hebrew school when a shoving match was a big deal? Worst case scenario, someone's yarmulka got knocked off.

SETH  
(laughing)  
It's true.

GREG

These guys are no joke. They get tanked up, throw a quick fist. And then some of them actually like it. Like Richie. He probably thought I was being tough back there, just staring at that guy. I was shitting my pants.

SETH

I saw.

GREG

Thanks. Those fucking Guineas, half of them do coke. They all drink. No stability, zero capital. They make all this money and they're always living three steps ahead. Do you know there are guys in this firm that make close to a million a year and couldn't get a loan for a Honda because their credit is so bad. Everyone's just waiting for the fifteenth of the month. It's like they may drive a Porsche but they don't have ten bucks to put in the gas tank. Nigger rich.

Seth looks at Greg. He's not the person he thought he knew. The two drive on in silence. Greg passes JT Marlin.

SETH

Hey, drop me off. I want to get my car. I don't think I'm going to stay at the bar much longer.

Greg pulls into the lot where Seth's car sits.

GREG

Alright, I'll see you back at Mickey's then. Oh, on the other thing.

SETH

Yeah?

GREG

Don't forget what I told you about Debbie. She's trouble.

SETH

I don't even...

GREG

Seth, I see what goes on. And I'm telling you as your friend, she's a whore, Seth. A fucking whore.

SETH

Good thing you stopped dating her, huh?

Seth gets out of the car before Greg can respond.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Seth unlocks his car door and then realizes he's forgotten his bag upstairs. He goes into the building.

CUT TO:

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

He goes straight to his desk and picks up his bag. As he turns to leave he hear a HUMMING NOISE coming from the back.

There is a small alcove with a copier in the back. A man in there bent over a smaller machine Seth cannot see.

Seth recognizes him as John Feiner. The machine is a shredder. John is stuffing the contents of five large boxes through this tiny shredder that sits on a waste basket.

SETH

(whispers)

Holy shit.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Seth finds himself seated in the same room as he did three months earlier with the guys who were there for the interview.

JIM

I want to talk to you about appearance. Most of you dress like shit. I don't know what your financial situation is like right now but you need to buy at least one decent suit. There is a minimum level of aesthetic professionalism that we have here. In a couple of months you'll be able to outfit your whole closet, but for now just get something to hold you over. There's an important phrase that we use here and I think it's time you all learned it. "Act as if". Do you understand what that means? Act as if you are the fucking president of this firm. Act as if you have a nine inch cock. Act as if. To do this properly you need to at least look the part. So go get dressed. Secondly, it's time to get your Series Seven books. No need to get nervous. If you study you'll pass. Then you begin trading as an SEC licensed broker. Then you're a fucking millionaire. It's that simple. I need three hundred from each of you for the books which will be returned if and when you pass the exam. And I'll need that tomorrow.

There is a slight murmur in the room now. One of the trainees turns to another and whispers.

MARC

I'll just ask my mom.

TRAINEE 2

Yeah, I'll have to do the same thing.

Others are discussing where they will come up with the money as the meeting comes to a close. Jim gets up from his chair.

JIM

Okay then.

Seth is already up and walking towards Jim. He takes out a roll of cash from his breast pocket and peels off three hundred dollar bills in front of Jim. He looks proud doing it.

SETH  
Here you go.

All the other trainees stare.

JIM  
What are you, last night's erection?

SETH  
Yeah, you know.

Jim slaps him on the shoulder as he walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. BOILER ROOM - MORNING

We open on a Polish broker working his magic on the phone in his native tongue. PAN ACROSS the room to Seth dialing a number. He looks frustrated. Chris is sitting next to him.

CHRIS  
Go ahead do it. Just try it, you'll see.

SETH  
You sure?

CHRIS  
Yeah. You're gonna feel so much better.

The other end of the line picks up and Seth looks down at the card in front of him.

SETH  
Yeah hi, Steve? FUCK YOU!

Seth hangs up laughing hysterically along with Chris.

MONTAGE BEGINS

INT. SETH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Seth studies for the series seven while looking up

occasionally at the monitor to watch the action on the tables downstairs.

INT. BOILER ROOM - DIFFERENT DAY

CLIENT (O.S.)

Look, Seth, Seth, I don't want to be rude.

SETH

Bob, be rude, be rude. Hang up the phone.

(pauses)

You won't. You wanna know why? Because you see value! I'm money in the bank. I'm your kid's college fund for Christ's sake. That's great. If we were looking at a long stock over a long term period I'd be talking about PE ratios and earnings with you right now. The fact is, I'm not looking to marry the stock. We're in, we're out, three, four weeks. Look, I'm not a rookie broker opening accounts for a living.

All of the brokers at the table watch and laugh in respect.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - DIFFERENT DAY

Seth is talking to Debbie. Greg gives them a dirty look.

INT. BOILER ROOM - DIFFERENT DAY

Seth is on the phone again, pacing quickly.

SETH

What do you mean you'll pass? Alan, the only people making money passing are NFL quarterbacks and I don't see a number on your back.

INT. BOILER ROOM - DIFFERENT DAY

Seth is on the phone. He grabs a twinkie off another broker's desk. The line answers as he is unwrapping the snack.

SETH

Yes, how are you, James? Seth Marlin over at JT Marlin.

JAMES

Take me off your list!!

SETH

Okay, I'll take you off my list of successful people today.

INT. BOILER ROOM - DIFFERENT DAY

It's lunch time and Set remains at his desk studying for the series seven. He looks up to see a group of brokers coming out of Michael's office.

INT. BOILER ROOM - DIFFERENT DAY

SETH

Listen, if you couldn't pull three thousand together your name wouldn't be on my desk during business hours. What do you mean you don't have it? John, please, you're embarrassing me. I'm pitching you from under my desk. I'm embarrassed.

INT. BOILER ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Seth is at his desk using a pair of scissors to cut a swath of cardboard from a box. He writes in big swooping letters and then places it on his desk revealing the message...

Be Rude, Make Them Hang Up.

END MONTAGE

CUT TO:

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Seth's the only one left. All of the overhead lights are off. He is reading the contracts from the last several IPO's.

SETH  
Holy shit.

He had the different contracts lined up next to each other and is comparing the names listed from the private equity source. They're the same on every prospectus.

SETH (CONT'D)  
Christ, they're all the same.

DEBBIE  
What's the name?

Seth almost JUMPS out of his seat. Debbie is standing quietly in the dark at the head of the table.

SETH  
Shit. You scared me. How long have you been standing there?

DEBBIE  
I just walked up now. I'm sorry.

Seth tries to hide the contracts under some papers.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
Interesting reading?

SETH  
This? It's just the prospectus from the last IPO the firm put out.

She walks around and puts her hands on his shoulders. She doesn't seem to care. He looks pretty nervous.

DEBBIE  
I know what it is. I asked you if it

was interesting. You may be the first person to ever read a JT prospectus. What are you looking for?

SETH  
Some chocolate love. Should I practice my pitch? I know it turns you on.

She smiles widely as she sits on the desk facing him, her legs touching his. He kisses her, then picks her up gently and puts her on the table.

CUT TO:

INT. SETH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

The two are lying in bed. Debbie looks happy. Seth looks like his head is in another place.

SETH  
I saw John Feiner shredding a bunch of documents the other night.

DEBBIE  
What?

SETH  
Yeah. He was in the back late at night. I was going to get my bag.

DEBBIE  
Did he see you?

SETH  
No.  
(pause)  
What's going on over there?

DEBBIE  
What do you mean? You know what's going on.

SETH  
You think they're doing a lot of illegal shit?

DEBBIE

Come on, Seth, you can't have it both ways. You say you like the hard sell and the money but then you question it when you see something that's a bit off. Either admit that it's not charity work and enjoy, or get out. But going back and forth like this is just tearing you up.

FADE OUT.

EXT. YOUNG ISRAEL OF FLATBUSH - DAY

The synagogue stands tall right off of Coney Island Ave. Seth runs up to the front where his father is waiting for him. Marty puts his hand on Seth's shoulder as they walk in.

CUT TO:

INT. BOILER ROOM - DAY

Seth is closing a whale. Chris stands next to him, watching and helping. He's pitching a Midwesterner named DEAN.

SETH

Dean, I'm not a rookie broker opening accounts for a living. Ask me whatever you want. But I'll tell you this. I'm going to give you over to my secretary. You call me when the stock doubles.

Seth pushes hold. The table erupts in cheer. Debbie is there as well. She too congratulates Seth. He's beaming. Greg comes over to the table. He goes straight to Adam.

