

LITTLETON ROAD

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OVERVALUED

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OVER BLACK:

There's a faint BEAT. Growing louder.

It's a HEARTBEAT. Blood rushing through veins.

90 beats per minute--

120 beats per minute--

150 beat per minute--

BREATHING. Quick and shallow. Loud. Like our ears are plugged.

FADE IN:

INT. AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

KATE ANDERS (16). Blotchy skin. Dry mouth. Verge of a panic attack as she stands off stage waiting.

SCREECHING MICROPHONE FEEDBACK thrusts us into--

1.1

INT. AUDITORIUM - EVENT CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

1.1

An auditorium packed with men and women in suits. Four judges wait expectantly at a center table.

Kate stands on a massive stage, squinting to find her dad, **OLIVER ANDERS (30s)**, pale and looks a decade older than his age. He's her lighthouse in the dark sea of unfriendly faces.

They lock eyes; he mouths her speech in unison with her.

KATE

I'm Kate Anders and I'm honored to
be chosen by the 2038 Governor's
Science Program to present my
research on Liquid Natural Gas...

As Kate continues, we make our way through the audience to the back of the auditorium where a woman in a black suit leans against the wall.

This is **SOFIA FLORES (30s)** - finance rich, new money - watching Kate's presentation. Carefully.

1.2

EXT. EVENT CENTER - NIGHT - LATER

1.2

Sofia steps on a cigarette, next to a pile of butts that tells us she's been here a while. As she lights a fresh one, she checks an app on her phone.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN:

Asset	--	SK0791IIV
Price	--	\$426.87
Daily Change	--	+\$3.46 (+0.81%)
Monthly Change	--	+21.22 (+5.17%)
Annual Change	--	+49.08 (+13.06%)

All we really notice is that every number is green and the graph is going straight up.

Sofia refreshes the screen. The same green graph. Then--

The door opens. Kate and Oliver step out, all smiles, carrying a jumbo prize check.

SOFIA
(tossing her smoke)
Congratulations, Kate. That gaseous
state manipulation shit, wow.

KATE
Thanks.

OLIVER
(politely)
I'm sorry, who are you?

SOFIA
Sofia from GC Bank.

Sofia hands them each a business card.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
But that doesn't really matter.
What matters, to you at least, is
that the Governor's Science blah
blah blah has nothing to do with
the Governor. Or Science. It's
owned by some P.E. firm up on 35th
and Lex. And...
(Sofia nods at the check)
\$50,000 is how much they bought
your IP for.

OLIVER
That's not right. It's prize money.

SOFIA
(no pleasure in this news)
Take a look at the signup docs: the
prize money is paid out for
underlying IP. You gave them
everything for that check.

Oliver's stomach is in his throat.

OLIVER
I read the documents.

Father and daughter share a look. *Yup. It was probably too good to be true.* Sofia stands by quietly. Then:

SOFIA
I might be able to help.

OLIVER
Thank you...
(checks business card)
Ms. Flores, but we'll figure this
out on our own.

Oliver gently starts to guide Kate away.

SOFIA
I assume you've heard of the
Prodigy Market?

OLIVER
We're really not interested in
being sold anything right now.

SOFIA
I'm not selling; I'm buying and I
want my bank to buy a piece of your
daughter's lifetime earnings.

KATE
Buy my lifetime earnings?

SOFIA
A piece.
(then)
Companies put shares on a stock
market for investors to buy and
earn part of the profits. Right?

OLIVER
(to Kate)
We need to go.

SOFIA
You can do the same --

OLIVER
Please leave us alone.

Oliver starts walking, but Kate lags behind.

SOFIA
You can put shares out there, let's call it, 15% of what you earn the rest of your life. And let people buy them from you now when you need the money the most.

KATE
Why would I do that?

Sofia glances sideways at Oliver - the buzz haircut and bone thin frame - but decides not to go there. Instead:

SOFIA
To pay for the lawyer who could've looked at that paperwork. Pay for lab hours. College.

OLIVER
The market's a scam.

SOFIA
I've been on the market for...
Shit. A long time.
(re: check)
That is the scam.

Oliver is taken aback. He didn't expect that.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
I get it. Not a lot of trust in the world. I'm a banker. With an agenda. Looking to take advantage. All that is true. This isn't charity work. I'm here to make money. And you could be the one to make it, for all of us. Listen. I think you're special. I've been watching a lot of kids like you. They're special too. So. If this isn't for you. No hard feelings. I'll move on to the next.
(then)
But please trust me when I say. I wish you nothing but the best.
(MORE)

SOFIA (CONT'D)
(then; re: check)
And congratulations again.

With that, Sofia turns and walks away. A driverless black car pulls up and Sofia slides in... Kate watches her disappear.

EXT. MANHATTAN - 59TH STREET - DAY

Early morning, Sofia walks to work with her boss, **ROBERT HUGHES (58)**, rosy cheeks and kind eyes. If he weren't a banker, he may be Santa Claus.

SOFIA
If you met Kate, if you heard about
her tech, you wouldn't feel this
way. She's fucking special.

It's a normal Manhattan commute on a familiar Manhattan street, but in the distance, we hear a MUFFLED RUMBLE.

ROBERT
This is going to create bigger
problems than making money.

SOFIA
Not if we're making enough money.
I'm telling you, Bobby. This is a
no-brainer.

ROBERT
Whenever somebody calls something a
"no-brainer" that's exactly what it
turns out to be.

Robert and Sofia turn the corner from 59th Street onto--

5th AVENUE

The MUFFLED RUMBLE explodes into a CHAOTIC ROAR. Central Park bursts with aggressive, crazed protesters. Screaming and shouting, but one chant rises about the rest:

PROTESTERS
Change or die.
Change or die.

The Avenue is barred off from the Central Park protesters. Protective infrastructure has been built to help the security detail, "Northrup Grumman" on their jackets, G36 Assault Rifles and riot shields in hand.

At the border between the park and the street, SECURITY GUARDS shove protesters back, and drag others out, smashing them with batons, and arresting them.

Every protester wears camo with a red-X spray painted across the chest. And there's an endless sea of them.

Sofia and Robert approach a security station and facial recognition scanners flag them green for escort through.

This is their daily commute. Through a domestic war zone.

Two security men hold up their riot shields to traverse the terrifying one block stretch to their office.

SECURITY GUARD

Stay behind me. Keep moving. Don't stop.

They know the drill, but it never feels normal.

Sofia and Robert keep pace with their guards. Rocks and bottles CRASH into the riot shields like a hail storm.

Then, a pipe bomb lands behind them. The guard spots it.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Fuck--

And bends down to grab it and throw it. It crumples, just a paper towel roll made to look dangerous.

But the guard has left an opening with his shield and--

An object SMACKS Sofia in the face. Robert rushes in front of Sofia to block her from anything else.

