MONEY MONSTER

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A VOICE
Faster.

<u>OPEN ON A CEILING --</u>

-- 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:

TO DOWNTOWN SHANGHAI -- EXACTLY 1:07 PM EST

It is actually 1:07 in the morning 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 right in. She's up for it too, and as they start making out furiously, the lighting drones whizzing back and forth above them--

IN A SUBURB OF REYKJAVIK, ICELAND -- EXACTLY 1:07 PM EST

On a TV, 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 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 corner with his signature tag (a Viking in leopard print underwear), then loops it so that it plays OVER and OVER as he 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 POLITICIAN 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, dangerously close to the Representative --

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

--until one of them finally sails right through him. The Politician, 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 now, the cityscape spread out 47 floors below.

A VOICE
But it's especially true 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, seemingly 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. Let's 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

ONE WEEK, 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 --

<u>THE STUDIO --</u>

-- 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.

Nancy 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. Let's 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
Jesus. I wouldn't invite most of these people to a goddamn audit.

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, let's 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)
Yes I can. 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.

<u>OUTSIDE ON A BUSY NEW YORK STREET --</u>

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 pick up some takeout on the way home--

LEE GATES	NANCY'S VOICE
Oh God, stop right there, I'm already getting depressed--	
	--then get into your most comfortable pair of pajamas--
Is this really like a Friday night for you? It can't be--	
	--and curl right up in front of the TV--
--because just the idea of PAJAMAS and TELEVISION and TAKEOUT, Christ--	
	--hold on a sec, Lee--

IN THE CONTROL ROOM --

Nancy, still multi-tasking, clicks over from Lee's ear--

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)
You're a little out of focus, Lenny, are you in front of your mark?

In 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 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. Then Nancy 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 with two SHOWGIRLS to a song like GOT MONEY by Lil Wayne.

He does his SIGNATURE DANCE MOVE, hamming it up as he makes his way to center stage, where the Girls finally split off and Lee takes a peacocky bow to the camera.

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 let's 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 -- let's 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, better 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)
I can't do it, Lee, you know I can't do it.

KYLE
I'm gonna count to three and 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 real 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. Let's 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.

SARGEANT 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 really 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, let's 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, which appeared to the world like it was filled with water only a few minutes ago. Lee sets his jaw, pretending 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 hey, I'm not sure I 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, 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.

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 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??

Lee's lack of response just infuriates him. He thrusts the gun up against Lee's temple.

KYLE
It's not a rhetorical question, I want a fucking answer. And if you want to live longer than me, then you better come up with a better one than that 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 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 anyone. 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 loonies. 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 mommies.

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?

<u>IN THE STUDIO --</u>

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. 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 do know 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 -- which is exactly why I invited him onto the show today in the first place.

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
So if you really want to find out what happened here, then 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'll be right out here 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 Fenn 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 Brussels 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, let's see... Sao Paolo on Monday--

DIANE LESTER
Monday? That's 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 we 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. She curses under her breath, then whirls to Sam and Dave.

NANCY
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
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 so -- 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 on foot. 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 office, 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. The TV is still blaring -- and 7000 miles from Manhattan, Kyle and Lee are live on TV. The world is 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, and for once all of his computers are on their screensaver (which is that graphic of a Viking in leopard print underwear)--

--because 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 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 qu-- goddamn! 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?

Both Mulrooney and Benson ignore him.

OFFICER BENSON
We tracked down the escrow company, they confirmed all the money from the sale 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 --

Ron Marowitz opens the sliding door of this 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.

RON MAROWITZ
Jesus.

He crouches over, trying to conceal it, 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, do you hear me?

--while Diane hits a button on the intercom for 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 Brussels 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. Even if we don't know where he is right now.

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.

SARGEANT 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?

SARGEANT 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 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?

SARGEANT VASQUEZ
Yeah, exactly.

Mulrooney shoots Benson a look -- Jesus, these goddamn SWATs--

<u>WHILE BACK IN THE MONEY MONSTER STUDIO --</u>

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. 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 thousands 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? Let's bring him on 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, goddammit. 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 shorts out as Lee ducks for cover.

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

<u>IN THE MONEY MONSTER CONTROL ROOM --</u>

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
We need Walt, Diane.

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

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

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

Diance 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's 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
I just want is an explanation. I 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?

<u>WHILE ABOVE THEM IN THE RAFTERS OF THE STUDIO --</u>

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

<u>WHILE BACK AT EDEN --</u>

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, James.

