

INDUSTRY.

EPISODE 104

written by

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SHOOTING SCRIPT

13th September 2019



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CAST LIST

ASSISTANT

AUBREY LEWIS

CHRIS

CLEMENT COWEN

COLETTE STERN

DARIA GREENOCK

DUNCAN

ERIC TAO

GREG GRAYSON

AUGUSTUS 'GUS' SACKY

HARPER STERN

JACKIE WALSH

KENNY KILBANE

NICOLE CRAIG

OTHER DUNCAN

REDHEAD

RISHI RAMDANI

ROBERT SPEARING

SEB OLDROYD

THEO TUCK

VENETIA

YASMIN KARA-HANANI

LOCATION LIST

INTERIOR

PIERPOINT

TRADING FLOOR

CPS DESK

FX SALES DESK

MIDDLE OFFICE

KITCHENETTE

LOBBY

FOYER

MEN'S TOILET

OUTSIDE TOILETS

GYM. CYCLE CLASS

FEMALE CHANGING ROOM

SHOWER

GUS AND ROBERT'S FLAT

ROBERT'S ROOM

GUS' ROOM

KITCHEN

LIVING ROOM

SCHOOL HALL

SCHOOL TOILET CUBICLE

UBER LUX

THE EAGLE PUB

DISABLED TOILET

EXTERIOR

PIERPOINT

OUTSIDE FRONT OF PIERPOINT

OUTDOOR SMOKING AREA

TRAFFIC ISLAND

UBER LUX

1

INT. PIERPOINT. TRADING FLOOR. CPS DESK - DAY
(CLEMENT, DARIA, ERIC, GREG, GUS, HARPER)
(RISHI, ROBERT, YASMIN)
(KENNY, JACKIE, TASH)

1

End of the trading day. The desk has the energy of a battle just finished. Eric claps his hands. Harper and the rest of the team swivel their chairs around to face him. Greg, Rishi and Gus walk over.

ERIC

Guys' it's payrolls tomorrow. Can we make sure we're not taking lunch off the desk, please.

DARIA

If the labour market somehow contrives to give us eight years of Trump, I don't know what I'll do.

GREG

Most likely nothing.

Daria stares at Greg playfully.

HARPER

I've built an indicators monitor - weekly jobless claims, credit card arrears, Google searches for vacancies - all rolling over.

GUS

Good edge.

HARPER

(fuck off Gus)
I'll circulate it. It's a finger in the air, but...it's definitely something.

Eric smiles at her. She returns it. Harper returns Eric's smile. The huddle splits off. Eric turns to Harper:

ERIC

Hey, HR have been in touch. They're having some issues with your Tier 2 visa. I'm going to look into it.

HARPER

(panicked)
I can do that.

But Eric's already back facing his screen.

ERIC

Let me do it. Or do you wanna go home?

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)
(smirking)
Because I can arrange that.

Harper starts nervously fiddling with the plastic top of her coffee cup. Nearby, Greg is underlining a passage in his copy of *The Writers Journey*. He notices how uneasy Harper seems. He holds the book up at the relevant chapter:

GREG
I'm on the ninth stage of the
journey.
(reading)
*The Ordeal: the hero faces the
greatest challenge yet and
experiences death and rebirth.*

Harper gives Greg a playfully quizzical look. Daria produces some candles and starts sticking them into a box of Krispy Kreme donuts. She lights them as she says:

DARIA
I know you're going to hate this.

HARPER
Please don't sing.

DARIA
I wasn't going to.

GREG
Happy birthday to you...

Harper cringes as Greg, then Robert, starts singing, gathering volume. She spots Yasmin smiling at her from the FX desk. Yasmin blows her a kiss. Clement comes over as Harper is blowing out the candles.

CLEMENT
I can't look at a birthday candle
without thinking of Robert Herrick.

ERIC
(playful)
Nobody knows who that is.

Clement leans into Harper, takes a large bite of a donut, leaves the rest. Eric has his jacket on to leave.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Don't worry about your visa. You're
the right kind of immigrant. Happy
birthday.

TITLE CARD - "INDUSTRY"

The pub is crowded, everyone watching a football match on a big screen. Harper is typing out a message to a saved number - "JD". We see a stream of old texts to her twin - variations of '**Happy birthday bro**' all on the same date, today's date. Harper lowers her voice and records a voice note:

HARPER

Happy birthday stinker. Thinking of you.

She sends it. Harper is sat at a long table with Greg. They're both already drunk. Harper watches the football, curious:

HARPER (CONT'D)

Why do people like this game?

GREG

It dispenses joy and misery at random. It mimics life.

Greg laughs. Robert appears with a tray of shots. Gus and Theo are on the other end of the table.

HARPER

Dude, that's like four each. I was supposed to leave an hour ago.

ROBERT

It's a celebration.

HARPER

I hate my birthday.

At the other end of the table, Gus and Theo are talking:

THEO

The strategy team dropped to two on the Euromoney survey. We lost to fucking Nomura...Nomura.

GUS

You're in your twenties and people read your research. You're miles ahead of where you need to be.

Theo laughs and smiles. He gently puts his hand on Gus' for a beat, then takes it off quickly. Robert gets his phone out, and starts booking a cab.

ROBERT

How many can we illegally fit in an XL?

GUS

Not back to ours, please.

ROBERT

Come on. Just a few.

THEO

No, it's cool. One at yours?

Gus is surprised that Theo wants to keep going. They smile at each other.

HARPER

I've gotta go home. It's been fun
but I'm beat.

Harper makes her way to the door but Robert tries to stop her - he won't take no for an answer:

ROBERT

All we've got tomorrow is the open
day. I promise we'll impose a
strict curfew.

(lowers his voice, re Theo)

Even the teetotal Tory wants to get
on it.

HARPER

OK. Midnight. Can I invite Yasmin?

ROBERT

Yeah sure, whatever.

3

INT. GUS AND ROBERT'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

3

(GREG, HARPER, ROBERT, YASMIN)

Harper half watches Robert, methodically chopping up lines of coke on a copy of the new Pierpoint graduate prospectus, rails of coke underlining the bank's motto: "PEOPLE ARE OUR CAPITAL". Greg is drinking wine:

GREG

We're living in an era of woke
capitalism. I'm Nike. I pretend to
care about black people. You
pretend to hate capitalism...and
buy my trainers.

HARPER

Nikey.

(off Greg's confused look)

Do you like...pre-rehearse these
little nuggets?

Greg laughs to himself as he watches Robert finish chopping up the lines. Robert offers him the rolled up note. Yasmin is pouring everyone drinks from a magnum of Veuve covered in printed out pictures of Harper and Yasmin. Greg peels off one of the pictures and stares at it.

YASMIN

I was going to give it to her at work but I thought people like you would judge.

GREG

I'm trying to be less ego-centric.

ROBERT

Well, this is the last of it.

Harper's only half in the conversation due to drunkenness.

HARPER

I actually wrote a paper on the moral case for capitalism.

GREG

That must've been short.

Harper does half a line of coke.

HARPER

No. It was 8,000 words.

ROBERT

That's your birthday present.
That's top tier ski wear.

She looks at him, rolls her eyes, snorts the second half. Yasmin runs off to her bag, produces a gift box from it, which she hands to Harper. Harper unwraps it. Yasmin feels Robert's eyes on her. She holds his gaze for a moment. Inside is a green alligator skin Smythson desk diary embossed with her initials - **H.S.**

YASMIN

I'm not trying to be a luddite and I know you probably won't use it but it's kinda nice to see the future in little boxes.

Harper is moved. It's probably the nicest thing anyone's ever given her. She gives Yasmin a hug. Yasmin lowers her voice, a quiet moment between the two of them:

YASMIN (CONT'D)

I know this day's hard for you.
(off Harper's nod)
The receipts in there if you wanna return it. But actually it's personalized so you better like it.

Harper laughs and hugs her again. Greg eyes the last line hungrily.

GREG

All my friends are getting married.

He snorts the line. Harper looks at her watch, Robert playfully covers the face so she can't see it and smiles.

4

INT. GUS AND ROBERT'S FLAT. GUS' ROOM - NIGHT
(GUS, THEO)

4

A quieter energy. Theo is walking around Gus' room, looking at his stuff. Theo takes a cushion off the bed and turns it over to see a phrase stitched into it: "It's hard to be humble when you're an Old Etonian." Theo shakes his head and laughs as Gus puts music on a portable vinyl player.

GUS

Has the dynamic changed since Alice moved in?

Theo doesn't answer for a moment. He absentmindedly pulls out a book from Gus' shelf.

