

MONEY MONSTER

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A VOICE

Faster.

OPEN ON A CEILING --

-- tracking ROWS and ROWS of bundled cable. Dozens of strands, in all colors -- gray, yellow, black, blue, you name it.

A VOICE

That is the single most important word of the last five thousand years.

Track these cables, quicker and quicker, flying through right turns and left turns...

A VOICE

Why? Because speed is the defining element of evolution. The longer we stick around on this earth, the faster we figure out how to go.

...until suddenly come to an ABRUPT STOP. There, in the giant open space underneath the cables, are rows and rows of large computers. Eight foot whirring metal monoliths arranged in a perfect grid, so that it feels almost like a maze.

A VOICE

We crawled. We walked. We rode. We drove. We flew. And then, most recently of all...

There is one particular computer, lined up in a row of tens of others. All of them look the same. All of them sound the same. But this one... there's something about this one.

A VOICE

We plugged it in. And then we programmed it to go faster than we ever could.

CLOSER and CLOSER on this computer to find there's a row of blinking green LED lights, like the ones on a wireless router.

A VOICE

But one thing has never changed. If you're really gonna chase after speed... if you're gonna break through barriers... if you're gonna push it to the outer limits...

A few of the lights are permanently green. The others all blink in rhythm... one, two, three, four...

A VOICE

Then sometimes you're gonna blow a tire.

...until one of them jumps out of rhythm. Double-blinks.
And everything GOES BLACK.

A VOICE
*That's what happened yesterday at
1:07 PM. Eastern standard time.*

THEN SLAM BACK IN:

IN DOWNTOWN SHANGHAI -- EXACTLY 1:07 PM EST

It is 1:07 AM here at a rooftop OUTDOOR RAVE, high above the neon lights of nighttime Shanghai.

Bodies convulse on the crowded dance floor, and the music PULSATES -- while LIGHTING DRONES flies in the air above the bodies, creating a swift and surreal strobe effect.

A VOICE
*At this point, it feels like
technology is moving so fast that
it's either leaving us behind...*

Somewhere in this mass of people is one young Chinese man named WON JOON, and right now his mind is floating ten feet above his body. Whatever drug he's on, he's on it good.

Won Joon pulls over a nearby GIRL and just goes for it. She doesn't even blink -- and as they start making out furiously, the lighting drones whizzing back and forth above them--

ON A TELEVISION SCREEN IN ICELAND -- EXACTLY 1:07 PM EST

A BLONDE MAN in a reindeer outfit is prancing around the set of an Icelandic children's show called GAMAN BÖRN KLUKKUSTON--

--but a guy in his late 20's named JOJI is not paying it very much attention. Instead he's focused on his elaborate computer set-up, where he's currently splicing a grainy video clip--

-- of that same blonde TV host SNORTING up a monumental line of COCAINE, his face now ruddy and bulbous and very close to a camera he does not seem to be at all aware of.

A VOICE
...or it's finally catching up to us.

Joji brands the clip in its lower left corner with his signature tag (a Viking in leopard print underwear), then loops it so that it plays OVER and OVER before he finally uploads it online--

WHILE SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA -- EXACTLY 1:07 PM EST

THOUSANDS of stick-wielding workers are gathered in front of a fenced off mining plant, working themselves into a FRENZY.

A PROVINCIAL REPRESENTATIVE stands on a makeshift stage behind the chain link fence, trying to quell the crowd as best he can. He speaks to them in Fanagalo, a Zulu pidgin language used almost exclusively by uneducated miners.

But a ROWDY GROUP of strikers start throwing rocks through the fence, straight at the Representative --

A VOICE
*And that's true in every single
 corner of the world. Even ones you
 might not expect.*

--but one of them sails right through him. The Representative, as it turns out, is a HOLOGRAM.

The realization only makes the crowd ROWDIER, and they surge forward, SHAKING the fence, the ruckus growing LOUDER --

IN A CORNER OFFICE HIGH ABOVE MANHATTAN -- EXACTLY 1:07 PM EST

-- it's lunch hour in New York, and things are comparatively quiet in this office, the cityscape spread out 47 floors below.

A VOICE
*But it's especially true right here
 on Wall Street. It used to be,
 stocks might crash in a day.
 Fortunes could be lost overnight.*

Only there are NOISES here, too -- because over on the leather couch are two figures, a MAN and a WOMAN, writhing, moaning, louder now. Although the woman's face is buried in the sofa, the man's perfectly BALD HEAD gleams in the sunlight.

Over on the large desk in the center of the room is a laptop, opened to an email inbox. CLOSER AND CLOSER on the screen...

A VOICE
*Now stocks crash in seconds. And
 fortunes can disappear--
 (with a SNAP of his fingers)
 --that quick.*

A new email arrives, the subject of which reads: ACCOUNT ACTIVITY ALERT. The couple on the couch, it goes without saying, do not notice or care.

DRIFT UP -- to the laptop's built-in video camera, that tiny little piece of glass, that dark, apparently dormant lens... CLOSER and CLOSER and CLOSER until the pinhole finally swallows up everything, and the screen GOES BLACK AGAIN.

AFTER A MOMENT, SLAM BACK IN:

TO A MONTAGE --

--of FINANCIAL NEWS ANCHORMEN talking gravely into camera.

AN ANCHORMAN

Eden Capital, a publicly traded black box investment firm run by hedge fund king Walt Camby, disclosed that at seven minutes past one this afternoon an algorithm managing its portfolio suddenly went haywire...

Then another ANCHORMAN on another network--

ANOTHER ANCHORMAN

...by the time the server was shut down, less than nine minutes later, Eden had already lost over 400 million dollars...

The graphic next to this one reads EDEN: A DISASTER OF BIBLICAL PROPORTIONS?

YET ANOTHER ANCHORMAN

...Eden's stock price took a historic 67 dollar nose-dive this morning to a low of \$8.31...

Then, FOOTAGE at the NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE after the opening BELL as traders frantically try to unload the stock.

A VOICE

Eden called it an "algorithmic glitch" in their press release.

CLOSE on the TICKER SCREENS as columns of stock prices whiz by. The NUMBERS take over everything, turning into endless rows of BINARY CODE, flying by so fast they lose distinction.

A VOICE

Which is not the first time those two words have been used together. Nor will it be the last.

The CODE starts forming patterns, and the patterns morph into letters. And just like that, the screen is filled with Google headlines: "FOUR MINUTE FLASH CRASH DROPS DOW 600 POINTS." "HACKED TWEETS CAUSE MARKET INSECURITY."

A VOICE

You wanna complain about it? Go ahead. But not me. Because I believe in speed.

The headlines fall away, turning back into tiny bytes of data.

A VOICE
*I believe the best kind of failure is
 the fastest kind of failure.*

Gradually patterns start to emerge from the columns whizzing by -- curves and peaks and valleys. Soon it becomes clear that this is now a graph of the DOW JONES INDEX.

A VOICE
*And failure is just a part of life.
 It happens every day, so you better
 get used to it.*

A BLACK DOT tracks the current index, rising higher and higher on the day...

A VOICE
*Hell, you better embrace it. Because
 without failure, there is no risk.*

...until it suddenly and precipitously starts to drop, turning RED as it passes the morning's starting point, getting larger as it continues to drop, until finally it flares so bright it takes up the entire SCREEN--

A VOICE
And without risk, there is no reward.

THEN SLOWLY MORPHS INTO THE SUN --

--as it rises, slowly illuminating the skyline of Manhattan.

A VOICE
*But you already knew that. You
 wouldn't be watching this if you
 weren't willing to chase the risk.*

New Yorkers start out on their day. In the streets, on the subway, stuck in traffic. Faces chosen at random.

A VOICE
*That's what makes you different
 than the others. You might have to
 live amongst them, but you're
 different than them.*

One SUCKER in particular beelines across 5th Avenue to grab an overpriced macchiato from one of the giant coffee chains.

A VOICE
*You know who I'm talking about. The
 suckers who actually think their
 savings should be kept in a savings
 account. The idiots who are watching
 SportsCenter right now instead of me.
 (MORE)*

A VOICE (CONT'D)

Oh, they want more money, just like you do. But they want it so they can spend it, not invest it. And then afterwards they have the nerve to complain -- "but I don't have enough, I never have enough." And that will always be the case for those people... as long as they're afraid. Afraid of the risk.

There is a small line filled with other SUCKERS. None of them are paying any attention to the flatscreen hanging from the ceiling, which is tuned to one of those loud, colorful infotainment shows on a financial news cable network.

A VOICE

You're not afraid, though. Because you have a deep desire to make your money work for you, as opposed to the other way around.

CLOSER and CLOSER on this TV -- to reveal that this voice belongs to LEE GATES, forties, the host of a show called MONEY MONSTER. According to a graphic plastered right there on the screen he is the WORLD'S NUMBER ONE \$\$\$ EXPERT.

Lee grabs a boxing robe, throws it on over his suit. Pulls on a pair of gloves too.

LEE GATES (ON SCREEN)

And what's what we do here. Sure, we took a lick from Eden Capital yesterday. But that means today we gotta get up from the mat, and we gotta start throwing punches again. And if we're lucky, we'll get off a good one, and we'll watch it connect.

A bell DINGS, and Lee grins, wrapping up his intro.

LEE GATES (ON SCREEN)

So you know what that sound means. Lets go throw some punches.

The show's ANNOUNCER pipes in with CROWD SOUND EFFECTS, then apes the voice of a boxing ringside announcer.

DEEP VOICE OF A RINGSIDE ANNOUNCER

Now entering the ring: today's can't-miss stock tip of the millennium!

Lee steps right up to the camera and throws a couple jabs straight at it -- 1, 2, and then on 3, just like that --

CUT TO BLACK

**TWO WEEKS, 23 HOURS, AND 47 MINUTES AFTER THAT DAY'S
CAN'T-MISS STOCK TIP OF THE MILLENNIUM**

INSIDE A PARCEL TRUCK --

The cargo door WHOOSHES up and light fills the screen again.

It must be early in the morning right now, because this truck is completely empty -- until delivery man KYLE BUDWELL (early 30's) steps up into it, carefully balancing TWO PACKAGES.

UP ON THE 22ND FLOOR OF A MANHATTAN BUILDING--

Lee Gates, meanwhile, is scrolling through a stock portfolio app on his phone.

LEE GATES

What do you mean he's ordained?

He does some business just below the frame -- like maybe he's picking up something he dropped, or cleaning up a spill...

MUFFLED FEMALE VOICE

No, he's on a plane, Lee. A plane.

LEE GATES

Oh. Okay. That makes a lot more sense.

(then)

Hold on, Walt Camby's on a plane?

MUFFLED FEMALE VOICE

Jesus Christ. I'm not having this conversation with you through a goddamn door.

Lee stands and FLUSHES a toilet -- which answers the question about what he was cleaning up. Then he opens the bathroom door to reveal his director and exec producer, NANCY FENN, standing in his office, clipboard in hand.

LEE GATES

Fine, I'll leave it open next time.

She ignores him, sorting through her clipboard for a memo...

NANCY

We've already arranged a fill-in. Her name is Diane Lester, she's set up a remote feed from Eden's offices--

But a PRODUCTION ASSISTANT pokes his head in and interrupts.

P.A.

Ten minutes, Mr. Gates.

LEE GATES

Fuck me. How is this possible? How are we just finding out about this ten minutes from air?

NANCY

I called over there as soon as he missed his arrival time. They seemed just as surprised as we are.

LEE GATES

Those stonewalling sons of bitches. We've been promoting this interview for the past 48 hours. We carved out two whole segments for him!

Lee grabs a tie off a rack as they head out into the busy hall together. She finally finds the memo and hands it over.

NANCY

Yes we did. Which is what we're filling them with Diane Lester--

LEE GATES

(ignoring the memo)
Who the hell is Diane Lester?

NANCY

She's their VP of PR -- which means she probably wrote all Walt's talking points anyway. Now do you have a revision on the opening for me yet?

Lee calls down the hall to nobody in particular.

LEE GATES

Ron! Where's Ron? Has anybody seen Ron?

(then, to Nancy)
We're... still making changes.

They burst through a pair of double doors into --

THE STUDIO --

-- where the Money Monster set is an elaborate combo of high tech gizmos and low tech props: market tickers, big screen TV's, and dozens of monsters, from T-Rex's to vampires. It's controlled chaos in here, with CREW bustling everywhere.

NANCY

Will we have it before or after the show?

Lee just pats Nancy on the shoulder, already distracted by the stocked craft service table.

LEE GATES
Just point the cameras in my
direction and we'll figure it out
together, sweetheart.

Nance rolls her eyes. Then turns to the FLOOR MANAGER--

NANCY
So the usual. Get ready to wing it.

-- as Lee heads over to check out the food. His pretty young
assistant BREE meets him there.

BREE THE ASSISTANT
Edgar Rosenthal's office called. He
can't make dinner tonight.

LEE GATES
Thank Christ. Dinner at the nursing
home with my Nana is more exciting
than dinner with that guy.

BREE THE ASSISTANT
They didn't offer to reschedule, want
me to call back to set a new night?

LEE GATES
Nah, wait for them to call us. Push
it to June when they do, though. Or
hell, push it later than that. Tell
em I'm booked through August.

BREE THE ASSISTANT
(mumbling as she leaves)
No problem. They're not in much of
a hurry either, obviously...

LEE GATES
Whoa whoa whoa, come back here.
What does that mean? How many
times has he rescheduled now?

Bree checks her notes.

BREE THE ASSISTANT
Seven.

LEE GATES
No no, how many times has HE
rescheduled, not how many times has
it been rescheduled total.

BREE THE ASSISTANT
Seven.

Lee stares at her. Then pulls out his phone from his pocket.

LEE GATES

That's ridiculous. I'm calling him
on his cell.

BREE THE ASSISTANT

His office said he's in a
shareholder's meeting--

He waves her off, already dialing.

Meanwhile Nancy switches the display monitor behind Lee's on-set desk to a video feed of DIANE LESTER (thirties, well-dressed, very professional), who's touching up her own make-up as she reviews some talking points.

NANCY

Lee, this is Diane Les--

But Lee holds up his finger, interrupting her. A voice on the other end of his phone finally picks up.

LEE GATES (INTO PHONE)

Ed? It's Lee Iococca, I've changed
my mind on this whole retirement
thing, turns out I do want your job
after all.

(off his response)

Yeah yeah, it's Gates. Listen, what
the hell is goin on at your office--

(off his response)

Oh-- oh, alright.

He hangs up quickly. Bites a fingernail.

LEE GATES

Those goddamn shareholders. Like
"meeting" with their CEO's will
actually make any difference.

(then, to Bree)

Okay, so I got an open slot tonight.
Lets find somebody to fill it with.

NANCY

Lee. Prioritize.

Nancy motions towards Diane on the screen. Lee finally turns his attention to her.

LEE GATES

Well you guys at Eden just can't do
anything right these days, can you?

DIANE LESTER (ON SCREEN)

I'm very sorry to put you in this
situation. If it was something we
could control, believe me we would.

LEE GATES

You know I've been the only guy out there who's been defending Walt this whole week, right?

DIANE LESTER (ON SCREEN)

I know. I promise he's not blowing you off, his plane was just delayed--

LEE GATES

Delayed? C'mon, the guy's a billionaire, he owns how many jets? Now you expect me to believe he's flying commercial all of a sudden?

DIANE LESTER (ON SCREEN)

I'm afraid I can't speak to his flight schedule, Mr. Gates. I'm in charge of public relations, not executive travel.

The STAGE MANAGER interrupts, pulling Lee's attention away--

STAGE MANAGER

Five minutes! Five minutes to air.

LEE GATES

Where's Ron? Ron, dammit! Ron!

-- while Nancy heads off into the ATTACHED CONTROL ROOM next to the studio, and Bree hands Lee a list she's printed out--

BREE THE ASSISTANT

So here's a list of dinners that have been rescheduled to TBD's over the last few months.

Lee takes it. Quickly scans the names.

LEE GATES

Ugh, I wouldn't invite most of these people to a goddamn audit, Bree.

Just then RON MAROWITZ (late 20's, slicked back hair) knocks over a fill light as he flies around the corner, panting.

LEE GATES

There you are. You better have that Canadian commodities data for me--

RON MAROWITZ

Yeah I got it, I got it.

He hands papers to Lee, who thumbs through them quickly while Ron tries to catch his breath.

RON MAROWITZ

Sorry, I -- just ran all the way back from Greenwich Village. I had a -- meeting with Tony Biscano at Capitol Group, he -- slipped me this.

Ron pulls a tube of ointment out of his pocket.

LEE GATES

What is it?

RON MAROWITZ

That erectile cream he gave me the heads up about last month--

LEE GATES

Wait, Tony Biscano slipped you erectile cream? I guess I wasn't aware of the exact nature of your relationship, Ron.

RON MAROWITZ

I told you all about this, remember? They've been testing it for a year and the approval from the FDA finally came in last night, but they haven't made the announcement yet.

LEE GATES

And it works?

RON MAROWITZ

Apparently. Pretty damn fast too.

LEE GATES

You tried it?

RON MAROWITZ

I just got it 30 minutes ago.

LEE GATES

Well what the hell are you waiting for?

RON MAROWITZ

You want me to -- wait, what? Right now?

LEE GATES

I'm on in five, aren't I? A bull in the bed, a bull on the streets, Ron -- I need to know if I can give it a buy.

Lee glances back at the monitor -- to find Diane watching from her feed, a little taken aback by the conversation. Lee nods at her index cards of notes.

LEE GATES

I hope you got your shit straight,
lady. I've got a lotta egg on my face
thanks to you people, and I could use
somebody to wipe it off on.

WHILE OVER IN THE STUDIO CONTROL ROOM --

Nancy settles into her seat in front of a wall of MONITORS.
The master clock reads 12:56:22. It's so frenetic at this
point it's hard to keep track of everything that's going on.

NANCY

Still working off the rehearsal
script for the opening, guys.

Nancy's talking to her two member TECH TEAM, SAM and DAVE,
who are flanking either side of her. Dave just sighs, already
midway through typing the script into the teleprompter--

TECH DAVE

But he didn't even stick to the
rehearsal script at rehearsal.

--while Nancy eyeballs MONITOR ONE, where Bree lingers nearby
Lee with her clipboard as he gets mic'd up.

BREE THE ASSISTANT (ON SCREEN)

So. About dinner...

LEE GATES (ON SCREEN)

Okay. You wore me down.

BREE THE ASSISTANT (ON SCREEN)

I'm sorry?

LEE GATES (ON SCREEN)

I said okay, I'll go to dinner with
you. Make a reservation for two at
Kyo Ya, lets say 9:30?

On screen, Bree just rolls her eyes. Why does she even bother?

BREE THE ASSISTANT (ON SCREEN)

I still have a boyfriend, Lee. Just
like I did yesterday.

LEE GATES (ON SCREEN)

(calling after her)

Who's still a bartender in Hoboken.
Just like he was yesterday.

Nancy rolls her eyes too -- but then glances over at another
monitor (FEED 1), where Diane Lester is whispering to someone
impatiently off screen. Nancy clicks her headset over.

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)
Hi Diane, can you can hear me?

On screen, Diane pauses. Touches her earpiece, happy to have a moment with Nancy away from Lee...

DIANE LESTER (ON SCREEN)
I'm in a tough position here,
Nancy. I don't need an ambush.

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)
Well maybe you shoulda thought of
that before your company bent half
our audience over and screwed them
from behind, huh?

...or not. Nancy's multi-tasking, approving cues as she talks.

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)
Look, he'll come in a little hot
because he'd been pushing Eden so
hard, but he'll settle down and let
you say what you need to say.

DIANE LESTER (ON SCREEN)
Well I'd just... really like some
assurances from him that--

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)
You don't need any assurances from
him, you just got one from me. We
don't do gotcha journalism here,
Diane. Hell, we don't really do
journalism, period.

On MONITOR THREE, Tech Sam is currently cuing up a clip from an OLD HORROR MOVIE, where a girl's head is chopped off and the crowd around her starts to scream.

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)
Nobody understands that better than
Lee, I promise you. And on the off
chance he needs to be reminded,
I'll be right there in his ear.

OUTSIDE ON A BUSY NEW YORK STREET --

Kyle double parks his delivery truck, walks around to open the back door, dodging mid-afternoon traffic.

Above him is a large billboard of Lee Gates, grinning out at the city. Behind Lee is a bank vault full of money, and underneath him it says: IN GATES WE TRUST.

Kyle climbs into the truck. Weirdly, it's still entirely empty, except for the two packages strapped down on a shelf.

IN THE MEN'S ROOM --

Ron Marowitz walks in. Makes sure he's alone -- then goes into a stall, pulls out the tube of ointment.

Stares down at it. Christ, the things he does for research.

WHILE IN THE STUDIO --

Lee's still pondering his dinner list while a HAIRSTYLIST does her thing and a SOUND ENGINEER hands him an earpiece. As soon as he puts it in, there's Nancy in his ear--

NANCY'S VOICE (INTO LEE'S EAR)

So here's a novel idea. How about you
just pick up some takeout on the way
home, get into your pajamas--

LEE GATES

Oh God, stop right there, I'm
already getting depressed...

NANCY'S VOICE

--you've got a snuggie,
right? Because I can get you
a snuggie--

A snuggie?? Why are you
trying to make me suicidal
right before I go on air?

WHILE BACK IN THE CONTROL ROOM --

Nancy is still multi-tasking impressively, clicking from Lee--

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)

You're a little out of focus, Lenny,
are you in front of your mark?

Through the window into the studio, LENNY THE CAMERAMAN (bald, gruff, union strong) looks down -- indeed he is a few feet in front of it.

LENNY

Ah, balls.