Sofia glances at what hit her: a bundle of fake cash on the ground by her feet.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Keep moving!

The two security guards rush them to the entrance of their skyscraper and they step through the lobby doors into--

GLOBAL CITIZEN'S TOWER

Quieter now, but the chaos still visible through the front.

ROBERT

Are you alright?

Sofia FEELS her face. No blood. A little stirred up, but ok.

SOFIA

I'm fine.

Robert is SHAKING. Hard. As he reaches for cigarettes in his jacket pocket.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

Robert NODS. Barely passable as "alright." They continue toward the elevator bay... just another morning.

ETHER (PRE-LAP)

I've been thinking about Edwin Drake. When everyone saw black sludge, Drake saw oil.

They step into an elevator that knows which floor they're going to based on facial tags and schedules.

1.5

INT. GLOBAL CITIZEN'S TOWER - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

1.5

Sofia and Robert sit among a dozen high profile executives. Sofia is the youngest by at least a decade.

ETHER KLINT (76) is the Chief Investment Officer of the bank. Physically frail, but a lion of intelligence.

ETHER

For the last twenty-five months everyone has seen China dump treasuries, Uncle Sam fail loans, and their jobs disappear. What do we see?

MALE EXECUTIVE

Opportunity. Opportunity to be lean and agile, starting with a reorg of the high risk assets department.

SOFIA

Don't call it a department reorg, call it what it is: the dismantling of my department.

MALE EXECUTIVE

Whatever you call it, the Street will love the lower risk portfolio.

ETHER

Sofia?

Sofia glances over at Robert whose expressionless face says everything: *Don't do it.*

SOFIA

I see opportunity in the Prodigy Market.

A few of the other execs shake their heads and laugh. Sofia glances back at Robert. He's frustrated.

MALE EXECUTIVE

That market is just anonymous techies fucking around.

SOFIA

(ignores the comment)

Every sector is owned and overvalued. Energy is owned. Finance is owned, healthcare, education, defense, public services, owned, owned, owned. What's left? What's undervalued? Really, who is undervalued?

MALE EXECUTIVE

(to Ether)

Can we stop wasting time on this?

Sofia takes a small breath -- we can feel how important this is to her.

SOFIA

The global GDP is 85 trillion, all that value created by humans, working. And we don't own any of it. Not a penny of their work, or ideas, or talent.

(then)

Right now The Prodigy Market is being played with by people living in their parents' basements, throwing pennies and hoping for blackjack. And sure, a few will get lucky and make some money.

(then)

But we are an institution. We have the power to create and own a market place. We have the power to pick a kid and make sure he... or she... is a winner. Every time.

Beat.

ETHER
How would we even invest?

SOFIA
Until we build the infrastructure?
There are reputable websites that --

ETHER
Websites?

SOFIA
Just until we build a real market.

MALE EXECUTIVE
This isn't *Field of Dreams*.

There are laughs in the room.

SOFIA
Good to know your investment
strategies and movie references are
both stuck in the 1980s.

Some laughs, some shock that Sofia swung back.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
We need to be investing in the
future. I just watched a kid sell
her \$10 billion dollar idea for \$50
thousand. And it wasn't to us. If
we had picked her, we'd have had
our lawyers on her IP, we'd've
bought into her tech, we'd collect
fees on the sale, and then we'd
take our cut from her. Everyone in
this room knows the twenty ways we
can make money on this.

Ether nods, a little interested. He calmly turns to Robert.

ETHER
Robert?

All eyes turn to Robert, Sofia's most of all as she silently
begs him to back her on this. Finally--

ROBERT
The Prodigy Market is a non
starter.

ETHER
(nodding)
Well, that's that.
(MORE)

ETHER (CONT'D)
 (then)
 What's next?

Sofia CLOSES her eyes. Defeated. For the moment.

1.6 **EXT. NYACK PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL - DAY** 1.6

Outside a renovated cineplex from the 90s now a public high school, Kate heads out hugging her backpack. Swarms of kids are around her, but she walks alone.

1.7 **EXT. PRIVATIZED BUS STOP - DAY** 1.7

After school, Kate waits at a privatized bus stop as a bus with no driver pulls up. As kids pile onto the bus, Kate spots the digital pricing board:

\$15.50 - 3X SURGE RATE.

She steps aside. She'll wait for a later, cheaper bus.

1.8 **INT. PRIVATIZED BUS - DAY** 1.8

On a less crowded, driverless bus, Kate works in her notebook. The bus moves down I-287.

1.9 **EXT. THE SIDE OF I-287 - LATER** 1.9

Kate steps off the bus and is left in a small pedestrian way as the sun sets.

1.10 **EXT. RUNDOWN MOTEL 6 PARKING LOT - DAY** 1.10

Kate walks across the parking lot with her backpack, I-287 roars with traffic right behind the motel.

She looks into an old-school facial recognition scanner and the front door pops open--

1.11 **INT. RUNDOWN MOTEL 6 - CONTINUOUS** 1.11

The lobby area is vacant - no one sits at the front desk, there's no maid service, no coffee.

Kate continues past a resident who sits on one of the old hotel chairs and smokes indoors. No one is going to stop him.

1.12 INT. RUNDOWN MOTEL 6 ROOM - LATER

1.12

The once dual-queen room has been turned into a makeshift apartment. A hotplate and mini-fridge for a kitchen. Folded partitions create the illusions of privacy and 2 bedrooms.

Kate enters to see her father, Oliver, sitting at a plastic table, papers scattered before him.

OLIVER

The banker was right. They got nothing to do with the governor.

KATE

So they own my work?

OLIVER

For now.

KATE

How've they been getting away with this?

OLIVER

Probably cause they offered four times the prize money for our 'misunderstanding'.

KATE

(shocked)

We're getting two hundred thousand dollars?

OLIVER

That's what they're offering.

Kate does the mental math. It doesn't take that long. That's more money than they ever thought possible.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

(*absolutely not*)

We're not taking it.

Beat.

KATE

We need to consider it.

OLIVER

It's a bribe, Kate --

KATE

Dad --

OLIVER
It's hush money.

KATE
I know. But we need it. And I'm sure you've convinced yourself they win if we take it, but they still win if we don't. We're just poorer.

OLIVER
You take it, you might as well say you don't matter. You don't matter to the friends who have to put their families to sleep on the floors of a stadium. You don't matter to the construction crews who should have protections so your mother would still be here today. It's better to die struggling than to do the wrong thing.

Kate gets emotional.

KATE
The right thing is for you to get real treatment from real doctors, Dad. That's the right thing. And it takes money to do that.

Oliver takes a breath and hugs his daughter to comfort her. She doesn't appear comforted in the least.

OLIVER
We'll find a way. We always do.

Beat.

KATE
(pulling back from hug)
That's just not true.

As she goes to lay down behind her partition, Oliver watches quietly.