THEO

Yeah but it's nicer than living in two places. I like having her around all the time...

(off Gus' silence)

We have a lot less sex. She's with her parents in the Cotswolds tonight.

GUS

I guess that's a casualty. I listened to that podcast she recommended on clean eating. Thought it was excellent. Followed none of the advice.

Theo has picked out a stolen library book with the school crest on the spine. It's Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*. Younger Gus has jotted some stuff in the inside cover. Theo reads. Gus is embarrassed.

THEO

Millionaire 25, cabinet 35, party leader 45, prime minister 55.

Heseltine wrote his on the back of an envelope.

(off Gus' silence)

Your ambitions have obviously shifted focus. Or were you just following my lead?

Theo kisses him. Theo starts rubbing Gus' cock through his suit trousers. Gus pushes him away.

GUS

There are people outside.

THEO

I don't care.

GUS

You will when you're sober.

THEO

They know we're here.

GUS

They don't know what we're doing.

Theo unzips Gus's trousers and pulls his cock through his fly, begins to jerk him off as he kisses him. Gus goes with it for a few beats, then pushes him away gently:

THEO

Let me stay tonight.

GUS

You're not going to just fuck me and leave?

THEO

I want to be here.

5

INT. GUS AND ROBERT'S FLAT. KITCHEN - NIGHT
(HARPER, ROBERT, YASMIN)
(GREG)

5

Yasmin is pouring herself a glass of tap water. Robert appears in the kitchen. They stand in silence for a few beats. Robert takes a balloon and canister from a cupboard. He hands them to Yasmin. She sucks on the balloon's teet, wets it, hands it back to him.

YASMIN

I'll watch.

He smiles at her. But before he can fill it up Harper appears in the kitchen, drunk. Yasmin pretends to be looking at her phone. The phone opens on her wallpaper - Seb, in their room, surrounded by a forest of cheese plants. She's filling the air as Harper is now in the room:

YASMIN (CONT'D)

My boyfriend's filled our room with cheese plants. The brochure said we had to name them.

Robert tries to sound casual:

ROBERT

What are they called?

YASMIN

Quavo, Offset...and Julianna
Margulies.

Harper pulls a bottle of beer from the fridge and disappears from the room, saying:

HARPER

They pulled names out of a hat at
his work. Sorry if I'm
interrupting.

YASMIN

Interrupting what?

Yasmin and Robert stand in silence again. Robert fills the balloon with nitrous and starts breathing in, out. Yasmin enjoys watching him breathing in and out. He gets an intense head rush, smiles handsomely through the high. He comes round. She smiles and walks out into the living room.

6

INT. GUS AND ROBERT'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

6

(GREG, HARPER, ROBERT, YASMIN)
(GUS, THEO)

Harper is now scrolling through music on Spotify, so drunk she can't focus on the screen, while Robert's repetitive techno plays - a pounding Kolsch playlist. Yasmin, coat on:

YASMIN

Harper, I've got us an Uber.

Robert comes back into the living room with more champagne, even more high energy. He pours Harper a drink.

ROBERT

We're going to have one more.

YASMIN

You sure Harper? Nothing good ever
happens past 2am.

ROBERT

Everything good always happens past
2am.

Harper shakes her head at Yasmin, ever so slightly jealous. Harper nods - I'm staying. Yasmin leaves.

HARPER

This music sounds like a fucking car
alarm.

Greg, on his way out:

GREG

Thatcher tried to ban it. You're dancing on her grave.

Robert gets his phone out, dials a number:

ROBERT

(into phone)

Yeah...can you come for one... OK, two, two. Ok...I'll text you the postcode. Can I have one K on tick? And a few round ones.

HARPER

I'm changing the music.

ROBERT

The tyranny of choice. Good birthday?

Harper thinks on this a second, then nods.

MONTAGE: Harper and Robert around the kitchen table, chatting, laughing, getting close, smoking, ashing, drinking wine from mugs, line after line, splitting a pill, choosing music.

CUT FORWARD: Harper's on the sofa, high and drunk, watching Robert do drugs. "*Under Your Spell*," by Desire plays quietly over the scene: There's a charged last-two-people-at-the-party energy. Harper is staring at Yasmin's gift receipt - £250. Robert seems far away. He takes the receipt off her, rolls it up into a straw then snorts a line of K with it.

Robert sits down next to her, she notices the sheen of sweat all over his face, red wine on his lips. She wipes her finger across his sweat, shows him how wet he is. They both begin laughing. She puts her head on his shoulder. He lets it lay there. She moves her lips up to his neck, kisses it. She puts a hand on his cock over his trousers. It's hard. She grabs it. He moves her hand away. She sits up, embarrassed.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

HARPER

It's fine.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. You know...you can tell I want to...

Harper nods, still embarrassed.

HARPER

It's fine. It's not a good idea.

ROBERT

You know...with me and Yasmin. With whatever's happening there.

HARPER

I...didn't know anything was happening there.

ROBERT

Why are birthdays hard for you?

Harper looks over at the window. It's daylight. Her phone buzzes in her pocket - "MOM" calling. She silences it. They sit in very awkward silence, before:

Gus' bedroom door opens. Gus comes out... *followed by Theo*. Theo is very surprised to see Harper. The cold light of sobriety hits him. He can't believe he's been caught by a colleague coming out of Gus' room.

On Harper: *Shit. They're dressed...for work.*

7

INT. UBER LUX - MORNING

7

(COLETTE, THEO)
(GUS, ROBERT, HARPER)

Gus, Robert, Theo, Harper are packed into the back of an Uber Lux, a blacked out Mercedes V-Class van. They're all facing each other, but the awkwardness means they don't talk. Theo looks down at his phone, eyes off everyone. Harper listens to a voicemail from her mum:

COLETTE (O.S)

Can't believe I got your machine... today. Dad and I really hope you're going to make it back for Thanksgiving...I saw on Instagram that Todd's got rid of his little ho. I'm not saying reach out...but maybe reach out. OK bye...Happy Birthday.

Theo looks very uncomfortable, figuring out what to say:

THEO

I'd appreciate some discretion.
(avoids Gus' look)
I can't be seen to...I mean it's not very professional to *stay out*...my hangovers aren't as charming as yours.

Robert tries to catch Gus' eye. But Gus is staring out of the window, hurt.

8

INT. PIERPOINT. TRADING FLOOR. CPS DESK - MORNING

8

(DARIA, DUNCAN, HARPER)
(ERIC, ROBERT)
(GUS, RISHI, GREG, YASMIN, KENNY, JACKIE, TASH)

The lights and noise of the trading floor, again overpowering - in her current state. Harper watches her line flash RED-RED - RED with a voicemail. She picks up her receiver and listens to a voice she doesn't recognise:

DUNCAN (O.S.)

Harper, it's Duncan Hicks in middle office. Can you call me as soon as you get in to discuss something urgent.

Harper puts the receiver down. Daria puts a coffee in front of Harper, notices Harper's state, but says nothing. Harper spots Robert putting his tie on for the careers fair. He nonverbally signs: "you coming?" Daria turns to her:

DARIA

You can't go to the drive.
(off Harper's look)
You can't represent us like this...in this condition.
(Harper nods, Daria softens)
It was a chance to represent the firm in front of Sara. Remember - this place is bigger than one desk.

They look over at Eric, implication clear. Harper watches Eric using a resistance band to stretch his back out as he talks into his headset. Her paranoia makes her feel like he's staring at her - *what has he found out?* But as he breaks into a smile she realises he's looking right through her. Daria reaches into her desk and puts a travel Listerine down in front of Harper.

DARIA (CONT'D)

At minimum, find a replacement.
(lowers her voice)
And take a shower.

HARPER

Thank you. Sorry.

9

INT. PIERPOINT. TRADING FLOOR. FX SALES DESK - MORNING
(DUNCAN, ERIC, HARPER, KENNY, OTHER DUNCAN, YASMIN)
(TASH)
(JACKIE, RISHI, GREG, GUS, ROBERT)

9

Yasmin is on Bloomberg looking at a smiling picture of MAXIM ALONSO, her Spanish family friend from 102. She clicks into the article - "**FORMER BREVAN HOWARD CURRENCY TRADERS RAISE 100 MILLION IN FUNDING**" - Harper is standing by her desk, jabbering in her ear:

HARPER

..It'll be good for your internal profile.

(MORE)

HARPER (CONT'D)

Like they're a component of the 360s they do pre-RIF day. You'd be doing me a solid.

Yasmin looks up, finishes her iced coffee.

