

**CANCER, INC.**

by

Marc Macaluso

**"Here's a great way to get your drug approved:  
kill the placebo group."**

~ Donald Berry of MD Anderson, when asked about Dendreon.

Lighthouse Management & Media  
C/O Jacob Epstein  
424-249-4205  
jacob@lighthousemm.com

DRAFT 7  
February 26, 2017

PLACEBO (ple'sebo) n. 1. A substance that has no therapeutic effect, used as a control in testing new drugs.

2. A measure designed merely to humor or placate someone.

Oxford English Dictionary

**INT. DENDREON HQ (SEATTLE) - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Sitting at the head of a prosaic conference table is DR. MITCHELL GOLD (42), CEO of biotech Dendreon Corp. Mitch's black hair is cropped as short as his 5'4" frame. He addresses a speakerphone in a monotone that never conveys quite as much enthusiasm as his word choice.

SUPER: Dendreon Headquarters - Seattle. November 2006

MITCH GOLD

35 years ago, when our country  
officially declared war on cancer,  
it was killing more people per year  
than was lost during all of world  
war two.

Surrounding Gold is MARK FROHLICH (41), the bespectacled and nerdy Chief Medical Officer, and the unflappable straight-laced MONIQUE GREER (44), Chief of Staff.

MITCH GOLD (CONT'D)

Yet, the rate of new cancer cases  
continues to climb, making  
innovative treatments that prolong  
life more important than ever.

CLOSER ON GOLD.

MITCH GOLD (CONT'D)

With our drug Provenge, we've  
succeeded in facing this challenge,  
and with today's submission to the  
FDA, we at Dendreon now officially  
lead the charge into a new era in  
the war on cancer.

Greer nods to Gold, satisfied to hear the words she wrote.

MITCH GOLD (CONT'D)

I'll take questions.

**INT. MARIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY**

We're behind a blond-haired WOMAN cross-legged on a bed, taking notes as she listens from a Blackberry's speakerphone.

CANCER, INC.

**EXT. WEST VILLAGE (NYC) - THE SPOTTED PIG - NIGHT**

A Henry James era New York brownstone, now a restaurant.

SUPER: West Village - New York

A drunk MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE waltz in slushy circles on the sidewalk. They descend onto the street. A yellow cab with a backlit Pharma ad SCREECHES to a stop, BLARES the horn.

The startled couple flip the bird, HECKLE, dance again. The taxi SPEEDS off.

**INT. WEST VILLAGE (NYC) - THE SPOTTED PIG - NIGHT**

The original gastro pub of NYC. For such a trendy creative class haunt, the wannabe ratio remains surprisingly low.

Upstairs, alone at a cramped two-top sits MARIE HUBER (32). Slightly fidgety with a hyper alertness, she is at once athletic, cerebral, and pretty, with the signature blond locks we've already been introduced to.

Marie window-shops the diners; freely drinks a gin and tonic.

ANDREW (O.S)

Marie?

Marie turns to her Match.com date, ANDREW (33), handsome, an average guy by all appearances.

MARIE

Andrew?

ANDREW

Nice to meet you.

Andrew goes in for a hug, but since she's sitting and he's standing, his shoulder shoves against her face. Awkward. There is a transactional speed and efficiency to this chat.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

(sitting)

Sorry I'm late.

MARIE

Actually, you're slightly more punctual than others. My average Match date is 16 minutes and 19 seconds late.

ANDREW

You're kidding me, you keep track?

MARIE

It's not personal.

ANDREW

Kind-a.

MARIE

I've learned data is the most reliable promise. The chap before you was 25 minutes late. I'm generally lenient, but that didn't go well.

ANDREW

I'm the second guy tonight?

MARIE

Third. But you're the only dinner. I'm starved.

ANDREW

Wow.

MARIE

Why limit ourselves, right?

ANDREW

Is dessert stationed at the bar?

MARIE

Only if you screw it up.

ANDREW

Wow.

(hailing server)

I'll take whatever pilsner you have on draft. And...?

MARIE

Yes please.

ANDREW

Another for her.

The server leaves.

MARIE

You're cuter in person. You should update your photo.

ANDREW

Thanks for the advice.

(awkward beat)

Are you like one of these people that always says what they think?

MARIE

The truth at all costs, isn't that what they say?

ANDREW

I never met 'they'.

Andrew wishing his beer were there, drinks water.

MARIE

So. Andrew, how was your day?

ANDREW

My day? Okay I guess. Same ole, ya know.

MARIE

Not really. We just met. What is 'same ole' in Andrew's world?

ANDREW

Uh. Wow. Wake up at 8. Shower. Eat an apple. Head to work.

MARIE

Work. Where do you work?

ANDREW

An ad agency. You?

MARIE

Midtown?

ANDREW

Yeah.

The drinks come.

MARIE

Cheers.

ANDREW

Cheers.

They drink.

MARIE

What is your job in advertising?

ANDREW

I'm a producer.

MARIE

Of?

ANDREW  
Campaigns mostly.

MARIE  
Anything I would know? I'm a  
terrible consumer, but try me.

ANDREW  
Um... Lays potatoes?

MARIE  
I try to stay away from food-like  
things in colorful bags.

ANDREW  
Wow. You're tough. I shoulda  
guessed from all those heady quotes  
on your website.

MARIE  
Oh, come on. A little challenge is  
always fun, isn't it?

ANDREW  
On a date?

MARIE  
For example, where in your work do  
you find the most depth-- the real  
goeey stuff?

ANDREW  
Uh-um. I guess to trick people to  
buy shit they don't need?...  
(changing subject)  
What about you? You English?

MARIE  
Half. Mum's English, Pop was from  
Germany.

Before Andrew can demonstrate compassion:

MARIE (CONT'D)  
I know what you're thinking. He was  
57 when I was born. He got sick  
soon after and passed away before I  
entered university.

ANDREW  
Sorry about that.

MARIE

I suppose bathing your father isn't a typical teenage experience.

Awkward drink.

MARIE (CONT'D)

See, people haven't much stomach for the gooey stuff.

ANDREW

Uh. Um. What about you? Your work.

Marie raises her glass.

MARIE

I just started a new job. New career, sort of.

ANDREW

Celebrating with three dates?  
(joke doesn't land)  
What job?

MARIE

Packing it in, as all my free time is about to die: a hedge fund analyst.

ANDREW

Whoa. For a second I was feeling bad about shitty oily chips.

MARIE

That's rather simplistic. I'm a trained scientist, and just like a scientist, as an analyst my job is to deal in the truth-- to research it, to discover it, then to bet with or against a stock depending on how full of shit it is, or isn't, and how well, or not, the market understands that. I find gaps in the market's knowledge of the truth and exploit them.

ANDREW

Chips still win.

MARIE

Do they?  
(sizes him up)  
Consumers spend money to obtain the shitty oily chips, and since the  
(MORE)

MARIE (CONT'D)

"value" of food is measured in providing nutritional compounds that support life rather than reduce it with disease, the exchange ends with a loss to the consumer. In fact, if you factor in the health costs of eating carcinogenic food-like things, every time you sell someone chips, you are in fact, unbeknownst to the consumer, transferring their future wealth into the bank accounts of health providers and insurance companies.

ANDREW

Whoa! Ok, you win. You're smart. I get it. I bet you make a lot of bank.

MARIE

That's a bit crude to just come out with, isn't it?

ANDREW

Isn't it true?

MARIE

Anything I have, I made myself.  
(off Andrew)  
I smell a nice big "but" coming.

ANDREW

My buddy who works at Lehman says women in finance are lucky if they make 60 percent as much as men.

The server arrives to take the dinner order. Marie twists slightly, then on second thought:

MARIE

Your "buddy's" info is a generalization. I'm going to become a top Wall Street analyst. I'm not that demographic of women.

ANDREW

But still... Well, I guess cheers to choosing finance over science.

Andrew extends his glass. Marie pauses, shakes it off.

MARIE

This isn't going to work on any long term basis. But your little show of strength may have earned you something.

CHEERS. Wink.

**INT. MARIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT**

Marie sits in bed with her laptop as Andrew sleeps beside her. She edits her personal website: a simple pastel turquoise page. In its center is an animated-gif of Marie smiling in different profile shots. Beneath the image she types a quote: "Buying more books than you have time to read is nothing less than the soul reaching toward..."

She pauses, glances to Andrew, erases "toward" and retypes, "away from boring people."

A self-reflective frown creases her face. She returns to her website and retypes the end: "...toward infinity." Beneath the quote she adds a link: "Email me."

**INT. JIM'S IRON WORKS (MISSOURI) - DAY**

The workshop of a skilled iron artisan. Heavy machinery, a furnace, hammers, tools organized with efficient placement.

SUPER: Kansas City, Missouri

JIM BARTON (72) wears a traditional leather apron and HAMMERS a glowing piece of iron. His large hands have labored heavy metal their entire working life. Dark circles and bags underline his eyes, which emanate kindness and duty.

KAL (57), the loyal #2, heats iron in the furnace.

JIM BARTON

We're two years out, and she's already planning our 50th.

KAL

Big party, eh?

JIM BARTON

More like an awards dinner.

They LAUGH and return to work.

Jim focuses on a piece of hot iron that looks like the beginnings of a bird: a gentle counterpoint to his presence.

He grabs his favorite hammer as if its an extension of himself, and with PRECISE HITS sculpts the glowing iron. After a few STROKES he suddenly buckles over wincing in pain, as if hit by a shockwave.

Kal notices:

KAL

Okay?

Jim doesn't answer. He stands erect; his eyes squeezed shut.

KAL (CONT'D)

Jim?

JIM BARTON

I hear ya, Kal. Give me a second.

In a long moment Jim opens his eyes. Better.

JIM BARTON (CONT'D)

I swear to the Almighty, I'd rather have my pecker in a vice than these waves of pain.

KAL

I think Mary rather-ya have the pain.

JIM BARTON

I think you're probably right.

KAL

You should check it out, Jim.

JIM BARTON

If they open ya up, they'll find something. And this pain's new yet.

Kal raises his eyebrows at that last statement. He regards Jim a thoughtful beat, returns to the furnace work.

Jim gets back to HAMMERING the iron.

**INT. PSAM HQ - LOBBY - DAY**

Marie passes through the security turnstiles typical of financial lobbies, and rushes into a crowded elevator holding a small cardboard box and a Wall Street Journal.

**INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER**

Marie's squished against the button panel, surrounded by sardines in suits. A plasma screen stares her in the face playing JIM CRAMER'S stock-porn show, Mad Money on CNBC:

FEMALE CALLER

Booyah from Fort Myers, Florida!  
I'm calling about Dendreon. Big day  
with the FDA!

CRAMER

This stock has captured the  
imagination of day traders beyond  
reason. We'll see how the FDA  
rules, but I'm not a believer in  
Provenge. I sell sell sell!

Marie glances down at her Wall Street Journal:

CLOSE ON ARTICLE: "Blockbuster or Dud? Biotech's Biggest Wildcard Sits Down with the FDA." Beneath the headline is a stock photo of Mitch Gold.

**INT. PSAM HQ - MAIN OFFICE FLOOR - DAY**

Marie exits the elevator nose down in a WSJ. She circles the Dendreon article before raising her head to see:

Modern decor. Money here. High-focus energy. Brains at work trying to think as fast, or faster, than the market.

**INT. PSAM HQ - MARIE'S DESK - MOMENTS LATER**

Marie's at her desk unpacking the box; hanging awards and mementos on her cube.

- 1) Certificate: "UK SMART Award 2003. Marie Huber. £80,000."
- 2) A clipping of Marie and former business partners, one much older than her: "Ampere Pharmaceuticals: Dr. James Rothman; Marie Huber; Jit Naraine."
- 3) Family portrait of Marie (13), her MOTHER, her FATHER.

She returns to her desk surface and opens the WSJ.

Marie grabs a yellow marker and highlights select lines. Folds the paper - article face-up - grabs a notebook, gone.

**INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING (D.C.) - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

SUPER: Washington D.C. - FDA Advisory Committee Review of Provenge

At the end of the COMMITTEE MEMBERS filing into the room is DR. RICHARD PAZDUR (56), Head of Cancer Drugs at the FDA--autistic, dry, trim-bearded, wireframes. Pazdur and Frohlich intersect before entering:

PAZDUR

Mark.

DR. FROHLICH

Richard. I'd rather us be on the links, but I think Monique prefers an audience.

The two men slyly regard Greer, who takes a seat inside.

**INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING (D.C.) - CONFERENCE ROOM - TIMECUT**

We're into the start of the meeting. One oddity is a MAINTENANCE WORKER tending to a leaky ceiling in the corner.

PAZDUR

I'd like to welcome you to today's review of Provenge, presented by Dendreon representatives--

The maintenance worker SLIDES the bucket over with his foot.

Greer leans over to whisper to Pazdur:

GREER

What's the Vegas spread on this group?

FROHLICH

Gold gives us 2 to 1.

GREER

Cake.

PAZDUR

--Dr. Mark Frohlich, Chief Medical Officer, and Monique Greer, Chief of Staff.

DR. FROHLICH

Thank you for having us.

GREER

Finally.

The room LAUGHS, but is interrupted by more CLATTER: a second leak has formed and the worker FINAGLES the bucket to try and fit both streams into the pail-- he'll need another one.

**INT. PSAM HQ - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME**

The table in PSAM's main conference room is spotless glass laid atop polished black metal, designed for 30 people.

The meeting is led by the firm's namesake, PETER SCHOENFELD (61), known as Wall Street's quiet professor; not here to impress. He speaks in a tone long unfamiliar with wonder.

SCHOENFELD

Jess, you're up.

JESS JONES (37), opportunist, smart, crude.

JESS

Europe's debt is set to trip like a English chick on whiskey Wednesday.

Only the MEN LAUGH. Not Schoenfeld; he never laughs.

JESS (CONT'D)

Greece goes first. All my trades are moving to that basket.

SCHOENFELD

When?

Jess looks to FEMALE ANALYST #1.

FEMALE ANALYST #1

I haven't found a definitive marker yet. Early or late summer.

SCHOENFELD

Don't hedge the entire portfolio until the analysis is done.

JESS

(sharp-edged)  
Need help number crunching?

The analyst glares back, but remains quiet.

Marie notes Jess's aggression, it's a sport she understands.

SCHOENFELD  
Marie, you're up.

Marie wasn't expecting that. Schoenfeld doesn't skip a beat.

MARIE  
(clears throat)  
Hi everyone. I'm Marie Huber, the  
new healthcare analyst.

MALE TRADER #1  
You did the Alexion work?

SCHOENFELD  
(off Marie)  
We moved on your work.  
(to the table)  
That's how you score a job; show up  
with your first assignment.

MALE TRADER #1  
Nice work.

MARIE  
Thank you. (beat) I'm very grateful  
to be here.

Marie is quick to sense that's all the "hello" the room, and Schoenfeld, has patience for. Hurrying along...

MARIE (CONT'D)  
I was determined to only listen-in  
today. But...okay...

Marie pauses; it's time to dive into the ocean. She shoots up out of her chair; a clear break from buttoned-up ritual. Marie circles the team, commands the room:

MARIE (CONT'D)  
Let's talk healthcare. This year  
healthcare spending will be  
approximately 16% of America's GDP.  
A humungous sum of money.

Marie makes her way to the whiteboard. She draws a chart with a straight diagonal line between the X and Y axes.

MARIE (CONT'D)  
This is healthcare costs per capita  
from 2000 to 2006. Makes sense with  
total healthcare spending rising,  
right?

She draws another x/y chart with a diagonal, this time in an inverse direction.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Yet, out-of-pocket health expenses  
in the same timeframe have dropped.

Marie rests a hand on her chin, and mockingly asks the group:

MARIE (CONT'D)

If out-of-pocket costs for  
healthcare are down, yet total  
healthcare spending is increasing  
massively; where is this money  
coming from?

She draws a big circle between both charts and draws the famous face and hat of Uncle Sam.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Government. The mandate to the FDA  
is to get out of the way of  
innovation-- that awesome buzzword.  
That's meant more approvals, higher  
costs, and removal of the firewall  
between business and government.  
Pharma, the most profitable legal  
business in the world, is becoming  
more profitable. Investors are  
salivating, but...

Marie puts the marker down and again circles the group. She grabs the pens from the hands of 80% of the baffled group.

MARIE (CONT'D)

\$40 billion will be lost this year  
by biotech investors.

(throws pens in garbage)

That leaves just a lucky few to  
maybe hit. (beat) VC's don't have  
the kind of time for most new  
medical treatment's time-to-market,  
so a lot of crap goes bust before  
it's had a chance to find itself.

Marie grabs the remaining pens (even Schoenfeld's) but one, and gives them all one-by-one to the last-"investor"-standing, Female Analyst #1.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Yet, even with this tiny margin of  
success, the thirst for a  
blockbuster drug guarantees capital  
remains fluid and abundant. Clever

(MORE)

MARIE (CONT'D)  
 talent continues to get paid well  
 and the lucky investor that hits  
 can have lunch with Warren Buffet.

The confused analyst has the last of the pens. Marie taps her on the shoulder like a wink.

JESS  
 Do you serve buttered popcorn?

The MEN LAUGH.

MARIE  
 (too literal)  
 I don't like artificial flavors.  
 But I do like...

Marie scurries back to her seat and slides the marked-up WSJ in the center of the table:

MARIE (CONT'D)  
 Dendreon: ushering in the era of  
 the 6-figure cancer treatment.  
 (scans the room)  
 What's the temperature on that?

JESS  
 Frigid.

Marie ignores him.

SCHOENFELD  
 Go on.

JESS  
 Our last healthcare analyst covered  
 Dendreon. Too volatile. Too many  
 day traders.

SCHOENFELD  
 It's more than the day traders;  
 Dendreon is a battleground stock.  
 Cohen and Milken are using it as  
 their war board. More confusion  
 than I like. But go on.

MARIE  
 That was all before they got their  
 date with the FDA; today, in fact.  
 Now they have a sealed fate: to  
 either fail or succeed. If it works  
 it's the next Genentech. If it  
 doesn't, it sinks. Either way; we  
 bet right, we make rain. And that  
 (MORE)

MARIE (CONT'D)  
is about the science, which I can  
decode.

