

The Great Trade

Viraat Das

Draft

**FADE IN:**

A man in an office looking looking at screen. The screen is flickering with lines from his portfolio.

Camera switches to a clock on a wall. The time is 9:29 with the second hand showing 45 seconds.

Market is about to open.

Camera pans back to the man suspensefully looking at his screen. Market opens and there is market activity.

**Dramatic music starts to play**

Lines on his screen are going down. His portfolio is crashing. He is panicking. He hovers over the sell button to close his position.

**Music is getting more intense**

Camera moves to the man's forehead. A sweat rolls down his forehead and his breathing gets heavy.

He gets a phone call. He picks his phone and throws it against the wall.

The clock pans to the clock again. It's 9:44. 14 minutes have passed since the market opens but his portfolio is still negative.

Camera moves to his mouse and he is about to click the left button but his portfolio starts to move up.

He holds on.

**Fades to another scene**

5 years ago

In a coffee shop

THOMAS  
What defines greatness?

MINT  
What?

THOMAS  
Greatness. What is it?

MINT  
(clueless face)

THOMAS  
Post mortem memory

MINT  
(clueless face)

THOMAS  
People not forgetting that you  
existed once you leave

MINT  
(now a bit more  
interested)  
History doesn't have enough room to  
capture everyone who has  
significantly impacted it

THOMAS  
That means you weren't significant  
enough. You didn't distinguish  
yourself from the population at the  
time.

MINT  
Is that what you called me to  
discuss me? I'm not in the mood for  
one of your other existential  
clobber of ideas shoved -

THOMAS  
OK. I know how we are going to do  
it.

MINT  
THOMAS stop. Please. You have a  
great job. There is no need to hold  
on to this obsession. Gone are the  
days when you can just read stock  
(MORE)

MINT (CONT'D)

market and symbols and come up with  
(air quotes) "clever" analysis.  
Algorithms are the new stock market.

THOMAS

Every single fucking day I wake up  
and study those same algorithms. For  
fuck sake I have invented like a  
quarter of them currently being used  
-

MINT

THEN WHY? Why do you need to -

THOMAS

MINT HISTORY DOESN'T REMEMBER PEOPLE  
LIKE ME. (then quietly) I'll be  
forgotten. Just like everyone else.  
It's as if I was never born.

MINT

There will be people. Me, the people  
you have worked with

THOMAS

**Scene transitions to a scene where  
Thomas is standing on top of a tall  
building and camera pans downwards  
to streets. He is standing on the  
ledge. He continues to speak as the  
camera transitions. It switches  
between the coffee shop and the  
building.**

YOU GUYS WILL DIE AND VANISH.

EVERYONE WILL. (almost a tear  
forming) I'm scared Mint.

I'm scared. I'm so scared. There is  
nothing that gives my life meaning.  
This is pointless.

**This line ends with Thomas putting  
his legs out**

MINT

Oh stop it. People care about you.  
You matter.

THOMAS

At the end of this fuckery though  
does it matter that I mattered to  
you guys.