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
Yes, Diane. Girls like you.

They stare each other down, equally hot now.

DIANE LESTER
Get out of my way.

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, I'm telling you right now -- blood'll 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 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)
Listen, getting an extra hole in your head isn't gonna earn you any better 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 TV behind Lee: EDNF -- $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. 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 Capital 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 of 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 <u>together</u>.

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 EDNF 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 the 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.

<u>OUT IN THE MONEY MONSTER LOBBY --</u>

On TV, EDNF is holding at $8.42, 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 --

EDNF 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 while she watches Lee on the monitors.

NANCY (INTO PHONE)
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 (INTO LEE'S EAR)
Where are you going with this, Lee?

Lee ignores her -- pulls out his iPhone instead. Sure enough there it is, at the top of his favorites list. Kyle just 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. So point for you. How about kids, you got any?
(off his silence)
No? How about one on the way, maybe?

Kyle furrows his brow. How'd he...?

LEE GATES (ON SCREEN)
Yeah, that's what I thought. So she's expecting then -- great, what a blessing. I have one myself, ya know.

Nancy makes eye contact with Lee, surprised. News to her.

LEE GATES (ON SCREEN)
I barely knew her Mom, so I haven't seen them in a long time. But let's see, she must be... six years old now? Seven?

Nancy looks away. Then Lee notices the rest of the crew is doing the same thing. He eyes each of them defiantly.

LEE GATES
They moved to South Jersey, so I send a check instead. Trust me, it's for the best -- what am I gonna do with a little girl, play with dollies all afternoon?

Still, no eye contact. So Lee grabs his mug -- the one that everybody now knows is not filled with water -- and holds it up to Kyle.

LEE GATES
Like I said, they all leave sooner or later. But mazel tov on the bundle of joy. I guess we can all agree that's another fuckin point for you then?

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 agape, momentarily dumbstruck. 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 let's start there.

UP IN THE RAFTERS --

The Swat Officer finally reaches his position at the south end of the catwalk -- giving him an unobstructed frontal view of the set below. As he quietly, carefully sets 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 grand in credit card debt. I pay the minimum 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.
(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)
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 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 -- that's how it works, right? 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
(ignoring her)
...so not only is your kid never gonna meet his old man now, 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.

<u>OUT IN THE LOBBY --</u>

A panicked GASP. Mulrooney lunges for the gray phone--

SGT. MULROONEY
Christ, he's gonna get himself killed.
(as soon as Nancy picks up)
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. Just let me know when your man in the rafters is ready.

<u>ON MANHATTAN'S WEST COAST HIGHWAY --</u>

Diane Lester is in the backseat of this chauffered 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 -- and Kyle's fiancee (whose name is MOLLY) emerges, stunned and overwhelmed.

UP IN THE STUDIO LOBBY -- 60 SECONDS LATER

Mulrooney and Molly step out from the elevators, and Mulrooney leads her over to the phone at the command center.

SGT. MULROONEY
So you talk into this and he'll hear you inside the studio. Remember, our only goal is for him to put down his weapon and come out to see you, okay?

Molly nods -- then takes the phone, meekly speaks into it...

MOLLY (INTO PHONE)
Kyle? Can you hear me?

INSIDE THE MONEY MONSTER STUDIO --

Kyle is pacing back and forth behind Lee's chair... when he hears her voice. His heart drops in his stomach.

KYLE
Molly? Wh--what are you doing here?

MOLLY'S VOICE
What am I doing here? What are you doing here, Kyle?

KYLE
Where are -- are you outside?
(to the crew)
Open that door, is she out there?
Open it!

The Stage Manager does as he's told and swings the stage door open. Kyle cranes his neck, but he can't see outside.

KYLE
How-- how did you even know how to get here? I thought you were working today.

There is a long pause on the loudspeaker... and then--

MOLLY'S VOICE
Jesus, you are the dumbest son of a bitch on the planet.

Lee glances over at Kyle, confused. That just took a turn...

WHILE BACK OUT IN THE LOBBY --

Mulrooney has the same reaction. He gestures over at Molly.

SGT. MULROONEY
Ho, ho. Keep it calm.

But Molly ignores him, focused on the image of Kyle on TV.

MOLLY (INTO PHONE)
They told me about the money, Kyle. You're so goddamn stupid--

Mulrooney steps forward to try to take the phone from her, but she blocks him with her body.

MOLLY (INTO PHONE)
You're such a fuckin failure, you know that? You've always been a failure--

KYLE (ON TV)
Molly, just...