JESS  
M--

SCHOENFELD  
--If you want to reopen an  
analysis, have your pitch ready by  
Friday including summarized  
findings from today's FDA meeting.  
Jess, get her Tom's research.  
Allison, you're up.

**INT. PSAM HQ - MARIE'S DESK - MINUTES LATER**

Marie sits down and puts her things away after the meeting.

JESS (O.S.)  
You're the classic teachers pet,  
aren't you?

Marie turns.

JESS (CONT'D)  
(hands her a thick binder)  
Don't fuck it up. He likes to fire  
analysts. But you know that.  
(Marie takes it)  
You have something brown on your  
nose.

MARIE  
I think you're mistaking me for  
your mother. Now fuck off.

Even when she's fierce, Marie's words don't feel personal.  
Yet, Jess's expression flattens. He Leaves.

**INT. THE BARTON'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Jim Barton eats a meatloaf and mashed potato dinner with his  
wife, MARY BARTON (68).

They watch CNN. George W. Bush is speaking...about something.

JIM BARTON  
Paul Thompson needs his order a  
week ahead of schedule.

MARY BARTON  
Will you do it?

JIM BARTON  
I'll have to talk with Kal.

MARY BARTON  
We spoke about slowing down.

JIM BARTON  
Paul's been a good customer and friend for 25-years, dear. I can't leave him empty-handed.

MARY BARTON  
That's why everyone loves you, you never think about yourself.

Mary rises, kisses her husband on the forehead and walks her plate to the sink. We stay on Jim who's enjoying his last bite of meatloaf until his face suddenly loses color, his expression blanks, and he passes out.

MARY BARTON (CONT'D)  
Jim! Jim!

Mary rushes to Jim, shakes him, continues to call his name.

In just a few seconds Jim comes-to. He's confused, but seeing Mary he realizes something bad happened.

MARY BARTON (CONT'D)  
I'm calling 911.

JIM BARTON  
Don't make a fuss, Mare.

MARY BARTON  
I'll call Kim, and if Kim says to call 911, that's what we're doing.

Mary dials. Jim drinks some water.

MARY BARTON (CONT'D)  
Kim! Pop fainted... Yes, just right here at the table...Hold on...

Mary puts her fingers over Jim's carotid artery; checks his pulse while counting seconds on her wrist watch.

MARY BARTON (CONT'D)  
It's weak...Ok. We'll see you when you can get here.

Mary hangs-up. Dials the famous 3 digits...

JIM BARTON

No no. The emergency room? Really, Mare?

MARY BARTON

Hello, I'm Mary Barton, my husband Jim just fainted here at the dinner table... Yes, he's come-to... 72 mam. We're at 11 Wood Drive.

**INT. HOSPITAL - ER WING - DAY**

KIM BARTON (41), a spark-plug, a bulldog, goes-to-bat for the team, bursts through the ER doors and navigates the halls as if she knows exactly where she's going.

**INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - SAME**

Kim enters just as her parents speak with DR. PAUL ARMSTRONG, (65), small town relatable-type of doctor.

DR. ARMSTRONG

--results will be ready in 10 minutes.

MARY BARTON

Kim. Oh thank god you're here.

JIM BARTON

The general's arrived.

KIM BARTON

Oh Pop.

Kim is immediately at her father's side, checking him over first, giving a big hug and kiss second.

KIM BARTON (CONT'D)

What happened?

Before Jim can answer, not to be rude...

KIM BARTON (CONT'D)

I'm Kim, Jim's daughter.

DR. ARMSTRONG

(shaking hand)

Dr. Armstrong.

KIM BARTON

How's he doing?

JIM BARTON

Oh geez, Kim. I'm fine. Don't let her get you riled up Dr. Armstrong.

DR. ARMSTRONG

The results of the CT Scan will be in soon. No obvious signs of anything. Could be overwork.

JIM BARTON

I've had steel drop on me, a neck I can barely twist for 15 years. I've been to the doctor five times in 60 years. Trust me, I'm fine. It's probably fibromyalgia. I bet that's what it is. It was just those waves of pain I sometimes get. This time it knocked me out is all.

A NURSE knocks on the door with the scans in her hand.

DR. ARMSTRONG

Excuse me.

Dr. Armstrong exits the room, leaving the family together. Mary nurtures Jim while Kim checks his vitals on the machine.

KIM BARTON

Pop, what mess have you gotten yourself into now?

JIM BARTON

I'm tellin you both, it's nothing. Will ya just stop fussing, Kimmie?

Dr. Armstrong re-enters, straight-faced, head slightly dipped in the way people do when they mentally rehearse.

DR. ARMSTRONG

Well, there's no easy way to tell you this. I never know how, but I need to, so I'm just gonna come out and say it. But, you're full of cancer.

Jim straightens and releases an instinctive SOUND, as if words wished to escape, but couldn't.

KIM BARTON

How? He's still going to work every day. He's still lifting hundreds of pounds. There's no way you're reading those scans right.

DR. ARMSTRONG  
I'm sorry, Kim. But the scans  
aren't lying.

KIM BARTON  
Ok, I usually don't throw this card  
out there, but I'm an RN, and I  
want to see his CT Scans.

DR. ARMSTRONG  
Of course.

Dr. Armstrong walks Kim to the lightbox. He wedges the scans over the light panels as Kim wordlessly studies them herself. She scans every pixel of the images, and with each pixel her expression dampens.

JIM BARTON  
Kimmie. What do you see?

Kim doesn't respond, but her silence is well understood. Mary cries, constrained, undramatic. Dr. Armstrong observes the family. He's seen this before, and it's never easy.

**INT. DENDREON HQ - MITCH GOLD'S OFFICE - DAY**

Mitch is on a call, standing at his desk.

MITCH GOLD  
13-4 yes is better than expected.  
Who were the four no's?... Figures.  
We already know some conflicts of  
interest. Could be a tender spot  
for the dogs to bite if it comes to  
that...In a day we'll know if the  
FDA accepts the recommendation.  
(off computer screen)  
No telling what those ignoramuses  
will do, but I do know I'm going  
home to my wife two million dollars  
richer. You should do the same.  
You've been an important board  
member....Tell the senator hello.

Gold hangs up. Behind his head hangs his medical school certificate.

Mitch presses the intercom:

MITCH GOLD (CONT'D)  
Get me Monique.

**INT. MARIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

A typical weekday night: Marie sits in bed, CNBC blares in the background, laptop open. She's in post-workout running bra and yoga pants, and hasn't bothered to shower.

On the screen we see she's researching Dendreon and typing up her findings for the morning's meeting.

Her cell phone buzzes: "ANDREW: Hey Marie!"

She browses to InvestorVillage.com and searches for "DNDN". Search results pull up 25,210 message threads.

She opens a thread: "If the FDA fucks this up, they'll feel the full wrath of this board."

MARIE

Day trader activists. Lovely.

Her cell phone buzzes: "ANDREW: There?"

Marie snatches the phone: "MARIE: I think it's best we stay friends."

She drops the phone, but a second later: "ANDREW: Can I come over?"

Marie's not amused, shuts her phone off. Back to work.

She surfs to the FDA website and skims for a link titled: "Provenge Advisory Committee Meeting Minutes." CLICK.

A PRINTER FIRES UP beside her.

**INT. MARIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - TIMECUT**

Marie's marking up notes on the printed documents. She FLIPS to a new page and reads the transcript:

**INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING (D.C.) - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

We're back in the Provenge meeting. The two WATER STREAMS DRIP throughout, attendees must speak over it. Frohlich's at the head of the room, wrapping up his presentation:

Greer removes gum from her mouth and squishes it on the corner of a paper.

Frohlich addresses a suspiciously simple chart on a screen.

DR. FROHLICH

Provenge is revolutionary in its design to use the patient's own immune system to fight the cancer. Our patients averaged 4.5 months of prolonged life; quite extraordinary for this stage of prostate cancer.

Frohlich moves from the projector screen to his seat; it's now time for the selected committee members to ask questions.

ROBERT SAMUELS (69), an African American patient rep begins:

MR. SAMUELS

Thank you Dr. Frohlich. I represent a large section of the patient community. I'm a survivor myself. I'm doing hormonal therapy, and at some point it's going to fail; I know that. I look around and ask, "what will I do next?" But I hear 4.5 months of survival and that scares me. Is that all? Because I'm understanding the potential cost is being discussed at (looks at his notes) near six figures. At this price, many in my community won't be able to afford this.

GREER

It's a big number for this group of patients, Mr. Samuels. We'll make sure to have our team sit down with your group. To the point of price, Provenge should be made available regardless of a patient's ability to pay.

MR. SAMUELS

(to Pazdur)

Government assistance?

PAZDUR

One review at a time.

GREER

We're certainly aiming for medicare approval, but we can only get there with this committee's blessing.

Samuels seems satisfied with that. Moving on...

BACK WITH MARIE:

Marie circles "government \$\$" on a pre-drawn flowchart titled "Business Plan."

MARIE  
Hello Uncle Sam.

BACK WITH FDA:

PAZDUR  
Dr. Hussain?

DR. MAHA HUSSAIN (53), brainy, petite.

DR. HUSSAIN  
(increasingly dubious)  
All you mention here is survival data, yet this trial wasn't powered to measure survival. It was powered to measure how long it took a patient showing no symptoms, to start showing symptoms again.

BACK WITH MARIE:

Marie does a double-takes to that.

BACK WITH FDA:

DR. HUSSAIN (CONT'D)  
You also mentioned (checks notes) a new study underway; is that trial now powered to measure survival?

GREER  
Yes, Study 3 is powered to survival. We're targeting 500 men.

BACK WITH MARIE:

Marie makes a note: "Phase III trial, 500 men".

BACK WITH FDA:

DR. HUSSAIN  
And where is that now? When do you expect the results to be available?

GREER  
It could be 6 to 12 months.

DR. HUSSAIN  
I see. Not to sound antagonistic, but why are we here then?

GREER

We're here because men do better  
with our treatment than without it.

BACK WITH MARIE:

Marie makes a note: "Dr. Hussain = skeptic".

BACK WITH THE FDA:

PAZDUR

Moving on. Dr. Woo.

DR. SAVIO WOO (48), southern California healthy.

DR. WOO

Did you measure any anti-tumor  
effects?

GREER

No. None other than the differences  
in survival-- which we believe is  
exciting and significant for this  
community.

DR. WOO

With no tumor shrinkage those  
survival numbers are head-  
scratching unless there's another  
factor I'm not understanding.

BACK WITH MARIE:

Marie makes a note: "No tumor shrinkage".

BACK WITH THE FDA:

DR. FROHLICH

The results speak for themselves  
Dr. Woo. The treatment has shown to  
prolong survival.

A piece of ceiling SPLASHES INTO THE BUCKET. The maintenance  
worker shines a small flashlight to check if more's coming.

COMMITTEE LOBBYIST #1 (53), business-man, interjects:

COMMITTEE LOBBYIST #1

Are we gonna make it out of here?

All LAUGH, but for the embarrassed meeting chairman.

## COMMITTEE LOBBYIST #1 (CONT'D)

So, Dr. Hussain and others who seem on the fence here; I wanted to just think about what we're doing. We're not reviewing a grant, we're not reviewing a manuscript, we're trying to figure out whether needy patients who don't have anything available can benefit from this. Personally, I think the data are persuasive. It's not a perfect study, but we have evidence that it works, and I urge the committee to think about it very carefully before they vote.

The room digests his words. Many members seem to agree.

Another MAINTENANCE WORKER enters for a bucket switch.

**INT. MARIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Marie pauses suspiciously. As she makes a note to the transcript, we read a summary of everything we've already seen, plus: "strong survival data" "massive potential".

We see the flow chart she had created and it's obvious their business model is nearly 100% dependent on Uncle Sam.

BACK WITH THE FDA:

## COMMITTEE LOBBYIST #1

At this point I'm not entirely sure how to answer this question. I mean, it's really very absolutely phrased. I can't say this is 100 percent proven, but-

COMMITTEE DOCTOR #1 (47), Bill Gates doppelgänger.

## COMMITTEE DOCTOR #1

(making up for it)  
-like is it a reasonable doubt, or, shadow of a doubt?

LAUGHTER.

## PAZDUR

The regulatory standard is in fact a bit looser, so, let's reword. Rather than 'establish', is there "substantial evidence" that it works?

DR. HUSSAIN  
 (disbelief)  
 Excuse me?

BACK WITH MARIE:

Marie bites her pen at this last point.

She then glances at the voting chart: she has two columns labeled "VOTE" and "RE-VOTE", each with the same list of names and 'YES' and 'NO' next to them. In the first column the votes stopped at the tenth name, and we can see they are mostly 'NO', but in the second column all the names have a vote listed and we can see all but four are 'YES'.

We trace her eyes from left to right, where what were mostly 'NO' votes changed to 'YES' votes.

She then puts down the pen next to a clock that reads 2:11AM. She sits back in the desk chair, runs her fingers through her hair, then NAVIGATES to her website to a section where she can read the visitor statistics: "This Week: 11 visits."

A slight frown crosses her face.

**INT. RICHARD PAZDUR'S OFFICE - DAY**

Pazdur is on the phone, reading a long email on his screen.

PAZDUR  
 I see your point here, Maha.

**INT. MAHA HUSSAIN'S OFFICE - SAME**

Dr. Hussain talks with Pazdur. Alternate between both:

DR. HUSSAIN  
 Richard, I don't raise objections like this unless I feel strongly. The committee's recommendation is irresponsible at this stage.

PAZDUR  
 We've discussed your email all morning.

DR. HUSSAIN  
 I know you're friendly with Dr. Frohlich.

PAZDUR

Stop there. No one in this business is immune to scrutiny, even you. I don't compromise my job.

DR. HUSSAIN

You're right. Thanks Richard.

Pazdur hangs-up.

PAZDUR

Fuck. There's gonna be hell.

**INT. THE BARTON'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Jim, Mary, and Kim eat dinner in silence. Kim hadn't packed a suitcase and wears the same cloths as last time we saw her.

The dinner is quiet because the life of the party, Jim, is consumed by bigger things. Kim intermittently glances in her parents direction, but also remains quiet.

The silence ends abruptly as Jim's fork CLAMORS on the floor:

MARY

(shooting up)  
Stay there!

Mary's old bones BEND too fast as she gets the fork.

KIM BARTON

(rising)  
Mom!

JIM BARTON

It's just a fork!

It's instant commotion as the women operate with the urgency of nurses in a war zone: Kim tails Mary to the sink and takes over CLEANING FORK duty as Mary GRABS a new one.

Mary returns a fresh fork to Jim.

Kim TURNS OFF the faucet, dries the fork, places it in the silverware tray, and returns to the table.

After a long beat, Kim shoots a quick glance at her father, who's struggling to respectfully stay silent. In a moment...

Jim extends both of his hands, one each to the woman next to him. The women each clasp Jim's hands and finally look at him. Then Mary and Kim hold hands.

We WIDEN and stay with them. Strong family.

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

Marie exits her doorman building with a Wall Street Journal tucked in her armpit. Sunglasses on, knapsack slung over her shoulder. Weird mix of fashion and utility.

At the corner coffee-cart:

MARIE

Hi Sam.

SAM (69), the Turkish cart owner smiles back genuinely.

SAM

Good morning, Marie.

MARIE

Same as usual.

Marie preemptively puts a dollar on the cart as Sam pours the coffee. She then turns to the business section of the WSJ.

INSERT: "FDA defies Advisory Committee's Recommendation: Provenge delayed until next trial completes."

SAM

(pours black coffee)

Make some money for me, today, eh?

MARIE

Hmmm. That just got massively interesting.

**INT. PSAM HQ - PETER SCHOENFELD'S OFFICE - DAY**

We enter mid-conversation on Marie, the professional:

MARIE

The FDA won't release the data until the drug has been approved, or rejected; so I've only been able to partially touch the science. But the potential is tremendous, because instead of using the PAP, prostatic acid phosphatase, to train the cells.

SCHOENFELD

Marie. I'm not a scientist.

MARIE

Right. Sorry about that. There are no options right now for the men this drug targets. It could give them more life. But even more, with the general approach they're taking one could in theory target all sorts of cancer, such as breast cancer. It opens up future treatment and revenue options. But, that's if it works. As an investment, it's currently trading around \$10, so it leaves enough room to short if its true north is failure.

SCHOENFELD

And the risk?

Marie passes a folded WSJ to Schoenfeld with the Dendreon article face-up.

MARIE

As today showed, it's clearly regulatory. Going against the advisory committee's recommendation is something the FDA does only 7% of the time.

SCHOENFELD

(he knows more than her)  
Mitch Gold is an operator, like Waskil at ImClone. This is a street fight. The stock is also flush with insider trading. This is one of those companies that can quickly become politically symbolic, regardless of its merit.

MARIE

It's a cancer drug. The government won't allow a treatment that doesn't work on the market.

Schoenfeld LAUGHS, not mockingly, more admiring her naivety.

SCHOENFELD

Chemotherapy is still the leading treatment for cancer-- it's a 1950's technology. Tell me another industry that could thrive on that business model without thick government integration? I hope this  
(MORE)

SCHOENFELD (CONT'D)  
 business doesn't dim your  
 worldview.

PSAM SECRETARY (O.S)  
 (through intercom)  
 Your 9:45 is here.

SCHOENFELD  
 (studies Marie, then...)  
 This is good work. As with all our  
 investments, I want every 'i'  
 dotted, every 't' crossed. I want  
 the science. I want the market  
 strategy. I want operational  
 analysis-- "can they feasibly  
 handle demand"? Look under every  
 rock to understand their product  
 and business.

Marie beams; set on a direction of her own making.

MARIE  
 Wonderful.

Marie scurries out. Female Analyst #2 immediately enters.  
 Schoenfeld resets, as he does one-hundred times a day.

**INT. PSAM HQ - MAIN OFFICE FLOOR - DAY**

Marie confidently marches to her desk. Jess intercepts.

JESS  
 The FDA rejected Provenge.

MARIE  
 (you again)  
 No. They delayed it.

JESS  
 Guess who made \$2 million in the  
 last 24 hours?

MARIE  
 (accusation)  
 We need to disclose our trades to  
 management.

Jess hands her a spreadsheet.