GREG

What happened?

ADAM

Seth just closed this guy for ten large.

GREG

Hey Seth, get over here.

SETH

Hey Greg, I just closed this huge account for you.

GREG

What the fuck are you doing? You just violated a huge SEC regulation. Who told you to start closing accounts. You're a fucking trainee.

SETH

You're kidding right? You're not? You told me I could use a different name on the phone. Act as if! I figured I'd take the initiative and make you some money.

CHRIS

Greg, I was standing right next to him the whole time. I would have stepped right in if the kid got into trouble.

GREG

Hey! You got a conoli you can stick in your mouth.

CHRIS

No. You got a menorah you can shove in your ass?

GREG

I don't care about the money, Seth. Imagine if every trainee started handling their own recos. This shop would be closed in about a week.

SETH

This is about something else. Isn't it?

GREG

What would that be?

Greg turns around to see Debbie.

GREG (CONT'D)

Don't you have to answer the phones or something?

She laughs at him but doesn't move. Greg sees that the boys are heading into Michael's office for their lunch time gathering. He decides to leave things for now.

GREG (CONT'D)  
We'll finish this later.

He walks toward the office when Jim steps out for a moment.

JIM  
Hey Seth. You just earned a spot pal.  
Get in here.

Greg is fuming but has to hide it. He pats Seth on the back.

GREG  
Big time baby. We'll get to see if  
you're as good as you say you are. It  
gets pretty fucking hectic in there,  
little man.

Seth walks toward the office. Greg stays behind.

GREG (CONT'D)  
What the fuck was that? Don't tell me  
he's why we're not hitting it anymore.

DEBBIE  
Hitting it? We were never hitting it.  
And he's not the reason, Greg, you are.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

A group of brokers stand around Michael's conference table. Seth is standing in the doorway as they lift a huge craps felt onto the table. Jackets are removed. Seth looks shocked.

The game begins as Michael pulls out a set of dice.

FADE OUT.

EXT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Seth is getting into his car. He sees Michael and a couple of other senior managers walking out of the building. They walk away from their cars toward another office building.

Seth follows keeping his distance walking next to the shrubbery. He sees them go into the building. He turns away.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT (LATER)

Debbie gets out of her car and makes her way toward her building. Two men approach her from the shadows and she begins to RUN, but they intercept her at the front door.

Debbie screams out and then suddenly stops as soon as she sees the FBI badges they are holding in front of her face.

TRUE

Special Agent True, FBI, this is Agent Etkin. Ms. Hilliard, we'd like to talk to you about your relationship with Seth Dais. Oh, and about your mom's health.

CUT TO:

INT. SETH'S APARTMENT - MORNING

It's a Saturday morning. Seth is sitting at the kitchen table eating breakfast. He has several IPO contracts out on the table. He reads as he eats. The PHONE RINGS.

SETH

Hello?

SALESMAN

Hi, this is Ron calling you from the Daily News. How you doing this morning?

SETH

I'm not interested.

SALESMAN

Okay. I'm sorry to have bothered you.  
Have a nice day.

SETH

That's it? That's your pitch? You  
consider that a sales call??!

SALESMAN

Well, ummm...

SETH

You want to sell me a paper right?  
Well you guys call me every Saturday  
and I get the same half-assed attempt.  
You wanna close me? Then sell me.

SALESMAN

(hesitantly)

Alright.

SETH

Go ahead, start again.

SALESMAN

Okay... Hi, this is Ron from the Daily  
News. How you doing this morning?

SETH

(smiling)

Shitty. What do you want?

SALESMAN

It's not what I want, sir... it's what  
you want.

SETH

Alright, now you're talking. What are  
you selling?

SALESMAN

I'm offering you a subscription to the  
Daily News at a substantially reduced  
price. We're trying to reach out to  
people that have never had home  
delivery before.

SETH

So, everyone else that already has a subscription is getting fucked on this one huh?

SALESMAN

...Yeah, I guess so.

SETH

Good, I can live with that. Now why do I want your paper? Maybe I should get the Times or the Voice.

SALESMAN

Well the Village Voice is free, sir, so if you want it you should certainly pick it up. But the Daily News offers you something no other paper can, a real taste of New York. We have some writers on staff that have been with us for over fifteen years. We have the best features! More photographs than any other daily in New York! And we have the most reliable delivery in the city! Now what do you think??!!

SETH

Alright, Ron. Now that was a sales call. Good job!

SALESMAN

So are you going to buy a subscription?

SETH

No. I already get the Times.

Seth then hangs up smiling and picks up his spoon. The PHONE RINGS again and Seth picks up, irritated.

SETH (CONT'D)

What?

CHRIS (V.O.)

Well I thought we'd start out with a couple of drinks, then maybe dinner. Then depending on how things go, a little ya-ya.

SETH

(laughing)

Shut-up slut.

CHRIS  
You da slut.

SETH  
Alright. I'll be the slut. So what's up?

CHRIS  
Wanted to know what the story was for later. It's your night so you decide, Mr. Junior Broker.

SETH  
Well, I was thinking that we should go into the city. You guys are always drinking at those shitty local bars. I say we go to a decent bar with decent poo-poo. If I have to look at one more housewife smoking a Newport I'm gonna fucking puke.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHRIS' PLACE - NIGHT

Seth walks up to the garden apartment. It's 180 degrees from Greg's place. Small, old, in a blue collar neighborhood. He RINGS the bell. Chris opens the door within seconds.

CHRIS  
Come on in. I want you to meet my mother.

SETH  
(mutters to himself)  
Jesus. Am I the only one who doesn't live with their mother?

INT. CHRIS' PLACE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

The apartment, though small, is utterly cluttered with very expensive things. Mostly electronics -- Incredible stereo, huge screen TV, every kitchen gadget ever invented. There's

barely a path to walk.

CHRIS

You want something to drink?

SETH

Nah, I'm okay. Hey let me ask you something, Chris. Do you ever wonder how we get the rips that we do? I mean how is it that we get rips that pay out ten times the amount of any major firm?

CHRIS

Are you kidding me? That's the wrong question to be asking. Who cares how. The only thing you should be wondering about is how you're gonna get laid tonight.

SETH

I'm serious. Did you know that SEC regulations state that a maximum rip allowed is five percent of the sale. We're making four times that.

CHRIS

What are you doing, Seth? Aren't you happy with the way things are going?

SETH

Yes.

CHRIS

So what are you doing making trouble for yourself?

SETH

Nothing. I'm just curious. Aren't you?

CHRIS

No. Not at all.

Chris walks out of the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS' RANGE ROVER - NIGHT (LATER)

Seth, Chris, Greg, Richie and two of their friends from another firm, Steve and Roger, are driving on the LIE. Besides for Seth, they are all wearing suits.

Jay-Z blasts on the system. All heads are bobbing simultaneously. Shots of the approaching New York skyline.

RICHIE

(looking at NYC)

That's it right there, baby. That's where I'm gonna be next year. I'm gonna get me a phat space in Tribeca. Then all you punks can come see what real living is.

GREG

Yeah right. You'll still be at exit 53 off the LIE motherfucker.

The song in the car changes and Richie recognizes it. He raps along. Seth jumps in. Greg, however, doesn't look happy. He's pissed that Seth has gotten so close with his friends. They make their way down 2nd Ave and park near a trendy restaurant.

CUT TO:

INT. TRENDY RESTAURANT - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

As soon as they get in the place all eyes fall on them, mockingly.

ROGER

Jesus Christ, look at this. They love us.

RICHIE

We have got so hang out in the city more often.

The host makes her way over to the group. She is stunning. Tall, beautiful, English accent.

HOST

Five for dinner?

STEVE  
(lewdly)  
And then some.

The host turns her back on him and takes them toward a great table in the corner. It's a curved booth facing the bar.

ROGER  
Oh shit. They're giving us the phattest table in the place.

All of the guys are excited as they approach the table, even Seth. The host stops, places a menu on the table, and then...

HOST  
Oh, I'm so sorry.  
(picking up menu)  
This table is actually reserved for a party of six. I have a table for you in the back though.

Smiles disappear at this news.

STEVE  
Hey! We are a party of six. See, there's six of us. We want this table.

HOST  
I'm sorry it isn't available. Now follow me.

The host takes them to a small table better suited to four people. The busboy runs two chairs over.

FADE OUT.

INT. TRENDY RESTAURANT - NIGHT (LATER)

They have begun to eat their food and there are many beer bottles on the table. Richie returns from the bathroom.

