

MONEY MONSTER

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A VOICE

*Faster.*

OPEN ON A CEILING --

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

A VOICE

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

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

A VOICE

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

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

A VOICE

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

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

A VOICE

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

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

A VOICE

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

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

A VOICE

*Then sometimes you're gonna blow a tire.*

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

THEN SLAM BACK IN:

TO A DECREPIT HOUSE IN RURAL CHINA -- EXACTLY 1:07 PM EST

It's the middle of the night here, and a BEDRIDDEN CHINESE WOMAN is suffering a seizure. LOCAL MEDICAL WORKERS tend to her as best they can, trying to hold her down.

A VOICE

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

Her 28 year old son, WON JOON LEE, stands hopelessly in the back of this cramped room, unable to do anything except watch as his Mother's convulsions become increasingly violent.

AT A RAVE IN RIO DE JANEIRO -- EXACTLY 1:07 PM EST

Things are also chaotic, albeit intentionally so. Bodies convulse here, too, as the music PULSATES.

Somewhere in this throbbing mass of people, there's one young Brazilian man in particular. His name is CIRO, and right now his mind is floating ten feet above his body. Whatever drug he's on, he's on it good.

A VOICE

*It used to be, stocks might crash  
in a day. Fortunes could be lost  
overnight.*

Ciro grabs a nearby GIRL, pulls her in, and just goes for it. Surprisingly, she doesn't even blink. And as they start making out furiously, the rafters above them shaking from the music--

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

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

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)  
--just like that.*

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.

Then, the screen goes into sleep mode and everything GOES BLACK AGAIN.

AFTER A MOMENT, SLAM BACK IN:

TO A MONTAGE --

--of FINANCIAL NEWS ANCHORMEN talking gravely into camera.

On screen next to this first ANCHORMAN is a photo of a still youthful looking 45 YEAR OLD, informally dressed in a sweatshirt and baseball cap. His name is WALT CAMBY, and underneath him it says THE 100 BILLION DOLLAR MAN.

AN ANCHORMAN

At seven minutes past one, an algorithm managing one of Walt Camby's smaller investment firms, a publicly traded black box fund called Eden Capital, suddenly began to liquidate its holdings at a discount...

Then another ANCHORMAN on another network--

ANOTHER ANCHORMAN

...by the time the server was shut down, less than nine minutes after it went haywire, Eden had already lost over 2.3 billion 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.

And FOOTAGE of reporters swarming Walt Camby on the street, who has no comment, pulling his signature baseball cap lower.

A VOICE

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

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 that 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. Hell -- you better  
embrace it.*

A black dot tracks the current index, rising higher and higher on the day...

A VOICE

*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, continuing to drop until 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. 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 off 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 bell means.  
Lets go throw some punches.

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

DEEP VOICE OF A RINGSIDE ANNOUNCER  
Now entering the ring: today's can't-  
miss stock tip of the millennium!

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

CUT TO BLACK

**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 --

THE STUDIO --

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

NANCY

Will we have it before or after the show?

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

LEE GATES

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

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 a 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 May when they do, though. Or hell, push it later than that. Tell em I'm booked through July.

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

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

Bree checks her notes.

BREE THE ASSISTANT  
 Seven.

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

BREE THE ASSISTANT  
 Seven.

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

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

BREE THE ASSISTANT  
 His office said he's in a  
 shareholder's meeting--

He waves her off, already dialing.

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

NANCY  
 Lee, this is Diane Les--

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

LEE GATES (INTO PHONE)  
 Ed? It's Lee Iococca, I've changed  
 my mind on this whole retirement  
 thing, turns out I do want your job  
 after all.  
 (off his response)  
 Yeah yeah, it's Gates. Listen, what  
 the hell is goin on at your office--  
 (off his response)  
 Oh-- oh, alright.

He hangs up quickly. Bites a fingernail.

LEE GATES

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

(then, to Bree)

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

NANCY

Lee. Prioritize.

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

LEE GATES

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

DIANE LESTER (ON SCREEN)

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

LEE GATES

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

DIANE LESTER (ON SCREEN)

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

LEE GATES

Delayed? C'mon, the guy runs a hundred  
billion dollar hedge fund, he owns two  
G5's -- you expect me to believe he's  
flying commercial all of a sudden?

DIANE LESTER (ON SCREEN)

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

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

STAGE MANAGER

Five minutes! Five minutes to air.

LEE GATES

Where's Ron? Ron, dammit! Ron!

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

## BREE THE ASSISTANT

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

Lee takes it. Quickly scans the names.

## LEE GATES

Ugh, these are my options? I wouldn't invite most of these people to an 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? Put it on.

RON MAROWITZ  
What, now?

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

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

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

WHILE OVER IN THE STUDIO CONTROL ROOM --

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

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

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

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

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

BREE THE ASSISTANT (ON SCREEN)  
So. About dinner...

LEE GATES (ON SCREEN)  
Okay. You wore me down.

BREE THE ASSISTANT (ON SCREEN)  
I'm sorry?

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

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

BREE THE ASSISTANT (ON SCREEN)  
I still have a boyfriend, Lee. Just like I did yesterday.

LEE GATES (ON SCREEN)  
(calling after her)  
Who's still a bartender in Hoboken. Just like he was yesterday.

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

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

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

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

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)  
Please. You're here because your stock dropped 85 percent in one day -  
- what'd you expect him to do, blow you a kiss?

...or not. Nancy has to multi-task, BARKING some orders to Sam and Dave before she turns back to Diane.

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 goddamn  
 assurances from him, you just got  
 one from me. We don't do gotcha  
 journalism here, Diane. Hell, we  
 don't really do journalism, period.

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

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

OUTSIDE ON A BUSY NEW YORK STREET --

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

Above him is a large billboard of Lee Gates, grinning out at  
 the city. Behind Lee is a bank vault full of money, and a  
 stock ticker with only \$\$\$ signs where all the numbers should  
 be. Underneath him it says: IN GATES WE TRUST.

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

IN THE MEN'S ROOM --

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

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

WHILE IN THE STUDIO --

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

NANCY'S VOICE (INTO LEE'S EAR)  
 So here's a novel idea. How about you  
 just pick up some takeout on the way  
 home, get into your pajamas--

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

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

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

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
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 \*  
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WHILE BACK IN THE CONTROL ROOM --

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

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

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

LENNY  
Ah, balls.

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

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)  
Perfect, that got it.

TECH SAM (INTO STUDIO MIC)  
One minute to air, one minute.  
Clear the stage, please.

WHILE IN THE STUDIO LOBBY DOWNSTAIRS --

Kyle enters with the package under his 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  
I want an honest answer. How many  
nights a week do you eat dinner in  
your pajamas?

NANCY (INTO LEE'S EAR)  
Like on average over the course of  
my life, or just since Marcus left?

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

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

NANCY'S VOICE (INTO LEE'S EAR)  
 That's awful. That just makes me  
 feel sorry for you.

LEE GATES  
 What!? No no, I'm the one that  
 feels sorry for-- ah, forget it.  
 Hold on for a sec, Nance...  
 (answering phone)  
 Ron. You walkin hard or what?

IN THE MEN'S ROOM --

Ron Marowitz's feet are visible under the stall.

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

LEE'S VOICE  
 So it's a buy, then?

RON'S VOICE  
 It works faster than porn, Lee. And  
 I mean the good kind of porn.

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

RON'S VOICE  
 Put it away...? Hello?

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

RON MAROWITZ (INTO PHONE)  
 Hey Arlene, it's Ron. You got a  
 minute? I've got a really good tip  
 on a really big stock.

BACK IN THE CONTROL ROOM --

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

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)  
 Standby, Diane. You'll be up on the  
 top of the second segment.

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

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)  
You look great, by the way.

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

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

TECH SAM (INTO MIC)  
Fifteen seconds...

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

TECH SAM (INTO MIC)  
-- ten seconds --

TECH DAVE  
Cuing theme.

OUT IN THE STUDIO FRONT HALL --

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

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (ON TV)  
Here he is, the wizard of Wall  
Street himself -- Lee Gates!

IN THE STUDIO --

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

He does a little dance, chewing scenery as he makes his way to center stage.

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

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

LEE GATES  
Or should you...

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

LEE GATES

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

From Lee's POV, he stares out at 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

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

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

LEE GATES

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

IN DIANE LESTER'S OFFICE --

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

LEE'S VOICE

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

OUT IN THE HALLWAY --

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

P.A.

Excuse me -- can I help you?

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

P.A.

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

(starting to panic)

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

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

P.A.

Oh shit. Shit-shit-shit.

(fumbles with his radio)

Uh, hello? Hello? I need somebody!

UP IN THE CONTROL ROOM --

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

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)

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

LEE GATES

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

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

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

NANCY

Graphic 5 up.

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

LEE GATES

Get some balls! Man up!

NANCY

And now 6...

LEE GATES

(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

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

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. THE GUNSHOT rocks the stage. A light SHATTERS overhead, and glass rains down. Lee nearly jumps out of his skin.

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. But Lee is still on the other three cameras, as Kyle puts the barrel of the gun up against his head--

LEE GATES  
Oh Jesus, oh Jesus, oh Jesus...

KYLE  
Turn the 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

Yes you can, Nancy. 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.

KYLE

Are we live?

Lee, drenched in sweat, looks like he's about to pass out.

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

Take it out and 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.

But Kyle only heard the second part.

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 her window--

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 nervously points his gun at the studio doors, motions over to the Floor Manager.

KYLE

Lock the doors from inside. Then barricade it with those carts. Anybody comes in or goes out, I start shooting. I -- have something I want to say, and I need to make sure I get time to say it.

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

KYLE

I want everyone to know something. I might be the one with the gun, but I'm not the only criminal here. People like these guys, they're stealing everything from us. And they're getting away with it too. 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 damn thing. These people are 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

Listen, 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. And we just accept it 'cause 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 just come here for 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, sure, but I didn't say it's safer than a savings account--

KYLE

You wanna bet?

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

KYLE

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

LEE GATES

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

Kyle whips his gun towards Nancy in the production booth.

KYLE

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

LEE GATES

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

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

KYLE

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

ON THE STREET OUTSIDE THE BUILDING --

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

IN THE STUDIO LOBBY --

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

SGT. MULROONEY

How many people are inside?

SECURITY OFFICER NOLAN

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

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

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 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. The 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, already cycling through STOCK LOGOS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

BACK ON THE SCREEN -- the monitor on set changes to a bar graph of its yearly returns for the past five years.

LEE GATES (ON TAPE)  
No, I'm attracted to it  
intellectually. Walt Camby runs a  
hundred billion dollar private hedge  
fund for some of the richest people on  
the planet, so this guy's already  
swinging some big ones around.

(MORE)

LEE GATES (ON TAPE) (CONT'D)  
 Eden Capital is his latest venture -- it's his only publicly traded company and his first foray into algorithmic trading, so it's a change of pace for him. But even he's never seen these kind of returns before -- I don't know what their algo's magic formula is, but just take a look at these numbers. 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. Let me 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 to the booth to shut it off. Put Lee out of his misery.