JESS  
 Yes, we do. Not me. Mitch Gold, the  
 CEO. (beat) Those are all the  
 (MORE)

JESS (CONT'D)  
 transactions by Dendreon leadership  
 and board members, including a  
 senator's wife, the day after the  
 committee voted in favor of it.

Marie scans the sheet.

MARIE  
 Not a precise vote of confidence,  
 is it?

JESS  
 Or they just like money.

MARIE  
 Hmmmm. The plot thickens.  
 (beat)  
 Thanks.

Marie sits, puts headphones on, digs in. Jess amused, leaves.

**INT. HOTEL - CONVENTION HALLWAY - SAME**

Mitch Gold marches with Greer in tow. We walk with them on a  
 steadicam throughout the winding halls.

MITCH GOLD  
 (on phone)  
 Yes sir. It's a setback. We thought  
 we had this locked. The FDA rarely  
 contradicts the committee  
 recommendation.

Mitch motions to Greer to take a note:

MITCH GOLD (CONT'D)  
 Yes, we're doing well with the  
 patient advocacy groups. That's  
 what tonight's for...

**INT. GREENWICH MANSION - SAME**

We're behind the LEAD INVESTOR as he strolls through a  
 hallway covered in priceless 20th century art. An ASSISTANT  
 approaches with a note; he stops at a Pollack drip painting.  
 He nods and the assistant leaves.

LEAD INVESTOR  
 (off Pollack)  
 We'll need more than the standard  
 patient advocacy groups. We'll need  
 chaos. Look to the day traders.

MITCH GOLD

Understood.

LEAD INVESTOR

Remember Mitch, it's not just about what you do, but about how many tentacles work on your behalf.

BACK WITH GOLD:

Mitch hangs up.

MITCH GOLD

I want everything we know, and more, to flood the InvestorVillage boards. No fingerprints. We're stirring the pot. For us it's business as usual, the public message stays positive-- "giving new options to sick men. Pioneers in a new era of cancer treatment." We stick to the advisory approval and draw skepticism to corrupt politics.

GREER

Consider it in-motion.  
(hands Gold a sheet)  
Here's the final draft of your speech.

Gold scans it as he walks.

GREER (CONT'D)

I'll make sure you have face time with Senator Kerry as well.

They reach the end of the hallway as Mitch still reads. We can hear a SPEECH emanating from behind the door.

MITCH GOLD

How's enrollment on Phase 3?

GREER

Higher than anticipated. Mark's expecting a quick trial.  
(off Mitch)  
Just learned.

Greer goes for the speech, but Mitch tucks it in his pocket.

MITCH GOLD

(straightening tie)  
I'll improvise.

Tie straightened, checks his watch. Nearly showtime.

**INT. HOTEL - BALL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Mr. Samuels, from the FDA advisory panel, addresses a room of nearly 500 ATTENDEES: prostate cancer advocates, patients, congress reps, journalists, and doctors.

SUPER: Prostate Health Education Network, Washington D.C.

MR. SAMUELS

It took some time, but I'm convinced, working with men like Dr. Mitchell Gold makes me believe the war on cancer can be won.

More APPLAUSE. Mitch enters the stage. Hand-shake. Smile. Face the audience.

MITCH GOLD

Thank you Robert. You remember the last time we spoke? I have some news.

(to the crowd)

Tonight I'm happy to announce that not only is our Phase Three Impact Trial fully enrolled, but it's already well underway. I don't want to get myself in trouble (laughs), but interim results are extremely positive.

APPLAUSE. Preaching to the choir is second-nature to Gold.

Greer, stage left, raises an eyebrow at Gold: "that's not quite what I said." He returns a big toothy smile.

**INT. CONVENTIONAL HOTEL BALL ROOM, D.C. - TIME CUT**

Mitch and Samuels pose for a photo with PATIENT ADVOCATES and SENATOR JOHN KERRY and REPRESENTATIVE GREGORY MEEKS.

MITCH GOLD

(shakes hands)

Thank you, Senator. Representative, Meeks.

MR. SAMUELS

Good work Mitch.

MITCH GOLD

Your help is enormously welcomed.

The men LAUGH and that's that.

DAY TRADER #1 (SCOTT RICCIO) approaches, extends a hand:

SCOTT RICCIO  
Scott Riccio, Morningstar.

MITCH GOLD  
Thanks for coming tonight, Scott.

SCOTT RICCIO  
I'm an admirer. Outside Morningstar, I've led action committees against government policy on cancer patients, even for Provenge.

MITCH GOLD  
Oh? We need more of that.

SCOTT RICCIO  
I'm active on the boards. We're on the verge of a grassroots movement.

MITCH GOLD  
I'm happy to hear that.

Mitch sizes-up Riccio, then hands him a business card.

MITCH GOLD (CONT'D)  
Write me next week.

They shake hands. Gold walks away.

**INT. TREATMENT CENTER - LAB ROOM - DAY**

Marie interviews DR. REDFERN (45), boyish, who drinks from a sports water bottle and works at a wheeled standup-terminal.

MARIE  
You were a big enrolling site for Provenge trials, right?

DR. REDFERN  
Yes, the second largest. We've worked with Dendreon since 2001.

MARIE  
Did you help with the data analysis given to the FDA?

DR. REDFERN

We make suggestions on what data to put in, what not to put in, but really it's the company that does the analysis.

MARIE

So you help them through your own raw data?

DR. REDFERN

No, not really, cause they don't unblind the data until years and years later. So, in the trials we have an agreement that only Dendreon has access to raw data.

MARIE

Oh, I was hoping to have a peak under the hood, as you Americans say.

DR. REDFERN

Just like me, you'll need to wait until after the FDA decision to get access.

MARIE

That's curated data.

DR. REDFERN

(smirks)

Hoping to get a leg up on the market? The company holds onto their data extremely closely. The FDA never sees raw data.

MARIE

Yeah, I heard that. (beat) I'm wondering how you think the FDA will eventually look at this thing?

DR. REDFERN

I wish I could tell you.

Marie regards him, then reads the work on his screen.

MARIE

You may want to make a small adjustment here...

Marie takes over the bewildered doctor's terminal.

MARIE (CONT'D)

(typing)

This. And this. Your standard deviation was entirely too high.

(off his astonishment)

Pardon. Bad habit.

Dr. Redfern's on the verge of kicking Marie out, but then he reads her adjustments...she's right. He takes a moment, then:

DR. REDFERN

There is one thing I could tell you: Dendreon's running a new test.

MARIE

Yes, the Phase III trials.

DR. REDFERN

No, this is different. We're enrolled in that trial too. But now they're testing dosage.

MARIE

Dosage? But they've already filed for approval.

DR. REDFERN

It is a bit backwards, yeah. They're not saying it, but my guess it's because the optics are forcing them to. There are a lot of reasons to bang your head about this drug. Tumor reduction is the standard of success in this type of cancer, and they didn't show any.

MARIE

That's bothering me too. (to self)  
But the survival data is strong.

(beat)

Does this test need to be reported to the FDA?

DR. REDFERN

Only if the results are beneficial will you ever hear of this.

MARIE

Do you mind if I check back on it?

DR. REDFERN

Not at all.

MARIE

You've been very helpful.

Marie scurries off.

**INT. HOSPITAL - DR. ARMSTRONG'S OFFICE - DAY**

Jim Barton, Mary, and Kim sit across from Dr. Armstrong.

DR. ARMSTRONG

The important thing is to be supportive of each other. It's not just one tumor that we can go in and remove. I recommend radiation therapy.

JIM BARTON

There's not much hair left anyhow. Might as well take it.

Jim has his charm back, yet the room falls to an uncomfortable silence.

JIM BARTON (CONT'D)

Fine. I'll ask. How long do I have?

DR. ARMSTRONG

Jim, there are no concrete numbers here, just ranges.

JIM BARTON

I'll take a range then.

DR. ARMSTRONG

Your stage of prostate cancer ranges between 12 to 30 months.

Mary bows her head gently. Jim gently clasps her hand.

KIM BARTON

Does age impact those numbers?

DR. ARMSTRONG

At this stage, age is not a factor.

JIM BARTON

Some men are more bull than others. Right, Mare?

KIM BARTON

Pop!

MARY BARTON  
 (tough to get joke out)  
 I never met em.

Jim forces a LAUGH. Dr. Armstrong graciously returns a wide smile. Jim's LAUGH silently fades to contemplation.

DR. ARMSTRONG  
 Humor is healthy.

JIM BARTON  
 (after a moment)  
 Mare and I's 50th anniversary is on the horizon. That range you gave, at its best, puts me right at the edge. I'll do whatever you tell me to do, just so I can have that dance with my wife.

MARY BARTON  
 We'll advance the date.

JIM BARTON  
 No, Mare. That ain't the right way.

Kim regards her parents with love and determination.

DR. ARMSTRONG  
 (points to Kim)  
 You have a great asset here, Jim. Listen to her. Let her help.

JIM BARTON  
 I know it.

**INT. RICHARD PAZDUR'S OFFICE - DAY**

Richard Pazdur holds a landline to his ear as he scrolls his computer screen.

PAZDUR  
 Allison. I'm looking at today's Cancer Letter. Do you know what I'm reading? (doesn't wait) I'm reading Maha Hussain's confidential emails about Provenge...Someone leaked them!

INSERT: The Cancer Letter flyer with an image of Dr. Hussain beneath headline, "Provenge Dissenter: Leaked Emails Show Dr. Maha Hussain Pushed the FDA Away From Provenge."

PAZDUR (CONT'D)  
 Fuck. Tell her I'm unavailable.  
 This is a shit storm...What? Yes,  
 put him through...(his boss) Sir.  
 Yes, I know. I'm reading it  
 now....Yes, I know, this was  
 obviously designed to rile up the  
 crazies.

Pazdur listens, his expression steadily dampening.

PAZDUR (CONT'D)  
 Right sir. I'm sorry. I'll see what  
 I can do.

Pazdur SLAMS the phone. Defeated, overwhelmed.

**INT. KERRY DONAHUE'S HOME - OFFICE - DAY**

DAYB TRADER #2 (KERRY DONAHUE) is on the phone and watching Cramer's show.

DONAHUE  
 When Uncle Sam declares a war on  
 anything: Iraq or cancer, it's all  
 the same-- a license to print a  
 shit ton of money. You see the  
 leak? Now these bastards want to  
 fuck us.

We see pinned on Donahue's corkboard: "lawsuits - fda" to a cork-board labeled "BATTLE PLAN". We glance other cards: "attack geraldo rivera", "what's obama's policy?", and another card with its text crossed-out: "incorporate CTL".

A video message RINGS on screen.

DONAHUE (CONT'D)  
 (to phone)  
 Hanging up. Go to video; Riccio's  
 joining.

Donahue fires up a video chat program. In seconds, three other windows appear like a Brady Bunch tic-tac-toe layout of crazies: DAY TRADER #3 (MIKE KEARNEY), his wife RORY, Scott Riccio. All parties CLAP as if it's a tea party convention.

Riccio artificially loosens mannerisms around this crew.

SCOTT RICCIO  
 Gimme good news.

DONAHUE

I'm holding in my hand the official articles of incorporation for Care To Live, whose mission is, and I quote, "To help patients gain access to Provenge, by various means including litigation and lobbying."

More APPLAUSE and WHISTLES.

DONAHUE (CONT'D)

First and second order of business: sue pencil-head Pazdur and the FDA commissioner. Filed this morning.

HOOTS.

MIKE KEARNEY

Rockin Kerry.

RORY KEARNEY

Amazeballs.

SCOTT RICCIO

This is war against enemies of progress! Two things: You're now talking to the new Director of Policy and Advocacy at Dendreon.

HOOTS.

SCOTT RICCIO (CONT'D)

And --hint hint-- knows us and needs us. I'm a silent partner from here on out.

HOOTS.

**INT. PSAM HQ - MARIE'S DESK - DAY**

Marie highlights a document titled "Provenge 9901B Trial Design". She pauses, straightens her back, reads closer.

She picks up her office line, dials:

MARIE

Jit Naraine, please...Jit!

**INT. O'MALLEY'S IRISH PUB - AFTERNOON**

Marie slides into a pub booth across from a thin, buttoned-up friend, JIT NARAINÉ (38).

MARIE

Hi. Thanks for taking this lunch.

JIT

You're late. I need to be back in 27 minutes. Tell me.

MARIE

(kindred spirit)  
Oh, I missed you.

JIT

(impatient)  
So?

Marie shows Jit a marked-up page of the Dendreon document.

MARIE

I need you to confirm something.

JIT

Context?

MARIE

I don't see enough evidence to support their proposed mechanism.

JIT

Who?

MARIE

Dendreon. They're using ACI to...

JIT

ACI?

MARIE

Active Cellular Immunotherapy--  
(he still doesn't get it)  
Live cells to re-engage the patient's own immune system. You're the cancer biologist.

JIT

Are you here to insult me, or ask a question?

MARIE

Question! Sorry. I missed you so!

JIT

Marie.

MARIE

Trial design: is it possible to run a double blind experiment if the placebo group is treated differently than the drug group?

JIT

Now who's stupid? (beat)  
This place smells like pork.

MARIE

Of course it's 'no', but here:  
(points on paper)  
Can you decipher if the doctors knew they were giving the placebo patients a different infusion?

Jit grabs the paper and looks closer; engaged. While reading:

JIT

These are indeed different. Hard to say why though.  
(after several long beats)  
Clever bastards.

MARIE

What is it?

JIT

They stored the infusions in two different containers. The doctors had to know which was which.

MARIE

So, no way they didn't know.

JIT

(after a few beats)  
Of course they knew. This is a bogus double blind.

MARIE

Thank you.

JIT

(checks watch)  
Okay. This place has shit service. I must bail.

MARIE

One more thing.

Jit rolls his eyes. Again, Marie's unfazed.

MARIE (CONT'D)

The men in the placebo group also had their white blood cells removed. Is that a real placebo?

JIT

That's not supposed to harm them.

Marie squints; that didn't stick.

MARIE

Not supposed to? Or doesn't?

JIT

The words that come out of my mouth aren't accidental.

MARIE

Right. Of course.

Jit is up and putting his jacket on.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Well, that was splendid.

JIT

I always saw you leading a biotech. But you always did like to swim with sharks.

MARIE

It's a boys club, just like science. Makes winning more fun.

JIT

Mundane motives. Be careful what you wish for.

MARIE

I--

JIT

15 minutes and still no server.

(walks away)

See you. Meet me and James for a drink sometime.

MARIE

Yes! Thank you.

JIT

Good luck.

MUSIC UP:

**INT. PSAM HQ - VARIOUS - DAY**

Marie at desk on phone, interviewing, referencing documents.

Marie overwhelms Female Analyst #1 at the water cooler.

Marie shows Jess her work. His interest cements.

Marie observes Jess and a two MALE TRADERS high-five after a big trade. She puts nose back in the work, determined.

**INT. MARIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Marie burns the midnight oil. We see charts, equations, diagrams.

The apartment is noticeably more luxurious than last we saw.

Marie looks at the Cancer Letter with Hussain's leaked email.

TV SCREEN: Dr. Hussain is being led through an ANGRY MOB on TV. The screen reads: "THE NEW WAR ON CANCER: DESPERATE ADVOCACY GROUPS THREATEN DOCTOR'S LIFE."

**EXT. FDA HQ - DAY**

Dr. Hussain and a BODYGUARD scuttle past an angry mob of a dozen PROTESTORS. A VIDEOGRAPHER documents the scene.

SIGNS READ: "My husband needs treatment!" "You're going to kill me!"

Another DOZEN PROTESTORS focus on Donahue on a megaphone. WE HEAR HIS VOICE OVER THE MUSIC:

DONAHUE

How many American men will die in  
vain waiting for Provenge? We will  
stand up for them. Will you?

The crowd RA-RAs, pumps fists and signs in the air.

Hussain runs through a revolving door. The protestors are blocked by guards.

**INT. RICHARD PAZDUR'S OFFICE - DAY**

Pazdur is handed a stack of manilla envelopes. He opens them one by one to reveal:

INSERT: Plaintiff: Care to Live. (over and over)

Defeated.

**INT. CNBC TV STUDIO - DAY**

Mitch Gold persuades and charms his INTERVIEWERS.

**INT. DENDREON PATIENT CENTER - DAY**

Mark Frohlich dictates over the phone a data chart titled: PHASE III IMPACT TRIAL. We see in the background the frail leg of a PATIENT uncovered on a bed.

**INT. DENDREON HQ - MONIQUE GREER'S OFFICE - SAME**

Greer listens intently and transcribes Frohlich's notes.

**INT. DENDREON HQ - SCOTT RICCIO'S CUBICAL**

Scott Riccio admires his surroundings; hangs his name plate outside his new cubical; places a photo of his perfect American family beside his monitor.

**INT. RADIATION THERAPY TREATMENT ROOM - DAY**

Jim Barton undergoes radiation therapy. Mary plays copilot to Kim, who's in command and taking over the NURSES duties.

We lapse through three of Jim's sessions until he is eventually bald, thin, and ashen. Intercut all with:

**INT. JIM'S IRON WORKS - DAY**

Jim works, but is progressively weaker. Kal helps despite Jim's proud protests.

MUSIC DOWN:

Jim's fits his bird, a DOVE, on the crown of an iron gate. It's an elaborate and skilled display of artisanship.

He LIGHTS a BLOWTORCH and welds the dove to the post. There's no visor to remove after the work's done-- old school.

AT THE FRONT ENTRANCE

A car PULLS UP. In a moment, Kim and Mary get out.

KIM POV on Jim and Kal

Jim glances at them, then focuses back on his work with a sense of theatrical annoyance.

The women regard one another with light disapproval.

BACK WITH JIM

JIM BARTON

My sanctuary's been foiled.

KAL

(to the women)

Is that Kim!

Kim and Mary reach the men. Kim and Kal embrace:

KAL (CONT'D)

Don't mind him. He's an old bull in a china shop. (beat) Hey Mare.

Kal and Mary embrace.

KAL (CONT'D)

I've been doing my best to calm him down, but you know...

JIM BARTON

She doesn't need instigation.

Jim walks to the other end of the shop. Kim follows him leaving Kal and Mary behind.

MARY BARTON

How's he holding up?

KAL

I tell ya, that man upstairs seems to be watching him pretty good. Works as hard as ever.