RICHIE  
Who UAT'd this Budweiser for me?

ROGER  
I did, what's wrong?

RICHIE  
I hate Bud, send this shit back.

Seth leans over toward Chris and whispers...

SETH  
Uat?

CHRIS  
Unauthorized Trade.

SETH  
Gotcha.

STEVE  
So Seth, any grips yet?

SETH  
Yeah. You know what I hate? Getting past the secretaries. It doesn't matter that you're a broker calling from NYC. It's still a sales call and that they know.

STEVE  
It's true. It don't matter if it's the Avon lady or Merryll Lynch. The good secretaries can smell a sales call.

CHRIS  
I remember when I was cold calling, the shit I'd do. I'd get on the phone and say, Can I speak to Jim? Secretary's like, I'm sorry, but Jim isn't in the office. I'd be like, that's funny because I just saw his car in the lot about five minutes ago. Next thing you know, Jimbo's on the phone because you showed the lady you weren't fuckin' around.

ROGER  
You guys have it easy. JT Marlin could be any kind of company. I have to get on the phone and say, Hi, it's Roger from Investments Incorporated.

Secretary's like, "Is this concerning investments?" Ummmm, no?

The group bursts into laughter.

SETH

You guys know what I'm going to do?

GREG

(suddenly)

What the fuck do you know? You just passed your seven this week. Haven't even popped your cherry yet.

All eyes on Greg, surprised at his tone. Seth ignores him.

SETH

I'm going to open a fire called Bob's plumbing. You get on the phone and say, Yeah tell him it's Bob from Bob's plumbing. He'll be like, Oh, it's the plumber guy, yeah I'll take the call. Everyone talks to their plumber.

Laughter all around. Greg realizes he is alienating not only Seth, but his friends too and so he makes amends...

GREG

Alright guys. I want to make a toast to the man of the night. Highest Series Seven score in the whole firm. You are the big swinging dick tonight.

CHRIS

Cheers, slut.

Everyone drinks.

RICHIE

You know why he's this happy, Seth?

SETH

Oh I know. He's thinking about the forty accounts I have to open for him before I'm on my own. God bless the junior broker program, huh, Greg?

GREG

Oh, I don't care about that. I'm just

excited for your promising future.

Everyone laughs.

A table of gay men have been sitting next to the guys and are finally fed up with the noise. One of them turns around.

GAY MAN

Hey, do you guys think you could keep it down some.

SETH

Yeah, no problem.

STEVE

Why don't you guys just concentrate on your food instead of us.

RICHIE

Hey, what are you eating over there anyway? A little tube snake smothered in underwear?

The brokers go bonkers. They're laughing hysterically.

STEVE

I heard the hot dogs are real good here too. They got foot-longs. You like those right? A little tough to swallow, but they're good.

At this comment, the other two men at the table sit straight up, ready to engage Steve and Richie.

GAY MAN

Great outfits, you guys just come from a City Council meeting? Or you just trying to score with the bridge and tunnel crowd?

STEVE

You know what they should do with you guys? They should put all of you on a fucking island somewhere.

GAY MAN

Yeah, guess what?

STEVE

What?!

GAY MAN  
You're on it!

CUT TO:

INT. GENERIC OFFICE - MORNING

HARRY REYNARD sits at his desk doing paperwork. Average man somewhere in corporate America. Has a photo of his wife and two kids on the desk. His PHONE RINGS.

HARRY  
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BOILER ROOM - DAY

SETH  
Hi Harry, this is Seth Davis over at JT Marlin. How you doing this afternoon?

HARRY  
Fine, thanks.

SETH  
You got a call from an associate broker of mine last month and I just wanted to know if you enjoyed the information we sent you.

HARRY  
What information?

SETH  
If you get as much mail as I do you probably brushed it aside, but more importantly we made a commitment to get back to you. I am presenting you with an investment opportunity that I think you'll find very interesting.

HARRY

Well thanks, but I'm not really in the market for that right now.

SETH  
Tell me Harry, are you married or happy?

Harry laughs at this remark. He finds it genuinely funny.

HARRY  
Actually, I've been married for ten years.

SETH  
Oh yeah? Six years for me.

HARRY  
They're great, aren't they?

SETH  
Yeah, they sure are. So, are you playing the market at all?

HARRY  
Well I don't know about playing. I do own some blue chips. They were actually wedding gifts from our friends in New York.

SETH  
Well, I'm calling to tell you about an explosive situation we have going on right now. A pharmaceutical company, Farrow Tech has a drug called Parattin in the third stage of FDA approval.

HARRY  
What does it do?

SETH  
Good question, Harry. Good question. This is the best part. It helps premature babies develop properly.

HARRY  
Sound like a great drug.

SETH  
It is. Tell me, those Blue Chips you

own, what have they done for you since you got married?

HARRY  
Not much really.

SETH  
Well you see, we deal in stocks that really move.

ADAM  
Oh yeah, they really move.

Seth kicks his chair hard enough to send him rolling.

SETH  
I would love to show you what I mean and I can do so on a relatively small investment.

HARRY  
I really can't buy anything right now, Seth. My wife and I are buying a house this month and we're saving every last penny.

SETH  
Look, I don't care how much stock you pick up. I just want you to test me out. Harry, I want you to judge me on the percentages I show you. Obviously I show you thirty or forty percent, no matter how big or small your position is you're gonna get pretty excited about my next idea, right?

HARRY  
Well yeah.

SETH  
Of course you would. You'd be handing out my business cards, wouldn't you?

Harry laughs.

SETH (CONT'D)  
Pick up one hundred shares. It's the absolute firm minimum. Okay, if I show you three or four points on the trade

it's not going to make you rich. On the same token, if the stock doesn't go anywhere you're not out in front of your store with a cup in your hand.

HARRY  
(laughs)  
No, that's true.

SETH  
(serious)  
Look Harry, the truth is I could sell you a lot more than one hundred shares and feel completely comfortable about the trade, but I'm asking you to start small just to prove what I can do for you.

HARRY  
Alright.

SETH  
Great! Should I send the confirmation to your business or your home?

HARRY  
Well I just have to talk to my wife first. Then I'll call you right back.

SETH  
You don't have to do that, Harry. And I going to lunch in five minutes.

HARRY  
No. I have to talk to her first.

SETH  
I have to ask you something here, Harry. You're at work now, aren't you?

HARRY  
Yes.

SETH  
Well what do you do, Harry?

HARRY  
I'm the purchasing manager for a gourmet foods company.

SETH

Does part of your job involve making decisions?

HARRY

Well of course.

SETH

Alright, well when you make one of these decisions do you call your wife to ask her what you should do?

HARRY

(a little annoyed)

No, of course not. But that's a little bit...

SETH

Different? How? It's your money, you earned it. Besides, all you're doing is investing it. I'm not selling crack here, Harry. I mean she's only going to be happy when she sees you've made a wise investment for the family. Just think of the flip side. When your wife does the shopping does she call you from Pathmark to ask you if she can use the coupons for Captain Crunch?

HARRY

Come on, that's not fair.

SETH

I'm just trying to make a point here, Harry. We're not talking about a lot of money. Just think what she's going to say when you bring her back a big fat check because you had the foresight to see a good thing coming.

HARRY

(long pause)

Alright, let's try it.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOILER ROOM - DAY

A large van with tinted windows sits in an adjacent lot. A cable runs from the rear of the van to a telephone pole.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Agent True sits in the van with headphones on. The van is completely decked out in surveillance gears. True looks slightly amazed. He slowly pulls the headphones off.

TRUE

This kid is really good. God, he's gonna go down hard.

FADE OUT.

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone in the firm is present tonight. They all face the front of the room, waiting. Seth sits next to Chris.

SETH

So what's the deal here?

CHRIS

Michael always addresses the firm when there's a new issue coming out. It's always good news. I heard we might be taking a trip south after this meeting.

Seth looks at Chris for further explanation but Michael walks up to the front of the room and it quickly quiets down.

MICHAEL

How's everybody doing?

The room erupts into cheers at this simple question. Some yell out Michael's name. There is a strong energy in the room.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Good to hear. First thing, I wanted to congratulate you all on a huge month. For any of you not yet convinced, these were the top dogs for the month: Jim Young -- \$280,000. Chris Varick - \$205,000. Greg Feinstein - \$190,000.

