

**LIMITLESS**

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Based on the novel by  
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**INT. A BLACK SCREEN**

**EDDIE (V.O.)**  
They found me.

**INT. CLOSE ON - A HIGH-TECH RESIDENTIAL STEEL DOOR**

being POUNDED in. WHAM! WHAM! Whoever's trying to get in is serious. The door shudders but doesn't give. It's state-of-the-art residential protection.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**  
I might have five minutes.

We hear the WHRRRRR of POWER TOOLS going to work on his door. These people are determined. Professional. And prepared.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**  
I'll never know how they got past security in a half-billion dollar building.

**EXT. THE CELESTIAL - LOOKING INTO THE LOBBY - NIGHT**

The sleek lobby is deserted. We SEE, through the GLASS, lying on the floor, the barest glimpse of the FEET of what are presumably TWO DEAD SECURITY GUARDS -- although their bodies are largely hidden behind their massive curly walnut desk. All the security monitors are BLACK -- the feeds clearly cut.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**  
They've become sophisticated.  
Before they couldn't have done this. But now...?

The CAMERA RISES, breathlessly, in a blur, up all 80 floors of this stunning new building, coming to rest on...

**EDDIE MORGAN,**

30's, lean and stylish, standing on the exterior ledge of his multimillion-dollar terrace. New York City looms around him, beneath him. His hands are outstretched. Balancing. He is calm, but fatalistic. He's clearly going to jump.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

I will never let them touch me.

His attention is CAUGHT by the SOUNDS of a commotion in the next apartment. He looks over, at-

2.

**THE ADJOINING TERRACE**

Through the gauzy curtains of the window, TWO MEN force A MIDDLE-AGED MAN towards the windows... there is arguing.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

My neighbor must've heard the noise. Opened his door to complain.

Two MUFFLED SHOTS - the neighbor drops. The door is pounded again. It doesn't give.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

He bought me half a minute. I wish he hadn't. Last thoughts are self-pitying and mine are no exception: the waste. The waste of it all. I mean, how many of us ever know what it is to become... the perfect version of ourselves. I'd come that close. To having an impact on the world.

The pounding intensifies.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

And now, the only thing I'd have an impact on...

He looks over the railing...

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

... was the sidewalk.

His smile is bitter, as we CUT TO:

**EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY**

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Not so long ago, this was me.

Eddie is walking down the street, messily eating a street falafel. His hair is longer, his clothes schlumpier, his face rounder --he's out of shape. A belly bulges against his belt. He wears jeans and that worn-out corduroy "writer's" sport coat --the one that your girlfriend fights to give to the Salvation Army.

(CONTINUED)

3.

CONTINUED:

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

I was a writer. Two years after my copywriting job at Dexter & Kerr came to a non-mutual end, I had, in an extraordinary burst of desperate energy, bullshitted my way into my first book contract. This was it:

**INT. EDDIE'S RATTY RENT-CONTROLLED APARTMENT ON AVENUE A- DAY**

Eddie, slumped in his desk chair, is playing **COMPUTER SCRABBLE**.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Now, at last, I was ready to write.

**QUICK CUTS:** --Eddie sprawled on the couch, eating takeout and watching TV, the sink in the foreground full of dishes. -- Eddie shooting baskets into a toy hoop.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Gearing up, that's all.

--Eddie sleeping in his bed, sacked out, the clock beside him clicking to 11:59 a.m.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Getting psyched.

--Eddie sitting on the john, playing a game on his childhood Game Boy.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

A few days did pass this way...  
maybe a few months...

--Eddie at his desk. He glances at his **LAND LINE**. The message light is unblinkingly green. No one's called.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Friends fled.

His POV **PANS** to the **FOOT HIGH STACK OF UNPAID bills** next to

the answering machine.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

And banks became attentive. But  
just in case you think nothing ever  
happened to me....

**4.**

**INT. A MIDTOWN COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

A FEMALE HAND slides a KEY across the counter to EDDIE. Eddie stares in disbelief at his (now ex) girlfriend, LINDY, an attractive, real-looking girl, late 20's. She's dressed in a professional suit. She looks very sad.

**LINDY**

I don't think I can keep this.

Eddie is broadsided. Hurt.

**EDDIE**

Just like that.

She shoots him a look of almost intolerable sympathy.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

I was kind of under the impression  
you cared a little more than just--

**LINDY**

If I didn't care, maybe I'd be able  
to stand to watch you do this.

**EDDIE**

Look, I'm going to give 90 pages to  
Mark on Friday. If you could just  
wait, see what he says--

**LINDY**

Stop. You think I don't know what  
you do all day? I've loved you. I  
know the good stuff, and I know the  
shit.

**EDDIE**

And it's all shit to you now?

**LINDY**

You're the one living it.

**(SYMPATHETICALLY)**

Don't think I don't know it's worse  
for you.

**EDDIE**

Then you know I could use a friend.

He tries to push the key back. He cares about her, but he's also "working" her sympathy, which she instantly smells.

**LINDY**

Don't you dare try that shit on me!

**(CONTINUED)**

**5.**

**CONTINUED:**

She pierces Eddie with a look. Doesn't take the key.

**EDDIE**

Well -- what'll work, then?

They both almost laugh. They know each other so well. But she looks away, steeling herself.

**LINDY**

I see where it's going. You'll lose your apartment. And then what? You'll move in with me--

**EDDIE**

Not with that enthusiastic invite--

**LINDY**

--And then it'll go on this way, and I'll rag on you, and finally boot you out -- and then what? I mean, have you run the film?

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

She knew what was beckoning: the lower bunk in my childhood bedroom in Newark. We'd even had sex on it once. And it was a thing to be pitied and avoided.

Eddie sighs. Drops the glib tone. Looks at her, finally mustering the honesty she deserves.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

Lindy. I really thought I had it in me to do something. --I wasn't getting around it, but it was fucking there. And now, I, ah... don't think it is. There. --Anything. At all.

Lindy looks at him, clear-eyed, seeing him as he is, and loving him anyway.

**LINDY**

You know what...? I'd have had you move in anyway... if...

**EDDIE**

If, what?

She looks away. Its hard for her to admit this:

**(CONTINUED)**

**6.**

**CONTINUED: (2)**

**LINDY**

If it was me you wanted. And not  
Melissa.

**EDDIE**

I never think about Melissa--!

**FLASH!**

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

We are in Eddie's mind, in his POV, and we are seeing a  
LOVELY, WILLOWY BRUNETTE, wearing an undershirt, bending  
seductively over him...

**INT. MIDTOWN COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

From Eddie's eyes we can tell the memory is still fresh. She  
shakes her head, looks away. It's clearly over. She gets up.  
He follows.

**LINDY**

I have to get back.

**EDDIE**

--Hey, well -- wait -- you didn't  
tell me what happened yesterday.

We can see on Lindy's face that she's still vulnerably  
pleased that Eddie remembered to ask.

**LINDY**

I got it.

**EDDIE**

You got it--?!

**LINDY**

Yeah. I'll have my own assistant.  
You believe that?

**EDDIE**

**(GENUINE)**

You deserve it, Lindy.

**LINDY**

Yeah, thanks. I do.

She smiles weakly, breaks eye contact. No good to keep looking. It's over. Eddie makes an attempt to reach for the check, which Lindy grabs.

**(CONTINUED)**

7.

**CONTINUED:**

**LINDY (CONT'D)**

Oh, please.

He knows she knows he can't pay.

**EXT. MIDTOWN STREET - DAY**

Eddie is walking home, eying the homeless on the street, feeling his dismal future breathing down his neck.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

She was right. I was almost 35.  
No one talks about "potential" at  
35. I had missed the on-ramp.  
Soon I'd be sleeping in the lower  
bunk of my childhood bedroom... my  
father happy to welcome me into the  
challenging field of dental supply  
inventory...

He's interrupted by A VOICE - calm, amused:

**VOICE**

Eddie. Morgan.

VERNON GANT looks him over with condescending bemusement. He's 30, wears an expensive suit, looks like he comes from money.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Of all the useless relationships  
better forgotten and put away in  
mothballs, is there any more  
useless than... the ex-brother-in-  
law?

**VERNON**

Shit! It's gotta be-- 9 years--?

**EDDIE**

But who's counting.

**VERNON**

(taking him in)  
Hey, you!!!

He genially whacks the sides of Eddie's arms. Eddie halfheartedly whacks back. Vernon sizes Eddie up.

**VERNON (CONT'D)**

Jesus, Eddie, pack it on, why don't you?

**(CONTINUED)**

**8.**

**CONTINUED:**

Eddie didn't need that. He's very self-conscious about his weight.

**EDDIE**

Sedentary job, you know...

**VERN**

So you're still trying to write?

**EDDIE**

As a matter of fact, I've got a book contract.

Vern looks half suspicious, half impressed.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

How about you?

**(POINTEDLY)**

Still dealing, Vernon?

**VERNON**

**(SMUGLY)**

Do I look like I'm still dealing?

Eddie sizes him up: the suit, shoes, watch, haircut.

**EDDIE**

No.

**VERNON**

Come on, let's get a drink. I wanna hear about this book.

**EDDIE**

Nah, I should go--

**VERN**

You can't tell me you're a health nut, now. Not with that tire-



**EDDIE**  
**(ANNOYED)**

Enticing invitation. Thanks.

Vern plucks the pack of cigarettes from Eddie's upper jacket pocket.

**VERN**

C'mon, c'mon, one beer. Or I won't give `em back.

He holds the cigarettes just out of Eddie's reach.

**(CONTINUED)**

9.

**CONTINUED: (2)**

**EDDIE**

It's one o'clock in the afternoon, Vern.

**VERN**

When's that ever stopped you?

**EDDIE**  
**(SIGHS)**

Fuck.

**INT. BAR - DAY**

A BARTENDER brings beers to Eddie and Vernon who sit at the bar. Eddie clearly wishes he were elsewhere.

**EDDIE**

So... how's Melissa?

**VERNON**

Ah-hah. That's why you agreed to the beer.

**EDDIE**

I'm making conversation, Vern.

**VERNON**

Well, I don't know how Melissa is.

**INT. A BEDROOM - NIGHT (AN ALMOST SUBLIMINAL FLASH)**

Melissa, naked, silhouetted in the bathroom door. BACK TO:

**INT. BAR - DAY**

**EDDIE**

How don't you know? You're her brother.

**VERNON**

I don't see her. She lives upstate now, she's got some kinda internet home sales kinda job... a couple of kids...

This is unfathomable to Eddie. He tries to keep his voice casual.

**EDDIE**

A couple of kids...

**FLASH!**

**10.**

**INT. SAME APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM**

Melissa, her lovely face over a mirror, doing lines. BACK TO:

**INT. BAR - DAY**

**EDDIE**

Who's the husband?

**VERNON**

What are you, jealous?

**EDDIE**

It's just a question, Vern.

Vernon can sense his emotion.

**VERNON**

Walked out on her, if you really want to know. But what do you care? You guys weren't even married six months, were you--? I mean, it was just a coke thing, right?

**EDDIE**

Is that what she said--?! "A coke thing."

It unexpectedly hurts Eddie. Maybe it's just a bum day. Or there's a deeper wound than he knew.

**VERNON**

But I wanna know about this book. How's it going?

**EDDIE**

(considering the question)  
How's it going... Well... I'm behind. I'm behind on my book, and it's pretty well polluting my days

and nights if you really want to know.

**VERNON**

How much have you written of it?

A beat.

**EDDIE**

Not one fucking word, Vern.

**(CONTINUED)**

**11.**

**CONTINUED:**

**VERNON**

Wow. Creative problem, huh?

Vern appraises him.

**VERNON (CONT'D)**

I think I have something that can help you.

He reaches into his pocket. Eddie thinks he knows what's coming.

**EDDIE**

Oh, no-- no, no, no-

**VERNON**

You don't even know what it is.

**EDDIE**

You're still dealing.

**VERNON**

No -- yeah --will you listen?! This isn't recreational. I've been doing some consulting for a

**PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY--**

**EDDIE**

You mean a lab in some little Yalie's basement? Give me a--

**VERNON**

No, this is an exclusive product coming on-stream next year, they've had clinical trials, and it's FDA approved.

A long beat. Eddie bites.

**EDDIE**

Okay, what is it?

Vern reaches into his jacket, produces a tiny plastic sachet with his right hand, tapping something out into the palm of his left. He holds this up for Eddie to see... a TINY WHITE UNMARKED TABLET.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

What's in it?

Vern puts the little white tablet on the bar.

**(CONTINUED)**

**12.**

**CONTINUED: (2)**

**VERN**

Just take it. Get you over the hump.

**EDDIE**

I'm too old for this, Vernon.

**VERNON**

Look, they've identified these receptors in the brain that activate specific circuits, and-- you know how they say you can only access like 20 percent of your brain? Well, what this does--

**EDDIE**

Vernon. Look at me. Do I look good? I smoke too much: my chest is sore. A fucking corpse has more energy than I do, I've got weird aches, possible lumps, rashes, maybe they're a condition, or a network of conditions. One of these days they're all going to hold hands, light up, and I'll keel over dead. My life's in the crapper, and I DON'T think it's going to take a sudden upswing into the stratosphere if I do some brand new, shiny designer DRUG!

Vern's phone rings. He holds up his index finger --shh! --and takes the call.

**VERN**

**(INTO PHONE)**

Gant.

(beat, getting agitated)  
When. --I know, but when?  
(looking at his watch)  
Tell him we can't do that. He knows  
that's out of the question. We  
absolutely can't do that.

Vern is edgy. Very tense. He continues:

**VERN (CONT'D)**

No, I'm not going to tell him! You  
tell him -- no, now!

He turns off his phone, gets up.

**(CONTINUED)**

13.

**CONTINUED: (3)**

**VERN (CONT'D)**

Fucking people. I'm afraid I'm  
going to have to leave you here,  
Eddie. But let's hang out again,  
have another beer.

He takes out his business card, and places it carefully next  
to the little white tablet on the bench.

**VERN (CONT'D)**

By the way, that's on the house.

**EDDIE**

I don't want it, Vern.

Vern smiles at him.

**VERN**

Don't be ungrateful, now. You know  
how much these things cost?

Eddie shakes his head.

**VERN (CONT'D)**

Eight hundred bucks a pop.

He pats Eddie on the shoulder and goes. Eddie is still  
looking at the pill.

Which seems to be looking back at him.

**EXT. THE STREET - DUSK**

Eddie makes his way home, a little tipsy and filled with self-loathing.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

All the way home she was back on my mind ... Melissa.

**FLASH!**

A memory -- Melissa's face as she's talking, laughing.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

She'd been so smart. Smarter than anyone around her. And oh, how she loved to provoke people...

**14.**

**INT. A DOWNTOWN PARTY - PARTY - NIGHT**

Melissa, sparkling, beautiful, surrounded by people, in intense conversation with a bunch of downtown types.

**MELISSA**

--Oh, please, you think professional women mentor one another? You think there's some mutually supportive empathetic touch-feely network of kindly pie-bakers? --Those bitches hate each other! Quick, who was the worst boss you ever had? A woman, right?! We can't delegate, we can't command -- I mean, there's a reason we're not generals--!

The men gasp, shocked and titillated. The women are furious. Melissa smiles to herself --she's trying not to crack up.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

I thought, by now, she'd be curing cancer, directing movies, running for the Senate...

We HOLD ON MELISSA'S LOVELY, CONFIDENT FACE as her voice fades down and Eddie's fades in.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

What had happened? Her life made no sense. I mean, I could see a direct, plausible link between this Eddie, broke and buzzed at three o'clock in the afternoon, and an earlier Eddie...

**INT. A DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN BEHIND A DESK - DAY**

--getting SPLATTERED by some ochre liquid from an offscreen source.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

...vomiting on his boss' desk  
during a presentation...

**INT. A BEDROOM - NIGHT**

A YOUNGER, THINNER EDDIE rifles through a bureau, an old lady in bed, sleeping, behind him --an oxygen mask on her. She's clearly terminal.

(CONTINUED)

15.

CONTINUED:

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

... or stealing his dying Aunt's  
Percocet.

**EXT. THE STREET - DUSK**

Eddie walks, pensive.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

But there was no link between my  
Melissa and this upstate Melissa  
dumped, cold-calling people from  
her living room.

**EXT. EDDIE'S BUILDING - DUSK**

An edgy neighborhood on the furthest edge of lower Manhattan.  
This block may never be gentrified.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

40 long blocks later I was "home."

He digs in his pocket for the keys and comes up with...

**THE LITTLE WHITE PILL**

**INT. EDDIE'S BUILDING - STAIRWELL - DUSK**

It's a former tenement, fourth-floor walk-up. Eddie trudges up the old stairs, the tiny tiles worn away in spots, the Victorian moldings disfigured from a hundred and twenty years of paint.

Eddie is suddenly seized by a racking cough -- a horrible smoker's cough that makes him double over. He sounds like he's 80 years old. He finally gets it under control, gets a glimpse of himself in the storefront window. He looks bad,

and he knows he looks bad.

He reaches into his pocket. THE PILL sits teasingly in the palm of his hand, looking up at him.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Well. There was less than nothing  
to lose.

Quickly, impulsively, he swallows it.

**16.**

**INT. THE LANDING - DUSK**

As Eddie passes, a neighbor's door swings open. Eddie tries walking faster.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

I didn't want to see anybody.

VALERIE, 26 and attractive, emerges, dressed to go out.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Especially not my landlord's nasty  
young wife.

She is immediately soured at the sight of Eddie. Eddie knows what she's thinking.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

Tuesday.

**VALERIE**

Look, enough, okay--?

**EDDIE**

Just tell him-

**VALERIE**

Steve handles the rents. So feed  
your fucking bullshit to him.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

I suddenly had extra reason to get  
away from her. I had thoughtlessly  
ingested a substance.