MOLLY (INTO PHONE)
You sat down there in the basement studyin your fuckin books all night thinking you were some kinda smart guy. But you aren't, Kyle, you fuckin aren't.

On screen, Kyle just stands there helplessly, taking the abuse. Which of course only makes Molly angrier.

MOLLY (INTO PHONE)
And then you go off and do THIS? You blow all your mother's money like a fuckin halfwit and then you come here with a goddamn bomb? Are you kiddin me?

Mulrooney reaches for it again, almost wrestling her now, but she pushes him away. Mulrooney gestures over to Benson--

SGT. MULROONEY
Cut the line.

<u>BUT IN THE STUDIO --</u>

Molly's voice still rings out of the speakers.

MOLLY'S VOICE
That's all we had, you dumb bastard! That was every cent to our name!

Kyle's breathing heavily -- close to tears, maybe, or close to a panic attack. Lee actually starts to feel sorry for him.

MOLLY'S VOICE
You're a fuckin bum!! I'm seven months pregnant, how could you do something like this!?
(then, apparently to Mulrooney)
Get away from me, motherfucker!

They can hear the sounds of a struggle on the other end, which pushes Kyle even more out on the ledge.

MOLLY'S VOICE
You're worthless, you know that?? You might as well be dead alread--

Finally the line goes SILENT.

But her voice can still be heard through the open studio door, where it sounds like they must be dragging her away, kicking and screaming--

MOLLY'S VOICE (FROM OUTSIDE)
Why don't you just shoot yourself in the head, Kyle!!?? Pull the trigger, you chickenshit!! Just pull the trigger and get it over with!!

Up on stage Kyle is completely stricken, his hands shaking--

LEE GATES
It's okay. Hey, 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.

OUTSIDE IN THE LOBBY --

Some other cops come over to help pull Molly into the elevator, allowing Benson to finally peel off. He and Mulrooney make eye contact, both thinking the same thing regarding the NOW-OPEN STUDIO DOOR, while--

BACK INSIDE THE STUDIO --

Kyle is too distraught to notice Benson duck quickly through the door and crouch behind one of the cameras. Lee's busy doing his best to calm him down.

LEE GATES
Alright, 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
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)
Listen lady, I'm not getting mixed up in all this. I was hired to build a program. That's it.
(MORE)

WON JOON LEE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
My job was about data, it was about math, it was about theoreticals. So I have no idea how they used my algo out in the real world, and to be honest with you, I don't wanna know.

Won Joon speaks English pretty well, actually (and thanks to hip hop music and Fast and Furious movies, he's actually got a bit of street flair).

DIANE LESTER'S VOICE
Right, but this glitch had to be a result of what you designed--

WON JOON LEE (INTO PHONE)
C'mon, get outta here with that -- my programs don't have glitches. They're only blaming it on one because nobody really understands how this algo works. And if nobody understands it, then nobody has to explain it.

DIANE LESTER'S VOICE
Well that's why I'm calling you. I just want to understand it--

WON JOON LEE (INTO PHONE)
Look, I'm not gonna lie, I don't like my program taking all the blame for this bullshit either. But he obviously needed a scapegoat, and I know better than to get in his way.

<u>BACK AT TETERBORO AIRPORT --</u>

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)
Who obviously needed a scapegoat, Won Joon?

WON JOON LEE
You know damn well who.

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
I'm not trying to get you mixed up in this, okay? I just -- I need you to point me in the right direction. We're talking about 400 million dollars here.

The plane door opens. A stewardess extends the stairs down...

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE
Well I'll tell you this -- even Walt Camby isn't just gonna sit in his office and let that much money just disappear into thin air. Do you know where he's been the last couple days?

NANCY (INTO PHONE)
Brussels. 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 can ask him and find out.

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE
Yeah. Good luck with that.

DIANE LESTER
You got any better ideas?

Won Joon pauses. But Walt's approaching, so Diane only has about three seconds to figure out how to play this...

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE
Tell you what. 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 decides 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.

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.)

Over by the terminal, Amy Lam 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 Brussels?

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.

<u>MEANWHILE, DOWNSTAIRS IN THE MONEY MONSTER BUILDING LOBBY --</u>

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 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 -- but he's right. That was an unmitigated disaster. He rubs his face, exhausted.

SGT. MULROONEY
There's not a chance in hell this thing is gonna end well, is there?