YASMIN

What is it?

HARPER

Just like a corporate spiel to college kids.

Kenny throws his egg white breakfast in the bin as he says:

KENNY

Yas, go. It's not like you're on the phones, and you're a great advert for the firm.

Tash walks by, sits at her desk.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Or maybe you could go Tash? Actually, that would require you to speak.

HARPER

(to Yasmin)

I love you. I love my gift.

YASMIN

You weren't in your room this morning.

HARPER

Yeah, Rob kept me up.

On Yasmin: what does that mean?

YASMIN

Fine. But we've got Psyche tonight. And I've paid for you.

KENNY

There is a *pungent* smell of tequila in this area, which hitherto was absent.

Harper walks off. Kenny smiles:

KENNY (CONT'D)

On yer bike, Yas. *Sell the firm.*

Yasmin smiles tightly. She opens up the Bloomberg article again. She texts Maxim again: **"can we meet up for a coffee?"**

10

INT. PIERPOINT. MIDDLE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER
(DUNCAN, HARPER, OTHER DUNCAN)

10

Harper walks into MIDDLE OFFICE - lots of guys in cheap high street suits. Harper pauses.

HARPER

Duncan?

Two very different looking guys turn around. In unison:

DUNCAN

Yes?

OTHER DUNCAN

Yeah?

They're both surprisingly young - Harper's age.

HARPER

Harper.

One of the 'Duncans' stays facing her.

DUNCAN

The *elusive* Harper.

HARPER

Sorry, sorry, crazy morning. How can I help?

DUNCAN

Forwarded you a time stamp on a mismatched trade. Allerton Capital.

HARPER

What's the issue?

DUNCAN

There's a discrepancy on the notional. Grads have done this before and I just need to check. Did you buy the right currency? You booked 50 quid, Allerton are confirming 50 dollars. Which is it?

Harper thinks back.

HARPER

Sterling. "Quid."

Duncan looks at the screen for a beat. Harper eyes his colleagues warily.

DUNCAN

Allerton's confirmation says it was a dollar amount.

HARPER

It definitely wasn't.

She's now worried - like she left the iron on at home.

DUNCAN

Call the client and I'm sure he'll rectify. It's probably their screw up. If it's yours I need to know asap.

HARPER

Do I need to tell my manager? Is it a serious issue?

DUNCAN

Absolutely you should. I'm sure he'll know it's just 'cos you're a bit green, but not telling him is not acceptable.

HARPER

I'll sort it.

11

INT. PIERPOINT. TRADING FLOOR. CPS DESK - MORNING
(ASSISTANT, AUBREY, ERIC, GREG, HARPER, RISHI)
(DARIA, GUS)
(KENNY, JACKIE, TASH)

11

Harper's back at her desk, pretending to look at her screen as she waits nervously for Daria to get on a call. As soon as Daria puts her headset on, Harper dials ALLERTON CAPITAL. As hold music plays, she starts fiddling with the egg-timer Daria gave her in Episode 102. Finally:

ASSISTANT (OVER PHONE)

Allerton Capital.

HARPER

It's Harper...from Pierpoint. I was hoping to speak to Aubrey.

ASSISTANT (OVER PHONE)

I said he's not taking any calls this morning.

HARPER

I don't want to get you in trouble but this isn't a call you want him to find out you've held. Put me through now.

Silence for a few beats. Harper fingers the egg-timer, tries to sound casual as Aubrey picks up.

AUBREY (OVER PHONE)

Aubrey speaking.

HARPER

How's your wife coping with the sleep apnoea?

AUBREY (OVER PHONE)

It's less about how she's coping and more about how I'm coping.

Harper laughs, falsely - a customer laugh. She puts the egg-timer down. She switches to business.

HARPER

Just checking you got my Bloomie with our NFP preview?

AUBREY (OVER PHONE)

I don't really read those, but appreciate the flag.

Harper swallows and tentatively says:

HARPER

Also, while I've got you, that cable ticket we did. Middle office said you booked 50 dollars.

AUBREY (OVER PHONE)

That's because I did.

Harper: *fuck*. She DID leave the iron on! With little hope:

HARPER

No, you bought 50 sterling.

AUBREY (OVER PHONE)

Are we seriously having this conversation? We can pull the tapes on the trade and listen to the audio but it would mark a first in my twenty year career.

Long silence. Harper panicked.

AUBREY (OVER PHONE (CONT'D))

Does Daria know you're calling me?

Harper watches Daria take off her headset. Harper's really panicked now. She lowers her voice so Daria can't hear and cycles back:

HARPER

I'm really sorry. I've clearly - *brain fry* - I must have misbooked it. Means I'm long about 10 million quid. Can we amend it your end?

AUBREY (OVER PHONE)

With the rate where it is? Why would I eat that for you? I'm no philanthropist. Is that all?

HARPER

Aubrey, I'm sure that we -

AUBREY (OVER PHONE)

No, I'm sure. I'm willing to lay this ridiculous request at the feet of your inexperience, but if you push me on this, it will legitimately damage my relationship with your superiors, and then you'll have a real problem. Thanks.

Aubrey hangs up. Harper listens to the dead line. FUCK. Daria smiles at her seemingly oblivious. Eric shouts:

ERIC

Rishi, where's street on the NFP print at 1:30pm please?

RISHI

Consensus +250. We're +150.

ERIC

Cassandra, you still think we're grinding to a halt?

Harper smiles tightly at Eric's banter to her. She jumps as Greg taps her on the shoulder.

GREG

How late did you go?

Greg puts a black coffee down in front of her. She looks up at him - he looks almost as hungover as her.

HARPER

Sorry I can't do this right now.

Harper sips the coffee, winces at the taste. She calls to Greg under her breath.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Hey, do you have anything stronger?

Greg takes a blister pack from his jacket pocket - ADDERALL 25MG - and hands to Harper. She mouths to him, "how many?" He sticks two fingers up, half as a jokey fuck you, half as an instruction.

GREG

Take two and you'll feel like you're inventing Facebook.

She pops one pill and finishes her coffee.

12 **INT. PIERPOINT. FEMALE CHANGING ROOM. SHOWER - MORNING** 12
(HARPER)

Harper showers, wearing a shower cap, allowing the water to hit her face. She turns the tap to COLD, winces, trying to wake herself up, thinking about her next move:

13 **INT. PIERPOINT. TRADING FLOOR - A LITTLE LATER** 13
(DUNCAN, HARPER)
(ERIC, DARIA)
(GREG, GUS, RISHI, JACKIE, KENNY, TASH)

Harper, back at the desk, buzzing slightly. She pops another Adderall. She's on the phone to Duncan:

HARPER

Duncan, client did buy 50 quid but is refusing to amend his end. He's lying.

DUNCAN (O.S)

Ah. OK. Let's pull the tapes. All voice trading's recorded.

Harper lowers her voice, looking at Daria and Eric paranoid they are watching.

HARPER

(panicked, whispered)
Is there another option?

DUNCAN (O.S)

No, no, he shouldn't have run you over just 'cos you're young.

She looks panicked.

DUNCAN (O.S) (CONT'D)

Amend the trade in the system to 50 dollars and see what the loss is, you'll then need to cover the mismatch with a trader. Hope you're mates with him. Remember, the first cut is the cheapest!

Harper mutes her line, opens the trading platform. She scrolls down to the trade. She changes the Allerton notional to \$50million & there, plain as day, in her Risk Blotter is the mismatch position of £12,207,105.06 and a live RED -\$50k loss (the exact loss on her screen will be \$50,049.13 with a spot rate of 1.3189). It moves to - \$56,152.68k in front of her eyes as spot drops to 1.3184. She immediately minimises it so it can't be seen. She then types the mismatch amount of £12.2m into the GBP/USD eFX portal.

She hovers her mouse over the Sell button as if she's about to square up her risk position and crystallise her loss. Instead, she minimises the window without actually executing the trade and looks around as if she's been caught red-handed.

DUNCAN (O.S) (CONT'D)
Is that done? What does it say?
(off Harper's silence)
Harper?

Harper doing her best sunny, lying voice as Daria is now listening:

HARPER
Says it's all squared away.

DUNCAN (O.S)
Good. I was dreading my team meet.
You - we - were slow on this.

HARPER
When's your meet?

DUNCAN (O.S)
Just after the payroll data. Are
you *sure* it's done?

HARPER
It's done.

She hangs up, smiles at Daria, who takes the travel Listerine back off Harper's desk. Harper looks at her watch. Noon. She looks at the GBP/USD graph and then the printed out Payroll Data preview on her desk - Non Farm Payrolls - 1:30pm.