The room again breaks into cheers. Greg and Chris gets pats on the shoulder. Seth looks at Chris in awe.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

This month is going to be bigger. It's actually going to be the biggest month we've ever had. We've got a new issue I want to talk to you about. It's called Med Patent. They've just designed the world's first retractable syringe. This means that doctors and nurses will never again have to worry about infection from dirty needles. This is not going to be an alternative in the medical world, it's going to be the standard. We all know we're here to make money, but if we can do something good like this, then all the better. So I want you all to go out and buy yourselves a new car, or a house. Whatever you want. Go into debt. You will make a million inside of six months.

The place goes wild.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Now, onto matters of recreation. We're taking a class trip tonight so call the ladies and tell them not to wait up.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Everyone walks out the front doors of JT Marlin to find six luxury buses waiting in the parking lot.

FADE OUT.

INT. HALLWAY - SUITE 418 - NIGHT

Fade up on Seth walking down a hall towards the suite. He passes the half open door and sees a prostitute smoking a cigarette in between "shifts".

TODD

Hey Seth, you want some of this? Just get in line, bro.

SETH

Nah, that's alright. I'm gonna go hit the tables.

TODD

(laughing)

Fuckin' fag.

SETH

That's me. Can't get enough dick.

FADE OUT.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Seth drives down a rundown street in Red Hook, Brooklyn. He gets out of the car by an obviously abandoned building. He walks up to a window and wipes off the dust. It's empty.

He turns to leave when he notices a decrepit sign against the wall. He bends down to read the faded name -- MED PATENT.

FADE OUT.

EXT. PIER OVERLOOKING MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Seth and Debbie sit staring at the skyline. Debbie really feels for him. We see that here.

DEBBIE

What's wrong, baby?

SETH

(sighs)  
What's wrong? Everything, it feels  
like. Not you, but everything else.

DEBBIE  
What is it?

SETH  
Things aren't right at work. I'm sick  
of opening accounts for Greg.

DEBBIE  
But you're almost done, baby.

Debbie stares at him deeply.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
There's something else. It's your  
father.

SETH  
...Yeah, actually, it is. We're  
finally getting along. I mean we're  
having lunch next week on his request.  
Do you know how happy that shit makes  
me?!

DEBBIE  
I do.

SETH  
But it's all based on this fucking job.  
This very legitimate respectable job.  
A job he can tell his friends about  
during the Yom Kippur appeal. And it's  
all bullshit.

DEBBIE  
Then you'll quit. You'll tell him what  
was happening and he'll respect you for  
walking away.

SETH  
I can't do that! I've invested too  
much time and energy.

Seth takes a deep breath here and stares at Debbie.

DEBBIE

Talk to me, Seth.

SETH

I figured out how Michael's making his money. I almost wish I hadn't; because it's all illegal.

DEBBIE

It really is, huh? Well we knew it was shady. So how's he doing it?

SETH

It's called bridge financing. It's so simple. A group of investors make a loan to a private company. Let's say for three million. After the company gets taken public they pay back a million in cash and the other two they pay back in common stock, but at the IPO price. So the investors basically get two million worth of IPO stock. Then they can sell it on the open market at triple what they bought it for. Now that's actually all legal as long as the investors are not tied to the brokerage house. But Michael's friends are the investors on every IPO we do.

DEBBIE

That's why all the names were the same on the contracts.

SETH

Right. Then he has us push it all on the open market. We're selling Michael's shares. That's where the two dollar rips come in. He can afford to pay us that much. He's still in an obscene profit margin. It's to his advantage to give us those rips. He has to motivate us to push these stocks. He depends on us to literally create the market. It's all artificial demand. There's no other firm selling this shit. That's why he's always telling us to go into debt. He wants us hungry. Then as soon as we sell off Michael's position there's no need to

maintain the inflated price anymore.  
We stop pushing it and it crashes. And  
get this. The last IPO, Med Patent,  
it's cardboard. No research and  
development, no employees, not even a  
fucking building. Annual reports are  
all bullshit. Michael manufactures  
them. Med Patent doesn't exist.

DEBBIE

Jesus Christ, Seth. Now what?

SETH

Now? I don't know. Maybe now I go do  
it for myself.

FADE OUT.

INT. CASINO - NIGHT (LATER)

The casino is barely full. Seth stands there exhausted,  
surveying the scene. Jeff walks over and hands Seth an  
envelope. They exchange hellos but nothing more.

CUT TO:

INT. SETH'S ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Seth reaches over to the monitor and switches it on. He  
opens the envelope and empties about \$5,000 onto the bed.

He looks very upset as he counts out the money finally  
throwing it on the bed and then YELLING.

SETH

Jeff! Come on up here!

We see Jeff's head snap up as he stares at Seth through the  
monitor. He leaves the table as another dealer replaces him.

SETH (CONT'D)

What's going on? One week I can  
understand, but this is approaching  
four months, and we're down forty  
percent from the last month I was here

full time.

JEFF

What the fuck do you want from me? I'm not you, Seth. I'm not going to kill myself for half the profit. You get to come in here and just pick up your money and it sucks.

SETH

What? It's my business. I created it, remember? You used to make ten dollars an hour. Now you're pulling in a thousand a week. And you're still not happy? What the fuck is that? And you still haven't answered me as to why profits are down this much. What's going on, Jeff?!

JEFF

Nothing, you can check the tapes.

SETH

For what? I didn't say anything. You skimming, Jeff?

JEFF

No I'm not. Look, we've been closing earlier than usual and we've been opening later. I can't handle the twenty-four hour gig anymore, Seth. This isn't Denny's. I'm trying to finish school here.

Seth breathes heavy. This is his real source of income.

SETH

Alright look, why don't you take on another partner and split your end which I'll up to sixty-five percent. Then you can work at night and go to school during the day.

JEFF

I'm already doing that.

SETH

(surprised)

You are?

JEFF

Yeah, I took Dave on last month.

SETH

And you still can't handle it?

JEFF

No.

Seth looks off toward the wall and then...

SETH

Fuck!!

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY & SUSAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Harry is working on dinner. His two young children, MAX and SARA, laugh at their father who makes funny faces at them.

Harry turns away and then turns back with two stalks of asparagus coming out of his mouth like tusks. He mimics a walrus for his children who laugh hysterically.

SARA

Daddy! You look ridiculous.

MAX

No, it's funny, Dad. Keep going.

Max eats some asparagus while still smiling at his Dad.

MAX (CONT'D)

Hey Dad, my pee smells funny after I eat this stuff.

SARA

Yeah, mine too!

Harry's wife, SUSAN, walks in with the mail in her hands. She's 32, both plain and smart looking. She looks through the mail while taking her coat off.

SUSAN

Okay guys, let's settle down. You

really have a knack at stimulating great conversation with the kids.

HARRY

Yeah, it's a talent huh? I found out that the new medical program includes dental.

SUSAN

Are you serious? That's great. You hear this, kids? You're going to get to go to the dentist for free.

Both Sara and Max both grimace at the same time.

MAX

Great job, Dad.

Susan sees a piece of mail that catches her eye.

SUSAN

Harry, who's JT Marlin?

HARRY

Oh yeah, I forgot to tell you. I brought a little bit of stock.

Susan looks up.

SUSAN

What did you buy?

HARRY

Oh, it's this great pharmaceutical company that's poised for a big jump. They make this new drug that helps premature babies survive their initial three months. Isn't that great?

SUSAN

How much did you buy?

HARRY

Nothing crazy, Susan. Just a hundred shares.

SUSAN

At what price?

HARRY  
Eight dollars. Take it easy hon.

Susan relaxes somewhat at this answer.

SUSAN  
How did you even know who to call?

HARRY  
Well actually, he called me.

SUSAN  
Who did?

HARRY  
Seth Davis. The broker. He's a really great guy. Family man actually.

SUSAN  
How did he get your name?

HARRY  
I have no idea.

SETH  
Doesn't that worry you?

HARRY  
No, not particularly.  
(abruptly)  
Hey look, it's okay!

Susan and the kids all detect this change in tone.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
(calmly)  
It's a small investment and I'm just testing this guy out. If he doesn't show us any gains on this trade then I won't do business with him again.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Seth kneels on the floor rolling dice with some other brokers. He turns to see a kid sitting in the waiting room

staring at him just like he did months earlier.

Jim walks in and all of the brokers jump to find seats. Jim drops his coat on the desk and starts right up.

JIM

This is gonna be a quick one, boys. You passed your sevens over a month ago, and yet no one has opened the necessary forty accounts for their team leader yet. Seth is the only one of you that's even close.

Seth looks at his hands. Doesn't need to stick it to anyone.