WITH KIM AND JIM:

KIM BARTON

Pop.

Jim polishes the dove, his back to Kim as they talk.

JIM BARTON  
Hiya Kimmie.

KIM BARTON  
You know we can get ya an extra  
hand around here.

JIM BARTON  
No, we can't. The co-pays on these  
treatments are sucking us dry.  
Besides, me and Kal are doing fine.

KIM BARTON  
You need your strength to fight  
this thing.

Jim stops, turns.

JIM BARTON  
(stern)  
Kimmie.

A beat as they regard each other eye-to-eye.

JIM BARTON (CONT'D)  
(softens)  
I'm sorry, dear.

Jim EXHALES, resets, addresses his daughter:

JIM BARTON (CONT'D)  
Kimmie, look at my hands.

Kim looks at her father, confused.

JIM BARTON (CONT'D)  
I'm serious.

Kim looks at her father's Atlas-like hands.

JIM BARTON (CONT'D)  
My whole life is drawn on these  
hands. Not just all the iron  
they've twisted, but...

This is not easy for Jim, much less to find the right words.

JIM BARTON (CONT'D)  
Carrying your little body as a  
baby; holding your mother every  
night still for 49 years. These  
hands are, I... I don't know how to  
say it.  
(rest hands on her  
(MORE)

JIM BARTON (CONT'D)  
 shoulders)  
 Laying in bed all day saves my  
 energy for what? To just lay  
 longer? Is that me, Kimmie?

Kim respectfully listens. Tragic to her, but she understands.

JIM BARTON (CONT'D)  
 We can't live forever, darling.

Tears well in Kim's eyes but rest on her lids; as tough as her old man. They embrace.

**INT. MARIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Marie's in pajamas with her hair up, BRUSHING HER TEETH as she scrolls through Dendreon's InvestorVillage boards.

INSERT: "Pazdur, commish, Hussain, Woo, Scher, who else needs to be clobbered?"

INSERT: "Cramer and anyone else on wall street who tries to fuck us."

She clicks to her digital calendar, we see two days ahead:

INSERT: "Dr. Hussain" "Jit and James"

**INT. MAHA HUSSAIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Hussain's on the phone. She dresses elegantly, giving off a self-assured aura sprung from good life decisions.

Marie enters the doorway and KNOCKS politely. Hussain smiles courteously to Marie as she finishes up the call:

DR. HUSSAIN  
 The FDA better reimburse for the  
 security...We can discuss when I'm  
 home. I have to go now.

Hussain hangs up and stands to greet Marie.

MARIE  
 Dr. Hussain. It's a pleasure to  
 meet you.

DR. HUSSAIN  
 Thank you. Have a seat.  
 (they sit)  
 I have to confess, I'm unsure  
 exactly what you do?

MARIE

I'm a healthcare analyst for a hedge fund.

DR. HUSSAIN

And you're here for insight on Dendreon? To invest?

MARIE

Not directly. We would trade in the public market.

DR. HUSSAIN

You do understand my position with Dendreon?

Hussain motions to a huge stack of letters on her desk.

DR. HUSSAIN (CONT'D)

All of them are racist. Half are death threats. Two are subpoenas.

MARIE

That must be terrible. I'm sorry. And, yes, I do know who you are; I'm quite up-to-date on the whole fiasco.

DR. HUSSAIN

Why are you interested in such a mess?

MARIE

Well, that isn't precisely a bad thing for investors.

DR. HUSSAIN

(unimpressed)

I see. (beat) I took this meeting because I saw you had a serious science background. I thought if anyone on Wall Street could understand what's really going on, it's the scientists. But, if you're here for help to make your case for Dendreon, I'm afraid you've traveled for nothing.

MARIE

I certainly respect that, especially given the grief you've been subjected to. But Dr. Hussain, whether I'm in a lab, writing a business plan, or doing due

(MORE)

MARIE (CONT'D)  
diligence on a biotech, I follow  
the scientific process.

DR. HUSSAIN  
Fair enough; what do you want to  
know?

MARIE  
Until the full data is released,  
I'm forced to reserve judgement.  
But, are there any factors the  
public's missing? It's very rare  
that something that's not supposed  
to work, continues to work.

DR. HUSSAIN  
There aren't any I could find, nor  
a few discerning colleagues.

MARIE  
Did the FDA do their own  
statistical analysis?

DR. HUSSAIN  
Yes.

MARIE  
Can you reveal what it said?

DR. HUSSAIN  
I cant disclose anything that isn't  
public, but...it was compelling.

MARIE  
But nothing substantial enough to  
persuade the committee?

DR. HUSSAIN  
The vote was headed toward a clear  
'no' until the wording of the  
question was changed.

MARIE  
I saw that.

DR. HUSSAIN  
Yet you still seem surprised by how  
this works. All I can say is that a  
smart company has ways of having  
the right unqualified people in the  
room. The same will be true for the  
next vote.

MARIE

Clever.

DR. HUSSAIN

(put off)

What exactly do you believe, Ms. Huber, about Dendreon?

MARIE

I'm withholding--

DR. HUSSAIN

--judgement. I know.

MARIE

The question I'm answering is bigger: whether the company will succeed or fail.

DR. HUSSAIN

That's the bigger question?

MARIE

(gets the point)

That's an oversimplification. However, I will say that unless Trial 3 shows something drastically different, I don't see how the FDA, and Medicare - if it makes it that far - can approve this.

Hussain smiles, again a show of more "knowing".

DR. HUSSAIN

Ask any cancer scientist what's an easier proposition; receive funding to search for a cure, or develop a new treatment that may, if it's lucky, extend life 2 or 3 months?

Marie processes, gets the point.

DR. HUSSAIN (CONT'D)

Dendreon is as much a creature of your world as it is of my world. When the science is published, it may be ugly. And I wonder, what your bigger question will be then.

Marie regards Hussain a long beat; the armor chinked.

**INT. BAR - DOWNTOWN - NIGHT**

Marie, Jit, and DR. JAMES ROTHMAN (61), Marie's former business partner, share a pint at a local dive bar.

Rothman is the approachable genius professor-type, and obviously the esteemed of the crew.

JIT  
Vesticles?

DR. ROTHMAN  
Yes, vesticles. They're like a beautifully diligent ant army in the cells, doing all sorts of molecular functions.

MARIE  
Little birds tell me you're up for the Noble Prize?

DR. ROTHMAN  
Talk talk talk.

JIT  
...is cheap.

MARIE  
Not that talk.

DR. ROTHMAN  
Yale's pushing it. I have nothing to do with it.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Hi Marie.

Andrew walks by. Marie waves. Jit and Rothman are curious.

MARIE  
Match date.

JIT  
How boring.

MARIE  
Oh, it's good fun. Plenty of reasonable options to keep satisfied.

The men glance at each other. Marie's liberated spirit never quite clicks comfortably amongst her male friends.

DR. ROTHMAN

Find love. Best decision of my life  
was getting married.

MARIE

I don't know how to find anything  
unless there's some clue it's  
already there.

JIT

She wants to win at Wall Street.

MARIE

That is part of it, yes. Working 90  
hours a week doesn't leave time to  
invest in "the search for love".

DR. ROTHMAN

How is investment?

MARIE

I love it. As complex problem-  
solving as anything I've done.

DR. ROTHMAN

You break my molecular heart.

MARIE

Though, I always seem to defend it.

JIT

Deservedly.

DR. ROTHMAN

I bet they have you on healthcare.

MARIE

Yes. Pharma and biotech.

JIT

You should hear some of this  
nonsense. Tell him.

MARIE

It's nothing crazy. It just seems  
like a biotech has tried to  
outmaneuver the FDA.

JIT

Bogus double blind experiments.

MARIE

It's fine.

DR. ROTHMAN

Marie?

MARIE

On a long enough timeline the market corrects, like the human body snuffing out a disease.

DR. ROTHMAN

Human beings rarely have the luxury of long timelines. How long can it live with disease?

Marie thinks long and hard; obviously toiling with demons. Then as much to herself, as the men:

**INT. HILTON BANQUET HALL - NIGHT**

A big investment conference. ATTENDEES pat each other on the back with the promise of loads of cash. The scents whiff of opportunity, privilege, ambition, and intelligence.

SUPER: JP Morgan Health Care Conference, San Francisco

Our favorite CEO is at the lectern.

MITCH GOLD

Tonight, we have a special announcement. Interim results for our Phase 3 trial are in: a large pool of our patients have died and we saw a medium survival benefit of 4.1 months. That got the FDA's attention, and at our insistence, and with the support of patient groups, we have been granted fast-track status. They're voting next week!

APPLAUSE.

MITCH GOLD (CONT'D)

This is the critical moment, the boiling point. We're on the 10-yard line, we're in the red zone, and we've got to punch it into the end zone!

APPLAUSE. Gold raises his arms high and CLAPS with the raucous crowd. We stay on Gold.

**INT. MARIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Marie's sits on her bed and talks on the phone while browsing Match profiles.

MARIE

Hi, Dr. Redfren?.. Yes, it's Marie Huber. We spoke in person about a month ago or so...Yes, the Provenge girl... I am just calling to follow up on that extra study Dendreon ran. It's just that they got fast-track status by the FDA and I was wondering if the results helped that...Oh? The extra test showed no change in tumor shrinkage? Interesting...Right. Well, thank you very much for this.

Marie hangs up; intrigued enough to forget about Match.com.

**INT. MARIE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Marie FLIPS ON the light, exposing a tidy kitchen with starter-appliances. She checks the wall clock: 1:47.

MOMENTS LATER Marie takes a seat next to a stack of documents (always working) and wraps her hands around the warm cup. She drops in a sugar cube, takes a careful sip.

**INT. LUISE HUBER'S HOME - KITCHEN (LONDON) - EARLY MORNING**

LUISE HUBER (63), drinks tea and eats toast in her house-robe. A working-class woman with an equally humble kitchen.

The cordless phone on the table RINGS. \*Alternate locations.

LUISE HUBER

Hello... Marie!... Not at all dear. I've just sat to drink my tea. It's such a pleasure to hear your voice.

MARIE

Oh, I missed having tea with my Mum.

LUISE HUBER

How are you, dear?

MARIE

Great actually.

LUISE HUBER  
Any lucky men?

MARIE  
I think they felt more lucky than I did.

LUISE HUBER  
Marie!

They LAUGH.

MARIE  
I wanted to ask you something about Dad.

LUISE HUBER  
Sure, what is it?

**INT. THE BARTON'S HOME - KITCHEN**

Kim and Mary sit at the kitchen table working on a stack of medical paperwork.

KIM BARTON  
Mom, can you find the bill from April 23?

MARY  
Lemme see here.  
(finds it)  
Here you go.

Mary hands Kim a long receipt with a ton of itemized lines.

KIM BARTON  
(to herself)  
The co-pays keep rising.

MARY  
I'm gonna give it to them tomorrow.

**INT. MARIE'S KITCHEN / LUISE'S KICTEN - SAME**

MARIE  
Was there anything you wouldn't have done to keep Dad alive? Any cost you wouldn't pay?

LUISE HUBER  
Anything dear.  
(long pause)  
(MORE)

LUISE HUBER (CONT'D)  
 But that just made it harder for  
 him. What's this all about?

MARIE  
 Just work stuff. Big happening  
 tomorrow. But tell me about you.

We slowly pull back on Marie as she listens, until we feel she's in a world bigger than her.

**INT. THE BARTON'S HOME - KITCHEN - SAME**

The women work on the receipts and paperwork. It's obvious there's a long night ahead, and this is something they've done often of late. It's an image of commitment and the extra lives needed to support a sick loved-one.

**EXT. FDA HQ - DAY**

Outside the FDA headquarters, D.C. PLAYERS stream thick through revolving doors.

SUPER: Day of the Decision

**INT. FDA HQ (D.C.) - CONFERENCE ROOM**

Pazdur and an ANONYMOUS GROUP OF 10 FDA OFFICIALS listlessly enter the room. It's impossible to tell the level of expertise present in the group.

**INT. PSAM HQ - KITCHEN - DAY**

Marie pours herself a mug of coffee. She seems more preoccupied and introspective than usual.

JESS (O.S.)  
 Big day.

MARIE  
 (glances at clock)  
 Yes.

INSERT: CLOCK READS 7:34am

MARIE (CONT'D)  
 (turns to Jess; you again)  
 6 hours and 26 minutes.

JESS  
(checks time)  
Where are you?

MARIE  
I'm reserving judgement.

Jess drops a hard "don't be boring and ordinary" stare.

MARIE (CONT'D)  
(reluctant)  
Their pricing model is problematic. It requires the total cost upfront, which means they have no prayer without Medicare. But even so, Medicare will only cover 80 percent of the cost. \$20,000 in cash is a lot of money for this patient group.

JESS  
Families always find a way. The whole industry's built on that assumption.

MARIE  
True. I can attest to that.  
(beat)  
On the manufacturing side, they're grossly under-capacity.

JESS  
You're leaning to short it.

MARIE  
I'm reserving judgement.

JESS  
Humility is not a virtue in this business.

MARIE  
It's called integrity, and it's audacious, not humble.

JESS  
(reads Marie)  
I see. Smart. You're a big boy now.

MARIE  
Pardon?

JESS  
You want the FDA to approve this.

MARIE

As far as I can tell, the drug doesn't belong on the market, let's be clear. That's cynical.

JESS

But you want the FDA approval and then for Medicare to deny it. Much bigger short. (beat) How long between today and then?

MARIE

Two months.

Jess's eyes narrow. The blood seeking shark is activated.

JESS

What miraculous factors can get it through today?

MARIE

The most miraculous: the human factor.

Jess holds a long pause, computing the big picture. He grabs a napkin from the kitchen.

JESS

Pen?

Marie hands him a pen.

JESS (CONT'D)

(writing)

Keep me in the loop, if you don't mind. Call anytime.

Jess hands Marie his phone number. He smiles, and is gone.

**INT. PSAM HQ - MARIE'S DESK**

Marie works more distracted than usual; glances at the wall:

INSERT: CLOCK READS 1:49pm

Marie's back straightens. We can feel her heart rate flutter with anticipation. She twirls her hair a beat, stops. Works.

PETER SCHOENFELD (O.S.)

Marie?

Marie, borderline startled, is surprised to see Schoenfeld.

MARIE

Sorry. I'm so keen on this Dendreon decision.

Schoenfeld glances at the clock.

MARIE (CONT'D)

11 minutes.

PETER SCHOENFELD

We have enough time.

MARIE

Of course. Sorry.

**INT. PSAM HQ - PETER SCHOENFELD'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER**

Marie takes a seat, glances at the clock before readdressing her attention to Schoenfeld, who extends a sheet of paper.

MARIE

(taking it)

What's this?

INSERT: A BANK CHECK FOR \$500,000

PETER SCHOENFELD

End-of-year bonus. You did the best Alexion analysis on the Street. It's our biggest win of the year.

MARIE

(beside herself)

Thank...

PETER SCHOENFELD

Keep up the good work. I'm bumping you to senior analyst. HR will meet with you later to go over the details.

MARIE

Thank you, sir.

PETER SCHOENFELD

Five minutes to spare.

Marie glances at the wall clock:

INSERT: CLOCK READS 1:55

MARIE

Thank you.

Schoenfeld puts his attention back to work; Marie takes the cue, and leaves.

PETER SCHOENFELD (O.S.)  
Dendreon recommendation in two  
weeks. No more.

Marie mouths "fuck" to herself as she exits frame.

**INT. PSAM HQ - MARIE'S DESK - MOMENTS LATER**

Marie returns to her desk, studies the check, can't believe what she sees. She glances at the clock again:

INSERT: CLOCK READS 1:58

She fires up the FDA website...Glances at her check again.

**INT. FDA HQ (D.C.) - CONFERENCE ROOM**

The FDA officials file out of the room as listlessly as they entered. Pazdur, sheepishly files out last with the paper results of the meeting loosely held by his side.

**INT. PSAM HQ - MARIE'S DESK - DAY**

Marie peers at her screen.

PAZDUR (V.O.)  
Today, the Center for Biologics  
Evaluation and Research...

**INT. HOSPITAL WINGS (VARIOUS) - DAY**

We cut across multiple hospital scenes as the Commissioner's voice floats over the imagery (including Kim Barton at work).

NURSES, DOCTORS, PATIENTS, MACHINES, FAMILIES, MEDICINE, HARD CONVERSATIONS, ADMINISTRATIVE TASKS, SHIPPING BOXES ARRIVING, WAITING ROOMS, ER, ANSWERING PHONES, PHARMA REPS, SURGERIES; we float through it all, the entire medical system.

PAZDUR (V.O.)  
...Office of Cellular, Tissue and  
Gene Therapies at the FDA has made  
a determination on Provenge, a  
treatment for metastatic castrate-  
resistant prostate cancer.

**INT. JIM'S IRON WORK - DAY**

Jim Barton HAMMERS iron with half the usual strength.

**INT. DAY TRADERS (VARIOUS) - SAME**

Donahue at his home office, listens in.

Mike Kearny at work, listens in.

Scott Riccio in his Dendreon office, listens in.

PAZDUR (V.O.)

Final results show that patients  
undergoing treatment with Provenge  
had a median survival rate...

**INT. PSAM HQ - MARIE'S DESK - DAY**

Marie's locked-in.

PAZDUR (V.O.)

...of 4.1 months longer than those  
of the placebo arm. With these  
results, and other positive safety  
factors, the FDA has approved  
Provenge to be marketed for  
treatment.

MARIE

Bloody amazing!

Marie twitches as if she's repressing anger, an unexpected  
reaction because this was her desired outcome.

Marie hangs up, determined.

**INT. MITCH GOLD'S OFFICE - DAY**

Gold, surrounded by Frohlich and Greer are all hugs, high-  
fives, and Blackberry thumb madness. Gold even lets fly a  
Howard Deanesque WAR CRY.

MITCH GOLD

(watching his monitor)

Look at er' go!

The Execs RA-RA, salivating over it all: the victory, the  
money, the culminating moment of ten years of effort, the  
knowledge their lives just turned a major corner.

**INT. SLACK MEDIA HQ - SAME**

Mike Kearney is ecstatic. Hits the investor board: "This is a proud day for all of us! Truth and freedom have prevailed."