LEE GATES  
 I was-- exaggerating to make a point.

Kyle just puts the gun back up to Lee's head.

KYLE  
 (disturbingly calm)  
 You lost the bet, Lee.

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

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

KYLE  
 60 grand.

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

KYLE

Pocket change to you, right?

LEE GATES

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

For the first time 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 than five minutes to round up 400 million, my friend.

Kyle glares at him, contempt flashing in his eyes.

KYLE

That's how much went poof in 90 seconds when Eden's stock tumbled, you dumb shit. There's six million shares of stock out there, each of them lost about 67 dollars in value -- 6 times 67 is just over 400 million dollars. 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 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, ace, 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, go ahead.

Nancy shoots Lee a look through the glass -- see?

WHILE UP IN THE STUDIO LOBBY --

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

LT. NELSON

So what do we know about him so far?

SGT. MULROONEY

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

Nelson takes in the scene skeptically.

SGT. MULROONEY

Which means all we have right now  
is what the company told us. He's  
been there six years, used to work  
this exact route until he got  
transferred about 8 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 the  
address the company had on file for  
him to see who we can find.

LT. NELSON

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

(off Mulrooney's look)

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

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

LT. NELSON

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

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

SGT. MULROONEY

We'll be fine, Lieutenant.

(then, into phone)

Can you patch this line directly into the studio PA system for us, Nancy? We have the negotiator here.

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

LT. NELSON

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

SGT. MULROONEY

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

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

LT. NELSON (INTO PHONE)

Yeah... hello? Can you hear me?

IN THE STUDIO --

Kyle is startled by the sudden disembodied voice.

LT. NELSON'S VOICE  
My name is Oscar Nelson, I'm a  
negotiator for the New York PD--

KYLE  
I don't want to talk to any cops!

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

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

KYLE  
What did I just say? No cops!

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

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

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

OUT IN THE LOBBY --

Mulrooney grabs the phone from Nelson.

SGT. MULROONEY (FROM THE PHONE)  
Do not cut this line, Nan--

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

LT. NELSON  
Can't say I didn't warn ya.

BACK IN THE STUDIO --

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

NANCY'S VOICE (INTO LEE'S EAR)  
Alright, it's just you two now. Do  
your thing, make him feel safe.  
Remind him why he's here.

Lee shoots her an imperceptible nod.

LEE GATES

Forget about the cops, it's just you and me now, okay? Remember why you came here.

KYLE

I came here to kill you, moron, that's why I came here.

LEE GATES

Yeah, but you wanted to do it on television for a reason, didn't you?

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 down -- 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

Okay, 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 imperceptibly shakes his head at Nancy. He wants Kyle to give it to him himself.

LEE GATES

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

Kyle considers him, weighing his options.

KYLE

Fine. Call me Kyle.

Lee smiles, encouraged he gave him his real name.

LEE GATES

Okay, look Kyle. If I could fix what happened I would. But I'm just a guy on TV, I'm not in charge of that company. Walt Camby is. He's the guy who let 2.3 billion dollars disappear into thin air, and all he's done since is put out a press release blaming everything on a computer glitch.

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 you want to blow me up, fine, you do what you gotta do. But me, I'm not gonna sit here and let Eden off the hook just because their CEO 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. And find me an address for Eden Capital.

(back into phone)

Yeah, what is it?

SGT. MULROONEY'S VOICE (ON PHONE)

I want that PA system available in case we want to speak to him again.

NANCY

Right, because it went so well the first time?

WHILE OUT IN THE LOBBY --

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

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

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

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

OUTSIDE DIANE LESTER'S OFFICE --

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

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

Diane doesn't even stop as she hurries out of her office--

-- over to a large executive suite, where Walt Camby's secretary, MARTA, is trying to keep up with her own phones.

DIANE LESTER  
When is he landing, Marta?

MARTA THE SECRETARY  
I wish I knew. They stopped in Hawaii  
to refuel at 4 am our time, but I don't  
know when they took off again.

DIANE LESTER  
This is crazy. I've emailed him  
four times already, does he not  
have internet up there? It's a G5,  
for Christ's sake.

MARTA THE SECRETARY  
When I talked to him in Honolulu, he'd  
been up 26 hours straight, he was  
completely exhausted...

DIANE LESTER  
What are you saying -- that he's  
asleep??

VOICE FROM HIS OFFICE  
She's saying he's 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 giant 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 production headset now, and has a cell perched on her shoulder.

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

Did you find me an address for Eden?

Dave nods -- pulls it up on his computer.

TECH DAVE

19 Gold St.

NANCY

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

IN AN ELECTRICAL ROOM --

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

ARLENE

(in ecstasy)

Oh my God -- oh my God -- oh my  
God. This stuff -- really works.  
What's the stock trading at now?

RON MAROWITZ

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

ARLENE

What's the P and E?

RON MAROWITZ

Seven. Oh Christ --

A CELL PHONE RINGS. Arlene checks her pocket.

ARLENE

It's not mine.

RON MAROWITZ

Shit.

ARLENE

No, go ahead. I need a break anyway.

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

RON MAROWITZ (INTO PHONE)

Yeah?

BACK IN THE CONTROL ROOM --

Bree pipes the call directly into Nancy's head.

BREE THE ASSISTANT (OVER HEADSET)

Patching Ron in.

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

NANCY (INTO LEE'S EAR)

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

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

LEE GATES

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

Kyle hesitates, paranoid they're messing with him.

KYLE

Let me talk to him first.

LEE GATES

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

Nancy clicks back over to Ron.

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)

I'm putting you on the air with Lee.

BACK IN THE ELECTRICAL ROOM --

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

RON MAROWITZ (INTO PHONE)

What do you mean you're putting me on the air--

LEE GATES'S VOICE

Ron, can you hear me?

Arlene stops straightening out her shirt.

ARLENE

You're going on the air?

LEE GATES'S VOICE

Ron? Who was that? Where are you?

RON MAROWITZ (INTO PHONE)

Uh. I'm -- just in my office. With Arlene.

ARLENE

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

IN THE CONTROL ROOM --

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

SGT. MULROONEY

I thought you said the building was cleared?

SECURITY OFFICER NOLAN

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

ARLENE'S VOICE

Get off my jeans.

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

TECH SAM  
Is that Arlene from promotions?

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

BACK IN THE ELECTRICAL ROOM --

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

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

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

RON MAROWITZ (INTO PHONE)  
Who's Kyle?

Lee pauses on the other end of the line.

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

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

LEE'S VOICE  
Turn on the TV, Ron.

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

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

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

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

IN THE PUB NEAR WALL STREET --

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

IN THE TIRE STORE --

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

IN A SMALL VILLAGE IN THE ANHUI PROVINCE OF CHINA --

Won Joon, the Chinese Man from the opening, walks in a front door. It's very hot -- he's already sweating -- but there's no air conditioning. Flies buzz in and out of the open windows.

He's only 24, but it looks like he's been awake for days. From the back room comes the TINNY SOUNDS of an old TV.

WON JOON LEE  
Mama? Ni zai nar?

He walks into the rear room -- where his bedridden Mother is still alive, but hooked up to an oxygen tank and an IV, watching a small 20 year old TV. She gestures at it.

WON JOON'S MOTHER  
Feng meigouren.

ON SCREEN -- even here, Lee and Kyle are live on TV, over 7000 miles away. Won Joon heads over to his laziboy to join his mother, both of them watching with interest--

WHILE IN RIO DE JANEIRO --

It's late afternoon here, and out the window, the sun is already starting to set -- but inside this dirty apartment in the city, it might as well be the middle of the night.

Ciro, 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 doesn't seem to recognize either of them.

He stumbles to his feet and heads into the kitchen, passing three or four 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 although Ciro doesn't pay any attention to it, Lee and Kyle are on TV even here all the way down in Brazil--

WHILE OUTSIDE AN APARTMENT IN FLUSHING --

A GROUP OF POLICE OFFICER surround the front door, guns drawn. One buzzes the bell, peaks through the window. Money Monster is playing on the 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 nutcase lives here??

POLICE OFFICER

It's a yes or no question, sir.

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

LARGE BLACK MAN

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

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

BACK IN THE MONEY MONSTER LOBBY --

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

OFFICER BENSON

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

LT. NELSON

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

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

OFFICER BENSON

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

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

SGT. MULROONEY

Sixty grand.

LT. NELSON

So the guy lived all alone with his mommy, and when she bites it a few months ago it sends him off the deep end. I mean -- can't say he doesn't fit the profile. Good thing ya didn't bet me.

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

SGT. MULROONEY

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

OFFICER BENSON

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

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

SWAT TEAM LEADER

Sargeant? We're ready for you.

Mulrooney nods. But turns to Benson before he goes.

SGT. MULROONEY

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

OUT ON HUDSON STREET --

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

RON MAROWITZ (INTO PHONE)

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

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

LADY PASSING BY

Pervert.

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

RON MAROWITZ

Jesus.

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

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

They're all watching the same thing: Ron Marowitz reporting 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 understand?

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

DIANE LESTER  
What did Teterboro say, Marta?

MARTA THE ASSISTANT (ON INTERCOM)  
Apparently there aren't many regulations since the flight originated internationally -- all they have is a tail number, same as us.

LYNCH  
There's nobody else with him that we can email? Where is he flying back from, anyway?

DIANE LESTER  
India. He spoke at a tech conference there, he's the only passenger on board.

Lynch collapses on the couch, despondent.

LYNCH  
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. I'll give them whatever answers I can, and then when Walt lands--

GOODLOE

Absolutely not. You're not going on camera. And neither is Walt, for that matter. Gates is trying to shift the blame off on anyone he can right now -- he wants an ambush, not an interview.

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.

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.

LYNCH

I completely agree.

DIANE LESTER

Well we can't just lock ourselves  
away in this room. We can't just do  
nothing and hope it goes away.

But Goodloe has already stood up. This conversation is over.

GOODLOE

This isn't your call to make, Diane.

He and Lynch walk out, leaving Diane alone and stewing. Then she walks over to the window. Stares down at Ron Marowitz as gears turn in her head.

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.

Across the room, Officer Benson hangs up the phone, waves Mulrooney down.

OFFICER BENSON

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

SGT. MULROONEY

Great. Keep me posted.  
(then, to Vasquez)  
So how do we disarm the bomb then?

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

SERGEANT VASQUEZ

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

SGT. MULROONEY

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

SERGEANT VASQUEZ

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

SGT. MULROONEY

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

Vasquez just shrugs.

SERGEANT VASQUEZ

Beats the alternative, you could argue.

WHILE BACK IN THE MONEY MONSTER STUDIO --

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

RON MAROWITZ (ON SCREEN)

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

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

LEE GATES

Wait, is that...?

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

DIANE LESTER (ON SCREEN)  
It's okay, Andre. I'll handle this.