Lenny scoots back and Monitor One racks ever so slightly back into focus.

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)

Perfect, that got it.

TECH SAM (INTO STUDIO MIC)

One minute to air, one minute.
Clear the stage, please.

WHILE IN THE STUDIO LOBBY DOWNSTAIRS --

Kyle enters with the packages under each arm. The SECURITY GUARD at the front slaps the desk when he sees him.

SECURITY GUARD

Well look at this guy! Look at this
smug bastard right here!

(to nobody, really)

He's back! I told him he'd be back,
didn't I?

KYLE

Yup... guess you were right.

The Security Guard high fives Kyle as he passes, while--

BACK STAGE --

Lee has stepped into the back so a MAKEUP LADY can put on
last touches. But he's still talking to Nancy in his ear--

LEE GATES

Honest answer: how many nights a week
do you eat dinner in your pajamas?

NANCY (INTO LEE'S EAR)

Like on average over the course of
my life, or just since Marcus left?

LEE GATES

Because I haven't eaten dinner
alone since the '90's. Hand to god.

Lee's cell phone RINGS. He pulls it out of his pocket.

NANCY'S VOICE (INTO LEE'S EAR)

That's awful. That just makes me
feel sorry for you.

LEE GATES

What!? No no, I'm the one that
feels sorry for-- ah, forget it.

Hold on for a sec, Nance...

(answering phone)

Ron. You walkin hard or what?

IN THE MEN'S ROOM --

Ron Marowitz's feet are visible under the stall.

RON'S VOICE

This stuff is incredible. I'm talking
zero to 6.0 in like 20 seconds flat.

LEE'S VOICE

So it's a buy, then?

RON'S VOICE

It works faster than porn, Lee. And
I mean the good kind of porn--

LEE'S VOICE

Great, thanks. Now put it away and go find me an even better lead for tomorrow's show.

RON'S VOICE

Put it away...? Hello?

But Lee's already hung up. Ron hesitates for a moment... then calls another number --

RON MAROWITZ (INTO PHONE)

Hey Arlene, it's Ron. You got a minute? I've got a really good tip on a really big stock.

BACK IN THE CONTROL ROOM --

People are really scrambling now. In the middle of the chaos, Nancy clicks her headset over to Diane on the Feed Monitor.

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)

Standby, Diane. You'll be up on the top of the second segment.

She clicks her headset off -- but then notices Diane nervously checking her makeup in a compact. Nancy grimaces, then clicks her headset back on--

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)

You look great, by the way.

Diane nods, confused by Nancy but grateful for the compliment. Nancy just clicks her headset back off and turns to Tech Dave--

NANCY

Her forehead's so shiny I'm actually squinting -- turn down the contrast on that, will you please?

TECH SAM (INTO MIC)

Fifteen seconds...

NANCY

Okay, here we go. Roll lead in. Cue camera one.

TECH SAM (INTO MIC)

-- ten seconds --

TECH DAVE

Cuing theme.

OUT IN THE STUDIO FRONT HALL --

The elevator DINGS, and Kyle steps out with his two packages. There is a MONITOR on the wall showing the Money Monster feed--

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (ON TV)

Here he is, the wizard of Wall Street himself -- Lee Gates!

IN THE STUDIO --

CANNED APPLAUSE is piped in as Lee emerges to something like BACK IN THE NEW YORK GROOVE by KISS.

He does his SIGNATURE DANCE MOVE, a hip shake and shimmy type thing, chewing scenery as he makes his way to center stage.

LEE GATES

Thank you very much. The name is Lee Gates, the show is Money Monster, the day is Thursday, and the Dow dropped a seismic seven points this morning. So what does that mean for the market as a whole? Should you...

He hits a button on the desk nearby, and on the screen behind him, the MOVIE CLIP that Sam cued up (of the head chopping off and the crowd SCREAMING in terror) instantly plays.

LEE GATES

Or should you...

He hits another button and the clip switches to a CELEBRATION SCENE from another movie, where people cheer wildly.

LEE GATES

The answer is: who cares about the Dow, it's a measly 30 companies! So why do you people keep paying so much attention to it? Well probably because our network insists on tracking it right here on their screen in giant font all day. And why do they do that? Because you people keep paying so much attention to it! And the wheel in the sky keeps on turning, folks.

Lee's POV includes his three CAMERA OPERATORS --(especially Lenny on Camera One)-- plus his SOUND GUYS, his FLOOR MANAGER, and his teleprompter, which is still paused on "the Dow dropped 7 points this morning." This riff is completely off the cuff.

He sees Nancy motion through the control room window at the back of the studio -- get on with it, get on with it. Lee gives her a nearly imperceptible grin.

LEE GATES

Well lets try to ignore it for one day -- one day! -- so we can talk about that giant, sickly elephant in the room instead. Eden Capital, down another quarter today to a paltry 8.40. Christ on a tricycle, 8.40?!

He hits a button, cuing a sound effect of a CROWD BOOING.

LEE GATES

I know, I know, I'm right there with you. And to add insult to injury, we won't be talking about Eden with its CEO Walt Camby after all, because he's busy flying around up in the air on a 25 million dollar jet while his company's stock flops around down here on the ground like a dying fish.

IN DIANE LESTER'S OFFICE --

Diane reacts as a TECH from Eden's A/V Department set up a small key light behind the camera.

LEE'S VOICE

So instead we have the next best thing: his right hand gal, Diane Lester, will join us later to explain exactly what went so tragically, historically wrong last week. But first -- lets talk market movers and shakers.

OUT IN THE HALLWAY --

Kyle pauses for the first time, hearing what Lee said on the TV. But then a PRODUCTION ASSISTANT notices him standing there, holding his two packages, obviously out of place...

P.A.

Excuse me -- can I help you?

Kyle looks over at him. It's now or never. He makes a break for it, heading right for the stage door--

P.A.

Wait a second, sir, you can't go in there. Sir--

(starting to panic)

Sir, no, that's the stage! SIR!

But Kyle doesn't stop. The PA runs up behind him to the door.

P.A.

Oh shit. Shit-shit-shit.

(fumbles with his radio)

Uh, hello? Hello? I need somebody!

UP IN THE CONTROL ROOM --

The radio sits ignored in a corner, Nancy and her team completely focused on the show as Lee continues his monologue--

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)
 Lets cue up clip package two
 just in case he skips over
 one. Hell cue up three while
 you're at it--

LEE GATES
 ...Tecmo Systems suffered a 4
 dollar loss today, that's a
 9% drop. Oh god, it's a
 freefall! You're probably
 wondering -- should I sell?
 Should I unload? Well here's
 what I have to say to you:

Despite the fact he's still off script, Nancy intuitively
 knows where he's going --

NANCY
 Graphic 5 up.

An image of a bunch of sports balls (a football, basketball,
 baseball, etc) takes over the screen behind Lee.

LEE GATES (ON SCREEN)
 Get some balls! Man up!

NANCY
 And now 6...

LEE GATES (ON SCREEN)
 (knowing Nancy's right there)
 This is the stock price over the past
 three months. See these drops? They
 invented the word volatility for this
 stock -- look, a three fifty drop
 here, almost five bucks here. If
 you'd panicked that day you'd have
 sold at 26, you whiners, you
 chickens! You know what you need to
 grow, right? Let me hear it!

NANCY
 Shit, he's talking to the crew
 again. Back to 1.

On stage, Lee cups his hand to his ear -- but is greeted by
 near silence.

LEE GATES (ON SCREEN)
 Are you guys kidding me? Lenny, I
 know you're union and all, but
 we're talking an 89% ROI last year,
 even the teamsters get rowdy over
 those kinda numbers. Now let me
 hear it!

Then, on the camera three monitor, Kyle can be seen walking
 onto the stage. But Nancy is focused on the show's main feed--

TECH SAM
 Okay, who's this dude?

TECH DAVE
Who's what dude?

TECH SAM
The dude that just walked on stage.
Camera 3.

NANCY
Ugh. Lee, you son of a bitch.
(doing a Lee impression)
"Just point the cameras in my
direction and we'll figure it out
together, sweetheart."

TECH DAVE
He looks like a delivery guy.

NANCY
It's probably some teamster gag he
cooked up. Marc, stay on the delivery
guy -- Alan, there's no way he's
mic'd so you'll have to boom him in.

On screen, though, Lee is still ribbing Lenny the camera guy.

LEE GATES (ON SCREEN)
I'm disappointed in you, Lenny, I
really am. I hear this word out of
you ten times a day -- when you miss
your mark, when you stub your toe,
when the good food trucks leave too
early at lunch. And now suddenly you
go mute on me?

Lenny just shrugs at him from behind Camera One. Fine.

LENNY
Balls.

Lee triumphantly slaps a button on his desk, causing a BOXING
BELL sound effect.

LEE GATES
There it is, just under the wire!
The rest of you, you know what that
means -- it's time for today's can't
miss stock pick of the millenium!

Lee finally senses somebody behind him. He turns as Kyle puts
down the boxes, his forehead beaded with sweat. Lee is caught
off guard, but tries to play along.

LEE GATES
Whaddaya got there, a delivery?

Kyle suddenly whips out a 9MM PISTOL, points it at Lee --

KYLE

Don't move.

Lee shoots a look at Nancy behind the glass, who just rolls her eyes. Each of them thinks the other is behind this.

LEE GATES

What is this, a union thing?

Suddenly Kyle points the gun at the ceiling and FIRES. A light SHATTERS overhead, and glass rains down.

LEE GATES

Jesus Christ!

IN DIANE LESTER'S OFFICE --

Diane is still touching up her makeup in a compact mirror when she hears the GUNSHOT. Startled, she looks over at the TV, forgetting all about the camera that's on her, while --

BACK IN THE CONTROL ROOM --

Nobody is paying attention to Diane's screen right now, either. Sam and Dave, more confused than worried at this point, both lean in to get a look up at the shattered light.

TECH SAM

What the hell?

But Nancy knows something's wrong. She blinks, a million thoughts running through her head at once. And then--

NANCY

Cut the feed.

Tech Dave pushes a button and the network feed screen goes black. Kyle puts the barrel of the gun up against Lee's head--

LEE GATES

Oh Jesus, oh Jesus, oh Jesus...

KYLE

Turn those cameras back on!

Everyone in the studio just stares at him, too stunned to move. Kyle makes eye contact with Nancy through the glass.

KYLE

You! Turn the cameras back on!

Nancy swallows hard-- then clicks over to the studio intercom.

NANCY (INTO MIC)

I can't. Once they're off they're off. Network has the feed now.

KYLE
YOU'RE LYING. TURN THE CAMERAS ON
OR I WILL KILL HIM.

Lee, his face white, looks up at Nancy desperately.

LEE GATES
Okay, you're right, she's bluffing.
Turn the cameras back on, Nancy.

NANCY (INTO LEE'S EAR)	KYLE
I can't do it, Lee, you know	I'm gonna count to three and
I can't do it.	if the cameras aren't back on
	I swear to god I'm pulling
	this trigger. 1...

LEE GATES
Just do what he says, for god's sake--

KYLE
2...

LEE GATES
Christ, Nancy, turn the cameras on!

Nancy closes her eyes -- and just before Kyle makes it to 3 she jumps out of her seat, hitting the button herself, and --

IN THE STUDIO --

The monitors click back on. Lee, drenched in sweat, looks like he's about to pass out.

KYLE
Are we live?

LEE GATES
Oh God. Yeah, we're back on.

KYLE
Do not touch that feed again or I
will pull this trigger, you hear me?

Kyle fumbles around in his pocket, then pulls out his phone--

KYLE
Don't try any tricks with the monitors
either, I have the broadcast here on
my phone. If I see anything other than
us, I will shoot him in his head.

LEE GATES
Okay. Everybody understands.
(to the booth)
Everybody understands, right?

IN THE BOOTH --

Nancy snaps her fingers at Tech Sam.

NANCY
Call security.
(then into Lee's ear)
Yes. Everybody understands.

Lee shoots her a look -- you gotta say it so he can hear.

NANCY (OVER THE INTERCOM)
Everybody understands. We're staying
on the air.

Kyle nods. Finally he's able to focus back on Lee. He pushes the gun further into his temple. Gestures at the two packages.

KYLE
Pick one.

Lee looks down at them, but doesn't move.

LEE GATES
What's inside?

KYLE
I said pick one.

LEE GATES
What's it gonna do, explode?

KYLE
Pick a box right now!

LEE GATES
I'm not gonna pick a fuckin box.

IN THE CONTROL BOOTH --

Tech Sam lets the phone receiver drop from his ear.

TECH SAM
Did he just say fucking on the air?

NANCY
Who gives a fuck, Sam, where the
FUCK IS SECURITY?

IN THE NETWORK SECURITY OFFICE --

Head of Security NOLAN, 55, is on the other end of the phone, watching a rerun of KNIGHT RIDER on one of the TV monitors.

SECURITY OFFICER NOLAN (ON PHONE)
Yeah yeah, sounds like a real cute
stunt today. Give my regards to
whoever came up with it--

TECH SAM'S VOICE
It's not a stunt this time! Turn on
the goddamn TV, man!

Nolan makes a face, although he switches channels anyway. It takes a few flips to finally find Money Monster, but he finally does -- just as Kyle smashes the back of Lee's head with the butt of his gun.

KYLE (ON TV)
Open that box or I will kill you.

Nolan needs a second to process what he's seeing -- and then he clumsily leaps out of his chair, reaching out for a RED PHONE across the desk--

WHILE BACK IN THE STUDIO --

Still smarting from the blow to the head, Lee finally, reluctantly opens the box.

LEE GATES
Oh Jesus.

KYLE
Now put it on.

Any remaining color quickly seeps out of Lee's face... as he pulls out a vest with EXPLOSIVES WIRED TO IT.

LEE GATES
How do I know it won't blow up?

KYLE
Because I have the detonator.

He holds up his other hand, revealing a WIRELESS DETONATOR.

KYLE
If my thumb comes off this trigger,
then you explode.

LEE GATES
What happens if your thumb gets tired?

KYLE
You better hope it doesn't.

Lee slowly, gingerly puts on the vest -- but the movement causes him to start hyperventilating.

LEE GATES
Something's wrong. I can't catch my
breath--

He clutches at his chest, gripped with pain. Starts loudly
sucking down breaths, desperate for air.

LEE GATES
I think I'm having a heart attack.

KYLE
Do I look stupid to you?

In the control room, Nancy clicks over to Lee's direct feed.

NANCY
Breathe, Lee. Breathe.

LEE GATES
I can't breathe, that's the problem!

He's soaked in sweat now, his heart racing. He looks straight
up at Nancy through the control room window, mumbles in
between jagged gulps of breath--

LEE GATES
Oh God, Nancy. I'm gonna die.

KYLE
You're not gonna die, dipshit. Not
yet anyway.

LEE GATES
Fuck you, I'm having a fucking
heart attack here!

KYLE
You're not having a heart attack,
you're having a panic attack.

LEE GATES
How the hell do you know?

KYLE
Cause it happens to me all the time.

Up in the control room, Nancy holds Lee's eye contact.

NANCY (INTO LEE'S EAR)
Keep breathing. Look at me, Lee, I'm
right here. Stay with me. Do you hear
me breathing? Just do what I do.

It's working -- Lee's breaths are slowly getting steadier.
And somehow Lee's panic attack has turned Kyle into the calm
one. He spots a mug on Lee's desk, nudges it over.

KYLE
Here. Drink some water.

LEE GATES
That's not water.

Kyle looks down at the clear liquid in the mug. So -- vodka.

KYLE
Even better then.

THROUGHOUT THE CITY --

As POLICE CARS fly down Broadway, sirens SCREAMING --

IN DIANE LESTER'S OFFICE --

Diane, eyes wide, watches what's happening on TV, ignoring the camera still pointed at her as well as the SIRENS outside--

WHILE IN A PUB NEAR WALL STREET --

White collar STOCK MARKET TYPES are gathered around the bar, unable to believe what's happening on screen.

IN A TIRE STORE --

Blue collar CUSTOMERS and WORKERS have all stopped what they're doing to watch here, too.

IN THE SAME COFFEE SHOP AS EARLIER --

The SUCKERS with their overpriced macchiato's who'd been ignoring the show earlier are glued to the screen now.

BACK IN THE STUDIO --

Lee, still pale from his embarrassing panic attack, tries to regain his bearings, wiping the sweat off his brow. Kyle points his gun at the studio doors, motions to the Floor Manager.

KYLE
Shut those doors. Anybody comes in or goes out, I start shooting. I -- have something I want to say, and I want to make sure I get time to say it.

The Floor Manager does as instructed. Kyle pulls a sheet of paper out of his pocket, clumsily unfolds it -- blinks furiously, trying to make out the words.

KYLE
I want everyone to know something.
I might be the one with the gun,
but I'm not the only criminal here.
(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

People like these guys, they're stealing everything from us. And they're getting away with it too -- nobody's even asking how! Nobody's asking why! The government just looks the other way -- in fact, they're encouraging it. Because after they steal our money, they barely even have to pay taxes on it! It's rigged, the whole goddamn thing. They're stealing the country out from under us. Not the Muslims, not the Chinese. Them.

He finally looks up, at the camera. His eyes aren't quite wild, but he's unsettled, on edge.

LEE GATES

Hey, I didn't steal anything from y--

KYLE

Shut up.

Kyle swings the gun over at Lee, trembling with rage. He looks down at his paper, trying to find out where he left off, but he's too shaky. He starts to ad lib.

KYLE

It's all fixed, you know? They like how the math adds up, so they gotta keep rewriting the equation. Which means the one time you finally get a little extra money, you try to be smart about it, you turn on the tv -- and boom, that's how they take it. They take it so fast they don't even have to explain it, because they control the information, they literally own the airwaves. But not today.

Lee catches Nancy's eye. This guy is obviously wackadoodle.

LEE GATES

What are you even talking about, man? What does any of this have to do with me?

Kyle wildly swings back around, pushing the gun at Lee again.

KYLE

Everything. That's why I'm here. It has everything to do with both of you.

Lee pauses. "Both of you?" He looks down at the second package, untouched on his desk.

LEE GATES
What's in that other box?

Kyle hesitates. Lee decides not to wait for permission -- he grabs the other box, opens it up. Inside is ANOTHER VEST with a bomb attached. Lee looks up at Kyle, realizing...

LEE GATES
You didn't come here for just me.

IN DIANE LESTER'S OFFICE --

Diane is watching the TV. Reaching the exact same conclusion.

DIANE LESTER
Oh shit.

Her eyes fly up to the A/V tech behind the camera--

DIANE LESTER
Cut it. Cut it now.

WHILE IN THE MONEY MONSTER CONTROL ROOM --

Nancy doesn't notice Diane's feed cut to black. She's watching the action out in the studio, like everybody else.

LEE GATES
This is about Eden Capital?

KYLE
You're goddamn right this is about Eden Capital.

LEE GATES
So -- what? You lost some money when their stock tanked?

KYLE
Some money? Some money?

LEE GATES
Fine, you lost a lot of money--

Kyle's is getting increasingly antsy. He's poking his gun at Lee so hard it's pressing his head over now.

KYLE
You went on TV and you said it was safe. Three weeks before the crash, you stood right here on this stage and told everybody it was safer than a savings account.

LEE GATES
That's bullshit. I recommended it,
yeah, but I didn't say it's safer
than a savings account--

KYLE
You wanna bet?

Something about the calmness of Kyle's voice makes Lee pause.

KYLE
C'mon. Lets bet. You said Eden was
safer than my savings account.

LEE GATES
No I didn't. I would never say that.

Kyle whips his gun towards Nancy in the production booth.

KYLE
March 6th. It was the stock pick of
the millenium on March 6th.

LEE GATES
Yeah, I make a stock pick of the
millenium every single day, that's
the fuckin joke--

Kyle slams the butt of his gun into the back of Lee's head
again, shutting him up. Then he eyes Nancy through the window.

KYLE
You have the tapes back there,
right? The March 6th show. Find it.

ON THE STREET OUTSIDE THE BUILDING --

There are a half dozen POLICE CARS here by now, and NEWS VANS
are arriving as well. Traffic is already at a standstill.

IN THE STUDIO LOBBY --

Head of Security Nolan enter with the lead officer in charge,
SGT. MULROONEY, (40's, plain-clothed) along with VASQUEZ, a
tough younger guy in a bulky BOMB SUIT.

SGT. MULROONEY
How many people are inside?

SECURITY OFFICER NOLAN
A floor manager, a sound engineer,
and three cameramen on the main
floor, plus the director and two tech
guys in the enclosed control room.

Vasquez studies the vest that Lee's wearing on screen.

SERGEANT VASQUEZ
 Shit -- if that's Semtex, it's enough
 for a fireball 50 feet from center.

SGT. MULROONEY
 Evacuate the rest of the building. Is
 there a line into that control room?

Nolan goes over to the front desk. Picks up a gray phone and
 dials an extension, then hands it off to Mulrooney.

SGT. MULROONEY
 SWAT will be here momentarily --
 we're gonna need schematics of the
 building, catwalks, exits,
 entrances, the whole shebang.

SECURITY OFFICER NOLAN
 On it.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM --

Nancy's picks up a matching gray phone on the fifth RING---

NANCY (INTO PHONE)
 What?

SGT. MULROONEY'S VOICE (ON PHONE)
 This is Sargeant Geno Mulrooney
 with the NYPD--

--just as Tech Sam clicks on a file at his computer nearby.
 Aha. He flashes Nancy a thumbs up.

NANCY (INTO PHONE)
 (prioritizing)
 Hold on a second, Sargeant.

OUT IN THE STUDIO --

Lee eyes the production booth.