Valerie's tirade FADES up or down, depending on when we're hearing Eddie.

**VALERIE**

--Like the rent's not low enough--!

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

I had gotten remarkably little  
information from Vernon about what



this drug would do.

**VALERIE**

You could be a bike messenger and  
come up with that!

Eddie continues up the stairs. But she follows, getting in  
front of him.

**(CONTINUED)**

17.

**CONTINUED:**

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

...What if it was a hallucinogen...  
oh my God... listening to her rag,  
if I were tripping...? I'd jump out  
a fucking window.

VALERIE'S voice fades up.

**VALERIE**

--Look, I'm just telling you, he's  
been talking about calling these  
people he knows from the club to  
muscle you out -- I've told him not  
to do that, but he's really pissed.

We PUSH IN on Eddie's face, into his eyes... where we see his  
pupils contract just slightly. A flicker.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

And then... I felt it.

**EDDIE'S POV - THE APARTMENT UPPER HALL...**

The room is changing... springing into sharper focus.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Levels more, layers more, 3-D  
more... galactically more. But the  
same. Just the depth and beauty...  
of clarity.

There seems to be more definition, more dimension, a little  
more light -- he can see more clearly. The SOUND drops out  
for a moment; he can see VALERIE'S FACE, mouth contorted,  
continuing to heap the abuse, but there's something in her  
eyes that's not mean... something anxious. He looks at her  
with a sudden keen intelligence. And sympathy.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

What's wrong?

She's taken aback.

**VALERIE**

W-What?

His eyes go to THE BOOK BAG in her arms.

**EDDIE**

"I was blind but now I see."

**(CONTINUED)**

**18.**

**CONTINUED:**

On a gut instinct, Eddie takes a shot, pushing his words forward with a new, sharp, penetrating intimacy, articulateness.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

You don't like me, and I don't blame you -- you see a schlumpy energy- sucking defeated sack of shit sponging off your husband. You're hoping I'll blow my brains out. But my existence shouldn't make you this upset. What is it?

He's hit a nerve.

**VALERIE**

Look, that's none of your-

**EDDIE**

Something wrong at school?

**VALERIE**

How do you know I'm in school!

His eyes flick down at her bag.

**EDDIE**

People who aren't don't usually carry dry, academic constipated out of print books about Dorothea Lange.

**VALERIE**

Are you some kind of creep? Have you been following me?!

**EDDIE**

I just saw the book--

**VALERIE**

You can only see a corner of it.

How did you know?

He looks down. She's right --only a corner of the book is visible. Eddie realizes:

**EDDIE**

I've seen it before.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

It was true. 12 years ago. In college...

19.

**INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT**

A slightly younger Eddie is flipping through the Lange book.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

...sitting on the couch of a T.A. I was trying to make, waiting for her to come back out of the bathroom... hoping she'd have a condom...

**BACK TO:**

**INT. EDDIE'S BUILDING - LANDING - DAY**

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Somehow, my unconscious had served that up... a memory I'd never even recorded. Or was it there the whole time... and all I needed... was the access?

**ON EDDIE'S FACE - CLOSE**

As it sinks in:

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Vern was right. This was no recreational drug.

Eddie's eyes flick to the laptop in her bag, his manner suddenly intimate, confident.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

If you're writing a paper, that's not the book I'd use.

**VALERIE**

Well, who asked y-

**EDDIE**

Cal Berkeley has her oral history. I'd start there. Her son is still alive. You could Google him. Sons

of famous people always want to  
dish dirt about their parents.  
You'd get something no one else  
has, and you'd've gone the extra  
mile, a nice little apple for the  
professor.

During this speech, MUSIC COMES UP and the sound goes down...  
**SEVERAL QUICK CUTS...**

**(CONTINUED)**

**20.**

**CONTINUED:**

Eddie and Valerie's mouths are moving... she's asking  
questions... he's supplying answers, lots of them...

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Information from the odd museum  
show, a half-read article, some PBS  
documentary, was all bubbling up to  
my frontal lobes, mixing itself  
together into a sparkling cocktail  
of useful information.

Valerie's whole posture is relaxing, the look in her eyes  
becoming... friendly.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

She didn't have a chance.

**INT. THE DOWNSTAIRS APARTMENT FROM EDDIE'S - NIGHT**

A mirror image of Eddie's, but considerably nicer. We HEAR  
the SOUNDS of two people -- Valerie and Eddie -- HAVING WILD,  
mutually satisfying SEX from the other room.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

We'd really worked on her paper,  
too. In 45 minutes it was a  
polished gem. She was pleased.

We see the laptop set up, books scattered -- then, obviously  
abandoned for a more pleasurable pursuit.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

One nice little side effect...? I  
stayed hard for hours.

We HEAR female groans of pleasure. Laughter.

**INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

A dishevelled Eddie opens the door to his apartment. He  
enters, looks around.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Happy and sore, I returned home.

**EDDIE'S POV - HIS LIVING ROOM**

It's the first wide shot we've seen of it, and it hammers home: what a mess. Books scattered across the floor, dirty dishes, broken Venetian blind sashes. The nest of a slob.

**(CONTINUED)**

**21.**

**CONTINUED:**

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

... But it couldn't be my home,  
could it? Who would live like this?

MONTAGE: Speeded-up shots of Eddie sifting through his books and tapes. Cleaning up the kitchen. The bathroom. Picks up books. He starts moving the sofa.

QUICK CUTS: the living room, rapidly whipped into shape. If not stylish, habitable. Final shot: he's sitting on the (repositioned) couch. Thinking.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

What was this drug? I couldn't stay  
messy on it, I hadn't had a  
cigarette in six hours...

He stares at the pack in his hands. It looks alien.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

...hadn't eaten... So. Abstemious  
and tidy. What was this -- a drug  
for people who want to get anal?

He gets up. Paces.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

I wasn't high, wasn't wired --just  
clear. What I needed to do. And how  
to do it.

His eye falls on his COMPUTER.

The MONTAGE CONTINUES: Eddie flipping through research books, typing onto his keyboard, the printer printing, doing Internet searches... pages and pages spit out of the printer.

**INT. EDDIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

Eddie, in his underwear, is sleeping soundly. He stirs, rolls

over, cracks open an eye.

He gets up, schlumps to the mirror, looks at his unshaven face. The penetrating gleam is no longer in his eyes.

**EDDIE (V.0.)**

The next morning, I sent a little probe down into my brain. No surge of brilliance came up to greet me. I felt thick and stupid -- a shuffling zombie without my coffee and cigarette. In short...

**(CONTINUED)**

**22.**

**CONTINUED:**

CLOSE UP -- EDDIE'S UNDERWEAR is tossed at the hamper - missing it by about a foot. The underwear remain on the floor.

**EDDIE (V.0.) (CONT'D)**

I was back.

**INT. EDDIE'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

Eddie lies on the couch. (Already the room shows signs of being messed up again.) His eye suddenly falls on his desk.

**EDDIE (V.0.)**

But something remained.

**INT. EDITOR'S OFFICE - DAY**

Eddie drops A STACK OF FRESH PAGES on the desk of MARK SUTTON. Mark looks skeptically at Eddie, then the pages.

**MARK**

You're kidding.

**EDDIE**

No.

**MARK**

**(SARCASTIC)**

Words have appeared on paper.

**EDDIE**

Yes.

**MARK SUTTON**

Written by you.

Eddie knows he's on thin ice.

**EDDIE**

Three pages. That's all you have to read. If you read them in the next hour, and you don't want to keep reading I'll give back the advance.

**EXT. FLATIRON DISTRICT - DAY**

Eddie standing on the street, the crowd flowing around him. He turns this way and that, clearly anxious, impatient. Where to go? What to do to kill the time?

**23.**

**EXT. STREET - DAY - THREE SHOTS:**

1. Eddie orders a PRETZEL from a food cart. He is having to dig into his pockets to come up with the change. The VENDOR becomes so impatient he won't give him the pretzel, and serves another customer first. Eddie looks at HIS CELL PHONE. Makes sure it's on. No call.
2. Eddie sits on a stoop, slowly nibbling on his pretzel, his eye glued to his phone. No call.
3. Eddie tosses the finished pretzel's wrapper and SHAKES HIS PHONE in frustration. A RING! Eddie jumps up, fumbles with his phone just as a passing male WALL STREET SHARK pulls out his phone and answers. The ring wasn't for Eddie.

**INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Eddie comes in, then notices something's different. His ANSWERING MACHINE has a blinking red light. Eddie clicks the button, breathless.

**MARK SUTTON'S VOICE**

Eddie... give me a call when you get in... (BEEP)

The second message is from Mark too.

**MARK SUTTON'S VOICE (CONT'D)**

Eddie, I'm 40 pages further in... call me... it's a little grandiose, but I'm still reading...

A third message - BEEP!

**MARK SUTTON'S VOICE (CONT'D)**

Okay, how did you do this? I'd, uh, I'd really like to -- shit, just call me the minute you get in, call. Okay? Okay. (BEEP!)

Eddie jumps up, gleeful-- he knew it! Then his smile fades. Reality hits.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

But how would I finish? It was  
"enhanced" Eddie who displayed all  
that brilliance. Not me.

**EXT. VERN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

Eddie, holding Vern's card, buzzes the buzzer. There's no  
answer. Eddie buzzes again and again. Finally:

**(CONTINUED)**

**24.**

**CONTINUED:**

**VERN'S VOICE**  
**(GROGGY)**

Yeah?

**EDDIE**

Vern! It's Eddie.

**VERN'S VOICE**

Bad time, okay--?

**EDDIE**

Vern -- last night 90 pages just  
wrote themselves! I totally chucked  
the novel I pitched them --I  
suddenly SAW, Vern, how this whole  
societal economic class struggle --  
and its solution -- didn't have to  
be futuristic or fictional -- it  
was actually ACHIEVABLE here, in  
our lifetime -- and I could just  
lay it out, like, like a manifesto,  
or something, like Mein Kampf  
except not by a crazy racist fuck!  
(no response, realizing)  
Okay, I won't talk any more about  
this if you let me in.

The buzzer buzzes.

**INT. VERN'S APARTMENT DOOR - DAY**

The door opens. And Eddie is taken aback. Vern has been  
beaten up. Really worked over. His lip is split, his face  
puffy and bruised. His right hand is bandaged.

**VERN**

Well, that was fast.

**EDDIE**  
**WHAT HAP-**



**VERN**

Don't ask.

Leaving the door open, Vern turns around and motions at Eddie with his left hand to come in. The place is all mismatched antique furniture -- the possessions of someone who collected once, with enthusiasm, but who's letting it all go to hell. Vern sits, keeping his injured arm elevated.

**VERN (CONT'D)**

So, Eddie. I guess you're interested after all.

**(CONTINUED)**

**25.**

**CONTINUED:**

**EDDIE**

Yeah. That stuff's amazing.

**VERNON**

It works better if you're already smart.

Eddie can't get over how bad Vernon looks.

**EDDIE**

**VERN-**

**VERN**

You don't want to know.

And Eddie wants the drug more than he wants to know what happened.

**EDDIE**

What's... um... what's it called?

**VERN**

It doesn't have a street name yet, because it doesn't have a street profile. And that's the way we want it to stay. The boys in the kitchen are calling it MDT-48.

**EDDIE**

"The boys in the kitchen...?" Vern, that doesn't sound FDA approved.

**VERN**

"FDA-approved," that's a laugh. Did you really believe that shit?

Eddie stares at Vern as he pours himself a coffee.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Okay, so what did we have here?  
Some unknown, untested, possibly  
dangerous drug scammed out of some  
unidentified lab somewhere, given  
to me by a highly unreliable guy I  
hadn't seen in years.

**VERN**

So you want some more of it?

**EDDIE**

Yes. Definitely.

Vern chuckles. He knew it.

**(CONTINUED)**

**26.**

**CONTINUED: (2)**

**VERN**

We'll talk about it. But first  
maybe you can do me a little favor.

**EDDIE**

Uh... sure.

Eddie wants to get on with it and get out of there, but Vern  
clearly has him by the balls.

**VERN**

You can see, I'm in no shape to go  
out right now. Will you hop down to  
the dry cleaners and get my suit?  
And maybe pick me up a little  
breakfast...?

Eddie sighs. Vern tosses him a set of KEYS.

**INT. A DRY CLEANER'S AUTOMATED CLOTHING RACK - DAY**

As the plastic-wrapped clothes spin towards us...

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

It was amazing how quickly it all  
slotted back into place...

**INT. A DINER GRIDDLE - DAY**

As two eggs are flipped, over easy.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

..the dealer-client dynamic.....

**INT. VERNON'S BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY**

And here comes Eddie, carrying Vernon's suit, and greasy bag

of breakfast...

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

...the easy sacrificing of dignity  
for the guaranteed return of a dime  
bag, or a gram, or in this case a  
little pill that was going to cost  
me a month's rent.

He arrives at Vernon's door. He takes out the keys Vern gave him, but he doesn't need them. The DOOR is AJAR.

27.

**INT. VERN'S APARTMENT - DAY - EDDIE'S POV**

As Eddie pushes the door open, he can see Vernon sitting, quite normally, on the couch. As he enters the room, though, he sees that the place has been RANSACKED. Destroyed.

Eddie wheels back to ask Vern what the fuck. And then sees it.

**VERN'S FACE -CLOSE**

In the center of his forehead is a neat little BULLET HOLE.

**EDDIE**

is no tough guy, and sweat springs to his brow. He starts shaking... then, seized with horror that they might still be in here, he edges to the bedroom. We hear THE POUNDING OF HIS HEART as he peeks in...

**INT. EDDIE'S POV - VERN'S BEDROOM**

It's been ransacked, too. Torn to shreds, bureau drawers opened and dumped, pillows ripped open with knives. But no one is there.

**INT. VERNON'S DESK - DAY**

Eddie's shaking hand can barely hold the phone.

**EDDIE**

Yes... I... I need to report a  
murder. Eddie. Morgan. --Edward J.  
I won't.

He puts down the phone, puts his head in his hands.

VARIOUS CUTS OF: Eddie sitting. Shifting his butt in various positions. Holding a BASEBALL BAT he's found --just in case "they" come back.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

It took them forever. And the

longer I sat there, the clearer I saw... Vern had known whoever had done this. He'd opened the door.

**CLOSE ON - EDDIE'S FACE**

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

And one guess what they'd been looking for.

28.

**INT. VERN'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Eddie, cleverly wearing kitchen gloves, is now furiously tearing through the rubble the thieves have left behind, the scattered clothes, under the bed...

**INT. BATHROOM -. DAY**

Eddie pokes quickly through the medicine cabinet -- nothing but Tylenol.

**INT. VERN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Eddie sits on the couch with (dead) Vern, staring at him, as if a corpse could give up a secret. He looks down at VERN'S **BREAKFAST CONTAINER.**

**EDDIE**

At least you got your last meal.

There are lots of takeout containers around.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

You never did like to cook...

Eddie's eye falls on VERN'S STOVE. Unlike the rest of the kitchen area, it's pristine. Unspattered. Eddie jumps up.

**VERN'S STOVE - CLOSE**

Eddie opens it. The inside is as clean as the outside. We HEAR SIRENS now -- the cops are finally coming, and Eddie must rush. Eddie pulls out

**THE BROILER - CLOSE**

Taped to the inside is A LARGE BROWN PADDED ENVELOPE. Slowly, Eddie pulls out the package, reaches into it.

**EDDIE'S HANDS - CLOSE**

He is holding about TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS in cash. But that's not all. He reaches in again... there's something else inside... Eddie's hand pulls out a LITTLE BLACK ADDRESS BOOK. But there's still something else.. he reaches in again. And

now Eddie's hand pulls out A PLASTIC CONTAINER WITH AN AIR-LOCK SEAL... he pries the seal off... Inside are FIVE HUNDRED OF THE LITTLE WHITE PILLS.

Eddie HEARS THE THUD OF APPROACHING FEET, voices. Making a decision, he quickly tucks the envelope into his jacket, jumps down from the chair... JUST AS A COP pushes through the door.

(CONTINUED)

29.

CONTINUED:

He sees Eddie, spins, POINTS HIS GUN right at him.

COP

Let me see your hands.

Eddie throws his arms in the air.

EDDIE

Heyheyhey! I'm the one that called you!

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Eddie sits, making his statement to an overweight DETECTIVE.

EDDIE

... No, ex-wife's brother. I just ran into him on the street and he invited me up to, you know...

The Detective looks at him suspiciously.

DETECTIVE

Buy some drugs?

EDDIE

Wha-- No! Talk! What're you --

DETECTIVE

Okay, fine, what did this guy do?

EDDIE

He was -- I don't know, I heard he was sort of an antiques dealer.

DETECTIVE

A dealer?

CLOSE ON THE ENVELOPE hidden in his jacket, burning a hole in his side. Eddie tries to stay calm.

EDDIE

Yeah... of, uh... Viennese kind

of... chairs... sort of curlicue  
leg kind of things--

The phone is ringing. The detective picks it up.

**DETECTIVE**  
**(INTO PHONE)**

Yeah. That is correct. An Edward  
Morgan. He's here.

**(CONTINUED)**

**30.**

**CONTINUED:**

Mysteriously, the Detective hands the phone to Eddie.

**DETECTIVE (CONT'D)**

The victim's sister.

**FLASH!**

**EXT. A BEACH - DAY**

Eddie sees young, beautiful Melissa, laughing, in the surf.

**INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY**

Eddie can't believe it. He stares at the phone, then finally  
speaks into it.

**EDDIE**

Melissa?

**MELISSA'S VOICE**

Eddie. You were there?

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

I hadn't heard her voice in 10  
years.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

Right before. I'd just run into him  
on the street.

**MELISSA'S VOICE**

God.

**(BROKEN)**

This is all so weird...