1.13 **EXT. ROOFTOP - GLOBAL CITIZEN'S TOWER - NIGHT**

1.13

Sofia and Robert smoke cigarettes with beautiful views of the nighttime city contrasting the ugly, industrial rooftop.

SOFIA
You could've supported me in there.

ROBERT

You knew I was opposed to it.

SOPHIA

Ether was gonna bite. He was going to bite until you said--

ROBERT

Fuck Ether. Let him destroy people's lives so the bank can make an extra dollar. That's his choice.

SOPHIA

Earning the bank an extra dollar is our job, Bobby.

ROBERT

You want to pick which kids will be successful, and which won't. You said it like that's a good thing.

SOPHIA

I meant that making the Prodigy Market an establishment that anyone can use is a good thing. There are tens of thousands of kids who will never get a shot unless institutional investors get involved. And the dollar signs are too good to ignore.

ROBERT

That's what we told ourselves when we privatized war and health and education and incarceration. Now we want to privatize *opportunity*? I get it. They're not people. They're data points. Pawns expendable for the King. But --

SOPHIA

That's not what I said.

ROBERT

But you use people like pawns long enough and one day, they turn around, march back down the board, and slaughter the King themselves.

(then)

That's how it plays out. Every time. And don't convince yourself this will be any different.

SOPHIA
You're so cynical about me.

Robert is taken aback by that.

ROBERT
Not true. But you're trying to move
so fast I'm worried you won't see
the big brick wall ahead until--
(smacks the back of his
hand)
--it smashes you in the face.

SOPHIA
I don't want to slow down.

ROBERT
How about just trying to pace
yourself instead?

Sofia takes that in...

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Look, I'm not always going to be on
this rooftop with you.

SOFIA
You better be.

ROBERT
Just... if I'm not, still think
about what I would've said. And
listen to whatever that is.

Sofia tosses her cigarette over the edge and laughs.

SOFIA
We both know I don't even listen to
you when you're actually up here.

Robert laughs hard and Sofia joins him.

ROBERT
Fine, just give me another fucking
cigarette then.

They laugh together and light up fresh cigarettes.

FADE TO:

Drone footage of tens of thousands of protestors flooding across Central Park. Camps show they intend to stay.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Spurred on by a Debt Crisis Bill from Senator Rodgers that included the sale of Central Park, protestors stormed the park nearly six months ago and refuse to leave.

Footage of another street that looks like 5th Ave -- chaos bursting from Central Park and bleeding into society.

REPORTER (V.O.)

These protests have evolved into groups of rioters across the country who call themselves The Eucharist.

CRUNCH - a can of food is slammed across the face of a suited man. Other protestors (now rioting) tackle security guards as the bloody can is brought back down across the man's skull.

REPORTER (V.O.)

They claim to be a peaceful opposition to the privatization of America's public goods and security nets, but violence has marred the group with at least four dead and dozens of others missing around Eucharist protests. There are bipartisan calls for stronger efforts to disperse the group.

INSERT -- SENATOR RODGERS (60s), looking like a politician.

SENATOR RODGERS

I've denounced The Eucharist and demand they be labeled a terrorist organization so that we can address them with the appropriate and necessary force.

INSERT -- The campaign bus is filled with posters of a large, smiling Noah Teller. Young and handsome. A big slogan printed under him: "America for All" and the election year - 2038.

SENATOR RODGERS (CONT'D)

I'm calling on my opponent, Council-Man Teller, to do the same. It is the only reasonable option for--

NOAH TELLER (late 30s) turns off the TV and turns to his husband, **ALEX TELLER (30s)** and campaign manager, **MIRAH SAHL (45)**.

NOAH

He needs them to be an extremist group to distract from the fact that his fucking bill is what lit the powder keg.

MIRAH

Well it's working. Polls show strong support for Rodgers' approach to The Eucharist.

NOAH

He shit the bed, and people are happy he's burning the sheets?

ALEX

According to the polls.

NOAH

You know who they're not polling? The fucking Eucharist. And they vote too.

MIRAH

Will they though?

NOAH

They're angry.

ALEX

Everyone's angry. Not everyone votes.

Noah's thinking about this opportunity.

NOAH

They will for the right candidate.

ALEX

Their 'right candidate' nationalizes US corporations.

MIRAH

Alex is right. Rodgers is exploiting it, but they are extreme. You can't court them and keep your base.

NOAH

What they want is not extreme.
Jobs, a chance, a voice. We could
have an event in Central Park--

ALEX

It's a war zone, Noah. They've
killed four people--

NOAH

--we can be their voice. We can
help them without the violence or
the fear.

ALEX

They smashed a man's head in with a
can of fucking baked beans.

NOAH

I thought it was chunky chicken
noodle.

ALEX

This is serious. I'm not ready to
be a widower. We can find other
votes.

NOAH

It's not just about votes. We can
help them.

ALEX

They don't want your help. They
hate you. Just as much as they hate
Rodgers.

NOAH

Most people get into politics to be
liked. It's why they hire kiss
asses and hold rallies for fans. I
got in to prove that I could make
the people who hate me vote for me
anyway because of ideas.

Alex struggles to debate his husband who debates for a
living. Noah softens his approach--

NOAH (CONT'D)

That's why we need to hold this
rally. For them. I need to you be
ok with that.

But Alex isn't. He's scared for his husband.

ALEX
What if I can't be?

Noah digests that. Alex always supports him; this is new.

NOAH
We'll figure it out later.

Noah kisses his husband, dodging the conversation for now.

1.15 **INT. SOFIA'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

1.15

BLARING MUSIC. Two sets of health fundamentals projected on the wall - both heartbeats spiking.

A treadmill spins full speed with no one on it.

Only half-clothed in workout gear, Sofia is on top of her naked, save the shoes, husband **JACK CRAWFORD (37)**. Looks like he spends a lot of time here, you know, actually working out.

Sofia, who has tattoos on her arms she keeps hidden at the bank, moves with her husband until they're interrupted by--

RING. RING.

The health screens switch to show an incoming call.

SOFIA
Ignore it.

Jack looks upside down at the caller ID.

JACK
(delicately)
I'm sure it's nothing, Sof--

SOFIA
Shut up.

JACK
It's Mount Sinai Hospital.

Sofia jumps off of him and grabs her cell--

SOFIA
This is Sofia Flo--

CUT TO:

1.16 **ROBERT'S DEAD BODY**

1.16

He's pale. Eyes sewn shut. It's a jarring transition. From the loud music to deathly silence.

SOFIA (O.S.)
Yeah. Yes. That's him.

1.17 **INT. MORGUE - MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL - DAY**

1.17

The nurse pulls the white sheet over Robert's head and readies to push him back into the tiny mortuary cooler.

SOFIA
He's claustrophobic. Don't...