14 **INT. PIERPOINT. FOYER - DAY**
(CHRIS, ROBERT, YASMIN)
(VENETIA)

14

A university recruitment drive - lots of college kids in ill-fitting suits, drinking coffee, pods of people talking to first year Pierpoint grads. A large, ominous portrait of The Pierpoint Brothers hangs over proceedings.

Robert, with a name tag on, is holding court with three first year college kids including VENETIA (19) and CHRIS (19), hanging on his every word.

ROBERT
No two days are the same. The
market's always dynamic. And here
we're taught to think like owners.

CHRIS
You manage to make it sound like a
socialist enterprise.

Chris smiles at him playfully. Robert smiles back.

ROBERT

We're on a very aggressive image
rehabilitation drive so you might
want to put your tie on...

Chris puts his tie on, sheepishly. Robert notices Yasmin enter the room, looking for her name tag on a table by the door. His energy becomes more cagey, less confident. Robert meanders through the throng, sees Yasmin putting her name tag on, she avoids his eyes. Her name tag says: "HARPER STERN."

YASMIN

Don't ask.

ROBERT

I can imagine.

YASMIN

What did you guys get up to?

Robert hesitates - *does she know?* Trying to sound casual:

ROBERT

...I really put her in the locker.

YASMIN

Yeah, and now I'm having to deal
with the fall out.

Awkward silence. Yasmin notices Robert's wired energy. Yasmin flicks through a copy of the new Pierpoint grad prospectus, trying to memorise some soundbites. On one of the pages is a picture of Gus and a CHINESE GRADUATE, both smiling broadly, seemingly sharing a joke. Robert points at it.

ROBERT

Photoshop. Doubt they've ever
shared a room...but look how much
they like each other.

Yasmin looks around at the college kids.

YASMIN

It feels funny to be in a position
of power here.

ROBERT

What are you going to do with it?

She smiles but deliberately walks away to the group Robert was just with. He notices from a distance how their body language changes around her...like she's special, all smiles. He looks at the prospectus again. A group shot of the whole graduate class from above. He finds himself...and then two to his left, he sees...*HARI* smiling at him.

He stares at him, slightly spooked. Robert spots Harper on the walkway, vaping, stressed.

15 **INT. PIERPOINT. FOYER - LUNCH**
(HARPER, ROBERT)

15

Harper and Robert stand on the walkway, having to moderate the volume of their voice. Harper is ripping her Juul and blowing the cloud of vape into her jacket. There's an awkward charge - residue of what happened the night before. They're both trying their best to ignore it.

ROBERT

Why don't you just tell Eric?

HARPER

We've had two of the best P&L days of the year. I can't put my hand up and say I've wiped it out.

ROBERT

What can it *really* represent of the forty-eight hour take? What like-less than ten percent?

HARPER

I don't generate anywhere near enough yet to offset it. Why did you make me stay up all night?

ROBERT

I didn't make you do anything!

Harper gets short with him:

HARPER

Everything's a joke, isn't it?

ROBERT

What's a joke? What are we talking about?

Harper's silent, not acknowledging the elephant in the room.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

You're overthinking it. You're his project. You're allowed to make one mistake.

HARPER

No, no, actually I'm not. I'm not allowed to make mistakes. People like you are allowed to make mistakes.

ROBERT

What the fuck does that mean?

Harper doesn't want to spell out an answer.

HARPER
Mistakes are a privilege.

ROBERT
Well the loss is still
hypothetical. In the book? It's
live, right?

HARPER
Yes. So?

Robert
It's not crystallized. Surely it
can still swing to the upside or
downside?

Harper thinks on this for the moment.

HARPER
If the NFP's under 100k at 1:30
this afternoon...

ROBERT
That's a fucking...punt.

HARPER
There'll be less chance of Fed rate
hike, which is bad for the dollar.
Sterling surges against dollar. My
loss is totally offset.

ROBERT
Tell Eric. You're not thinking
properly. Don't our previews say
it's going to be a 150k beat?

HARPER
(snapping)
You don't know what the fuck you're
talking about. Why don't you stick
to whatever it is you're good at.
Let me just- I'll be fine.

Robert's shocked by how tough she's being. Robert lowers his voice:

ROBERT
If you wanna fucking talk about
last night, talk about it.
Otherwise let's just put a pin in
it.

Harper finishes her Red Bull, chucks it, walks off.

HARPER
Dude, please.

16

INT. PIERPOINT. TRADING FLOOR. CPS DESK - LUNCHTIME

16

(CLEMENT, GUS, THEO)
(RISHI, GREG, DARIA, JACKIE, KENNY, TASH)

Gus is sat at his desk reading a round robin email from PIERPOINT - "**HARI DHAR MEMORIAL FUND**" - a GoFundMe request to give money to the British Heart Foundation, a charity in Hari's name. "**Anything you give will be matched by Pierpoint**". He hovers over £20...then gives £100. Clement is clearly disgusted by Gus' lunch, fish and chips:

CLEMENT

This is the first time I've been on the floor for the data since the evangelists invaded Iraq. Normally have a lunch...*yours* is incredibly antisocial.

GUS

Are things slowing down then?

Clement doesn't smile at Gus' barb, looks at him down the bridge of his nose, then back at his Financial Times. Gus spots Theo walking towards them, he looks up and smiles warmly at him. Theo looks straight through him, places a sheet of paper on Clement's desk.

THEO

Published on the whispers about a new bubble in tech, interest for Kaspar.

Clement stares at the sheet for a couple of beats. Gus smiles at Theo. Theo ignores him, moves on to Greg and hands him a sheet, freezing Gus out. Gus turns to Clement:

GUS

Happy to call Usman and run him through the note.

CLEMENT

That won't be necessary.

GUS

He chimed with a few of my ideas at dinner.

CLEMENT

Kaspar tells me he's already opened a dialogue with Robert.

Gus didn't know that. Now, even more exasperated:

GUS

Maybe we could do dual coverage...

CLEMENT

Let's not overdo it, Augustus.

GUS

Or I could just back Robert up?

CLEMENT

Can't imagine you want to be subordinate to him?

Gus feels useless. Gus eyes Theo again, and gets up and walks over to him at the end of the aisle while he's talking to another N/S Salesman:

GUS

Can I have the note?

Theo doesn't look up. Gus lowers his voice:

GUS (CONT'D)

What's changed since last night?

Theo drags Gus to the side of the floor.

THEO

Why would anything have changed?
(off Gus' silence, quiet:)
Grow up. I have a girlfriend.

GUS

You're such a fucking coward. Why do you care what people here think of you?

Theo lowers his voice even more, to a crueler whisper:

THEO

Who's being backward now? Go and talk to the Italian derivs guys and tell me they're not fucking each other. Nobody's tortured here. I have a *girlfriend* mate.

Theo turns to his work, leaving Gus standing there. Gus swallows and walks quickly back to his desk.

17

INT. PIERPOINT. FOYER - LUNCH
(ROBERT, VENETIA, YASMIN)
(CHRIS)

17

Yasmin, Robert, the two college kids Venetia and Chris are listening to Yasmin speak. A new addition to the group, a REDHEADED YOUNG GIRL, hangs off her every word, inspired. She looks like a mini-Yasmin.

YASMIN

I had interviews at Morgan Stanley, Nomura, Barclays and I could count on one hand how often I was interviewed by a woman, until I got to Pierpoint. It was very important to see people like me in positions of responsibility-

VENETIA

I'm just curious, why are there no women on the board?

YASMIN

We've actually just hired our first female President.

VENETIA

But that's more like a figurehead? What's it really like being a woman in this environment?

YASMIN

Not dissimilar to being a man. But, y'know, there's always banter.

VENETIA

"Banter" sounds like a euphemism.

YASMIN

You've got to have a sense of humour.

VENETIA

Yeah and men have hidden behind theirs for years.

YASMIN

Well you can stand outside and comment or you can join and try and affect change. Maybe once you graduate you'll realise the world isn't an op-ed. And you have to be practical.

Venetia looks down, chastened.

ROBERT

I think Yasmin's very capable of navigating these things herself.

(to Yasmin)

Think every year's this prickly?

(to the College Kids)

People can dress it up how they like...

YASMIN

But ultimately you come here
because it's one of the few
workplaces where nobody cares where
you're from.

Robert's surprised by Yasmin's sincerity.

YASMIN (CONT'D)

There are many potential role
models here, and you can become one
of them.