JIM (CONT'D)

I did it in twenty-six days when I was a junior broker. You're not sending out press packets anymore. None of this Debbie the Time Life operator shit. It's time to go to work. Get on the phones and be aggressive.

(uncovering his coffee)

I remember this guy once called me to sell me some stock. I let him pitch me. I got every fucking rebuttal out of this guy. Kept him on the phone for an hour and a half. Toward the end I started asking him buying questions. Like, what's the firm minimum? That's a buying question. I ask a question like that, he should take me down. It's not like I asked him what his 800 number was. That's a fuck off question. I was giving him a run but he blew it. To a question like, What's the firm minimum the answer is zero! You don't like the idea, don't pick up a single share. This putz is telling me...

(mocking)

...ummm, a hundred shares? Wrong answer! You have to learn how to close. Always be closing! You have to push. Keep asking questions. Ask rhetorical ones just to get a yes out of them. If you were drowning and I threw you a life jacket would you grab it? Yes? Good. Pick up two hundred

shares, I won't let you down. Ask a guy if he'll let you down. Ask a guy if he'll be happy to see thirty to forty percent return. What's he gonna say? Fuck you, I don't want to see those returns?

Everybody laughs.

JIM (CONT'D)

Stop laughing, it's not funny. If you can't close then start thinking about another career. I'm serious. I am dead serious about that. Have your rebuttals ready. Anybody says call me tomorrow, that's bullshit! Anybody says they got money problems about two hundred shares is lying. You know what I say to that? Tell me you don't like my idea, tell me you don't like my firm, tell me you don't like my fucking tie, but don't tell me you can't pull twenty five hundred together. You hear me, boys? There is no such thing as a "no sale" call. A sale is made on every call you make. You either sell the client some stock or he sells you a reason he can't. Either way it's a sale. The question is, who's gonna close, you or him? Be relentless! Alright, I'm done.

Jim walks out as suddenly as he came in. Seth ambles out of the office. He has many things on his mind. He sees Chris.

CHRIS

How smooth is that motherfucker?

SETH

Too smooth.

Seth follows him to the back where he's making a copy.

SETH (CONT'D)

So Chris, I've been reading the contracts.

CHRIS

For the IPO's?

(laughs)  
I was just kidding. No one really reads them.

SETH  
Yeah, okay. Anyway the company we're selling now that makes that retractable syringe...

CHRIS  
Med Patent.

SETH  
Right. Well, I was reading their prospectus and... Well, they don't fill the minimum requirements to be taken public.

CHRIS  
Seth, you just started here. You can't possibly know what the fuck you're talking about. You didn't even finish college.

SETH  
Listen to me. To float a stock, you need at least two years worth of audited financial statements. They don't have any.

CHRIS  
Look Seth. I thought we already went through this. You're a good kid, and I like you a lot, but this is bullshit. Michael knows all about this stuff. We don't. He doesn't tell you how to trade, so don't tell him how to do his business. He's the reason we make bank, and he hasn't steered us wrong, ever.

SETH  
Chris. I went to the address listed on the prospectus. It's an abandoned building.

Chris grabs Seth and SHOVES him into a corner.

CHRIS

Listen to me, Seth, and listen good. I will back you up against Greg or anybody else that fucks with you. But on this I am telling you to shut the fuck up. You will not rock this boat.

Seth looks stunned and Chris realizes he may have gone a bit overboard. He tries to reel things back in.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Now how many more accounts do you owe Greg?

SETH

Three.

CHRIS

So you'll be out of Greg's reach in a couple of days. Knock them off and you're on your own. You're gonna make a lot of money after that. A lot of money, Seth. Just don't fuck it up now 'cause you're pissed at Greg. Got it?

SETH

Yeah Chris. I got it.

They shake and Chris pulls him into a short, masculine hug.

CHRIS

You're a good kid. Too fucking smart though.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOILER ROOM - DAY (LATER)

It's late afternoon as Seth walks out the front door. He heads toward the building he saw Michael and the other guys go into.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The building is brand new and he wonders where to begin when a JANITOR rounds the corner.

SETH  
Hey, how you doing?

JANITOR  
Fine, thanks.

SETH  
I'm trying to find the space that our company just rented.

JANITOR  
What's the name of the company? We've only rented out a couple of offices.

SETH  
JT Marlin.

JAMES  
Nope. No company by that name. You sure you got the right building?

SETH  
Yeah. Michael Brantley told me to come by.

JANITOR  
Michael. Big guy, maybe thirty years old? Sharp dresser?

SETH  
Yeah, that's him.

JANITOR  
Second floor. Suite 206. You can go up and have a look.

SETH  
It's not locked.

JAMES  
Nah. Just cheap phones in there, that's all.

Seth finds the suite and opens the door. He stops in amazement. It's the identical set up of JT Marlin's floor. The desks are all in and there are close to 400 phones in the

room. Nothing else. Suddenly he hears VOICES from around the corner of the L-shaped room. He ducks behind a filing cabinet. Michael and John Feiner come around the corner.

MICHAEL

Now if the heat does come and we have to jump, how long will it take to move the whole firm? I mean everything.

JOHN

Under two hours, literally. They'll be making calls that afternoon.

FADE OUT.

EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

Seth bounds up the front steps into the building.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Seth quietly enters the courtroom. It's almost full. The guard instantly recognizes him and they shake hands.

Seth sits down in the back and watches his father sitting up on the bench. Marty does not see him. Seth looks on in wonder.

FADE OUT.

INT. GRAND DELI - DAY (LATER)

Seth and Marty are eating pastrami sandwiches.

MARTY

So what do you think of the suit?

SETH

(shocked)

You're asking me?

MARTY

Sure. You've got good taste in

clothing.

SETH

Actually I like it a lot. I noticed it earlier. Real departure for you though.

MARTY

Not the usual stodgy old judge garb huh?

SETH

No. You even nailed the tie.

MARTY

(smiles)

Even? Are you going to start investing my money soon? I could use a better return than Fidelity's getting me.

SETH

I don't know if I'm ready for that. Too much pressure. Imagine if I lost your retirement fund on some small-cap stock. God, that would be funny.

MARTY

Yeah, hysterical.

They both laugh.

MARTY (CONT'D)

So what kind of stocks are you trading these days?

SETH

(answers carefully)

Mostly tech and pharmaceuticals.

MARTY

You got any tips for me?

SETH

Dad. I didn't know you had it in you.

MARTY

What? I never said I didn't like to make money. It's the method I've always been concerned about.

Marty looks at his son, smiling.

MARTY (CONT'D)

See Seth, we're having lunch here like real people. I told you we could get to this.

SETH

(somber)

You did.

FADE OUT.

INT. BOILER ROOM - DAY

Debbie is answering incoming calls. She answers one call after another until one call makes her FREEZE.

DEBBIE

JT Marlin, how may I direct your call?

TRUE

I think I'll just talk to you.

DEBBIE

(extremely nervous)

Why are you calling me here? I told you I would talk to you as soon as I knew.

TRUE

Time's running out, Deb. I need to know what he's doing. Serve him up.

DEBBIE

He hasn't done anything wrong. There's nothing I can tell you. Why don't you go after Feinstein or one of the other guys? Seth's a good kid.

TRUE

We want to nail those other guys. We're not interested in putting Seth away. So if you care about him so much then you better find something on him. Your immunity deal won't be on the

table forever.  
I'm just thinking about your mother  
that's all. One of us has to.

True hangs up. Debbie's badly shaken.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY & SUSAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Harry sits in the living room looking at the Wall Street Journal. He's nervous. He keeps looking toward the door like an adolescent with a porn magazine.

CUT TO:

INT. BOILER ROOM - MORNING

Seth is on the phone closing his 40th and final account as a junior broker. We are very TIGHT ON Seth.

SETH

The only problem you're going to have is that I didn't come down there and twist your arm to buy a thousand shares. You simply have no idea what you've tapped into here today. That's right. My secretary will take all your information. I have to hop. Bye.

Seth pushes the hold button and we pull out to see that the whole table was listening in. Chris looks proud.

SETH (CONT'D)

Make it so, Sheryl.

(then yelling)

Yes! Finally! My first whale and my first account. My book baby!

Greg calls out from the head of the table.

GREG

Hey Seth, hate to bust in on your little victory speech, but that's your fortieth account.

SETH

Right. So it's mine. I'm out of the junior broker program. I don't work for you No Mo'!

GREG

Well you're out, but that account's mine.

SETH

Fuck that. I keep the fortieth.