Immediately, Kearney's message thread lights-up with a flood of responses; all equally heroic, Herculean, self-delusional proclamations advocating for the life of patients.

**INT. KERRY DONAHUE'S HOME - OFFICE - SAME**

Donahue responds to Kearny's message.

**INT. SCOTT RICCIO'S DESK - SAME**

Riccio responds as well.

**INT. PSAM HQ - MARIE'S DESK - SAME**

Marie browses to the FDA website for the Provenge docs.

INSERT: Status: Unreleased (Refresh) Status: Unreleased (Refresh) Status: Released. Download all documents.

Marie's excitement is intense. She clicks, the download window opens, and we see an immediate download of the files:

INSERT: Download window: Downloaded Files 1.. 22.. 67.. 123..

Marie plugs a USB Flash drive into her work computer, transfers the downloaded documents, packs her bag, grabs the flash drive, and bustles away.

Marie scurries alongside Female Analyst #1 through a narrow lane between cubicles. They part like a wishbone.

Near the exit is Jess. Marie raises the flash drive:

MARIE

I won't be sleeping the next 48 hours.

Jess makes a phone hand-signal on his face. Marie nods.

We stay on Jess as he watches Marie disappear into the elevator. Then he walks out of frame, leaving us as voyeurs into the prosaic rhythms of a hedge fund office.

**INT. MARIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - EVENING**

The room is abuzz as the mouth of a PRINTER SPITS OUT floods of material. Marie is nose down in documents: circling, crossing-out, skimming, highlighting.

We're over her shoulder as she marks up specific parts of the documents and handwrites her conclusions (we don't need to understand everything): "STILL NO TUMOR SHRINKAGE." "HAZARD RATIO < 1." "4.1 MN OVERALL SURVIVAL DIFFERENCE. NO EXPLANATION OTHER THAN TREATMENT." "DOUBLE BLIND IMPOSSIBLE."

Marie skims through several more pages; there is a substantial amount of redactions throughout.

MARIE

(stumped)

How the fuck is this working?

Marie sits befuddled in a pile of documents. A document catches her eye. She picks it up, inspects, puts in down.

MARIE (CONT'D)

(softly)

Bullocks.

**INT. MARIE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Marie LIGHTS a kettle on the stove; grabs a mug from the cupboard; RIPS OPEN a tea bag from the wrapper and drops the tea bag in the mug-- habitual and methodical movements to help structure her thoughts. She hovers above the kettle as the water boils, staring closer and closer at the steam hole. Just before steam begins to rise she abruptly SWITCHES OFF the burner and bolts out of the room.

**INT. MARIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Marie reaches for the last document she looked at:

INSERT: Chart titled "Sub Group Analysis". It clearly shows two groups: Under 65, and Over 65. Each age group shows the months of survival split between Provenge and the placebo group. Under 65 there is less than 1 month difference in survival. But Over 65 there is 11 months difference.

Marie's focus is piercing. It's as if she is double, triple, quadruple-checking the numbers and her conclusions.

Marie grabs her cell, dials, paces vigorously.

**INT. JIT'S BEDROOM - SAME**

Jit is asleep in bed. His cell phone RINGS and the screen lights up. He rustles awake, reaches for his phone.

JIT  
(see's Marie's name)  
Un-fucking-believable.

He picks up.

Back to Marie. \*Remain on her most of the conversation.

MARIE  
(pacing)  
Jit. Sorry to call this late.

JIT  
What.

MARIE  
I need to confirm something.

JIT  
I'm hanging up. It's too late for  
this nonsense.

MARIE  
Is age prognostic with late stage  
prostate cancer?!

JIT  
You think I'm Google or something  
because I'm Indian.

MARIE  
Please.

JIT  
Of course it's not. You know that.

MARIE  
Thanks.

JIT  
Stop calling me. Call one of the  
doctors who wrote it.

MARIE  
Brilliant!

Jit hangs up. We're left with Marie holding the chart, regarding it as if it's the first thing that makes sense; but also thinking of what Jit last said, which is a good idea.

She makes another call she feels obviously hesitant about:

**INT. BAR - MEATPACKING DISTRICT - NIGHT**

Jess is chatting up TWO BRIDGE AND TUNNEL GIRLS with his overdressed FINANCE FRIEND.

FINANCE FRIEND

This asshole got an AMG just to collect dust in his Hamptons house.

BRIDGE AND TUNNEL #1

Sweet.

Jess's cell vibrates. He doesn't recognize the number. Excuses himself to a quieter corner. \*Alternate between both.

MARIE

They tweaked the data specifically for Medicare.

JESS

Marie?

MARIE

Yes. Older men had longer survival than younger men. That shouldn't happen with this patient group. Even an idiotic panel of experts would sniff through the bullshit. Dendreon's delusional.

JESS

Can you verify it?

MARIE

Not yet.

JESS

You need to. (beat) Why don't you meet me out?

MARIE

Where are you?

JESS

Cielo.

MARIE

Could use a good dance.

(thinks)

You're a colleague. Not a good idea. Bye for now. Work to do.

Marie has hung up. Jess looks at his phone screen. Amused at Marie's oddness. Jess walks back to his group.

JESS  
 (to his friend)  
 Maybe a big play in the pipeline.

That got his friend's attention.

MUSIC UP:

**INT. MARIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

We timelapse through the night and alternate between the wall clock, and a series of images, the majority of which feel pessimistic. We're confronted with positive findings and wordings in the document: "4.1 months median survival", "severe side effects in just 4% of patients", "safe", charts that correlate data in Provenge's favor.

Chinese food containers are open and the papers, now marked up in different inks, are strewn all over the room, but in fanned-out piles; an active research process.

The sun has finally come up. The clock reads 6:42am.

We settle on Marie making notes on her computer with a stack of papers on her lap. The sun streaks across her face from the open blinds. The glare's unwelcome; she SHUTS the blinds.

MUSIC STOP:

Marie is obviously seeking something specific. A text message from Jess pops up:

Jess: "Eureka?"

Marie: "Bullocks"

Marie: "Everything redacted"

Jess: "U have same info Medicare will have. Get inside their head"

Marie: "Something's off"

Jess: "Figure it out"

**INT. MARIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - TIMECUT**

Marie jams on her laptop at her desk, which is full of material and trails of sticky notes. Her phone receives an

ALERT: "New Match.com Message." Marie ignores it. A Jim Cramer interview runs in the background:

**INT. THESTREET.COM'S STUDIOS - DAY**

Jim Cramer and associate, GEORGE MORIARTY, are engaged in a comparatively subdued discussion segment:

MORIARTY

Dendreon had a big win last Friday, didn't they?

CRAMER

As Adam reported, tremendous insider selling almost immediately. I think that was indicative of people inside their own company shocked at how high their stock went. But let it pull back. Let it pull back.

MORIARTY

Yes, even the CEO, Mitch Gold, came out and sold 2.2 million shares, and that shocked the bulls.

CRAMER

Yeah, ya know. That gives me a poor taste in my mouth. I think he nets \$27 million in a day, selling 72 percent of his stock.

This gets Marie's attention. She stops and regards the TV, it's SOUND slowly drowned out by her thoughts and intensity.

**EXT. NASDAQ - STREETS - DAY**

Mitch Gold is amidst a photo-op outside NASDAQ after the celebratory ringing of the bell. He stands with a group of patient ADVOCACY LEADERS, including Robert Samuels, as well as a FAMILY comprised of a MOTHER and TWO SONS, noticeably without the father. Frohlich and Greer are also present.

A REPORTER from CNBC approaches Gold:

CNBC REPORTER

Congratulations on the FDA win.

MITCH GOLD

It's a big victory for men who've run out of options and just want more time with their families.

(MORE)

MITCH GOLD (CONT'D)  
 (puts hand on shoulder of  
 eldest son of family)  
 We're dedicating this ceremony to  
 families who've lost loved ones to  
 prostate cancer.

CNBC REPORTER  
 Do you expect problems with  
 Medicare?

MITCH GOLD  
 I don't think that's a question any  
 longer. The question now is what  
 guidelines they'll set for  
 coverage.

A PHOTOGRAPHER steps in and SNAPS the money shot.

**EXT. SUBURBAN RESIDENCE - SIDE OF HOME - DAY**

CLOSE ON an iron gate lowered down frame until we land on the  
 polished DOVE Jim had been working on.

Pulling back we Jim and Kal lowering the heavy gate into  
 place. Although the older men are both strong, it feels like  
 this is the job of younger bodies.

The HOMEOWNER, male (50s), watches uncomfortable to be just a  
 spectator; we can imagine a conversation 5-minutes ago when  
 Jim wouldn't allow him to help.

Jim's hands slowly start to shake as he tries to steady the  
 heavy gate into place. After a moment Kal feels the  
 wobbliness and glances at Jim, who's stoically trying to  
 overpower his body's malfunction. But it's not working:

The Homeowner notices something's off, the gate's not going  
 anywhere, and Kal increasingly directs his attention to Jim.

Jim's hands are shaking up a storm.

The Homeowner sees what's coming and rushes over just in time  
 to take Jim's place as his hands loss grip.

The Homeowner and Kal quickly fix the problem, finishing in a  
 matter of seconds, before turning to Jim.

Jim looks on timidly. There's really not much to say, and no  
 one does say anything.

**INT. PSAM HQ - MARIE'S DESK - DAY**

Marie is on a phone call; handwrites notes throughout.

MARIE

Hi, is this Doctor Shore?

**INT. NORTH SHORE PULMONARY - NEIL SHORE'S OFFICE - SAME**

DR. NEIL SHORE (53), dressed in a suit, not a lab coat, has his Harvard MD certificate on the wall. \*Alternate locations.

DR. NEIL SHORE

Yes, this is Neil Shore.

MARIE

Thank you for taking my call.

DR. NEIL SHORE

You wanted to know about Provenge?

MARIE

Right. That's me.

DR. NEIL SHORE

You work at a fund?

MARIE

Yes. You were one of the authors on the main study findings?

DR. NEIL SHORE

Yes. That's right.

MARIE

Great. Excellent. So you had access to all the data. Could you--

DR. NEIL SHORE

The data they gave me to write my findings, yes.

MARIE

Right, could you answer a few questions?

DR. NEIL SHORE

Yes, that's fine.

MARIE

I've been going through the FDA documents and there were a few items I was trying to understand.

(MORE)

MARIE (CONT'D)

(grabs the FDA stats)

I guess just to get to the point, I'm confused by one table of data in the FDA's statistical analysis: it shows that men in the placebo group who were over 65 lived much shorter than the men under 65. 11 months.

DR. NEIL SHORE

Uh. Um. I'm sorry, make that statement again?

MARIE

In trying to understand why the men in the placebo group who were under 65 lived nearly 11 months longer than the men over 65.

DR. NEIL SHORE

The issue about age, I think, is just a non-issue because it strictly relates to small numbers. I think the majority of the trial patients were over 65.

MARIE

Hmmmm---

DR. NEIL SHORE

---I..I'm not really clear what you're saying. You're saying the patients who were under 65 lived 11-months longer than those over 65?

MARIE

Yes, just in the placebo group. Under 65 was 28-months, and over 65 was 17-months, in just the placebo group.

DR. NEIL SHORE

In just the placebo group?

MARIE

Yes.

SILENCE.

DR. NEIL SHORE

Hmmm. Well, um, I would...I don't have the data in front of me right now. But I would have to go back and look at that.

MARIE

I thought you would have been aware of that...

DR. NEIL SHORE

(fumbling, searching)

Uh. Well. I think I have heard this issue addressed and I think my understanding, uh, is it was statistically non-significant.

MARIE

Right. It may be nothing. But I figured you would know.

DR. NEIL SHORE

I..I suspect it's small numbers.

MARIE

Well, it's actually a couple hundred.

DR. NEIL SHORE

(defensive)

And you're the first person to really be dwelling on it. I never heard anybody, including the FDA, including the New England Journal, have that much concern for this because of such a small number we're talking about. But I'll certainly look into it.

MARIE

It was about 200 patients.

DR. NEIL SHORE

It wasn't a couple hundred patients. The whole trial was 512 patients. It's not a couple hundred; you're way off.

MARIE

It was 183 men.

SILENCE.

DR. NEIL SHORE

183 patients over 65?

MARIE

Just in the placebo group.

SILENCE.

MARIE (CONT'D)

I'm fascinated by it. Given that it's not mentioned in the paper, I wonder if the authors were even aware of it?

DR. NEIL SHORE

(bullshit)

The authors, we know about it. It wasn't an issue. But I will be having dinner with Mark Frohlich, tomorrow night; I will ask him.

MARIE

I appreciate that. It's probably nothing, but I'm trying to understand it for our analysis.

Dr. Shore hangs up, finger-taps his office phone, then dials.

DR. NEIL SHORE

Mark Frohlich please...Tell him it's Dr. Shore...Tell him it's important... Mark.

BACK WITH MARIE.

Marie jots notes. After a moment she pauses, as if she caught herself in a personal debate.

Jess approaches, snaps her out of it.

JESS

How we looking?

The "we" makes Marie frown, but she moves on.

MARIE

The doctors who wrote the report don't even know what's in the data. I think Dendreon is number-fudging everyone, not just the government. I can't fathom how this slipped past the FDA.

JESS

Government.

MARIE

Corruption.

JESS

When do you present to Peter?

MARIE

Two days.

JESS

You still need to figure out how they got these numbers.

Already moving, Marie grabs some documents and marches away.

MARIE

I know.

**INT. MARIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER**

A DESK LAMP IS TURNED ON

Marie sits at her desk. The entire stack of FDA printouts is in front of her. She wears fitness cloths, and now ties her hair back as if she intends to go through the stack sheet-by-sheet. FLIP. Scan. FLIP. Scan. FLIP. Scan. FLIP.

The camera pans up to the lamp, holds a few beats, then pans back to Marie FLIPPING through the stack. Half the stack is completed. One leg is propped up on her chair. Her attention isn't showing wear; she's a machine.

We stay with her now: she scans a page, FLIPS it. The next page is read as any other, until a frown creases her brow and she instinctively holds her breath; her mind needing maximum body function. She inches her face closer, re-reading.

Marie raises the paper from the pile and holds it eye-level.

INSERT: A redacted chart with three neat columns titled "CELL EXTRACTION IN 3 ROUNDS OF LEUKAPHERESIS".

Marie fully extends her arm to regard the chart. Suddenly it clicks, but it's not the same excitement as her last discovery. There's a growing dread in the room.

Marie digs into the nearby pile of already read pages and quickly pulls out 3 papers. Grabs scissors. Thumbtacks.

Marie stands at her white wall:

- 1) Cuts out the redacted chart showing three distinct columns for each round of blood extraction the patients underwent.
- 2) Cuts a column from one page, places it over redacted column 1-- it fits perfectly.
- 3) Repeats for column two.

4) Repeats for column three.

5) The finished chart shows a series of glyphs that require training to completely understand, but our understanding is transferred from Marie's reluctance to believe what she sees.

She steps back and stares at the chart.

She grabs her phone:

Marie: "Eureka?"

Jess: "Asking me or telling me?"

Before answering she stares at the chart. Then:

Marie: "Asking myself"

Jess: "?"

Her arm drops to waist level.

**INT. MARIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - TIMECUT**

On Marie's screen we read the google search she enters:  
"Immunosenescence: aging of immune system".

Among the first results are the "Trudeau Institute New York."  
Marie pops upright, she's found something.

**INT. MRI WAITING ROOM - DAY**

Jim and Mary sit in a middle-class waiting room. An ELDER MALE PATIENT reads a People Magazine in the far corner, while a MIDDLE-AGED FEMALE PATIENT sits across from Jim and Mary.

Mary's writing a list on a small spiral notepad. Jim noticeably presses one hand over the other.

MARY BARTON

We need to give at least 9-months  
notice to the guests who fly in.

(off Jim)

Don't roll your eyes at me.

JIM BARTON

You know I don't like all this  
fuss, Mare.

MARY BARTON

Too bad.

JIM BARTON

How many are we cramming in the yard?

MARY BARTON

50.

JIM BARTON

Can we fit that many?

MARY BARTON

It's not that many, Jim.

(off Jim)

Jim, what's wrong?

Jim searches for the right way to say that he doesn't even know where he'll be tomorrow; that he's afraid he'll disappoint everyone by not making it. But...

A NURSE approaches.

MRI NURSE

Mr. Barton?

JIM BARTON

(getting up)

That's me. (to Mary) Just do what you think is best, Mare.

Mary watches Jim's body disappear through a door to the back.

**INT. MRI ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Jim, dressed in a gown, lays on a MRI bed as it moves his body forward, feet-first to scanning area.

**EXT. TRUDEAU INSTITUTE - DAY**

Lush Hudson Valley medical and research campus.

SUPER: Trudeau Institute - Saranac Lake, New York

**INT. TRUDEAU INSTITUTE - LAB - DAY**

DR. LAURA HAYNES writes on a notepad. Marie enters while knocking politely on the open door.

MARIE

Dr. Laura Haynes?

LAURA HAYNES  
 (friendly)  
 That's me.

MARIE  
 (extends hand)  
 Marie Huber. (off Laura) Healthcare  
 analyst.

LAURA HAYNES  
 Right. The one who emailed at 3:30  
 this morning.

MARIE  
 Some things just can't wait.

Haynes lowers her chained eyeglasses, amused.

LAURA HAYNES  
 What can I do for you. You  
 mentioned you're trying to  
 understand the mechanism of a new  
 treatment.

MARIE  
 Yes. To be honest, it's been like  
 surfing in a house of mirrors.

Marie PLOPS her knapsack down and produces her paperwork. She  
 finds the right page and offers it to Haynes.

MARIE (CONT'D)  
 I'm trying to understand this  
 chart, and its implications.

Haynes reads; after a beat she peers closer.

MARIE (CONT'D)  
 Can immunosenescence can shed light  
 on this?

LAURA HAYNES  
 (to herself)  
 This can't be right.  
 (studies closer)  
 Yes. I think so. And these men...

MARIE  
 ...were over 65 years old and had  
 late stage castrate-resistant  
 metastatic prostate cancer.

LAURA HAYNES  
 Are you sure this is correct?

MARIE

Yes. The blood count charts were available separately. A little puzzle work.