18

INT. PIERPOINT. KITCHENETTE - DAY
(DUNCAN, HARPER)

18

Harper's hand shakes a little as she makes the world's worst
cup of coffee. Duncan walks in and watches her.

DUNCAN

I take four sugars.

Harper jumps, surprised to see him. She makes him a tea.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

I checked the system and you
haven't covered that risk. The
mismatch is still live. The system
shows you're running a long
position of 12.2 million quid.
You're not authorised to run any
risk.

HARPER

I have to level with you... I'm
still working on the client.

DUNCAN

So you lied to me?

HARPER

No, you misunderstood. I'm
softening them up a bit. It's their
error. I just need a bit more time.

Duncan takes the tea, sips it, covers how bad it tastes.

DUNCAN

I'm not going to be responsible for
your lack of responsibility. I'm
empowered to report it. It's
literally my job.

HARPER

I just need until 1.30pm.

DUNCAN

That would be gross negligence.

HARPER

...is it illegal?

DUNCAN

No.

HARPER

Is it unethical then?

DUNCAN

...that's muddier.

HARPER

Well, we've established it's not black and white then, so -

DUNCAN

- that's not the point. I'm not going to carry the reputational risk, even if it's actually on the client...the size of the underlying numbers is irrelevant.

HARPER

Look, it's on me. You can be ignorant. Our conversations -

DUNCAN

Yeah, *they happened*. I don't care about the electronic or audio trail either. It's the principle.

He takes the tea and begins to walk out of the kitchenette. She touches his arm, manic and desperate. He jumps a little - as if being touched by the colleague is a violation.

HARPER

Let's be pragmatic. Having me in your debt makes sense.

(off his look)

I saw you had CFA books on your desk. You obviously want to work in front office. I can get you facetime with an MD, maybe help with like...a *lateral* move, whatever you need-

DUNCAN

I can't help you. But if you want to keep insulting me, I'm happy to stand here a bit longer.

She looks at him - he's deeply unimpressed. He pours the tea away. The exhaustion and stress finally gets too much.

HARPER
Just fucking help me!

A desperation to Harper we've never seen before.

DUNCAN
Don't do that. This is a workplace.
We're colleagues.

Harper calms herself down.

HARPER
I'm not getting emotional. I'm
barely four months into my career.
I'm just asking, colleague to
colleague.

He looks at her, sighs, desperate to get out of there:

DUNCAN
1.30 is the absolute cut off. Then
it becomes our managers' problems.

He turns around, walks out. Harper's relieved. She wipes her
eyes, *hardens. Game on.*

19 **INT. PIERPOINT. FOYER - DAY** 19
(REDHEAD, ROBERT, YASMIN)
(VENETIA, CHRIS, SECURITY GUARD)

Yasmin and Robert are alone again watching pods of college
kids mill around and interact.

ROBERT
Are we cunts? I mean were we that
cunty when we did these?

Robert watches a COLLEGE KID in very casual clothes walk in,
push a load of free Pierpoint branded merchandise into a free
Pierpoint tote bag and leave immediately.

YASMIN
You surely knew we picked a career
that connoted...y'know...cunty-
ness.

ROBERT
But I didn't think cuntishness was
a prerequisite.

She sips some water, smiles.

YASMIN
I don't need you to speak for me.

ROBERT
I wasn't.

YASMIN

In my experience, anyone who says they're a male feminist is usually the villain of the piece.

ROBERT

I've never made that claim. It just wasn't cool.

They stand in silence for a beat.

YASMIN

Thanks.

ROBERT

If you ever wanna vent or, I dunno- whatever, I can give sound, non-gender-specific advice.

He holds her gaze for a beat. Yasmin doesn't like how real this feels, scans the room.

YASMIN

We used to play this game at school - sports days and prizegivings and stuff. We'd rate the dads, talk about which one's we'd get off with.

(Robert laughs)

Do you think they're doing that about us?

Robert and Yasmin hold one another's gaze. He tries to sound alpha but he can't pull it off:

ROBERT

I reckon I could fuck anyone I want here.

Yasmin laughs at him - *yeah mate*.

YASMIN

Not anyone, Robert.

Robert smiles - he likes hearing Yasmin say his name.

YASMIN (CONT'D)

Do you have any idea what you sound like? You sound like a child.

Venetia and Chris both walk over. Robert holds Venetia's gaze as she walks towards them.

ROBERT

Oh shite, not her again.

But then: The young inspired girl, the redhead, pushes through the throng. She pulls her phone out, starts filming.

Before Yasmin and Robert have time to fully comprehend what's happening, the redhead has aggressively pushed past the final pod of people. VERY QUICKLY - she reaches into her bag and gets out a brown package. She commentates as she films:

REDHEAD

Lure them in young, work them to death!

As she goes to throw it, Yasmin instinctively uses her hand to block the package as it moves towards Robert. It EXPLODES on contact sending LIVID RED oil paint dust mixed with flour in all directions, over Yasmin, Robert, Venetia, Chris and all over the PAINTING of the PIERPOINT BROTHERS.

REDHEAD (CONT'D)

Fucking murderers! PARTY OF DAVOS!

People holler, confused. A SECURITY GUARD grabs the girl heavy-handedly. She spits in his face. The girl wrestles past him, smashes the FIRE ALARM as she makes a run for it.

20

INT. PIERPOINT. TRADING FLOOR. CPS DESK - DAY

20

(DARIA, ERIC, RISHI)
(DARIA, HARPER, GREG, CLEMENT, GUS)
(KENNY, JACKIE, TASH)

WOAH-WOAH-WOAH - the alarm sounds over the whole trading floor piercingly loud. It kills Harper's ears - her senses unbearably heightened from the Adderall. Daria pats Harper's shoulder, "let's go." But, Eric shouts to the desk:

ERIC

Don't move. We can't miss the flow.

Harper's watching the clock on her monitor. 1:10pm. She opens three separate windows on her Bloomberg: GBP/USD exchange rate graph, the Economic News monitor and the Pierpoint Trading Platform. Rishi puts on a high viz jacket - FIRE MARSHALL. Eric starts laughing at him. Harper watches.

RISHI

Eric, don't make my job tougher.

ERIC

The ways people degrade themselves to get a promotion.

Eric laughs, but defers, marshalling the team up. Harper watches - *I can't leave the desk*. Daria, Greg, Clement, Gus and the team stand up - begin to filter out with the remainder of the floor. Daria sees Harper, unmoved.

DARIA

Harper, no client in the world is worth being burned alive.

Harper looks at the clock again, 1:12pm. The ECON Monitor has a reminder - NFP print 1:30pm. Harper doesn't move. Daria's not fucking around now:

DARIA (CONT'D)

Harper. *Get.*

She wearily gets up, joins the exodus of the floor - a volume of suits squeezing through small glass doors as the alarm blares menacingly. The large digital clock reads 1:12:35.

21

EXT. OUTSIDE FRONT OF PIERPOINT - DAY

21

(HARPER, RISHI)

(DARIA, GREG, GUS, ROBERT, YASMIN, KENNY, JACKIE, TASH, SARA, THEO)

Outside the lobby, Harper stands in a crowd, waiting to be allowed back into the building. She didn't take her coat. She nervously sucks on her Juul, shivering against the cold. No vapour is coming out. She manically flicks the pod, sucking it again, wanting relief.

Her phone rings: 'MOM' calling. She silences it.

She looks at her watch: 1:20. Shaking the Juul. Shake. Shake. Shake. CUT FORWARD: 1:25. *Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.*

She looks through the crowd and through the glass, into the lobby. She sees the portrait of The Pierpoint Brothers being moved, covered in red paint, ruined. She then sees Rishi, in his high viz, she begins to duck and weave through the bodies. Rishi begins to wave everyone back in through the glass...she pushes through the revolving door...breaking into a sprint...

22

INT. PIERPOINT. TRADING FLOOR. CPS DESK - MOMENTS LATER

22

(DARIA, DUNCAN, ERIC, GREG, HARPER, RISHI, THEO)

(JACKIE, KENNY, TASH)

Harper sprinting down the aisle of the desk, into her seat. The colour and noise of the floor is aggressive as people filter in, unanswered phones ringing. Harper grabs some gum out of her desk. Focus. It's 1:28:00 in luminous green on the imposing digital clock on the floor.

The rest of this is in real time:

Harper sits at her desk manically chewing gum. As she chews she watches her screen - two windows on Bloomberg: the GBP/USD price graph, an ECON news window. She looks up at the huge digital clock, throws in another piece of gum: 1:28:30. She opens the GBP/USD eFX window with the pre-set amount of GBP12.2m from scene 13. Chewing, chewing, chewing. She notices Eric walking over to her, unreadable. Fuck - what does he know?? She quickly minimises the GBP/USD eFX screen again.