GREG

No you don't.

Seth looks around to see everyone going back to their seats.

SETH

Is this about Debbie? Are you that bitter? I have made you a lot of money over the last three months, more than any other trainee.

GREG

Sorry Seth. I couldn't do it if I wanted to. It's the rules.

CHRIS

Hey, come on, Greg. You can bend the rules. I gave my guys...

GREG

Get the fuck out of here, Chris.

Greg gets up and walks toward Seth.

CHRIS

Not yourself these days, man. Not yourself.

SETH

Fuck you, Greg.

Greg moves very quickly toward Seth who doesn't react quick enough. Greg **SHOVES** him hard enough to send him sprawling.

GREG

You're on my team, I'm not on yours.

Try to remember that bitch.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROSPECT PARK - DAY

Seth is waiting near a fountain. He looks around nervously.

A black man approaches, pushing a baby carriage. He is dressed in hip-hop styled clothing. Seth looks at the man as he passes and then turns to catch a glimpse of the baby. Instead, he sees a huge boom-box in the carriage.

Marty emerges behind him. He looks irate.

SETH

Dad?

MARTY

(icy, controlled)

I spoke to Howard Goldberg over at Prudential. You lied again you unbelievable piece... You lied to all of us. He told me all about JT Marlin. A chop shop. You've been selling their shit all this time. How many people have you fucked over so far, Seth? Huh? How many?

Seth does not answer.

MARTY (CONT'D)

All that bullshit about them wanting to know you how the business works. The great training program. Profits you've heard for your customers! Did you make them anything? Just tell me, did you make them any money?

SETH

No. Not a penny.

MARTY

I'm done with you, Seth. This is it. You're out of our lives. I don't want to see you again. Don't come by the house, don't call. This is worse than

the casino. You've been stealing here.

SETH

I was gonna tell you, Dad. I was just waiting for the right time.

Marty turns and walks away.

SETH (CONT'D)

Dad!

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY & SUSAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

They're fighting. Max and Sara are sitting on the floor in the hallway outside their bedroom. They're scared.

HARRY

You think I want to live in this apartment the rest of my life?!

SUSAN

Sometimes I wonder.

HARRY

Oh please! I'm the one who got the raise, Susan, try and remember that. I'm the one that goes out every day and supports this family.

SUSAN

You can't keep using that shit, Harry. I've told you a million times I have no problem going out and getting a job to help pitch in, but you forbid it. Then you go and use it against me.

HARRY

Look Susan, we're going to buy the house. I promise. We will get the house. Just get off my back!

CUT TO:

INT. FBI ECONOMIC CRIMES UNIT - DAY

Agent True is in the director's office once again.

DIRECTOR

Listen to me. I want him brought in here. You've already got a strong case. He'll turn states.

TRUE

What do we have on him? Manipulative trading tactics? What can we threaten him with, license revocation? He'll never go for it. We need more. I know he's up to something. I can feel it.

DIRECTOR

I can't afford to leave him out there any longer. This girlfriend of his may have already tipped him off. He could run at any time.

TRUE

She hasn't, sir.

DIRECTOR

How could you possibly know that? And if you're right, and she's so loyal to you, then why hasn't she given us any information yet? I want Davis brought in by the end of the week. Period.

TRUE

Fine.

True storms out of the office.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Debbie is sitting in a reception area filling out a job application for a temp agency. A woman is sitting next to her. Debbie look completely morose.

WOMAN

How many words can you type a minute?

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY (SAME TIME)

The guard Seth knows unlocks a judge's chambers for him.

Seth goes into the private chamber and puts his bag down on the leather sofa. Huge bookcases, mahogany desk. Judge stuff.

Seth looks at a photo resting on the desk. It's a picture of Seth on the Mongoose. His father is standing next to him smiling broadly. It's the day his father bought him the bike.

Seth looks as emotional as we have ever seen him. Marty comes in through another door, startled to see Seth there.

MARTY

What are you doing here? I thought I told you I didn't want to see you again.

SETH

I need to talk to you.

MARTY

Get out.

SETH

Dad, I really need to talk.

MARTY

What is it?!

SETH

I want out of the firm.

MARTY

Great. So leave. I don't really care what you do anymore. But your coming here is unacceptable. You want to cost me my judgeship? I can't have any connection to you.

SETH

You know how you asked me to invest for you? Well I've got something. It's a sure thing.

MARTY

You've got to be kidding me, Seth. Get out.

SETH

I'm talking about making you half a million on the next new issue. And it's safe.

MARTY

Seth, listen.

SETH

I play you off as a whale by having you go in on a couple of big trades that JT Marlin tells you to invest in. You know, prove your loyalty. Figure you'll drop \$50,000.

MARTY

Are you fucking nuts?

SETH

Just listen to me. After you drop the fifty they'll have faith in you as a customer. When the next IPO comes out you'll get a huge chunk for being so loyal. Then instead of holding onto it until Michael can sell off all of the common stock, you dump it the same day. We'll make a fortune and the stock will immediately collapse. That should raise enough red flags for the SEC to come in and close shop within a week. We walk rich and JT goes down.

MARTY

I can't believe we're having this conversation.

SETH

This is the way I want to get out.

MARTY

Tough shit, Seth! You better walk

right now before you're the one the SEC comes after.

SETH

But this way I can leave and give them a taste of their own medicine.

Marty is just staring at his son. He looks dumbstruck.

MARTY

I don't understand you. I really don't. You think I'm going to help you commit a crime?

SETH

A crime? You don't like these people any more than I do. The whole firm is crooked. We're serving justice. And who are we committing a crime against?

MARTY

This is bullshit rhetoric. What's this all about? Do I have to play on your terms? An act of faith? Is that it?

SETH

I just wanted to do this with someone I trusted, that's all. I'm getting out like you told me to.

MARTY

I can't do it, Seth. It's illegal!

Seth gets up, walks to the desk and picks up the phot.

SETH

You remember this day?

MARTY

Of course. I bought you that bike.

SETH

Do you remember what happened about a month after this?

MARTY

What do you want from me, Seth?

SETH

Do you remember when I broke my leg?

MARTY

(snaps)

Of course I remember! You were hysterical. I had to get you to stop.

SETH

Hysterical? You mean like you are right now? I wasn't even crying, Dad.

MARTY

Get out of here.

SETH

Sorry I couldn't get the job you wanted me to have. But you know what, who gives a shit? I'm good at what I do. The casino was a business!! A legitimate business! And I ran it pretty fucking well, Dad. To think I closed it for you.

MARTY

(shocked)

You closed it?

SETH

Then I went after this job because I thought it was what you wanted me to be doing. I didn't know they were a fucking chop-shop when I went there.

(laughs sadly)

It's like I can't get away from it. But I tried to make the changes you told me to. I did everything you said. I'm leaving JT now. I'm just asking you to do this one thing with me. Just this one last thing.

Marty really considers him, perhaps for the first time.

MARTY

I'm sorry, Seth. I can't do it.

SETH

Fine, I'll find someone else.

Seth gets up and walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. DEBBIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Seth is in Debbie's living room with her. They are whispering.

DEBBIE

What are you gonna do now?

SETH

I'm still gonna do it. I have this friend who may go in with me. Till then I'm gonna make as much money as I can at the firm. I don't care who gets fucked anymore. My father can go to hell!

DEBBIE

Seth please, my mom.

SETH

Sorry.

DEBBIE

I don't think this is a good idea. Why don't you just quit?

SETH

No. I told you. I've invested too much time. And I have no fucking money coming in anymore because Jeff tanked my gold mine. I need this.

DEBBIE

How about finding a position at a real brokerage house? You're a great broker now. I'm sure you could easily get a job.

SETH

Doing what? Ticket running? Coming from JT Marlin you think they're going to let me trade for them? There's no way.

Seth looks up at the ceiling.

SETH (CONT'D)  
Why are you so against this anyway?  
What do you care if I pull this off?  
It'll be great for both of us.

DEBBIE  
I just have a bad feeling about it.

SETH  
You know what, I gotta go.

DEBBIE  
Where are you going? Seth, wait. I  
need to talk to...

SETH  
(dazed)  
I have to go figure this all out.

Seth gets up and leaves.

DEBBIE  
Seth.

He walks out. Debbie pauses at the door, wanting to run after him, to TELL HIM! She cries. Her mother's call makes the decision for her. She locks up and walks toward her mother.

There's a KNOCK back at the door and she runs toward it.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
(while unlocking)  
Baby, I'm so sorry. I need to tell you  
something I've been keeping in for...