LEE GATES
 I promise you, I didn't say it. And I
 definitely didn't tell you to put
 everything you've got into one single
 stock--

KYLE
 Wanna bet on that too?

LEE GATES
 Oh come on. If you watch the show
 then you know my motto: diversify,
 diversify, diversify--

NANCY (INTERRUPTING OVER P.A.)
Okay, we found it.

KYLE
Put it on right at the stock pick
of the millennium.

IN THE PRODUCTION BOOTH --

Sam toggles over to the segment on his video screen. He queues it up, then looks to Nancy, waiting for her okay.

Nancy sighs. This is a first, taking direction from a guy with a gun. She nods at Sam anyway.

NANCY
Roll tape.

ON THE SHOW FEED --

This episode's gimmick has Lee as a 50's style casino pit boss. As Lee struts onstage with his SIGNATURE DANCE MOVE, an ANNOUNCER pipes in over CASINO SOUND EFFECTS --

DEEP VOICE OF A RINGSIDE ANNOUNCER
Attention, gamblers: it's time for
today's can't-miss stock tip of the
millennium!

The video screen behind Lee turns into a BIG SLOT MACHINE.

LEE GATES (ON TAPE)
Alright then, lets see what ol
lucky one-arm has for us today.

After Lee has time to ham it up for a bit, the (obviously pre-arranged) video lands on three EDEN CAPITAL logos.

LEE GATES (ON TAPE)
Eden Capital! God I love this
company. I know I've talked it up
before, but that's how much I love
it. I can't get enough of this baby.

The screen switches over to a graph of Eden's climbing stock price over the past two years.

LEE GATES (ON TAPE)
Look at those curves! So voluptuous.
So full-figured. I mean, this isn't
just platonic love I'm feeling, this
is a deep, deep romantic love. I'm
genuinely attracted to it. Not
sexually so much, although back in
my drinking days I'll be honest, I
could talk myself into anything.

IN THE STUDIO -- Kyle shoots a look at Lee's mug that seemed to the world like it was filled with water only a few minutes ago. Lee sets his jaw, pretending like he doesn't notice.

LEE GATES (ON TAPE)

No, I'm attracted to it intellectually. Walt Camby might have made his first few billion in private equity, but ever since he took Eden public four years ago, the numbers are absolutely staggering. This is about the bluest chip there is in the high frequency trading world, folks.

The monitor behind him changes to a bar graph of Eden's yearly returns for the past five years.

LEE GATES (ON TAPE)

I don't know what their algorithm's magic formula is, and you know what, I don't wanna know. Because c'mon -- just take a look at these returns. Go ahead, try to find me a better place to put your money over the past five years. You stash it under your mattress, your house could still burn down. Bonds, IRA's, savings accounts-- none of em give you these results. This is as safe as safe gets.

IN THE STUDIO -- Kyle shoots Lee a satisfied look. Again, Lee just stares straight ahead.

LEE GATES (ON TAPE)

So Eden isn't a buy, folks, it's a sell -- as in, sell-the-rest-of-your-portfolio-and-go-whole-hog-in-on-this-puppy. Lemme see those numbers again, Nancy, just give me one more fix -- oh god. Oh god! I'm weak in the knees. I've been married three times already, but I think Eden Capital might just be the love of my life.

Finally Kyle motions that's enough. Put Lee out of his misery.

LEE GATES

I was-- exaggerating to make a point.

Kyle just puts the gun back to Lee's head, disturbingly calm.

KYLE

You lost the bet, Lee.

Lee glances over to see the barrel of the gun now an inch away from his eye. He starts to panic.

LEE GATES (ON SCREEN)
Whoa whoa whoa. Okay fine, I made a bad call. I'll tell you what -- how much did you buy into Eden for?

KYLE
60 grand.

LEE GATES
60 grand? This is about 60 grand??

KYLE
Pocket change to you, right?

LEE GATES
Well...yeah, it kinda is. Look, gimme 5 minutes, I can get 60 grand in cash here. I'll make you whole myself.

Kyle almost smiles, although it's completely humorless.

KYLE
That won't make me whole.

LEE GATES
Fine, give me a number that will, then, let me see what I can do.

KYLE
Okay. 400 million.

Lee nearly chokes as he takes another sip of vodka.

LEE GATES
It's gonna take me a little longer to round up 400 million, my friend.

KYLE
Well that's how much went poof in nine minutes when Eden's stock tumbled, you dumb shit, so that's what you owe us. Because I'm not the only one watching your show. I'm not the only shareholder that got screwed over here.

LEE GATES
Oh, so what, you're Robin Hood now? You strap a bomb to my chest and then act like you're all selfless, like you got fuckin principles?

Kyle puts the gun barrel inches from Lee's face.

KYLE
You watch what you say to me. I'm the one with the gun, remember.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM --

Even on the screen, Nancy can see the veins bulging in Lee's forehead. She switches her headset to Lee's channel--

NANCY (INTO LEE'S EAR)
What the hell are you doing? Don't
provoke him, for Christ's sake.

Kyle steps forward, pushes the gun against Lee's temple.
Taking pleasure in the power he has over him right now.

KYLE (ON SCREEN)
You must think I'm so stupid.
Trying to buy me off, like I could
just walk out of here with my 60
grand and they'd let me go live
happily ever after. I'm not stupid,
Lee -- I know there's only one way
this show's gonna end. I walked in
here knowing I'm not walking out.

Sam looks over at Nancy behind her desk.

TECH SAM
Jesus. He's suicidal.

WHILE OUT IN THE LOBBY --

Mulrooney yells out to the others.

SGT. MULROONEY
Where the hell is SWAT? And where
is my negotiator??

A younger officer (BENSON) is in the back, working the radio--

OFFICER BENSON
SWAT's pulling up. Negotiator's two
minutes out.

Mulrooney starts to head towards the elevators -- grabs the
gray phone one more time before he goes.

SGT. MULROONEY (ON PHONE)
Ma'am? Can you hear me? Tell him to
just keep stalling!

NANCY'S VOICE
What do you mean keep stalling?

SGT. MULROONEY (ON PHONE)
I mean tell him to say whatever
this guy wants to hear until we get
a plan in place! Whatever will keep
him from pulling that trigger!

Nancy stares at the monitors. Thinking. Going over what she knows, figuring out a course of action.

DOWN ON THE STREET --

Police have cordoned off the area and secured Kyle's abandoned delivery truck by the time the SWAT VAN pulls up.

On the perimeter, NEWS CAMERAS record the event as a CROWD has started to gather. The van doors open and six SWAT TEAM OFFICERS emerge, heavily armed, while --

BACK IN THE CONTROL ROOM --

On the main feed, Nancy realizes she can't quite see Kyle's face with the current camera angle. She bites her lip. Then finally, suddenly... she hits a button on her headset.

NANCY

Lenny -- push in a little.

OUT IN THE STUDIO --

Behind Camera One, Lenny The Cameraman reacts.

LENNY THE CAMERAMAN

(whispers back into mic)

You kiddin me?

NANCY

We're losing his face in a shadow.

Lenny's in disbelief -- but moves his camera very slowly up anyway. Kyle catches the motion out of the corner of his eye, and swings the gun straight at Camera One --

KYLE

What the hell are you doing??

LENNY THE CAMERAMAN

The director just wanted a better angle on your face. There's kinda... a little shadow.

LEE GATES

Jesus Christ, a little shadow?

(to the booth)

A LITTLE SHADOW, NANCY?

NANCY (INTO LEE'S EAR)

I'm directing a show back here, which means you're hosting one up there. He could've killed you off camera much easier, Lee, but he obviously wanted a platform. So we need to give it to him.

--while Kyle is still pointing his gun at Lenny, spooked. But Lenny is a New York union guy through and through.

LENNY THE CAMERAMAN

Gimme a break, guy, I'm just tryin
to do my job here. They tell me to
move in, I move in.

Kyle pauses. Lets the gun drop off Lenny slightly.

KYLE

Where do you need to go?

LENNY THE CAMERAMAN

A little bit more this way.

KYLE

Alright, then do it.

Nancy shoots Lee a look through the glass -- see? Lee bites his lip... Then looks up at Kyle and pivots accordingly.

LEE GATES

Okay well, you made it on
television. You've got the floor
now. So if you don't want money --
what is it that you do want?

KYLE

I want an answer, that's what I
want. I want you to explain to me
what happened to my fucking money.

LEE GATES

Well, there was a computer glitch--

KYLE

Shut up about the glitch! Jesus
Christ, that's all I've been
hearing about -- the glitch the
glitch the glitch the glitch. What
the hell does that even MEAN?

Lee doesn't answer. Just stares back at him.

KYLE

I'm not stupid. I know you're looking
at me like I am, but I'm not. The
people who are just accepting this
bullshit, they're the fucking stupid
ones. Because somehow in less than
nine minutes we lost everything, but
nobody has actually explained HOW.
How is something like that even
possible?? How is that fair??

Kyle thrusts the gun up against Lee's temple again.

KYLE

We already know I'm dying today. So if you want any chance at outlasting me, then you better find me a better answer than a goddamn glitch.

WHILE UP IN THE STUDIO LOBBY --

The elevator DINGS and Mulrooney walks out with the SWAT team, under the command of the SWAT TEAM LEADER, along with the negotiator, LT. OSCAR NELSON (50's, suit and tie, seen it all), who's seems surprisingly blasé about all this.

LT. NELSON

So what do we know about him so far?

SGT. MULROONEY

We know he really is a delivery guy -- we found his van outside, contacted the company. Name's Kyle Budwell, no wants, no warrants, no priors.

Nelson takes in the scene skeptically.

SGT. MULROONEY

Which means all we have right now is what the company told us. He's been there six years, used to work this exact route until he got transferred eight months ago to Queens, which he apparently wasn't happy about. He called in sick today but somebody ID'ed him at work this morning anyway -- we're guessing he showed up to pinch a van so he could get inside here without raising flags. We have a black and white on the way to his address the company had on file to see who we can find.

LT. NELSON

They won't find anybody. Guy's a loner.

(off Mulrooney's look)

I've been workin these jobs for goin on 30 years now, dealt with dozens of these assholes. They don't go building a bomb cause they're just too goddamn happy at home. Hundred bucks says this poor shithead either lives by himself or with his mother. The real losers tend to stay home with their mommy's.

He offers out his hand to shake on the bet. Mulrooney just shoots him a look back.

LT. NELSON

Hey go ahead, you do your thing.
But watch and see -- the guy's a
loner. Now are you sure we're far
enough outside the blast radius
here? Cause I don't feel like
digging drywall out of my skin when
this idiot finally sneezes.

Mulrooney trades a look with Officer Benson, who's equally unimpressed as they cross the room over to the gray phone.

SGT. MULROONEY

We'll be fine, Lieutenant.
(then, into phone)
Can you patch this line directly
into the studio PA system for us,
Nancy? We have the negotiator here.

Nelson hesitates. Clearly he's not too happy with this plan.

LT. NELSON

This -- isn't how it's usually done.
I'm supposed to isolate him, try to
establish a one on one relationship.
You know. Earn his trust.

SGT. MULROONEY

Well he won't let anyone in the
studio, so this is our only option
right now. You're just gonna have to
earn his trust one-on-one on live TV.

Lt. Nelson grimaces. But he has no choice -- Mulrooney hands over the gray phone, and so Nelson puts it up to his ear.

LT. NELSON (INTO PHONE)

Yeah... hello? Can you hear me?

IN THE STUDIO --

Kyle is startled by the sudden disembodied voice.

LT. NELSON'S VOICE

My name is Oscar Nelson, I'm a
negotiator for the New York PD--

KYLE

I don't want to talk to any cops!

LT. NELSON'S VOICE

I'm here to help you, sport. I just
want to find a way out of this--

Kyle suddenly FIRES a bullet into the ceiling, then puts Lee into a violent headlock, pushing his gun against his temple.

KYLE

What did I just say? No cops!

Lee, his nerves shot, glares at Nancy through the window.

LEE GATES

Cut the line, for Christ's sake. I can do this myself--

KYLE

Come on that mic again and I put a bullet in his head, do you hear me??

OUT IN THE LOBBY --

Mulrooney grabs the phone from Nelson.

SGT. MULROONEY (FROM THE PHONE)

Do not cut this line, Nan--

But Nancy flips the switch, and the PA system goes quiet. Nelson SLAMS the phone down. Nelson just shrugs over at him.

LT. NELSON

Can't say I didn't warn ya.

BACK IN THE STUDIO --

Nancy pipes into Lee's ear from the control room.

NANCY'S VOICE (INTO LEE'S EAR)

Okay, it's just you two now. He told you what he wants. So do what you do best and sell it to him.

Lee shoots her an imperceptible nod.

LEE GATES

Alright, forget about the cops, it's just us now--

Lee turns towards Kyle to find the barrel of the gun inches from his nose again.

LEE GATES

Hey man. If you want me to help you get some answers you're gonna have to get that thing out of my face for a minute, okay?

It's a subtle but clever bit of manipulation, what Lee's doing -- positioning it now like he's the one doing Kyle a favor. And it works too: Kyle ever so slightly drops his gun.

LEE GATES

Alright, first thing first -- what's your name? I need something to call you by.

KYLE

Don't worry about my name.

LEE GATES

You're on TV-- trust me, people are gonna know your little league batting average by the time this is through.

In the control room, Nancy, who's back on the gray phone with Mulrooney, clicks her headset over to Lee's ear mic--

NANCY (INTO LEE'S EAR)

His name is Kyle Budwell, the cops already tracked down his info--

Lee shoots her a look. He wants Kyle to give it himself.

LEE GATES

C'mon, it doesn't have to be your real name. Just give me something to call you here.

KYLE

(weighing his options)

Fine. You can call me Kyle.

Lee smiles, encouraged he gave him his real name.

LEE GATES

Okay, look Kyle. I don't know if there's an easy answer to what happened to your money. But I'm just a guy on TV, I'm not in charge of that company -- Walt Camby is. And you're right, all they've done since they let 400 million dollars disappear into thin air is put out a couple press releases.

Kyle nods -- it's almost imperceptible, but Lee catches it. He's got him. He shoots a look to Nancy behind the glass.

LEE GATES

But that's why I invited him onto the show today in the first place. So if you really want to find out what happened to your money -- I say we shouldn't let Walt Camby off the hook just because he was a few minutes late catching his private jet.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM --

Nancy smiles, impressed with Lee's performance. But then she turns to the monitor that had Diane Lester's feed on it... only to find it black now.

NANCY
Goddammit.

Just then the gray phone RINGS. She picks it up as she turns to Sam, multitasking as always--

NANCY (INTO PHONE)
Hold on--
(then, to Tech Sam)
Track down Bree, get her on my
headset to roll calls for me. And
find me an address for Eden Capital.
(back into phone)
Yeah, what is it?

SGT. MULROONEY'S VOICE (ON PHONE)
I want that PA system available in
case we want to speak to him again.

NANCY
Right, because it went so well the
first time?

WHILE OUT IN THE LOBBY --

Mulrooney makes a face. But she's got a point.

SGT. MULROONEY (INTO PHONE)
Look, just -- make sure you pick up
this phone whenever it rings.

He glances around -- the front security area has been turned into SWAT's Command Central, with blueprints and schematics are taped up on the wall behind the video feed monitors.

SGT. MULROONEY (INTO PHONE)
If you need anything, we're right
outside exploring... means of
extraction.

OUTSIDE DIANE LESTER'S OFFICE --

Diane's phone lines are ringing faster than her ASSISTANT can answer it. He takes a call -- hollers into Diane's office.

DIANE'S ASSISTANT
I have Nancy Rodriguez from Money
Monster on line 3.

Diane doesn't even stop as she hurries out of her office over to a large executive suite next door, where Walt Camby's secretary, MARTA, is trying to keep up with her own phones.

DIANE LESTER

When is he landing?

MARTA THE SECRETARY

I don't even know what plane he's on. He took his G5 to Mumbai on Friday, but then he sent that to Hong Kong to pick up Harvey Bergen. And the last location I have on his Learjet was in, lets see... Sao Paolo last Thursday--

DIANE LESTER

Last Thursday? That was FIVE DAYS AGO, Marta.

MARTA THE SECRETARY

You know how he is with his planes. He gives rides to his friends, they give rides to him, those things go all over the world.

DIANE LESTER

I'm sorry -- are you saying that as his personal secretary, you have no idea what time he's landing, what plane he's on, or where the hell he even is?

Marta shoots her a dry look as she holds out a piece of paper.

MARTA THE SECRETARY

I just keep the itinerary, Diane. Nothing I can do if he doesn't stick to it.

Diane grabs the itinerary, takes a look. Sure enough, there at the top is MONEY MONSTER -- 12:15 ARRIVAL. Obviously she knows how that turned out.

DIANE LESTER

So this means that until he lands, whenever the hell that might be...

VOICE FROM HIS OFFICE

...he's completely unreachable.

Diane turns to find Eden's CFO, a raccoon of a man named JAMES GOODLOE, standing at the door of Walt Camby's suite.

GOODLOE

Which makes this one big clusterfuck.

Goodloe steps aside, revealing Eden's COO MARK LYNCH already inside Camby's office. Diane's Assistant hollers down to her--

DIANE'S ASSISTANT
I have Nancy Fenn calling again.

Goodloe puts a hand on Diane's shoulder and gently pulls her into the office.

GOODLOE
She'll call back.

WHILE OUT IN THE MONEY MONSTER LOBBY --

Lee's assistant Bree has found a corner and a chair to set up shop. She's wearing a headset now and has a cell in each hand.

BREE THE ASSISTANT (INTO HEADSET)
Diane Lester's office is giving me
the runaround.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM --

Nancy is on the other end of the headset.

BREE THE ASSISTANT'S VOICE
But we're getting so many incoming
calls I can hardly keep up. Lets
see -- Sheena Burgess from the
Times, Lainey Goldberg from CNN,
Tom O'Hurley from the AP--

NANCY
I don't care about them, Bree, I only
care about Diane Lester right now.
(then, to Sam and Dave)
You guys find an address for Eden?

Dave nods -- pulls it up on his computer. 19 GOLD STREET.

NANCY
19 Gold? That's four blocks away.
(then, into her headset)
Where the hell is Ron Marowitz?

IN AN ELECTRICAL ROOM --

The station's electrical grids run up and down the wall.
ARLENE, 22, is pressed up against them as Ron bones her.

ARLENE
(in ecstasy)
Oh my God -- oh my God -- oh my
God. This stuff -- really works.
What's the stock trading at now?

RON MAROWITZ

Four and a quarter. But the FDA just approved it and it -- hasn't been announced yet -- it'll hit 20 easy --

ARLENE

What's the P and E?

RON MAROWITZ

Seven. Oh Christ --

A CELL PHONE RINGS. Arlene checks her pocket -- it's not hers.

RON MAROWITZ

Shit.

ARLENE

No, go ahead. I need a break anyway.

Ron grabs his phone from his coat, still a little breathless.

RON MAROWITZ (INTO PHONE)

Yeah?

BACK IN THE CONTROL ROOM --

Bree pipes the call directly into Nancy's head.

BREE THE ASSISTANT (OVER HEADSET)

Patching Ron in.

Nancy nods, clicking her headset over to Lee in the studio--

NANCY (INTO LEE'S EAR)

Eden's ducking our calls, so I say we send Ron there in person. I've got him on the line right now.

Out on stage, Lee immediately nods, turns to face Kyle.

LEE GATES

Listen, I'd like to send one of my producers to Eden in person to see if we can get some answers, okay?

Kyle hesitates, paranoid they're messing with him.

KYLE

Let me talk to him first.

LEE GATES

Patch Ron in, Nancy, let Kyle here talk to him.

Nancy clicks back over to Ron.

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)
I'm putting you on the air with Lee.

BACK IN THE ELECTRICAL ROOM --

Ron cradles the phone with his neck as he pulls up his pants.

RON MAROWITZ (INTO PHONE)
What do you mean you're putting me
on the air--

LEE GATES'S VOICE
Ron, can you hear me?

Arlene stops straightening out her shirt.

ARLENE
You're going on the air?

LEE GATES'S VOICE
Ron? Who was that? Where are you?

RON MAROWITZ (INTO PHONE)
Uh. I'm -- in my office. With Arlene.

ARLENE
Oh my God, who did you just tell my
name to?

IN THE CONTROL ROOM --

The entire room (and the entire TV audience) can hear
everything being said. Mulrooney turns to Nolan in security--

SGT. MULROONEY
I thought you said the building was
cleared?

SECURITY OFFICER NOLAN
It was. I mean -- it is. We walked
every floor.

ARLENE'S VOICE
Get off my jeans.

Tech Sam and Dave trade a look, trying to place the voice.

TECH SAM
Is that Arlene from promotions?

TECH DAVE
That's the only Arlene I know of.

BACK IN THE ELECTRICAL ROOM --

Ron's still zipping up his pants, pretending to act casual.

RON MAROWITZ (INTO PHONE)
So -- what's up, Lee?

LEE'S VOICE
Hold on, Ron. Kyle here wants to
talk to you.

RON MAROWITZ (INTO PHONE)
Who's Kyle?

Lee pauses on the other end of the line.

LEE'S VOICE
What do you mean who's Kyle? Are
you not watching the show?

RON MAROWITZ (INTO PHONE)
No I've been, uh -- going through
tapes for tomorrow...

LEE'S VOICE
Turn on the TV, Ron.

Ron bursts out of the electrical room to find the halls
completely empty and silent. But there's a TV still on in the
office two doors down, with Kyle in plain view.

RON MAROWITZ (INTO PHONE)
Holy shit. That guy has a gun.

Lee looks directly into the camera -- directly at Ron.

LEE GATES (ON SCREEN)
Imagine my reaction. Now do us a
favor and get your ass down to
Eden's offices, would you please?