ERIC

Harper, anything granular to watch?

Her own voice sounds disembodied:

HARPER

Err...employment rate.

He laughs. The tension dissipates.

ERIC

No shit.

HARPER

Sorry. I'm looking at wage growth too.

Duncan's calling her line again. Fuck's sake. She picks up:

HARPER (CONT'D)

What?

Duncan's voice is far harsher:

DUNCAN (O.S)

I've just spoken to Aubrey at Allerton. Why did you lie to me?

HARPER

You're back office. You shouldn't be calling clients!

DUNCAN (O.S)

You made the mistake. So what the fuck do you think you're doing?

Shit. Not now.

HARPER

30 seconds to the print. It's going to be soft. Then we're clear.

DUNCAN (O.S)

(whispering)

...you can't trade out of this!
This is beyond, beyond...reckless.

HARPER

This is where we are.

She listens to his nervous breathing merge with her own.

1:29:57, *chewing*, 1:29:58, *chewing*, 1:29:59, *chewing*.

1:30 and IMMEDIATE BLOOMBERG HEADLINE: **Gain in payrolls is +200, much less than median projection of +260.**

WHAM! Phones ring. Theo's voice can be heard on the hoot, announcing the result:

THEO

Big miss on the number. +200 vs street at +260.

Harper watches the price action of the GBP/USD graph - a huge spike up - in her favour. Harper's voice is lined with a shaken, "I can't believe it" relief, disguised as confidence:

HARPER

Told you.

DUNCAN (O.S)

Pull up the trade input loss sheet.
Why am I doing this?

Harper looks at the Trading System on her other screen. The mismatch position of £12,207,105.06 and associated P&L is updating live. A warning pops up: "YOU ARE NOT AUTHORISED TO RUN THIS RISK." Harper clicks it away.

HARPER

Already done.

Harper watches the number next to the trade move from -35k (1.3201) to -25k (1.3209) then -20k (1.3213) in tandem with the GBP/USD spike.

DUNCAN (O.S)

Execute anywhere within ten grand and you might get away with it.

HARPER

This move's one way traffic. The print's soft. Am running it.

-15k (1.3217), -10k (1.3222)

DUNCAN (O.S)

Harper. Don't fuck around. Cover that risk...now.

-5k (1.3226), +5k (1.3234), +10k (1.3239)

DUNCAN (O.S) (CONT'D)

Harper?...Harper?

HARPER

There's a reason I'm sat here. Bear with me.

Harper hangs up. +15k (1.3243) now. +20k (1.3247) now. It stalls. She watches, holding her breath. Time seems slower. She's hovering over the EXECUTE button, greedily. +30k (1.3255) now! Keep going. +35k (1.3259). Then, Eric's voice cuts loudly through the din:

ERIC
Ivor's buying dollars.

Harper panicked - *what does that mean?*

RISHI
Size?

ERIC
It's fucking Ivor, man! Storb now too!

Daria leans over to Harper, serene as she sips an ice coffee:

DARIA
First move's always wrong.

Harper tries to process this - watches GBP/USD again. Her perfect spike has now reversed. It's plummeting. She looks at the Trading Platform - +20k (1.3247) has become -20k (1.3213) in an instant, and falling -30k (1.3205), -40k (1.3197), -50k (1.3189). The noise drops out the room again. Duncan is calling - RED, RED, RED - accusingly. Harper pushes it.

DUNCAN (O.S)
Fucking punch it in. Now.

-80k (1.3164), -90k (1.3156), -100k (1.3148).

HARPER
It'll come back.

-140k (1.3115).

DUNCAN (O.S)
I'm going to come over your hoot and broadcast this if you don't execute at this level.

-160k (1.3099). Harper hovers over the button. It pops back up to -150k (1.3107).

DUNCAN (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)
I'm not joking.

-140k (1.3115)

HARPER
Just fucking wait.

Duncan patches into her hoot. His voice broadcasts through her intercom, LOUD:

DUNCAN (O.S)
I'm not messing around.

Harper embarrassed, hits EXECUTE and minimizes the window just as Daria and Eric look at her due to Duncan's voice on her hoot. She smiles, falsely.

ERIC

All good?

HARPER

Absolutely. Of course.

Harper pops more gum in, then *fuck* - she's bitten the side of her mouth. Her eyes are manic now. Her hand shakes on her mouse. **-140k** in black and white on the system. Her loss is more than four times worse than when she started.

She gambled. She blew it. She takes out a huge wad of pink gum from her mouth, covered in her own blood. She stares at it - sort of hypnotized - it's weirdly, beautiful colours. The line rings again - RED - like the tell-tale heart. This can't be happening. She picks it up - defeated.

DUNCAN (O.S)

I think you know I have to lead my team meet with this.

Harper's silent, barely listening. She notices a SALESMAN with red paint all down his shirt, like's he's been shot. THE Salesman sits down at his desk and continues trading. In her drugged-up tired state it's HORRIFYING, and she can't look away.

DUNCAN (O.S) (CONT'D)

This is going to be a disciplinary issue.

Harper looks at Eric, laughing into his phone. She snaps back to action. Her voice is desperate, nervous. She feels her way through the next bit, almost not believing what she's saying.

HARPER

I don't think you're going to do that. I don't want to use words like complicit, but if you want me to spell out your complicity to your boss, I will.

(off his silence)

The latitude you gave me. Your only job was to stop me. And if you want to get into he said, she said - let's pull the tapes.

DUNCAN (O.S)

That would totally exonerate me.

HARPER

You told me to execute anywhere
within 10 grand because I "*might
get away with it.*" That's
collusion...complicity, whatever.

Long silence, Duncan feels snookered.

DUNCAN (O.S)

Where you gonna find one hundred
and forty thousand dollars before
the close?

Harper hangs up. The light and sound of the floor is
unbearable. Someone eats a disgusting hot dog. Rishi's
booming voice brings Harper back into the room:

RISHI

Harper! Come collect your winnings!

Harper stands up confused, her knees weak.

RISHI (CONT'D)

You won!

A few other traders look at her. She's totally confused.

HARPER

Won ...what?

RISHI

Traders payroll sweepstake. 250
quid.

The traders cheer her, she smiles at them weakly. Greg beams
at her and winks from his desk:

GREG

I entered your prediction. For you.
You owe me a pint.

Harper sits down, light-headed. It feels like the room is
spinning and the floor may give way. She composes herself.
Rishi comes over and places five crisp fifty pound notes on
her desk. She nods thanks. She stares at the cash.

What the fuck am I gonna do? She waits. Thinks. Daria leaves
the desk. She waits for Eric's back to be turned, She puts on
her headset, punches numbers into her dealerboard. Listens to
the RING - RING - RING. She lowers her voice:

HARPER (INTO PHONE)

Hi. Hi. It's Harper. Can I run
something by you...in person, in
person...has to be pre-
4.30...before the close...no, no.
I'll come to you.

23 **INT. PIERPOINT. ANTEROOM - DAY**
(ROBERT, YASMIN)
(CHRIS)

23

Robert and Yasmin are in the anteroom between the toilets. They're covered in red paint - face, hair. Yasmin is in slight shock. Robert shows her his phone - the redhead girl's video has already been retweeted by Owen Jones. They watch it together - *Yasmin trying to block the 'bomb'*.

ROBERT
Are you OK?

She clearly still a bit shaken up. They both wipe their faces. Yasmin points at some paint on Robert's chin.

YASMIN
That girl was a fucking toddler in 2008. What's she so angry about? I just...I've never had anyone hate me before.

Yasmin looks shaken. They look at each other. Yasmin heads to the DISABLED LOO and ushers Robert to join, still slightly shaken.

23A **INT. PIERPOINT. DISABLED TOILET - DAY**
(ROBERT, YASMIN)

23A

They walk into the disabled toilet, leaving the door open. Yasmin gestures for Robert to turn around so she can pull her shirt off and change into a Pierpoint open day t-shirt. He turns, changes into a t-shirt too. They wipe themselves in silence, their backs to one another, both aware of the frisson of being partially clothed so near to each other.

ROBERT
Do you fancy a bevvvy after work?

Yasmin puts her top back on, turns around to take him in, looks at his torso.

YASMIN
I have plans with Seb.

On Robert, rejected. They both watch as Chris walks past the open door. Chris smiles at them as he disappears into the men's.

YASMIN (CONT'D)
You didn't fuck anyone, did you?