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

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

WHILE JUST OUTSIDE THE MONEY MONSTER BUILDING --

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

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

IN THE RAFTERS ABOVE THE STUDIO --

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

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

BELOW HIM, IN THE STUDIO --

Lee watches Diane fits the earwig microphone in, gives Ron a quickly 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. And as you know, Walt's  
on a plane right now, but when he  
lands I know he'll be anxious to  
address you himself too.

LEE GATES  
Great. 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.

(MORE)

DIANE LESTER (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)  
 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 that, lady. I can't  
 spend your 60 grand where I'm going.

LEE GATES  
 Where, Jersey? Because they'll  
 definitely take your money in Jersey.  
 (after no one laughs)  
 Look, all he really wants from you  
 guys is an explanation, Diane. And  
 don't just blame it on a glitch,  
 that's a copout -- we want to know  
 what actually happened. How did your  
 computers manage to lose 2.3 billion  
 dollars in nine minutes?

DIANE LESTER  
 The truth is -- we don't know. We  
 don't know why the algo decided to  
 start its fire sale that day.

(MORE)

DIANE LESTER (CONT'D)

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. Our lives will never be the same either.

KYLE

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

Lee grimaces -- tries to steer the conversation elsewhere.

LEE GATES

You know what, Diane? I don't buy it -- there's always an explanation. Who designed this algorithm in the first place?

DIANE LESTER

Our... Quant team built and coded it--

LEE GATES

Alright, so how about you find us the guy in charge of this Quant team and we'll see if we can get some answers from him instead.

DIANE LESTER

Well... they're not staffed out of here, this is only our administrative offices. But of course, let me see what I can do.

KYLE

No.

(off their looks)

I don't want to talk to some low level schlub, goddamnit. I came here for Walt Camby.

Diane shoots a glance at Lee. Looking for help.

DIANE LESTER

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

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

KYLE

Well then I'm tired of talking to you. I'm tired of talking, period!

IN THE MONEY MONSTER CONTROL ROOM --

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

DIANE LESTER (ON SCREEN)

Jesus! What happened??

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)

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

DIANE LESTER (ON SCREEN)

I--I'm sorry. You have to understand how delicate of a situation this is for us--

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)

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

OUTSIDE 19 GOLD ST --

Diane, on the spot now, tries to placate.

DIANE LESTER

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

NANCY'S VOICE

The cops don't give a shit about anything other than following their own procedure. We need Walt Camby and we need him soon, Diane.

Diane bites her lip, getting emotional now.

DIANE LESTER

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

NANCY'S VOICE

Just cut the bullshit and go get 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 --

Kyle swings his gun back and forth near Lee's head, too worked up to notice Lee flinching.

LEE GATES

Look man. You gotta stop waving  
that around, alright? It's not  
gonna get you anywhere.

KYLE

Are you stupid? This is the only  
reason anybody's listening to me.  
Including you.

Kyle steps towards him, aggressive now.

KYLE (ON SCREEN)

You want to talk about everything,  
because that's what you do. You talk,  
you argue, you make speeches, you  
think your words matter. But take a  
good look at me -- you think talking  
has ever gotten somebody like me  
anywhere?

Lee doesn't answer. Kyle points the gun at him again.

KYLE (ON SCREEN)

Nobody listens to guys like me. Not  
without one of these.

WHILE ABOVE THEM IN THE RAFTERS OF THE STUDIO --

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

WHILE BACK AT EDEN --

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

GOODLOE

You're fired.

DIANE LESTER

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

GOODLOE

I am the CFO of this company--

DIANE LESTER

I don't report to you, Mike.

GOODLOE

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

DIANE LESTER

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

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

GOODLOE

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

DIANE LESTER

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

GOODLOE

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

DIANE LESTER

Excuse me? Girls like me?

GOODLOE

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

DIANE LESTER

Get out of my way.

They stare each other down, equally hot now.

GOODLOE

It's not our job to bail out this nutcase. Walt's not going on camera.

DIANE LESTER

That's not your decision, it's his. Now am I gonna 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

You keep going down this path,  
Diane, I'm telling you right now.  
Blood will be on your hands.

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

DIANE LESTER

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

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

MARTA THE SECRETARY

The pilot just radio'ed Teterboro.  
They're forty-five 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 --

Kyle's still pacing back and forth behind Lee.

NANCY'S VOICE (INTO LEE'S EAR)

You've got to keep dancing with the  
guy, Lee. Keep pushing him.

Lee shoots her a look, his nerves starting to fray.

NANCY'S VOICE (INTO LEE'S EAR)

He's not as dumb as you're treating  
him. And even if he was, you've  
interviewed dumber people than him.

Lee arches an eyebrow. You call this an interview?

NANCY'S VOICE (INTO LEE'S EAR)

Oo, that's exactly what this is. He  
might not want to talk to you, but  
neither do half the CEO's that come  
on this show, and when has that ever  
stopped you?

(off his look)

C'mon, you've got the biggest  
audience of your life here today. So  
show em what you can do.

Lee suddenly hesitates. A thought just occurred to him...

LEE GATES

How big is the audience?

Kyle glances over at him, confused, since that was the only part of the conversation he heard. Lee just rolls with it.

LEE GATES

I -- was just asking you... how many people do you think are watching us right now?

KYLE

I-- I have no idea.

LEE GATES

This show gets a little less than a million viewers on a regular day, but right now -- right now it's got to be 20 or 30 times that. That means 20 or 30 million investors.

Lee eyes Nancy in the booth -- who 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. He turns back to Kyle.

LEE GATES

You bought in on Eden at what, 75 dollars a share, right?

(off his nod)

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

(ignoring him)

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

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. I'd recommended a stock on air, it would immediately go up.

KYLE (ON SCREEN)

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

Lee just grins at him.

LEE GATES (ON SCREEN)

Watch em.

WHILE OUTSIDE A DINGY BROWNSTONE IN ASTORIA, QUEENS --

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

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

BACK IN THE MONEY MONSTER STUDIO --

The stock price appears on the monitor behind Lee: \$8.43 at the moment. Lee rubs his hands, ready to go to work. Looks directly 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 out there 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 is the limit. Which means together we can turn a bad investment into a good investment by sheer force of will.

IN THE TIRE STORE --

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

LEE GATES (ON TV)

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

IN THE WALL STREET PUB --

The SUITS all stare up at Lee.

LEE GATES

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

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

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

AT THE HOUSE IN THE ANHUI PROVINCE --

Won Joon Lee's Mother is now asleep in bed, but Won Joon is still awake, watching from his laziboy.

LEE GATES (ON TV)

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

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

LEE GATES (ON TV)

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

OUTSIDE THE MONEY MONSTER STUDIO --

Even Mulrooney and the cops have stopped what they're doing to watch.

LEE GATES

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

(he taps his heart)

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

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

LEE GATES

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

(very close to the camera now)

What's my life worth to you?

BACK IN THE STUDIO --

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

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

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

LEE GATES (CONT'D)

Well. Guess that answers that question, huh?

OUTSIDE THE DINGY BROWNSTONE IN ASTORIA --

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

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

POLICE OFFICER

Ma'am? Excuse me, ma'am!

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

POLICE OFFICER

NYPD. You live here?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Yeah. What's the problem?

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

POLICE OFFICER

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

WOMAN'S VOICE

Why? Where is he?

POLICE OFFICER

(beat)

You -- don't know?

WOMAN'S VOICE

I don't know what?

POLICE OFFICER

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

WOMAN'S VOICE

Working.

POLICE OFFICER

Where do you work, in a cave?

WOMAN

Yeah, pretty much.

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

WOMAN

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

The Officer looks up at her again. Holds firm.

POLICE OFFICER

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

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

WOMAN

Take a wild guess.

OUT IN THE MONEY MONSTER LOBBY --

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

SGT. MULROONEY

Yeah?

Mulrooney listens... then stands, suddenly galvanized.

SGT. MULROONEY

You taking the tunnel or the bridge?  
Okay. I'll clear you a path.

He hangs up. Turns to Nelson with a grin.

SGT. MULROONEY

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

BUT BACK IN THE STUDIO --

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

KYLE

This is really impressive, Lee. I mean, talk about a show of 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

(with a shrug)

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. But then Nancy's voice pops into Lee's ear--

NANCY'S VOICE (INTO LEE'S EAR)  
 Holy shit. You're not gonna believe this, Lee, but they just tracked down his girlfriend. His PREGNANT girlfriend.

Lee glances up at Nancy through the window.

LEE GATES  
 Are you fucking kidding me?

NANCY (INTO LEE'S EAR)  
 No. And she'll be here in ten minutes, so don't give up now. Just keep stalling.

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

KYLE  
 Kidding you about what?

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

AT DIANE LESTER'S OFFICE --

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

DIANE LESTER (INTO PHONE)  
 No no, the quant department. Quant. As in quantitative analytics...?  
 (off the response)  
 I have no idea what you're saying. Somebody there has to speak English, right? Ingles? Oh for Christ's sake...

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

DIANE LESTER  
 Goodloe, goddammit...

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

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

DIANE LESTER  
I need to find somebody here who  
speaks Chinese.

OUT IN A CUBICLE DOWN THE HALL --

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

DIANE LESTER  
You. Come with me.

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

BACK IN THE MONEY MONSTER STUDIO --

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nancy is watching everything from the control room, concerned.

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

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

KYLE

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

LEE GATES

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

NANCY (INTO LEE'S EAR)

Lee, look at me.

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

LEE GATES

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

IN THE CONTROL ROOM --

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

NANCY

Go to 2.

LEE GATES (ON SCREEN)

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

Kyle pauses for a moment. Then shakes his head.

LEE GATES (ON SCREEN)

You don't? Really? How about one on the way, maybe?

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

KYLE (ON SCREEN)

How'd you--?

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

OUT IN THE LOBBY --

Mulrooney actually chokes on a sip of coffee.

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

BACK IN THE CONTROL ROOM --

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

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

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

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

BACK IN THE STUDIO --

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

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

(MORE)

LEE GATES (CONT'D)

So before you blow me to kingdom  
come, give me this one answer. What  
makes you such a giant fucking  
failure compared to everybody else,  
huh?

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

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

KYLE

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

UP IN THE RAFTERS --

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

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

WHILE DOWN BELOW --

Kyle paces back and forth, unaware.

KYLE

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

It's a rhetorical question.

KYLE

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

Just mentioning his son makes him start to tear up.

KYLE

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

LEE GATES

Wait... are you kidding? This is for him? You came here with your gun and your bomb and your death wish...

NANCY (INTO LEE'S EAR)

Watch it, Lee...

LEE GATES

(ignoring her)

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

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

KYLE

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

OUT IN THE LOBBY --

A panicked GASP.

SGT. MULROONEY

Christ, he's gonna get himself killed.

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

SGT. MULROONEY (ON PHONE)

What the hell is he doing?

NANCY'S VOICE

I don't know.

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

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

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

SGT. MULROONEY  
 Where's the goddamn girlfriend?

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

SGT. MULROONEY  
 Get her straight up here. Then  
 while he's focused on her, we  
 extract as many people as possible  
 out of the blast zone.