IN THE PUB NEAR WALL STREET --

The White Collar guys gathered around the bar LAUGH, while--

IN THE TIRE STORE --

The Blue Collar guys HOOT and HOLLER, too. People are
actually starting to get a kick out of this, while --

SOMEWHERE IN SHANGHAI --

It's almost morning here, and out the window, the sun is just
starting to rise.

Won Joon, the guy from the rave at the beginning, rolls awake -
- to find two other people in bed with him, a guy and a girl.

He stumbles to his feet and heads into the living room,
passing a few more sleeping bodies strewn about the place.

There are beer cans on the floor from last night, drugs on the coffee table. And the TV is still blaring -- where even here, 7000 miles away from Manhattan, Kyle and Lee are live on TV. The world is now very clearly watching.

Won Joon takes a seat, interested now, and turns the VOLUME up on the TV, causing a GROAN from one of the sleeping bodies --

WHILE SOMEWHERE IN ICELAND --

There's a blizzard going on outside, but inside Joji's apartment, all is cozy and quiet -- particularly because for once, all of his computers are on their screensaver (which is that graphic of a Viking in leopard print underwear).

Instead Joji is over by the TV eating egg whites and salmon, completely wrapped up in the same feed of Lee and Kyle--

WHILE SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA --

Outside the chain link fence, the striking workers are even rowdier and louder than before.

Inside the plant, a small group of SUPERVISORS and BUREAUCRATS are huddled in discussion when a bottle flies through a window, SMASHING it.

It lands near an old TV set, and although no one's paying attention to it at the moment, Lee and Kyle are on TV even all the way out here--

WHILE OUTSIDE AN APARTMENT IN FLUSHING --

A GROUP OF POLICE OFFICERS surround the front door, guns drawn. One buzzes the bell, peeks through the window. Money Monster is playing on TV here too.

Finally the door is opened by a LARGE BLACK MAN drinking a Fresca. He's a little startled by the seven cops on his stoop.

LARGE BLACK MAN

Ah hell no.

POLICE OFFICER

Is this the residence of Kyle Budwell, sir?

LARGE BLACK MAN

Who??

The Cop gestures to Kyle on TV. The Man just blinks, trying to put it together -- then finally looks back at the Cop like he's lost his mind.

LARGE BLACK MAN

You think that nutjob lives here??

POLICE OFFICER
It's a yes or no question, sir.

The man's WIFE and FOUR CHILDREN have all meandered out from their rooms to see what the commotion is.

LARGE BLACK MAN
A yes or no q-- hell no! Does it
look like THAT guy lives HERE?

Two of the Cops trade a look. No, it probably does not.

BACK IN THE MONEY MONSTER LOBBY --

The phone RINGS. Officer Benson picks it up, listens to the report. Then heads over to relay it to Mulrooney--

OFFICER BENSON
So the home address from our guy's
company is outdated. The family
that's in there now bought it six
months ago from the estate of one
Clara Budwell, a 62 years old
deceased woman.

LT. NELSON
Ha! A momma's boy, what'd I tell ya?

The negotiator Nelson has come over to listen too. Both Mulrooney and Benson ignore him.

OFFICER BENSON
We tracked down the escrow company,
they confirmed the entire profit
after closing costs went to her son --
I'll give you three guesses how much
it came to, but I bet you'll only
need one.

Mulrooney look up at Kyle, sweating on TV up on the lobby monitors. At least one piece of the puzzle clicks into place.

SGT. MULROONEY
Sixty grand.

LT. NELSON
So the guy lived alone with his
mommy, and when she bites it a few
months ago it sends him off the deep
end. Can't say he doesn't fit the
profile -- glad ya didn't bet me now?

This guy Nelson is really starting to get on Mulrooney's nerves. He studies Kyle on TV for a minute, pacing back and forth behind Lee. Watches his eyes dart around the room.

SGT. MULROONEY

There has to be a current address
with the escrow company. Somewhere
they sent the check to.

OFFICER BENSON

There is, but we need a subpoena to
get it.

Just then the SWAT Team Leader crosses the lobby to get
Mulrooney's attention.

SWAT TEAM LEADER

Sargeant? We're ready for you.

Mulrooney nods. But turns to Benson before he goes.

SGT. MULROONEY

Get somebody to the courthouse ASAP --
Judge Reiner, he'll expedite.

OUT ON HUDSON STREET --

It's a busy, narrow New York City road, jammed with cabs and
pedestrians. Ron Marowitz opens the sliding door of their
double-parked remote newsvan, helping his CAMERAMAN unload
the bulky camera and other equipment--

RON MAROWITZ (INTO PHONE)

Okay, we're here. Just let us get
the set up...

--right as an OLDER LADY passes by him. She sees something
and moves away, visibly disgusted.

LADY PASSING BY

Pervert.

Ron's confused. He follows her gaze downwards -- to find the
cream from earlier is apparently still working. He crouches
over, trying to conceal it.

RON MAROWITZ

Jesus.

WHILE TEN FLOORS ABOVE HIM, IN WALT CAMBY'S OFFICE --

Diane is watching Money Monster on TV -- while Goodloe the
CFO watches the lobby security camera feed -- while Lynch the
COO is over at the window, staring out at the commotion live.

They're all watching the same thing: Ron Marowitz starting to
report from outside Eden Capital's headquarters. Goodloe
grimaces, picks up a phone on a side table.

GOODLOE (INTO PHONE)
Security? There's a man down there
with a camera, do not let him into
the building under any circumstance.

Diane hits a button on the intercom to talk to Marta outside--

DIANE LESTER
What did Teterboro say, Marta?

MARTA THE ASSISTANT (ON INTERCOM)
I gave them the tail numbers of
both his planes -- so far they've
had no communication with either.

Lynch rubs his temples over by the window.

LYNCH
Practically every billionaire tech
CEO on the planet was at that
conference in Mumbai on Sunday...

GOODLOE
...which means that airport was
probably stacked sixty deep with
private jets.

Lynch collapses on the couch, despondent.

LYNCH
So he could be on any one of them.
Jesus Christ, just when we thought
this month couldn't get any worse.

On TV, Ron Marowitz is on camera by now, and there's a live
shot of a stern-looking SECURITY GUARD approaching.
Considering this must be the guy who Goodloe was just on the
phone with, it's all a little surreal.

DIANE LESTER
Oh no, this is bad. This makes it
look like we're hiding something.

Diane winces as the Security Guard tries to cover up Ron's
camera lens.

DIANE LESTER
We can't sit up here and wait for
Walt, guys. We have a responsibility
to do whatever we can to make this
whole mess go away--

Goodloe just snorts.

GOODLOE
How about we just turn off the TV?

Diane stands up, starts to pace. Formulating a plan.

DIANE LESTER

Okay, I'm gonna go down there, try to buy us some time. Now obviously this guy wants some answers--

GOODLOE

Yeah, well so do we. I mean, Christ, if we knew how we lost 400 million dollars, we wouldn't have lost 400 million dollars, Diane.

DIANE LESTER

Obviously I get that, James, but we still have to say something.

Diane's assistant pops his head into the room.

DIANE'S ASSISTANT

Tom at the NYSE is calling. He wants to know if we're canceling Walt's appearance there now, too.

LYNCH

Walt has an NYSE appearance?

DIANE LESTER

He was supposed to go straight from Money Monster today to the Stock Exchange to ring the closing bell. I'd set up a little PR blitz to show Wall Street we're still alive and kicking after last week.

GOODLOE

Jesus, yes, cancel that immediately.

(off Diane's hesitation)

You're gonna need to get this through your head: Walt can't be anywhere near a TV camera when this lunatic blows a hole into that building. And neither can you, for that matter.

LYNCH

I completely agree.

DIANE LESTER

I'm sorry, but we can't just lock ourselves away in this room. We can't do nothing and hope it goes away.

GOODLOE

This is a publicly traded company. We have stockholders, we have a board of directors, and we have a CEO.

(MORE)

GOODLOE (CONT'D)

Even if we don't know where he is at the moment.

Goodloe stands up. This conversation is over.

GOODLOE

What I'm saying is -- this isn't your call to make, Diane.

He and Lynch walk out, leaving Diane stewing. She looks out the window, down at Ron Marowitz -- and gears start to turn.

IN THE MONEY MONSTER LOBBY --

The SWAT Team Leader begins his briefing to Mulrooney, using the blueprints and schematics on the walls and monitors.

SWAT TEAM LEADER

So suspect and hostage are here, studio control booth is here. These are exit doors, front and rear. Problem is, this guy's got full range of vision throughout the entire studio, so our only chance for a clean shot is from these catwalks above the stage.

SGT. MULROONEY

And what about the bomb?

Sgt Vasquez with the bomb squad is here too. He uses the video feed of Lee and Kyle as a reference.

SARGEANT VASQUEZ

I gotta give it to the guy, it's a pretty well-constructed system--- there's no reason to believe it won't work exactly the way he intends it to. This is a dead man switch in his hand, and if you take him out without disarming the bomb first -- kaboom.

Officer Benson hangs up a phone nearby, waves Mulrooney down--

OFFICER BENSON

Got the warrant, got an address. Sending a black and white there now.

Mulrooney gives him a thumbs up, then turns back to Vasquez.

SGT. MULROONEY

So how do we disarm the bomb then?

Vasquez points to a series of still images frozen on the monitors, all close-ups of the vest on Lee's chest.

SERGEANT VASQUEZ

See this bulge right here? That's the wireless receiver. If we can destroy that, then the dead man switch is just another regular fuckin switch.

SGT. MULROONEY

But in order to destroy it, what, we'd have to shoot Gates?

SERGEANT VASQUEZ

Well that's where this guy slipped up -- he shoulda put the receiver here to make it a killshot, right over the poor bastard's heart. But instead he put it down here, over his left kidney. If the bullet's on target and we get to him quick enough to avoid too much blood loss, there's a pretty good chance he could survive it.

SGT. MULROONEY

I'm sorry. Are you proposing we shoot the star of a TV show live on air, in front of millions of people?

Vasquez just shrugs.

SERGEANT VASQUEZ

Beats the alternative, you could argue.

WHILE BACK IN THE MONEY MONSTER STUDIO --

Kyle and Lee watch Ron Marowitz fend off the Eden Security Guard on screen.

RON MAROWITZ (ON SCREEN)

Hey man, get your hands off me. I'm on a public sidewalk here...

In the tussle, the camera work is shaky at best -- so it's a bit of a dutch angle when Lee notices a familiar woman walking out from the lobby...

LEE GATES

Wait, is that...?

He tilts his head at the same angle -- and sure enough, it's Diane Lester, walking straight towards the camera. She puts a hand on the Security Guard's shoulder.

DIANE LESTER (ON SCREEN)

It's okay, Andre. I'll handle this.

Then she calmly nods hello to Ron. Helps him steady himself.

DIANE LESTER (ON SCREEN)
I'd be happy to talk to you. You have
an earwig so I can hear everybody?

WHILE JUST OUTSIDE THE MONEY MONSTER BUILDING --

A SWAT OFFICER, sniper rifle over his shoulder, reaches the
top of an exterior metal stairway, pulls his radio--

SWAT OFFICER
This is Eagle One. In first
position, proceeding to second.

IN THE RAFTERS ABOVE THE STUDIO --

The catwalk door slowly opens and the SWAT Officer slips in.
He can barely see Kyle 40 feet below at the far end of the
stage, his line of sight blocked by lights and cables.

He begins to inch up the catwalk. It's gonna be a long crawl.

BELOW HIM, IN THE STUDIO --

Lee watches Diane fits the earwig microphone in, gives Ron a
quick thumbs up. Now she can hear them, and they can see and
hear her. The chess match begins.

LEE GATES
Good to see you again, Diane. Thanks
for coming down.

DIANE LESTER (ON SCREEN)
Of course. As you know, Walt's on a
plane right now, but when he lands
I know he'll be anxious to address
you himself as well.

LEE GATES
Great. And when will that be, exactly?

Diane stays patient. She's warm but professional, clearly
very good at this.

DIANE LESTER (ON SCREEN)
Unfortunately we're not sure. But
in the meantime I just want to say,
on behalf of everybody here at Eden
-- we are prepared to do whatever
we can to get you to put that gun
down, Mr. Budwell. Now we know
you've already offered to
compensate him for his losses
personally, Lee, but we're
absolutely willing to do the same
if it helps put an end to all this.

LEE GATES
 (to Kyle)
 Hey, if you walk away now you've
 doubled your money.

--but Kyle seems agitated all of a sudden.

KYLE
 How does she know my last name?

Lee has to stop himself from rolling his eyes.

LEE GATES
 Everybody in New York City knows
 your last name at this point, Kyle.

AT THE EDEN FINANCIAL BUILDING --

Goodloe walks back into his office, glances up at the TV to
 see Diane on screen--

GOODLOE
 Goddammit!

He reaches over his desk and snatches up the phone, while--

IN THE MONEY MONSTER STUDIO --

Kyle, frustrated, gestures down to his gun and the bomb.

KYLE
 It's too late for your money, lady.
 What I want from you is an answer. I
 want to know what happened.

Diane takes a deep breath before answering. She's clearly
 prepared for this question.

DIANE LESTER (ON SCREEN)
 Well, the truth is -- we don't know.
 We don't know why the algo decided
 to start its fire sale that day. We
 don't know why the fail-safes built
 to prevent this exact sort of thing
 from happening didn't do the one
 thing they were supposed to. We just
 don't know.

(off their looks)
 I'm sure that's not what you wanted
 to hear. But there isn't always a
 good explanation for things.
 Sometimes bad stuff just happens. And
 I just want to point out, this WAS a
 tragedy -- not only for you, Kyle,
 but for everyone here at Eden as
 well.

(MORE)

DIANE LESTER (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)
All our board and managers, including
myself, were not only shareholders,
but investors too. In nine minutes,
our pensions were depleted, our
savings were gutted--

KYLE
Wait, I'm sorry, are you trying to
get ME to feel sorry for YOU? Is that
really what's happening right now?

Diane pauses -- that's not the reaction she'd hoped for. She
pivots as best she can.

DIANE LESTER (ON SCREEN)
Look, I understand you want
specifics. But we're dealing with
high frequency trading, so we're
talking about hundreds of
transactions per second, not just in
the US but in markets all over the
world. Now obviously I didn't design
the algorithm myself--

LEE GATES
(interrupting)
Okay, well who did then? Lets get
him on here too and see what he has
to say.

DIANE LESTER
Uh... our Quant team built and coded
it. They're not staffed out of here,
this is only our administrative
offices. But -- of course, let me
see what I can do.

KYLE
No.
(off their looks)
I don't want to talk to some low
level schlub, goddamnit. I want an
explanation from YOU, and if you
can't give one to me, then I want
to talk to Walt Camby.

DIANE LESTER
I--I'm sorry... but he's on a plane--

Kyle startles everyone by squeezing off two bullets,
SHATTERING the giant TV screen behind them. Diane's image
disappears shorts out as Lee ducks for cover.

KYLE
Then what's the point of this?
What's the point of any of this??

IN THE MONEY MONSTER CONTROL ROOM --

Diane, freaked by the gunshots she could only hear, is off air now but still on one of Nancy's monitors in the control room.

DIANE LESTER (ON SCREEN)
Jesus! What happened??

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)
He shot your monitor out. Tell me what airport Walt's landing at, I'll send my guy to meet him.

DIANE LESTER (ON SCREEN)
I--I'm sorry. You have to understand how delicate of a situation this is--

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)
I'm sitting 80 feet from a bomb, Diane. Don't talk to me about delicate situations.

OUTSIDE 19 GOLD ST --

Diane, on the spot now, tries to placate.

DIANE LESTER
I'm sure the... police there are doing everything they can to--

NANCY'S VOICE
The cops don't give a shit about anything other than following their own procedure. We need Walt, Diane.

Diane bites her lip, trying not to get emotional now.

DIANE LESTER
I really am sorry, Nancy. If anything happens to Lee... god, we'll feel so--

NANCY'S VOICE
Just cut the bullshit and get us Walt, do you hear me!?

Diane glances behind her -- and now she sees Goodloe storm out of the elevator, on the warpath. No time for emotions now.

DIANE LESTER
I've got to go. I promise I'll get back to you as soon as I track down the Quant.

BACK IN THE MONEY MONSTER STUDIO --

The TV sets Kyle just shot are still smoking and sparking.

KYLE

She didn't explain shit. And
neither have you.

He swings the gun over towards Lee again.

KYLE

So that makes you next, Lee.

LEE GATES

Look man. Something bad happened,
and you want somebody to blame. I
get that. But the fact is, she was
right -- sometimes shit just gets
screwed up. There isn't always an
easy answer to everything, and
there isn't always a bad guy behind
it all.

Kyle considers him, oddly calm considering what just happened.

KYLE

Well all I want is an explanation. I
just want what happened to make
sense. And if you can't give me
that...

He presses the barrel of the gun up to Lee's head again.

KYLE

...then I guess that makes me the
bad guy, huh?

WHILE ABOVE THEM IN THE RAFTERS OF THE STUDIO --

--the SWAT Team Member slowly crawls across the catwalk,
visible if either Kyle or Lee bothered to look up.

WHILE BACK AT EDEN --

The elevator doors close in the lobby. Goodloe and Diane are
the only two people inside, and Goodloe is steaming.

GOODLOE

You're fired.

DIANE LESTER

You can't fire me, I don't report
to you.

GOODLOE

I am the CFO of this company--

DIANE LESTER

I don't report to you, Mike.

GOODLOE

I made myself extraordinarily clear
that you were not to go on camera.

DIANE LESTER

I don't care, we had to at least TRY
to help them.

They reach their floor and the elevator DINGS open, but
Goodloe blocks her path, his lip curling.

GOODLOE

You're a VP of public relations,
Diane. That's all you are. And
that's nothing. But you don't
realize it, do you? You think you've
got the golden ticket around here--

DIANE LESTER

Don't give me that golden ticket
horseshit, I've earned my place here--

GOODLOE

Oh please. I've seen a dozen
girls like you come and go--

DIANE LESTER

Excuse me? Girls like me?

GOODLOE

--with your short skirts and your
Ivy League MBA's and your letters of
reference from professors you've
fucked--

DIANE LESTER

Get out of my way.

They stare each other down, equally hot now.

GOODLOE

It's not our job to bail out this
psychopath.

DIANE LESTER

Do I have to make a scene in public,
or are you gonna get out of my way?

Goodloe glances behind him, sees the entire floor watching.
Reluctantly he lets Diane by.

GOODLOE

The more you dig, the deeper the
hole gets. You keep going down this
path, Diane, I'm telling you right
now. Blood will be on your hands.

Diane just ignores him as she walks off down the hallway,
back towards her office and her assistant--

DIANE LESTER

Where's our quant department based
out of, do you know?

But before her assistant can answer -- Marta, Walt's
secretary, hangs up the phone at her desk and waves at her.

MARTA THE SECRETARY

We got him. Walt's G5 just radio'ed
Teterboro -- they're 45 minutes out.

Diane glances behind her-- Goodloe's gone, he didn't overhear.
Diane nods at her assistant as she hurries into her office.

DIANE LESTER

Call downstairs, make sure there's
a car ready for me in five minutes.

WHILE BACK AT THE STUDIO --

It's still tense here -- Lee, for once, is at a loss for
words, and Kyle's still got the gun pressed up to his head.

NANCY'S VOICE (INTO LEE'S EAR)

You know what they call it when TV
hosts stop talking, right?

(off Lee's look)

You gotta keep driving this thing
forward, Lee, you gotta keep it
moving. If you hit a dead end, just
make a turn and find another road.

Lee shoots her another look. Easy for you to say.

NANCY'S VOICE (INTO LEE'S EAR)

Hey, I know you love your ratings
stunts, but you don't need a bullet in
your head to get ratings right now--
trust me, everybody's already
watching.

Lee shoots her yet another look... but this one's different.
A thought just occurred to him...

LEE GATES

Everybody's already watching.

Kyle glances over at him, confused, since that was the only
part of the conversation he heard. Lee has to cover.

LEE GATES

I was just wondering -- how many
people do you think are tuned in to
us at the moment?

KYLE

I... I have no idea.

LEE GATES

It's gotta be millions right now.

Tens of millions, probably.

(then, directed at Nancy)

Which means tens of millions of investors.

In the booth, Nancy immediately follows his train of thought. She smiles as she works her way through it.

NANCY'S VOICE (INTO LEE'S EAR)

Hey, it's worth a shot. Get a little movement on the price and it might buy us some more time. As long as you sell it right.

Now Lee grins too. This is what he does for a living.

LEE GATES

You bought in on Eden at what, 75 dollars a share, right Kyle? Well -- what if we could get it back there?

KYLE

How many times do I have to tell you? It's too late for money now.

LEE GATES

No, it's too late for YOUR money. But you're not the only shareholder that got screwed over, are you?

(off his silence)

Look, you coulda just come on here and blown my brains out, but you didn't. You had something to say, you wanted people to finally listen to you. And now they are.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM --

Sam looks over at Nancy, not on their wavelength yet.

TECH SAM

Where's he going with this?

NANCY

Dave, get me a graphic showing Eden's current stock price, put it up on 7.

On camera, Lee is in salesman mode. In his element finally.

LEE GATES (ON SCREEN)
 I pick stocks. That's what this show
 is about. And sometimes just
 mentioning a stock on air is enough
 to move the needle. It used to happen
 all the time when I first started --
 they called it the Money Monster
 bump.

KYLE (ON SCREEN)
 Fine, but nobody's gonna buy a stock
 that dropped 67 dollars in one day
 just because you tell them to.

Lee just grins at him.

LEE GATES (ON SCREEN)
 Watch em.