Yasmin smiles mockingly and leaves Robert alone. He thinks, slips his shirt back on. He leaves the disabled toilet and walks into the anteroom.

24 **INT. PIERPOINT. ANTEROOM - MOMENTS LATER**
(CHRIS, ROBERT)

24

Robert walks in and sees Chris, the college kid, washing his hands.

ROBERT

If she really meant it she'd have
come in with a loaded gun.

Chris smiles. Robert takes his t-shirt off again, revealing his taught body. He catches Chris looking at him in the mirror, then look away.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

You can look.

Chris is a bit shy, but then stares as Robert washes his torso. Robert enjoys the spectator, the validation.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I know when girls want me. And
guys.

Robert stops right in front of him. Chris lunges, awkward and lusty. Robert pulls away, smiles, leaves Chris hungry.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Tell me you want me.

CHRIS

What if I do? What are you gonna do
about it?

On Robert: suddenly coy.

25 **INT. PIERPOINT. TRADING FLOOR. CPS DESK - DAY**
(CLEMENT, GREG, GUS, THEO)
(RISHI, JACKIE, KENNY, TASH)

25

It's quietened down post the payroll data, lots of members of the desk are now just sat back in the aisle talking to each other, a relaxed air. Gus watches as Theo finishes running Clement through a rundown on the NFP.

THEO

Think a tonne of people got
whiplash on that NFP print.

GUS

How many opioid addicted miners can
you realistically push into clean
energy?

CLEMENT

The market's main job is to shame
the majority.

Greg gets up to put his jacket on, sighs audibly.

GREG

D'you think the Payroll data accounts for Instagram models? Fuck I've got another engagement drinks tonight. I'm praying if I go they won't invite me to the wedding.

CLEMENT

There are few things more common than a wedding.

GUS

Like what?

CLEMENT

Richard Branson. Skiing in France. Airline pyjamas.

The group laugh as he reels these off.

GUS

What's wrong with marriage?

Theo avoids Gus' eyes.

CLEMENT

Tell me you're wiser than that.

Theo still won't look at him, he turns round to return to his desk, back to him. *Gus has had enough.*

GUS

Well, it's legal now... so it's an option.

Greg and Clement both look at him - getting the inference. Now Theo is finally looking at him, in total shock - what are you doing? Gus smiles back at him. A slightly awkward beat as Gus and Theo look at each other again. Greg asks Theo:

GREG

You must be thinking about doing the honourable thing soon?

Theo catches Gus watching him.

THEO

No rush. But I love her so I guess it's inevitable.

Gus has to look away, starts fiddling with a piece of paper on his desk, ripping at the corners, trying to hide his hurt.

CLEMENT

You're far too young. Went to
Jaspar Conran's wedding. Suffice to
say it was a party.

Gus' tongue is too sharp, but his frustration boils over. He
tries to sound jokey:

GUS

Did you actually go though? Or is
that another part of your life
you're lying about?

Ooof. Too far. Gus knows it. It's awkward. Everyone goes back
to work. Gus sits at his desk for a few beats before Clement
waves him over. He walks over sheepishly. Clement lowers his
voice, which sounds somehow gruffer and more Scottish, and
without looking up from his paper:

CLEMENT

You ever talk to me like that
again...I'll put you in the ground.

Gus nods and returns to his desk, trying to avoid Theo. He
takes out his phone, hand shaking slightly and texts ROBERT:
"can we get a drink later?" The camera picks up Harper's
empty chair as we cut to:

26 **EXT. TRAFFIC ISLAND - LATE AFTERNOON** 26
(HARPER)

BLARING NOISE OF TRAFFIC as it whips past Harper very
quickly. Intense. She waits for a break in the traffic,
crosses the road - into DOOLING GIRLS SCHOOL.

27 **INT. SCHOOL HALL - MOMENTS LATER** 27
(DAD, HARPER, NICOLE)

Harper watches from the back of a school hall as a number of
eleven year old girls gabble their way through a production
of A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. It has a nightmarish quality -
young girls disembodied voice through a horse's head reading
Bottom's dream. She scans the back row. Sat there is
...NICOLE, who we haven't seen since the cab in 101. Harper
has to push her way down a row, upsetting a number of mothers
filming their daughters on their phones. Harper, nervous,
scared of Nicole, whispers:

HARPER

Which one's your niece?

Nicole points at the horse, who speaks again.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Thanks for taking the time to see
me.

NICOLE
All of human life is in
Shakespeare.

Harper manages a laugh. They watch the play for a beat.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
The Paula Yates-Geldof clan came
here. It's *cursed*.

HARPER
Who's Paula Yates?

NICOLE
Michael Hutchence's ex.

HARPER
Who's Michael Hutchence?

NICOLE
Rockstar. Hung himself with an
orange in his mouth. I think.

Harper feels like she's in a mad nightmare. She bumbles
though her whisper:

HARPER
I've got a really commercial idea I
needed to put in front of you pre
the close.

A blonde, manicured WOMAN turns, puts her finger to her lips.
Nicole sticks two fingers up when she turns back. Harper is
almost holding her breath with nerves:

HARPER (CONT'D)
The NFP turnaround is pure
positioning. We have a really
competitive short dollar yen
option. I've priced it especially
for you. The rate's locked but
you'll need to execute pre-close.

NICOLE
I once had a Lehman saleswoman
follow me to the toilet to try and
flog me some MBS. So it's a vanilla
currency option that will lose me
money. So either you think I'm
stupid? Or you're stupid? And I
know you're not stupid.

Nicole looks at Harper for a beat, sees how manic she looks.
Her stare makes Harper very uncomfortable:

NICOLE (CONT'D)
The only real currency you ever
have as a salesperson is honesty.
(MORE)

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Are you going to tell me what's
really going on?

Harper pauses, then, finding the words hard to say aloud:

HARPER

I made a mistake. I misbooked
something and made it worse.

NICOLE

Have you told your boss?

HARPER

No.

NICOLE

Tell your boss. It's the only
option.

A YOUNG DAD turns round to them:

DAD

Can you shut the fuck up?

A long beat before Harper starts the conversation again in a
low whisper:

HARPER

I thought given your normal...
receptiveness to my thinking -

Harper lets this hang, regrets it.

NICOLE

Harper, what are you doing here?
(off her silence)
Clear your head, take a second,
come clean and whatever the
consequences...you'll feel relief.

Nicole smiles at her:

NICOLE (CONT'D)

And I'm willing to forgive this
intrusion. But don't try and put a
price on your dignity.

Harper's now very uncomfortable. She wants out of there, now
very aware of the proximity, notices how close her leg is to
Nicole's, moves it away. She pushes past a few mothers,
almost scrambling to get out. Nicole watches her go, returns
her eyes to her niece, smiles and waves at her. Nicole's eyes
return to the door Harper left through...with a pitying look.

One of those draughty school toilets that never gets warm. Harper is sat on the mini toilet, on the phone to her mum. She sounds concerned, but helpless and on the verge of tears:

COLETTE (O.S)

I don't know what you want me to do. I'm here. You're there.

Harper starts crying.

HARPER

You don't understand, whatever I do now, they're going to fire me.

(off silence)

I'm not fucking good for anything.

COLETTE

Please don't say that.

HARPER

If I was worth something he never would have left.

Harper waits for her mother to comfort her.

COLETTE

What do you want me to say?

29 OMITTED 29

30 **INT. THE EAGLE PUB - EARLY EVENING** 30
(ROBERT, SEB, YASMIN)

Robert walks in to the packed pub, spots Yasmin now dressed for the gym in loose netball shorts. Seb comes out of the toilet, joins her. Yasmin and Robert lock eyes, Yasmin intimating for him to stay where he is. But he walks over.

YASMIN

Seb, this is Robert - a colleague.

ROBERT

I've heard a lot about you.

SEB

I didn't think Yas talked about me at work.

ROBERT

No, she does.

SEB

Sit down.

Seb notices the red in Robert's hair.

SEB (CONT'D)

Is your head cut?

ROBERT

Nah, it's just paint. Some confused kid attacked us.

SEB

(to Yasmin)

Attacked you? Why didn't you tell me?

YASMIN

It wasn't a big deal.

SEB

Do you want a pint?

ROBERT

No. I can get my own. Nice one.

They both watch as Seb goes to the bar.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I hooked up with one of the students.

YASMIN

When?

ROBERT

Just now.

YASMIN

What happened?

ROBERT

He went down on me. And then I came in his mouth, hard...he looked up at me and said: "You taste like a hangover."