SWAT TEAM LEADER  
 And if she can't talk him off the  
 ledge?

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'll cross that bridge when we  
 come to it. Just make sure your man  
 in the rafters is ready.

IN THE MIDTOWN COFFEE SHOP --

The people here are so invested on 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 HOUSE IN THE ANHUI PROVINCE --

Won Joon is still wide awake and riveted as well.

The phone RINGS in the other room. He shoots a glance over at  
 his mother, who stirs awake, looking uncomfortable. Won Joon  
 tries to focus back on the TV, but the phone keeps RINGING.  
 Finally he tears himself away to go answer it.

WON JOON LEE (INTO PHONE)  
 Ni hao?

ON MANHATTAN'S WEST COAST HIGHWAY --

Amy Lam is on the other end of the line, sitting next to an impatient Diane Lester in the backseat of this chauffeured SUV. She starts talking with Won Joon in Chinese.

AMY LAM  
Xiexie, ni hao. Qing chí you...

Diane gestures to her -- c'mon, c'mon. Finally she just takes the phone from Amy Lam.

DIANE LESTER (INTO PHONE)  
Won Joon? My name is Diane Lester,  
I work at Eden Investments. Do you  
speak English?

There's a brief pause on Won Joon's end.

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE  
I saw you on TV earlier.

DIANE LESTER (INTO PHONE)  
You were the project lead on the  
investment algo, right? So you're  
the guy who designed the program  
that went haywire from the glitch.

There's another pause, longer this time.

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE  
I'm sorry. I can't tell you  
anything about that.

DIANE LESTER  
Why not?

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE (ON PHONE)  
Because I signed an NDA. Please  
don't call here again.

The line GOES DEAD. Amy Lam, meanwhile, is rolling the tinted window up and down as the Hudson River goes flying by outside.

AMY LAM  
Um... am I gonna get in trouble for  
this?

She jams the button on the video screen, trying to turn it on. Diane's patience is wearing thin quickly.

AMY LAM  
Cuz Mr. Goodloe docked my pay once  
just for taking a long lunch...

They turn right on 40th Street in order to take the Lincoln Tunnel. When they stop at a light, Diane leans over and opens Amy's door. Hands her a hundred dollar bill.

DIANE LESTER

Take a cab back to the office. If Goodloe asks, tell him you had to buy tampons.

Amy takes the money and steps out of the car, completely flummoxed. She's still standing there on the curb when the light turns green and the SUV pulls away.

OUTSIDE THE MONEY MONSTER BUILDING --

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

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

WHILE IN THE MONEY MONSTER CONTROL ROOM --

The gray phone next to Nancy RINGS. She answers -- it's Benson on the other end. He explains what they want to do.

NANCY (INTO PHONE)

Jesus. That seems like a hell of a risk -- are you sure?

She listens to his answer, then sets the gray phone down and hits a button on her headset. Makes a hand motion to get the Floor Manager's attention through the window into the studio.

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)

Okay, Doug... I need you to very quietly go over to the doors and push that blockade out of the way.

Lee reacts from his desk, but is quick enough to play it off so Kyle doesn't notice. The Floor Manager, on the other hand, goes pale. His feet are tethered to the floor.

NANCY

Stay calm. It's just a door, don't overthink it. Open it and they'll get you out of there, okay?

(then, to Lee)

Lee, keep his attention focused on you. Don't do anything stupid. His girlfriend is right there on the other side.

And so, as the Floor Manager takes a deep breath, and starts inching over towards the double doors across the room--

BACK IN THE MONEY MONSTER STUDIO --

Kyle is pacing back and forth behind Lee's chair -- when he sees Molly step out from behind Lenny on Camera One on the floor. His heart drops in his stomach.

KYLE

What -- what are you doing here?

Beyond Molly, Kyle doesn't notice as Benson and Mulrooney both slip into the room as well.

MOLLY

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

KYLE

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

MOLLY

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

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

LEE GATES

This -- is your girlfriend?

MOLLY

Girlfriend? Is that what he told you?

KYLE

I didn't tell them anything, Molly--

MOLLY

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

Kyle just stands there, taking the abuse. Lee actually starts to feel sorry for him.

MOLLY

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

KYLE

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

MOLLY

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

Kyle steps down off stage, walks over to her. Mulrooney and Benson duck behind the cameras, in the middle of shuffling crew out to safety, while --

IN THE CONTROL ROOM --

Nancy clicks her headset over to the camera crew.

NANCY

Shit, somebody track him. Who's  
still there -- Lenny?

IN THE STUDIO --

Lenny does as he's told, tracking Kyle as he approaches Molly in the middle of the stage.

KYLE

Molly, just--

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

MOLLY

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

Lee jumps out of his chair.

LEE GATES

Whoa, whoa!

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

MOLLY

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

Kyle tries to shield himself, but he's holding the gun in one hand and the trigger in the other, so Lee flies over to help, trying to pull her off -- catching a fist or two, unable to corral her by himself. He yells back at the cops--

LEE GATES

Can I get some help here??

Mulrooney stops sneaking the crew members out to run up onto stage to help, while Benson uses the opportunity to duck over towards the control room, HIDING behind the sound cart nearby.

MOLLY

You're worthless, you know that?? You  
lost all our money, you're neck deep  
in debt -- you might as well be dead  
already!

Now Nelson hurries in from the lobby, too, and it takes both men to pull her away, literally kicking and screaming --

MOLLY

Why don't you just shoot yourself  
in the head? Pull the trigger, you  
chickenshit! Just pull the trigger  
and get it over with!

They finally drag her out of the studio, although her voice can still be heard as they pull her down the hall. Up on stage Kyle looks stricken, his hands shaking--

LEE GATES

It's okay. Shhh, it's okay.

Lenny on Camera One has pulled in for a close-up, but Lee waves him off.

LEE GATES

Back off, Lenny, for Christ's sake,  
give us some room.

IN THE CONTROL BOOTH --

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

TECH SAM

Lenny's the last manned camera  
left, everybody else is out.

IN THE STUDIO --

When Lenny backs his camera out he suddenly realizes that he's the only crewman left in the room.

LENNY THE CAMERAMAN

Ah, balls.

But Kyle is still too torn up over Molly to notice yet.

LEE GATES

Don't worry, she's gone. Just take  
a deep breath and keep your finger  
on that button, okay?

(MORE)

LEE GATES (CONT'D)  
 (off his silence)  
 Are you hearing me, Kyle? Give me a sign that you're hearing me--

KYLE  
 I'm fuckin hearing you.

LEE GATES  
 Okay, good. Here, just take a seat until you catch your breath.

Kyle allows himself to be led to Lee's chair.

LEE GATES  
 Jesus. Hard to believe you're the calm one in the relationship, huh?

Lee goes to grab his "coffee" mug -- notices the discarded chalkboard nearby where he was tallying points, which still stands at KYLE 2, LEE 1.

He pauses... then quietly erases it. He offers Kyle his mug of liquor, and Kyle thinks about it -- ah, screw it. He takes a swig.

ON THE TARMAC AT TETERBORO AIRPORT --

It is overcast and windy as a Gulfstream G550 TOUCHES DOWN on the runway. Over by the small terminal, though, Diane is not paying attention to the plane-- instead she's dialing a number on her phone.

It rings. Once. Twice. Three times. Just as it's about to go to voicemail... Won Joon answers.

DIANE LESTER  
 Don't hang up, Won Joon.

He doesn't respond. But he doesn't hang up either.

DIANE LESTER  
 So you signed an NDA. Which prevents you from talking to anybody outside the company, right?  
 (off his silence)  
 Well I'm not outside the company, I'm a VP here at Eden. Which means it doesn't apply to anything you might say to me, does it?

Won Joon pauses for a moment... and then finally speaks.

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE  
 Look, I'm sorry about what's happening, I am.  
 (MORE)

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
 But I don't want to get in the middle  
 of this any more than I already am.  
 He was very clear when I signed the  
 contract that it would be null and  
 void if I spoke to anybody--

DIANE LESTER  
 Wait a minute, wait a minute... are  
 you saying somebody bought you off?

WON JOON LEE  
 (beat)  
 I'm hanging up now.

DIANE LESTER  
 Jesus, Won Joon. Is someone trying to  
 cover something up here? Is that  
 what's happening?  
 (off his silence)  
 Just -- tell me who made you sign  
 that NDA. That's all. I just need a  
 name, Won Joon.

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE  
 You already know the name.

He's right. She does already know the name.

DIANE LESTER  
 Goodloe.

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE  
 Who's Goodloe?

DIANE LESTER  
 (surprised)  
 He's our CFO.

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE  
 I don't know him. I only know Walt.

The Gulfstream comes to a stop about a hundred yards away.

DIANE LESTER  
 Wait, you're telling me Walt Camby  
 called you up himself and bought  
 you off?

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE  
 No. He did it in person. About 14  
 hours ago.

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

DIANE LESTER  
 But Walt was in India 14 hours ago.

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE

I can assure you he was not.

...and Walt Camby finally emerges. He's in his familiar sweatshirt and jeans-- but for the first time he's not wearing a baseball cap, and we can see that he's actually BALD.

DIANE LESTER (INTO PHONE)

I'm -- gonna have to call you back.

She hangs up. And now she only has about three seconds to decide how to play this, because Walt is heading over to her, his face ashen. She decides to keep her cards close to the vest, for the time being.

WALT CAMBY

Jesus, Diane.

DIANE LESTER

I take it you've heard.

WALT CAMBY

Yeah, Goodloe starting calling the second I turned my phone back on.

Diane nods. She should have expected as much.

DIANE LESTER

He and I had a -- disagreement on strategy.

WALT CAMBY

So I gathered.

Walt steps close to her. Puts a hand on her cheek, surprisingly intimate. Forces her to look up into his eyes.

WALT CAMBY

I'm proud of you. You did good. No matter what Goodloe says.

And then he moves even closer -- and kisses her. (By now, it is apparent, if it wasn't earlier, that these two were the couple having sex in the high rise office in the prologue.) Diane pulls away after a bit, careful not to do it too quick.

DIANE LESTER

How was India?

WALT CAMBY

(waving her off)

Just another boring conference. 22 hours in a plane for one 15 minute speech -- doesn't make much sense, does it? Especially considering what you all have been through today.

He kisses her again, then grabs her hand. And as she allows him to lead her towards their waiting SUV --

DOWNSTAIRS IN THE MONEY MONSTER BUILDING LOBBY --

Molly is still flailing as she's dragged outside.

MOLLY

Suck my dick, you hear me?! All of  
you can suck my dick!  
(to the cop dragging her)  
Let me go, you fucking faggot!

SGT. MULROONEY

Faggot? Come on.  
(then to the cops)  
Put her in the back of a black and  
white, keep her there until she  
calms down.

Nelson the negotiator just watches from the sidelines, oddly impressed for once.

LT. NELSON

Gotta say this is the first time  
I've seen that reaction.

Mulrooney shoots him a look. The SWAT Team Leader is here too, along with Vasquez, who both walk over for a pow-wow.