WHILE OUTSIDE A DINGY BROWNSTONE IN ASTORIA, QUEENS --

A POLICE OFFICER buzzes the doorbell. Once. Then twice. No
 answer. All seems quiet and still inside.

He peers into the window. Everything's dark. He BUZZES
 again.... then looks around this cramped neighborhood.

BACK IN THE MONEY MONSTER STUDIO --

The stock price appears on the monitor behind Lee: \$8.43. Lee
 rubs his hands, ready to go to work. Looks into the camera.

LEE GATES
 So I'm gonna be complete upfront with
 all of you: I want you to buy Eden
 stock. But I don't want you to buy it
 because it'll make you money -- I
 want you to buy it because it'll save
 my life.

IN THE COFFEE SHOP FROM EARLIER --

All eyes are on Lee on the TV.

LEE GATES (ON TV)
 This can work, people -- it's simple
 math. Value comes from demand, so if
 everybody who's watching right now
 buys a few shares, we can get the
 price of this sucker up in no time.
 And here's the crazy thing: if we do
 it, together -- if everybody invests
 a little bit of money, then the stock
 price will start to rise, and the
 algos out there will notice, and
 they'll start to buy in too.

(MORE)

LEE GATES (ON TV) (CONT'D)
 And if you can fool the algos, then
 the sky's the limit. Which means
 together we can turn a bad investment
 into a good one by sheer force of
 will.

IN THE TIRE STORE --

Everybody's watching here, too. His enthusiasm is infectious.

LEE GATES (ON TV)
 And even if we can't, hell, buying a
 few shares could still help you get
 into heaven, if you believe in that
 shit. Certainly can't hurt, anyway.

IN THE WALL STREET PUB --

The SUITS all stare up at Lee.

LEE GATES
 So as of right now I'm officially
 moving Eden Financial from a sell
 to a buy. Hell, might as well go
 whole hog and make it the rare...

He hits a sound effect -- a HORN, following by Lee's own
 voice screaming 'TRIPLE BUY!'

Some of the Suits glance around. Other Suits are working on
 their smart phones. Are they buying already?

AT THE APARTMENT IN SHANGHAI --

Won Joon is still watching, too.

LEE GATES (ON TV)
 So let's do this, guys-- call your
 broker, get on your etrade account,
 get your asses off your couch, get
 your fingers out of your ears.

He's getting increasingly amped, like a preacher delivering a
 sermon, slowly getting closer and closer to the camera.

LEE GATES (ON TV)
 I mean come on! We're human beings,
 not computers. We might be slower
 than them, we might be dumber than
 them, we might be less efficient
 than them... but we have something
 they don't. We have a conscience.

OUTSIDE THE MONEY MONSTER STUDIO --

Even Mulrooney has stopped what he's doing to watch.

LEE GATES

We take care of each other, it's embedded into our DNA. We help each other out, we pick each other up, we do the right thing -- not because an equation tells us to, but because we feel it...

(he taps his heart)

...in here. And right now I need your help. We can do the right thing here, but we have to do it together.

He looks into the camera, as earnest as he can manage now.

LEE GATES

So I'm talking to every one of you. Every single person who's watching me right now, I want you to dig as deep as you can and I want you to ask yourselves--

(very close to the camera now)

What's my life worth to you?

BACK IN THE STUDIO --

The excitement is hitting a crescendo, the anticipation is building. But Lee focuses on the screen, on that stock price that's been stuck at \$8.43. And then he waits. Waits for a response. Waits for his audience. Waits for his results.

Until finally... the stock ticks down to \$8.42.

Which cuts pretty deep. But somehow Lee manages to swallow his reaction. Turns to Kyle, manages a smile.

LEE GATES

Well. Guess that answers that question, huh?

OUTSIDE THE DINGY BROWNSTONE IN ASTORIA --

That OFFICER who rang the doorbell before is sitting in his car, watching the stock price on a phone app.

He happens to glance up and see the back of a WOMAN as she walks into brownstone. The Officer runs after her.

POLICE OFFICER

Ma'am? Excuse me, ma'am!

He hurries up the stoop. The Woman hesitantly comes back to the screen door, although she doesn't open it.

POLICE OFFICER

NYPD. You live here?

WOMAN'S VOICE
Yeah. What's the problem?

He peers inside at her, although it's hard to really see her through the grimy screen.

POLICE OFFICER
What's your relationship to Kyle Budwell, ma'am?

WOMAN'S VOICE
Why? Where is he?

POLICE OFFICER
(beat)
You -- don't know?

WOMAN'S VOICE
I don't know what?

POLICE OFFICER
Where have you been all day, if you don't mind me asking?

WOMAN'S VOICE
Working.

POLICE OFFICER
Where do you work, in a cave?

WOMAN
Yeah, pretty much.

She steps closer to the screen, holds up her sleeve. On it is a New York Transit MTA badge.

WOMAN
I sit in a glass box underground for eight hours a day. No cell service, no internet, no nothin. Now what's the hell's goin on, you're starting to freak me out here.

The Officer looks up at her again. Holds firm.

POLICE OFFICER
I'm gonna ask you again. What's your relationship to Kyle Budwell, ma'am?

Impatiently, instead of responding she opens the screen door-- and lets her very PREGNANT BELLY answer for her.

WOMAN
Take a wild guess.

OUT IN THE MONEY MONSTER LOBBY --

On TV, the stock is holding at \$8.41, and Lee's still oddly silent, like the air's been sucked out of him. Then a phone RINGS, and Mulrooney, who happens to be closest, answers.

SGT. MULROONEY

Yeah?

Mulrooney listens... then stands, suddenly galvanized.

SGT. MULROONEY

You taking the tunnel or the bridge?

Okay. I'll clear you a path.

He hangs up. Turns to Nelson with a grin.

SGT. MULROONEY

I shoulda taken that bet after all,
you sack of shit.

BUT BACK IN THE STUDIO --

The stock price ticks down to \$8.40. Kyle stands over Lee, relishing the gut punch.

KYLE

This is really impressive, Lee. I
mean, talk about power!

Kyle gets closer to him, really turns the screw now.

KYLE

You wanna know why that didn't
work, asshole? Because even you
don't buy your own bullshit. You've
spent your whole life on Wall
Street -- what do you know about a
conscience? You believe in money,
you don't believe in people.

Kyle nods at the stock price, ticking down again to \$8.38.

KYLE

And they don't believe in you either.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM --

Nancy can hear Lee breathe.

NANCY (INTO LEE'S EAR)

Don't let him bait you, Lee...

Just then the gray phone RINGS nearby. Nancy eyes it for a second, then picks it up. It's Mulrooney.

WHILE IN THE STUDIO --

Kyle's still picking at the scab.

KYLE

Hurts doesn't it? You've got your fancy education, you've got your millions in the bank, you think you got it all made. But you're not such a big shot right now, are you?

LEE GATES

No... you're absolutely right. I'm not such a big shot right now.

He turns to Kyle now, trying to collect himself on the fly.

LEE GATES

That's what's funny about all this -- you're here talking to me like I'm still one of them. But the real big shots... the CEO's, the hedge fund guys, the movers and shakers who really own Wall Street? Those guys barely take my calls anymore. They blow off dinner meetings. They pretend to like me because I'm an itch they might as well scratch, but they sure as shit don't respect me. And why should they? I'm just a guy who plays with toys on television.

He reaches into his prop trunk and pulls out a rubber turkey -- a cleaver -- a vampire with a stake through its heart.

WHILE IN THE CONTROL ROOM --

Nancy is listening to Mulrooney on the gray phone.

NANCY

Holy shit, are you serious? Hold on for a sec--

(clicking over to Lee)

You're not gonna believe this, Lee, but they just tracked down his girlfriend. His PREGNANT girlfriend.

Lee glances up at Nancy through the window.

LEE GATES

Are you fucking kidding me?

NANCY (INTO LEE'S EAR)

No. And she'll be here in ten minutes, so don't give up now. Just keep stalling.

Kyle, who's still unaware of Lee's earpiece, is trying to follow the conversation...

KYLE

Kidding you about what?

Lee turns and stares up at him, trying to wrap his head around this, while--

AT DIANE LESTER'S OFFICE --

Diane is on the phone at her desk, tearing her hair out.

DIANE LESTER (INTO PHONE)

No no, the quant department. Quant.

As in quantitative analytics...?

(off the response)

I have no idea what you're saying.

Somebody there has to speak English, right? Ingles? Oh for Christ's sake.

She hangs up the phone, types in her password to log onto her computer instead -- but it doesn't work. Tries again. Still doesn't work. Tries again, frustrated -- and then realizes:

DIANE LESTER

Goodloe, goddammit...

She stomps out of her office to go rip him a new one. She slides her access card to the hallway, goes to push the door open -- and slams right into it instead.

The door didn't open. Her access card didn't work. She tries it again. Another red light. Goodloe has covered his bases. She turns to her Assistant.

DIANE LESTER

I need to find somebody here who speaks Chinese.

OUT IN A CUBICLE DOWN THE HALL --

A YOUNG WOMAN with big hoop earrings named Amy Lam is on the phone, absent-mindedly gossiping with a friend in MANDARIN -- when Diane Lester suddenly appears in front of her.

DIANE LESTER

You. Come with me.

Diane grabs her by the arm and pulls her (and her security card) up out of her desk, while--

BACK IN THE MONEY MONSTER STUDIO --

Lee is still staring up at Kyle -- but now his upper lip has curled up. There's a rage starting to boil underneath.

LEE GATES

You know what? You wanna sit here and take stock of our lives, Kyle? Okay, then how about we compare scores.

Lee digs back into the prop trunk -- pulls out a handheld blackboard. He grabs some chalk, divides it into two halves.

LEE GATES

I guess we should start with the obvious one. Money. I've got some. You don't, I've gathered. So point for me. But then there's family. I'm divorced, three times now. How about you? You married?

(Kyle shakes his head)

Girlfriend then?

Kyle hesitates this time. Lee pretends like that was a tell.

LEE GATES

Girlfriend, huh? That's great. The magic of young love, right? Well I think that's a point for you, considering the first number on my speed dial is an escort service.

Nancy is watching everything from the control room, concerned.

NANCY (INTO LEE'S EAR)

Where are you going with this, Lee?

But Lee ignores her, pulls out his iPhone to show Kyle. Sure enough there it is, at the top of his favorites list. Kyle stutters in response.

KYLE

You don't-- know anything about me--

LEE GATES

I don't need to know about you, I know about me. Seven years, three years, sixteen months-- the marriages get shorter and shorter, the settlements get larger and larger. I'd like to blame my wives... ah hell, who am I kidding, I do blame them. Because I loved them all, I really did. Or maybe I hated them all, I don't know. I just know they all left.

NANCY (INTO LEE'S EAR)

Lee, look at me.

Lee glances up at Nancy, who gives him a quiet look. Enough. Lee smiles back at her sadly -- then points her out to Kyle.

LEE GATES

See that? My director Nancy wants me to shut up. I love her too, you know-- but that's only because she's repulsed by me, and I'm a child so I want what I can't have. Except for that one night in LA last year, I guess.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM --

Sam and Dave both look over at Nancy. She just stares straight at the monitors without look back at them.

NANCY

Go to 2.

LEE GATES (ON SCREEN)

Eventually she's gonna leave me too, that's how this all works. So trust me, Kyle -- I don't have to know what it's like at home, I promise you've got it better than I do. Point for you. How about kids, you got any?

(off his silence)

No? How about one on the way, maybe?

Kyle furrows his brow. What's going on here?

KYLE (ON SCREEN)

How'd you--?

LEE GATES (ON SCREEN)

Yeah, that's what I thought. So she's expecting then... that's great, what a blessing. I don't have any kids myself -- although there have been three abortions, do those count? Half point each, maybe?

OUT IN THE LOBBY --

Mulrooney actually chokes on a sip of coffee.

LEE GATES (ON SCREEN)

You want to hear the real kick in the nuts, though? Three pregnancies, three different women -- and not one of them ever even bothered to ask me what I wanted. They just took care of it themselves, and then they told me about it after. That's how sure they were that they didn't want a little version of me growing inside of them.

BACK IN THE CONTROL ROOM --

Lee grabs his mug -- the one that Nancy and everybody else now knows is not filled with water-- and holds it up for a cheers.

LEE GATES (ON SCREEN)
 So mazel tov on a pregnancy that
 actually makes it to term. Point
 for fuckin you.

Nancy, powerless watching this meltdown from the control room, bites her lip so hard she almost draws blood.

NANCY (INTO LEE'S EAR)
 Lee. Please. Stop.

BACK IN THE STUDIO --

But Lee doesn't stop. He looks down at his blackboard. 2-1 in Kyle's favor.

LEE GATES
 Look, you're already ahead and we
 just started. So let me ask you
 this, Kyle -- what about your life
 is so much spectacularly shittier
 than the rest of ours that you get
 to throw in the towel early?
 (off his silence)
 C'mon, man, I really want to hear.
 You've got an honest job, you've
 got two hands and two feet, you've
 got a goddamn kid on the way. So
 before you blow me to kingdom come,
 give me this one answer. What makes
 you such a giant fucking failure
 compared to everybody else, huh?

Kyle stares down at him, mouth slightly agape, a little dumbstruck by Lee's blitzkrieg.

Then, all of a sudden -- he lashes out, SMACKING Lee hard across the face with his gun.

KYLE
 You're really gonna sit there in
 your thousand dollar suit and
 compare scores with me? My honest
 job pays me 19 dollars an hour, you
 cocksucker. So lets start there.

UP IN THE RAFTERS --

The Swat Officer finally reaches his position at the south end of the catwalk -- which means he has an unobstructed frontal view of the set down below.

As he quietly, carefully starts to set up his rifle--

WHILE DOWN BELOW --

Kyle paces back and forth, unaware.

KYLE

You know how far 19 dollars an hour gets you here in New York? You know how much of that is left over after I pay my rent and all my bills?

(it's rhetorical)

I have eight thousand dollars in credit card debt. I pay the minimum amount every month because that's all I can afford, and somehow the balance actually goes up every bill. I've got no savings, no retirement. My job's pension got cut two years ago -- and we voted for it, too. We wanted more money in our pocket, but for some reason it just never stays there. I keep paddling as hard as I can, but it takes all I've got just to stay above water. And that's before the kid even gets here -- so how am I supposed to keep from drowning then?

Just mentioning his son makes him start to tear up.

KYLE

And none of this is anything new. My mom was poor, her mom was poor, her mom's mom was poor. So that means my kid's gotta be poor too, right -- that's how it works in this country? Well fuck that. He deserves more than I got. That's why I'm here -- I'm doing this for him.

LEE GATES

Wait... are you kidding? You're doing this for him? You came here with your gun and your bomb and your death wish--

NANCY (INTO LEE'S EAR)

Lee...

LEE GATES

--and so now not only is your kid never gonna meet his old man, but for the rest of his life he's gonna be the son of the lunatic that blew his brains out on national TV. I mean talk about screwing someone ov--

Kyle SMACKS him even harder across the face with his gun, drawing blood this time.

KYLE
Say another word about my son and
I'll end this right now.

OUT IN THE LOBBY --

A panicked GASP.

SGT. MULROONEY
Christ, he's gonna get himself
killed.

He picks up the gray phone to the control room. Nancy answers on the second ring.

SGT. MULROONEY (ON PHONE)
What the hell is he doing?

NANCY'S VOICE
I don't know.

On screen, Kyle looms over Lee, who's now bleeding from a busted lip.

KYLE (ON SCREEN)
You want your guts splattered all
over downtown, Lee? Do you??

Mulrooney turns to Benson, who's still working the phones--

SGT. MULROONEY
Where's the goddamn girlfriend?

OFFICER BENSON
(into phone)
Four six six, what's your ETA?
(then, to Mulrooney)
Two minutes away.

SWAT TEAM LEADER
What's the contingency plan,
Detective? If she can't talk him
off the ledge, I mean.

Mulrooney eyes the TV, where Lee glares up at Kyle, teetering on the edge, almost as if he's ready to snap himself.

SGT. MULROONEY
We're not crossing that bridge unless
we come to it. But make sure your man
in the rafters is at the ready.

ON MANHATTAN'S WEST COAST HIGHWAY --

Diane Lester is in the backseat of this chauffeured SUV beside Amy Lam, who's talking into a cell in rapid CHINESE. Diane, unable to follow the conversation, is getting impatient.

DIANE LESTER

What's going on? Did they transfer
you to the Quant?

(off more CHINESE)

Who are you on with right now?

Amy Lam holds up a finger to her, then keeps right on chattering. Diane starts talking over her, annoyed--

DIANE LESTER

If that's the Quant, you tell him
that my name is Diane Lester, I'm a
VP at Eden. I need to speak to him
about the investment algo he was
the project lead on--

AMY LAM

He says he's not here.

Diane blinks at her. It's English, finally, but she still doesn't understand.

DIANE LESTER

Wait -- who says he's not here? The
Quant just told you he's not here?

Amy starts up with her conversation in CHINESE again. Diane can't handle this anymore -- she grabs the phone away.

DIANE LESTER (INTO PHONE)

Hello? Hello?

(off a CLICK)

Hel-- shit. He hung up.

Amy Lam just makes a face-- well, yeah, because that was rude. Diane shoots her a searing look. Holds the phone out.

DIANE LESTER

Get him back. Right now.

OUTSIDE THE MONEY MONSTER BUILDING --

The CROWD has grown behind the police perimeter, NEWS VANS parked everywhere. Mulrooney is waiting at the main building entrance as a PATROL CAR pulls up. Doors open.

The PRESS quickly jumps into action -- as Kyle's fiancée (whose name is MOLLY) emerges, stunned and overwhelmed.

UP IN THE LOBBY --

Mulrooney and Molly step out from the elevators. Molly takes in the studio -- and the massive police presence here -- as Mulrooney leads her over to the phone at the command center.

SGT. MULROONEY

Okay, so if you talk into this, he'll be able to hear you inside the studio. Now the goal is for him to put down his weapons and come out...

He trails off when he realizes that he's talking to nobody. Molly's not standing behind him anymore.

Instead she's walking through the STUDIO DOORS.

INSIDE THE MONEY MONSTER STUDIO --

Kyle is pacing back and forth behind Lee's chair... when he sees the doors open. He yanks up his gun, about to shoot -- until Molly is the one to step through it. Kyle's heart drops in his stomach.

KYLE

Molly. What -- how did you get here?

Molly just walks straight in, like she's in a trance. So Kyle doesn't notice Benson and Mulrooney both run up to the now-open doors.

BENSON

Jesus. What the hell's she's doing?

Mulrooney takes in the room, weighing his options on the fly.

SGT. MULROONEY

I'm going in after her. But while he's focused on us, you get as many of these people out as you can, okay?

He nods. And so as Mulrooney follows her inside, Benson ducks into the back of the room to start grabbing crew members.

In the Control Room, though, Nancy sees Molly walk towards the stage and immediately gets on the mic.

NANCY'S VOICE

Shit. Lenny, we got a visitor -- you got her?

Lenny swivels his camera over to get her in a single.

LENNY THE CAMERAMAN (INTO MIC)

I got her.

All eyes in the room are on Molly as she finally comes to a stop a few dozen feet away from the stage. She's just staring at Kyle in disbelief.

MOLLY

Jesus Christ. I didn't fuckin believe it, but look at you.

KYLE

Molly... you don't understand, okay? This isn't-- I'm not-- what are you even doing here??

MOLLY

You really are the dumbest son of a bitch on the planet, you know that?

Lee glances between them, confused. This isn't how it's supposed to go. Is it?

LEE GATES

This -- is your girlfriend?

MOLLY

Girlfriend? Is that what he told you?

KYLE

I didn't tell them anything, Molly--

MOLLY

How many times do I have to say it, Kyle? It's like you don't fuckin hear me.

Kyle just stands there, taking the abuse. He doesn't even seem to notice Mulrooney come in and gently grab Molly's arm.

SGT. MULROONEY

Alright, come on back here where it's safe...

But Molly just shakes him off, focused on Kyle.

MOLLY

You're so goddamn stupid. Why'd you beg me to move into your place if you were just gonna end up here, huh? Why'd you promise to take care of the baby if you were gonna end up HERE? What sense does that make?

KYLE

You don't understand. This wasn't the plan, I got screwed over by--

MOLLY

You sit down there in the basement
studyin your fuckin books all night
like you're some kinda smart guy,
but then you turn around and do
THIS? You blow all your mother's
money like a fuckin halfwit? Are
you kiddin me?

Kyle steps down off stage now to come towards her, while --

--Benson ducks behind the cameras so he won't be seen, in the
middle of shuffling crew out to safety, while --

--Nancy clicks on her headset over in the control room.

NANCY'S VOICE (INTO MIC)

You got em in a two shot, Lenny?

Lenny nods, pulling back to get both Molly and Kyle in frame.

KYLE

Molly, just...

He reaches out to her -- but she suddenly shoves him away.

MOLLY

That was all we had, you dumb
bastard! That was every cent to
your name!

But before anyone knows what's happening, she leaps forward,
in a rage now, hitting him with both fists--

MOLLY

You're a fuckin bum!! I'm seven
months pregnant, how could you do
something like this!?

Kyle tries to shield himself, but he's holding the gun in one
hand and the trigger in the other. Lee and Mulrooney both fly
in, trying to pull her off -- each catching a fist or two,
unable to corral her.

MOLLY

You're worthless, you know that?? You
might as well be dead already!

Now Nelson hurries in from the lobby, too, and it takes both
men to pull her away, literally kicking and screaming --

MOLLY

Why don't you just shoot yourself
in the head? Pull the trigger, you
chickenshit! Just pull the trigger
and get it over with!