She looks at him, unimpressed:

YASMIN

I've never heard anything less convincing in my life. You're a liar.

(off Robert's silence)

Here's how it's going to go.

Yasmin watches Seb still at the bar. She takes Robert's hand and pulls it into her shorts.

YASMIN (CONT'D)

I'm going to take these pants off, and put them in your pocket.

(MORE)

YASMIN (CONT'D)

You're going to put them over your face and send me a photo. Because that's all your good for? OK?

Robert nods, turned on by being put in his place. Yasmin gets up to go to the loo, Seb is still struggling to get served. He looks very out of place amidst the suits.

31 **INT. THE EAGLE PUB. DISABLED TOILET - EARLY EVENING** 31
(YASMIN)

In a cubicle, Yasmin takes her shorts off, then her underwear, she pulls her shorts back up, looks at herself in the mirror - *am I actually doing this?* - but enjoying it.

32 **INT. THE EAGLE PUB - EARLY EVENING** 32
(YASMIN)
(GUS, ROBERT, CHINESE GRAD)

Robert stands alone by the bar. He scans the room for a face. None he recognises until he spots Gus walking into the pub to meet him. Gus approaches, looks really upset. Robert puts his hand on Gus' and squeezes it, trying to comfort him.

THEN: Robert sees him - the unknown Chinese Graduate from the prospectus. He waves at him. The Chinese Graduate waves back at both of them, perplexed. Gus looks very confused. But Robert's laughing hard, which makes Gus laugh.

Yasmin walks over to them, surreptitiously slipping her pants into Robert's jacket pocket.

YASMIN

Enjoy your evening.

She walks over to the other end of the bar to join Seb. She kisses him hard on the mouth so that Robert can see. Gus and Robert share a knowing smile.

33 **INT. PIERPOINT. MIDDLE OFFICE - EARLY EVENING** 33
(DUNCAN, HARPER)

Harper walks into middle office, looks at her watch again: 5:01pm. The market's shut. She's soaked, walks slowly. Duncan is waiting for her by the entry barriers.

DUNCAN

Look, I didn't go to your boss because you told me my fingerprints are on this.

HARPER

I'm going to him now.

Duncan looks worried.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I won't mention you.
I'm sorry I put you through
this...thanks, colleague to
colleague.

Harper cuts a lonely figure as she walks towards the lifts.

34 **INT. PIERPOINT. TRADING FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER** 34
(HARPER)
(ERIC, DARIA, GREG, RISHI, JACKIE, KENNY, TASH)

Follow Harper, bedraggled, exhausted. She walks up to Eric.
His face is unreadable. *Does he know?*

HARPER

Can we talk... somewhere private?

35 **EXT. PIERPOINT. OUTDOOR SMOKING AREA - MOMENTS LATER** 35
(ERIC, HARPER)

Rain hammers down, but they're covered by a Pierpoint
Umbrella, which Eric holds. Harper's flustered, manic from
tiredness and terrified of the consequences.

HARPER

You've been so fair to me, and the
opportunity you've given me-

ERIC

If I wanted a story I'd read Moby
Dick. What's up?

HARPER

I misbooked a trade.

He stares at her, unblinking. Go on...Harper struggles:

ERIC

How much?

Harper is very upset:

HARPER

Hundred and forty thousand dollars.

Eric just stares at her, unblinking, unreadable.

ERIC

I called your college today.

(Fuck)

We needed a hardcopy of your
credentials for the visa. So I
called them.

Harper feels like she's about to throw up. Eric offers her a cigarette. She takes it. He notices Harper's hand shake. He lights their cigarettes:

ERIC (CONT'D)

When I was a summer analyst at Salomon my boss looked like Newman from Seinfeld. But like Newman if he was a linebacker. He once said to me: "I used to think if there was reincarnation, I wanted to come back as the president or the pope or a .400 baseball hitter. But now I want to come back as the bond market because it intimidates everybody." I used to keep a notebook of his aphorisms. Is that an aphorism?

Eric gets his phone out again, drags on his cigarette.

ERIC (CONT'D)

You know how many .400 hitters there have been in history?

Harper shakes her head. Eric Googles the answer.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Neither. Google does. 20. The last one was in 1941. What are the odds? Intimidating. People like us....born at the bottom. Where would you put our percentage chance of ever making that top quintile? It's about 3%. That's intimidating. We intimidate people here because hunger isn't a birthright.

HARPER

I'm sorry.

ERIC

You realise this makes you the most *under-qualified* person I've ever hired?

Harper nods. Her voice is quiet:

HARPER

What was the final P&L?

She waits for an agonizing number of beats:

ERIC

\$200k.

HARPER

No, no - it was \$140k loss.

ERIC
Profit. \$200k profit.

Harper, in shock, still shaking. He shows her Rishi's P&L email. An Excel cell. 200k by her name. Black and white. *How?*

ERIC (CONT'D)
I executed for you pre close.
Nicole at Goldfinch.
(off Harper's shock)
Hell of a spread she ate. What did you do?

HARPER
I went to watch her niece perform Shakespeare.

ERIC
(laughing)
You just coined jargon for good client service.

Harper allows herself a laugh, can't believe it - *a reprieve.*

ERIC (CONT'D)
I would have never known. But there are generally two times to tell me when you've fucked up. The moment it's fucked, or the moment it's unfucked. Clear?

HARPER
Clear.

ERIC
Your *qualifications* don't have to be a problem for you. Because they don't *have* to be problem for me. Do you understand what I'm saying?

Harper nods - was that a threat or an opportunity.

ERIC (CONT'D)
That was the thing with Newman. He knew from day one he could trust me. So I trusted him.

Eric is looking Harper dead in the eye - *can he trust her?*

ERIC (CONT'D)
He died the morning of 9/11. Not in the attacks. 10 Marlboro red before the bell guy. Coronary killed him before he hit the ground. Wasn't big on compliments. But, I heard him compliment me once...actually overheard it.

HARPER

What he say?

Eric puts the cigarette out, slightly vulnerable, and remembering how it felt to hear the slur:

ERIC

"That little chink's a born salesman."

Eric walks inside. Harper finishes her cigarette, looks up at the sky and the imposing building. For what feels like the first time in hours and hours, she breathes out. She takes her phone out and can't believe what she's looking at. A text reply from JD STERN. Her hands shake as she opens the message - **"who is this?"** She types back quickly - **"harper", "JD?"** He's *typing*. The agony of time as she waits for a reply. It comes - **"This is Scott. sorry. New work phone. Brand new number."** Harper scrolls back up, sadly, plays the voice-note. She listens to her own voice say back to her: **"Happy Birthday. Thinking of you."**

36 **INT. GUS AND ROBERT'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT** 36
(GUS, ROBERT)

Gus and Robert enter the flat. Gus heads to the fridge.

GUS

Night cap?

ROBERT

Not tonight, mate.

36A **INT. GUS AND ROBERT'S FLAT. ROBERT'S ROOM - NIGHT** 36A
(ROBERT)

Robert enters his room, sits on the edge of his bed. With urgent excitement he roots in his pockets, pulling out her neon pink thong. He frantically sniffs it, then overcome with an animal lust scrambles it over his head, the gusset over his nose and mouth. He inhales deeply through the material, like he's breathing through a gas mask. With each breath a sense of overwhelming triumph.

37 **INT. PIERPOINT. GYM. CYCLE CLASS - NIGHT** 37
(HARPER, YASMIN)
(SARA, DARIA)

Rows of bikes in the Pierpoint gym, a group waiting for a spin class to start. We recognise a few salespeople from the floor in the class and Daria talking to Sara at the back. Harper looks like *death*, but with a brave face. Yasmin sits on the next door bike, sipping water. Yasmin turns to Harper.

YASMIN

How was your day?

HARPER

Fine. Did my biggest trade of the year.

(off Yasmin's nod)

How was yours? How was Rob?

YASMIN

Didn't get to speak to him.

Yasmin looks at her phone surreptitiously: An Insta DM with a video of Robert with the pants over his head, wanking. She plays it on silent as the lights go off. Harper's phone buzzes: An email from... Nicole: **"Call me tomorrow. Tell me what I bought."** On Harper: *am I in her pocket now? How the fuck am I going to survive this?* The music is INCREDIBLY LOUD - Another Chance by Roger Sanchez. Harper starts cycling. She looks at Yasmin, who's eyes are forward. They cycle harder. The lights strobe. Closer on Harper - pain, nausea. But the music gets more emotive: she's in it now. The pain gives way to something else - *determination*. She cycles even harder, harder, breaking through....