Sofia trails off as she realizes what she's saying.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
(changing the subject)
You haven't told me how he died.

NURSE
The autopsy isn't performed until after the body is identified.

SOFIA
They know though, right?

The Nurse looks empathetically at Sofia...

NURSE
The needle was still in his arm.

Sofia is shocked but swallows it. She looks back at the white sheet; Robert's dead body underneath.

1.18 **EXT. OSIRIS DATA COLLECTION CENTER - DAY**

1.18

Kate stands in a line of people on the side of a city sidewalk. Members of The Eucharist hand out pamphlets with information about their movement.

Kate takes one. "Fear is Good" printed on the front. Kate flips through the pamphlet mindlessly as the line moves.

1.19 **INT. OSIRIS DATA COLLECTION CENTER - DAY**

1.19

A friendly FACE-ON-THE-SCREEN welcomes Kate to a computer station:

FACE-ON-THE-SCREEN
 Welcome back, Kate. Please place
 your cell phone on--

Kate sets her phone on a wireless connector and the computer jumps forward to the next sequence.

FACE-ON-THE-SCREEN (CONT'D)
 Thank you. Please insert your
 registered credit cards so we----
 (Kate does)
 How much data would you like to
 share? Remember, your data is
 anonymized and used only...

As the Face-on-the-Screen goes on about the security of the data, Kate chooses the largest package: 3-months worth of data, including bank statements, calls, internet searches, and health records.

FACE-ON-THE-SCREEN (CONT'D)
 The \$45 payment for your data
 collection will be placed on your
 primary credit card...

Kate stares at the receipt, focusing on the \$45. That's it...

She grabs her things and leaves before the Face-on-the-Screen finishes.

1.21 **EXT. FAIRFAX COUNTY OLD MONEY HOME - DAY** 1.21

A classic American red brick with lush green foliage around it that can only be maintained with a staff of people. It's not over the top; the wealth is subtle.

1.22 **INT. FAIRFAX COUNTY OLD MONEY HOME - DAY** 1.22

A lively family around the dining table for post-church Sunday Brunch. Kids, grandkids, cousins, and friends.

VERA SAX (56), the matriarch of the family, smiles at her daughter, **ELIZA (30)**, who scolds her young daughter **ALI (4)** with a look.

VERA
 She's a toddler, you can go easy on
 her.

ELIZA
 Where was that when you were my
 mother?

VERA
I still am your mother. I've just
had more experience now.

Ali cleans up her hands with her napkin. She sits upright in
her chair -- a mature, well-behaved 4-year-old.

ELIZA
Are you saying you were too tough
on us as kids? Because if so--

VERA
No. I'm just telling you that you
might be too tough on her.

ELIZA
Ahh, there she is.

Vera's phone vibrates; she checks to see who's calling.

VERA
Only because I love you...
(taps Ali on the nose)
Both.

Vera slips away from the dining room, but not before her
daughter can get out --

ELIZA
If God rested on the 7th, I think
the Fed Chair can too.

VERA
God made the world with the snap of
a finger. Some of us actually have
to work to get things done.

Vera brings the phone to her ear.

ETHER (ON PHONE)
Robert's dead.

VERA
Understood.

Vera HANGS UP, RATTLED by the news.

1.25 **INT. SOFIA'S OFFICE - GLOBAL CITIZENS TOWER - NIGHT** 1.25

Global Citizens is empty except for a lonely janitor.

Sofia sits on the ground, scrolling through her computer.

ETHER (O.S.)
We pay a lot for those chairs, you
know.

Sofia jumps up from the ground slightly embarrassed. Ether
looks at her from the doorway.

ETHER (CONT'D)
Robert was so pleased when you got
this office. Don't get me wrong, he
was happy for you, but mostly he
was pleased that he was right when
he hired you and no one else
thought we should.

Sofia avoids eye contact with Ether.

SOFIA
Did you know he was using again?

ETHER
Had I known, I think I would've
killed him myself.

Ether closes the door and lowers himself onto her couch.

SOFIA
I just don't get it.

Sofia isn't quite sure how to describe it.

ETHER
You didn't know him when he was in
deep. Can't blame him after what
happened. But Jesus, if you had
seen him then this'd be a little
less shocking now.

SOFIA
So it makes sense to you?

ETHER
Sense doesn't make it hurt any
less.

They both take a breath. Finally --

SOFIA
(handing tablet to Ether)
Can I show you something?

On screen: a \$1 wire Robert sent. In the memo: "1913 - 2038".

SOFIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Last week, Robert sent a \$1 wire
transfer with that memo.

ETHER
Where'd you get this?

SOFIA
Apparently, I'm executing his will.

ETHER
(maybe surprised, maybe
not)
No shit.

SOFIA
I think they look like birth and
death dates, but no one is 125
years old, so... I don't know.

Ether takes a second to process that information. Then --

ETHER
Who'd he send the wire to?

SOFIA
Holding corps. I can't track the
ownership.

ETHER
Do you have a guess?

SOFIA
No idea. I'd say his dealer, but
last I checked, smack cost more
than a buck.

Ether looks at Sofia sympathetically.

ETHER
I know you'll miss him. I will too.
But I wouldn't try to hold on to
him with bank statements. Most
people try pictures.

Ether hands her a framed picture of Robert and Sofia
accepting a banking award together. Smiling ear to ear.

ETHER (CONT'D)
When they were clearing out his
office I had them save this for
you.

Sofia can't look at the picture afraid of tearing up in front of Ether. She manages to get out:

SOFIA

Thank you.

1.26 **INT. NOAH'S HOME - MORNING**

1.26

Noah and Alex watch a crew set up a shoot in the living-room of their beautiful suburban home. Noah is perfectly groomed; Alex a bit more flustered.

ALEX

I don't know why I have to be in front of the camera.

NOAH

New Yorkers love you more than they love being New Yorkers.

ALEX

I don't want to defend anything for a million people to dissect.

NOAH

You won't have to defend The Eucharist. I swear.

Mirah comes over and fixes a piece of Alex's hair.

MIRAH

They are ready for you two.

Alex shoos her away from his hair.

ALEX

That's Noah's job.

MIRAH

He's doing a shit job.

NOAH

You look great. Let's go.

CUT TO:

Noah and Alex sit next to each other on their couch mid interview. Noah is a new man when the cameras are on - perfect and polished.

NOAH (CONT'D)

--of course, I denounce the violence.

(MORE)

NOAH (CONT'D)

It's safe to say The Eucharist denounces that violence just as strongly.

INTERVIEWER

But leaders of The Eucharist haven't made any such statements.

NOAH

Leaders? This is an organic movement of disenfranchised Americans. They're not organized by an individual, but by an idea.

INTERVIEWER

An idea that the 1% should be afraid.

NOAH

They should be.

Alex glances over ever so briefly at his husband... Slight concern.