**EDDIE**

Melissa --you don't think I had  
anything to do with-

**MELISSA**

No, no, no, Eddie, I know that. I

wish I was more surprised. He  
was... involved in some stuff... I  
better not say any more.

**EDDIE**

Not on this line, no.

A beat. Eddie still can't believe he's talking to her.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

Melissa... maybe...  
(a deep breath)

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

**31.**

**CONTINUED:**

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

Do you want to... meet somewhere,  
or...?

He lets it hang in the air for a moment.

**MELISSA'S VOICE**

Eddie, I've got to do the funeral.  
And God knows what else. I just...  
we can't meet, okay?

**EDDIE**

Then... I'll see you at the  
funeral.

**MELISSA**

No. I don't want that - please  
don't... I'll call you at some  
point, when this is over. Okay?

**EDDIE**

Okay.

A beat. Melissa's voice is wan, vulnerable.

**MELISSA'S VOICE**

Okay.

She's hung up. Gone. Eddie turns back to the detective who's  
staring intently at him.

**DETECTIVE**

Something doesn't jell here.

Eddie tries not to look panicked. The cop looks up, taking in  
the entrance of THREE newly arrested HIGH CLASS HOOKERS.

They are young. They are blond. They are wearing very short  
skirts and fuck-me heels. The cop eyes them appreciatively.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

But I knew, when his attention  
wandered to something more  
pressing, that he was going to let  
me go.

**EXT. PRECINCT - DAY**

Eddie walks down the stairs, shaken up but profoundly  
relieved. Even a little giddy. Then he stops.

**(CONTINUED)**

**32.**

**CONTINUED:**

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Only then did it occur to me that  
someone could have followed me from  
Vern's apartment.

**EXT. THE STREET - DAY**

Eddie walks, trying to cast inconspicuous glances over his  
shoulder.

**EDDIE'S POV - THE STREET**

Is this guy following him? That guy? They all look innocuous.  
They all look threatening. He has no idea.

**INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Probably not. Hopefully not.  
Worth the risk?

Eddie enters, and, casting a surreptitious look around,  
closes the door behind him.

**INT. EDDIE'S DINING TABLE - DAY**

The cash, the address book, and the bottle of pills are all  
laid out on the table. Eddie sits, looking at them, realizing  
that his life is now about to be jump-started. Yeah. Worth  
the risk. A smile twitches at the corner of his mouth.

**MUSIC UP UNDER:**

**EXT. MADISON AVENUE - DAY**

Eddie is walking down the street, a brisk confidence in his  
step, that penetrating gleam of intelligence back in his  
eyes. We know right away that he's on MDT.



**EDDIE (V.0.)**

Back on MDT, it was obvious what I  
should do.

**INT. A HIP DOWNTOWN MENS STORE - DAY**

Eddie is being fitted for a sharp looking jacket. The camera  
moves to the mirror and we are suddenly (CONTINUOUS SHOT) in--

**INT. TRENDY DOWNTOWN SALON - DAY**

A hip, pretty girl is giving Eddie a haircut.

(CONTINUED)

33.

CONTINUED:

**EDDIE (V.0.)**

Vern's cash...

THE CAMERA CONTINUES TO PAN... but instead of finding him the  
chair we are...

**INT. GYM - DAY**

Eddie's doing crunches, getting in shape.

**EDDIE (V.0.)**

...combined with an unprecedented  
surge of motivation...

THE CAMERA PANS to the mirror... but sees a reflection of...

**INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

He sits at his computer, a salad beside him. His printer  
spits out page after page of manuscript.

**EDDIE**

...enabled me to finish the book in  
four days.

**INT. MARK SUTTON'S OFFICE - DAY**

Eddie puts down a thicker manila envelope on Mark's desk.  
Mark is astonished.

**INT. A SUGAR BOWL ON EDDIE'S TABLE - DAY**

It contains ten tablets of MDT. Eddie's fingers reach in,  
take one.

**EDDIE (V.0.)**

A tablet a day... kept the torpor

away. And what I could do with my day... was limitless.

**INT. THE MET - DAY**

Eddie surveys paintings.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

I now had cultural appetites.

**INT. A PIANO CONCERT - DAY**

Eddie sits attentively in the audience, reading the score along with the music.

(CONTINUED)

34.

CONTINUED:

**EDDIE**

Learned to read music in a week...

**INT. THE EAST RIVER - DAY**

Eddie runs, earphones on his head. We HEAR, dimly, French phrases.

**EDDIE V.O.**

Even half-listening to any language, I became fluent...

Eddie becomes aware that there's ANOTHER RUNNER --a powerful-looking man, gaining on him, closer behind than makes him comfortable. Eddie flicks a glance over his shoulder.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

The only cloud was the nagging feeling I was being followed.

With a surge of effort, Eddie speeds up, sprinting across the street just after the light changes. WHIZZING TRAFFIC cuts the mysterious runner off, stops him from following. He remains, panting, at the light.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Was I? Or did MDT create paranoia?

**INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - DAY - (SERIES OF SHOTS)**

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

The focal point of my existence quickly became... protecting my stash.

CLOSE ON: the plastic baggie of pills being DUCT TAPED inside the top of EDDIE'S BROILER. He SLAMS the broiler closed.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Call it a homage.

**INT. A BAR - NIGHT**

Eddie stands there, in his new clothes, holding court. He has an entirely new aura. It's commanding.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

I had a new, improved game.

He banters flirtatiously with a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

**(CONTINUED)**

35.

**CONTINUED:**

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

**(PLAYFULLY)**

So you're saying that any author who's commandeered adjective status, "Orwellian, Dickensian--"?

**BEAUTIFUL WOMAN**

--is prosaic. Yes.

**EDDIE**

Which means a prosaic author's work rests on a foundation of acclaim-

**BEAUTIFUL WOMAN  
OR ZEITGEIST-**

**EDDIE**

So you're saying praise and fame are unrelated to achievement, that the greatest hits CD cannot possibly contain good songs? That Shakespeare's catchiness belies mediocrity?

**BEAUTIFUL WOMAN**

**I...**

She breaks off, shrugs, smiles.

**EDDIE**

Well, then I'd guess you'd rather not hear about what I, personally, think could launch a thousand ships?

He puts a finger under her chin. He means her face, of course. The woman smiles, and blushes.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Fish in a barrel.

**INT. UPSCALE BAR BATHROOM - (UNISEX, FOR ONE PERSON) NIGHT**

TIGHT SHOT (LEGS ONLY) OF this regal, upscale women's panties down around her high heels and Eddie's legs between hers, pumping. A VASE shatters to the floor beside their feet, spilling its pricey orchids.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

And it wasn't just women. I was,  
for the first time in my life, a  
presence...

**36.**

**INT. ANOTHER BAR - ANOTHER NIGHT**

The CAMERA circles around a European-looking crowd... that's clustered around Eddie. He's finishing a long story -in French.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Of course, all this seemed to work  
better with people I didn't know...  
than with people who knew me...

**INT. A MODEST QUEENS LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Eddie's MOTHER and FATHER, working class schlubs, sit on the floral sofa, staring at their now-dapper son, who is waving some paperwork in their faces.

**EDDIE**

...so, Mom, your 401 K is totally  
mis-invested -- these guys are have  
done ONLY the most Pliocene era  
fundamental analysis and paid no  
attention to eye candy psychology  
surrounding the stock --  
(realizing they're lost)  
Okay, remember when I explained  
default flops? Did any of that  
stick?

**(THEY'RE LOST)**

CDS's? CDO's CBO's?

His parents stare at him. They don't know what to make of any of this.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

I quickly returned to the

unfamiliar audience.

**INT. ANOTHER UPSCALE BAR - NIGHT**

A sizable crowd is around Eddie, including finance types in suits.

**EDDIE**

--Sure you get a short term spike,  
but wouldn't that rapid expansion  
devalue the stock completely in two  
years?

A well-dressed broker - KEVIN DOYLE - shakes his head.

**KEVIN DOYLE**

No, no, there are safeguards--

**(CONTINUED)**

37.

**CONTINUED:**

**EDDIE**

Against aggressive over-expansion?  
There aren't, because there are no  
safeguards in human nature.

Eddie's tone isn't aggressive -- it's genial, amusing.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

We're wired to overreach -- you  
look at history, I mean, all the  
countries that ruled the world?  
Portugal? With its big, butch navy?  
All that's left is salt cod and  
cheap condos -- the Brits? Now they  
just sit on their dank little  
island, fussing over their suits.  
Nobody stops and thinks, hey, we're  
doing pretty well, we've got Poland  
and France, and a big Swiss bank  
account -- let's not invade Russia  
in the winter! Let's go home and  
pop a beer and live off the  
interest!

The crowd laughs. Eddie takes a swallow of his drink.

**KEVIN DOYLE**

(smiles, gets it)  
Yeah. It'll all happen again.

Eddie toasts him.

**EDDIE**

Hey, I want in on it!

Kevin Doyle, wishing Eddie was right, clinks his glass.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

My brain was just pouring this  
stuff out. Everything I'd ever  
read, heard, seen, was now  
organized and available --here it  
is, here you go..

**EXT. THE BAR - NIGHT**

Eddie leaves with several people. Kevin Doyle presses a card  
into Eddie's hand.

**KEVIN DOYLE**

You must have a portfolio, but if  
you don't, I'd be very interested  
in working with you.

**(CONTINUED)**

**38.**

**CONTINUED:**

Eddie politely takes his card. Smiles charmingly.

**EDDIE**

Thank you so much.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

"I must have a portfolio." Very  
well -- if I must, I must.

**INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Eddie pulls out the broiler and removes the ENVELOPE OF CASH  
he's taped in there. It's much thinner.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

But Vern's cash was low. And it  
takes cash to make cash...

**INT. MARK SUTTON'S OFFICE - DAY**

Eddie stands opposite Mark's desk.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

But it takes cash to make cash...

Another ELEGANT MAN is there too, Mark's boss, DUNHAM.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

I'd like to re-negotiate my  
advance.

**DUNHAM**

Well... sit down, we'll be discussing that.

**MARK SUTTON**

First, ah... I want to apologize, Eddie, if I in any way communicated a lack of faith in your abilities.

Eddie smiles coolly. In control. It's Mark who's a little nervous.

**MARK SUTTON (CONT'D)**

Mr. Dunham has read your pages, and we're prepared to make you what I hope will be a very exciting offer.

**DUNHAM**

What would you say to ten thousand more and another forty down the road?

**(CONTINUED)**

**39.**

**CONTINUED:**

Eddie holds there gaze, expressionless, but says nothing. After an uncomfortable moment, Dunham continues.

**DUNHAM (CONT'D)**

We think this could be an important title, maybe one in a series. I have to say, you came out of nowhere, but the good ones always

**DO-**

**EDDIE**

**(INTERRUPTING HIM)**

This isn't going to work.

**DUNHAM**

What's not going to work? The money?

**MARK SUTTON**

Eddie, we take you very seriously as a writer.

Eddie sounds almost regretful.

**EDDIE**

Yes, but I now see that writing, as a profession, is for marginalized whiners not fit for anything else.

Sutton thinks Eddie's kidding. He laughs nervously.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

No, I mean it, look at the life.  
Incarceration, loneliness,  
burrowing down into your own  
psyche, increasingly insulated from  
any truth, because you're not in  
the currents of the world any more,  
you're rattling around inside the  
cage of your brain, self-  
cannibalizing...

Dunham realizes he's losing Eddie, and jumps in.

**DUNHAM**

You don't think a best-selling  
author would disagree?

**(CONTINUED)**

40.

**CONTINUED: (2)**

**EDDIE**

Oh, if you're good, there's some  
remuneration, eventually, after  
paperbacks, but at best your  
career'll be oozing along like a  
snail, a few thousand more copies,  
whoop-dee-doo, you're "developing a  
readership," -- for what? So you  
can end up in Phoenix on a Saturday  
night reading from your own work at  
some holdout indie book store to a  
bored audience of ten? --Half of  
them there for the wine and cheese?

**MARK SUTTON**

Yes, but if your goal is to have a  
**VOICE-**

**EDDIE**

**(INTERRUPTING)**

I don't think any goal will be  
really achievable, Mark, until I'm  
sitting on a large pile of cash.

The mens' mouths open. Then shut.

**INT. EDDIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Financial reading material covers every square inch of floor.  
Eddie now has three monitors operating side-by-side in his  
living room, all spewing forth financial information as he  
works the keyboard...



**EDDIE (V.O.)**

I would have to start very, very small... in a down market. No one was making money. But no one had **MDT...**

**INT. AT A COMPUTER (LAFAYETTE TRADING FIRM) - DAY**

Eddie stands behind a DAY TRADER who's spewing out an explanation of his work.

**DAY TRADER**

You've got your quantitative analysis - "quants..." Algorhythms to find minute price discrepancies... you're looking at numbers only. Price and volume patterns...

Eddie is staring at the screen, blocks of information forming and connecting in his mind.

**41.**

**INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Eddie now sits, riveted to his laptop, keying.

**EDDIE**

Armed with Vern's last 800 dollars, I made 4000 in a day.

**(BEAT)**

It was too slow.

**TIME/DAY CUT TO:**

Eddie, differently dressed, surrounded by stacks of research, again keying away...

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Next day: \$7,500.00

**(BEAT)**

Still too slow. I needed more capital...

**INT. A COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

Eddie sits across from a sinister-looking young Russian in his early 30's. This is GENNADY.

**EDDIE**

Why not?

The two men stare at each other.

**GENNADY**

Because I don't see you before. And

I don't fucking like you already.  
Why do I give you 100 thousand  
dollars?

**EDDIE**

Because I quintupled my money four  
days in a row.

Gennady barely glances at the papers Eddie pushes in front of  
him and snorts, half amused, before pushing them back.

**GENNADY**

You're lucky.

**EDDIE**

It's not luck.

**GENNADY**

Okay, you tricked their computer,  
you got some fix on the game.

**(CONTINUED)**

**42.**

**CONTINUED:**

Eddie now sees that it's better not to admit that he came by  
the money legally.

**EDDIE**

You think?

Gennady smiles.

**GENNADY**

So you're a crook.

**EDDIE**

And that's a problem for you  
because--?

Gennady laughs for a second. Eddie's not wrong about that.  
Gennady looks in Eddie's eyes for a moment, calculating.

**GENNADY**

You people all get caught.

**EDDIE**

I won't. And what if I do? You  
think I keep detailed records of my  
investors? You'll have your money  
back long before they figure out  
what happened.

Gennady just looks at Eddie, thinking it over.

**INT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY**

Eddie sits on a bench, waiting. Gennady appears. Hands Eddie a large paper bag. Eddie reaches for it; Gennady holds it aloft for one last second.

**GENNADY**

Okay, you take this... you mine.  
You don't pay, you know what we do?  
We cut you around the waist, peel  
your skin, pull it up over your  
head and tie knot in it. And you  
don't die from that. You suffocate.

He lets the full picture sink in for a moment. Then:

**INT. LAFAYETTE TRADING - DAY**

Cubicle after cubicle of GUYS - all guys - at computers,  
rolling the dice on the stockmarket.

**(CONTINUED)**

**43.**

**CONTINUED:**

**EDDIE (V.0.)**

My new friend, Kevin Doyle, showed  
me how you could leverage two and a  
half times your cash at a day-  
trading firm...

Eddie alone in a stall. He takes TWO MDT TABLETS out of his  
wallet, downs them.

**EDDIE (V.0.) (CONT'D)**

I'd been upping the dose for over a  
week. It seemed to cut my learning  
curve.

OVERLAPPING DISSOLVES of Eddie working at a furious pace.  
Another trader stands behind Eddie, watching. Second shot:  
three traders are watching. Third shot: nine traders are  
watching him, awed.

**EDDIE (V.0.) (CONT'D)**

It was instinct. But informed  
instinct -- instinct based on huge  
amounts of research, which, thanks  
to MDT, was conducted more rapidly  
and comprehensively than anyone at  
Lafayette Day Trading would ever  
know...

**TRADER BEHIND HIM**

Why are you buying that? The CEO

just got indicted...

**EDDIE**

But not for the big fat defense  
contract he bribed his way into.  
That's still on. Should be  
announced in a week.

The trader shakes his head. How did Eddie know that?

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

At the end of the week my brokerage  
account contained... over a million  
dollars.

**INT. LAFAYETTE DAY TRADING - OVERHEAD SHOT OF ROOM -- "GOD  
SHOT"-**

As still more people drift over to where Eddie is sitting...

**(CONTINUED)**

**44.**

**CONTINUED:**

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

I'd heard the old metaphors about  
the stock market: it was a  
collective nervous system, a global  
brain, a numerical representation  
of the will of God...

**EDDIE - CLOSE**

Eyes taking in data, fingers reacting on the keyboard...

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Whatever it was, I was jacked in,  
booted up - my mind was living  
tissue inside the greater,  
functioning whole.

**(BEAT)**

By the end of the second week I had  
2.6 in the bank....

**INT. LAFAYETTE DAY TRADING BUILDING - DAY**

Eddie at the computer, soaking up information, making trades.  
Kevin Doyle stands behind Eddie, flabbergasted as he watches.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

The word quickly got out.

**INT. EDDIE'S LIVING ROOM - DUSK**

Quick cuts of Eddie playing back his messages:

**EDDIE'S MACHINE**

You have... 19 messages.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Four job offers... my bank, raising  
my line of credit... a reporter...

**FEMALE VOICE**

Listen, return my call, Mr. Morgan,  
this article's about you's gonna  
get written with or without your  
cooperation... (BEEP!)

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

**(SARDONIC)**

All my new friends.

**GENNADY'S VOICE**

...you stupid shit, I be there  
Thursday for the money, ten  
o'clock!

**(CONTINUED)**

45.

**CONTINUED:**

Eddie makes a jerk-off motion, crosses to his window, looks  
down.