They finally drag her out of the studio, although her voice can still be heard as they pull her down the hall. Up on stage Kyle looks stricken, his hands shaking--

LEE GATES
It's okay. Shhh, it's okay.

Lenny has pulled in for a close-up, but Lee waves him off.

LEE GATES
Back off, Lenny, for Christ's sake,
give us some room.

IN THE CONTROL BOOTH --

The room is tense but focused, fully aware that they're all still in the blast zone. Sam cross-checks the monitors.

TECH SAM
Lenny's the last manned camera
left, everybody else is out.

IN THE STUDIO --

Benson, trying to get over to the control room, DUCKS behind a sound cart so Kyle can't see him.

And so when Lenny backs his camera out, he suddenly realizes that he's the only crewman left in the room.

LENNY THE CAMERAMAN
Ah, balls.

Kyle is still too torn up over Molly to notice any of that yet, though.

LEE GATES
Don't worry, she's gone. Just take
a deep breath and keep your finger
on that button, okay?
(off his silence)
Are you hearing me, Kyle? Give me a
sign that you're hearing me--

KYLE
I'm fuckin hearing you.

LEE GATES
Okay, good. Here, just take a seat
until you catch your breath.

Kyle allows himself to be led to Lee's chair.

LEE GATES
Jesus. Hard to believe you're the
calm one in the relationship, huh?

Lee goes to grab his "coffee" mug -- notices the discarded chalkboard nearby where he was tallying points, which still stands at KYLE 2, LEE 1.

He pauses... then quietly erases it. He offers Kyle his mug of liquor, and Kyle thinks about it -- ah, screw it. He takes a swig.

IN THE MIDTOWN COFFEE SHOP --

The people here are so invested in what's happening on screen that no coffee is being served. All eyes are on the TV.

IN THE WALL STREET PUB --

Same here, although the bartenders are still refilling beers while they keep one eye trained up on the screen.

AT THE APARTMENT IN SHANGHAI --

Won Joon is trying to watch from the couch, wedged in between two sleeping ravers, but a cell phone RINGS incessantly on the coffee table. One of the ravers GROANS.

And as soon as it stops, it immediately starts RINGING again. The raver starts CURSING angrily in Chinese, and so finally Won Joon has to bite the bullet and pick it up.

WON JOON LEE (INTO PHONE)

Ni hao?

ON THE TARMAC AT TETERBORO AIRPORT --

It is overcast and windy as a Gulfstream G550 TOUCHES DOWN on the runway.

But Diane isn't paying attention -- instead she's focused on Amy Lam, who's on her cell again, speaking Chinese a million miles a second.

DIANE LESTER

Is that him again? Is that the Quant?

Amy Lam nods. Diane grabs her shoulders, pulls her close.

DIANE LESTER

Listen -- translate this exactly,
Amy, alright?

(then, slowly)

I need to ask him some questions.
And if he doesn't talk to me,
people are going to die.

IN THE APARTMENT IN SHANGHAI --

On the other end of the line, Won Joon pinches the bridge of his nose, trying to make his headache go away.

WON JOON LEE (INTO PHONE)
It's fine. Just put her on.

He winces from the SCRATCHY FEEDBACK as Diane grabs the phone.

DIANE LESTER'S VOICE
Wait, you speak English?

Won Joon heads over to the kitchen for a glass of water.

WON JOON LEE (INTO PHONE)
Look, I know you want me to tell you what went wrong with the algorithm. But the truth is that I don't really know myself.

He has to steps over a shirtless fat guy asleep on the ground.

WON JOON LEE (INTO PHONE)
What I do know is that they're blaming it on a glitch because nobody really understands how the algo works. And if nobody understands it, then nobody has to explain it.

DIANE LESTER'S VOICE
But that's why I'm calling you -- I just want to understand it. Now I already know we're invested almost entirely in international markets, I just don't know which ones.

WON JOON LEE (INTO PHONE)
Neither do I. And I'd like to keep it that way.

DIANE LESTER'S VOICE
Why?

He flops back down on the couch. Some of the other ravers have woken up and are watching Lee and Kyle on TV as well now.

WON JOON LEE (INTO PHONE)
Because I was hired to build a program. That's all. My job is about numbers, it's about data, it's about math. So how he went and used it out in the real world, that was all just theoretical to me...

DIANE LESTER (INTO PHONE)
Wait, he? Who's he?

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE
...and with something this dangerous, it's much easier to sleep at night when you're only dealing in theoreticals, I promise you.

BACK AT TETERBORO AIRPORT --

Diane tries to wrap her head around exactly what Won Joon is saying as she watches the G5 taxis up the runway.

DIANE LESTER (INTO PHONE)
What do you mean, dangerous? Who are we even talking about, Won Joon?

WON JOON LEE
You know who we're talking about.

He's right. She does.

DIANE LESTER
Goodloe.

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE
Who's Goodloe?

Diane pauses -- registers the sinking feeling in her stomach as the G5 finally comes to a stop about a hundred yards away.

DIANE LESTER (INTO PHONE)
Look, if we've done something wrong here, I need to--

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE
I'm sorry, but if you think I'm getting myself mixed up in all this, you're out of your mind.

The plane door opens...

DIANE LESTER
I'm not trying to get you mixed up in it. I just -- I need you to point me in the right direction.

A stewardess extends the stairs down...

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE
Well we are talking about 400 million dollars here -- even Walt Camby isn't just gonna sit in his office and let that much money disappear without chasing after it in one direction or another. Do you know where he's been the last couple days?

NANCY (INTO PHONE)
Mumbai. At a tech conference.

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE
You sure about that?

...and Walt Camby finally emerges. He's striking looking -- still young, for a billionaire, but completely bald, his head immaculately shaved.

DIANE LESTER (INTO PHONE)
I guess I can ask him and find out.

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE
Yeah. Good luck with that.

DIANE LESTER
Well you got any better ideas?

Won Joon pauses. But as Walt approaches, Diane has only about three seconds to decide how to play this...

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE
Maybe. Keep checking your email.

DIANE LESTER (INTO PHONE)
Oh -- okay, do you have my addr--?

But he's already hung up. So she does too, just as Walt reaches her, his face ashen... and she chooses to keep her cards close to the vest for the moment.

DIANE LESTER
I take it you've heard by now.

WALT CAMBY
Yeah, Goodloe starting calling the second I turned my phone back on.

Diane nods. She should have expected as much.

DIANE LESTER
He and I had a -- disagreement on strategy.

WALT CAMBY
So I gathered.

Walt steps close to her. Puts a hand on her cheek, surprisingly intimate. Forces her to look up into his eyes.

WALT CAMBY
I'm proud of you. You did good. No matter what Goodloe says.

And then he moves even closer -- and kisses her. (By now, it is apparent, if it wasn't earlier, that these two were the couple having sex in the high rise office in the prologue.)

Amy Lam, who's watching from near the terminal, squeaks in surprise. Diane pulls away from Walt after a bit, careful not to do it too quickly.

DIANE LESTER

So are you coming straight from
Mumbai?

WALT CAMBY

Hmmm? Oh, yeah. I decided to stay for
an extra night to, you know... see
the sights. Guess I picked the wrong
day off, huh?

But the way he says it -- she knows he's lying. And so when he stops to say goodbye to his PILOTS, it gives her a chance to pull Amy Lam aside, ignoring the newfound respect in her eyes--

DIANE LESTER

Sit up in the front. And don't say
a fucking word.

MEANWHILE, DOWNSTAIRS IN THE MONEY MONSTER BUILDING LOBBY --

Molly is still flailing as she's dragged outside.

MOLLY

Suck my dick, you hear me?! All of
you can suck my dick!
(to the cop dragging her)
Let me go, you fucking faggot!

SGT. MULROONEY

Faggot? Come on.
(then to the cops)
Put her in the back of a black and
white, keep her there until she
calms down.

Nelson the negotiator just watches from the sidelines, oddly impressed for once.

LT. NELSON

Gotta say this is the first time
I've seen that reaction.

Mulrooney shoots him a look. The SWAT Team Leader is here too, along with Vasquez, who both walk over for a pow-wow.

SGT. MULROONEY

There's not a chance in hell this
thing is gonna end well, is there?

Nobody answers him. Which of course is an answer itself.

SWAT TEAM LEADER
We're ready and in position. Give
me the green light, we go.

Mulrooney turns to Vasquez, the Bomb Squad guy --

SGT. MULROONEY
If we take out the receiver on Gates'
chest...what's his chance of survival?

Bree the Assistant, who happens to be walking by, stops when
she hears that. Drops back in a doorway to eavesdrop.

SARGEANT VASQUEZ
Pretty good, I'd say.

SGT. MULROONEY
What does that mean, pretty good? I
want a percentage.

SARGEANT VASQUEZ
Well...assuming the bullet's on
target? I'd put it at 80% he makes it.

SGT. MULROONEY
(to the Swat Team Leader)
Okay, so what are the chances the
bullet's on target?

SWAT TEAM LEADER
Hard to say. There's a whole host
of variables here--

SGT. MULROONEY
Then include em in your number.

Now it's the Swat Team Leader's turn to grimace.

SWAT TEAM LEADER
80% sounds about right for us too.

SGT. MULROONEY
So we got an 80% chance of an 80%
chance. Can't say I love that math.

Vasquez and the SWAT Team Leader trade a look. They're out of
options at this point, and they both know it.

SWAT TEAM LEADER
We have a tactical advantage when
he's not expecting a preemptive
strike. That advantage gets smaller
and smaller the longer we wait.

Mulrooney grimaces -- he knows it too, but he's not quite willing to commit yet. He picks up the two-way radio instead.

SGT. MULROONEY (INTO RADIO)
Benson, you there? Let me know when
you have everybody ready to
evacuate out of the control room.

They head off towards the elevator... leaving Bree, unseen in the doorway, trying to process what she just overheard.

BACK IN THE SUV --

Diane and Walt are together in the backseat. Diane is eyeing Walt, trying to get a read on him.

WALT CAMBY
Listen, I agree with you-- I'm the
one who needs to make a statement
here. I'm the CEO of this company,
the buck has to stop with me.

DIANE LESTER
(evenly)
I'm glad to hear you say that. The
question is where and how.

Walt stares out the window, thinking about it.

WALT CAMBY
You cancelled my appearance at the
Stock Exchange this afternoon, right?

DIANE LESTER
Yes, I did.

WALT CAMBY
Great. Reschedule it.
(off her surprise)
Think about it. Not only is it one of
the most secure places in the city,
but now it's the one place no one
will be expecting me.

Diane nods. It actually makes a bizarre amount of sense.

WALT CAMBY
We have to keep a lid on it,
though. So give an exclusive to
whoever you trust the most, and
have them meet us there with a
camera crew. All the other stations
can siphon off that one feed.

Diane considers her options. Then, as they emerge out of the tunnel, she pulls out her phone.

DIANE LESTER
I know just the person to call.

Walt kisses her on the side of her head.

WALT CAMBY
That's my girl.

BACK IN THE MONEY MONSTER CONTROL ROOM --

Nancy watches Kyle on the monitors. He's still a mess, agitated and upset, a complete live wire at this point.

NANCY'S VOICE (INTO LEE'S EAR)
You need to say something to him,
Lee. If he doesn't wanna live
anymore, then we're all gonna die.

But Lee just sits there silently.

NANCY'S VOICE (INTO LEE'S EAR)
C'mon, Lee, say something.

Lee looks right at Kyle. Shakes his head.

LEE GATES (ON SCREEN)
There's nothing to say.

Kyle hears that. He stares back at Lee for a long, tense beat -- then starts to pace back and forth, surprisingly defused.

Lee read him right -- trying to sympathize with him would have only antagonized him. In the control room, Bree pipes in on Nancy's headset.

BREE THE ASSISTANT
Nancy, are you there? I--I need to
tell you something...

But before she can answer, Nancy's headset BEEPS. She's got a call coming in on her outside line.

NANCY
Hold on, Bree.
(clicking over to the call)
Nancy Fenn.

VOICE ON PHONE
Nancy, this is Diane Lester.

BACK IN THE SUV --

Diane looks over at Walt next to her, who's focused on her speech. She glances out the window, trying to play it cool.

NANCY'S VOICE

What do you have for me, Diane? Cause we could really use some help here.

Diane bites her lip. If she actually goes through with this, there's no going back...

DIANE LESTER (INTO PHONE)

Well. I apologize. It turns out the information I gave you earlier might have been -- incorrect.

NANCY'S VOICE

The hell does that mean, incorrect?

Diane pauses. Chooses her words very carefully now.

DIANE LESTER (INTO PHONE)

Walt is going to keep his appearance at the NYSE after all. He's ringing the closing bell at 4:00 and he'll make a statement directly after. We're en route, about 20 minutes away. I'm in the car with him now.

NANCY'S VOICE

What are you talking about? We might not have 20 minutes, Diane, we need some goddamn help right now.

Diane glances over at Walt--

DIANE LESTER (INTO PHONE)

I'm trying to help you. If you'd just listen.

-- who finally looks back at her. What's the problem?

DIANE LESTER (INTO PHONE)

I'll call back to prep you when I get there, and I'll make sure you and your team have security passes waiting. It's going to be a great speech though, and I'm giving you this exclusively. So don't screw it up.

Then she hangs up. Makes a face at Walt.

DIANE LESTER

Reporters.

BACK IN THE MONEY MONSTER CONTROL ROOM --

Nancy has a dial tone on her end of the line.

NANCY
Hello? Hello? Diane?

She pauses, playing out the meaning of that call in her head.
But then Bree breaks back in now that the call has finished.

BREE THE ASSISTANT
Nancy, I need a moment...

NANCY
Hold on, Bree.
(then, into Lee's ear)
You're not gonna believe this, Lee --
Diane Lester just called. Something
funny's going on at Eden. I don't
know what it is, but there's
something they're not telling us.

Lee makes eye contact with her through the window. Like what?
Bree breaks back in to Nancy's line.

BREE THE ASSISTANT
Nancy, I need you for a moment.

NANCY
Hold ON, Bree--

BREE THE ASSISTANT
No I won't hold on.

Nancy pauses. Not used to Bree telling her no.

BREE THE ASSISTANT
I overheard something downstairs,
and you need to hear it. Right now.

MEANWHILE, AT THE APARTMENT IN ICELAND --

Lee and Kyle are still on TV, but Joji is back on his laptop
now. He pulls up his video of the blonde TV host snorting
cocaine, checks the page views: 485,000 so far. Not bad.

Then he gets an incoming facetime call. He accepts... and it's
Won Joon's head that fills the screen.

JOJI
Ne Hao.

WON JOON LEE
Góoan dag. Listen, I've got a
monster of a favor to ask...

Joji leans forward in his chair. Cracks his knuckles.

JOJI
Oh, I like the sound of this.

WON JOON LEE
 Good, I just emailed you a face.
 Let me know what you can turn up.

Joji's email DINGS. He opens it up, hits download... and a photo of Walt Camby appears. Joji has to grin.

JOJI
 Oh mamma.

OUT IN THE STUDIO --

Officer Benson, still hiding behind the sound cart, peeks over it to see that Lee and Kyle are faced the other direction at the moment. So he takes a deep breath and darts--

INTO THE CONTROL ROOM --

--where Nancy, Sam, and Dave are all now huddled together, deep in conversation with Bree on Nancy's headset.

OFFICER BENSON
 Okay people, it's time. We're gonna all make a run for it together on my signal.

They all trade looks. Christ, it's happening already.

OFFICER BENSON
 This isn't voluntary. Grab whatever you can grab, we're clearing out.

Nancy gets Sam's attention, whispers quietly.

NANCY
 Distract him.

She goes over to her desk, pretending to search for her purse -- covertly hitting a button on her headset.

NANCY (INTO LEE'S EAR)
 They're making us leave, Lee.

Lee makes eye contact with her through the window. Nancy pauses... then makes a decision.

NANCY
 Don't look up. There's a sniper in the catwalk at your 11 o'clock.

It takes every muscle Lee has in his body not to immediately look up. Instead he just calmly responds --

LEE GATES
 What's the plan?

IN THE STUDIO --

Kyle still doesn't know Lee has an earpiece, so it seems like he was talking to nobody. Lee looks at Kyle, trying to cover.

LEE GATES

What now, I mean? What's your plan?

KYLE

What's my plan? My plan was to shoot you, that was my fucking plan.

NANCY'S VOICE (INTO LEE'S EAR)

I think that's the cops plan too.

(off his reaction)

Stay calm. And don't look down.

There's a receiver in your vest somewhere, and if they take it out, they disable his trigger.

Lee, in a remarkable display of restraint, nonchalantly feels around on his chest until he finds the tiny bulge. It is ridiculously close to his heart, actually. He bites his lip so hard he draws blood.

LEE GATES

I don't like that plan.

KYLE

Yeah, no shit--

Kyle stops. Suddenly, finally realizes something's amiss.

KYLE

Wait a second, where is everybody?

OUT IN THE LOBBY/COMMAND CENTER --

Mulrooney, watching the feed, immediately shifts into gear.

SGT. MULROONEY

He's about to lose it -- Benson!

OFFICER BENSON'S VOICE

(from the control booth)

Hold on, I got one lagging!

On screen Kyle turns to Lee, agitated now --

KYLE (ON SCREEN)

Where did everybody go?

SGT. MULROONEY

Hurry the hell up, Benson!

(to SWAT Team Leader)

Do you have a shot?

SWAT TEAM LEADER
Eagle, are you green or red?

UP IN THE RAFTERS --

The SWAT Officer is perfectly still, his rifle on its sticks, his scope trained directly on the tiny bulge in Lee's vest.

SWAT OFFICER
Green.

IN THE CONTROL BOOTH --

Nancy waves off Benson, pretending to sort through her desk.

NANCY
Sorry, I can't find my purse--

OFFICER BENSON
Just leave it!

NANCY
Oh wait, here it is--

She ducks under her desk, buying one last moment of privacy.

NANCY (INTO LEE'S EAR)
Get out of there, Lee.

Benson's feet appear outside Nancy's desk.

OFFICER BENSON
Two seconds and I pull out my cuffs.

NANCY
Okay okay okay.

She crawls out, stands up. Then has one more thought. She looks Benson straight in the eye.

NANCY (INTO HER HEADSET)
Walt Camby is going to be speaking
at the New York Stock Exchange at
the closing bell in -- 32 minutes.

On the monitor behind her, it's obvious Lee heard her loud and clear. But Benson just stares back at her, confused.

OFFICER BENSON
What the hell are you talking about?

Nancy shrugs, nonchalant. Even manages a little grin.

NANCY
Just thought you'd want to know that.

IN THE STUDIO --

Lee's mind whirs, considering his options -- and then he suddenly, sharply twists his body towards Kyle --

WHILE UP IN THE RAFTERS --

The receiver in the vest disappears out of the crosshairs.

SWAT OFFICER
Shit. I'm yellow, yellow, yellow.

DOWN IN THE STUDIO --

Kyle is startled by the sudden movement too.

KYLE
What the--? Turn back around.

LEE GATES
I can't.

Kyle shoves the barrel of his gun into Lee's chest.

KYLE
Turn. Around.

Lee takes a deep breath -- if he's gonna do this it's now or never...

LEE GATES
Kyle. Look up. At the end of the catwalk.

OUT IN THE COMMAND CENTER --

Mulrooney sees Kyle stare up into the rafters -- then suddenly yank Lee out of his seat, using him as a human shield.

SGT. MULROONEY
What the hell...?

Lee struggles, trying to slip out of Kyle's vice grip--

LEE GATES
No no -- Kyle, they're not trying to shoot you--

But his chest is facing forward, towards the camera -- and the sniper up in the rafters--

SGT. MULROONEY
Take the shot! Take the shot!

The SWAT Team Leader yells into the receiver --

SWAT TEAM LEADER
Green light! Green light! Green
light!

IN THE STUDIO --

As Benson and the control room team makes a mad dash towards the lobby, Kyle pushes Lee off him, leaving the front of his vest exposed--

-- and so Lee dives back at Kyle just as a SHOT RINGS OUT. Lee GRABS KYLE'S HAND, holding it down on the button as they hit the floor in a tangle of limbs. Are either of them hit?

NANCY'S VOICE (DISTANT AND TINNY)
Lee! Can you hear me?

They're both okay. The gun clattered out of Kyle's hand, but they both still have a firm grip on the detonation trigger. In the commotion, though, Kyle notices that Lee's ear bud has slipped out and is dangling a few inches below his collar. He looks up at Lee like he's Judas.

KYLE
You've been talking to them all
this time??

LEE GATES
That's not them, that's my director--

With his free hand Kyle rips the mic out of his shirt, tosses it on the ground. Looks around, his mind whirring--

KYLE
Was this whole thing a set-up??

LEE GATES
Are you kidding? They just took a
shot at me!

KYLE
At you??

Lee pulls Kyle up off the ground to shield him, and now they're on their feet but still grappling--

LEE GATES
There's a receiver on my chest,
that's what they were going for!

Lee manages to wrest himself out of Kyle's grip, but his hand is still wrapped around Kyle's, still holding the trigger.

LEE GATES
Look at me. Look at me. You see the
bulge right here?

Kyle looks down at where he's pointing. Knows he's telling the truth because he's the one who built the vest.

LEE GATES

I'm a target to them, just like you are. Which means I'm the only person on your side right now.

Kyle stares out into the room, past the cameras, past the lights. They're the only two people left on stage.

LEE GATES

Walt Camby's plane landed, and I know where he's going. You got fucked over by Eden, right? Well I say lets get the hell out of this studio and go return the favor.

OUT IN THE COMMAND CENTER --

It's chaos out here -- civilians from the studio hurry out of harms way, while the cops are scrambling to regain control.