She opens the door to Agent True and literally JUMPS from fear.

True walks in without being invited.

TRUE  
Why don't you do that. Why don't you  
tell me something.

DEBBIE  
(almost hysterical)

Be quiet, my mother's finally sleeping.

They walk to the living room.

TRUE

What's he doing?

DEBBIE

Nothing. He's doing nothing. But I found out how Michael operates the whole thing. Let me give you that.

TRUE

Honestly, you're a shitty witness. Black secretaries are not as credible as white stock brokers. It's a fucked up legal system. We need Seth to testify, not you. Now what the fuck is he up to?

DEBBIE

He hasn't said a word to me.

True stares at her hard when...

TRUE

You're a smart girl, Debbie. Why are you doing this to me?

DEBBIE

What?

TRUE

Normally, we could play this game for a bit, but this is just such a bad time to fuck with me!

DEBBIE

What do you want me to tell you?

TRUE

You want me to go wake Mom? Maybe if we all sit down and talk about things we can figure out a way to have someone come and give her her medication while you're upstate.

DEBBIE

Fuck you.

TRUE  
Give him up!!

Debbie finally loses it. She begins to sob.

DEBBIE  
Alright.

TRUE  
Go ahead! What's he doing?

MOTHER (O.S.)  
Debbie, are you okay?

TRUE  
Are you?

DEBBIE  
He's going in with a friend on an IPO  
scam this week. It's on the new issue.  
I better get immunity you piece of  
shit.

TRUE  
Keep talking to me like that. That's  
your best bet.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARRY & SUSAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Harry is outside raking leaves when he hears the phone ring.  
Susan looks up at him because he seems so jumpy.

SUSAN  
I'll get it.

HARRY  
No!  
(calmer)  
I mean, I'll get it.

Susan looks at him nervously as he runs into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. BOILER ROOM - DAY (SAME TIME)

The firm is going nuts. An IPO from last week, Farrow Tech, just had its rip bumped to \$2. It's a big money day.

ADAM

You do not look like you are fucking around today.

SETH

That is because I am not fucking around. I am making bank today and I do not care who the fuck I take it from.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARRY & SUSAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Harry, out of breath, reaches the phone on the fourth ring.

HARRY

Hello?

SETH

Hi Harry.

HARRY

Seth! Did you get my calls?

SETH

Yes Harry, it's just been crazy here.

HARRY

What the hell's happening with Farrow Tech, it's dropped five points since I bought it. I wanna sell.

SETH

Sell now? The stock is down! You don't make money in the market buying high and selling low, Harry.

HARRY

So what's going on? Tell me why we

shouldn't just get out now.

SETH

Alright, here's the deal. I told you things would happen within sixty days, it's only twenty so far, but the situation here is explosive and I wanted to get you involved. That's why I haven't returned any calls. I've been gathering information all morning. So here it is: The stock's down for tech reasons. It's been on the restricted list all week. But it's the same company. As a matter of fact, while it was on the restricted list, Farrow was doing nothing but signing more contracts. I'm telling you it's looking like our next big one here. Hold on a second, Harry.

Seth pushes hold. Jim Young has walked in front of the board and begins to speak to the firm.

JIM

Just got word from Michael. The rip on Farrow Tech is now three dollars.

The place explodes. Seth gets back on the phone.

SETH

Listen to this, Harry.

Seth holds the phone out toward the chaos.

HARRY

Jesus Christ, what's going on over there?

SETH

See what I'm saying? People know. The place is going nuts. It's already up a point and it's just coming off the restricted list. I'm advising all my clients to get in on this, and heavy. Hold on a second, let me close the door to my office.

Seth holds the phone next to the open drawer of his desk, and then slams it shut. He then clambers under his desk for some

quiet.

SETH (CONT'D)

Alright, now you get the same stock that we picked up at eight, only now it's at four. Now, when it was at eight I told you it was going to twenty, right?

HARRY

You did.

SETH

Right, and it's still going there, probably even higher now. This doesn't change anything except that you're going to make more money than you did before. Look Harry, I liked it at eight, I love it at four. It's an average down for you.

HARRY

What?

SETH

Dollar cost averaging. If you own a hundred shares at ten dollars and now you buy another one hundred at five, that's a F200 shares at \$7.50 a share. Your cost basis is lower. Now if I get you involved at ten and take you out at fifteen, you've made how many points Harry?

HARRY

Five.

SETH

Exactly. But if I get you involved at seven and a half and I take you out at fifteen, well that's seven and a half points, that's even better.

HARRY

(shaky, but turning toward  
Seth)

I don't know.

SETH

I also have a bullet on it. A couple of days ago Dan Dorfman, on CNBC, put a heavy buy recommendation on Farrow Tech. Reason being, he's been in contact with the CEO of the company and they feel FDA approval will happen in the next three or four weeks.

(gaining speed)

Listen to me. Off the record, I just called a broker friend of mine at another firm and had him pick me up fifty thousand shares under my sister-in-law's name. I'm going to put all my kids through college with this stock. Look, I have a thousand more phone calls to make, Harry. I have to call every one of my clients and give them this same opportunity. Remember when we first spoke? I told you that this firm only had five or six great ideas a year! Well, Harry, this is one of those ideas.

Seth awkwardly reaches up for his glass of water on the desk spilling it all over himself. He doesn't make a sound.

SETH (CONT'D)

I remember you saying something about buying a house, right?

HARRY

Yeah.

SETH

Well, how'd you like to pay for it tomorrow... in cash?

HARRY

You're serious.

SETH

Serious as cancer.

HARRY

All I've got is the fifty thousand from our savings.

SHERYL

Seth, you've got a call on line three.

SETH

That's my secretary. I gotta go. I have a lot of clients I need to make money for today. What's it gonna be, Harry?

CUT TO:

INT. SETH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Seth is on the phone.

SETH

I thought you were coming over tonight?

DEBBIE

I can't make it. I'm not feeling well.

SETH

Come over. I'll take care of you.

DEBBIE

No. I'm going to just stay here.

SETH

Alright, then I'll come over there. I'll bring you some soup.

DEBBIE

No. Don't. Mom's not doing too well either.

SETH

Oh shit. I'm sorry.

DEBBIE

It's stressing me out a bit. I'll talk to you tomorrow.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTY'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Marty sits in his den going over the mail. He hears his wife

on the phone with Seth in the next room.

MOTHER (O.S.)

I know, Seth. But you really went too far this time. I thought we were past the lying. Well then when you figured it out you should have said something. I understand that. It's true, he definitely hasn't helped any.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Marty stands at the doorway listening to his wife. She has her back to him and does not hear him walk up.

MOTHER

Of course he's upset. You guys are going to work through it though. I'm sure of it. He loves you, Seth. Do you know that? It's important that you know that. Okay. Bye.

CUT TO:

INT. BOILER ROOM - MORNING

The pitch is wild again today. Everybody's on the phone.

GREG

We're not fucking around today, guys. I'm sure you all know that we're going to be getting a lot of heat for what Farrow Tech did yesterday, so be smart on the phone. Calm them down. I don't want people dumping their shares.

SHERYL

Adam! I got a Mr. Klastow, he's super hot.

ADAM

Mr. Klastow?

We immediately hear the man screaming through the phone.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Right. I understand. Right. I'm sorry. We couldn't foresee this when we... Right. Okay. I'll do it right now.

Adam pulls out a sell ticket and quickly fills it out. He then takes it to Greg to be signed.

GREG

(enraged)

What the fuck is this? You think I'm gonna sign a sell ticket for you? What did I just say?

Greg takes the slip and rips it up in front of him.

GREG (CONT'D)

Call him back and explain the situation to him!

(to everyone)

No one's gonna unload today, no one!

Adam goes back to his seat badly shaken. The whole team looks on in disbelief. You can't just rip up a sell ticket.

SHERYL

Seth. Line three.

Seth pushes the blinking light, still dazed.

SETH

Seth Davis here.

MARTY

Hi Seth, how are you?

He hears his dad's voice and snaps to.

SETH

Dad!

MARTY

Can I change your mind about doing this IPO scheme?

SETH

No. I'm sorry. I already found someone who's going in with me.

MARTY

Well then I'm going to help you out with it.

SETH

You're gonna do it with me?!

MARTY

No, I can't do it, Seth, but I want to at least make sure you don't get caught. I have someone I know over at the Parthenon Group that will talk to you about it. Come over to the house tonight.

SETH

Thanks, Dad. I'm so glad you called.