**EXT. EDDIE'S POV - HIS STREET - DUSK**

There is a MYSTERIOUS BLACK CAR just sitting at the curb, in  
front of his building. No one gets in or out. Eddie turns  
back to his machine.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

And finally, Kevin Doyle, trying to  
sound casual.

**KEVIN DOYLE'S VOICE**

Eddie, I was having drinks with a  
friend of mine, and... ah, you  
won't believe this...

**INT. A FANCY ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Lindy, Eddie's ex-girlfriend, is sitting across the table  
from Eddie. She peers at him, confused. Is this dapper  
stranger really her shlumpy ex?

**LINDY**

Carl Van Loon wants to meet you?

**EDDIE**

Apparently he does.

She is pleased for him, but flabbergasted.

**LINDY**

But you're not in the finance game.  
What can you do for Carl Van Loon?  
(shaking her head,

**MYSTIFIED)**

Eddie-- I --

THE BEAUTIFUL HOSTESS appears at Eddie's side. They have a brief conversation in Italian. Lindy stares, confused, as the hostess leaves.

**LINDY (CONT'D)**

Since when do you speak... what  
happened to you?

**EDDIE**

Self-improvement month. Someone  
gave me a wake-up call.

**(CONTINUED)**

**46.**

**CONTINUED:**

**LINDY**

God, Eddie -- I felt so bad about  
that.

**EDDIE**

Why? It stuck, didn't it?

Lindy eyes him, half pleased, half apprehensive. He seems so different.

**LINDY**

You didn't do all this for me.

**EDDIE**

Who says I didn't? So what -- it's  
not getting over? Is that it?

Lindy looks away, blushes. Sighs.

**LINDY**

All right, all right -- boy, you  
are really begging for it.

**EDDIE**

Begging for what.

**LINDY**

"I'm proud of you."

**EDDIE**

Gosh. This is so unexpected.

**LINDY**

I'm actually... more than proud.

I'm a little...

Eddie waits for her words, happily expectant.

**LINDY (CONT'D)**

... intimidated.

They smile at each other. A lot of affection flooding back.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Of course, we started up again.

**INT. LINDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Eddie is making out with her on her couch.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Her place...

**47.**

**INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

My place...

His apartment has been seriously transformed. Of course, it's nothing but a renovated tenement, but there are some new furnishings, rugs, lighting-- the total effect is now one of stylish prosperity. She and Eddie sit on the rug in front of the coffee table, drinking expensive wine.

**INT. THE BACK SEAT OF A CAB - NIGHT**

Eddie and Lindy, dressed to the nines, are clearly returning from a fancy party... and passionately entwined, at the point of having hot sex, driver or no driver!

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Every place.

**INT. EDDIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Eddie stands, naked, at the window, looking out.

**LINDY**

What are you doing, hon?

**EDDIE**

Nothing.

He walks back over to her, looks down. She is snuggled up in Eddie's pillow, looking very pretty and vulnerable.

**LINDY**

What, you think somebody's watching?

**EDDIE**

No.

He's lying. He's not sure.

**LINDY**

Is there anything you want to tell me, Eddie? Now's the time.

He looks back at her, eyes unreadable. He shrugs.

**EDDIE**

With success comes enemies.

**LINDY**

Old Chinese proverb?

**(CONTINUED)**

**48.**

**CONTINUED:**

**EDDIE**

No proverb. An inevitability.

**LINDY**

You should sleep. Isn't your Van Loon meeting tomorrow?

Eddie nods, sighs, turns away from the window. Then stops. He turns pale. Is sweating.

**LINDY (CONT'D)**

What. What.

Eddie takes a step. And suddenly... He's across the room. Boom. A skip in time.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Then... I found myself at the door.  
With no consciousness that I had moved.

He puts his hand on a table, steadies himself. He catches a look, in the mirror, of this lean, handsome, dapper shark he has become.

**LINDY**

Are you all right?



He doesn't look all right.

**LINDA**

When was the last time you ate something?

Dully the realization penetrates Eddie's fog:

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

It had been three days.

**INT. THE ORPHEUS ROOM - NIGHT**

Eddie sits at a table, discreetly wolfing a few appetizers. Kevin Doyle arrives, looking a little nervous.

**KEVIN**

Hey.

He sits, launches in.

**KEVIN (CONT'D)**

He'll be here in ten. Now look, since we have a minute, be warned: Van Loon's mercurial.

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

**49.**

**CONTINUED:**

**KEVIN (CONT'D)**

One minute your best friend, the next...you're a leper. And he needs direct answers... anything tentative and you've lost him forever. I think we should rehearse a few scenarios..

**EDDIE**

I'm eating, Kevin.

There is so much quiet authority in Eddie's tone that Kevin just shuts up. But a moment later, looking at the sweat on Eddie's brow, Kevin is pecking at him again.

**KEVIN**

You up for this? You sure? Because I've got a little bit on the line

**HERE-**

**EDDIE**

Have a toast point.

Brazening it out again. Because Eddie isn't sure he can pull this off either.

**ACROSS THE ROOM - LATER**

There is that little stir from the hostess and staff that can only mean the entrance of a very rich and powerful man.

**EDDIE'S TABLE -LATER**

The martini is put down on the table. We tilt up to CARL VAN LOON, a young 50, no less vital and intense than the hungriest 27-year-old shark on the make. But he affects geniality. He sits; the middle-aged man with him, PIERCE, does the same.

**VAN LOON**

So. Eddie Morgan.

He looks Eddie directly in the eyes.

**VAN LOON (CONT'D)**

What's your secret?

A beat. Eddie looks at him back, directly in the eyes.

**EDDIE**

Medication. I'm on special medication.

Another beat. And Van Loon laughs. Pierce doesn't.  
50.

**ANOTHER ANGLE - LATER - THAT NIGHT**

Eddie is in mid-spiel, Van Loon listening intently.

**EDDIE**

--Yes, that's partially what I'm  
**SAYING--**

**PIERCE**

**(CONTEMPTUOUSLY)**

Pattern recognition? So that's your snake-oil? Look, if there's one thing we all understand, it's understanding itself --that's how the business works...

**(SCOFFING)**

Pattern recognition. Please.

**EDDIE**

**(POINTEDLY)**

Of course, not everyone can understand the patterns.

Kevin sucks in his breath. Pierce is annoyed. Van Loon is mildly amused, but not necessarily impressed. Eddie continues with his unstoppable, MDT-fueled insights:

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

Look, there's no time for human judgement anymore. You see a chance, you blink, and it's gone. We entered the age of decentralized, online decision-making, with the decisions being made by hundreds of millions of individual investors around the world, people who don't even know each other -- making a killing in less time than it takes to sneeze.

**PIERCE**

Until they weren't.

**EDDIE**

Same rules, even in a panic. It's not understanding how companies work. It's understanding how mass psychology works.

**PIERCE**

**(SCOFFING)**

And you have a formula.

**(CONTINUED)**

51.

**CONTINUED:**

**KEVIN**

**(MEDIATING)**

Well, from 12 thousand to two point eight million in ten days--

**EDDIE**

Yes. I do have a formula, Mr. Pierce.

**PIERCE**

**(SNORTING)**

Delusions of grandeur.

**EDDIE**

I don't have delusions of grandeur.

A beat, as we PUSH IN on Eddie's face.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

I have an actual recipe for grandeur.

Kevin stares in horror. Van Loon still says nothing.

**EXT. THE ORPHEUS ROOM - NIGHT**

Eddie simply stands there coolly; Kevin is nervously saying goodbye to Van Loon and Pierce, making small talk.

**KEVIN**

..and, oh, you know, she's on the wait list... Rosemary's pretty devastated...

**VAN LOON**

My daughter went there. I'll call the school for you.

Kevin blubbers with gratitude. Van Loon's car pulls up. Kevin pumps his hand. Van Loon looks past Kevin -- to Eddie.

**VAN LOON (CONT'D)**

Eddie. Ride?

It's the first real acknowledgement that he's taken Eddie seriously.

**INT. VAN LOON'S LIMO - MOVING - NIGHT**

Eddie and Van Loon regard each other. Finally, Van Loon speaks.

**(CONTINUED)**

**52.**

**CONTINUED:**

**VAN LOON**

I don't know who you are, Eddie, or what your game is, but I'm sure of one thing: you don't work in this business. I'm up to my ass in investment guys, and you don't have their half-cocky, half-terrified line of bullshit. Which is not to say I like yours any better.

He picks up a file, hands it to Eddie.

**VAN LOON (CONT'D)**

But you obviously pick your stocks in a way I haven't seen. So tell me. We're thinking of acquiring these companies. Take a few minutes. What's your take on them?

**EXT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

Van Loon's limo pulls up.

**INT. VAN LOON'S LIMO - NIGHT**

Eddie snaps the file shut, hands Van Loon back his pen flashlight.

**EDDIE**

But these companies aren't the question, are they?

**VAN LOON**

What do you mean?

**EDDIE**

Well -- you're upmarket energy -- what do you want with these little solar/windmill/hippie outfits?

Van Loon's gaze is expressionless.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

--Unless you wanted to play both sides of the fence, control the whole energy enchilada. But these wouldn't get you there in emerging markets. You'd need...

He eyes Van Loon, who is sitting up straighter. Eddie's hit a nerve. He smiels, whistles.

**(CONTINUED)**

**53.**

**CONTINUED:**

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

Whoa, whoa. This must be some big-ass merger you're contemplating.

A flicker in Van Loon's eyes. Bullseye.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

And there's really only one company with enough bling to justify a merger with Van Loon Associates...

**VAN LOON**

Have you been talking to somebody-?

**EDDIE**

Carl, it's just rationalization.

He says it like it's the simplest thing in the world. Which, to a person on MDT, it is.

Van Loon grinds his teeth. Wanting to talk about it, but too skittish.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

Is Hank Atwood going to go for it?

A long beat.

**VAN LOON**

You are either an amazing con artist or a very smart young man.

**EDDIE**

Come on -- the two of you together? The world would have to come to you begging for energy like Oliver Twist with his little bowl of gruel.

A beat as the two men stare at each other.

**VAN LOON**

You realize that if the press got one whisper of -- I can't fucking believe I'm even discussing this--

**EDDIE**

It doesn't matter. It won't come off.

Now Van Loon chuckles, amused by Eddie's audacity.

**(CONTINUED)**

**54.**

**CONTINUED: (2)**

**VAN LOON**

The word "brazen" does not even begin to go there.

**EDDIE**

You'd have to back off Libya.

**VAN LOON**

Why? He's come this far--

Eddie suddenly pulls back the bait.

**EDDIE**

I don't think you'd want to hear about it from some shmuck who needs a ride home.

**VAN LOON**

You're a gusty little prick, Eddie.

**EDDIE**

Ooh. Now you're curious.

**VAN LOON**

Yeah. I must admit. You've hit a couple pretty big buttons. Go on. Tell me what you think.

**EDDIE**

**(DISMISSIVE)**

It's getting late.

Van Loon laughs.

**VAN LOON**

All right. You get your shot. Come to my office, tomorrow at ten, and tell me just exactly how the schmuck who needs the ride would re-structure this deal.

Eddie nods.

**VAN LOON (CONT'D)**

And you better be prepared.

**EDDIE**

I'm at your disposal.

Eddie opens the car door. Van Loon eyes his building, scoffs.

**VAN LOON**

You don't really live here...?

**(CONTINUED)**

55.

**CONTINUED: (3)**

Eddie smiles.

**EDDIE**

The Spartans weren't big on amenities.

**VAN LOON**

Yeah. And they eventually got their asses kicked.

He gets out. Van Loon drives off.

**EXT. EDDIE'S BLOCK - NIGHT**

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

I didn't go in.

Eddie keeps walking by his building.

**EDDIE (V.0.) (CONT'D)**

I wanted to walk, move, digest,  
ingest...

His stride picks up, buoyantly.

**EDDIE (V.0.) (CONT'D)**

There are moments in life, moments  
when you know you've crossed a  
bridge, your old life is over. Van  
Loon was my bridge. One week, two  
weeks from now, I would be  
hobnobbing with ambassadors, flying  
to Dubai for meetings, blowing off  
supermodels, vacationing in Medici  
villas... And that too, was only a  
bridge...

He steps off the curb.

**EDDIE (V.0.) (CONT'D)**

Suddenly...

**A SHARP, JARRING**

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. HOUSTON STREET - NIGHT**

Eddie is stepping off another curb, God knows where.

**EDDIE (V.0.)**

There was another skip.

**(CONTINUED)**

**56.**

**CONTINUED:**

He stops, rocked.

**EDDIE (V.0.) (CONT'D)**

How had I gone that last 20 blocks?  
I got another ten...

**ON EDDIE WALKING...**

**EDDIE (V.0.)**

... then...

...in mid-step...

**EXT. UPPER 5TH AVENUE - NIGHT**



Eddie is walking past the Metropolitan Museum.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

I was back uptown.

**A SHARP, JARRING CUT TO:**

**INT. A CLUB - NIGHT**

Eddie is suddenly sitting at a bar, picking up a drink, people around him...

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

What bar was this? Was it  
Harlem...?

**A SHARP, JARRING CUT TO:**

Eddie is dancing with a BEAUTIFUL BLACK WOMAN...

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Same bar? Different bar? How long  
had passed...?

He breaks away from her, starts for the door...

**A SHARP, JARRING CUT TO:**

**INT. A CLUB LADIES ROOM - NIGHT**

Eddie comes to in the act of banging THE BEAUTIFUL BLACK WOMAN savagely, against the stall door.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

And it happened again--

**A SHARP, JARRING CUT TO:**

57.

**EXT. HARLEM STREET IN FRONT OF BAR**

Bam! A LARGE BLACK MAN crumples in front of Eddie -- goes down, hit, blood pouring from his nose. (Could he be the boyfriend of the girl Eddie's just banged?) Eddie stares at his bloody fist. It hurts--!

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

And again...

**INT. A LOFT - NIGHT**

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

And again...

Eddie sits on a plush sofa with several MIDDLE-AGED

INTERNATIONAL TYPES, some chattering in Italian.

He has a drink in his hand. There are paintbrushes, paints and canvasses strewn around... a live/work space.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

And again...

**A SHARP, JARRING CUT TO:**

(And now the images are speeding up:)

**INT. A HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Eddie is walking down the plush corridor with an ATTRACTIVE MIDDLE-AGED LATIN WOMAN we saw at the artist's loft... Now it's just FLASHES --skimming stones of consciousness-A WINE CORK being popped. A PLATE OF MUSSELS swimming in wine sauce. Rumpled SHEETS. And then...A BLUR OF MOTION -- bodies, a swirl of riotous color --

**A FRENZY OF SHOTS: A CAB STOPPING. A GARGOYLE ON A BUILDING. A DOG LEASH ABANDONED IN A PUDDLE.** No rhyme, no reason, just image, image, image...

And then blackness.

**EXT. THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAWN**

Eddie is walking, now with a limp. He stops. Looks back. The familiar postcard view of Manhattan is ahead of him, looking like it always looks.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

When it finally stopped, I couldn't account for the last eight hours of my life.

(CONTINUED)

58.

CONTINUED:

He notices his foot hurts when he puts it down. He has a limp.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

There was nothing to do but walk home.

He turns around and limps back towards the island.

**INT. EDDIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

Eddie is sleeping in all his clothes.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

It was my first sleep in two days.

**INT. EDDIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Eddie, looking very groggy, is holding a THICK PACKET marked "Van Loon Associates, -BY COURIER." The files Carl Van Loon sent. Sitting on the dining table is an MDT tablets. He stares at them.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Should I? Would I start "skipping time" again?

He pushes the tablets away. Doesn't take them.

**ANOTHER ANGLE - TIME CUT**

Eddie is sitting in his reading chair, exhausted, going through the paperwork.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Even off MDT, I decided to give Van Loon's files a shot.

**VAN LOON'S FILES - CLOSE**

Eddie leafs through them... pieces of paper charting corporate growth, covered with charts, graphs, and mind-numbing statistics. PUSH IN ON Eddie's face, as he realizes...

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

They were fucking hieroglyphs.

**INT. A WALL STREET OFFICE - DAY**

The phone rings. Kevin Doyle picks it up.

**(CONTINUED)**

**59.**

**CONTINUED:**

**KEVIN**

Hello--? Eddie--? What are you talking about?

And we CROSS-CUT between them:

**EDDIE**

I can't make the meeting, I'm, uh... I'm sick.

It's a lame excuse, it sounds lame as he says it, but then, he's off MDT.

**KEVIN**

Yeah, well, you can't have the  
fucking flu right now -- he'll  
never give you this chance again!

**EDDIE**

I need to, ah, analyze this data-

We see the two men continue to talk, Kevin growing more  
agitated, Eddie growing more sheepish as we HEAR:

**EDDIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

Already I recognized it... the  
thick tongue, the leaden synapses.  
It was regular Eddie - the Eddie  
that, now, was unbearable to be.

We FADE UP THE SOUND on the two men:

**KEVIN**

... Don't you get it?! This is your  
test--!

**EDDIE**

Well, I can't pass a fucking test  
right now!

**KEVIN**

And how am I going to look if you  
don't?

Eddie looks pretty bad. He massages his temples.

**EDDIE**

Okay, Kevin. Okay.

He hands up on a still-yammering Doyle. He picks up the MDT  
pill, looks at it.

**(CONTINUED)**

60.

**CONTINUED: (2)**

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

It was my first morning off MDT in  
a month. The beginnings of a  
headache was curling around my head  
like a big fat, greasy python.

Again, he looks at the MDT tablet, weighing his options.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

But the time-skips had me scared.

He puts the tablet back down on the table.

**INT. THE REGENCY HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY**

Eddie walks in, much more tentative in his stride, fear in his eyes. This is the real Eddie, the non-MDT Eddie and he feels suddenly out of place with the curly maple paneling antique Persian carpets.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

My thought -- such as I had one --  
was to tap dance with Van Loon  
until I could find out more about  
**MDT.**

**INT. BAR AREA - DAY**

Eddie sits on a couch, Pierce on another chair, Van Loon opposite, watching him.