Nelson shrugs, but doesn't answer. Which of course is an answer itself --

WHILE UP IN THE STUDIO --

Kyle is sitting in Lee's chair, his hands still shaking. Lee stands above him, strategically blocking his POV so that--

-- Benson is out of Kyle's eyeline as he waves two crouched-over Cameramen out through the doors to safety.

Then he doubles back into the room, DUCKING behind a sound cart. The control room is next, but it's gonna be trickier.

INSIDE THE CONTROL ROOM --

Everyone here is tense but focused, fully aware that they're all in the blast zone still. Sam cross-checks the monitors.

TECH SAM (INTO HEADSET)
Okay, Lenny's the last manned camera left, everybody else is out.

Lenny, who's been close and tight on Kyle and Lee, hears that through his headset and looks around the room -- suddenly realizing that he's the only crewman left in the room.

LENNY THE CAMERAMAN
Ah, balls.

OUT IN THE MONEY MONSTER LOBBY --

Members of the SWAT Team as well as the Bomb Squad meet up with Mulrooney and Nelson as they emerge from the elevator.

SWAT TEAM LEADER
We're ready and in position. Give me the green light, we go.

Mulrooney looks over at Vasquez, the Bomb Squad guy --

SGT. MULROONEY
If we take out the receiver on Gates' chest...what's his chance of survival?

-- just as Bree the Assistant happens to be walking by. She stops, 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--

Mulrooney shoots him a look. Then include em in your number.

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, let me know when you have that control room ready to evacuate.

They head off to the command center... 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 look)
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 this, 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 staring out the window, trying to play it cool despite the fact that Walt is less than two feet away from her.

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. But it's going to be a great speech, 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.

<u>BACK IN THE MONEY MONSTER CONTROL ROOM --</u>

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--

BREE THE ASSISTANT
Nancy, I need a moment...

NANCY
Hold on, Bree.
(then, into Lee's ear)
Diane Lester just called, Lee --
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 into Nancy's line again--

BREE THE ASSISTANT
Nancy, I really need--

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 out here, and
you need to know it. Right now.

<u>MEANWHILE, AT THE APARTMENT IN ICELAND --</u>

Lee and Kyle are still on TV, but Joji is back on his laptop. 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, it's time. We're gonna 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?

<u>OUT IN THE LOBBY/COMMAND CENTER --</u>

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?

<u>UP IN THE RAFTERS --</u>

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 -- 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, Lee wriggles out of Kyle's grasp, but the front of his vest is still 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 each 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. This all started because you got fucked over by Eden, right? Well I say let's get the hell out of this studio and go return the favor.

<u>OUT IN THE COMMAND CENTER --</u>

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 -- rips 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
I want a tactical unit downstairs, we need to start clearing the streets--

NANCY
I need a satellite van and sound package downstairs and 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!

<u>IN THE ELEVATOR --</u>

There's a DING, and then the elevator doors slide open. Both Lee and Kyle just stare out into the lobby.

<u>OUTSIDE THE STUDIO --</u>

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 -- 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, stamped with both the date/time (4/24, 13:05) 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) and it's a pretty clear video of Walt walking with a BLACK MAN through a large cast-iron gate. The earth underneath his feet is cracked and red -- wherever he is, it certainly doesn't look like Brussels.

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 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. Nancy frowns, taking in the growing crowds and gridlocked streets as she talks to Bree on her headset--

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)
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 --

The SUV pulls up to the back entrance. Walt gets out, followed by Diane, who's still obviously dazed from the videos... leaving Amy Lam sitting there in the passenger seat.

AMY LAM
Uh, Diane... what should I--?

But the door has already closed behind her.

INSIDE, PAST SECURITY --

Diane gathers her cell and purse from the metal detector. She gets another call from Nancy -- but again she has to decline, since she's shuffling Walt over to the 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 phone. Bree picks up.

DIANE LESTER (INTO PHONE)
It's Diane Lester returning.

Diane pulls up her email browser on her cell 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 -- 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 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.

Up ahead, Lee and Kyle are trying to process it all too--

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 also...

ANOTHER GUY
They're a buncha crooks -- go blow em all to hell!

...while a nearby group of ROWDY NEW YORKERS are doing Lee's SIGNATURE DANCE MOVE, making a scene and getting laughs... and it all just feels wrong somehow. For the first time in his life, all this attention is actually troubling.

Kyle walks in front of him, completely shell-shocked by it all. Lee subtly pulls him back towards him.