**INT. ONCOLOGY TREATMENT ROOM - DAY**

STERILE GREEN GLOVES insert an IV into an elderly arm. The IV line traces to a high-tech COBE Spectra Apheresis System. The power button is PRESSED ON, the machine's interface fires up. The room is overtaken by a low mechanical HUMM.

MARIE (V.O.)

In only three to four weeks, ALL their white blood cells were removed three times.

Blood passes through the IV and into the machine, then quickly exits from a different line connected to a second IV in the Patient.

MARIE (V.O.)

I keep hearing that removing white blood cells doesn't effect the body because they reproduce so fast.

At the back of the machine a third line passes a mellow-pink liquid extraction into an Eluctra Cell Separation System.

A NURSE in pink scrubs moves to a computer terminal. She positions the cursor to enter the Patient's name; 12th on a spreadsheet titled "PROVENGE PHASE 3 - D9901".

LAURA HAYNES

That's not true. After humans reach their mid-60s the body changes and its white blood cell production and health is very different: a slow deterioration of the immune system and its defenses to disease, tumors, cancer, infection, everything. This process will devastate these men.

MARIE

Past tense.

(off Laura)

All the men in this trial have died.

LAURA HAYNES

Anything strong they had left, was removed.

MARIE  
Are you sure?

LAURA HAYNES  
Yes.

MARIE  
This was the placebo group.

LAURA HAYNES  
This was not a sugar pill. It was  
poison.

MARIE  
(getting more determined)  
There's more-- (Marie grabs a  
second paper)

**INT. DENDREON MANUFACTURING PLANT - DAY**

A TECHNICIAN in a lab coat, yellow gloves, medical mask,  
grabs half the plasma and places them in an incubator; the  
other half are put into in a refrigerator marked "Placebo".

MARIE (V.O.)  
The placebo men had 1/3 of their  
cells put into the fridge-- not a  
proper incubator. The temperature  
most probably killed, or at least  
severely damaged, the cells...

LAURA HAYNES (V.O.)  
..Yes..

A Nurse hangs the refrigerated plasma to an IV line; slips  
the IV line under the elderly man's skin.

MARIE (V.O.)  
...then they reinfused these cells  
into the men. That just CANNOT be  
good?

BACK WITH THE WOMEN:

LAURA HAYNES  
No, the older bodies would suffer  
significant damage; inflammation  
would skyrocket, risk of infection  
increases, tumor suppression  
declines. This essentially lifted  
the brakes on the cancer.

MARIE

Oh my.

LAURA HAYNES

It's selective harm...

MARIE

...not selective benefit.  
 (full realization)  
 They didn't fudge the numbers.  
 They're real.

Marie grabs the age-data chart and shows it to Laura Haynes.

MARIE (CONT'D)

The older men in the placebo group  
 really did die early.

The two women stare at each other. This feels like a crime.  
 Haynes hands the papers back to Marie.

Marie packs up her bag and starts to leave.

MARIE (CONT'D)

(disturbed)  
 Thank you for your time.

LAURA HAYNES

What are you going to do with this?

Marie stares Laura Haynes in the eyes, but won't disclose an answer.

MARIE

I really appreciate this.

LAURA HAYNES

You're a good scientist.

MARIE

Thank you.

Marie leaves. We stay on her expression as she walks out.

**INT. HALLS OF TRUDEAU INSTITUTE - MINUTES LATER**

Marie marches through the halls. She got what she needed.

To her right is a small window on a door labeled: "Treatment Room 5". She passes the doorway, stops, then doubles back to peak through the window. Just as she gets to the window the door OPENS and hits her head. A NURSE carts a ELDERLY MAN on a gurney through the door.

TRUDEAU NURSE

Oh! Excuse me.

MARIE

Not the smartest idea to plant your  
face against a door.

The nurse and the man have made it fully into the hallway. The man glances at Marie-- his eyes a dimmed life-force, his body even more so. Marie engages the him, nonetheless:

MARIE (CONT'D)

How are you?

She grabs his wrist, then rubs his arms. Tactile. More knowledge of what the ill need. Retains eye contact. Smiles. We can see this is familiar and natural to Marie.

The Nurse is happy to see Marie's care.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Good day to you.  
(to the Nurse)  
Bye now.

The Nurse smiles, then carts the patient down the hall back in the direction Marie came from. Marie's gaze follows them and she's surprised to see Dr. Haynes standing outside her doorway, apparently having witnessed the entire moment.

Marie and Haynes regard each other, as continuation of their last moment. Marie looks deeper this time. Haynes holds her gaze, then nods politely and disappears back into her room.

**INT. MARIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Marie opens her laptop and watches the CURSER pulse on her memo: red text, green text, underlines, bolds; it's an active document to say the least. She titles it:

INSERT: "PROVENGE: AN ALTERNATIVE EXPLANATION"

**EXT. MARIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING**

Through a cafe window we see Marie exit her building.

UNKNOWN POV watches Marie rush across the street with purpose until she disappears into the throngs. A man's half comes into frame and places a phone call. It's an eerie feeling.

**INT. PETER SCHOENFELD'S OFFICE - DAY**

We're at the end of a meeting between Marie and Schoenfeld:

MARIE

The operational shortcomings combined with the high price will create a supply and demand problem that I think points ultimately to failure. But, there's more. When we get to the science and ask the fundamental questions: does this treatment really work?; will Medicare approve it?; I think the answers across the board are "no", and we should short the stock.

SCHOENFELD

Go on.

MARIE

I've had this corroborated by leaders in the field, and the evidence clearly shows that the survival benefit claim is bogus. It's fairly simple to debunk.

Marie hands Schoenfeld her document.

SCHOENFELD

An alternative explanation?

MARIE

It's a document I put together to wrap my head around everything.

Schoenfeld reads.

SCHOENFELD

These are big claims to just slip through; even for the FDA.

MARIE

It starts with them really. The 11 person committee that approved the treatment was simply not qualified. They had ZERO prostate cancer OR immune system experts-- the two most important areas of expertise needed to understand a drug that uses the immune system to treat prostate cancer.

SCHOENFELD  
Government.

Schoenfeld ponders it.

MARIE  
It's almost as if the fix was in.

SCHOENFELD  
Remember what I told you about your  
worldview.

Schoenfeld returns the document to Marie and thinks to  
himself a moment. Finally:

SCHOENFELD (CONT'D)  
I'm not going to make the bet.

MARIE  
Sir?

SCHOENFELD  
I have no faith Medicare won't  
approve. Then it can linger around  
and it's hard to predict for how  
long. That's a big bet. All your  
work should still hold in 6-months.  
We'll consider then.

MARIE  
I understand.

SCHOENFELD  
So what's next?

Marie isn't prepared for that.

MARIE  
I've been obsessed with this. I'm  
empty-handed.

SCHOENFELD  
Not good. Find something in Pharma  
or Biotech. You're great there.  
Also, I want one of our analysts to  
head to ASCO.

MARIE  
ASCO?

SCHOENFELD  
The biggest oncology conference in  
the world. Lot's of players. Your  
friend Mitch Gold will probably be  
(MORE)

SCHOENFELD (CONT'D)  
there. I'm asking you so you can  
get your feet wet. But, the same  
week there's also a biotech  
conference in England, at  
Cambridge, your alma mater. You  
have a week to decide.

MARIE  
I see. Thank you for extending the  
option.

SCHOENFELD  
(off Marie's silence)  
What is it, Marie?

MARIE  
Do you mind if I continue with this  
alternative explanation document?

SCHOENFELD  
Why?

MARIE  
Because this drug should never see  
the light of day.

SCHOENFELD  
(considers)  
I can see its important to you. In  
your own time.

MARIE  
Thank you sir. Also, I'd like to  
post this to the Medicare public  
boards before the drug review.

SCHOENFELD  
You'd would need to disclose you  
work for an investment company. We  
can't allow our name on it.

MARIE  
I understand.

Marie rises.

SCHOENFELD  
Marie.

Marie turns back to her boss.

SCHOENFELD (CONT'D)  
Despite how it makes us feel, here  
we don't do things for the world,  
(MORE)

SCHOENFELD (CONT'D)  
we do them for investors and  
ourselves.

MARIE  
I understand.

Schoenfeld's look says, "be careful." Not an idiot.

**INT. PSAM HQ - MARIE'S DESK - LATER**

Marie hacks away at her memo, she's sculpting it like art as much as science.

INSERT: Marie's screen: "This memo was written by an investor who may or may not have financial interest in..."

Marie contemplates that disclosure.

INSERT: Marie's screen: The cursor pulsates, then the entire disclaimer passage is highlighted, and deleted.

We sense, as much as Marie probably does, that this decision may have a second life.

**INT. PSAM HQ - JESS'S DESK - MOMENTS LATER**

Jess works with headphones, removes them as Marie approaches.

JESS  
So?

MARIE  
He's not betting.

JESS  
Fuck. The stock price is 31. You realize how huge this short is? We can go 20, 30 to 1.

Marie does the calculus.

JESS (CONT'D)  
Fuck it. I'm going for it anyway.

MARIE  
Is that legal?

JESS  
Sure. I mean, it's against the spirit of the rules, but if the firm doesn't hold a position, there's no conflict of interest.

MARIE

I see. (beat) 30 to 1?

JESS

If you're right.

MARIE

It doesn't work. I can't imagine they'll fuck up and pass it.

JESS

(considers)

Okay. I'm doing it. You should too.

MARIE

I want this drug off the market.

JESS

(already at it)

Capitalizing on their bullshit will sweeten it, no?

Marie considers, agrees, then extends her arm and turns her hand, opens palm:

INSERT: A USB flash drive rests in the center of her palm.

Jess turns to Marie. Snatches the flash drive. Studies it. Raises an eyebrow.

MARIE

You share you die. Check the analysis yourself before you bet. I don't want to see this on Medicare's public forum before the vote.

Marie bustles away. We can feel he's not sure if she did what he thinks she just did. Nevertheless, serpent-like he plugs in the drive. When the Finder pops up, we see its contents:

INSERT: Thumb Drive Explorer: "VIP Contact Info", "Draft Email", "Provenge - An Alternative Explanation".

### **INT. MARIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Marie sits in bed on her laptop, reading up on white blood cells. A chat window pops up on her screen: JESS JONES.

JESS: "Read memo. Doing it now."

MARIE: "How much?"

JESS: "\$100k"

MARIE: "Wow"

JESS: "You?"

The question lingers as the cursor pulsates.

MARIE: "100k"

JESS: "Badass. Forecast tomorrow = rain"

MARIE: ":)"

Jess signs off. Marie closes the chat window and stares at her screen. After a beat she opens her online investment account. Logs in. Hesitates a moment on her next action. Then she executes: TRADE > SHORT > DNDN > \$100,000, hesitates, erases, retypes new number \$236,000 > SUBMIT.

Marie dials a number on her cell phone.

MARIE

Hi mum...Did I wake you?

**INT. LUISE HUBER'S KITCHEN (LONDON) - EARLY MORNING**

Luise Huber drinks tea and eats her morning toast.

LUISE HUBER

Not at all dear. I'm already on my second Earl Grey...Hm...Ahhum...You know I don't trust these things, Marie.

Back in Marie's Room. \*Alternate between both.

MARIE

This will be good for you. And I'll guarantee it with my own savings.

Luise takes a long pause: decisions like this are completely antithetical her mindset, but, she loves her daughter.

LUISE HUBER

That's out of the question. (beat)  
Well, how much do you want to use?

MARIE

The investment account we set up.

LUISE HUBER

All of it?

MARIE

Trust me, mum. This will be good.

LUISE HUBER

It's not that, it's just... I can't find the words.

MARIE

It'll be okay. Love you. Enjoy your morning.

LUISE HUBER

Bye Marie.

Luise Huber hangs up the receiver, obviously uncertain.

**INT. MITCH GOLD'S OFFICE - DAY**

Gold drinks his morning coffee and scrolls through a document on his computer; his concentration intensifies.

INSERT: The cell-loss chart Marie stitched together.

Gold lifts the phone receiver, dials.

MITCH GOLD

I'm forwarding you something. Tell me this is her?

Gold hangs up, continues reading. Picks up the phone again.

MITCH GOLD (CONT'D)

Monique. Is this posted on the Medicare public forum?...How long ago?...We need to prep Frohlich for a rebuttal to this hack bullshit!

Gold SLAMS the phone.

**INT. PSAM HQ - MARIE'S DESK - MORNING**

Marie's on her computer. She browses to the Medicare website; CLICKS on "Provenge Public Boards". The page loads, we see a list saturated with activists urging and threatening Medicare to approve. But then she notices something else: "Alternative Explanation." She CLICKS on the link and we CLOSE ON her frowning face, but it's hard to read what she feels.

**INT. PSAM HQ - JESS'S DESK**

Jess studies the charts on his terminals. Marie approaches.

MARIE

I saw something very familiar on the Medicare boards this morning.

JESS

Oh?

MARIE

A Jonathan White, apparently a man who created a near identical memo to mine, posted his to the forum.

JESS

Great. Will it help the vote?

They exchange a knowing glance.

MARIE

The vote shouldn't need help.

Jess lowers his eyes, as if "don't play this game." Marie holds his gaze, almost as if to establish the narrative.

Marie scurries away. Jess smirks, returns to his work.

**EXT. CMS HEADQUARTERS (BALTIMORE) - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY**

An artless American structure of concrete and glass.

SUPER: Centers for Medicare & Medicaid Services, Baltimore

**INT. MEDICARE HQ - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

A GROUP OF 11 HEALTH BUREAUCRATS, many trained physicians and scientists, are at the tail-end of Provenge's 9-hour Medicare approval session. Frohlich represents Dendreon. The energy has a sense of drudgery, yet light.

DR. GOODMAN (50s), tall, thin, taciturn, tries to wrap it up:

DR. GOODMAN

Is there something that should have been said that would be relevant to the work of this Medicare panel? Anyone?

DR. BART CLASSEN (42), a serial patent enforcer, objects:

DR. CLASSEN

(Marie's memo in his hands)  
Did you improve survival or did you really just reduce life in your  
(MORE)

DR. CLASSEN (CONT'D)  
placebo men? We learned that with AIDS that removing white blood cells will decrease survival rate.

DR. GOODMAN  
Doctor, we got your point.

DR. FROHLICH  
I'd like to respond to that.

DR. GOODMAN  
Go ahead, Dr. Frohlich.

DR. FROHLICH  
The number of white cells removed were just 2 percent of the entire body's white blood cell count. It's statistically insignificant.

DR. CLASSEN  
2 percent of the body but 95 percent of the blood's!

DR. GOODMAN  
Point noted Dr. Classen. (beat)  
Anyone else wish to speak before this board rules on coverage?

All abstain from more talks.

DR. GOODMAN (CONT'D)  
Very well. We're at the end and I think I'm allowed more than a couple semicolons, though I'll be brief. (beat) Medicare cares about reasonableness and necessity. We're seeing in this current environment a lot of innovations that could potentially benefit a lot of patients, but it still requires trying to satisfy evidence requirements. We can't forget that.

Frohlich doesn't know yet where this is going.

DR. GOODMAN (CONT'D)  
It's not an easy thing to do, so we thank Blue Cross and Blue Shield and their close work with Dendreon for supplying this office with that evidence. Had you not done that, I am not sure where this panel would be today.

A BLUE-CROSS REP, woman (50s), nods her head in acceptance.

DR. GOODMAN (CONT'D)  
 So, I say, and I think my  
 colleagues would agree, that we  
 have not seen anything here today  
 to prevent us from contradicting  
 the FDA's decision.

Frohlich's anxiety immediately decompresses.

DR. GOODMAN (CONT'D)  
 We still have to determine the  
 exact parameters for who qualifies  
 and who doesn't, but I can say as  
 Chairman of this panel, we will go  
 forward.

APPLAUSE. Frohlich glows as if he just saved his job.

**INT/EXT. PSAM HQ - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER**

CLOSE ON a CNBC website: "Provenge Gets Medicare Approval".

Marie and Jess have their heads bowed.

MARIE  
 I just lost \$236,000 and my Mum's  
 entire investment account.

JESS  
 (surprised by number, but:)  
 You fucked up. Big time.

MARIE  
 How can they approve this bloody  
 treatment. It doesn't work!

Jess barges out while disparaging himself. He SLAMS the door.  
 Marie's cell phone rings: "Mum".

Marie bows her head, takes a deep breath, answers the call.

MARIE (CONT'D)  
 Mum?

We move outside the conference room and regard Marie on the  
 painful call; eventually she breaks down and cries.  
 Colleagues walk by but don't bother to enter and console her.

Back inside the conference room: Marie hangs up. She stands  
 straight and wipes her eyes dry of tears. Personal

humiliation and grief have gotten their fix, now she must recover and face the world.

**INT. PSAM HQ - MAIN OFFICE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

Marie exits the conference room and stops: the energy of the office hits her-- the competitive humm of finance. Around her are trading terminals, busy bees, serious people who crave the anxiety of high risk transactions. She can hear her own breath, shallow and quick, echo in her eardrums as if her head's underwater. She slowly plugs into the world around her, letting the office rhythms become her own until her breathing reaches a deeper and stronger pace; until she snaps out of it and marches the opposite direction of her desk, averting the side-glances from witnesses of her breakdown.

**INT. PSAM HQ - PETER SCHOENFELD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Schoenfeld's in his office alone, door's open. Marie slips in without knocking.

MARIE

Sir.

SCHOENFELD

Hi Marie.

MARIE

I want to go to ASCO.

SCHOENFELD

An email would have sufficed.

Marie stays in the doorframe.

SCHOENFELD (CONT'D)

Something else?

Schoenfeld removes his glasses. A moment of unspoken understanding passes between them.

MARIE

No sir.

Marie leaves. Schoenfeld returns to his work without a further thought.

**INT. HOSPITAL - DR. ARMSTRONG'S OFFICE - DAY**

The face of Jim Barton, thin and weak, yet dignified.

Kim, Mary, and Jim sit solemnly, as if across from a priest, expecting no satisfactory answers to their biggest questions.

DR. ARMSTRONG

The cancer's spreading, Jim. At this point, as your doctor, I want us to think with one mind on this: I want us to think only about prolonging your life with as little pain as possible.