**VAN LOON**

What do you know about Hank Atwood?

**EDDIE**

Uh... iconoclast... owns, um, a lot  
of Colorado...

He's struggling.

**VAN LOON**

Uh-huh. So this is "prepared,"  
Eddie?

He shoots Eddie a look of withering contempt. Eddie holds the stare and shoots a look back.

**EDDIE**

What is this, Atwood 101? Everyone  
knows about Atwood.

**VAN LOON**

Where was he two years ago?

**(CONTINUED)**

**61.**

**CONTINUED:**

A flash of panic in Eddie's eyes. What's the right answer?

**EDDIE**

Nowhere.

An agonizing pause. Then Van Loon nods.

**VAN LOON**

Two years ago Forbes didn't even  
have him on the radar.

**EDDIE**

Yeah, his Great Leap Forward.

Eddie is faking it. Pierce is looking at him intently. But  
Eddie's staying afloat.

**VAN LOON**

The guy comes on, out of nowhere,  
so fucking strong he has me on the  
run. Beat me out of two properties,  
invests in bumfuck countries with  
no oil, places I wouldn't go near,  
sextuples his money.

Eddie's glance flicks to the TV behind the bar. A WOMAN'S  
PICTURE flashes on the TV screen -- and he recognizes it.  
It's the ITALIAN WOMAN he met last night!

**VAN LOON (CONT'D)**

...Always picks green technologies,  
invests in them, and a year later  
he owns them.

Eddie strains to hear the ANCHORWOMAN'S VOICE...

**ANCHORWOMAN**

... found dead in her hotel room  
last night, victim of foul play.

Eddie tries to keep his face immobile. Van Loon's voice  
drones on, distorted now, as we HEAR Eddie's heart pounding.

**VAN LOON**

...100 billion if he has a  
nickel... and I have to convince  
him, somehow, that I can raise his  
game.

**ANCHORWOMAN**

An unidentified eyewitness has  
reported seeing a man with a limp  
leaving the scene.

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

62.

**CONTINUED: (2)**

**ANCHORWOMAN (CONT'D)**

Anyone with information should  
contact local law enforcement  
authorities. --Steve?

Eddie bolts upright.

**VAN LOON**

You can't tell me he's in this to  
improve the fucking planet. He  
owns a ball team.

Eddie is pale, sweaty, faint. There's only one thing to do:

**EDDIE**

Excuse me.

Eddie dashes out. Van Loon and Pierce look at each other.

**EXT. THE REGENCY - NIGHT**

Eddie bursts from the door, VOMITS into the gutter.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

I couldn't have.

He leans against a street sign, trying to right himself. He  
gasps for breath.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

...or could I?

**INT. EDDIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Eddie comes in, breathing wildly, panicked.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

If I could walk, talk, conduct  
business, seduce a woman, fight--  
with no memory... could I kill  
someone? Was it even me? Who was  
**I?!**

Immediately the PHONE RINGS. He nearly jumps out of his skin.  
He can't answer. He sits on the couch, head in his hands,  
rocking, as it rings. Finally, the machine picks up.

**MELISSA'S VOICE**

Hi, Eddie... it's Melissa. Listen,  
call me back as soon as you--

Eddie lunges for the phone, picks it up.

**(CONTINUED)**

**63.**

**CONTINUED:**

**EDDIE**

Melissa--?

**MELISSA**

(surprised he picked up)  
Eddie--?

**EDDIE**

Melissa, I want to talk to you.  
Please. Meet me somewhere...

**MELISSA**

We're talking now.

**EDDIE**

Nonono -- at Charlie's, across the  
street. At two.

**MELISSA**

You can't see me, Eddie.

**EDDIE**

Please. Melissa -- it's important,  
please come -- you have to tell me  
what you're talking about!

But she's already hung up.

**CLOSE ON - EDDIE'S DRESSER DRAWER - DAY**

Eddie's hands rummage through everything...

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

I realized that there were other  
people who might know about MDT...

His hands find what they're looking for. Vernon's **LITTLE  
BLACK BOOK.**

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Vernon's other clients.

**INT. EDDIE'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Eddie sits on the bed, the black book open on his knees.  
Eddie looks at the page, then reaches for the telephone.  
Picks it up. Hears **STRANGE CLICKS** over the dial tone.

He puts down the phone, fear on his face.

**64.**

**EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY**

Eddie walks, slipping through the crowd, trying to suppress  
his limp... he looks nervously behind him... is that MAN in  
the **TAN RAINCOAT** following him? He tries to walk faster, but  
it makes his limp more pronounced. He turns the corner. He  
seems to have lost the guy.

**EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY**



Eddie sits on a park bench, making calls on his cell phone.

**EDDIE**

Hello, may I speak to Paul Kaplan,  
please?

**WOMAN'S VOICE  
(SUSPICIOUS)**

Who is this?

**EDDIE**

I'm a journalist. From Electronics  
Today magazine.

**WOMAN'S VOICE**

Look... my husband died three days  
ago.

Eddie is floored.

**EDDIE**

I'm... I'm so sorry. Goodbye.

**SMASH CUT TO:**

Eddie has dialled another number.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

I, ah, may I speak to Jerry Brady?

**MALE VOICE**

Jerry's in -- who's this?

**EDDIE**

Uh-- Bill Johnson.

**MALE VOICE**

Well Bill... Jerry's in the  
hospital...

**(VOICE QUAKING)**

...and he's really sick.

**(CONTINUED)**

65.

**CONTINUED:**

**EDDIE**

Oh my God. What's wrong with him?

**MALE VOICE**

We don't know. He just started  
getting these headaches a couple of  
weeks ago...? Then, uh, last

Wednesday he collapsed at work...

**SMASH CUT TO:**

Eddie turns to the last page of Vernon's book.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Of all the people I called, three  
were dead, and the rest were sick.

Eddie dials the last number. Instantly, there is a RING. We  
RACK FOCUS TO-The MAN in the TAN COAT, sitting a discreet  
distance from Eddie. His phone is ringing. Eddie turns white.

The man takes out his cell phone and answers.

**MAN'S VOICE**

Hello...? Hello...?

The man suddenly looks up. Locks eyes with Eddie. Knows that  
he knows. Eddie leaps up, begins to run. The man leaps up and  
follows.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY**

Eddie runs desperately, as fast as a person off MDT possibly  
can.

He still has the limp from his blackout escapade, too. He  
can't run fast.

Tan Coat is gaining. Eddie collides with pedestrians, steps  
on street sunglass displays, sends a saxophonist sprawling.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

In the end, my stupidity saved me.

Eddie, panicked, not looking, runs for the crosswalk.

**EDDIE'S POV - A HUGE TRUCK**

is barrelling, unstoppably, right towards him--!

**(CONTINUED)**

66.

**CONTINUED:**

EDDIE is frozen. The TRUCK SWERVES, up on the curb. Tan Coat  
must dive out of the way, knocking down pedestrians like  
bowling pins, as the TRUCK hits a STREETLIGHT, mangling it --  
then is WHACKED -- twice -- by TWO CABS piling up behind it.  
When Tan Coat extracts himself from the pile of prone  
pedestrians, his last glimpse is of-

**EDDIE - DOWN THE BLOCK**

disappearing down into a Subway entrance. Swallowed by a crowd.

**TAN COAT**

hesitates, but knows that he can't catch up. Eddie's given him the slip. This time.

**INT. CHARLIE'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

Eddie, limping, enters, looking around anxiously.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

What was I dealing with? Who could tell me? I hoped against hope... that Melissa would show.

**EDDIE'S POV - SCANNING THE PLACE**

Not one person in it could possibly be Melissa. Eddie sighs. Turns to go.

**FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)**

Eddie...?

Eddie turns back. There, sitting at a booth, is a thick-waisted, short-haired brunette middle-aged woman, wearing a large, shapeless sweater. Eddie had looked right at her... and not recognized her. She bears no relationship to the siren Melissa of his memories. Eddie tries to hide the shock on his face.

**EDDIE**

Melissa...?

He goes to her, sits. Yes, it's the same person, but dramatically, tragically changed. Her face is puffy, her pallor blotchy. There are lines under her eyes and around her mouth, lines brought on by more than the passage of a few years.

Eddie tries to conceal his shock.

**(CONTINUED)**

67.

**CONTINUED:**

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

You... how are you doing?

Melissa responds with a cynical shrug. Then, she eyes him.

**MELISSA**

Don't tell me I look good, because  
I know I don't. I didn't want you  
to see me this way...

**(BEAT)**

You look good.

**EDDIE**

I guess I lost some weight...

**MELISSA**

Yeah, well, MDT'll do that to you.

They regard each other for minute, unsure of where to start.  
Old emotions. New emotions. Shock. Dismay. Affection.

**MELISSA (CONT'D)**

I know you've been doing it. I just  
read the Post. Eddie. Short-selling  
stocks? Second-guessing the  
markets? You? Come on.

Eddie doesn't know what to say.

**EDDIE**

Since when do you read the Post?

**MELISSA**

These days, the Post's about all I  
can read.

**EDDIE**

Melissa, what do you mean?

**MELISSA**

I mean, I did it too. And I only  
took nine or ten hits. Vernon  
didn't tell you any of this, did  
he?

**EDDIE**

No.

Melissa snorts as if to say, typical.

**MELISSA**

Well, when he told me about this  
amazing new drug...

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

68.

**CONTINUED: (2)**

**MELISSA (CONT'D)**

I was like, down the hatch. And it  
was amazing. I read Brian Greene's

The Elegant Universe in 45 minutes and understood it. My work rate increased... just, insanely, overnight. My boss started to hate me -- they offered me his job. And then I got scared.

**EDDIE**

Why?

**MELISSA**

I'm not stupid. I mean, nobody can keep up that level of mental activity and not crash. I stopped taking it.

**EDDIE**

And...?

**MELISSA**

I got sick. Headaches, throwing up... I went back to Vernon to see if I maybe shouldn't take another hit, or half a hit, and then he told me about... about the people who were dying. One guy didn't die, but he's a vegetable, his mother has to sponge him down every day...

**(BEAT)**

How much have you been taking, Eddie?

A long beat as they look into each other's eyes.

**EDDIE**

A lot.

**MELISSA**

Well, maybe they've worked out the bugs. Maybe... maybe this isn't the same batch...

Eddie hates the look in her eyes. His hands are at his temples.

**MELISSA (CONT'D)**

You're off it right now, aren't you?

**EDDIE**

Yeah.

**(CONTINUED)**

69.

**CONTINUED: (3)**

**MELISSA**

Are you getting a headache?

**EDDIE**

Finish your story.

**MELISSA**

Well, I didn't take more. And I didn't die. But after a while I found I couldn't concentrate on anything for longer than ten minutes. I missed deadlines. I got lazy... and slow... put on weight... the magazine let me go. My husband checked out. Sex? Get out of here.

She leans back, looks him in the eyes.

**MELISSA (CONT'D)**

That was two years ago, and I haven't been the same since. I can't read any more -- I mean, the fucking New York Post?

Eddie feels ill, physically ill, hearing this.

**MELISSA (CONT'D)**

After this, I'm going to have a migraine for three days. And I've got to pee. Which is another thing.

She gets up... goes to the Ladies room. And now Eddie sees -- she wears a LEG BRACE. Like a kid, from the old days, with Polio.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

How many times had I thought of her, my first real love...

We see FLASHES OF YOUNG MELISSA...

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

But that Melissa had unraveled in time and space -- she was a ghost now. I was never going to see her again, never bump into her in the street...

The tears gather behind Eddie's eyes. He can't help it. He puts his hand to his face to hide his emotions.

70.

**EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

Eddie leaves with Melissa. He is controlling his tears --

barely.

**MELISSA**

You have some left? Good. Go home and take it. Take the dose down, but don't just stop -- you'll die if you just stop. Try to taper off. Otherwise, the headache's just the beginning... I have to go--

Eddie, indeed, is rubbing his temples.

**EDDIE**

But when I run out--

**MELISSA**

I don't know. I have to go--

Eddie catches her arm.

**EDDIE**

Who invented MDT?

**MELISSA**

I don't know--

**(BEAT)**

Goodbye, Eddie.

He lets go of her arm. A puffy, crippled woman about to cry. She turns her back and moves away from him, stiffly, limping, without looking back.

**EXT. EDDIE'S POV - HIS APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

No one seemed to be watching my apartment, maybe I could chance it.

**ON EDDIE**

He glances around - the coast is clear - and sets off across the street. He looks weak, ill - his breathing labored. He stumbles - catches himself

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

I was getting sicker by the moment. Luckily I had one pill on me...

He pulls it from his pocket.

**(CONTINUED)**

71.

**CONTINUED:**

WHAM! He's pushed up against the wall of his building. Not

by Tan Coat.

By GENNADY THE RUSSIAN.

**GENNADY**

You fucking forget about me? Huh?

Eddie is stunned -- Gennady whacked his head against the building pretty hard. He still clutches the MDT tablet tight in his fist.

**EDDIE**

I... I... ahh...

**GENNADY**

One o'clock? And you not here?!  
Eddie tries to catch his breath.

**EDDIE**

I'm here now!

**INT. EDDIE'S LIVING ROOM - ON THE DOOR**

They come into his apartment, Eddie using all his energy to stay upright.

**EDDIE**

I'll get you a check.

Gennady turns to ice.

**GENNADY**

A check? A check?! You out of your  
fucking mind?! What you think we  
are, some financial institution?

Eddie realizes his brain isn't working --of course Gennady can't take a check.

**EDDIE**

Gennady, look-

**GENNADY**

I cut your balls off!

**EDDIE**

I wasn't thinking. Look, we just  
need to go to my bank- OOF!

Gennady has punched him in the stomach. Harder than he's ever been punched. Eddie gasps for breath... holds his fist to his body, protecting the pill. Gennady notices.

**(CONTINUED)**

72.

**CONTINUED:**



**GENNADY**

What you got there?

**EDDIE**

**NOTHING--**

Gennady grabs Eddie's wrist and wrenches his hand open.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

It's aspirin.

Gennady snatches the pill away from him. Examines it.

**GENNADY**

Don't look like no aspirin I ever  
see!

His voice drips with crude contempt.

**GENNADY (CONT'D)**

What is it? Something good, eh?

In one swift motion, Gennady pops it in his mouth and  
swallows it!

Eddie is mute with shock.

**INT. A BANK - CLOSE ON**

Eddie's shaking hands are handing Gennady a thick envelope.

**EDDIE**

That's the whole thing, plus  
twenty.

He looks desperately ill. He can barely stand. Gennady,  
meanwhile, is coming on to MDT.

**GENNADY**

I feel good. What in that shit?

**EDDIE**

Aspirin and vitamins.

**GENNADY**

You fucking full of shit, Morgan. I  
know you lie about the movie script  
too.

He wants to hit Eddie again, but thinks the better of it with  
all the bank cameras.

**73.**

**THE MONITOR -**

We see Gennady give the camera a gay little wave, then turn and walk out.

**EXT. THE STREET - DAY**

Eddie lurches along the street, staggering like a drunk, barely able to walk. People avoid him, veering away.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

I had to get my stash.

**INT. LINDY'S OFFICE - DAY**

Lindy clearly has a mid-level executive job; her office is better than a cubicle and she has a bit of a view. There is a KNOCK. A FEMALE ASSISTANT appears in the door.

**FEMALE ASSISTANT**

Lindy...? I wouldn't have let him in, but I know you know him...

EDDIE appears in the door, looking deathly ill.

**LINDY**

It's all right, Lisa.

The girl goes. Lindy, sensing something dire, leaps up and closes the door.

Eddie immediately collapses on the floor. Lindy kneels down to help him - competent, trying to stay calm.

**LINDY (CONT'D)**

Eddie-- What is it--?

**EDDIE**

I'm sorry -- I'm sick. I wasn't going to make it home--

**LINDY**

Okay. Okay, I'll get you to a

**DOCTOR--**

**EDDIE**

IT WON'T HELP--! I need to get-- it's very simple: I need my pills.

**LINDY**

What kind of pills?

**(CONTINUED)**

**74.**

**CONTINUED:**

**EDDIE**

They're... for my headaches...

**LINDY**

What headaches? What are you--?

(beat, realizing)

Are you on some drug?

**EDDIE**

It's... complicated.

**LINDY**

Oh. Oh. So all this energy of  
yours, all this focus... has been  
some drug, Eddie?

**EDDIE**

Not... the way you...

**LINDY**

You need a doctor.

**EDDIE**

No. That won't--

Eddie's PHONE rings. He and Lindy look at each other. He  
answers it.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

Hello?

**INT. VALERIE (HIS LANDLADY'S) APARTMENT - DAY**

Valerie is on the phone. And we CROSS-CUT BETWEEN THEM:

**VALERIE**

What the hell are you doing up  
there?

**EDDIE**

W-what?

There are, indeed, LOUD NOISES coming from above her.

**VALERIE**

Are you tearing up your floor or  
something?!

Understanding in Eddie's pained eyes. He clicks off the  
phone.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

I knew what was going on.

75.

**INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT -A SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS -DAY**

MALE HANDS are ripping the place to pieces. Pulling the toilet from the wall. Cutting open the mattress. Taking apart Eddie's computer.

**INT. LINDY'S OFFICE - DAY**

**LINDY**

...a smart drug...?

**EDDIE**

It was supposed to be legal.

**LINDY**

Oh, Eddie... you jerk.

**EDDIE**

I have a supply... stashed...

**LINDY**

(knows what's coming)  
No.

**EDDIE**

I just need... to get it...

**LINDY**

And I'm supposed to just GO?! In the middle of my work day?! To your APARTMENT to get you more DRUGS?

**INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

The MALE HANDS have found Eddie's hiding place. They LIFT the old BROILER of the STOVE... ...and...

The MDT IS NOT THERE. The broiler is slammed down in anger.

**INT. LINDY'S OFFICE - DAY**

**EDDIE**

Not to my apartment. I moved it.

**LINDY**

You did--? Why?!

**EDDIE**

I was smart. I was on MDT.

**LINDY**

Then where did you keep it--?

**(CONTINUED)**

76.

**CONTINUED:**

He looks at her, guiltily.

**LINDY (CONT'D)**

Oh, you prick.

**INT. LINDY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Lindy enters. Tense, panicked. She walks to a SQUARE END TABLE, takes the lamp off it. The table is actually a box -- she lifts the lid. She reaches in... and pulls out the PACKET OF MDT.

**LINDY**

You asshole... in my fucking  
HOUSE?!

Furious, she stuffs it into her purse and goes for the door.

**EXT. LINDY'S BUILDING - DAY**

As she leaves, we see that we are in the POV of...

**A MAN**

across the street. He clicks open a CELL PHONE.

**INT. LINDY'S OFFICE - DAY**

There is a KNOCK on the DOOR. Lying on the floor, trying to breathe, Eddie ignores it. His PHONE rings again. It takes a lot of effort just to answer it.

**EDDIE**

Hi -- Have you got it?

And we CROSS-CUT BETWEEN:

**INT. A MOVING CAB - DAY**

Lindy is on the phone. Her voice is tense, terrified.

**LINDY**

Yes. --Eddie, there's someone  
following me.

**EDDIE**

Are you sure?

**LINDY**

He got into the cab behind me, and  
they're making every turn I'm  
making!

**(CONTINUED)**

77.

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

Don't get out.

LINDY

What the fuck did you put me in the  
middle of--?!

EDDIE

Call the cops.

LINDY

(PANICKING)

There's traffic. We're slowing  
down...

(to the driver)

Go around him! Go around!

(TO EDDIE)

Shit! We're stopped dead.

(A GASP)

He's getting out, Eddie -- he's  
walking over here-

Eddie, helpless on the floor, can do nothing.

EDDIE

LINDY--!!!

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

Lindy bolts from the cab just as TAN COAT puts his hand on  
the opposite door. She takes off into Central Park. And he's  
after her like a shot.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Lindy veers off the path, through the trees, zig-zagging,  
trying to find a place not to be seen.

TAN COAT

Zig-zags too, not far behind her.

LINDY

Begins to scream, desperate:

LINDY

Help! Help!!

Up ahead, miraculously, A COP ON HORSEBACK. He steps the  
horse toward her. She races over and presses her body against  
the side of the horse.

(CONTINUED)

78.

CONTINUED:

She's so panicked and out of breath she can barely speak.

LINDY (CONT'D)

There's... a... man... chasing me.

He has a long, tan --

The cop seems to be paying attention, then suddenly GRUNTS and TWITCHES, his eyes flutter, glaze... and HE TOPPLES OFF HIS HORSE to the ground... ...revealing TAN COAT, on the other side of the horse. The BLADE in his hand is bloody. LINDY runs.... tries to lose herself in a WEDDING PARTY... comes to a section of huge, decorative BOULDERS and ROCKS. Dives behind one of them.

Ahead, she can see the outdoor ICE SKATERS, couples, families, enjoying the ice. It seems surreal. Several yards behind her is TAN COAT, looking behind every tree, every trash bin. Lindy picks up the phone, keeping her voice low, although she's hyperventilating.

LINDY (CONT'D)

Are you still there?

And we CROSS-CUT BETWEEN:

INT. LINDY'S OFFICE - DAY

EDDIE

Yes. What's happening?

LINDY

I'm hiding, but I'm stuck. He'll find me!

EDDIE

Just be still, stop talking.

LINDY

He killed a cop--

EDDIE

What?

LINDY

He's going to kill me, Eddie!

EDDIE

Listen to me. Can he see you?

LINDY

(CRYING)

You fucking asshole--

(CONTINUED)

79.

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

Can he see you?!

LINDY

Not yet. --I don't know what to do!  
What do I do--!

EDDIE

There is something.

LINDY

What?!

EDDIE

Listen to me. Reach into the bag  
and take one of the pills.

LINDY

S-swallow one of those things?!

EDDIE

Yes.

Tan Coat is getting closer.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

You will know what do to, Lindy.  
Take one, and you'll know.

LINDY

He's got a knife -- I can't think  
my way out of a knife--!

EDDIE

You'll come on in thirty seconds.  
And yes, you will think your way  
out, that's what it does. Are you  
taking it--?

She swallows the pill.

LINDY

(A BEAT)

Yes. He's getting closer.

EDDIE

Lindy. I love you.

(A BEAT)

--Lindy? Are you there?



A beat. We PUSH IN on Lindy's eyes. Which are changing.  
Growing more steely. Determined.

**(CONTINUED)**

**80.**

**CONTINUED: (2)**

**LINDY**

Eddie...? I feel it.

She hangs up. Eddie is left looking at the phone.

**EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY**

Tan Coat is perhaps five yards behind Lindy and getting closer. But she's not crying any more. She's looking at-THE ICE SKATING RINK, and the skaters, whirling across the ice.

**LINDY'S**

eyes flash. She knows what to do. Suddenly, she BOLTS from her hiding place behind the rock, tearing down the hill as fast as she can. Tan Coat is behind her like a shot.

**EXT. THE ICE SKATING RINK - DAY**

Lindy races down the hill, pushing past the line of people, and onto the ice... Tan Coat is clearly desperate --he doesn't give a shit who sees him chasing her.

In a flash, he's on the ice after Lindy, running and sliding. People collide with him, he pushes skaters aside, sending them sprawling... Just as he's closing in on Lindy...

Lindy wheels around, grabs a SIX YEAR OLD GIRL under the arms, and HOISTS HER INTO THE AIR, swinging her legs at Tan Coat as hard she can! The little girl's skates arc through the air --whoosh! --and connect, CUTTING Tan Coat's FACE. Badly.

He sinks to his knees, hand to his cheek, welling blood. People scream and scatter. Lindy keeps her wits about her. She runs, sliding across the ice, and leaping the fence, with surprising grace. She's gone.

**INT. LINDY'S OFFICE - DAY - ON EDDIE'S HAND - CLOSE**

as an MDT pill is put into it. A WIDER SHOT shows Eddie swallowing it with a glass of water.

**LINDY**

sits across the room, looking at him, her expression cool and composed.

They look at each other, a look of understanding.

81.

**INT. W HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY**

Eddie finishes checking in, Lindy beside him. He seems completely restored to his sharp, snappy self. The desk clerk gives him a key. He puts his arm around her, leads her to the elevators.

**INT. W HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT**

Eddie takes Lindy's hands, sits her on the bed.

**EDDIE**

We'll stay here for a couple of days. We'll be powered up, we'll be able to think our way out of this...

He kisses her hands. Looks into her eyes.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

I'm back. All right?

Lindy looks at him for a long moment.

**LINDY**

Who's back, Eddie?

**EDDIE**

I can take care of you now.

**LINDY**

That was never what I wanted.

**EDDIE**

A lot's going to happen for us. And everything that I will have... I will share with you. I will love you.

Lindy's head comes up. She looks at him, steely.

**LINDY**

You know... you were always smart. You could have done this. Not this... but some of these things... maybe a third of these things... without any smart drug at all. A third of all this... to most people...? ...would be plenty.

She gets up, turns away from him.

(CONTINUED)

82.

CONTINUED:

LINDY (CONT'D)

I understand that stuff now, Eddie.  
And I don't blame you for taking  
it. No one could ever tell you,  
till you take it, what it can do.  
Invincibility in a bottle. And I  
know I'm going to think about  
taking it again every day for the  
rest of my life.

There's eerie quiet to her tone that Eddie hasn't heard  
before. A matter-of-fact chill.

LINDY (CONT'D)

But once you can see everything  
that way, mapped out like that, on  
a grid... and always be right...?  
Who'd want to wing it? Who'd want  
to fuck up? Who'd want to be human?

She heads for the door.

LINDY (CONT'D)

I just came up to say goodbye. I  
don't ever want to see you again.  
I'm not even going to stay in New  
York. Don't try to find me, and  
don't try to help me.

She goes. He knows there's no point in stopping her. She's  
done with him.

EXT. W HOTEL - LATER

Eddie at the WINDOW, looking down...

EXT. EDDIE'S POV - THE STREET

He sees Lindy briskly walking away. RACK FOCUS as Lindy  
passes... GENNADY. Leaning against a sign post. Lighting a  
cigarette. And looking up at Eddie's hotel. Waiting.

EXT. W HOTEL - DAY

Gennady stands there, looking up at the hotel. So he's a  
little surprised to find EDDIE walking right up to him.

EDDIE

Looking for me?

Gennady quickly gets aggressive:

(CONTINUED)

83.

CONTINUED:

**GENNADY**

You think you can run out on me?  
You think I don't know where you  
are?

**EDDIE**

I was under the impression that our  
business was settled.

Something is jammed into Eddie's ribs. Something under  
Gennady's coat. Eddie doesn't blink.

**GENNADY**

Walk.

Gennady walks him around the corner, down some stairs, to the  
(deserted) ground entrance of someone's apartment. Eddie  
remains cool.

**EDDIE**

So now you're going to rob me? I  
thought you were a businessman.

**GENNADY**

I want some more of that shit.

**EDDIE**

What shit.

**GENNADY**

The pills.

He whacks Eddie, hard, across the face. Eddie, stoic, on MDT,  
doesn't react.

**EDDIE**

Well, so do I. You took the last  
one.

**GENNADY**

So you get me more.

**EDDIE**

I can't get more -- the dealer's  
dead.

Now Gennady smiles.

**GENNADY**

Oh. Well. Too bad for you. Because  
how you gonna go to those fancy  
meetings with your nose fed to my  
dog?

(CONTINUED)

84.

CONTINUED: (2)

Eddie doesn't like that Gennady knows anything about his  
business life. But he stands his ground.

**EDDIE**

Nothing. I. Can. Do.

**GENNADY**

Make some calls. One hundred pills.

**EDDIE**

A hundred can't happen. The  
dealer's dead, I have to call three  
people to even get a line on--

The gun barrel is brought up beneath Eddie's chin.

**GENNADY**

You know I don't really do this. So  
clean, like this. What I do to you,  
I do in stages.

**EDDIE**

I might... be able to get ten.

**GENNADY**

Ten. Fuck your ten.

**EDDIE**

(holding his ground)  
Ten. And no guarantee there's more.

Gennady looks at him for a long, menacing moment.

**GENNADY**

Oh, I think guarantee.

But he's accepted the ten. For now. He PUSHES Eddie against  
the wall, hard, knocking the wind out of him.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Self-pity and MDT were not  
compatible. One has to go on...

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CLOSE ON - A SMALL ENVELOPE**

being put into Gennady's hand. A wider shot reveals Eddie,  
watching Gennady with contempt as he grabs a fistful of nuts

off a bar table as he goes. Pig.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

...Patch up what's left...

85.

**INT. CARL VAN LOON'S OFFICE - DAY**

**VAN LOON**

I won't deny you pissed me off,  
Eddie.

**EDDIE**

I was sick. I shouldn't have gone  
to the meeting. I tried to cancel,  
but Kevin imploded on me--

Van Loon looks at Eddie penetratingly.

**VAN LOON**

I didn't know who or what I was  
talking to.

**EDDIE**

A hundred and five, is what you  
were talking to, Carl. Delirium.

**VAN LOON**

Look, there can't be any  
instability. Not when you're  
playing at this level.

**EDDIE**

I sent over my revised projections--

**VAN LOON**

I didn't ask for your projections.

**EDDIE**

I know, but I think if you look at

**THEM--**

**VAN LOON**

I already have.

A long beat as the two men size each other up. Van Loon looks  
away, but a tiny smile creases the corner of his mouth.

**VAN LOON (CONT'D)**

As a matter of fact, there were  
firings over your projections.

**EDDIE**

I'm sorry.

**VAN LOON**

...some things my team missed. So,  
oddly enough, I find myself...  
needing to fill a position.

**(CONTINUED)**

**86.**

**CONTINUED:**

Eddie stays cool. He's in.

**INT. VAN LOON CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Two months after I started MDT, I  
was helping broker the most  
important merger in corporate  
history.

Eddie sits with Van Loon, Pierce, and several POWERFUL  
LOOKING MEN, conferring. They look at an elaborate  
chart/graph that Eddie is sketching... even Pierce, his  
detractor, looks impressed.

**INT. W HOTEL - NIGHT**

Eddie is eating a luxurious room service dinner, going  
through files and projections.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

I found that if I maintained an  
even dose... remembered to eat...  
drank no alcohol... the blackouts  
didn't recur.

Eddie shakes one MDT pill into his hand, downs it.

**INT. LAYFAYETTE DAY TRADING - DAY**

Eddie is back on the trading floor, a crowd around him.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

I was quickly back up to speed...

**INT. A MADISON AVENUE TAILOR'S SHOP - DAY**

Eddie is being fitted for new suits.

**EDDIE**

Is it possible to construct an...  
imperceptible compartment?

**TAILOR**

Certainly, sir. How large?

**EDDIE**

Quite large.

The Tailor nods, makes a note. He's certainly not going to ask any questions.

(CONTINUED)

87.

CONTINUED:

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I would never again stash my MDT,  
not in an apartment, not in Fort  
Knox.

INT. A WINDOWLESS ROOM - DAY

Eddie, buzzing with charismatic authority, speaks to TWO BEEFY MEN, who are professional muscle. (Note: one has very elaborate tattoos on his fingers.)

EDDIE

I don't want it known that I have  
any security. You won't precede me,  
you'll follow me, never less than  
ten steps behind... 'inconspicuous'  
doesn't begin to describe you.  
You're not there. You're a CEO'S  
wife -- you're wallpaper.

The men nod. They understand.

INT. EDDIE'S HOTEL BATHROOM - DAY

Eddie straightens his tie. Then opens his suit jacket,  
reaches in, and pulls along a seam. An invisible POCKET  
OPENS.

EDDIE (V.O.)

Safer though my stash now was, I  
was not sitting around until it ran  
out.

INT. A LABORATORY - NIGHT

The place is state of the art, but it's an after-hours,  
furtive meeting Eddie is having with a TECHNICIAN, who passes  
back a small PLASTIC ENVELOPE to Eddie. In it we see SEVERAL  
TABLETS of MDT.

TECHNICIAN

Well, it's nothing you can cook up  
on a stove top. Whoever made it,  
it's a real pro act.

EDDIE



Can you make more?

**TECHNICIAN**

Can I combine these ingredients in the same exact quantities? Yes.

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

**88.**

**CONTINUED:**

**TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)**

But the exact method of delivery to the brain...? Darts at a dartboard.

**EDDIE**

Meaning...?

**TECHNICIAN**

Clinical trials. Guinea pig people.

**EDDIE**

That's too long.

**TECHNICIAN**

It's what it is. Or you'll kill people. You need twelve, eighteen

**MONTHS--**

Eddie tosses the envelope back at him, gets up.

**EDDIE**

Two million dollars if you do it in six.

He holds up the packet. The guy considers. Then slowly reaches for it, taking the MDT back.

**INT . RESTAURANT - DAY**

Eddie is having lunch with several POWER PLAYERS. They are listening, mesmerized, to what Eddie is saying...

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

It was all going to work out...

His eyes flicker upwards. His two SECURITY MEN are seated at the bar. The CAMERA PANS to find... Also seated at the bar, is the DETECTIVE who questioned Eddie at the police station!

Eddie gets up, "casually" wanders over to where the detective is sitting, pretends to order another drink. He does not make eye contact with the detective, or look like he's talking to him.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

I thought we straightened this out,  
Detective.

**DETECTIVE**

This isn't about Vernon Gant, Mr.  
Morgan.

**(CONTINUED)**

89.

**CONTINUED:**

Fear begins to prick the back of Eddie's neck. But he strives  
for casual annoyance.

**EDDIE**

What is it about?

The DETECTIVE hands Eddie a magazine.

**THE NEW YORK DAILY NEWS - CLOSE**

It is turned to the middle, and there is a picture of Eddie,  
candid, on the trading floor. That fucking article!

**DETECTIVE**

A witness identified the Donatella  
Alvarez suspect as this person. You  
want to tell me about your  
whereabouts on the night of June  
**12?**

Eddie keeps his cool, does not look scared. Wanders back to  
the table, says a few cool words, and strolls back to the  
detective. The detective gets up. Shall we go?

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Luckily, I could now afford Morris  
Brandt, the best lawyer in New  
York.

**EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY**

Eddie walks down the steps, with a beautifully dressed shark  
lawyer, MORRIS BRANDT, 50's.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Time was bought, and I was released  
-- for now.

Eddie's two SECURITY GUYS, waiting, fall into step ten paces  
behind him.

**MORRIS BRANDT**

You're lucky somebody wiped the room. Weak circumstantial at best. Just between us -- were you there?

**EDDIE**

I don't remember.

**MORRIS BRANDT  
(SHRUGS)**

Busy life.

**(CONTINUED)**

**90.**

**CONTINUED:**

He's heard it all, and doesn't really care.

**INT. CARL VAN LOON'S CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Carl Van Loon and Hank Atwood remained unaware that soon, I would be in a witness lineup as a possible murderer.

Eddie is making a presentation to the Van Loon Associates -- and a skeptical-looking OLDER GUY -- HANK ATWOOD.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

...well, a unified front between Van Loon and Atwood would be lethally effective, and not a moment too soon.. SyCorps, Andine and others are jockeying for the same industrial concessions in Mexico that both our companies are secretly sniffing out...

**HANK ATWOOD**

How do you know this?

**EDDIE**

Well, the governmental bribe structure is, in itself, corrupt, so of course information about its inner workings, like anything, can be bought. And there are other barbarians waving cash at the gates. I have a list here, in descending order of threat...