LEE GATES
Stay close. I don't want to give em a clear shot at the vest.

Kyle bites his lip, obviously weighing a decision...

KYLE
Yeah, now might be a good time to tell you something about that.

Lee shoots him a look. What now?

KYLE
Well, there's not actually any Semtex in there. It's kinda just... blocks of clay.

LEE GATES
What??

KYLE
I wanted to get 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. Makes sure only he can hear.

LEE GATES
Well they think it's real, and that's the only chip we've got. Whatever you do, 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
Ah 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 increasingly rowdy onlookers. Nancy POUNDS on the windshield in the front--

NANCY
Get out of the way, goddammit! Get out of the way!

--while in the back, Tech Dave and Sam are studying the video Diane forwarded over, the one of Walt walking through that cast-iron gate. Sam suddenly pauses it... zooms in on the top right corner...

TECH SAM
Right there. What's that sign say?

Dave leans in to try to make out the words on the gate.

TECH DAVE
Bushmar Platinum Co.

Tech Sam is already pulling up Google as Nancy joins them.

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)
Any idea what Walt was doing at a platinum mine, Diane?

DIANE LESTER'S VOICE
None. He claimed to be at a tech conference in Brussels.

NANCY
(back to Sam now)
Find out where Bushmar is. And then find out if they're publicly traded.

Nancy hears a WHISTLE from outside -- and she looks up to see Ron Marowitz running down the sidewalk, out of breath.

She puts Diane on hold and calls out to him--

NANCY
C'mon, c'mon -- I need to talk to Lee, but his earwig fell out, so you've gotta bring him another one.

Tech Dave hands her an earwig, and she tosses it out to Ron. Ron puts his hands on his knees for a second, trying to catch his breath as he looks at the thronging mass up the street.

RON MAROWITZ
How exactly -- am I supposed to -- get this to him?

NANCY
I dunno, Ron, you're a producer. So go produce your way up there.

From the back, Sam waves Nancy over to his computer--

TECH SAM
Nancy. Get a load of this.

Nancy takes a look at the screen... and then WHISTLES, processing what she's seeing and exactly what it all means...

<u>WHILE UP AHEAD ON THE STREET --</u>

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 to Lee -- but a few COPS block his path, 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! Hey, 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 squeezes off a BULLET--

--which hits Ron, sending him to the sidewalk.

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.

It's so sudden that before Lee even realizes what happened, an Emergency Response Team has already swarmed Ron on the ground--

--while Mulrooney yells to the other cops as much as to Kyle --

SGT. MULROONEY (CONT'D)
Holster your weapons, goddammit! Do not fire!

BACK IN THE MONEY MONSTER SAT VAN --

As soon as Nancy heard the GUN SHOT she immediately switched over her headset--

NANCY
Lee, can you hear me?

But there's no response.

TECH SAM
Even if he got the earwig he doesn't have a mic to respond...

Lenny's video feed is too chaotic to follow anything, so Nancy frantically grabs a pair of binoculars and climbs halfway out her window, trying to get a glimpse of Lee --

WHILE A HUNDRED YARDS UP CHURCH STREET --

The Response Team moves with impressive efficiency, getting Ron up and away from danger as quickly as possible.

As they bustle him out, Lee finally catches one quick glimpse of Ron -- and then just like that, they're gone.

Lee and Kyle stand there, stunned and dazed. The mood's shifted severely and completely -- dozens of rifles and guns are now pointed straight at them, while onlookers are still hugging the ground, terrified, and--

BACK ON THE ROOF OF THE SAT VAN --

Nancy finally finds Lee with her binoculars, pressed up against Kyle in the street.

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)
Lee, are you there? I'm staring right at you, stick your hand up if you can hear this...

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS -- Lee looks around... then sticks up his right arm. Ron came through after all. Nancy finally allows herself to breathe, relieved, while--

A HUNDRED YARDS UP CHURCH STREET --

The reality of what just happened is finally setting in for Kyle, who's now completely beside himself, guilt-stricken.

KYLE
W-what do we do?

Lee looks down the road -- sees the Stock Exchange, only a few blocks away.

LEE GATES
No turning back now, Kyle -- we either keep going, or we don't. It's your call.

BACK ON THE COPS --

-- all out of earshot, all still with their weapons aimed at Lee and Kyle... who are quietly talking it over in the street.

And then, finally -- Lee nods. And just like that, he and Kyle START THEIR WALK towards the Stock Exchange again.

Before they follow, 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.