SGT. MULROONEY

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

Nobody answers him. Which of course is an answer itself.

SWAT TEAM LEADER

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

Mulrooney turns to Vasquez, the Bomb Squad guy --

SGT. MULROONEY

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

Bree the Assistant, who happens to be walking by, stops when she hears that. Drops back in a doorway to eavesdrop.

SARGEANT VASQUEZ

Pretty good, I'd say.

SGT. MULROONEY

What does that mean, pretty good? I  
want a percentage.

SERGEANT VASQUEZ  
Well...assuming the bullet's on  
target? I'd put it at 80% he makes it.

SGT. MULROONEY  
(to the Swat Team Leader)  
Okay, so what are the chances the  
bullet's on target?

SWAT TEAM LEADER  
Hard to say. There's a whole host  
of variables here--

SGT. MULROONEY  
Then include em in your number.

Now it's the Swat Team Leader's turn to grimace.

SWAT TEAM LEADER  
80% sounds about right for us too.

SGT. MULROONEY  
So we got an 80% chance of an 80%  
chance. Can't say I love that math.

Vasquez and the SWAT Team Leader trade a look. They're out of  
options at this point, and they both know it.

SWAT TEAM LEADER  
We have a tactical advantage when  
he's not expecting a preemptive  
strike. That advantage gets smaller  
and smaller the longer we wait.

Mulrooney grimaces -- he knows it too, but he's not quite  
willing to commit yet. He picks up the two-way radio instead.

SGT. MULROONEY (INTO RADIO)  
Benson, you there? Let me know when  
you have everybody ready to  
evacuate out of the control room.

They head off towards the elevator... leaving Bree, unseen in  
the doorway, trying to process what she just overheard.

BACK IN THE SUV --

Diane and Walt are together in the backseat. Diane is eyeing  
Walt, who's just staring out the window at the lights of the  
Lincoln Tunnel. Trying to get a read on him.

DIANE LESTER  
So Lee wants to speak to the head  
quant who designed the algo. I  
tracked him down, his name is Won  
Joon Lee. Do you know him?

Walt looks her in the eye. Doesn't even blink.

WALT CAMBY

Never even heard of him. Listen, I agree with you-- I'm the one who needs to make a public statement here. I'm the CEO of this company, the buck has to stop with me.

DIANE LESTER

(evenly)

I'm glad to hear you say that. The question is where and how.

Walt stares out the window, thinking about it.

WALT CAMBY

You cancelled my appearance at the Stock Exchange this afternoon, right?

DIANE LESTER

Yes, I did.

WALT CAMBY

Great. Reschedule it.

(off her surprise)

Think about it. Not only is it one of the most secure places in the city, but since you cancelled it's the one place no one will be expecting me.

Diane nods. It actually makes a bizarre amount of sense.

WALT CAMBY

We have to keep a lid on it, though. So give an exclusive to whoever you trust the most, and have them meet us there with a 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. Because if he doesn't wanna live  
 anymore, then we're all gonna die.

But Lee just sits there silently.

NANCY'S VOICE (INTO LEE'S EAR)  
 C'mon, Lee, say something.

Lee looks right at Kyle. Shakes his head.

LEE GATES (ON SCREEN)  
 There's nothing to say.

Kyle hears that. He stares back at Lee for a long, tense beat  
 -- then starts to pace back and forth, surprisingly defused.

Lee read him right -- trying to sympathize with him would  
 have only antagonized him. In the control room, Bree pipes in  
 on Nancy's headset.

BREE THE ASSISTANT  
 Nancy, are you there? I--I need to  
 tell you something...

But before she can answer, Nancy's headset BEEPS. She's got a  
 call coming in on her outside line.

NANCY  
 Hold on, Bree.  
 (clicking over to the call)  
 Nancy Fenn.

VOICE ON PHONE  
 Nancy, this is Diane Lester.

BACK IN THE SUV --

Diane looks over at Walt next to her, who's focused on her  
 speech. She glances out the window, trying to play it cool.

NANCY'S VOICE  
 What do you have for me, Diane? Cause  
 we could really use some help here.

DIANE 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 make sure you and your team  
 clear security when you get there.  
 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.

BACK IN THE MONEY MONSTER CONTROL ROOM --

Nancy has a dial tone on her end of the line.

NANCY  
 Hello? Hello? Diane?

Bree breaks back in now that the call has finished.

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

But Nancy is already multi-tasking, trying to get both Sam  
 and Dave's attention--

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  
You need to hear this. Right now.

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 huddled together, deep in conversation with Bree on Nancy's headset.

OFFICER BENSON  
Okay people, it's time. We're gonna all make a run for it together on my signal.

They all trade looks. Christ, it's happening already.

OFFICER BENSON  
This isn't voluntary. Grab whatever you can grab, we're clearing out.

Nancy gets Sam's attention, whispers quietly.

NANCY  
Distract him.

She goes over to her desk, pretending to search for her purse -- covertly hitting a button on her headset.

NANCY (INTO LEE'S EAR)  
They're making us leave, Lee.

Lee makes eye contact with her through the window. Nancy pauses... then makes a decision.

NANCY  
Don't look up. There's a sniper in the catwalk at your 11 o'clock.

It takes every muscle Lee has in his body not to immediately look up. Instead he just calmly responds --

LEE GATES  
What's the plan?

IN THE STUDIO --

Kyle still doesn't know Lee has an earpiece, so it seems like he was talking to nobody. Lee has to cover.

LEE GATES  
 (to Kyle)  
 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 (INTO LEE'S EAR)  
 I think that's the cops plan too,  
 Lee.  
 (off his reaction)  
 Stay calm. And don't look down.  
 There's a receiver in your vest  
 somewhere, and if they take it out,  
 they disable his trigger.

Lee, in a remarkable display of restraint, nonchalantly feels  
 around on his chest until he finds the tiny bulge. It is  
 ridiculously close to his heart, actually. He bites his lip  
 so hard he draws blood.

LEE GATES  
 I don't like that plan.

KYLE  
 Yeah, no shit--

Kyle stops. Suddenly, finally realizes something's amiss.

KYLE  
 Wait a second, where is everybody?

OUT IN THE LOBBY/COMMAND CENTER --

Mulrooney, watching the feed, immediately shifts into gear.

SGT. MULROONEY  
 He's about to lose it -- Benson!

OFFICER BENSON'S VOICE  
 (from the control booth)  
 Hold on, I got one lagging!

On screen Kyle turns to Lee, agitated now --

KYLE (ON SCREEN)  
 Where did everybody go?

SGT. MULROONEY  
 Hurry the hell up, Benson!  
 (to SWAT Team Leader)  
 Do you have a shot?

SWAT TEAM LEADER  
 Eagle, are you green or red?

UP IN THE RAFTERS --

The SWAT Officer is perfectly still, his rifle on its sticks, his scope trained directly on the tiny bulge in Lee's vest.

SWAT OFFICER

Green.

IN THE CONTROL BOOTH --

Nancy waves off Benson, pretending to sort through her desk.

NANCY

Sorry, I can't find my purse--

OFFICER BENSON

Just leave it!

NANCY

Oh wait, here it is--

She ducks under her desk, buying one last moment of privacy.

NANCY (INTO LEE'S EAR)

Get out of there, Lee.

Benson's feet appear outside Nancy's desk.

OFFICER BENSON

Ma'am. 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 right after the closing bell in -- 32 minutes.

On the monitor behind her, it's obvious Lee heard her loud and clear. But Benson just stares back at her, confused.

OFFICER BENSON

What the hell are you talking about?

Nancy shrugs, nonchalant. Even manages a little grin.

NANCY

Just thought you'd want to know that.

IN THE STUDIO --

Lee's mind whirs, considering his options -- and then he suddenly, sharply twists his body towards Kyle --

WHILE UP IN THE RAFTERS --

The receiver in the vest disappears out of the crosshairs.

SWAT OFFICER  
Shit. I'm yellow, yellow, yellow.

DOWN IN THE STUDIO --

Kyle is startled by the sudden movement too.

KYLE  
What the--? Turn back around.

LEE GATES  
I can't.

Kyle shoves the barrel of his gun into Lee's chest.

KYLE  
Turn. Around.

Lee takes a deep breath -- if he's gonna do this it's now or never...

LEE GATES  
Kyle. Look up. At the end of the catwalk.

OUT IN THE COMMAND CENTER --

Mulrooney sees Kyle stare up into the rafters -- then suddenly yank Lee out of his seat, using him as a human shield.

SGT. MULROONEY  
What the hell...?

Lee struggles, trying to slip out of Kyle's vice grip--

LEE GATES  
No no -- Kyle, they're not trying to shoot you--

But his chest is facing forward, towards the camera -- and the sniper up in the rafters--

SGT. MULROONEY  
Take the shot! Take the shot!

The SWAT Team Leader yells into the receiver --

SWAT TEAM LEADER  
Green light! Green light! Green  
light!

IN THE STUDIO --

As Benson and the control room team makes a mad dash towards the lobby, Kyle pushes Lee off him, leaving the front of his vest exposed--

-- and so Lee dives back at Kyle just as a SHOT RINGS OUT. Lee GRABS KYLE'S HAND, holding it down on the button as they hit the floor in a tangle of limbs. Are either of them hit?

NANCY'S VOICE (DISTANT AND TINNY)  
Lee! Can you hear me?

They're both okay. The gun clattered out of Kyle's hand, but they both still have a firm grip on the detonation trigger. In the commotion, though, Kyle notices that Lee's ear bud has slipped out and is dangling a few inches below his collar. He looks up at Lee like he's Judas.

KYLE  
You've been talking to them all  
this time?

LEE GATES  
That's not them, that's my director--

With his free hand Kyle rips the mic out of his shirt, tosses it on the ground. Looks around, his mind whirring--

KYLE  
Was this whole thing a set-up??

LEE GATES  
Are you kidding? They just took a  
shot at me!

KYLE  
At you??

Lee pulls Kyle up off the ground to shield him, and now they're on their feet but still grappling--

LEE GATES  
There's a receiver on my chest,  
that's what they were going for!

Lee manages to wrest himself out of Kyle's grip, but his hand is still wrapped around Kyle's, still holding the trigger.

LEE GATES  
Look at me. Look at me. You see the  
bulge right here?

Kyle looks down at where he's pointing. Knows he's telling the truth because he's the one who built the vest.

LEE GATES

I'm a target to them, just like you are. Which means I'm the only person on your side right now.

Kyle stares out into the room, past the cameras, past the lights. They're the only two people left on stage.

LEE GATES

Walt Camby's plane landed, and I know where he's going. You got fucked over by Eden, and I think I did too -- so I say lets get the hell out of this studio and go return the favor.

OUT IN THE COMMAND CENTER --

It's chaos out here -- civilians from the studio are out of harms way for the first time, 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, stalks over to her. 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)

A surpr--!?! Whose side are you on??

LEE GATES

You just took a shot at me, dickhead!

Behind them, Lenny The Cameraman peaks out from behind the studio doors, finally out of danger. But he glances up and sees that the abandoned cameras are all still trained on the now empty studio, missing all the action out here.