The family silently exhale a collective breath of whatever hope they had left.

A bow of tear-liquid rests on Jim's lower eyelids. His voice has a slight quiver.

JIM BARTON

I know I can't run from this forever. Well?

DR. ARMSTRONG

There's a new option for men in your situation. And you meet all the criteria. It's called Provenge.

Kim's attention perks.

DR. ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)

You won't be able to go on other treatments until 6-months after.

Kim shifts in her seat.

DR. ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)

Jim, Mary, Kim, what I'm suggesting is that you think hard on this one. And please ask any questions.

JIM BARTON

How long will it give me?

DR. ARMSTRONG

Every patient's immune system is different, Jim. You're strong. But, you know we can't say.

KIM BARTON

What about the trials?

DR. ARMSTRONG

Trials reported an average of 4.1 months prolonged survival.

JIM BARTON  
4 months.

KIM BARTON  
And side effects?

DR. ARMSTRONG  
Minimal.

MARY BARTON  
Honey, what do you think?

JIM BARTON  
It won't make me useless?

DR. ARMSTRONG  
From everything I have read, and spoken with the company about, it's nothing close to chemotherapy, which would be your only real option at this point-- and I don't want to do that to you.

JIM BARTON  
What do you think Kimmie?

Kim hesitates, torn and ill-equipped to form an opinion.

KIM BARTON  
If it doesn't hurt you, Pop, and Dr. Armstrong recommends it, I think we should consider it.

JIM BARTON  
What will this cost us?

DR. ARMSTRONG  
It's expensive: \$93,000 plus other fees. It comes in around \$100,000.

KIM BARTON  
Excuse me?

DR. ARMSTRONG  
This price is where treatments are headed. But, our first step would be to get the Medicare application in-- for which Jim is a great candidate. Then, we see if Jim's insurance will cover the extra 20 percent of the cost.

JIM BARTON  
 \$100,000. Lord.  
 (thinks on it)  
 4 months gets me to our golden  
 date, Mare. (thinks) Let's get to  
 it. Kimmie and Mare will fill out  
 whatever you need.

KIM BARTON  
 Do you have any other patients in  
 treatment?

DR. ARMSTRONG  
 One other who started last week.  
 But more are asking.

Dr. Armstrong hands the clipboard and thick application  
 across the desk to Kim. On top of the application is an  
 expensive Dendreon brochure presenting images meant to show  
 empathy and care. Kim, like anyone, doesn't know how to parse  
 her feelings. She'll do anything to prolong or cheat the  
 inevitable; she'll take the bet, despite its cloudiness.

**INT. MITCH GOLD'S OFFICE - DAY**

Gold is mid-interview with an executive-level candidate, IAN  
 CLARK (50s).

SUPER: One Month Later

MITCH GOLD  
 Your work at Genenotech has helped  
 it become the standard of  
 excellence in Biotech. Having you  
 lead marketing would position us as  
 its successor.

IAN CLARK  
 From all appearances, you're the  
 future.

MITCH GOLD  
 We intend to keep climbing that  
 mountain.

IAN CLARK  
 I'm excited to learn more. What's  
 the current marketing strategy?

MITCH GOLD  
 We've been very successful with  
 patient outreach, mainly through  
 advocacy groups. A new focus is  
 (MORE)

MITCH GOLD (CONT'D)  
 awareness campaigns aimed at  
 doctors. We see a real opportunity  
 with urologists. They feel the  
 oncologists have had all the fun  
 for decades.

Gold LAUGHS. Ian Clark can barely muster a smirk.

MITCH GOLD (CONT'D)  
 Because the nature of our  
 treatment, the stage of prognosis,  
 urologists are encouraged to  
 consider Provenge for their  
 patients. The incentive is simple:  
 give a patient the opportunity to  
 extend life with minimal side  
 effects, and earn \$12,000.

IAN CLARK  
 (unimpressed)  
 I see.

**INT. ONCOLOGY TREATMENT ROOM - DAY**

Jim Barton is upright on an intricate clinical bed. A NURSE completes the final wrap-up procedures; detaching an IV tube from a catheter. Mary and Kim Barton are there too.

The Nurse returns with bandages to secure the catheter, but Kim takes the nurse aside while Mary stays with Jim.

KIM BARTON  
 You're leaving the catheter in?

BARTON NURSE  
 It's mandatory for the treatment.

KIM BARTON  
 Why?

BARTON NURSE  
 They don't say why.

KIM BARTON  
 You're taking all these white blood  
 cells. He could get infected.

BARTON NURSE  
 I'm sorry, Ms. Barton. You should  
 talk to Dr. Armstrong. We do  
 provide all the dressings necessary  
 to keep the area clean.

The Nurse hands over a pre-packaged dressing kit and exits the room, but not before a forced smile.

**INT. THE BARTON'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

We cut into a high-tension situation: Jim Barton's in bed with his undershirt pulled up. Mary's at his side while Kim moves between the bed and bathroom. A HOUSE NURSE (GLORIA), (40s), Hispanic, helps too. Kim is the general.

SUPER: After Two Extractions

Kim reaches the bed and the three of them inspect Jim's wound. His catheter, a permacath (two color-coded tubes sown with a few stitches right above the nipple, giving direct access to a vein) is infected, badly.

KIM BARTON

Gloria, get me the prep-pads in the bathroom. Top drawer.

Gloria's on it.

KIM BARTON (CONT'D)

Mom, lemme see the bandage.

Mary hands Kim the used-dressing. Kim studies it, then lifts it near her nose: it stinks; bad sign. Tosses it.

Gloria returns with the alcohol dipped prep-pads. Kim puts on sterile gloves and gently dabs the pads on the infected area.

Jim Barton flinches a bit, but never complains or makes them feel bad for what they're doing.

KIM BARTON (CONT'D)

Gloria, help him get comfortable.

Gloria moves to the other side of the bed and repositions the pillow so Jim's full back is supported. Mary tenderly rubs Jim's arms and legs. Kim applies betadine.

KIM BARTON (CONT'D)

Ok Pop, we're almost there.

Kim works diligently on the infection.

MARY BARTON

Can you speak with Dr. Armstrong?

KIM BARTON

Dr. Armstrong and I are going to have a conversation as soon as I  
(MORE)

KIM BARTON (CONT'D)  
 finish this dressing. Just. Right.  
 Now.

Kim completes the new dressing and exits.

**INT. THE BARTON'S HOME - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Kim dials a cordless phone.

KIM BARTON  
 Dr. Armstrong?... Hi, it's Kim  
 Barton... Yes it's late. We're  
 having problems with Jim's  
 permacath... Yes, it's still on,  
 and that's the problem. He's got an  
 acute infection... I know we have  
 another treatment. I just don't  
 understand why we can't replace the  
 catheter?... But he's going to get  
 sepsis. What good is the treatment  
 if it kills him?... His body barely  
 can fight the infection... Ok. I'll  
 try... Goodnight.

Kim hangs up. Takes a moment to herself. It's obvious she  
 needs nothing more than to cry, and she fights that volcano  
 until just the subtlest CREAK from upstairs sets her  
 instinctively back on the treadmill of duty.

KIM BARTON (CONT'D)  
 (without thinking)  
 I'll be...

The words can't leave her mouth: in a swell it's all about to  
 come out and she can't stop it. Kim rushes to the couch,  
 smothers her face with a pillow and BALLS profoundly.

We leave her alone and peer from afar into the kitchen until  
 we eventually land on the empty dinner chair of Jim Barton.

**INT. MARIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - EVENING**

Marie sits at her laptop and browses to her website. Her  
 homepage is the same as we saw at the beginning of the film.

INSERT: A cheesy spinning envelop icon "New Message".

She reads the message. There's an image of a handsome man  
 that accompanies it. "Jason Gibson".

MARIE  
 (to herself)  
 Go on, Marie.

Marie TYPES a reply. SENT.

She clicks on an ADMIN button and surfs to where website owners check page-view stats. Something catches Marie's eye.

INSERT: "Top Hosts Visiting MarieHuber.com:" "1- Dendreon Corporation" "2- Kroll Private Investigators"

Marie releases an audible GASP.

**INT. HOSPITAL - DR. ARMSTRONG'S OFFICE - DAY**

Dr. Armstrong seats the Barton's on his office couch, then sits adjacent to them.

DR. ARMSTRONG  
 How are you, Jim?

JIM BARTON  
 I've been better. But you tell me.

DR. ARMSTRONG  
 I wish I had better news. Your PSA levels are way up. In fact, it's the same for my other patients. I put 10 men on this-- this is not working the way it was supposed to. I'm taking all of them off it.

KIM BARTON  
 It hasn't worked for anyone?

DR. ARMSTRONG  
 I'm sorry, Kim. No one.

JIM BARTON  
 I not doing chemo, Paul.

DR. ARMSTRONG  
 I know.

The spark of hope that Provenge had lit is whiffed out.

**INT. NYC RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Marie enters the bar, pauses, scans purposefully. Her gaze lands on one MAN, then advances.

The man is handsome and well-dressed. Seemingly a good match for our distressed heroine.

MARIE  
Jason?

JASON  
Jason. You must be Marie.

MARIE  
Nice to meet you.

JASON  
You too.

Marie goes for a shake, but Jason delivers a hug.

JASON (CONT'D)  
Drink at the bar, or at our table?

MARIE  
Dinner?

JASON  
I'm a gentleman, and in a conversational mood.

MARIE  
Hmmm.

JASON  
On me. Come on.

MARIE  
Alrighty.

**INT. NYC RESTAURANT - DINNER TABLE - LATER**

Marie seems good, relaxed even. This is going well.

MARIE  
This is so nice. I haven't felt relaxed in months.

JASON  
(as if he's just visiting)  
This city's not designed for that.

MARIE  
It's not New York. I love New York.

JASON  
Work?

MARIE

In a manner of speaking, yes. You know what, we should talk about a less depressing subject.

JASON

Come on. I want to hear.

MARIE

No. On this one I'm pretty sure I'm right. It's a long story and I don't want to end up alone at the bar with him later.

Marie points to a BRIDGE AND TUNNEL GUIDO. They both LAUGH.

MARIE (CONT'D)

I think I want you to stick around longer.

JASON

You think?

MARIE

I think.

JASON

Cheers to sticking around.

MARIE

Cheers.

They cheers and drink.

MARIE (CONT'D)

I couldn't absorb more disappointment right now.

JASON

Only you could disappoint yourself, Marie.

Pause.

MARIE

I don't like how that made me feel.

JASON

It's actually real simple. Let me be clear about this. But first, let's have a shot.

Jason waves a WAITRESS over.

JASON (CONT'D)  
Two shots of Tequila? (scans Marie)  
Yeah, she's a tequila girl.

Before Marie can speak...

JASON (CONT'D)  
Let's wait for the shots first.  
This will be fun, I promise.

The waitress returns with two shots, two limes, and salt.

Jason raises his shot glass, waits for Marie to follow. She does. They CLINK.

JASON (CONT'D)  
To writing a bunch of horseshit and  
putting your nose where it don't  
belong.

Jason fires down the shot, bites the lime, winces.

JASON (CONT'D)  
Whoa!

Marie is frozen... shaken.

Jason stands, puts his jacket on, leans close to Marie; so close she smells the tequila on his breath.

JASON (CONT'D)  
You're so cute.

MARIE  
Look at me.

They're eye-to-eye.

MARIE (CONT'D)  
There is nothing about you that  
scares me. Do you understand what  
that says about who you are, and  
about who I am?

They're locked-in.

JASON  
Hubris. All you types. You'll get  
your's.

Jason erects himself, leaves. Marie subtly shakes, tears well in her eyes but she holds herself together. A new anger and determination build in her. She grabs her bag and leaves.

**INT. KIM BARTON'S HOME - OFFICE - AFTERNOON**

Kim Barton is on her computer, half empty cup of tea beside her. She googles "provenge patient boards". She clicks on a search result and lands on a Yahoo message board.

Kim studies the reviews intensely. She's horrified.

INSERT: "My PSA has more than tripled in just one month. - Norm"

INSERT: "Mortgaged my home, my PSA has gone up and my bone scans are terrible. Provenge didn't work."

INSERT: "Has anyone heard of Provenge doing anything?"

**INT. MARIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM**

Marie storms into her bedroom, flips open her laptop, returns to her website and edits the quote beneath her profile photo:

INSERT: "Man is the only kind of varmint sets his own trap, baits it, then steps in it. - John Steinbeck."

Marie, determined as always, HITS Enter.

She sits back and regards the name badge on her desk: ASCO Conference. San Diego. Marie Huber.

INSERT: Marie's animated profile image. (Closer) Marie's curly blond locks.

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. HILTON GRAND BALLROOM - EVENING**

CLOSE ON Marie's curls.

We pull back: the well-monied of Pharma crawl on the rich carpets and drink from crystal flutes. Marie walks past a poster of Mitch Gold, titled: "Honoring Dr. Mitchell Gold".

SUPER: ASCO Annual Gala. San Diego, California

Marie charms a small group BUSINESS-MEN. Across the room, out of each other's eye-line, Mitch Gold is glad-handing with a more elite crowd. We overhear the congratulations being directed at him. Conference smiles: white teeth, wrist-watches, Fendi clutches, ambitious eyes.

**INT. HILTON GRAND BALLROOM - TIMECUT**

The lights are dim, and the tail-end of a Dendreon promo video plays. Mitch Gold finishes delivering the company's value prop in a professionally lit interview:

MITCH GOLD

We hope we will forever inspire people to do great things for patients with cancer.

The video ends with the titles: "Patients 1st" cross-fading into the "Dendreon" logo. The lights lift, and at the lectern is the PRESIDENT OF THE CANCER RESEARCH INSTITUTE (61):

PRESIDENT OF CRI

Tonight we're here to celebrate Dr. Mitchell Gold for his role in steering Dendreon through regulatory review and approval of the first FDA approved therapeutic cancer vaccine. The approval has been hailed as a major advance for the field. It gives me great pleasure to present the recipient of the Oliver R. Grace Award to the Chief Executive Officer of Dendreon, Doctor Mitchell Gold.

APPLAUSE. Gold enters stage right, shakes the President's hand, takes the lectern. The microphone is too tall. An initial instinct to rise on his feet is imperceptibly thwarted, and he tilts the microphone down.

MITCH GOLD

Wow. (waits for applause to settle) First off, let me say what a tremendous pleasure to be in a room with so many esteemed immunologists tumor biologists, and leaders of oncology. My work is built from your dedication. Let's take a moment to really recognize this magnificent event.

Gold leads a round of APPLAUSE.

MITCH GOLD (CONT'D)

For me, as you saw from the video, cancer is personal. I had a very painful event in my life when my mom died of breast cancer. She was 26. I was just 4. How many people in this room, raise your hand, if  
(MORE)

MITCH GOLD (CONT'D)  
 you have a direct relative in your  
 family who's been affected by  
 Cancer? Raise your hand, keep it  
 there for a moment.

Gold scans the room, his hand raised high. Marie's hand is raised.

MITCH GOLD (CONT'D)  
 Keep it up. Keep it up. Look around  
 the room.

Nearly the entire room has their hands raised.

**INT. HILTON GRAND BALLROOM - TIMECUT**

It's post-dinner, the majority of guests are boozed by now. The atmosphere is electric with cajoling, deal-making, networking, scoring illicit affairs: business.

We spot Panzur and a group of PHARMA EXECS chatting it up.

Marie interrogates a FEMALE REP and MALE REP of a Biotech.

MARIE  
 Our earliest focus are companies at  
 least in a phase 3 trial period.  
 There's enough data to make  
 informed analysis; that is of  
 course, if you're willing to share.

They all LAUGH; inside baseball for Big Pharma and the Street. The group exchange cards and say their good-byes.

Marie turns to the crowd. She notices Dr. Hussain engaged in lively conversation, and comically/tragically, an obvious BODYGUARD hovers behind her. Hussain catches Marie. They wave to each other. Just as Marie moves to approach Hussain, Mitch Gold, charming a group of DOCTORS, enters her eye-line.

Marie holds her breath, exhales, fluffs her hair and slithers to her table, ear shot of Gold.

Marie opens her clutch; grabs a pocket mirror. We see Gold shaking hands with the doctors. His non-verbal communication feels fairly apparent: his eyes remain on the doctors, but his body already tilts toward Marie.

Marie applies lipstick with the help of a pocket mirror. She twists the mirror subtly to the group of men to spy on Gold, but he's not there. She turns to scan, but just as she does a pleasant surprise awaits her: Mitch Gold stands before her.

Gold extends his hand.

MITCH GOLD  
Mitch Gold.

MARIE  
(they shake)  
Hi, I'm Marie Huber.  
Congratulations on your award.

MITCH GOLD  
Thank you very much. Who you with?

MARIE  
A New York firm.

MITCH GOLD  
Which one?

MARIE  
I don't like to say until I'm  
certain I want to know more about  
you.

MITCH GOLD  
You're an analyst?

MARIE  
How'd you guess?

MITCH GOLD  
All the cute girls in New York  
finance are analysts.

MARIE  
(brushing it off)  
I actually like to think of myself  
as a scientist; the best weapon to  
puncture through to the heart of  
anything.

MITCH GOLD  
Puncture the heart? Now I know  
you're a hedge fund girl.

Marie takes a sip of her drink, smiles widely at Gold.

MARIE  
I've been coming to conferences  
like this for years. Never once has  
the CEO of a company ever  
introduced himself to me. You're  
the vaulted-class, you have your  
backs to the wall and accept  
(MORE)

MARIE (CONT'D)  
handshakes like the Queen of  
England. You don't need to pretend  
anymore that you don't know who I  
am. You should tell your private  
investigators to conceal their  
digital trail better.

Gold just smiles-- continuously; great pearly whites on him.

MITCH GOLD  
(suddenly jumps)  
Don't shoot!

Marie jumps. She's not amused. Mitch LAUGHS holding his  
stomach. When he settles we can see he's serious; a mix of  
charisma, intelligence, and steeliness.

MITCH GOLD (CONT'D)  
It's funny. Reading your memo, I  
thought, "this person really  
believes she's a scientist."

MARIE  
Every day more patient boards light  
up with desperation. Your stock is  
plummeting. The science is right.