SWAT TEAM LEADER

How'd he know about our shooter?

But Mulrooney knows exactly how. He finds Nancy in the crowd -- ips off her headset and holds it up to her face as proof.

SGT. MULROONEY

I should arrest you right here.

NANCY

For what??

SGT. MULROONEY

For obstruction of justice.

NANCY

Justice? You're trying to shoot him, I'm trying to save him!

Before he can respond, there's movement on the monitors--

KYLE (ON SCREEN)

We're coming out!

And they turn to find Kyle and Lee walking through the studio doors in a bizarre formation -- Lee crouched behind Kyle, using his body as a shield. If Kyle didn't have the gun it would look like Lee was holding HIM hostage.

Every COP in the room pulls their firearm at once.

KYLE

Put your guns down! Put em down!

Kyle swings his gun wildly between the cops.

KYLE

I want a car waiting for us
downstairs! Right now!

SGT. MULROONEY

Are you out of your mind? Where the
hell do you think you're going??

LEE GATES

It's a surprise.

SGT. MULROONEY

(to Lee now)

A surpr--!? Whose side are you on??

LEE GATES

You just took a shot at me, dickhead!

Behind them, Lenny peaks out from behind the studio doors,
finally out of danger. But he glances up and sees that the
abandoned cameras are all trained on the now empty studio...

LENNY THE CAMERAMAN

Ah, balls...

Reluctantly he grabs a handheld camera from the studio. Tech
Sam slips back into the studio, switching the feed to Lenny's
handheld. Now the audience at home can follow along.

Out in the lobby, Mulrooney is about to lose his mind.

SGT. MULROONEY

I can't allow anybody to leave this
building.

KYLE

You really think it's up to you??

He holds the trigger up in his right hand for everyone to see.

KYLE

Either the two of us are taking
that elevator down, or all of us
are goin up together.

Slowly they inch across the room. Lee trades a complex,
loaded look with Nancy as the elevator doors open.

LEE GATES

Wait...

He sticks his foot out before the doors close -- then motions
to Lenny, who's been quietly filming everything.

LEE GATES
Lenny, would you mind?

Lenny looks up from the viewfinder -- realizes Lee is asking him to step into the elevator too. He pauses.

LENNY THE CAMERAMAN
Ah, balls...

Reluctant as ever, he heads over anyway. As he steps inside the elevator, everything is PIN DROP SILENT -- until finally the doors SHUT, and both Mulrooney and Nancy jump into action--

SGT. MULROONEY	NANCY
I want a tactical unit	I need a satellite van and
downstairs, we need to start	sound package downstairs and
clearing the streets--	ready to go in two minutes--

IN THE ELEVATOR --

Still silent. Both Kyle and Lee are dripping with sweat, genuinely shocked they made it. Lee turns towards Lenny.

LEE GATES
I'm worried this might be the last
chance I ever get to say some things,
Lenny, so -- I feel like I should
probably say some things.

Lenny just shrugs. Lee looks directly into the lens now.

LEE GATES
Just so you all know, the guy behind
the camera spent the last two hours
way too close to a bomb that could
blow him to bits. But when he finally
had the chance to run away, he picked
up a camera and ran onto this elevator
instead. You wanna talk courage?
That's courage. Union strong, pal.

Lenny nods, shares a silent moment of solidarity.

UP IN THE LOBBY --

The crew of Money Monster watch like the rest of the world.

LEE GATES (ON SCREEN)
Same goes for the rest of the guys
too. Every single one of them stayed
right there with me today. What did I
ever do to deserve such a loyal
goddamn crew, Lenny?

LENNY'S VOICE (BEHIND THE CAMERA)
Not much.

Some of the crew LAUGHS.

LENNY'S VOICE (BEHIND THE CAMERA)
Nancy hired us. She's brought us all
in. She tells us to stay -- we stay.

LEE GATES
Nancy. Of course, Nancy.

Nancy's still multi-tasking like crazy, even as she's here
watching with the rest of the crew.

LEE GATES (ON SCREEN)
You know, my first day on this job,
she tried to quit hers. She told me I
had a penis where my brain should be.
(off Lenny's look)
Yeah yeah, she was right. She's
always right. But I wouldn't let
her go, because I knew I was going
to need her. So I was right too.

On screen Lee pauses, suddenly reflective.

LEE GATES (ON SCREEN)
To be honest with you, I think I've
been in love with her ever since the
moment she first tried to leave me.

Some of the crew glances back at Nancy, but her face stays
perfectly even.

LEE GATES (ON SCREEN)
If she was standing here in front
of me I wouldn't be able to say
that. Luckily it's just you in
front of me, Lenny. You and your
warm eyes and gentle soul.

LENNY'S VOICE (BEHIND THE CAMERA)
Get the fuck outta here.

Everybody watches Nancy, waiting for her reaction -- but
instead, she just turns to Bree in the back.

NANCY
I need Diane Lester on the phone.
Right now.
(as she heads off)
And somebody track down Ron
Marowitz!

IN THE ELEVATOR --

There's a DING, and then the elevator doors slide open. Both
Lee and Kyle just stare out into the lobby.

OUTSIDE THE STUDIO --

The police have pushed the large crowd of onlookers back as far as they can, but the entrance to the Money Monster building is still visible. All eyes are on the front doors--

--which finally swings open as Lee and Kyle emerge. Remarkably the crowd erupts in CHEERS. They're both taken aback.

On the street, a group of cops are readying a police cruiser. Kyle starts to head over to it, but Lee grabs his arm.

LEE GATES
Forget the car.

IN THE EDEN TOWNCAR --

Diane's cell phone RINGS -- but since Walt's sitting right next to her, staring out at the Hudson River as they cross the GW Bridge, she has to send it to voicemail.

That's when she notices she's got a new email, though -- the title of which is: WALT CAMBY: APRIL 24TH TO MAY 12TH.

She discretely pulls out her laptop. Opens up the email, which is empty except for an attachment. Clicks on it.

A video pops up on screen, stamped with both the date/time/location (4/24, 13:05, Manhattan) and Joji's signature tag (a Viking in leopard print underwear).

It's grainy security cam footage of Walt getting his Porsche at an underground valet, playing on a loop. Walt's face is isolated and marked with a red (+).

Then a few more videos pop up on their own, all from security cameras around Manhattan. Walt outside a bank. Entering a restaurant. Even in the lobby of Eden's own building.

But then the next one that pops up makes the hair on Diane's neck stand up: it's a video of Walt having sex on the couch in his office, obviously hijacked from the laptop on his desk. And although this is a different angle, it's the same scene in the prologue -- meaning the girl underneath Walt is HER.

It plays on a loop like the others, but she's so shaken by it she misses the next six or so videos, all random, mundane surveillance videos. Until finally the last one pops up:

It's stamped (5/12, 18:26, Johannesburg) and it's a pretty clear video of Walt walking with a WELL-DRESSED BLACK MAN past the Queen Victoria statue outside South Africa's Parliament.

Diane just watches it loop over and over and over... until she looks up at Walt staring out the window, her heart beating so loud in her chest she's worried that he can hear it.

THROUGH THE DOWNTOWN STREETS --

POLICE CARS race down roads, arriving at various intersections, scrambling to block them off. COPS emerge from their cars en masse, moving PEOPLE off the streets.

As Kyle and Lee start their march on foot, Mulrooney and Benson trail behind them, taking in the hysteria.

SGT. MULROONEY
Jesus Christ. Is this really
happening right now?

Behind them, Nancy and her team peel off towards their satellite van, scrambling to get it online and ready. She frowns, taking in the growing crowds and gridlocked streets as Bree pipes in on her headset--

NANCY
Where's Diane Lester?

BREE THE ASSISTANT'S VOICE
I keep trying her, she's not
picking up. I did get Ron Marowitz
though, I'll patch him through.

OVER ON GOLD STREET --

Ron Marowitz is watching the chaos on TV through a storefront display near Eden's offices.

NANCY'S VOICE (ON PHONE)
Ron, I need you here, how far away
are you?

Ron eyes the gridlocked streets heading downtown.

RON MAROWITZ
About a half mile or so.

NANCY'S VOICE (ON PHONE)
Good, start running. I'll see you
in three minutes.

RON MAROWITZ
Three minutes? I can't run a half
mile in--

But she's already hung up. Ron grimaces. He leans down to tie his shoe -- and comes face to face with the fact that the cream from earlier is STILL working.

RON MAROWITZ
For fuck's sake.

OUTSIDE THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE --

Walt and Diane's towncar pulls up to the back entrance. Walt gets right out, but Diane, still dazed from the videos, lags behind. She's almost surprised to see Amy Lam emerge from the front seat -- she's forgotten she was still here.

DIANE LESTER

Jesus, Amy, go back to the office.
Or go home if you want. Just -- get
as far away from here as you can.

Then she hurries to catch up with Walt, where she has to decline another call from Nancy as she follows him --

THROUGH SECURITY --

--with ID checks, emptied pockets, and two metal detectors. Afterwards she shuffles Walt over to a nearby green room.

There is a TV inside, but it's turned off. Diane spots the remote control on the coffee table and surreptitiously pockets it before she heads back into the hallway--

DIANE LESTER

Wait here. I'll go find our press
contact.

But instead, as soon as soon as she closes the green room door -- she hits redial on her cell. Bree picks up.

DIANE LESTER (INTO PHONE)

It's Diane Lester returning.

Diane pulls up the email on her cell. Takes a screen grab of the South African Parliament photo as she waits.

NANCY'S VOICE

Diane, what the hell is going on?

DIANE LESTER (INTO PHONE)

I'm trying to figure that out myself.
Look, I'm way out on a limb here, but
I probably won't have a job tomorrow
either way, so screw it...

She opens up her email app as she talks.

DIANE LESTER (INTO PHONE)

It turns out Walt missed the Money
Monster taping because he took an
unscheduled stop in Johannesburg,
South Africa yesterday, and now he's
lying to my face about it. What's
your email address?

A COUPLE HUNDRED YARDS UP THE STREET --

Lee and Kyle -- along with dozens of Cops, a bunch of police cars, and two helicopters circling above them -- make their way past Zucotti Park, where hordes of onlookers have gathered behind a police line to cheer them on.

Mulrooney is following with the SWAT team, trying futilely to coordinate the police response amongst the crowd.

SGT. MULROONEY
This friggin city.

GUY ON STREET
You're the man, Lee!

Lee waves at the guy, on instinct as much as anything else. Other PEOPLE yell out to them too.

A NEW YORKER
Get em! They're all a buncha crooks!

ANOTHER NEW YORKER
Go blow em all to hell!

YET ANOTHER NEW YORKER
Yo Pacino! Say hello to my little friend, huh?

Lee shoots him a look. Wrong movie pal.

Then he notices a group of ROWDY NEW YORKERS doing his SIGNATURE DANCE MOVE, making a scene, cheering them on... and it all just feels wrong somehow. For the first time in his life, all this attention -- it's kinda troubling.

Kyle walks in front of him, completely shell-shocked by it all. Lee subtly pulls him back towards him by his arm.

LEE GATES
Stay close, Kyle. I don't want to give em a clear shot at this vest.

Kyle bites his lip, eyeing Lee as they head down the street. Obviously weighing a decision...

KYLE
Yeah, now might be a good time to tell you something about the vest.

Lee shoots him a look back. What now?

KYLE
Well, there's not actually any Semtex in there. It's kinda just... blocks of clay.

LEE GATES

What??

KYLE

When I get nervous my hands get sweaty. I was afraid my finger might slip--

LEE GATES

Jesus Christ.

KYLE

Listen, I wanted to make sure I got your attention, I didn't want to blow up a goddamn building.

Lee looks around -- at all the swarming cops, and at their guns, some of which are trained right on them. He takes in this entire, surreal scene. Realizes if he only has clay strapped to him, he could probably walk away right now.

But instead, he grabs Kyle by the arm, pulls him close. Makes sure only he can hear.

LEE GATES

It doesn't matter if it's real or not -- they think it's real, and that's the only chip we've got. Just don't take your finger off that trigger, okay?

Trailing behind them, Mulrooney, Benson, and the others take in the scene as well. It's absolute pandemonium out here.

SWAT TEAM LEADER

Where the hell is this circus headed?

Mulrooney's mind is racing, trying to put it together. They're heading down Church now, passing the World Trade Center, heading towards the Statue Of Liberty... Battery Park...

...then finally it clicks. Wall Street.

SGT. MULROONEY

Oh shit.

INSIDE THE SAT VAN --

The Van is on the move, and the entire team is crammed inside -- but they're getting blocked by traffic and an increasingly rowdy crowd of onlookers. Nancy POUNDS on the windshield.

NANCY

Get out of the way, goddamnit! Get out of the way!

Tech Dave has Nancy's email up on his screen, so he pulls up what Diane just forwarded over -- a still from the video of Walt and the well-dressed black man outside Parliament. Everybody in the van crowds around the screen for a look.

TECH SAM

Hey, that's that politician.
(off their blank stares)
You know, from the news. The guy
trying to help the striking miners.

Tech Dave has already pulled up google and enters SOUTH AFRICA STRIKING MINERS. Sure enough, two hits down there's a story on the same man walking next to Walt in the pic--

TECH DAVE

Moshe Mbambo. Provincial delegate
from the Marikana province.

NANCY

Jesus H. Technology. The whole world
is one goddamn click away these days.
(then, back into phone)
Well we knew he lied to you about
where he was. And now we know who he
was actually with. So whaddaya think,
Diane? How far down this rabbit hole
are we gonna go?

OVER AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE --

Diane paces the hallway, still conferenced into this line. She eyeballs the closed green room door.

DIANE LESTER (INTO PHONE)

I think it's time I go talk to the
rabbit himself.

She takes a deep breath -- then heads over and opens the door. But right before she hangs up, Nancy pipes in--

NANCY'S VOICE

Wait a second -- my guys are
heading over there now. If you
confront Walt and he runs, this
whole thing could be for nothing.

--but it's too late, she's already inside.

Except the green room is empty. And then, from the bathroom, she hears the unmistakable sound of PEEING. And then, right there on the coffee table -- she sees his phone.

She dashes over to it, turns it on. Pulls up RECENT CALLS just as she hears a toilet FLUSH, and --

INSIDE THE BATHROOM --

Walt zips up, heads to the sink...but skips washing his hands, goes straight to the door...walks out to the green room...

...to find it completely empty now. His phone is right there where he left it on the coffee table.

MEANWHILE, OUT ON CHURCH STREET --

Ron Marowitz runs up the sidewalk, completely out of breath. Pushing his way through the crowd...

...until he sees the Sat Van across the street. He gets Nancy's attention, who's on the phone in the front seat. She gestures at him to come over, yells at him over the commotion--

NANCY

I need to be able to talk to Lee,
but his earwig fell out back at the
studio. So I need you to bring him
another one.

Tech Dave hands her an earwig, and she tosses it out to Ron. Ron stares up at the thronging mass up the street, still panting, trying to catch his breath.

RON MAROWITZ

How exactly -- am I supposed to --
get this to him?

NANCY'S VOICE

I dunno, Ron, you're a producer. So
go produce your way up there.

IN THE PARLIAMENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF SOUTH AFRICA --

MOSHE MBAMBO is signing some documents when his cell phone vibrates on his desk. (He is, by the way, the real life version of the hologram from the prologue.)

He takes a look at the caller ID. It's a lot of numbers -- meaning it's an international call. He answers, curious.

MOSHE MBAMBO (INTO PHONE)

This is Moshe.

Diane Lester is on the other end, completely winging it.

DIANE LESTER'S VOICE

Hi, uh ... my name is Diane Lester,
I'm the Vice President of PR for
Eden Capital--

MOSHE MBAMBO (INTO PHONE)

Good God. What is it with you people?

DIANE LESTER'S VOICE

I'm sorry?

MOSHE MBAMBO (INTO PHONE)

You tell your boss that I do not want his money, do you understand? His solution is not my solution, no matter how much he offers me.

WHILE BACK IN MANHATTAN, INSIDE THE SATELLITE VAN --

Nancy is conferenced in on the line, listening into the call as well, and she can't help but jump in.

NANCY (INTO PHONE)

Wait, I'm sorry. Are you saying Walt Camby tried to bribe you?

There is a pause on the other end.

MOSHE MBAMBO'S VOICE

Who am I speaking to again?

WHILE UP AHEAD ON THE STREET --

Mulrooney barks out orders into a walkie-talkie, trying to get a step ahead now that he's realized where they're going.

SGT. MULROONEY

We need to clear out both Broadway and Church all the way down to Wall Street. And I want a team evacuating the Stock Exchange, right now.

Up ahead, the street seems to be narrowing as more and more people jam the sidewalks to get a look. Into the chaos runs Ron Marowitz, trying to get Lee's attention through the crowd--

RON MAROWITZ

Lee. Lee!

But a few COPS stop him, pushing him back into the throng.

Suddenly a GROUP OF TEENAGERS break through the police line. POLICE converge, taking them down, but one of the Boys sneaks through, gets to within 10 feet of Kyle --

TEENAGE BOY

DO IT, MAN! BLOW THIS MOTHER UP!

Benson tackles the kid just before he can reach them. But Ron uses the distraction to break towards Lee, tossing the earwig--

RON MAROWITZ

Lee -- incoming!

Kyle catches the movement out of the corner of his eye, and all he sees is someone charging them -- so as he swings around, he accidentally squeezes off a BULLET--

--which hits Ron, sending him to the sidewalk.

LEE GATES

No!

SGT. MULROONEY

Whoa, whoa! Don't shoot, do not shoot! DO NOT RETURN FIRE!

It's immediate chaos -- dozens of COPS pull their guns, ONLOOKERS scream and hit the ground. All the RAMBUNCTIOUS CHEERING grinds to a halt just like that.

Kyle has to hold Lee back in order to keep his vest covered, but Mulrooney runs over to help Ron--

KYLE

Shit! Is he okay??

Mulrooney rips open Ron's shirt -- finds the entry wound where his left arm meets his shoulder. He's in pain but alert and conscious, able to sit up by himself.

SGT. MULROONEY

It's just a shoulder wound!

He's yelling to the other cops as much as to Kyle.

SGT. MULROONEY (CONT'D)

Holster your weapons, goddammit! Do not return fire!

BACK IN THE MONEY MONSTER SAT VAN --

Nancy was still on the phone with Diane and Moshe when she heard the gunshot. But Lenny's video feed is chaotic, and their Sat Van is stuck behind a throng of people--

NANCY

Hold on, Nancy, you guys keep talking--

(switching over her headset)

Lee, can you hear me?

TECH SAM

Even if Ron got him the earwig he wouldn't be able to respond...

Nancy frantically grabs a pair of binoculars and climbs halfway out her window, trying to get a glimpse of what's happening. She can't see who was shot, but she does find an ashen faced Lee, pressed up against Kyle in the street...

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)
I'm staring right at you, Lee. Stick
your hand up if you can hear this...

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS -- Lee looks around... then sticks up
his right arm.

Nancy grins. Hops back down into the front seat, where Bree
is holding out a phone for her...

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)
Okay, great. Because I have a lot
to explain, and I don't need you
interrupting. Hold on just a
second, Lee--

She puts the headset on mute, grabs the phone from Bree--

NANCY
Get me Tom O'Hurley on the line, he
runs the AP bureau in Johannesburg.
(then, into the phone)
Nancy, Moshe, you there? Good. I
have an idea on how we can blow the
lid off this thing.

A HUNDRED YARDS UP CHURCH STREET --

Lee looks down at Ron, surrounded by Mulrooney and two MEDICS
now, blood pooling around his shoulder. The mood has shifted
severely and completely.

LEE GATES
Jesus, Ron...

RON MAROWITZ
I'm okay, I'm okay.

He waves Lee off -- go ahead. But Kyle is completely beside
himself, guilt-stricken, close to a panic attack.

KYLE
W-what do we do?

Lee pushes his finger up against the earwig in his ear.
Hearing Nancy on the other end.

He looks down the street. Sees the Stock Exchange, only a few
blocks away. Checks back with Ron, who waves him off again --
I mean it. Go ahead.

Lee nods at Ron. Then turns back to Kyle.

LEE GATES
I don't think there's any going
back now, Kyle.

BACK ON THE COPS --

-- who are even more tense now. But when Lee and Kyle start their walk again, they have no choice but to follow.

Before they head out, though, the SWAT Team Leader pulls his guys in, eyeing Kyle contemptuously.

SWAT TEAM LEADER
Stay alert. First window we get,
we're taking this P.O.S. down.

CLOSE ON A TELEVISION SET --

A helicopter shot from above, as Lee and Kyle pass by the George Washington statue in front of Federal Hall, trailed by Lenny, Mulrooney, and the rest of the police procession.

Pull back slowly from the television set to reveal that it is the one in--

THE GREEN ROOM OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE --

-- and that Walt is the one watching it. He's on his cell phone when Diane opens the door.

WALT CAMBY (INTO PHONE)
She just came in. I'll call you
back.

Diane pauses, so Walt heads over to her. Shuts the door. Then reaches out towards her, and she tenses... but he just pulls the TV remote out of her pocket.

WALT CAMBY
I don't need the remote to turn a
fucking TV on, Diane.

He towers over her intimidatingly. Scowling now.

WALT CAMBY
I trusted you.

DIANE LESTER
Yeah well, I trusted you too. So I
guess we both screwed up.

WALT CAMBY
I don't know what it is you think I
did, but--

Diane just waves him off.

DIANE LESTER
Save it for the cameras, Walt.

Walt sneers at her. He doesn't have time for this. He grabs his things and then pushes past her, towards the door --

--when the shot on TV changes to a REPORTER on foot, standing out on Wall Street, surrounded by dozens of onlookers.