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 the one that brought us all in. She tells us to stay... then 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

Find me Ron Marowitz.

IN THE ELEVATOR --

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

OUTSIDE THE STUDIO --

The police have pushed the large crowd of onlookers back as far as they can, but the entrance to the Money Monster building is still visible. All eyes are on the front doors...

...which finally swings open as Lee and Kyle emerge out onto the street. 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.

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 emerge out of the building, taking in the hysteria.

SGT. MULROONEY  
Jesus Christ. Is this really  
happening right now?

Behind them, Nancy and her team peel off towards their satellite van, scrambling to get it online and ready. She frowns, taking in the growing crowds and gridlocked streets as Bree pipes in on her headset--

BREE THE ASSISTANT'S VOICE  
I've got Ron Marowitz, I'm patching  
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, how far away from the Stock  
Exchange are you?

Ron eyes the gridlocked streets heading downtown.

RON MAROWITZ  
About a mile or so.

NANCY'S VOICE (ON PHONE)  
Then start running. I'll call you  
back in six minutes.

RON MAROWITZ

Six minutes? I can't run a 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

Oh for fuck's sake!

AT THE BACK ENTRANCE TO THE STOCK EXCHANGE --

Things are actually pretty quiet here as the towncar pulls up. Diane and Walt exit and head--

INSIDE THROUGH SECURITY --

--with ID checks, emptied pockets, and two metal detectors. Afterwards Diane shuffles Walt over to a nearby green room.

There is a TV inside, but it's turned off. Diane spots the remote control on the coffee table and surreptitiously pockets it before she heads back into the hallway--

DIANE LESTER

Wait here. I'll go find our press contact.

But instead, as soon as soon as she closes the green room door -- she hits redial on her cell.

7,000 MILES AWAY IN CHINA --

Won Joon Lee, who's still watching the circus on TV in his mother's darkened room, finally answers on the fifth ring.

WON JOON LEE

I'm trying to be polite, but this is the last time I pick this phone up.

DIANE LESTER'S VOICE

Good, because this is the last time I'm calling it. But when you hang up I'm giving your number to the police, so I promise you it won't be the last time it's gonna ring.

WON JOON LEE

I haven't done anything wrong and you know it.

DIANE LESTER'S VOICE

Other than accept money for your silence, you mean? We call that a bribe here in America, what's your word for it over there?

Won Joon reacts angrily, while nearby in the darkened bedroom, his mother GROANS in her sleep.

WON JOON LEE

You don't know me, lady. You don't know my situation. So if you're going to threaten me, then what's your expression over there... go fuck yourself?

BACK IN THE HALLWAY OF THE NYSE --

Diane stops pacing. Realizes she needs to change tacks.

DIANE LESTER

Listen. You said you saw me on TV earlier -- that means you're watching. You know there are people's lives at stake here.

Won Joon doesn't answer. Diane keeps pushing.

DIANE LESTER

I can still lose your number, Won Joon. I just need you to tell me what you know about that glitch.

There's another pause. Diane hangs on it, unsure if he's going to cooperate or not.

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE

Well. For starters -- I wouldn't call it a glitch.

DIANE LESTER

Okay, what would you call it, then?

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE

I'd call it a hack.

OUT ON BROADWAY --

Nancy's team have mobilized the sat van, and Nancy's barking orders as usual -- but they're getting blocked up by traffic and an increasingly rowdy crowd of onlookers. Nancy pounds on the front windshield, trying to get their attention.

NANCY

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

A couple hundred yards up the street, Lee and Kyle -- along with dozens of Cops, a bunch of police cars, and two helicopters circling above them -- make their way past Zucotti Park, where hordes of onlookers have gathered behind a police line to cheer them on.

Mulrooney is following with Benson and the SWAT team, trying futilely to coordinate the police response amongst the crowd.

SGT. MULROONEY  
This friggin city.

GUY ON STREET  
You're the man, Lee!

Up ahead Lee waves at the guy, almost looks like he's enjoying himself. Other CROWDSPEOPLE try to get Kyle's attention--

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

YET ANOTHER GUY ON STREET  
Damn right! Attica, Attica!

Kyle looks shell-shocked. It's absolute pandemonium out here.

OFFICER BENSON  
Where the hell is this circus  
headed?

Mulrooney's mind is racing, trying to piece it together. They're heading down Church now, passing the World Trade Center, heading towards the Statue Of Liberty... Battery Park... Wall Street. Finally it clicks.

SGT. MULROONEY  
Jesus.  
(then, into his radio)  
Get me a team inside the Stock  
Exchange, right now.

BUT JUST THEN, RIGHT OUTSIDE THE EXCHANGE--

Ron has a head start on them. He runs up Rector Street, huffing and puffing into his cell.

RON MAROWITZ (INTO PHONE)  
Okay. I'm here.

NANCY'S VOICE  
I need you to find Walt Camby inside  
the exchange, Ron... and then I need  
you to make sure he stays there.

RON MAROWITZ  
How am I supposed to do that?

NANCY'S VOICE  
I don't know, you're a guy, do what  
guys do. You know -- talk to him  
about sports.

BACK IN THE SAT VAN --

Nancy HONKS at a stubborn group of BRONX GUYS in their way.

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)  
And if that doesn't work, then  
punch him in the face and knock him  
the fuck out.

Ron CHUCKLES on the other end of the line, but Nancy doesn't laugh. She wasn't joking.

NANCY  
Call me back when you've found him.

MEANWHILE, BACK IN CHINA --

Won Joon is still talking with Diane on the phone. He's pulled out his laptop and is navigating columns of code faster than most humans can even process.

WON JOON LEE  
I went through the entire log file  
line for line until I finally found  
it -- the one rogue operand that  
sent the SPC haywire, and that in  
turn is what crashed the L-Zero-D-U.

DIANE LESTER'S VOICE  
Wow. Okay.  
(then)  
I have no idea what you're saying.

WON JOON LEE  
I'm saying I was able to trace the  
crash back to a single breach -- a  
single domino that knocked the rest  
of them over. But this first domino  
was no accident.

Diane pauses, trying to wrap her head around it all.

DIANE LESTER'S VOICE  
I don't get it, though. If somebody  
hacked into the system on purpose,  
why would Walt want to cover it up?

WON JOON LEE  
That's the same question I had. So  
I checked the log history -- the  
operand was registered to User  
CC5521, which is just a randomly  
assigned, anonymous name. But when  
I traced the IP address on CC5521,  
that's when it made sense.

DIANE LESTER'S VOICE

How?

WON JOON LEE

Because the IP address came from  
our own servers.

BACK AT THE NYSE --

Diane lets the enormity of that sink in.

DIANE LESTER

Is there any way you can find out  
who User CC5521 is?

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE

Not without breaking the law.

DIANE LESTER

The law's already been smashed into  
a whole bunch of pieces here, Won  
Joon, I'm not sure you can break at  
any further at this point.

Won Joon pauses one last time.

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE

If I do this for you...

DIANE LESTER

Then I keep your name to myself, you  
keep the money to yourself, and your  
mother keeps her medical care.

OUT ON BROADWAY --

Even Kyle's starting to get a kick out of the crowd reaction,  
people cheering them on from both sides of the street.

Suddenly a GROUP OF TEENAGERS break through the police line.  
COPS 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. Then  
out of nowhere a CITY BUS backfires a block over.

Kyle swings around, squeezing off a BULLET--

--which hits a PATROL OFFICER, sending him to the sidewalk.

SGT. MULROONEY

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. Mulrooney runs over to help the downed Cop.

KYLE

Shit! Is he okay??

Mulrooney rips open the Cop's shirt -- finds the entry wound where his left arm meets his shoulder. He's in pain but alert and conscious, able to sit up by himself.

SGT. MULROONEY

It's just a shoulder wound!

He's yelling to the other cops as much as to Kyle.

SGT. MULROONEY (CONT'D)

Holster your weapons, goddammit! Do not return fire!

One by one the other cops start to do as they're told, the situation slowly diffusing. Nearby though, the SWAT Team Leader pulls his guys in.

SWAT TEAM LEADER

Stay alert. First window we get, we're taking this P.O.S. down.

BACK IN THE MONEY MONSTER SAT VAN --

Nancy heard the gunshot from back here, but Lenny's video feed is still chaotic. So as the van crawls through traffic, Nancy climbs halfway out her window, helplessly trying to get a glimpse of what's going on--

WHILE BACK IN THE NYSE HALLWAY --

Diane, conversely, is still and silent -- taking a very deep breath. Puts her calm face on as she opens the door to the --

GREEN ROOM --

-- where Walt is now on his own cell phone. And now the TV is on as well, showing news footage of Lee and Kyle on Broadway.

WALT CAMBY (INTO PHONE)

She just walked in. I'll call you back.

Walt heads over to her, his face still oddly unreadable. He reaches out, and Diane tenses -- but Walt just pulls the TV remote out of her pocket.

WALT CAMBY

I don't need the remote to turn the fucking TV on, Diane.

He towers over her intimidatingly. Scowling now.

WALT CAMBY  
I trusted you.

DIANE LESTER  
I trusted you too. Who's User CC5521,  
Walt?

Walt pauses. Narrows his eyes.

WALT CAMBY  
Where did you hear about that?

DIANE LESTER  
I want to know who he is.

Walt sneers at her. He doesn't have time for this.

WALT CAMBY  
I don't know who he is. And it  
wouldn't matter if I did.

But Diane puts herself between him and the doorway.

DIANE LESTER  
You need to tell me everything.  
Right now.

WALT CAMBY  
You work for *me*, Diane. It's not my  
job to tell you everything.

He pushes his way past her, heading--

OUT INTO THE NOW BUSTLING HALLWAY --

--just as Ron Marowitz barrels down it, grabbing a passing  
staffer--

RON MAROWITZ  
Have you seen Walt Camby?

PASSING STAFFER  
Who?

Walt quickly ducks back into the room, locking the door--

WHILE OUTSIDE THE NYSE --

The entire street is being cleared as Lee and Kyle pass by  
the George Washington statue across from the NYSE, trailed by  
Lenny, Mulrooney, and the rest of the police procession.

There's no fun and games anymore -- the mood is much more  
intense now as Mulrooney barks out orders on his radio, while--

WAY BACK ON BROADWAY --

Nancy's Sat Van is officially stuck behind a series of barricades and stubborn cops.

NANCY (INTO HEADSET)  
Christ, Ron, tell me you have Walt.

IN THE HALLS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE --

People are starting to panic now. Ron shoves his way through the increasingly chaotic hallway, searching the passing faces--

RON MAROWITZ (INTO PHONE)  
I'm looking, I'm looking!

WHILE INSIDE THE GREEN ROOM --

Diane watches Walt squirm against the door.

DIANE LESTER  
Nowhere to run anymore, huh?

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

WALT CAMBY  
Okay. What do you want?

DIANE LESTER  
What do I want?