BACK IN THE SAT VAN --

Nancy climbs back down in the roof, ready to get to work.

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)
Diane, you there? Listen, you've got to lock Walt down, okay? Don't let him run before we can get there.
(then, clicking over to Lee)
Alright Lee, you can hear me but I can't hear you. Which is good, because I have a lot to explain and I don't need you interrupting...

WHILE FROM A HELICOPTER SHOT ABOVE --

-- Lee and Kyle pass by the George Washington statue in front of Federal Hall, trailed by Lenny, Mulrooney, and the rest of the police processional.

Pull back slowly to reveal that this helicopter shot is actually being broadcast--

ON THE TV IN THE GREEN ROOM OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE --

-- and that it's Walt who's watching it. When Diane opens the door, Walt swings around to her--

WALT CAMBY (INTO HIS CELL)
She just came in. I'll call you back.

Diane stands there, frozen...so Walt goes over to her instead. He shuts the door, then starts to reach out towards her. She tenses... but he just pulls the TV remote out of her pocket.

WALT CAMBY
I don't need the remote to turn on a fucking TV, 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 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 he notices the REPORTER ON TV. She's standing out on Wall Street, surrounded by a crowd -- and interviewing Amy Lam, who's eating up her fifteen minutes of fame.

REPORTER
So you're saying you actually saw him enter the Stock Exchange?

AMY LAM (ON TV)
Uh, yeeeah? He walked right through that door, like, 15 minutes ago.

Walt freezes in his tracks. But Diane has to grin -- Amy Lam, finally coming through.

DIANE LESTER
Nowhere to run now, huh?

Walt levels his gaze at her. Running his options in his head--

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.

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? The guy strapped a bomb to somebody's chest, for God's sake.

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 -- 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? Let's not act like you all 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 standing there.

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 now, 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. And his gun.

KYLE
Hey there, tough guy.

Then Lee pops around the corner too. Nods hello.

LEE GATES
Ready for that interview now?

ON THE FLOOR OF THE NYSE --

NYPD and FBI 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 let's just talk for a moment.

KYLE
I think we can talk with the weapons up.

They're standing in front of a wall of monitors, each playing a different news station -- but right now they're all showing the same video of them, creating an eerie shadow effect.

LEE GATES
I know you've been on a plane, Walt, so let me try to catch you up. We've been doing some digging -- with the help of your colleague Diane --

He nods towards Diane across the room. Walt shoots her a withering gaze, but Diane just shrugs back at him.

LEE GATES
--trying to figure out exactly what this algo of yours had been investing in before the wheels came off.

Walt eyes him cautiously. Lee struts the floor like he's still hosting his show.

LEE GATES
Platinum mines in South Africa -- does that ring a bell, Walt?
(off his look)
Well it should, because Eden was into it deep, to the tune of hundreds of millions of dollars. But you were actually shorting the market, betting everything AGAINST it--
(off his look again)
What, am I getting this wrong? Because you can jump in anytime...

WALT CAMBY
No, it's just -- this is the first I've heard of any of it--

Suddenly one of the TV monitors on the wall behind Walt and Kyle, per Nancy's cue, flips to the SURVEILLANCE VIDEO of Walt walking through the cast-iron gates.

LEE GATES
Really? That's strange, seeing as how you were just in South Africa yesterday.

Walt stews, busted, as the video plays over and over on a loop behind him.

LEE GATES
So your algo bet big against platinum, Walt -- but something obviously went wrong. What, though? I mean, that's why we're all really here, right?

Kyle nods. He's all ears.

LEE GATES
Well as it turns out -- it was a fluke. Just old fashioned bad timing. Two weeks ago it was announced, out of nowhere, that a giant new deposit had been found, one that'd produce another twenty tons of platinum per year. Which meant the market suddenly skyrocketed... when your algo had bet everything it'd tank.

Mulrooney keeps his gun on Kyle, but even he's interested to hear this.

LEE GATES
So the real question is: why? Why did your algo decide to go all-in against *platinum companies in South Africa*, of all places? Because Kyle, you remember my motto, right?

KYLE
Diversify, diversify, diversify.

Lee shrugs at Walt conspiratorially, like they're on the same side now all of a sudden.

LEE GATES
Obviously he didn't listen to me. But he's just one mook from Queens -- a sophisticated algorithm like yours, though, dealing with that enormous amount of volume... it should really know better, shouldn't it?

Walt doesn't respond. Lee steps closer to him, really starting to twist the screws now.