INTERVIEWER

I'm sorry, Council-Man Teller, you agree with their fear based agenda?

NOAH

No, I agree that we should be afraid of a status quo that forces everyone but the 1% to be asking: Will I ever get a job? Will it ever pay enough for my family? Or will we end up in the Stadiums? Will my kids ever have a chance? Will it get better? Or will it be worse?

INTERVIEWER

And how do you intend to answer those questions?

NOAH

The Eucharist wants the few public goods that remain to not be bought by corporations, cheapened, and sold for profit back to those who desperately need them. Because that's what's been happening.

Noah is impassioned, whether sincere or not, he's turning it on perfectly.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I'm mean we've sold our schools,
our healthcare, our water, our
police, our child services, our
Medicare. Let us have a damn park.

Mirah almost fist pumps behind the cameras. She can hear 'let us have a damn park' trending on social media.

NOAH (CONT'D)

And then, we start taking back some
of the other things and give them
to the people again too. Because
despite what the markets seem to
believe, the value of America is in
its people not its things.

INTERVIEWER

These are big ideas, but where can
you start with something like this?

NOAH

We start by actually talking to The
Eucharist, rather than vilifying
them. Which is why I'm holding a
campaign event in Central Park.

The Interviewer is surprised -- we've seen the footage of
Central Park. She turns to Alex:

INTERVIEWER

Mr. Teller, how do you feel about
this?

He's hurt. Noah put him in a an impossible spot, forcing him
to agree while they're on air.

ALEX

My husband is a remarkable man who
wants to fight for every American.
(then)
I'm proud of him.

Alex bites his teeth and smiles... waiting for the painful
seconds to tick by until he can get the fuck off camera.

1.27 **INT. SOFIA'S CONDO - NIGHT**

1.27

Sofia sets down a scotch glass on an open piece of mail.

JACK

Fuck your investors for this. You
should appeal.

INSERT PIECE OF MAIL --Prodigy Market Investor Request

Request: Psychological Exam

Investor Vote: 87% vote in favor of the exam

Please report to...

SOFIA (O.S.)

They got a lot of money tied up in
me. I get it.

We don't have time to read the rest before brown liquid is
splashed into the glass.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Just wish they didn't have to put
on a dog and pony show to justify
their sell off.

JACK

There's no reason for them to sell.

Jack lights a cigarette in his mouth and hands it to her.

SOFIA

They're afraid. But they'll sell a
little and feel a little better. It
hurts, but I can survive.

Before Jack responds:

RING. RING. Sofia looks at a screen in their living room to
see who's calling --

It's Kate.

1.28 **EXT. PARKING LOT - NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT** 1.28

Sofia steps out of the backseat of another driverless black
car and toward the ivy-covered exterior of the old library.

KATE (V.O.)

I love this library.

Sofia pushes through the old, oak doors--

1.29 **INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT** 1.29

Only feet into the library, she's stopped by a turnstile and
a computer with instructions.

SOFIA (V.O.)

Smells like mildew.

Sofia stops to swipe her credit card before she's allowed to enter the library... it's no longer a public good.

1.30 **INT. HEART OF THE LIBRARY - LATER**

1.30

Sofia and Kate walk through mazes of bookshelves stretching toward the ceiling. Dusty. A familiar ghost town that feels like a relic of the past encompasses the women.

KATE

It was built in 1897; it's allowed to have a little stink. Been alive longer than any human on the face of the Earth.

Sofia thinks about that for a beat.

SOFIA

Still stinks.

Kate laughs. THEN:

KATE

I think I want to do it.

SOFIA

Ok. Good.

KATE

But. Do you regret it?

SOFIA

I wouldn't be selling it to you if I regretted it.

KATE

Some people would.

Sofia smiles.

SOFIA

You're too young to remember, but there was a time when regular people had jobs. I mean, look at your dad, what'd he run, five, six hotels?

KATE

Six.

SOFIA

My mom was the chief mechanic at a dealership.

(MORE)

SOFIA (CONT'D)

It was hard work, but she was able to put a few bucks of every paycheck towards a better future for me, and so, she loved that job.

(then)

But after the crash my better future had to pay the rent instead of Stanford. It's ok, I'll go to a cheaper state school, I said. Nope. The States need money so they sell the schools to Veritas Private Equity who jack up tuition. Ok, I said, student loans. Nope. The Fed can't afford the loans now that tuition's up.

Sofia shakes her head and laughs at the absurdity of that.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

The world before was *almost* impossible, but there was still a ladder to climb. However rickety it was. Then, the ladder was finally smashed to fucking bits and there was only one shitty rung left. So I jumped up and grabbed it. And that's what I used to climb up. So no, I don't regret it.

KATE

Have you ever felt like your investors forced your hand? Made choices for you?

SOFIA

No.

Off Kate's look:

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Look, if I had tried to quit my job to become a freelance poet, sure, maybe they'd make me get a salary. But as long as you're working, your investors are happy.

KATE

What about you? Are you happy?

And there it is. The age old question.

SOFIA

Am I happy? What is happy?

KATE
Are you satisfied?

SOFIA
Never. I'll run until I'm dead. But
that has nothing to do with the
market.

KATE
So why would I want to do that with
my life?

SOFIA
(re: running)
Because I'm in great fucking shape.

KATE
I'm not though. I'm not sure if I'm
ready to deal with investors or
even worse, those psychoanalysis
sessions.

Sofia smiles like its no big deal.

SOFIA
Those are nothing. Something
stressful happens, I go to a
psychiatrist. That's all.

KATE
You go to a psychiatrist or you're
forced to go?

SOFIA
I'm asked to go.

KATE
And if you don't?

Sofia writes something on a piece of paper and hands it to
Kate.

SOFIA
The shrink sessions are closed to
non-investors, but if you really
want to see what it's like, tune
in. They're not that scary.

Kate takes the paper and thinks.

KATE
 (stating the obvious)
 Even if I decide to do this, I
 don't have another Liquid Natural
 Gas in my back pocket.

SOFIA
 Let's see what the bank can do.

KATE
 I signed a contract.

SOFIA
 Come on now, Kate. Do you how
 easily paper can be torn?

Kate digests it all.

KATE
 You would do this? If you were me?

SOFIA
 I already was you.

Sofia smiles.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
 Me and you? We weren't born
 inheriting the Earth. We have to go
 out there, and we have to take it.

As Sofia packs up her things to leave. She stops.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
 And Kate? I lied that night at the
 talent show. There's no one out
 there as special as you.

1.31 **EXT. MET LIFE STADIUM - NIGHT**

1.31

The stadium is defunct. Abandoned cars, shopping carts, and
 tent fires punctuate the vacant parking lots.

A man in sleek joggers, blue surgeon's gloves, and a hoodie
 pulled tight around his skull walks past.

Straight up to the stadium and through the unguarded gates.