WALT CAMBY  
I have to get out of here. You can help me do it. So just say the number. How much do you want?

DIANE LESTER  
Oh my god.

He reaches out and grabs her. She tries to push him away at first, but he won't let her go.

WALT CAMBY  
Hey. Listen. I love you...

DIANE LESTER  
Oh my god!

WALT CAMBY  
Diane, please...

DIANE LESTER  
You're unbelievable. You'll just say anything if it gets you what you want, won't you?

WALT CAMBY

Come on. Just look at me, okay?  
Look at me.

DIANE LESTER

Did you short your own stock, Walt?  
Is that what this is all about? Did  
you crash our stock price on purpose?

WALT CAMBY

Short my own-- no! Of course not, I  
can't believe you'd even think that.

He pulls her even closer, gently this time. Brushes her cheek.

WALT CAMBY

You know me. Better than them.  
Better than my wife. Better than  
everybody in the world.

(off her look)

It's true. And it hurts me that  
you'd think that. Even for a second.

She looks up at him with flickering eyes. Obviously has a  
hard time resisting him when they're this close.

WALT CAMBY

Listen. I'll explain everything to  
you after we get through this. I  
promise. But right now, I just need  
you to get out of here. If I don't --  
they're going to kill me, Diane.

She bites her lip. Knows he's right, no matter how pissed she  
is. She closes her eyes... then comes to a decision.

DIANE LESTER

You stay here. I'll go try to find  
us a way out.

OUT IN THE HALL --

Diane steps out the door. Closes it quickly behind her.

She glances down the hallway -- and makes eye contact with  
Ron Marowitz.

ON THE FLOOR OF THE NYSE --

The trading floor's still being frantically cleared by police.  
It's chaos. Nobody knows where to go, TRADERS being pulled  
out, pleading with the cops to finish one last transaction--

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 and Kyle glance at each other. So... what now?

LEE GATES  
Where's Walt Camby?  
(then, louder)  
I said WHERE'S WALT CAMBY? C'mon  
people -- big bald son of a bitch?  
Lets not act like you people don't  
worship him. Somebody has to have  
seen the guy--

VOICE FROM BEHIND  
He's right down that hall.

Lee and Kyle turn around -- to find Diane Lester 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, backs away from the door,  
suddenly a caged animal. There's nowhere to go. Nowhere to  
hide. The door knob SHAKES SLIGHTLY. Then does it again.

Finally the door flies open, revealing Kyle. Who points his  
gun directly at him.

KYLE  
Hey there, tough guy.

Then Lee pops around the corner. Grins at Walt.

LEE GATES  
Ready for that interview now?

ON THE FLOOR OF THE NYSE --

NYPD and FBI SWAT teams have taken over the Exchange --  
including the SWAT Team Leader from earlier, who positions  
himself and his sharpshooter on one of the balconies.

By the time Lee and Kyle emerge out onto the floor with Walt at gunpoint, they are surrounded by dozens of police.

WALT CAMBY

Alright, just -- calm down. I'm not the bad guy here.

KYLE

Yeah, I'm the one with the gun -- that makes me the bad guy, remember?

Walt finds Diane, there across the room next to Ron Marowitz. He shoots her a withering gaze.

WALT CAMBY

You cunt.

Diane shoots him a look right back. Then nods at Lee and Kyle.

DIANE LESTER

It wasn't a glitch that took down Eden, it was a hack from inside the company. I think Walt owes you an explanation for that. Frankly he owes me one too.

Mulrooney steps forward to play peacemaker, his own gun drawn on Kyle.

SGT. MULROONEY

Okay fine, we're all here. So how about we put the weapons down and lets just talk for a moment.

LEE GATES

Oh, we can talk with the weapons. Maybe they'll help Walt start finally telling people the truth.

WALT CAMBY

I've been telling people the truth.

Lee chuckles to himself. Shrugs at Kyle.

LEE GATES

Okay, well hell. I guess we should just take his word for it.  
(off Kyle's surprise)  
Or you could just shoot him instead.

Walt cowers against a wall. Kyle lets him squirm for a bit.

KYLE

I've got a better idea.  
(re: Lee's vest)  
Take that off. Put it on him.

LEE GATES

Gladly.

Lee doesn't need to be told twice. He starts to unstrap the vest, careful to not expose the receiver on the front of it.

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 he moves towards Walt.

LEE GATES

Tell you what... I'm gonna do you a favor.

He straps it onto Walt backwards so the receiver is hidden from the snipers, so long as he stays up against the wall.

LEE GATES

Trust me on this. Don't turn your back on anybody, okay?

Walt starts to panic as Lee buckles the final vest strap.

WALT CAMBY

I'm telling you guys. I didn't do anything wrong--

KYLE

Now step back, Lee.

Kyle swivels towards Mulrooney and Lenny behind him.

KYLE

Get back! Everybody get back! When I lift my finger I wanna make sure he's the only one that explodes.

They don't move. Kyle raises his gun, points at them wildly.

KYLE

I'm dead serious this time. Get back! All the way!

They reluctantly do as they're told. Mulrooney speaks into his radio as he backs up towards the other end of the floor.

SGT. MULROONEY (INTO RADIO)

Do not shoot. Repeat, all points, do not shoot unless you hear the command from me.

ACROSS THE ROOM--

Diane's cell RINGS. She picks it up immediately.

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE  
I found him. CC5521.

She plugs her ear so she can hear him over the commotion.

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE  
It was way harder than I thought --  
they encrypted it all. Everything I  
showed them. They bought me off, and  
then they tried to bury it.

Diane looks down below her, where Lee and the cops have all moved back to the other side of the room.

DIANE LESTER (INTO PHONE)  
So lets unbury it.

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE  
I've got a phone number for you--

DIANE LESTER  
Yeah, well I don't have a pen. Dial  
it on the other line and conference  
me in.  
(off his hesitation)  
Just do it, Won Joon!

ACROSS THE TRADING FLOOR --

Kyle and Walt are now alone on the north end of the floor. Nearby them is a wall of TV monitors, all playing different news stations -- which means right now they're all showing video of Kyle and Walt, creating an eerie shadow effect.

WALT CAMBY  
Look, I'm telling you the truth.  
There was no hacker.

KYLE  
So you're saying 2.3 billion dollars  
just disappeared into thin air?

WALT CAMBY  
I'm saying there was a glitch. Like  
I've BEEN saying. I know that's not  
what you want to hear, but--

KYLE  
You're lying. You hired a hacker to  
steal your stockholders' money,  
didn't you?

WALT CAMBY  
No, of course not--

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 \*  
Don't dodge the question,  
goddammit. You hired somebody  
to steal the money--

WALT CAMBY  
No, I hired somebody to make sure  
the money was safe!

Kyle goes silent. Walt, his temperature high, starts pacing  
back and forth.

WALT CAMBY  
I wasn't gonna just hand over 100  
billion dollars without being sure  
it was completely secure, obviously.  
So I hired a firm to prove it to me.

KYLE  
(confused)  
A hundred billion? Where did a  
hundred billion come from?

LEE GATES  
From his private hedge fund.

Lee's inched back up towards them with Lenny so that both he  
and the audience at home can hear.

LEE GATES  
That was your plan, right? You were  
gonna bring your whole fund over to  
the algorithm. It's numbers were  
just too good, even you couldn't  
keep up with it.

Walt shrugs. No point trying to dance around it anymore.

WALT CAMBY  
The ironic part is, I only started  
the damn thing to prove to myself  
that all the computer data in the  
world wouldn't be a match for a  
little human skill and ingenuity.  
But I was wrong. Every year for the  
past six years the algorithm's ROI  
topped mine.

(MORE)

WALT CAMBY (CONT'D)

And so at some point I just had to face facts, put pride aside, and do what's best for my investors.

Kyle grabs him by his vest. Pushes him up against the TV's.

KYLE

Your investors?? Oh, you mean the millionaires who write you eight figure checks every year? Because I'm a stockholder, asshole -- doesn't that make me an investor too? And you sure as shit didn't do what's best for me, did you?

IN A FLAT IN RIO --

A CELL VIBRATES on a counter, scaring a nearby cat. It's an international call, so there's no name, just a lot of numbers.

Finally a hand reaches in and picks the cell up. The hand belongs to Cero the raver. He's nursing a giant cup of coffee -- it's been a rough morning for him, obviously.

CERO

Ola?

DIANE LESTER'S VOICE

Who is this?

Cero pulls the phone away from his ear, rubbing his temples. Every sound feels like a freight train at the moment.

CERO

This is Cero. Who's this?

DIANE LESTER'S VOICE

This is Diane Lester, I work for Eden Capital. You were employed by us at one time, weren't you?

Cero has to think about the question for a moment.

CERO

Oh... yeah, our company did some work for Eden a few months ago--

DIANE LESTER

What kind of work?

CERO

Troubleshooting. Testing the system to make sure it was all secure, nothing very complicated, I just wrote some code that tested the SPC at randomized firewalls--

Won Joon, reluctantly still on the line, lets out a frustrated GRUNT, despite himself. Just get to the point.

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE  
Cero, What'd happen if your bug breached a firewall?

CERO  
Well. It would force the algo to make some negative value security trades. But--

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE  
How many trades?

CERO  
I dunno. Maybe -- 800 a second.

Cero rubs his forehead. This math makes his head hurt worse.

CERO  
What's the point of this again? Because if you're offering me another job, I'm on vacation till next week--

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE  
Did you disable your program after your company turned in its report?

CERO  
Well... there really wasn't a reason to disable anything, the system passed all our tests. It was perfectly secure.

WON JOON LEE  
No it wasn't, Cero. Your orphaned program eventually found a breach, and when it did, it forced the algo to make 800 bad trades a second for over nine minutes until they finally shut the system down.

Cero just blinks. Even with his hangover he's able to process the enormity of what that means.

CERO  
Whoops.

BACK AT THE NYSE --

Kyle still has Walt Camby pushed up against the wall of TV's with their own images blaring out at them.

WALT CAMBY

Look, I don't know what you want me to say. I'm personally responsible for 100 billion dollars of investment money -- what do you expect me to do, risk all that to try to salvage 2.3 billion?

KYLE

But that's exactly the problem, isn't it? 2.3 billion dollars means nothing to you. And 60 thousand means everything to me.

He puts his gun right up into Walt's scared face.

KYLE

And I don't think you would ever give a shit about my money if you didn't have my gun pushing up against your nose.

BACK UP ON THE BALCONY --

Diane can see how precarious things are getting below her.

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE

Listen to me, Cero. An algo can't trade a stock with itself -- trades by definition take two parties. So when you designed your program, who did you force it to trade with?

CERO'S VOICE

I set up a passive brokerage account. But it wouldn't--

DIANE LESTER

Where is that account, Cero?

CERO'S VOICE

Online.

DIANE LESTER

Yeah, but where?

CERO'S VOICE

(after a reluctant beat)  
E-trade.

Diane makes a face. Is this guy serious??

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE

When was the last time you looked at it?