LEE GATES
Here's what I think. I think we've been so focused on figuring out what went wrong at Eden that we forgot to notice what was going right. Because this isn't the first time your algo has done this. In fact, it was doing exactly what it was designed to.

Walt just glares back at him. Revealing nothing.

LEE GATES
It all comes back to speed, right? We're talking five thousand transactions a second here, Walt -- which might be a drop in the bucket in the US markets, but in smaller, poorer countries? That many trades over an extended period of time -- well, that could almost single-handedly make an unstable industry in an unstable country actually seem stable, couldn't it?

Walt still doesn't respond. So Lee just keeps hammering him.

LEE GATES
So the plan was, you'd put as much money as you could into platinum for as long as it took to get the stock price steady.
(MORE)

LEE GATES (CONT'D)
And then when the time was right, you'd pull everything out, ripping the rug out from under the market -- after which you'd slip back in there and buy up everything for pennies on the dollar. Which is exactly 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, totally unfazed by the voice in his ear.

LEE GATES
Palm oil in Indonesia, soybeans in Brazil, iron in the Ukraine. And it all worked. You might've been destroying economies, but hey, the returns were so big you just kept leveraging more and more capital, because that's just good business, right? It was a foolproof strategy...

On screen behind them, Nancy pauses the video loop just as Walt glances at the security camera -- caught, red-handed, looking directly at us.

LEE GATES
...until it wasn't.

Walt's had enough. He steps forward, blocking the monitor, trying to get back some control here.

WALT CAMBY
Look, 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. So all we know right now is there was some kind of computer glitch--

Kyle lashes out, 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
You're a piece of shit, Walt, but I'm still 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?

As soon as Lee buckles the final vest strap, Kyle waves his arms at the cops.

KYLE
Now get back! Everybody get back!

They all do as they're told... except for Lee. Kyle shoots him a look -- c'mon, you gotta play along if this is gonna work.

So Lee reluctantly moves back near Mulrooney, who's speaking into his radio--

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, while--

BACK DOWN ON THE FLOOR OF THE EXCHANGE --

Isolated now, Kyle presses the gun against Walt's forehead.

KYLE
I want you to admit it. You lied about that goddamn glitch. You knew what you were doing, you knew it was illegal--

WALT CAMBY
But that's just it. 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
Admit 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!

The outburst momentarily silences Kyle, who glances back at Lee--

WALT CAMBY
Don't look at him, he can't name one either! Because you can't break laws that don't exist yet!

LEE GATES
They exist in this country.

WALT CAMBY
Well welcome to today's world, my friend. We don't all move at the same speed.

Walt pushes him off from up against the wall of monitors. Finds some footing again.

WALT CAMBY
You know what else is against the law in this country, Lee? Stoning a woman to death for cheating on her husband. But they do it in Iran, don't they? And how about this --
(re: Kyle's gun)
--it's against the law 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 --

WALT CAMBY
You 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? 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
I just want to hear you say it, you son of a bitch.

WALT CAMBY
Say *what*??

KYLE
That you lied! That this whole thing wasn't about a goddamn computer glitch!

WALT CAMBY
Look, Lee said it himself: South Africa was a fluke, a black swan. The chances of something like that ever happening again are--

Our business model 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, because--

--because nothing's changed, Kyle. There's a reason this algo worked, over and over and over again--

--and if you'd just have some patience, we'll be able to earn all this money back, I promise--

KYLE
Fuck you! Say it!

You've got three seconds until I blow your ass right out of this building--

Three...

Two...

One...

WALT CAMBY
I lied! It wasn't a glitch!

There it is. Kyle just blinks at him for a minute -- and then, oddly... he grins.

KYLE
That's all I wanted to hear.

Lee realizes what he's about to do...

LEE GATES
Kyle, don't--!

...but Kyle PULLS HIS FINGER OFF THE SWITCH and tosses it at 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 smiles down at Walt for a half-second now--

--until a bullet RIPS Kyle's chest open. He 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--

WHILE BY THE MONITORS --

Before Lee can make it there, SWAT Officers swarm Kyle, violently pinning and disarming him even though his body has already gone limp.

WHILE FROM THE MONEY MONSTER VAN --

Nancy watches, heartstruck, as Lenny's camera catches Lee trying to get to Kyle but being forcefully restrained, while--

BACK ON THE EXCHANGE FLOOR --

Everyone else here is silently watching the EMT's quickly get Kyle's body up on a stretcher.