1.32 **INSIDE MET LIFE STADIUM**

1.32

He is absorbed into a bustling but impoverished community. Tents line the hallways. Crates form makeshift bodegas. Everything you need or want can be bought or traded for.

As the man works his way to higher floors past families, drug addicts, and prostitutes, we circle to his front--

His face is covered by a surgeon's mask and his eyes are mirrored with contact lenses.

He walks up to an old club-box guarded by armed men and hands one a folded piece of paper sealed with black wax.

The guard breaks the wax seal and inspects. He nods toward the door; the other guard lowers his gun.

MIRRORED-EYED-MAN walks past them and into --

1.33 **THE CLUB-BOX**

1.33

It's a mini-world of luxury, stark contrast to outside. An executive office you would've expected at Bear Stearns.

The Mirrored-Eyed-Man is approached by a woman who people call **CHARLIE (40)**, but it's probably not her name. She carries around a bowl of salad and eats it with her hands.

CHARLIE

You can take off the mask in here.
We're not doing DNA sweeps or
retinal scans.

The man hands her a manila envelope. Charlie sets down her salad and licks her fingers clean before grabbing it.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

And you can talk, too. We can be,
uhh, maybe not real friends, but we
can be work friends.

The Mirrored-Eyed-Man just extends a hand - expectantly.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Alright. You do you.

Charlie smacks an envelope of cash in his palm. He counts.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Remember, the most important thing
is that you have fun.

The Masked Man says nothing, stuffs the cash in his hoodie and heads out as quickly as he came.

Charlie takes the manila envelope she got from the Masked Man and uses a candle to drip some black wax on the edge.

She stamps it.

CLOSE UP ON THE WORDS: *The Underbelly* imprinted in the seal.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Hey, big guy. I need you to deliver
this.

She hands one of her guards the envelope.

MATCH CUT:

1.34 **THE MANILA ENVELOPE** 1.34

Still sealed shut with black wax. Hands fiddle with the edges like they're debating opening it. Hands that belong to--

ETHER

He sits next to Vera, the Fed Chair, in--

1.35 **INT. BLACK CAR - NIGHT** 1.35

Driverless. Luxurious.

VERA
You don't have to open it.

Ether ignores the advice and peels open the envelope. He pulls out the contents.

INSERT: A photo of Robert in his bed. Vomit on his cheek and pillow. Needle in his arm. Dead.

VERA (CONT'D)
You did the right thing.

ETHER
I hope so because it doesn't
fucking feel like it.

VERA
The feeling will go away.

Vera removes her wig and scratches her bald scalp underneath. The wig no longer hides what the chemo has done to her.

VERA (CONT'D)

You know the consequences if we didn't do it. This little experiment we call The United States comes to a screeching, fucking halt.

ETHER

Robert knew that. He still thought that'd be better than what we're doing.

Vera takes a large pill from her purse. Swallows without water.

VERA

Not to be cold, but Robert already lost his family. He didn't have anyone to worry about. We have daughters and grandkids who have to inherit the world we give them.

(then)

I don't want to be doing what we have to do any more than you, but here we are.

ETHER

You've given that speech before, hmm?

Ether takes the photo back and stuffs it into the envelope. He takes a lighter and sets the whole packet on fire.

VERA

I give it to myself. Every night.

The car stops. As Ether rolls down the window and throws the flaming packet out, Vera puts her wig back on just before--

Vera's door is opened by a flight attendant. Her carry-on ready and a private jet waiting.

EXT. NEW YORK UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Old money in the big city. A regarded establishment of education holding the Senatorial Debate.

DEBATE MODERATOR (V.O.)

And that's all for the second debate for New York's hotly contested Senate seat.

INT. SENATE DEBATE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Noah Teller waves at a cheering crowd from behind his podium.

DEBATE MODERATOR
Thank you to the candidates, New
York University, and Veritas
Education Group.

Noah crosses the stage to shake hands with Senator Rodgers,
who returns with a warm smile.

CUT TO:

BACK STAGE HALLWAY

NOAH
Lie all you want, but don't go out
there and say I'm promoting
violence when I'm the only one
trying to listen.

SENATOR RODGERS
You promote a violent group, Noah.
Therefore, you promote violence.

NOAH
And what's your plan: carpet
bombing Central Park?

SENATOR RODGERS
My plan is to get elected. The way
you're running your campaign,
that's apparently not yours.

Noah grinds his teeth. He wants to rip this guy's tongue out
but isn't going to take the bait.

SENATOR RODGERS (CONT'D)
Let's be honest: you're an amateur.

NOAH
Fuck you.

SENATOR RODGERS
See.

Noah is pissed at himself for reacting.

SENATOR RODGERS (CONT'D)
I'm up double digits because I know
what to care about and what not to.
You?

(MORE)

SENATOR RODGERS (CONT'D)
 You're all worked up about
 everything. Including a bunch
 violent extremists.

NOAH
 They should matter.

SENATOR RODGERS
 They should. They don't.
 (then)
 Goodnight, Noah.

The Senator turns and walks away.

1.37 **INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - PREP ROOM - CONTINUOUS** 1.37

In a small room, Sofia stands naked, hands above her head
 like she's going through airport security.

A scanner moves down the wall and the lights turn green.

Sofia puts her clothes back on. But before she puts her
 shirt on, she takes a heart monitor from a table and wraps it
 around her chest

PSYCHIATRIST (O.S.)
 How do you feel losing your mentor?

She puts her shirt on and then attaches two electrodes to her
 temples and a monitor on her left pointer finger.

SOFIA (O.S.)
 Not good.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

Sofia sits in a chair facing a screen with a smiling
 PSYCHIATRIST looking back at her. The electrodes and finger
 monitors are connected to jacks on the wall.

PSYCHIATRIST
 Can you tell me a little bit more?

Sofia moves in her seat, uncomfortable.

SOFIA
 It's really hard to tell which
 emotion it is. Sometimes it feels
 like confusion, sometimes fear.
 (then)
 I prefer when it feels like fear.
 (MORE)

SOFIA (CONT'D)
At least that's a productive
emotion.

PSYCHIATRIST
Why do you say that?

SOFIA
Sadness shuts the body down. Fear
makes you push harder.

PSYCHIATRIST
At work?

SOFIA
At work. At home. Everywhere I
guess.

PSYCHIATRIST
And do you expect your mentor's
death to impact your career?

SOFIA
He's not just my mentor.

The Psychiatrist lets the moment hang...

SOFIA (CONT'D)
Can we just call him Bobby?

PSYCHIATRIST
Will Bobby's death impact your
career?

SOFIA
No.

BEEP.

PSYCHIATRIST
Our monitors suggest that is likely
a lie.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL SIX - DAY

On the old laptop, wearing headphones under the covers, Kate
watches the interview. In the lower left corner of the
screen, we can see she's viewer 1,967...