Atwood rubs his temples, seemingly distracted. But then, he looks at Eddie piercingly.

**ATWOOD**

Go on.

**INT. VAN LOON'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY**

The meeting has broken up. Atwood is leaving, surrounded by minions. Van Loon leans into Eddie.

**VAN LOON**

Eddie...? What's your read.

**EDDIE**

It flew. Of course, he's not going to tell you right now...

**(CONTINUED)**

**91.**

**CONTINUED:**

Van Loon notices -- Atwood is using a cane.

**VAN LOON**

Jesus. He seems frail.

**EDDIE**

Might be an act.

**VAN LOON**

Yeah, doesn't track. He's not even  
**60.**

Atwood's gone. Van Loon looks at Eddie.

**VAN LOON (CONT'D)**

So, Eddie. What are you going to do?

**EDDIE**

When this is over?

**(SMILES)**

I don't know. You haven't given me the answer.

Van Loon eyes him. Eddie is only half kidding.

**VAN LOON**

You haven't asked the question.

**EDDIE**

All right. If all this comes off... what's my take?

**VAN LOON**

You should have pre-negotiated.

**EDDIE**

I trust you.

**VAN LOON**

You shouldn't.

Eddie returns Van Loon's look coolly, implying that it really might be in Van Loon's best interest to trust him.

**EDDIE**

Well, given the scale of my contribution, it can't be anything less than forty. Let's say forty-five.

**VAN LOOK**

Done. Forty five thousand dollars.

**(CONTINUED)**

92.

**CONTINUED: (2)**

Both he and Eddie start to laugh.

**VAN LOON**

Forty million's plenty, Eddie.  
There's plenty more where this came from.

He tries to read Eddie's smile which is removed, far away...

**VAN LOOK**

...But you're not going to continue working for me, are you?

Eddie opens his mouth. Pauses.

**VAN LOON**

Don't lie. You're already bored.  
Onto the next...?

Van Loon didn't get to where he is for nothing.

**VAN LOON (CONT'D)**

I would really love to know what, after a forty million dollar payout, is "next" to you. But you're not going to tell me that, either.

**(SMILES)**

And I'm not sure I want to know.  
Might singe my ego.

He shakes Eddie's hand.

**VAN LOON (CONT'D)**

I'll open a line of credit for you.  
Even a tough nut like you's going

to want a few toys.

**INT. A HUGE, DELUXE EMPTY APARTMENT - (THE CELESTIAL) - DAY**

Eddie is being shown the apartment by a thirty-something female REALTOR. The apartment is still under construction -- brand new -- and enormous, with a wall of floor-to-ceiling windows in the living room showing off spectacular views.

**REALTOR**

... three restaurants, health club, of course, a private screening room, wine cellar, walk-in humidor... unparalleled, three-tier security system...

Eddie looks out over the city, feeling a surge. Yes.

**(CONTINUED)**

93.

**CONTINUED:**

**EDDIE**

What is the asking price?

**REALTOR**

Twelve point five.

Eddie has to look away from her, biting his lip. He can't show her any sign of sticker shock. The face he turns back to her is composed, even blase. He shrugs -- no problem!

We see an almost sexual excitement dance in her eyes.

**INT. EDDIE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

It was, as it turned out, a good moment to move.

Eddie comes in. The room has been completely ripped to pieces -- just like Eddie's apartment. Eddie just smiles. Because there was nothing for anyone to find.

**EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY**

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

No one knew, or would ever know, that I now carried the pills with me at all times.

Eddie stands, waiting, his two security guys lurking 10 steps behind. GENNADY appears, now with TWO RUSSIAN THUGS of his own. This is new, and Eddie wasn't expecting it.

Gennady's security guys eye Eddie's security guys, and vice

versa. Gennady is wearing a suit and looks much more sophisticated. Eddie hands Gennady a small envelope. Gennady takes it. In his eyes is a penetrating intelligence.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Right away, it was obvious he was on MDT.

Gennady whips out a silver lighter and lights himself a cigarette. His movements are elegant, refined.

**GENNADY**

Next week...? I require twenty pills.

**EDDIE**

Next week? You can fuck yourself.

**(BEAT)**

Not that you'll feel anything.

**(CONTINUED)**

**94.**

**CONTINUED:**

Gennady's eyebrow goes up. Gennady's security guys reach into their jackets. So do Eddie's guys. Gennady's eyes flick over the situation, motion to his guys to keep still. Gennady laughs, an unpleasant sound.

**GENNADY**

I don't think your Forbes 400 new financial friends would appreciate the details of your little dilemma with the police?

Gennady turns with a flourish and walks off. Over his shoulder, with smug confidence:

**GENNADY (CONT'D)**

Thursday. You have them here.

Gennady turns, walks to the curb, where a NEW BLACK TOWN CAR is waiting for him and his boys.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Obviously, this could not go on. But there is very little on this earth that 45 million dollars can't solve. And tomorrow at nine, Atwood would sign the papers.

**INT. VAN LOON'S OFFICE - DAY**

Eddie, Van Loon and associates are all waiting in the conference room. The clock on the wall reads 9:40. Van Loon looks glum. A long silence.

**PIERCE**

Well, you want to call it?

**ASSOCIATE #1**

Cold feet.

**VAN LOON**

There was all last night to tell us that.

Van Loon pushes the intercom.

**VAN LOON (CONT'D)**

No call?

**SECRETARY'S VOICE**

Not yet.

**(CONTINUED)**

**95.**

**CONTINUED:**

**EDDIE**

Okay, the decision could have changed -- that makes sense -- but the discourtesy doesn't.

**(BEAT)**

It's still on.

**PIERCE**

**(SARCASTIC)**

Oh, based on your graphs and projections?

**EDDIE**

**(CALMLY REPEATING)**

I saw his eyes: it's on.

**PIERCE**

You know, remind me: who the fuck, exactly, are YOU?! --I'm sorry, Carl, I'm about at the end with this unqualified, posturing little-

**VAN LOON**

Pull it back, Pierce.

**PIERCE**

Since when is this little pisher the fucking Delphi Oracle?!

**VAN LOON**

**PIERCE-**



**SECRETARY'S VOICE**  
**(INTERRUPTING)**

Mr. Van Loon, Mrs. Atwood is here.

Eddie and Van Loon look at each other. What? Van Loon nods at Eddie; the two men get up. Pierce starts to get up too.

**VAN LOON**

Pierce, you can stay.

Pierce looks bitter -- chastened -- as Van Loon and Eddie go.

**INT. CARL VAN LOON'S INNER OFFICE - DAY**

Van Loon and Eddie enter, to find MRS. HANK ATWOOD, a well-dressed, well-preserved and beautiful 50, standing at Van Loon's desk.

**MRS. ATWOOD**

I wanted this to be as confidential  
as possible.

**(CONTINUED)**

**96.**

**CONTINUED:**

Van Loon and Eddie can't imagine what's coming next.

**MRS. ATWOOD (CONT'D)**

My husband experienced some pain  
and dizziness this morning. He's at  
Lenox Hill, undergoing tests.

She speaks with great dignity, distraught, but tightly  
controlled.

**MRS. ATWOOD (CONT'D)**

Obviously, it wouldn't be in our  
best interests for this to be  
reported by the press, as it might  
put some of his interests at risk.  
I just want you to know that we  
have every intention of signing the  
contract, and, as soon as he is  
able, we will proceed.

**EXT. VAN LOON'S BUILDING - DAY**

Eddie and Van Loon flank Mrs. Atwood, walking her to her car.

**EDDIE**

I realize that this is a useless  
platitude, but... if there's

anything we can do...

**VAN LOON**

Obviously we want to be as helpful  
and respectful as possible.

**MRS. ATWOOD**

Thank you so much. I rely on your  
discretion.

She shakes both of their hands. A driver has the door open  
for her; she gets in, now out of earshot.

**VAN LOON**

**(LOW)**

You think there's a proxy?

**EDDIE**

Cagey fuck like him giving away  
power of attorney?

Eddie shakes his head. The two men look at each other darkly.  
The driver closes her door, turns -- and now Eddie can see  
his face. It's TAN COAT.

**(CONTINUED)**

**97.**

**CONTINUED:**

With a huge, angry scar slashed across his cheek. Eddie and  
Tan Coat look at each other. A steely moment of recognition.

Tan Coat turns away, gets in the driver's side. Van Loon  
watches the car pull away.

**VAN LOON**

Well. He'd better get better.

We PUSH IN on Eddie's face. Who now knows.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

But Atwood wouldn't get better.  
Because Atwood was out of MDT.

**EXT. MIDTOWN STREET - DAY**

Eddie, beautifully dressed, walks. Ten paces behind walk his  
SECURITY GUYS. He is thinking.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Well. Why be surprised? How many  
other meteoric rises might be  
explained by MDT? At least I had  
some; my life wasn't in jeopardy.

Only my money...

**INT. POLICE STATION - DAY - CORRIDOR**

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

...and my liberty.

Eddie stands with his favorite POLICE DETECTIVE and his lawyer in an anteroom leading to an institutional door. His lawyer talks to him, low.

**MORRIS BRANDT**

I've been all over them... we can't allow any disparity in race or physical type between you and the rest of the lineup -- they're as close to your clones as I could possibly get away with -- it's going to be one big handsome blur to this guy-

A FEMALE COP approaches Eddie.

**FEMALE COP**

Mr. Morgan...? I need you to change your jacket.

**(CONTINUED)**

**98.**

**CONTINUED:**

Eddie stiffens.

**EDDIE**

Why?

**MORRIS BRANDT**

Oh, that's me... I want everyone in the same shirt, better for the blur factor...

A beat.

**EDDIE**

Of course.

Another beat of hesitation... then Eddie hands Brandt his jacket, takes off his shirt, puts on the blue shirt... and stoically follows the female cop through the grubby door.

**INT. THE LINEUP - EDDIE'S FACE**

**FEMALE COP'S VOICE**

Please turn to the right. Eddie and four other dark-haired guys turn to the right. Eddie looks at the black one-way

window.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Who was out there? The woman's  
husband? Was some bellboy I  
undertipped about to end my life?

**INT. POLICE STATION - ON EDDIE'S SMILING LAWYER**

**MORRIS BRANDT**

Not the dimmest clue. He was  
dithering.

Eddie blinks at him.

**MORRIS BRANDT (CONT'D)**

"Maybe the third from the right...  
No not him..." --Oh. Here you go.

He hands Eddie back his jacket.

**MORRIS BRANDT (CONT'D)**

(re: the jacket)  
Thing of beauty. You had it made?

Eddie just nods, his eyes steely. The lawyer feels the molten  
stare and hands the jacket back.

**99.**

**EXT. POLICE STATION - DUSK**

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

They'd kept me all day.

Eddie rushes down the steps, two at a time, looks at his  
watch.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

I'd missed my meeting with Gennady.

**INT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DUSK**

Gennady, wearing a gorgeous cashmere coat, waits, now with

**THREE SECURITY GUYS.**

Gennady looks at his watch, then says something low and  
sinister in Russian to his associates.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

But I had more important  
business...

**INT. VAN LOON'S OFFICE - DUSK**

Eddie hurries into the room. Van Loon doesn't look up. He's watching a monitor, which has a live news feed to a financial channel.

**FEMALE NEWSCASTER**

...And the Dow has been yo-yoing all day, amidst speculation that Van Loon Associates and Hank Atwood have negotiated a merger...

Van Loon turns to Eddie, furious, agitated.

**VAN LOON**

Have you been talking to anyone?

**EDDIE**

Not a word, Carl.

**VAN LOON**

Where have you been, Eddie--? This is the second time you've turned to

**VAPOR--**

**(CONTINUED)**

100.

**CONTINUED:**

**EDDIE**

Personal time, Carl. Phone off. You're not telling me there's been any movement.

**VAN LOON**

No. Atwood's in a coma.

**EDDIE**

A coma?

Black looks between them as the newscaster continues.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

It had gotten out, somehow. But I felt thick, stupid, tired. A small pain was starting behind my eyes. I'd been unable to take my MDT, and I was overdue.

He shoots Van Loon a glance. Van Loon is miserably fixated on the TV.

**INT. VAN LOON'S HUGE, SLEEK BATHROOM - DUSK**

Eddie stands in a stall. Reaches into the lining of his coat.

Unfastens the opening of the compartment.

**CLOSE ON THE OPENING**

There is nothing inside.

**EDDIE,**

panicked, feels again. Nothing. The MDT is simply not there!!! He begins to hyperventilate. Spin in place. Push against the stall walls, trying not to scream.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Was it Brandt? Or someone else? The  
police station? A coat room? How?  
How?

He bursts from the stall, alone in the bathroom. Stares at himself, terrified, in the mirror.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

In an hour I'd be useless. In two  
I'd be sick. In 24, dead.  
**101.**

**INT. VAN LOON'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Eddie bursts from the bathroom. Trying not to look too wild-eyed.

**VAN LOON**

Eddie--? This came for you.

Eddie looks at a LARGE BOX on Van Loon's desk. Indeed, his name is on it. Eddie, mystified, approaches it. As Van Loon continues to stare at the TV, disinterested in the box, Eddie gingerly opens it.

**INT. THE BOX - CLOSE**

Inside are the SEVERED HANDS OF EDDIE'S SECURITY GUYS. (One black hand, one with the distinctive tattoos.) Gennady. Clearly these guys are dead. Eddie grabs the box and starts from the room.

**VAN LOON**

What are you doing, Eddie--?

**EDDIE--!!!**

But Eddie's gone.

**INT. VAN LOON ASSOCIATES - DUSK**

People are leaving for the night. Eddie shoves past them,

still holding the damning box, frightened, jacked up, desperate, shoving people out of the way to get to the elevators.

**INT. A LIMO - NIGHT - MOVING**

Eddie sits in the back seat, the box freakishly sitting beside him.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**  
I couldn't think.

**ON EDDIE'S FACE**

His brow is beaded with sweat.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**  
Only MDT could help me. I had no MDT. And then...

PUSH IN on Eddie's eyes.

**(CONTINUED)**

**102.**

**CONTINUED:**

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**  
One thought.

**(BEAT)**  
Was there anywhere...

We begin to REWIND... in Eddie's mind... through many IMAGES we've seen in this movie... stopping briefly at all the places Eddie has stashed his MDT.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**  
... anywhere at all...I could have left one pill...?

We STOP at the END TABLE in Lindy's apartment, peer inside. Empty. We STOP at the UNDERSIDE of the GRILL on Eddie's old stove. Nothing. We continue to REWIND -- but every image we stop on reveals... nothing.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**  
I had to keep thinking. Somewhere safe...

**INT. THE CELESTIAL - EDDIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Eddie sits at his huge new steel dining table, the evil box on the table in front of him, head in his hands.

(The room is filled with labeled boxes he has never had a chance to unpack.) The TV is on in the background. It's a

financial channel. We see MRS. HANK ATWOOD is giving a statement.

**MRS. HANK ATWOOD**

There is absolutely no truth to the rumor of this merger. None whatsoever. My husband is having some tests, this is a difficult time, and I would appreciate your directing further questions to our attorney...

She motions at the gentleman next to her. --Who is also Eddie's attorney, MORRIS BRANDT. The one who was so helpful with the police. The one who held his jacket.

Bitter amusement in Eddie's eyes. At least he knows. The APARTMENT BUZZER buzzes. Eddie freezes. Looks at the door. It BUZZES again.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

It wasn't downstairs security, alerting me to a visitor.

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

103.

**CONTINUED:**

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

It was my inner door. Someone was in the building, ten feet away, right now.

Eddie walks to his phone, picks it up. Pushes the button, puts it to his ear. It's dead.

He pushes the "on" button again and again. Nothing. The buzzer BUZZES again. Eddie rushes to the door, opens the COAT CLOSET. In the closet is a state-of-the-art SECURITY MONITOR.

Gennady and TWO MEN are outside his door! Suddenly the MONITOR goes BLACK. Eddie flicks the switch on the monitor. Nothing. Eddie flicks the switch again. It's dead. Someone, somewhere, has figured out how to disarm it.

The buzzer BUZZES again. Eddie backs away from the door. We HEAR Eddie's shallow, panicked breathing. He lunges for his briefcase, pulls out his CELL PHONE.

**THE CELL PHONE - CLOSE**

It reads "No Signal." BAM! The first slam on the door begins. BAM! The second. The door holds, but Eddie begins to back away in horror.



**BAM!**

We slowly FADE TO BLACK. And FADE IN ON:

**EXT. THE CELESTIAL - EDDIE'S TERRACE LEDGE - NIGHT**

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

And so... here I am.

And now we pick up Eddie where we left him, standing on the ledge.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

I knew they would kill me, slowly  
and horribly. But this choice would  
at least be mine.

We now hear the ZZZZZZZZ! of some major power tool drilling at the door, punctuated by more BAMS! -- one way or another they're going to get in. Eddie takes a breath, tries to jump. He can't.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

But we're instinctive creatures. We  
want to live.

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

**104.**

**CONTINUED:**

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

So, my foggy brain tried to  
remember... where one tablet of  
MDT... might be.

We PUSH IN on Eddie's eyes... We are still REWINDING in Eddie's mind... images of where we've seen him keep MDT... nothing... nothing... nothing... We STOP at the SUGARBOWL on Eddie's dining table. Then go forward --no, wait!-rewinding, stopping again on the SUGAR BOWL. Pushing in on the sugar bowl.

Eddie spins around, looks back into his apartment, eyes intense.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

It was possible. And possible was  
enough.