REPORTER (ON SCREEN)

--it appears that they are, in fact, heading here, to the New York Stock Exchange. And there are unconfirmed reports that the CEO of Eden Capital, Walt Camby, is indeed inside, and that he entered through security right here at this door about 15 minutes ago--

Walt freezes. Starts to turn pale.

DIANE LESTER

Nowhere to run now, huh?

He levels his gaze at her. Running his options in his head, trapped up against a wall now--

WALT CAMBY

Okay listen. What'll it take?

DIANE LESTER

What'll it take?

WALT CAMBY

I have to get out of here. You can help me do it. So just say the number -- how much will it take?

DIANE LESTER

Oh God, Walt. You sack of shit.

He reaches out and grabs her. She tries to push him away at first, but he won't let her go.

WALT CAMBY

Hey. Come on. You know me.

DIANE LESTER

I don't think I do.

He pulls her even closer, gently this time. Brushes her cheek.

WALT CAMBY

Yes, you do. Better than them. Better than my wife. Better than anybody in the world, actually.

She looks up at him with flickering eyes. Obviously has a hard time resisting him when they're this close.

WALT CAMBY

There was a glitch, and I tried to fix it. That's the God's honest truth. That's all this is about.

DIANE LESTER

Fine. So go tell them that.

WALT CAMBY

Do you really think they want to hear it? Do you really think they want to have a rational conversation with me? This guy strapped a bomb to a man's chest, for God's sake -- why are you acting like I'm the one in the wrong here??

She bites her lip. He's right, no matter how pissed she is.

WALT CAMBY

You're the only person who can help me get out of this. Please.

She closes her eyes, weighing the options. Then comes to a decision -- opens them up again.

DIANE LESTER

Stay here. Let me see what I can do.

ON THE FLOOR OF THE NYSE --

It's a zoo in here just like it is outside. The trading floor is being frantically cleared by police, it's complete chaos -- when suddenly, a door opens, and Kyle and Lee burst in.

The pandemonium instantly quiets as the remaining TRADERS freeze. The floor turning uncharacteristically quiet. Lee has his finger pressed to his ear, listening to Nancy...

LEE GATES

(re: what he's hearing)

Jesus.

Then he nods. Got it. Kyle glances over at him -- okay, we're here. What now?

LEE GATES

(to the room)

Well. Where's Walt Camby?

(then, louder)

I said WHERE'S WALT CAMBY? C'mon people -- big bald son of a bitch? Lets not act like you guys don't worship him. Somebody has to have seen the guy--

VOICE FROM BEHIND
He's right down that hall.

Lee and Kyle turn around -- to find Diane Lester walk in.

DIANE LESTER
Second door on the left.

IN THE GREEN ROOM --

Walt kicks the coffee table over, watching live on TV.

WALT CAMBY
Son of a...

He runs to the door, tries to open it -- but it's jammed from the other side, because--

OUTSIDE IN THE HALL --

A chair's been propped under the door handle, keeping it shut.

BACK IN THE GREEN ROOM --

Walt, panicking for the first time, backs away from the door, suddenly a caged animal. There's nowhere to go. Nowhere to hide. The door knob SHAKES SLIGHTLY. Then does it again.

Finally the door flies open, revealing Kyle. Who points his gun directly at him.

KYLE
Hey there, tough guy.

Then Lee pops around the corner. Nods at Walt.

LEE GATES
Ready for that interview now?

ON THE FLOOR OF THE NYSE --

NYPD and FBI SWAT teams have taken over the Exchange -- including the SWAT Team Leader from earlier, who positions himself and his sharpshooter on one of the balconies.

By the time Lee and Kyle emerge out onto the floor with Walt at gunpoint, they are surrounded by dozens of cops. Mulrooney steps forward to play peacemaker, his own gun drawn on Kyle.

SGT. MULROONEY
Okay fine, we're all here. So how about we put the weapons down and lets just talk for a moment.

LEE GATES

Oh, I think we can talk with the weapons up.

They're standing in front of a wall of monitors, all playing different news stations -- but right now they're all showing video of them, creating an eerie shadow effect.

LEE GATES

I know you've been on a plane, Walt, so let me catch you up on things. Kyle here stopped by my show today because he had a question about what the hell happened to your company. So we did some digging -- with the help of your colleague Diane over there...

Walt finds Diane across the room, and shoots her a withering gaze -- but Diane just shrugs back at him.

DIANE LESTER

I've been watching them all afternoon. I think they're a little more rational than you're giving them credit for.

Lee steps forward, drawing Walt's attention back to him.

LEE GATES

And as it turns out, we actually found the answer to your question, Kyle:

Lee lets it hang for a moment for effect. Both Kyle and Walt react with different levels of interest.

LEE GATES

Platinum. That's what went wrong. Eden Capital was heavily invested in the platinum mining industry in South Africa. In fact, for the past two months, their algorithm has been trading it pretty much nonstop. Now in the US markets, one mega-speed algo is just a drop in a bucket, but over there... thousands of trades per second, both buying and selling -- it can almost single-handedly make an unstable industry in an unstable country actually seem stable.

Mulrooney keeps his gun on Kyle, but even he's interested to hear all this.

LEE GATES

And the plan was, when the time was right, they'd pull the algo out. They'd rip the rug out from under the entire industry by manipulating the market into crashing. After which they'd slip back in there and buy up everything for pennies on the dollar.

Lee turns his attention back to Walt now.

LEE GATES

Which is what you've been doing, time and again, with this algo of yours. All over the world.

IN THE MONEY MONSTER SAT VAN --

Nancy is speaking to Lee in her headset from the van--

NANCY (INTO LEE'S EAR)

Palm oil in Indonesia, soybeans in Brazil, iron in the Ukraine...
(then, over to Tach Dave)
Cue up video feed one, on my mark.

BACK AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE --

Lee's a pro at this, completely unfazed by the voice in his ear.

LEE GATES

Palm oil in Indonesia, soybeans in Brazil, iron in the Ukraine. The returns were so big, you kept leveraging more and more capital, because hey, that's just good business. And it was a foolproof strategy...until it wasn't.

Suddenly, per Nancy's cue, the TV monitors on the wall behind Walt and Kyle flips to a LIVE SHOT of the striking workers in South Africa.

LEE GATES

Because unfortunately this time, just before you could pull your algo out of South Africa, the platinum companies announced they'd located a giant new deposit in Marikana. We're talking a potential 60% increase in platinum exports within four years.

The workers are even rowdier than before, working themselves up into a frenzy.

LEE GATES

So three things happened almost immediately: 1) Their workers decided to strike, because they knew they were looking at more hours and worse conditions, all for the same shitty pay, 2) The stock prices of the platinum companies skyrocketed anyway, because money talks, and platinum walks, and 3) Eden Capital lost its shit, because you'd been betting everything on those stock prices falling.

A bead of sweat has formed on Walt's bald, gleaming forehead.

WALT CAMBY

This is the first I've heard of any of this--

At that moment, Moshe Mbambo steps into the shot on TV.

MOSHE MBAMBO (ON SCREEN)

Hello.

LEE GATES

Oh really? Well then you must not recognize him either then.

Moshe nods at them. Speaks directly into the camera.

MOSHE MBAMBO

I came here because I would like the world to see what is going on in my country. I want them to know what Walt Camby already knows.

WALT CAMBY

This is -- come on. This is absurd.

MOSHE MBAMBO

One day ago you sat in my office, Mr. Camby, and offered me a bribe--
(talking over him)
--to regulate the platinum companies and prevent this new mine from opening. But that does not help my people end this strike.

WALT CAMBY

Whoa, whoa. I did nothing of the sort--

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WALT CAMBY

These corporations, they've been screwing over you guys for years, that's why you went on strike. I just wanted you to screw them back.

MOSHE MBAMBO

No. You wanted to take what little wealth is here in South Africa, and trade by trade, microsecond by microsecond, move it over to the US, where there is wealth everywhere.

Moshe, with an admirable flair for the dramatic, points out beyond him to the striking workers, most wearing cheap t-shirts and dirty, worn-out sneakers.

MOSHE MBAMBO

And I say no. No you will not do that. Because look at us, Mr. Camby. We have no wealth to spare.

Walt steps forward, blocking the monitor. He's got to get back some control here.

WALT CAMBY

Alright. I don't know how you whipped up this conspiracy theory. But Eden Capital is a heavily diversified, multi-billion dollar investment company. You're right, our algos do make thousands of trades per second, but they do it all over the world. And all we know right now is there was some kind of computer glitch--

Kyle lashes forward, pushing Walt up against the monitors.

LEE GATES

Oop. You gotta be careful, he doesn't like that word very much.

KYLE

I fucking hate that word.

LEE GATES

Yeah, I dunno, Kyle. Walt here's still insisting it was all just a glitch. So as far as I can tell, you have two options: you can take his word for it. Or you can shoot him.

Walt reacts. Kyle lets him squirm for a bit.

KYLE

Actually I've got a better idea.
(re: Lee's vest)
Take that off. Put it on him.

Lee's eyes glimmer -- now why didn't he think of that. He starts to unstrap the vest, careful to not expose the receiver on the front of it.

LEE GATES

Gladly.

SGT. MULROONEY

Hold on, hold on. This is only gonna make things worse--

LEE GATES

For who??

Multiple sniper rifles are aiming down at him now as Lee moves towards Walt.

LEE GATES

Tell you what... I'm gonna do you a favor.

He straps it onto Walt backwards so the receiver is hidden from the snipers, so long as he stays up against the wall.

LEE GATES

Trust me on this. Don't turn your back on anybody, okay?

Walt starts to panic as Lee buckles the final vest strap.

WALT CAMBY

I'm telling you guys. We didn't do anything wrong, we didn't break any law--

KYLE

You're full of shit.

(then, for effect)

Get back! Everybody get back! When I lift my finger I wanna make sure he's the only one that explodes.

They reluctantly do as they're told. Mulrooney speaks into his radio as he backs up towards the other end of the floor.

SGT. MULROONEY (INTO RADIO)

Do not shoot. Repeat, all points, do not shoot unless you hear the command from me.

THROUGH A MAGNIFIED SCOPE --

The SWAT Team Sharpshooter has Kyle right in his sights, just waiting for a signal. He slowly, carefully moves the crosshairs from the back of his head down to his left hand, pressed up against Walt's suit, clutching the trigger...

BACK DOWN ON THE FLOOR OF THE EXCHANGE --

Kyle presses the gun against Walt's forehead.

KYLE

I'm only gonna give you one chance
at this. I want to hear you say it.

WALT CAMBY

Say what?

KYLE

That you screwed us over. That you
went to South Africa and you
illegally manipulated--

WALT CAMBY

We didn't do anything illegal.

KYLE

Bullshit!

WALT CAMBY

See, you don't care what I
say, you need somebody to
blame and you've already
decided it's gonna be me--

KYLE

*

I want to hear you say it!
You rigged the system, you
cheated us out of our money,
you broke the law--

*

*

*

*

WALT CAMBY

What law?? NAME ONE LAW WE BROKE!

His sudden outburst momentarily silences Kyle...who glances
back at Lee--

WALT CAMBY

Don't look at him, he can't name
one either! Because we can't break
a law that doesn't exist yet!

LEE GATES

That's a copout. It's illegal in
this country and you know it.

WALT CAMBY

Well welcome to today's world, my
friend. We don't all move at the
same speed.

Walt pushes himself off from up against the wall of monitors.
Finds some footing again.

WALT CAMBY

You know what else is illegal in this country, Lee? Stoning a woman to death for cheating on her husband. But they do it in Iran, don't they?

LEE GATES

That doesn't make it right.

Walt reacts, almost comically rolling his eyes.

WALT CAMBY

Oh, so what, Lee Gates is our arbiter of morality now? God help us all.

(re: Kyle's gun)

How about this, then -- it's illegal to even own one of those in Japan, but yet, here we all are in the States, huh? I'm guessing that's registered, right?

Kyle doesn't answer. Walt takes a few more steps forward -- which causes Kyle to step back now.

WALT CAMBY

You really want to act like you've got the highground on me? Really? Because here's the irony about all this -- you only went and grabbed that gun when we LOST you money.

(off his silence)

Where was all this righteous anger when you were making a profit, huh? You didn't ask any questions then -- you just gobbled up every dollar of stock you could afford! And if we kept giving you 18% ROI every year, you would be bragging to your friends about what a genius you are--

Kyle grabs him by his vest and pushes him up against the wall of TV's, thrusts the gun into his face.

KYLE

Keep going. Give me something to really brag about.

Walt curls up into himself. Tries to placate.

WALT CAMBY

Look, you tell me what you want me to say and I'll say it. But the truth is, this WAS a glitch -- I know you hate that word, but that's what it was.

(MORE)

WALT CAMBY (CONT'D)

It just wasn't a computer glitch, it was a timing glitch. It was a fluke, a black swan. And it doesn't mean our business model failed -- that's what I came here to tell people. It worked the first 35 times we did it, and it'll work the next 35. We're already in the process of identifying new investment opportunities, so we'll earn this money back--

Lee suddenly swoops in out of nowhere, furious -- and now he's the one who grabs Walt.

LEE GATES

You actually think you're gonna get to do this AGAIN? Are you out of your goddamn mind??

Walt juts his chin out at Lee, still cocky and arrogant.

WALT CAMBY

Why can't we? We didn't break any laws, we didn't do anything illegal--

That does it -- Lee cocks back and PUNCHES Walt in the fucking jaw, sending him careening onto the floor.

Then he points to the TV, where Moshe Mbambo is still standing in front of the hundreds of striking workers.

LEE GATES

You tried to bribe an elected official! He admitted it on television and he'll testify to it in court, you son of a bitch!

WALT CAMBY

Oh please, that's... that's...

LEE GATES

That's fraud, motherfucker. That's what that is.

Walt stumbles to his feet, trying to regain some dignity.

LEE GATES

The world is watching, Walt. They all know what you're about now, they know what you've done. They see what a sniveling coward you are.

WALT CAMBY

You just assaulted me on national television -- how exactly does that make me a sniveling coward?

Suddenly, without warning Kyle PULLS HIS FINGER OFF THE SWITCH and tosses it over to Walt -- who SCREAMS and falls back down to the ground, covering his head with a WHIMPER...

...but of course nothing happens. There is no explosion. Kyle just grins down at him, amused.

KYLE

That's how.

Next to him, Lee realizes the mistake a split second before--

LEE GATES

Wait--

--a bullet RIPS through Kyle's chest.

LEE GATES

No!

Kyle tumbles to the ground as Mulrooney and Lee both run towards him, Mulrooney yelling into his radio--

SGT. MULROONEY

I said stand down, goddammit, stand down!

IN THE MONEY MONSTER SAT VAN --

Nancy is stunned, watching it happen on live TV.

NANCY

Oh my god...

WHILE ACROSS THE FLOOR --

Diane CRIES OUT as police radios bursts with commotion--

OVER THE RADIO

We've got shots fired, repeat,
shots fired. Immediate medical
assistant requested--

WHILE BY THE MONITORS --

Lee and Mulrooney kneel over Kyle as blood seeps out on the cement under him. Kyle's already going pale, his eyes wild and unfocused.

LEE GATES

Stay with me, okay? Stay with me.

Kyle manages to look up at him. Gasps out some words.

KYLE

I -- told you. I was dead -- the moment I walked into your studio.

A MEDICAL CREW rushes in, pushing Lee and Mulrooney aside. The EMT's cut through Kyle's shirt, trying to wipe the blood away, but it keeps bubbling up.

LEE GATES

Not yet. You're not dead yet, Kyle.

As the EMT's tries and fails to stop the bleeding, Kyle focuses on Lee one last time. Manages a smile.

KYLE

It's -- okay. I got -- what I wanted.

His eyes lose focus completely. As an EMT futilely attempts to resuscitate--

FROM THE MONEY MONSTER VAN --

Nancy watches, heartstruck, as Lenny's camera catches a shot of Lee, his hands and shirt bloody, stepping back in a daze.

TECH SAM

What the hell?

Nancy looks over to see what Sam's reacting to -- the feed showing the Eden stock price, where the number has now started to rise. \$8.58. \$8.60. \$8.61...

TECH DAVE

Wait, the stock price is going up??

Nancy shrugs. Wearily watches as it continues to inch up.

NANCY

I guess now that investors heard how Eden really works... they actually like the sound of it.

TECH SAM

What kind of sick people would watch this happen and then go straight onto their computer and buy STOCK?

NANCY

I said investors. I didn't say people.

AT A DATA CENTER ON HUDSON ST --

This is the computer from the very opening, with the blinking green LED lights.

CLOSER and CLOSER on that one particular little green light, blinking in rhythm, one a second... one, two three, four, five... until suddenly: a DOUBLE-BLINK.

ON THE EXCHANGE FLOOR --

The Eden stock price shoots up 22 cents in a single second. But nobody on the floor notices -- everyone is respectfully watching the EMT's get Kyle's body up on a stretcher.

They continue to work on him, even though it's fruitless. And Lee refuses to leave his side, staying with the stretcher as they exit the Exchange doors to the ambulance outside.

After they leaves, Mulrooney whirls around to the silent cops and SWAT around the floor and up on the balconies.

SGT. MULROONEY

I want whoever pulled that trigger
to meet me outside, RIGHT NOW.
Bring your goddamn C.O. with you!
(then, to Benson)
This is a crime scene. So lets
treat it as one.

Then before he leaves, he nods over at Walt.

SGT. MULROONEY

And arrest him while you're at it.

WALT CAMBY

Arrest me?? For what??

SGT. MULROONEY

Eh. We'll sort that out later.

Mulrooney watches as Benson and another cop forcefully subdue him, slapping on the cuffs with a knee in his back.

SGT. MULROONEY

All I know is, if somebody's gonna
leave here in the back of an
ambulance, then somebody else is
gonna leave in the back of a police
car.

OUTSIDE THE NYSE --

Lee still stays with Kyle's body as the EMT's load him onto the ambulance, pulled close to shield them from the crowds.

Meanwhile, Diane has gathered all the photographers by the entrance -- and as soon as Walt emerges in handcuffs, they start furiously SNAPPING away. Walt glares at her.

WALT CAMBY
What the hell are you doing?

DIANE LESTER
I'm your VP of PR. I'm doing my job.

But she doesn't say it with any triumph or vindication. Just a general sense of exhaustion.

WALT CAMBY
You know my lawyer's gonna have me out of those cuffs before I even walk into the station.

DIANE LESTER
I know. But at least these photos...
(re: the FLASHING CAMERAS)
...they'll be around for the rest of your life.

And as he's marched out on the perp walk towards a squad car, the press keep SNAPPING away furiously.

Nearby, Lenny's barely stepped outside when a reporter shoves a mic in his face, grilling him live about what happened.

So as Lenny, who finds himself on the other side of the camera for once, decides to stop and answer --

DRIFT SLOWLY UP -- over the zoo that's formed here in downtown Manhattan: police cars, fire trucks, news vans, and crowds everywhere.

IN THE ER AT LOWER MANHATTAN HOSPITAL -- LATER

Lee -- disheveled, exhausted, and still covered in Kyle's blood -- has found his way to a reception desk.

LEE GATES
Marowitz. Ron Marowitz. Gunshot wound to the shoulder.

The NURSE on duty scans the records.

NURSE
Oh, here we are. He's still in surgery, operating room 4.

LEE GATES
How long until I can see him?

NURSE
I can't say. Could be an hour, could be three. But as soon as he's out, we'll let you know.

So Lee takes a seat in the nearly empty waiting room. The TV is tuned to the news, and the REPORTER is on site outside the NYSE, of course.

REPORTER

--Eden's stock has now crested 12 dollars in after hours trading. That's still a long way from it's 78 dollar peak before it crashed two weeks ago, but a remarkable display of consumer confidence considering their CEO, Walt Camby, was dragged out of here in handcuffs--

Lee grimaces. Changes the channel with a shaky hand.

The next station is interviewing Lenny -- who's an old pro by now, modestly accepting praise. Lee watches him for a moment, momentarily amused.

NANCY'S VOICE

Maybe I should've gotten hair and makeup for Lenny with all this attention he's getting.

Lee perks up -- but Nancy's not in his ear this time, she's standing right behind him, carrying an overstuffed plastic bag. Lee smiles, grateful to see her.

LEE GATES

He woulda deserved it.

Nancy takes a seat next to him. Together they watch the TV, where a picture of Kyle comes up. Under him it says: KYLE BUDWELL, PRONOUNCED DEAD AT HOSPITAL. It's too much for Lee -- he flips the channel again.

NANCY

You did everything you could, you know. And you were the last guy in the world who needed to.

Lee shrugs. It's not much consolation at the moment. The next channel he flips to isn't much better -- this one is showing a still of Walt Camby. Lee grimaces.

LEE GATES

How many people do you think'll be watching the show tomorrow?

NANCY

What, you actually want to do a show tomorrow?

Lee stares at the image of Walt Camby. For the first time in a long time, things are in focus.

LEE GATES
I've got a lot to say. Tomorrow
seems like a good time to start.

Nancy glances over at him, sees a look in his eye -- and it makes her smile.

NANCY
Then I'll just point the cameras in
your direction and we'll figure it
out together, huh?

With that, she grabs the plastic bag she brought. Holds it up.

LEE GATES
What's in there?

NANCY
Dinner.

She pulls out a bunch of takeout containers, lays them out on the small table in front of them.

NANCY
Since I heard you had an opening in
your schedule.

Lee stares down at the food. At this simple gesture.

LEE GATES
That's right. I do.

NANCY
Great. As it happens, I do too.

THEN DRIFT BACK -- through the glass doors, as they start to eat, and they settle in to wait --

FADE TO BLACK.