MITCH GOLD  
There isn't a cancer patient board  
in the world that isn't desperate.  
As for your science, just post-hoc  
analysis rubbish.

MARIE  
Your entire survival data was post-  
hoc analysis.

MITCH GOLD  
You know nothing of what it takes  
to bring a drug to market.

MARIE  
You mean bring to market through  
intimidation? By coercing and  
rallying the spirits of day traders  
to pose as patient advocates?

MITCH GOLD  
It's a free country.

MARIE  
But that's not the real crime. The  
real crime is that you treated men  
like lab mice. Obfuscate the truth  
(MORE)

MARIE (CONT'D)

all you want, I know what you did  
and I'm confident my version of the  
truth will come out.

MITCH GOLD

Your version of the truth? Did I  
miss something? Who are you? You're  
just an analyst who makes money for  
a living. You have no seat at this  
table.

MARIE

The truth has a seat at every  
table.

MITCH GOLD

(laughs mockingly)

Are you pretending you didn't have  
a personal stake in Dendreon?

Marie's taken back. Gold looks through her.

MITCH GOLD (CONT'D)

Come on, Marie. We know. I know.

MITCH GOLD (CONT'D)

(off Marie; patronizing)

Marie, you'll be disappointed how  
this story ends. Your life could be  
in a very different place soon.  
Mine will be too. Then we'll surely  
be different. As the world talks  
about immunotherapy for the first  
time in a 100 years, ask yourself,  
what did Marie Huber contribute to  
the world?

That hurt. Marie holds her ground, but Gold senses blood.

MITCH GOLD (CONT'D)

(the killer emerges)

You don't understand human beings.  
You expect the public to  
deliberately seek truths that  
threaten their inherent need to  
believe the world is safe and just?  
Your memo is tainted, tainted by  
you. That is how this chapter will  
end. We're entering a period of the  
world where transnational  
corporations are more powerful than  
nations; where nations are nothing  
more than logos slapped over  
corporate interests, markets, and

(MORE)

MITCH GOLD (CONT'D)

infrastructure. Oncology is part of that system: a trillion dollar network comprised of millions of buzzing bees devoted to treating cancer, to study it, to care for those afflicted by it, and to search for a cure. An ecosystem of objectives all dependent on one factor: the human body's continued vulnerability to develop cancer. Nothing you or I do can effect the power of that. What happens if we stop getting cancer, or if we cure it? What if that cure is cheap, or free? What happens to the trillions of dollars in transactions? The hospitals and treatment centers built; the doctors, nurses, scientists; the lobbyists; the regulators; the multinationals? No industry can fall on its own sword; it must exist.

MARIE

What an overwrought depiction of the world. Nothing can live forever. Cancer should teach you that. It's a cell that's attempted immortality, and look what happens to its host?

(zeros in)

You make it sound like it's some biological imperative for things to continue existing on some treadmill. You personally netted thirty million dollars off men's early death at your hands. I did nothing wrong. I represented the truth fairly and I fought the right fight. Betting on my own beliefs doesn't make me feel the slightest sliver of guilt. You tell yourself your work is good; you embrace whatever myth works for you no differently than the delusional sheep who wish to bury their heads in the sand than face the hard truth. But in the end, all you do is corrupt what's important. Everything is for sale in your world. Even human life.

MITCH GOLD

And what's important, Marie? The truth? Your's? Mine? The FDA's? The patients? The truth with a capital "T"? Which one?

Gold takes a long drink. Pivots. Sincere.

MITCH GOLD (CONT'D)

When I was a kid I vied that one day I'd become a doctor to rescue my Mom. I promised my father I'd bring her back.

(reliving it)

She didn't.

A long beat passes between them.

MARIE

So what happened?

The question lingers. Mitch ruminates on it, looks around at the wealthy guests-- some of who watch them speak.

MITCH GOLD

I woke up.

Marie twitches. They remain face-to-face until Gold turns, leaves as if the conversation never happened.

MARIE POV ON GOLD as he joins a conversation with a group that includes Mr. Samuels.

Marie studies Gold a while and looks at the faces of the guests. When she's ready, she grabs her clutch and stridently walks towards the brass-edged revolving exit doors.

MATCH CUT:

**EXT. PSAM HQ - DAY**

We're behind Marie as she walks through the revolving doors.

**INT. PSAM HQ - DAY**

Marie exits the elevator with a directive guiding her. She reaches her desk, but before she can put her bag down Schoenfeld is there.

SCHOENFELD

Marie...How was ASCO?

MARIE

I don't quite know how to answer that. We need to talk.

SCHOENFELD

We do. Come to my office. (off Marie) No note pad needed.

They exchange a mutually knowing look.

**INT. PSAM HQ - PETER SCHOENFELD'S OFFICE - DAY**

Marie and Jess sit with Schoenfeld and MARCO EPSTEIN (58), the PSAM Attorney; the type who smiles while he destroys you.

MARCO EPSTEIN

The SEC has filled a subpoena against both of you.

MARIE

What?

JESS

Fuck.

SCHOENFELD

No one here is interested in long-winded explanations. We already have a good idea of what happened.

MARCO EPSTEIN

The firm is protected from this memo, but we need to hear the facts from you both. Did either of you have bets against Dendreon?

MARIE

Yes.

MARCO EPSTEIN

How much?

MARIE

\$236,000. I lost it all.

MARCO EPSTEIN

Mr. Jones.

JESS

I don't need to answer that.

SCHOENFELD

That's your right.

(to intercom)

Please bring security in. (to Jess)  
You're fired.

Two well-dressed SECURITY GUARDS enter; escort Jess away.

SCHOENFELD (CONT'D)

(to Marie)

You're not fired, yet. As far as we can tell you didn't break any laws even if you betrayed my trust.

MARIE

To talk absolutely plainly, the money hurts, a lot. But I care about something more. Sir, I'd like to ask for a leave from the firm while I pursue getting this drug off the market. This is what I want most, and I don't want to burden you with that.

Schoenfeld considers it.

MARIE (CONT'D)

None of this has unraveled how I imagined.

SCHOENFELD

You can't have it both ways. Choose a side or you end up with nothing.

MARCO EPSTEIN

We suspect the SEC knows everything. We're obliged under law to pay the legal fees, but if a deal is on the table we're taking it unless you want to fund your own defense.

MARIE

I understand.

Marie lowers her head. Schoenfeld regards her, softens:

SCHOENFELD

Marie, everyone in this industry, from us down to day traders, fantasize and plot to create volatility in our favor; to rig a bet that makes us rich. And sometimes we can; we certainly try. But in truth, the market is an expression of a much bigger world; you can never uncover and mathematically model all the factors of why things are the way they are. And you can get hurt.

Marie raises her head; she appreciates his leniency.

**INT. DEPOSITION ROOM - LATER**

Marie, with Epstein beside her, is questioned by BRIAN FITZSIMMONS, a thick-necked Irish American policeman's son.

FITZSIMMONS

I have the testimony here from Mr. Jess Jones. You're here to tell me that you did not know, or assume, whether or not Mr. Jones would send that memo out?

MARIE

I cannot possibly speak to someone's intentions or motivations.

FITZSIMMONS

But you thought that a disclosure saying, "I'm Marie Huber. I work for a hedge fund. I'm holding short positions" would have distracted people from your thesis?

MARIE

I think disclosing a financial stake lowers the probability of being taken seriously. And there are a very large number of people out there, not the least of which are Dendreon shareholders holding \$5 billion worth of stock, who would wish to distract attention away from the science and to turn the focus exclusively on a perceived conflict of interest as a way to obfuscate from the science.

Marie sticks to her guns, but we get a sense she's shooting herself in the foot.

FITZSIMMONS

The SEC is charging you as an accomplice in the leak. We're handing down a \$25,000 fine and a 6-month suspension from any securities work. You have a right to appeal and are under no obligation to accept this offer. Do you understand?

MARIE

This is bollocks. You're letting them off.

FITZSIMMONS

(ignores her)

Do you understand?

MARIE

Do you understand what you're doing? By suspending me, the voracity of evidence that 200 men were essentially killed off like lab mice will be washed over.

FITZSIMMONS

Again, I ask, do you understand?

MARCO EPSTEIN

Marie?

Marie works to control her anger. Marie nods.

MARCO EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

As a representative of Ms. Huber, these terms are accepted.

FITZSIMMONS

We're done here.

Fitzsimmons closes his binder and leaves. Marie sits silently as Epstein wraps up his things.

MARCO EPSTEIN

It's a good deal.

He leaves. Marie sits alone.

**INT. MITCH GOLD'S OFFICE - DAY**

Gold stands at the window with his hands in his pockets. His view is a glorious high-vantage point of Seattle's skyline.

CNBC plays on the flat panel from across the room. We hear Jim Cramer's voice distantly as we stay with Gold:

CRAMER (O.S.)

There are people who lost their years on Dendreon.

MORIARTY (O.S.)

And no one knows if it works.

Mitch's PHONE RINGS. He checks the screen. Doesn't answer.  
Over RINGS we now move to the TV:

CRAMER

Right. The head statistician at probably the leading cancer center in the world says, 'Here's a great way to get your drug approved: kill the placebo group.'

MORIARTY

Terrible stuff.

Back on the contemplative Gold. Phone still RINGS.

CRAMER (O.S.)

Absolutely terrible stuff.

**INT. GREENWICH MANSION - GALLERY ROOM - DAY**

The Lead Investor, who we still never see, holds a cell phone to his ear while overseeing the final stage of a CREW OF 5 installing a large rectangular installation in the center of the room. The installation is draped in a black cloth like an oversized coffin.

He gives up on the call; lowers his phone.

The cloth is pulled off revealing Damien Hirst's tiger shark suspended in formaldehyde, *The Physical Impossibility of Death in the Mind of Someone Living*.

The crew leave. The Lead Investor is breathless for a beat. He then walks in front of the face, kneels, regards it, and remains there as we peer into the mouth of the shark.

**INT. MITCH GOLD'S OFFICE - SAME**

Still at the window.

A KNOCK; his assistant, Katie, enters. Gold keeps his back to Katie throughout the scene.

KATIE

Mr. Gold. The board members have all arrived.

MITCH GOLD

Thanks Katie.

Katie is half-way out the door...

MITCH GOLD (CONT'D)  
Katie...do you like this view?

KATIE  
It's a view people dream of.

MITCH GOLD  
Is it?

KATIE  
The American dream.

MITCH GOLD  
(thinks it over)  
Thank you, Katie.

Katie exits. Gold stares out the window for a long time.

**INT. THE BARTON'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Jim Barton gingerly descends the stairs; the railing is his best friend these days. Loose-fitting pajamas and a wedding ring are all that adorn his body.

Jim steps into the living room. On a pull-out sofa to his right, fast-asleep is Kim. In front of him, Mary is asleep in a large armchair. She doesn't seem comfortable, but we sense she's living with the kind of exhaustion that takes whatever rest she can get.

Jim walks to the mouth of the kitchen and regards his and his family's life in objects: FRIDGE MAGNET PHOTOS, MUGS, STAINS, A COFFEE MAKER, IMPERFECTIONS OF CABINETRY, HIS WIFE'S CHAIR, HIS CHAIR-- the breadcrumbs of human lives.

Jim turns to his wife sleeping in the chair. He watches her closely. Then he looks closely at his daughter.

Jim approaches Mary, bends and gently kisses her on the forehead. Mary's eyes open. In half a beat Jim's smile removes her immediate call-to-action response.

JIM BARTON  
Dance with me, Mare.

Mary regards her husband a long breath, parsing its true meaning: he doesn't think he'll make the party. She holds his gaze until she joins him in accepting that.

Jim extends his hand, Mary takes it. She rises... they embrace... they remain embraced... their heads side-by-side on the other's shoulder... their hands on their backs... Jim

lifts his right foot and steps to the side... then he lifts his left foot and steps between Mary's legs... They dance.

MUSIC UP: "Nostalgia" by Mulatu Astatke, slowly comes to us.  
\*The song plays till end credits at varying intensities.

On the couch Kim's eyes are open. She remains respectfully quiet and still.

KIM POV

Mary and Jim dance, their bodies remain embraced.

**INT. JAMES ROTHMAN'S HOME - NIGHT**

It's a cocktail party of SCIENTISTS. We're on Dr. Rothman, who accepts congratulations. He excuses himself and crosses the room to meet Marie and Jit in conversation.

MARIE

Now I get to put "Dr. James Rothman, former business partner and Noble Prize winner" on my CV.  
(embracing)  
Congratulations are in massive order.

JIT

(shaking hand)  
Seriously. Amazing.

DR. ROTHMAN

It's a prize. It doesn't actually produce science!

They all LAUGH. Dr. Rothman turns his attention to Marie.

DR. ROTHMAN (CONT'D)

Marie, I'm sorry. Jit told me what happened.

MARIE

It hurts, but I'm going to stick with this. I suppose you aren't looking for a new employee?

It's said in jest, but there is much truth in jest. Dr. Rothman smiles widely; it feels like a gentle 'no.'

MARIE (CONT'D)

You deliver the hard truth so gently.

DR. ROTHMAN

I always say, if it's the truth and it hurts; it's you that is hard, never the truth.

JIT

Clever.

DR. ROTHMAN

Human life, Marie. Focus on making it better.

Marie's PHONE RINGS. She doesn't recognize the number.

MARIE

Pardon gentleman. (takes call) This is Marie.

**INT. THE BARTON'S HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING**

Kim Barton sits at the kitchen table. She has printouts in front of her, but holds Marie's memo in her hand.

KIM BARTON

Hi Marie. My name is Kim Barton. I'm the daughter of a patient who went through Provenge treatments.

Marie straightens her back.

MARIE

Oh?

We're back to Kim when she was on the couch week's earlier, peeking over the blanket's edge watching her parents dance.

KIM BARTON (V.O.)

I came across your memo on the internet. I have to confess I found your contact information on those forums. What a crazy situation.

MARIE (V.O.)

Thank you for that. This has all taught me a lot.

KIM BARTON (V.O.)

I'm a registered nurse and our family's experience with Provenge was an absolute nightmare. Our doctor took all his patients off it.

Back with Marie, who walks through the crowd.

MARIE

Oh my.

Back with Kim in the kitchen.

KIM BARTON

I just called to tell you that I'm a believer. Your science made 100% sense to me. And I know it's probably hard for you, but I just wanted to encourage you to keep going. You're doing important work, and you should know you're making an impact. It made me feel like I'm not crazy, and now families can find the information themselves before choosing treatment.

MARIE

That's such a sweet thing to say. And it really couldn't have come at a better time. I'm feeling a bit lost.

KIM BARTON

Keep going Ms. Huber. You're making a difference.

Marie straightens. Takes a deep breath. Wipes aside a small bow of tears that's emerged on her eyelid.

MARIE

Thank you. I needed this.

KIM BARTON

Come visit anytime. I'd be happy to show you everything we have.

Marie now reaches the door, looks back at the amused men, smiles. They wave. She opens the door.

MARIE

That actually sounds wonderful. Do you have his chart readings?

**EXT. 5TH AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER**

Marie exits the building onto 5th Avenue.

MARIE

I'll see you in Kansas City!

She hangs up her phone and dials a new number.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Dr. Haynes? Marie Huber...Yes, you remember me...Want to write a scientific paper?

A smile emerge across Marie's excited face.

We go high on Marie as she marches down 5th Avenue, weaving through the crowd: on fire, back in the game.

MUSIC RISING

We switch back to Kim on the couch, her eyes still peeking over the edge of the blanket. Tears well in them now. We see reflected on her eyeballs her parents dancing.

**INT. THE BARTON'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING**

Kim hangs up the phone. We're now with her at the time of Marie's call.

Kim exits the kitchen. Her mother sits on the couch watching the television. Behind her a golden balloon floats on a string attached to a wedding photo of Jim and Mary.

Kim sits beside her Mom. Now we see what they see:

On TV is an old VCR tape of Jim and Mary's wedding from 50 years earlier, that day. It's a grainy video from an era of fairytale-like dignity, where everyone dressed the part and had straight backs. The newlyweds waltz in circles in languid motion. Their faces are lined with nothing but love and celebration of the fully-embraced decision to be there for one another as the centerpiece of their lives.

As the song progresses, the figure of Jim slowly erases as he dances with his bride. We stay and witness the beloved erased from memory until we feel in our bones that this is the fragility that we fear most: all that is real, is fleeting.

When the realization hits, when the image of the woman dancing alone brings us fully home, we...

FADE TO BLACK:

The music continues over END TITLES, all of which are accompanied by found footage:

TITLE 1: "Marie Huber, Dr. Laura Haynes, and experts published a paper in the Journal of the National Cancer Institute, outlining Marie's science."

INSERT: The JNCI Publication "Interdisciplinary Critique of Provenge as Immunotherapy in Castration-Resistant Prostate Cancer"

TITLE 2: "Because of Marie's efforts and reports from doctors and patients that it didn't work, Dendreon was ultimately a failure."

TITLE 2b: "In 2014 it filed for bankruptcy, yet was rescued from bankruptcy in 2015 by Valeant Pharmaceuticals."

TITLE 2c: "Valeant also supported this guy."

INSERT: PHOTO of the smirking schmuck, Martin Shkreli.

TITLE 3: "Mitch Gold now runs a hedge fund, and is a multi-millionaire several times over."

INSERT: VIDEO of Mitch Gold accepting his award from at the National Cancer Institute.

TITLE 4: "Kim Barton is now a Palliative Care nurse, devoted to end-of-life quality and care."

INSERT: VIDEO of Kim Barton caring for an elderly patient.

TITLE 5: "Marie Huber hasn't been able to get a job again in finance, but will not quit her crusade until Provenge is 100% off the market."

INSERT: MARIE leading lectures about Provenge.

TITLE 6: "In 2012, 12 new Cancer drugs were approved, 9 of which had no survival benefit, and only 2 extended life no more than 2 months. The average cost of each of these treatments is between \$70,000 to \$115,000 annually."

TITLE 7: "Despite being labeled quackery by the establishment 100 years ago, authentic immunotherapy treatments are being heralded as the next age of cancer treatment, and have already cured many forms of the disease."

TITLE 8: "In 2011, health care spending in the United States was estimated at \$2.7 trillion dollars; alone as large as the 6th largest economy in the world and larger than the entire national budget of France."

THE END