CERO'S VOICE

Well, I... I mean. Never. It's unmanaged, it wouldn't be--

DIANE LESTER

Look it up, Cero! Right now!

CERO'S VOICE

Okay, Jesus. Don't yell so loud, I've got a really bad headache.

Ron Marowitz has Nancy on speaker so she can listen in, but there's too much ambient noise.

NANCY'S VOICE

What's going on, Ron? What can we do, how can we help?

Diane holds up her finger at Ron and his phone.

DIANE LESTER (INTO PHONE)

Hurry up, Cero!

CERO'S VOICE

I'm trying to remember the password...

IN RIO --

Cero tries another one, but it doesn't work. He taps his forehead...

CERO

It's... one of my cat's names. I'm pretty sure.

A cat's purring on the table nearby. And there's one's on the couch. And one on the counter. Actually he has like six cats.

Then a white cat with a tabby tail peeks out from behind his TV. Cero bites his lip -- types in that one's name. Icarus.

Sure enough, the pages loads -- to show the balance now at 2.24 billion dollars. Cero nearly drops his phone.

CERO

Oh shit.

DIANE LESTER'S VOICE

Cero. Cero. Stay with me right now.

BACK AT THE NYSE --

Diane pulls Ron over, with Nancy listening in on the cell.

DIANE LESTER

Here's what we're gonna need to do.

THROUGH A MAGNIFIED SCOPE --

The SWAT Team Sharpshooter has Kyle right in his sights, just waiting for a signal. He slowly, carefully moves the crosshairs from the back of his head down to his left hand, pressed up against Walt's suit, clutching the trigger...

...when suddenly there's a VOICE from across the room. The Sharpshooter looks up off his scope to find Diane getting Lee and Kyle's attention--

DIANE LESTER  
BEFORE YOU KILL EACH OTHER -- TAKE  
A LOOK BEHIND YOU.

DOWN ON THE FLOOR --

Suddenly one of the TV monitors on the wall behind Walt and Kyle has flipped to a shot of Cero's e-trade account (this is the feed from the Money Monster channel).

DIANE LESTER  
Turns out the glitch didn't lose the  
money after all. It only lost *track*  
of it.

Both Lee and Walt come in to take a closer look. It takes both of them a minute to process what they're seeing.

WALT CAMBY  
I'll be damned...

They trade an incredulous look.

LEE GATES  
Holy shit. That means Eden's  
actually still solvent. Which --  
suddenly makes you a value again.

They look up at the ticker symbol above them. The stock currently sits at \$8.45, while--

AT A DATA CENTER ON HUDSON ST --

This is the computer from the very opening, with the blinking green LED lights.

CLOSER and CLOSER on that one particular little green light, blinking in rhythm, one a second... one, two three, four, five... until suddenly: a DOUBLE-BLINK.

BACK AT THE NYSE --

A MURMUR filters through the room as the stock price ticks up to \$8.46.

IN THE MONEY MONSTER CONTROL ROOM --

The Money Monster crew bursts into CHEERS as the stock starts to rise -- \$8.58. \$8.66. \$8.79...

WHILE BACK ON THE EXCHANGE FLOOR --

Kyle, in shock, watches the stock crest \$9.

KYLE

How is it moving this fast?

LEE GATES

Algos.

Lee watches the number rise, faster and faster. Suddenly it jumps 35 cents in the blink of an eye.

LEE GATES

This is their power. When they see an opening, they pounce. A thousand times a second. And once they've grabbed it, the sky's the limit.

Walt is elated, looks like he'd hug him -- if it wasn't for the vest he happens to be wearing. He turns to Kyle--

WALT CAMBY

Can I take this thing off now?

Kyle, though, is still processing everything, overwhelmed by the flurry of activity --

KYLE

I don't -- hold on...

WHILE ACROSS THE FLOOR --

Diane, who's still on the phone with Won Joon, watches in disbelief as Eden crosses \$12.

DIANE LESTER (INTO PHONE)

Are you seeing this, Won Joon?

WON JOON LEE'S VOICE

Yes. I am.

7,000 MILES AWAY IN CHINA --

Won Joon Lee, watching from this small, dark room, with his sick mother breathing through tubes behind him, is genuinely moved by what's happening.

WON JOON LEE (INTO PHONE)

I'm seeing it.

WHILE BACK ON THE FLOOR --

Kyle stares up at the stock price, and as it finally starts to set in for him -- this is really happening -- he breaks out into a grin for the first time.

Walt motions down to the vest again, throws his hands up -- come on, whaddaya say? Kyle gives it some thought...

KYLE

Ah, why not...

Without warning Kyle PULLS HIS FINGER OFF THE REMOTE SWITCH and tosses it over to Walt -- who SCREAMS, falling to the ground, pointlessly preparing for impact...

...but nothing happens. There is no explosion. Kyle just grins over at Lee.

KYLE (CONT'D)

The battery was only good for two hours. I didn't think I'd still be alive even half that t--

Suddenly a bullet RIPS through Kyle's chest.

LEE GATES

No!

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 CONTROL ROOM --

Nancy is stunned, watching it happen on live TV.

NANCY

Oh my god...

WHILE IN THE NYSE BALCONY --

Diane CRIES OUT as police radios bursts with commotion--

OVER THE RADIO

We've got shots fired, repeat, shots fired. Immediate medical assistant requested--

WHILE IN THE NYSE --

Lee and Mulrooney kneel over Kyle as blood seeps out on the cement under him.

LEE GATES  
Stay with me, okay? Stay with me.

Kyle's gone pale, his eyes wild and unfocused.

LEE GATES  
I'm sorry. Oh man, I didn't...

Kyle manages to look up at him. Gasps out some words between harsh breaths.

KYLE  
I -- told you. I was dead -- the  
moment I walked into your studio.

Lee has to look away. He finds the stock ticker above him. It's already over 20 dollars now.

LEE GATES  
So was that stock. And look what  
you did.

Kyle manages to lift his head up -- finds the stock price as a MEDICAL CREW rushes in, pushing Lee and Mulrooney aside.

Just then the CLOSING BELL RINGS over the loudspeakers. But somehow the Eden stock keeps climbing, over \$21 now.

KYLE  
It's -- still going?

LEE GATES  
After hours trading. It'll be three  
times that number by the opening  
bell tomorrow.

Kyle, staring up at the ticker, almost looks content.

KYLE  
Sell it for me, okay?

LEE GATES  
No. You'll be able to sell it  
yourself.  
(before he can say anything)  
You will. It's a gut call anyway, the  
stock might keep going up tomorrow. I  
don't want to see you give up your  
position before it plateaus, that's  
just leaving money on the table.

The EMT's cut through Kyle's shirt, trying to wipe the blood away, but it keeps bubbling up. Kyle just focuses on Lee.

KYLE

But if I can't. Sell it in the morning. Make sure the money-- goes to my son.

FROM THE MONEY MONSTER VAN --

Nancy watches as Lenny's camera catches a shot of Lee, his hands and shirt bloody, as he watches the EMT's work.

ON THE EXCHANGE FLOOR --

The EMT's gets Kyle up on a stretcher, Lee forced to stand helplessly behind them -- when he happens to catch a glance of Walt, trying to sneak out the back in the commotion.

Lee charges him in a rage, tackles him. The cops pull Lee off.

LEE GATES

You could've prevented this! You could've found that money before he ever stepped foot on my set! But you covered it up instead, and I bet I know why, you son of a bitch. I'll bet sixty thousand dollars on it, in fact.

The cops let up a bit, curious to hear what he has to say. Diane and Ron have come over to hear, too.

LEE GATES

Sixty grand says that your insurance covers a glitch, since that means nobody's to blame -- but a rogue bug from a security firm YOU hired? That puts you at fault. And leaves you with the bill.

Walt sniffs dismissively.

WALT CAMBY

That's preposterous.

LEE GATES

No, that's fraud, motherfucker.

Mulrooney thinks about it... then nods over at Walt.

SGT. MULROONEY

Okay. So arrest him then.

WALT CAMBY

Arrest me?? On what charges??

SGT. MULROONEY

Eh. I'll worry about that later.

Mulrooney watches at the cops forcefully subdue him, slapping on the cuffs with a knee in his back.

SGT. MULROONEY

But if he has to leave here in the back of an ambulance, then you're leaving in the back of a police car.

OUTSIDE THE NYSE --

Diane watches from across the street as the EMT's load Kyle onto the ambulance. Then Lee comes outside and jumps in as well -- no argument, no discussion. He's coming with.

After a moment, Walt is led out, cuffed, and put into a squad car. He and Diane make eye contact. She does not look vindicated or relieved. She just looks tired. Ron Marowitz is there, too, watching with her.

RON MAROWITZ

His lawyer's gonna have him out of those cuffs before he even walks into the station.

Diane nods. It's true.

DIANE LESTER

Probably. But at least everybody knows who he really is now.

...including herself. But that's left unsaid. Nearby, Lenny's barely stepped outside when a reporter shoves a mic in his face, grilling him live about what happened.

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

DRIFT SLOWLY UP -- over the zoo that's formed here in downtown Manhattan: police cars, fire trucks, news vans, and crowds everywhere.

IN THE ER AT LOWER MANHATTAN HOSPITAL -- LATER

The TV in the waiting room is tuned to the news, and Lee sits by himself, watching Lenny still being interviewed, even a half hour later.

Finally a NURSE comes out to give him an update.

NURSE

He's in surgery. And as of one minute ago, his heart is still beating. That's a good thing.

LEE GATES

How long will it take?

NURSE

Could be an hour. Could be eight.

Lee grimaces. That wasn't what he wanted to hear. The nurse leads him back over to the chairs, sympathetic. Sits him down.

NURSE

As soon as we know, we'll let you know.

She heads back towards the operating rooms. Lee, alone now, finds his attention drawn to Lenny on TV. He watches him give an interview like an old pro now, modestly accepting praise.

NANCY'S VOICE

Maybe I should've gotten hair and makeup for Lenny with all this attention he's getting.

Lee perks up -- but Nancy's not in his ear this time, she's standing right behind him, carrying an overstuffed plastic bag. Lee smiles, grateful to see her.

LEE GATES

He woulda deserved it.

Nancy takes a seat next to him. Leans her head against his shoulder. They watch the hustle and bustle of the ER for a bit.

NANCY

No matter what happens -- you did everything you could, Lee. And you were the last guy in the world who needed to.

Lee nods. But it's not much consolation at the moment.

LEE GATES

I wouldn't be alive without you in my ear, you know.

NANCY

Yeah well. Just point the cameras in your direction and we'll figure it out together, right?

Then she grabs the plastic bag she brought. Starts opening it up.

LEE GATES

What's that?

NANCY

Dinner.

She pulls out a bunch of takeout containers, lays them out on the small table in front of them.

NANCY

Since I heard you had an opening in your schedule.

Lee stares down at the food. At this simple gesture.

LEE GATES

That's right. I do.

NANCY

Great. As it happens, I do too.

THEN DRIFT BACK -- through the glass doors, as they start to eat, and they settle in for a long night of waiting--

FADE TO BLACK.