Lee tries to follow them, tries his best to stay with Kyle -- but that's when he notices Walt Camby standing by the wall of monitors. He veers off towards him instead.

WALT CAMBY
Christ, that kid's a fucking nut--

...Lee cocks back and PUNCHES Walt in the jaw, sending him careening to the floor. Searing pain shoots through Lee's hand.

A couple Officers hurry over to pull him off, but he doesn't go easily. Eventually he ends up on the ground himself, though, clutching his injured hand.

And then just like that -- he's a bystander now. He stares up at the commotion around him, at all the people securing the scene: the NYPD, the SWAT, the FBI, the EMTs.

At all the electronic things around them: the giant TVs, the computer kiosks, the automated banners -- and the stock tickers, of course, which are everywhere.

Then at the ticker symbols-- random letters, jumbled together. And the numbers attached to them, flying by, increasing, decreasing, flashing, but constantly moving.

And then on group of letters in particular, EDNF -- just as it ticks up one cent to $8.47.

OUTSIDE THE NYSE --

Newscaster and Photographers scramble to get a better view -- was that a stretcher? A bodybag? The ambulance is around the corner, though, blockaded off.

So the reporters are all still in the dark when a nearby door opens -- and Lenny the Cameraman steps out for a smoke, unaware of the hornet's nest he's walking into. A REPORTER immediately shoves a mic in his face and starts grilling him live.

So as Lenny, who finds himself on the other side of the camera for once, decides to stop and answer --

LOWER MANHATTAN HOSPITAL -- WAITING ROOM -- LATER

Lee sits in an uncomfortable chair, staring at a TV, his shirt still splattered with blood.

On screen is footage of Lenny from the same interview outside the NYSE. He's a natural at it by now, modestly accepting praise...

NANCY'S VOICE
Maybe I should've gotten a hair and makeup team for Lenny, huh?

Lee looks over to see Nancy standing in the doorway, holding an overstuffed plastic bag.

NANCY
How's Ron doing?

LEE GATES
Out of surgery, in recovery. But no one will tell me when I can see him.

Nancy nods -- then heads over to take a seat next to Lee, settling in to wait. She pulls a table over and starts removing takeout containers from the plastic bag...

LEE GATES
Whaddaya got there?

NANCY
Dinner. Heard you had an opening in your schedule tonight.

Lee just stares down at the food for a moment, touched by this simple gesture. Nancy opens a container of lo mein and passes it over to Lee.

And so as they sit there in this waiting room, eating take-out Chinese and watching TV together.

On screen, the newscast is now showing a clip of Walt Camby SCREAMING and convulsing at the moment he thinks he's being blown up (which is pretty comical out of context).

Since it's actually taken from the internet, it plays in a six second loop -- and it has that familiar Viking in leopard print underwear tag on the bottom corner.

REPORTER (ON SCREEN)
Meanwhile, a Vine of Eden's CEO Walt Camby has quickly become an online phenomenon -- it's been viewed over 13 million times in just two hours, and it's already inspiring what seems to be the next big internet meme...

A few different doctored versions of the clip are shown: a superimposed kitten pawing at Walt and causing him to flinch, Walt getting struck by electricity from the Emperor from Star Wars, who's cackling maniacally, etc.

Nancy can't help it -- the Emperor one makes her laugh.

Back on the TV, the Reporter who's live in front of the NYSE is now on a split screen with the NEWS ANCHOR in the studio--

REPORTER (ON SCREEN)
But surprisingly, Eden's stock has already crested 14 dollars in after hours trading, up 70% since close of business. It appears investors got an earful of how Eden's business model actually works, Mike, and they obviously like what they heard.

Then, on this tableau shot of them watching TV, Nancy rests her head on Lee's shoulder as the CREDITS start to ROLL--

NEWS ANCHOR (ON SCREEN)
Well it may have been an eventful afternoon at the actual Stock Exchange, but it was a rather pedestrian day at the markets -- the Dow was down nine points, less than a tenth of a percentage, while NASDAQ dropped thirteen points thanks to a shaky morning in the tech sector, and the S&P 500 ended down four and a half as well.
(MORE)

NEWS ANCHOR (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)
With a jobs report looming early next week, the question is -- will the Fed give into mounting pressure to lower interest rates in an attempt to jolt a stagnant marketplace, or will they seek to maintain the status quo instead...

And as the Anchor continues to report on the day's numbers, and the CREDITS continue to ROLL, eventually we finally:

FADE TO BLACK.