SOFIA (ON VIDEO)
Ok. I'm concerned how I'll fare
without him.

...and on the right corner of the screen, we see a downward sloping graph:

Asset	--	SKO791IIV
Price	--	\$286.87
Daily Change	--	-\$7.46 (-2.83%)
Monthly Change	--	-26.22 (-7.17%)
Annual Change	--	-70.08 (-17.06%)

All RED. But what's important this time is we realize we are looking at *Sofia's Prodigy Market* value that she's been *obsessing over* and it's now plummeting with every ounce of humanity.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

He gave me the courage to take chances. Normally, people like me can't even contemplate change, let alone chance.

PSYCHIATRIST (O.S.)

You don't think you had the opportunity to take chances?

SOFIA

No. If I were to slip up, even a little, who could protect me? Or help. Even if they wanted to.

This is the most still we've seen Sofia.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

No one until Bobby. Suddenly, I could take big swings. And you know what? I hit them. Most of the time, I fucking nailed them. But I could only do that because of him.

The enormity of Robert's death washes over Sofia.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

The truth is, I don't know what my career looks like without Bobby. I don't know what my life looks like without him. But all I can do is keep moving and find out.

The Psychiatrist looks at the monitor. No BEEP.

BACK TO:

KATE'S BEDROOM

Kate stares at her Prodigy Market application; she hears her dad COUGH through the thin partition; he's right there. Right there as she --

Uses the touchpad to forge his signature.

CLICKS SUBMIT.

And closes her laptop. It's done.

INT. BLACK CAR - DAY

Post psychiatrist appointment, Sofia and Jack sit across from each other in the car.

JACK

You did good. Great.

Sofia's mind hasn't stopped racing since she had to talk about Robert's death.

SOFIA

He was fine. That night on the roof. In the meeting. On our walk. He was fine. He was sober. For a long time. No back slides.

(pause)

And then?

JACK

You have no idea what was going through his head. Behind closed doors.

Sophia GAZES out the window, THINKS, NODS. Jack's not wrong. And still?

SOFIA

Kate said some random thing to me at the library. Said it was older than anybody else on Earth. Like it was alive.

(then)

1913-2038. The memo on the \$1 wire. You remember that?

JACK

Yeah. But it's just a weird thing, Sof. Nothing more.

SOFIA

The Federal Reserve was started in 1913.

Jack processes what Sofia is suggesting.

JACK

You think Bobby was saying it will
end this year? What would that even
mean?

Beat.

SOFIA

The end of the Federal Reserve is
the end of the modern economy. It's
an institution that's not supposed
to die. That's the whole point.

Jack's face shows confusion and concern.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

I know, it's ridiculous. Forget it.

She may believe that it's ridiculous, but we know she's not
going to be able to forget it.

1.41 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

1.41

In silence.

Oliver sits immovable in one of the shitty, plastic chairs.
Elbows on his knees, staring at nothing. Definitely not
looking at--

Kate, so far on the edge of the other chair she could be
kneeling in front of her dad. Begging for forgiveness.

Finally...

OLIVER

I'm going to submit a claim. You
forged my signature. It'll
invalidate --

KATE

You can't do (that, Dad) --

OLIVER

Why the hell not?

KATE

(barely a whisper)
It's fraud. I committed fraud. If
you turn me in...

Oliver digests that but has nothing to say. Still never looking at his daughter. He can't.

KATE (CONT'D)
I just... this was our only option.
And it's a good one. We have money
now. Money that we need and it's
just 15%.

Oliver doesn't react. There's nothing she can say that would ever convince him otherwise.

KATE (CONT'D)
Please, Dad. I was just trying to
help. I don't want you to struggle.
You shouldn't... I'm sorry.

Oliver finally looks at Kate, but it's the way someone with Alzheimer's looks at the ones they used to love... searching for recognition that isn't there.

OLIVER
I'm not angry at you.

He pushes himself up from the cheap chair.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
I just need to go for a walk.

He heads to the door and leaves without another word.

Kate is crushed. So drained from the disappointment that she can't find the energy for emotion. She stumbles to her room and reaches for her computer when she spots something--

INSERT - The Pamphlet from The Eucharist

--sits among a small pile of papers on her desk. The provocative "Fear is Good" slogan asking her to open it.

She takes it and flips through.

1.42 **INT. ETHER'S OFFICE - DAY**

1.42

Sofia enters and Ether looks up from his massive desk in his massive office.

ETHER
Sofia--

Ether motions toward the couch. She sits, leaving the office door cracked just a bit.

ETHER (CONT'D)

I got your email. It's not the right time.

SOFIA

I understand.

ETHER

Thank you.

Sofia adjusts and then:

SOFIA

You know, I figured out what Robert's wire means.

Ether pushes his screens aside to look directly at Sofia.

ETHER

For someone with a multibillion-dollar portfolio, you're awfully obsessed with a one dollar transaction.

SOFIA

I think we should file a report with the SEC.

ETHER

And my doctor thinks I should get a colonoscopy, but I don't like people snooping around my shit.

SOFIA

If Robert was involved in something, or on to someone, we should be out ahead of it. An SEC investigation will put (us ahead--)

ETHER

Sofia, dear, the SEC doesn't investigate on a buck and hunch.

SOFIA

Someone at the Fed worked with someone at this company to hide suspicious account activity from a dead, high-ranking bank executive.

ETHER

Have you heard of the term confirmation bias? Because before you continue to jeopardize your future, I would look it up.

SOFIA
That dead executive called the Fed
Chair thirteen times the week
before his death.

This is it. Sofia's going to burn the fucking system to the
ground.

ETHER
And how exactly do you know that?

SOFIA
Its amazing how easy it is to get
details about someone when you have
all of their passwords in life.

She keeps going.

ETHER
So what? He's a banker calling the
Fed.

SOFIA
Fed Chair. On her personal cell.
Thirteen times. In a week.

ETHER
(what's your point)
And?

SOFIA
And eleven of those times he looped
you into the call. Now I don't know
exactly what the fuck is going on,
but I think an investigation might
help shine a little light.

Ether takes just a moment to decide his next move. Then:

ETHER
You're about to ruin a career you
worked very hard for.

Sofia doesn't flinch.

SOFIA
Fine. Let's make all of these
questions disappear.

Ether gets it. Does the audience yet?

ETHER
What do you want?

We do now. This is the moment we realize Sofia isn't going to burn it down. She's going to find the next, shitty rung on the ladder to pull herself up further.

SOFIA

I want Robert's position: pay,
title, responsibility.

ETHER

And you want a Prodigy Trading
Division for the bank.

Sofia swallows, barely noticeable.

ETHER (CONT'D)

What would Robert think of that?

SOFIA

It doesn't matter what Robert
thinks. What do you think? Is it
worth an SEC investigation?