MARTY

Yeah. Bye.

Sheryl's answers another incoming call for Seth. It's a fire.

SHERYL

Seth, I've got a Harry Reynard on the phone.

SETH

Pass him on. Harry, I was going to call you today.

HARRY

(desperate)

I want my money back.

SETH

Look, I know you're pissed, Harry, they had a setback. But don't worry about it, it's become a goal stock. I plan to bring you eight or nine points over the course of this year. People are talking about it like it's the next Microsoft.

HARRY

(almost crying)

Listen Seth, I'm in a heap of trouble

here. I need that money back. I was supposed to use it for a down payment on a house for my family. We're going to lose the house now.

SETH  
Harry, listen, it's going to rebound.

HARRY  
(screaming)  
Seth!! I need the money back!!!

SETH  
I'm sorry. I can't do that. I have to go.

Seth hangs up the phone. He looks very disturbed.

SETH (CONT'D)  
If he calls back, I'm not here.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Harry looks to make sure his co-workers did not hear this exchange. His supervisor walks in as the phone begins to RING.

SUPERVISOR  
Harry, do you have that status report ready?

HARRY  
Yes Michelle. I'll bring it right over.

SUPERVISOR  
I also wanted to ask you about...

SHERYL (O.S.)  
JT Marlin.

HARRY  
(curt)  
I'll talk to you after I finish with this call.

Harry turns his head away from her before she can even reply.

SUSAN  
OOOkay.

HARRY  
Seth Davis.

SHERYL  
May I ask who's calling.

HARRY  
It's Harry Reynard!

SHERYL  
I'm sorry, Mr. Reynard, but Mr. Davis  
just stepped out for a meeting.

HARRY  
God...  
(slamming the phone)  
...Damn it!!

He looks around his cubicle, sees the photo of his family on his desk, and begins to cry.

FADE OUT.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Seth is sitting having lunch with Debbie. He looks very upset.

SETH  
Are you gonna talk to me?

DEBBIE  
I don't know what to tell you, Seth. I  
mean think about it. If you pull off  
this IPO deal and I'm associated with  
you, what do you think is gonna happen  
do me?

SETH  
They won't be able to prove anything.

DEBBIE

Who says they have to? I'm gonna lose  
my job unless I put some distance  
between us now.

The front door opens as Agent True, with three other FBI  
agents, walk straight toward Seth's table. Debbie is facing  
the door and sees them immediately. Her face goes pale.

SETH

What's wrong?

They stop at the table.

TRUE

Seth Davis, you're under arrest for the  
violation of 26 SEC and NASD  
regulations.

DEBBIE

(trying to be genuine)

What are you doing? What's this all  
about? Seth, I'll get you out of this.

SETH

Just don't call my father.

TRUE

Sit down, Debbie.

Seth hears him call her name. He looks at her as he's  
cuffed. He looks as scared and hurt as a man can feel  
without crying.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY & SUSAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Harry stands against a wall, sweating heavily. He looks  
completely disheveled. His expression is one of  
anticipation.

A plate flies across the room, SHATTERING on the wall. Harry  
cringes, sinking into a fetal position on the floor. He  
CRIES.

Susan walks across the floor toward him. Max & Sara's crying

now permeates the apartment. She stands over him.

SUSAN  
How could you be so stupid!?

Max and Sara stand in the doorway watching in tears.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
What were you thinking, Harry? The  
kids, the house, our future!!

HARRY  
(crying)  
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Susan leans against the wall, then slinks down next to him and begins to sob. Harry reaches over to console her. She backhands him hard across the side of his head, sending his glasses FLYING and him cowering back. They both cry.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI ECONOMIC CRIMES UNIT - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Seth is brought in through the side door and led to a small interrogation room. He walks in to see MARTY at a table.

SETH  
(screaming)  
Why did you bring him in? He didn't do  
anything!

MARTY  
What the fuck is going on, Seth? Did  
you talk to them about me?

SETH  
What??!! Of course not. Why is he  
here!?

MARTY  
You sure, Seth?

SETH  
Of course I'm sure. Not a word.

MARTY

(to Agent True)  
That's it. I'm walking out of here in  
three seconds unless you charge me with  
something.

Agent True reaches over to a tape recorder and pushes play.  
It's a recording of Marty's earlier conversation with Seth.

MARTY (V.O.)  
Can I change your mind about doing this  
IPO scheme?... Then I'm going to help  
you out with it... I want to at least  
make sure you don't get caught.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Jesus Christ.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY & SUSAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (LATER)

Harry is sitting on the floor of the living room as his wife  
LEAVES with the kids. He is crying again.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY'S GARAGE - NIGHT (LATER)

Harry is in the corner of the garage. He has a small black  
case in front of him. He opens it to reveal a .9mm handgun.

He loads the gun back and places it back in its case. He's  
wearing his best suit.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI ECONOMIC CRIMES UNIT - NIGHT

SETH  
So what do you want from me?

TRUE  
We want you to testify.

SETH

No whit. What are you offering?

TRUE

Full immunity.

SETH

What about my father?

TRUE

He won't do any time.

MARTY

I haven't done anything illegal, Seth.

SETH

So what's the deal.

MARTY

I lose my judgeship just going along for the ride.

TRUE

I've got nothing to do with that.

MARTY

Sure you do. You're gonna release that tape to the press. Makes your case so much more glamorous with the involvement of a Federal judge.

SETH

No deal.

TRUE

What?

SETH

Take my father out the back door right now and bring him home. He has nothing to do with this case at all. If his name shows up in one newspaper, I don't testify. And I mean that. For me, it'd be worth going to jail for.

TRUE

You're serious?

SETH

What do you think?

TRUE

I think you're nuts. You want to do it that way? Fine. Then no immunity for you, pal. I need one of you to face the music.

MARTY

Seth, don't be stupid. He's right. I won't see a day in jail. They'll get you for at least four years.

SETH

I don't care. Go home, Dad.

TRUE

Alright, alright, alright. Before we start dealing here, just what are you offering?

SETH

I'm gonna hand you this case on a silver fucking platter. I know everything you don't. I know how it all works. How Michael makes his money, where it goes, and who's getting it. Now what happens tomorrow?

TRUE

You go back to work tomorrow like nothing happened. Just for one day. I need your client book and your whole C-drive backed up onto floppy. But don't get any stupid inclinations to travel abroad. We know where your father lives. You're going away, kid.

SETH

Yeah. You mentioned that earlier.

TRUE

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, you little fuck.

Agent True walks over to take Seth away.

MARTY

(to True)  
Give me a couple of minutes with him,  
would you?

Agent True just nods and walks out.

SETH  
I'm sorry, Dad. I am so fucking sorry.  
I didn't mean to do this to you.

MARTY  
Shhhh. Let me speak.

Marty takes a deep breath and closes his eyes.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
When I came up to you behind that car,  
it was the hardest thing I ever had to  
bear. I just wanted to make your pain  
disappear. I don't even know how to  
describe the feeling. But I want you  
to know something.

He begins to cry. Seth has never seen him cry before.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Not a single day of my life has gone by  
where I do not think about that moment,  
where I do not dream I was there for  
one more chance. If I could take back  
just one thing in my life, Seth, do one  
thing over... I am more sorry than you  
will ever know.

Seth leans across and they embrace tightly.

FADE OUT.

INT. BOILER ROOM - DAY

Seth is on the phone though not fired up as usual. He looks  
very nervous and continually checks the time.

SHERYL  
Seth, line two.

SETH

Hello?

TRUE

Get going.

Seth hears a click before he can even say okay. He hang up the phone, stands up, and addresses the table.

SETH

I'm going to lunch, boys.

TABLE

See you, Seth.

Seth stops by Chris and drops a note on his desk. He's on the phone while he reads the letter. He stares at Seth leaving the room. After a moment of thought, he too begins to pack.

We follow Seth out to the reception room where Debbie watches him approach. Seth looks at her, but says nothing.

DEBBIE

Seth?

CUT TO:

EXT. BOILER ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Seth comes out of the building and heads to his car. As soon as he begins to cross the lot he notices a man coming toward him. It is HARRY. There are walking right towards one another.

Harry accidentally drops his briefcase. The contents spill onto the floor. Seth bends over to help. He nervously looks around as he helps Harry, waiting for the Feds to show. Seth unknowingly picks up the gun case and hands it to Harry. Harry is very gracious.

HARRY

Thank you so much.

SETH

(smiling genuinely)

No problem.

CUT TO BLACK.