**INT. THE CELESTIAL - EDDIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Eddie is tearing through boxes as the POUNDING and DRILLING become deafening... he rips open a box labeled "Kitchen" -

it's full of BOOKS. Mis-labeled. JUMP CUTS as he rips open other boxes... his hands frantically scattering CDs, cutlery, cans of food... The door begins to give. Under the deafening

**DRILL:**

MORE JUMP-CUTS as Eddie hysterically tears the packing paper off of promisingly- shaped objects. --No. A glass. --No. A vase. --YES! The sugar bowl. With sugar still inside! Eddie rummages, frantically, among the sugar cubes as the door gives a few inches, groaning, and we glimpse blurred faces on the other side...

**EDDIE'S HAND**

pokes, wildly, among the cubes... pushing them aside, revealing at the bottom of the bowl-

ONE MDT TABLET looks back up at him.

Yes. It's really there! Eddie grabs it, just as, with a splintering CRASH! -- The door goes down.

Eddie steps back, brings the pill up to his mouth... But as he steps, he TRIPS on a SOUP CAN he's scattered... he FALLS backwards... his HAND hits the side of the coffee table...

**(CONTINUED)**

**105.**

**CONTINUED:**

The MDT TABLET goes flying... (slow motion)... as... ...also in slow motion, Gennady and his two thugs smile as they advance into the room... THE MDT TABLET... flies... flies... towards a GRATE in the floor -- a heating vent -- and HITS it... rolling... ... before disappearing forever down the grate.

Eddie knows that's it. His life has ended. He sucks in his last breath -- then, with a YELL, he rushes back for the terrace... for his suicide leap...

Thug #1 is quicker. Gets to the door first. Eddie will not have the luck to be able to jump. He's trapped between the two Thugs.

**GENNADY**

I told you I want more. You don't listen. Maybe you think I'm joking...

He reaches into his coat pocket...

**GENNADY (CONT'D)**

But I'm down to this last one.

...and pulls out a syringe.

**GENNADY (CONT'D)**

See, I dissolve pill in solution.  
You shoot it - goes straight into  
blood and to brain. Works much  
better.

He pulls the plastic sleeve off the needle. Jabs himself in  
the arm and injects the cloudy liquid.

**GENNADY (CONT'D)**

Now. Where do you keep yours?

Eddie is backed to the wall. Nowhere to go.

**EDDIE**

I'm plum out.

Gennady just smiles -- that was an unfortunate choice. He  
gives an order to the Thugs who grab their tools and  
disappear deeper into the apartment. WE HEAR them starting to  
tear things up. Gennady and Eddie are alone.

**GENNADY**

They will find it. Or I will make  
you tell me. Which is quicker? We  
see, huh?

**(CONTINUED)**

**106.**

**CONTINUED: (2)**

He clicks open a BLACK ATTACHE CASE. It is filled with  
sinister-looking silver instruments, and knives.

**INT. EDDIE'S STUDY - NIGHT**

Thug #2 has found, behind a bureau, a SAFE. He calls  
excitedly, in Russian, to the other room.

**INT. EDDIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Gennady calls back in Russian. Then picks up a particularly  
delicate, yet sharp-looking KNIFE.

**GENNADY**

This is a waste of my time, you  
know that? I am getting out of this  
part of the business... starting  
import-export company. Very  
exciting stuff. A lot on my plate.  
I need to learn to delegate...

Eddie is backed up against a table, which is covered with

stuff he's scattered, which includes a BUTCHER BLOCK with A KNIFE in it... Gennady starts arranging his instruments.

**GENNADY (CONT'D)**

First, I will cut skin from you,  
flay you... you stay alive nice  
long time... then maybe we cut meat  
from you, steaks... or maybe softer  
parts... I get inspiration...

He looks up, smiles, to see the effect his words have on Eddie.

**ON EDDIE**

Staring back at Gennady, hard, a fuck-you stare. We can't see behind Eddie's back, but we can see the butcher block, and the knife is gone.

**GENNADY**

senses something is not right. Looks at Eddie quizzically.

**GENNADY (CONT'D)**

**WHAT--**

Eddie brings the knife up as hard as he can, right into Gennady's stomach. Gennady gasps in surprise, chokes, writhes. Eddie drives the knife home, harder, grabbing Gennady's other hand, which lashes at Eddie with the fillet knife...

**(CONTINUED)**

**107.**

**CONTINUED:**

The men fall to the floor in a death-struggle. Eddie exhausted, off MDT, but determined not to let go. Gennady writhes, flails, but doesn't cry out... he's already choking on blood. Eyes shocked, surprised. Eddie turns the fillet knife back on Gennady, slashes at his other arm; blood spurts. But it's not necessary. Gennady's eyes are glazing. His gurgling gets quieter. He's quite dead.

Eddie lies alongside him, panting, arm grazed and welling blood from where Gennady's filleting knife slashed him, suddenly weak and exhausted.

From the other room comes the BRRRRRRR! sound of the drill -- the boys, oblivious, are hard at work on the safe. Eddie tries to get up, then falls back.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Not much of a triumph, was it?

He's got the shakes... no, more of a convulsion... he sinks

back to the floor...

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Because I would die here, too.

There is a break in the convulsion. Then another one starts.

**EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Only MDT could help me, and the  
last of it was in this fuck's  
bloodstream...

Gennady's BLOOD wells around Gennady's body in a crimson puddle. A puddle that's creeping closer and closer to Eddie's face, which is lying, convulsing, on the floor...

**ON EDDIE'S EYES**

between convulsions, suddenly looking. Looking at the blood. It creeps closer to Eddie's face. Eddie is trying to move, trying to push his face closer to the blood... he's there...

And now he turns his face down into the blood.

And begins to lap it up.

**INT. EDDIE'S STUDY - DAY**

The Thug finally gets the safe open. Inside is only one item - the TATTOOED SECURITY MAN's SEVERED HAND.

(CONTINUED)

108.

**CONTINUED:**

And its middle finger has been arranged in a vehement fuck-you. The thugs are not amused.

**INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

The thugs are coming down the hall, muttering angrily...

**INT. EDDIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Mouth smeared with blood, Eddie is dragging himself by the elbows, across the room. Footsteps coming. Fast.

**INT. EDDIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - THUGS' POV**

They burst into the room, see Gennady dead on the floor. The camera WHIP-PANS around. No Eddie.

**BEHIND THE COUCH**

Eddie lies, panting. And then it hits. We PUSH IN on Eddie's eyes. He feels it. His old friend. MDT.

**THE THUGS**

look up at a NOISE. Just in time to see Eddie bolting out the front door of the apartment.

**INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE EDDIE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

They come thundering out -- see a flash of Eddie disappearing  
**INTO--**

**INT. THE OPEN DOOR OF THE APARTMENT NEXT DOOR - NIGHT**

We are in jittery, handheld THUG'S POV shot as they burst back in, barreling by rooms, looking in them, pressing on to more rooms...

**A MAN'S SHADOWY SHAPE AHEAD, IN THE KITCHEN -**

Thug #2 BLASTS his GUN... the MAN crumples, the glass doors behind him EXPLODE..... the MAN goes down...revealing Eddie standing behind him --(he's been holding up his neighbor's body) and, just as this registers -- WHACK! -- Eddie gives THUG #1 a savage shot with a fireplace poker. Thug #1 goes down, unconscious... the gun skitters across the floor...

THUG #2 dives, reaches for it. Eddie grabs a piece of the shattered glass and, in a vicious swipe, brings it down on the Thug's hand. But this guy is not a tough Russian motherfucker for nothing. Bleeding profusely, he doesn't let go of the gun... his bloody hand comes up, tries to aim...

**(CONTINUED)**

**109.**

**CONTINUED:**

Eddie DIVES BACKWARDS, through the broken glass door to the patio. The thug stumbles after him...

**EXT. EDDIE'S NEIGHBOR'S TERRACE - NIGHT**

EDDIE'S HAND, still holding glass, CUTS the awning-rope holding up the awning... The awning comes down on the thug, a huge canvas curtain DROPPING between the Thug and Eddie. BLAM! BLAM! Several holes appear in the canvas as the thug tries to shoot Eddie anyway, but Eddie has leapt out of the way.

**THUG'S POV - UNDER THE CURTAIN**

As he wrestles it off... he sees Eddie, on the ground, prone, just watching him calmly. He starts to smirk. Eddie touches a

MATCH to the ground. The FLAME shoots across the floor to the thug, who now realizes he's standing in a puddle, the overturned can of BBQ fluid next to him. In an instant, his LEGS AND PANTS are on fire. Now the man screams. Shoots blindly. But - click! -- is out of bullets. He rushes at Eddie, screaming, on fire, in animal rage. Eddie brings up a wrought-iron patio chair to meet him, catching him squarely in the ribs. He gasps, bends over... looks up at Eddie, beaten...

The face that looks back is without pity.

**EXT. THE CELESTIAL - 20 STORIES BELOW, A WIDER TERRACE - DAY**

We are looking up at the penthouse. A SHAPE is dropping, fast, towards us -- the shape of a man.

It's here! The man's head EXPLODES against the railing like a pumpkin as the rest of him disappears down, out of sight.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

Later, it would be noted that my neighbor was in the music business. One of his drug deals had obviously gone bad...

**(BEAT)**

And the night was still young.

**INT. A HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT**

A MAN is on a gurney. A NURSE puts a sheet over his head. Before our view of his face disappears we realize --it's Hank Atwood. Dead.

110.

**INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT**

Tan Coat is sitting, stoic and red-eyed in a chair. He senses something. Slowly turns his head and looks.

EDDIE is sitting in the chair next to him. The two men look at each other for a moment. Then:

**EDDIE**

I'm sure you're curious about what's happened to your boss. I certainly am. If my attorney was really working for Mr. Atwood, to save his life, then why is he dead? At what point was the Pony Express supposed to ride in with the life-saving medication?

**(A BEAT)**

Or, did the Pony decide that he should be running his own Pony show? Minus the dog.

Tan Coat stares at him, his face without expression.

**INT. A CONNECTICUT UPPERCLASS LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

AN UPPERCLASS HOUSEWIFE enters, in sweats, from the gym. Immediately notices something is not right...

**INT. THE HOUSEWIFE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The place has been ransacked.

**INT. HER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

She rushes in. We SEE her husband - MORRIS BRANDT - tied up and gagged, struggling on the floor. Next to him, a smashed PICTURE. It once covered a WALL SAFE which is now open. The SAFE is empty.

**EDDIE (V.O.)**

I would not go back. I would not be stopped.

**FADE OUT.**

TITLE: Eight months later

**111.**

**INT. A POLITICAL CAMPAIGN OFFICE - DAY**

Desks, employees, volunteers, ringing phones. REUBEN, LATE 20's, sharp, a JAMES CARVILLE-TYPE, sits on a desk with casual authority, is on the phone.

**REUBEN**

...actually, no, there's no more tickets. --Yeah, I know, an overbooked fundraiser -- there's a first -- well, here he comes, I'll ask him -- Edward!!

We see Eddie striding down the corridor, wearing a sharp suit, looking more dignified than we've ever seen him, more adult. The snap and crackle of something new -- power -- is in his step. TWO MALE AIDES flank him. Reuben approaches, falls into step with them.

**REUBEN (CONT'D)**

I think we're looking at a second, overflow event-- there's a wave of donations coming in -- and I don't think they're even going to try a second debate -- don't go yet --



**EDDIE**

I have a lunch.

They have arrived at Eddie's office. Reuben nods at the closed door.

**REUBEN**

John Steadman's in there.

**EDDIE**

Who's that?

**REUBEN**

--Eiben-Chemcorps? Look, they're your biggest contributor, give him his two shitty little minutes.

Eddie sighs, capitulating. Puts his hand on the door.

**EDDIE**

Eiben-Chemcorps. What are they -- research?

**REUBEN**

Pharmaceuticals.

Eddie shoots him a look.

**112.**

**INT. A LARGE, CASUAL OFFICE - DAY**

Eddie comes in to find JOHN STEADMAN, 50's, well-dressed and gentlemanly, waiting.

**STEADMAN**

Mr. Morgan.

**EDDIE**

Nice to see you.

He shakes Steadman's hand, but Steadman doesn't get up. Odd. In fact Steadman looks uncommonly relaxed, almost slouched in his chair, looking up at Eddie with a subtle gleam in his eye that Eddie doesn't recognize.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

We appreciate everything you've done for us--

**STEADMAN**

Well, you've done most of it for yourself. Senator Morgan.

He says this with a kind of casual, prescient authority. And suddenly, we know he's right. Eddie will win.

**STEADMAN (CONT'D)**

I mean, everything from here's a technicality, isn't it, Eddie?

Again, that smile. Eddie doesn't know what this guy is about. And nobody calls him "Eddie" any more.

**STEADMAN (CONT'D)**

I think we both know where it's heading...

**(A BEAT)**

If... you can maintain.

**EDDIE**

Maintain?

**STEADMAN**

Eventually you'll run out. I just want you to know we're here to help you.

Eddie blinks at him. Did he just say what Eddie thought he said?

**EDDIE**

What are you saying?

**(CONTINUED)**

113.

**CONTINUED:**

**STEADMAN**

We've gotten most of the bugs out. It's longer lasting - you'll only have to take one a week.

Eddie is now dead silent. A long beat. Is it possible? Is he really talking to someone who makes MDT?!

**EDDIE**

Have you been watching me from the beginning?

**STEADMAN**

No. Those of you who indulged... distinguished yourselves very quickly. You made yourselves clear to us.

**EDDIE**

Who's "us?"

Steadman just smiles, waves the question away.

**STEADMAN**

You went the furthest with it the

fastest, so of course, to us,  
you're the most interesting.

**EDDIE**

How did it get on the street?

**STEADMAN**

Security breach. That was never  
our intention. We took care of it.

Meaning, they took care of Vern.

**STEADMAN (CONT'D)**

It will never again be on the  
street. It will never publicly  
exist. Obviously I don't need to  
detail the advantages for you.

A long beat. Eddie doesn't trust this guy -- not a bit.

**EDDIE**

And what about for you? Why don't  
you take it?

**STEADMAN**

We don't have to. You'll take it  
for us.

**(CONTINUED)**

**114.**

**CONTINUED: (2)**

**EDDIE**

And in return...? I do what.

**STEADMAN**

Just keep on doing what you're  
doing. We won't bother you much at  
first.

**EDDIE**

And later...? What will you be  
"bothering" me with?

**STEADMAN**

Well, given where you're heading,  
some of our ideas are... grandiose.  
But, I think, achievable.

Eddie takes that in.

**EDDIE**

And if I don't like your ideas?

**STEADMAN**

Then we'll say Godspeed. And your candle will have shed a brief, but lovely, light.

Eddie knows now. They own his ass.

**STEADMAN (CONT'D)**

But let's not even go there. Right now you should feel relieved, your problems are over. We just want to keep you healthy... and brilliant.

**EDDIE**

Luckily I can do that myself.

**STEADMAN**

Well, no, ah, that won't be the case. We shut your lab down this morning.

**EDDIE**

My lab?

Steadman nods.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

Which one?

Steadman doesn't blink.

**(CONTINUED)**

115.

**CONTINUED: (3)**

**STEADMAN**

All of them.

**EDDIE**

You sure?

Steadman suddenly chuckles -- not at all concerned by this. Even amused.

**STEADMAN**

We were right about you Eddie - you're gonna go all the way. Let's not do anything to jeopardize that. There's no downside here - we're offering you a limitless supply with fewer side effects. I think you'll be pleased with the arrangement.

**(BEAT)**

Come on, let's get some lunch. I'm starving...

He heads for the door. Eddie remains still.

**EDDIE**

Tell me something.

Steadman stops, looks back at him.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

Did I kill that woman?

Steadman looks puzzled that Eddie would ask.

**STEADMAN**

Do you really want to know?

Eddie thinks. No, he doesn't.

**EXT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - DAY**

Eddie and Steadman exit, come down the steps, Eddie looking thrown. He drifts along, half-a-step behind Steadman, deep in thought.

**STEADMAN**

It's not so bad, is it?

Eddie doesn't answer.

**(CONTINUED)**

**116.**

**CONTINUED:**

**STEADMAN (CONT'D)**

Doesn't every man on the path to greatness have to tolerate the wind-drag of compromise?

A black LIMO waits at the curb.

**STEADMAN (CONT'D)**

Overall, we'll all be better off... foreign policy, the courts, even the Constitution could stand a little tweaking...

They descend the last few steps. Steadman opens the limo door for Eddie...

But Eddie hesitates. Doesn't get in.

**STEADMAN (CONT'D)**

Eddie?

**EDDIE**

After you.

**STEADMAN**  
**(CORDIAL)**

No, "Senator". You first.

Eddie gestures for him to get in.

**EDDIE**

Please.

**STEADMAN**

All right then...

He gets in. And Eddie CLOSES THE DOOR AFTER HIM. Stands outside the limo, looking back at Steadman through the rolled-down window, his face a cold mask.

**STEADMAN (CONT'D)**

Oh, now. Don't underestimate us.

**EDDIE**

Don't underestimate your own creation.

Steadman looks at him quizically.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

I mean, you invented it. What does it do? It puts me 50 steps ahead of you fucks.

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

117.

**CONTINUED: (2)**

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

You think I didn't spend my days on MDT devising a personal defense structure that would scare the shit out of the Israelis--? You think there's not people with a bead on you right now, right in this building? You think this conversation is private?

**STEADMAN**

You don't know the caliber of enemies you'll be making.

**EDDIE**

You want to push that button? I'll show you my silos if you show me yours.

**STEADMAN**

You'll run out. You'll die.

**EDDIE**

Or I'll think of something. Isn't that what MDT does? Makes you think of something? Might even tell me how to get off it.

A flicker in Steadman's eyes. Anger.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

What if I just ask the drug... how to tell the drug... how to fuck itself? I mean, isn't it like the 8-ball?

Steadman raises his hand to the driver and the limo pulls away.

**EDDIE (CONT'D)**

It always answers.

As the limo recedes into the distance, Eddie finally exhales.

And only then do we see it.

He's scared.

**THE END**