Ether clears his throat and smiles, a tiny indication that Sofia has him cornered.

ETHER

I'm not the most powerful man in
the world, but I'm pretty fucking
close, and you're willing to
threaten me for what? For the bank
to buy equity in some kids.

Ether shakes his head thinking about it.

ETHER (CONT'D)

Are you sure you don't want to
rewind the clock to five minutes
ago? Because we can still do that.

SOFIA

We both know I can't. Not anymore.

Ether nods... so be it.

ETHER

Well then, let me be the first to
congratulate you on your new
position and new division.

SOFIA

Thank you, sir.

As Sofia gets up to leave, Ether stops her.

ETHER

A piece of advice now that you're in the big leagues. If you're going to make threats, you better be perfect. Absolutely perfect.

SOFIA

You know what, while we're giving advice, I have a little for you.

Ether stares at her. Cold.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

You think right now that an SEC investigation is the worst thing that can happen, but I assure you, the worst thing that can happen to you is me turning up dead. Ok?

Ether heaves himself up and walks right past Sofia to the door. He grabs the handle, but before he opens--

ETHER

It's funny. Not too long ago, a dead guy told me the exact same thing.

And then he opens the door. It's time for her to leave.

1.43 **INT. CAR - DAY**

1.43

Noah and Mirah sit in a driverless car together, passing a sea of protestors in Central Park.

We can hear the chaos, but can't make out what's being screamed at his car as they pass.

MIRAH

You don't have to do this.

CUT TO:

1.44 **INT. ETHER'S OFFICE - DAY**

1.44

Ether sits with a phone to his ear. RING. RING. RING. Someone picks up on the other end.

ETHER

We've got a problem.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB BOX - MET LIFE STADIUM - DAY

Charlie hands a fresh envelope to the Mirrored-Eyed-Man. He takes it and walks out.

BACK TO:

INT. ETHER'S OFFICE - DAY

Ether holds his head in stress.

VERA (ON PHONE)
You think it's her husband with the
information? We can fix that.

Ether doesn't like the implications.

ETHER
I think she's too smart for that.

VERA (ON PHONE)
Smart people make mistakes.

ETHER
We're pretty fucking smart. Let's
not make any.

Ether hangs up --

CUT TO:

EXT. NOAH'S HOME - DAY

The Mirrored-Eyed-Man hurries to a back door. A "Vote for Noah Teller" flag proudly waves above the home.

The Mirrored-Eyed-Man steps into the kitchen. He takes a pistol with a silencer and lays it gently on the island.

Just as we think the Mirrored-Eyed-Man is here for a hit on Noah, he lowers his hoodie, strips off the surgeon's mask, and removes mirrored contacts.

It's Alex. A hitman.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

Noah rolls down the window. Just an inch, and suddenly we can make out the chant.

PROTESTERS
 Fuck You Teller.
 (clap clap clap-clap-clap)
 Fuck You Teller.

Noah rolls the window back up.

NOAH
 May I have my phone?

CUT TO:

INT. NOAH'S HOME - BASEMENT - DAY

Naked, Alex dissolves his clothes, mask, and gloves in a plastic bin of acid.

His phone next to him vibrates: Noah. It sits next to the envelope sealed with black wax.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

DEAFENING. From inside the chaos.

Protesters thrusts signs into the air:

- Photo of Noah with a red-X across his face;
- A spoofed Noah poster that says "America for Me";
- Noah's graduation picture with "Fuck R.E.A.s"

NOAH (V.O.)
 Hey babe, umm, I just...
 (changes his mind)
 I was thinking this Saturday we
 should order take out. Spend the
 whole day in bed.

The protestors are barely contained by a perimeter of threatening guards.

CUT TO:

INT. NOAH'S HOME - BASEMENT - DAY

Alex removes bricks under their staircase that reveals a hidden safe.

NOAH (V.O.)
 We can watch all those shitty
 dating shows you can't get enough
 of. Drink wine. Make up for a lot
 of missed weekends lately.

Alex opens up the safe -- it's full of surgeon masks, gloves,
 and black joggers.

Before he places the sealed envelope inside, he pulls out the
 picture of his next hit: SOFIA.

BACK TO:

INT. NOAH'S CAR - DAY

NOAH
 (from the bottom of his
 heart)
 I love you.

Noah kisses the phone and hangs up.

He smiles at Mirah, and as the door opens, the sound of his
 name being chanted envelops him: *Fuck you Teller. Fuck you
 Teller.*

CUT TO:

1.47 **EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY**

1.47

Kate watches the thousands of Eucharist Members in Central
 Park -- Manhattan skyscrapers shadowing them in the distance.
 She heads toward the entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. ROBERT'S OLD OFFICE - DAY

Sophia has Kate's Prodigy profile on her screen.

KATE ANDERS -- Asset ID KTA1108II. A photo of Kate. The
 cursor moves to --> NEXT.

75,000 shares available for KTA1108II. The bid is filled out.
 All 75,000 shares --> NEXT

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Kate goes deeper and deeper into the crowds of people in all camo with red-X's across their chests.

The thick crowd is suffocating. It's like pushing to the front of a massive, hostile concert.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - ELSEWHERE - DAY

Noah walks directly into the crowd.

Bundles of fake-cash, president's face masks, and empty cans of spray paint are thrown at him. Noah keeps his chest up and a hand raised to block things from hitting him in the face.

CUT TO:

1.50 **INT. ROBERT'S OLD OFFICE - DAY**

1.50

Sofia stares at her computer, contemplating the first investment ever made by a major bank on the Prodigy Market.

She clicks over to a new window:

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN:

Asset	--	SK0791IIV
Price	--	\$436.42
Daily Change	--	+\$61.46 (+15.11%)
Monthly Change	--	+31.52 (+8.90%)
Annual Change	--	+59.19 (+13.06%)

That bright green graph showing a huge jump in Sofia's value. She's worth the most she's ever been. She PAUSES --

CUT TO:

1.51 **EXT. CENTRAL PARK - ELSEWHERE - DAY**

1.51

PROTESTER 1 holds out a camo sweatshirt.

PROTESTER 1
You with us?

PSHHHH. PSHHHH. A red X is spray painted across the chest and then it gets handed to Kate, who holds it in her hands and stares at the red-X that looks right back at her.

Kate debating. *Should she wear it?* She PAUSES --

CUT TO:

1.52 **EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY**

1.52

As Noah PAUSES --

This is the time. This is the place.

We pull back and see thousands of people all circled around Noah. Right now, they're ready to kill him. But he has their attention.

CUT TO:

1.53 **INT. ROBERT'S OLD OFFICE - DAY**

1.53

Sofia glances briefly at the photo that Ether gifted, of her and Robert, accepting the award.

She clicks back over to Kate's Prodigy page; hits CONFIRM.

And just like that, Kate becomes Sofia's asset.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE

