

Market Men

Written by:

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1989 - CHICAGO, IL

INT. CHICAGO HIGH RISE PENTHOUSE - EVENING

Pan into a luxurious high rise penthouse, filled with nice things, expensive paintings, the latest technology, computer screens, and trading charts covering the floor. A mysterious man is getting ready for the night. He is wearing a fancy suit, hair slicked back, fresh bow tie, and clean shaven. We never fully see his face.

EXT. CHICAGO HIGH RISE PENTHOUSE - EVENING (CONT'D)

CYPRIAN FRANCIS(28), a Chicago floor trader, handsome, intelligent, and athletic, emerges. He's a man with everything going for him. He exits the building and enters his black Ferrari. The engine starts, and he hits the busy streets of Chicago.

EXT. CHICAGO NIGHT CLUB - EVENING (CONT'D)

Cyprian pulls into popular night club, with a large line outside. He calls for the valet, steps out of the car, throws him the keys, along with a \$100 tip, and strolls in.

INT. CHICAGO NIGHT CLUB - EVENING (CONT'D)

Cyprian walks over to a beautiful women standing at the bar. She gives him a kiss and grabs his arm as they walk in. Their friends greet them and everyone parties the night away. Cyprian interacts with the birthday boy, CORNELL(27), who is his best friend and business partner. They take shots, get wasted, and dance the night away.

FADE OUT:

INT. CHICAGO HIGH RISE PENTHOUSE - MORNING

Sprawled out on a bed with a naked woman next to him, Cyprian is exhausted from the night before. The clock strikes 4:45, and an alarm goes off. He hits the snooze, rolls over, and kisses his girl. She wakes up and they have hot morning sex.

EXT. CHICAGO DOWNTOWN STREETS - MORNING (CONT'D)

The city rises, people waiting for the bus, train, listening to walk-mans, reading the paper, grabbing coffee. All shapes and sizes. It's Chicago in the 80's. Cyprian drives past them all, speeding down LaSalle street.

CYPRIAN V.O.

Today, is unlike any other day.
Although most days are never the
same, when you do what I do.

(MORE)

CYPRIAN V.O. (CONT'D)

You see, most people don't care about the market, the stock market, the market in general. They go about their day, working, doing the same shit, day in and day out. Getting paid, to work. Not giving a fuck. That is until they hear something on the news.(beat) But then there's guys like me, who make the news. Who move markets. Millions. Billions of dollars daily, hourly, within seconds. You see, we are what makes the world go round. Weather you know it or not. We are the **MARKET MEN**. And I. I my friend, am one of the best in the world.

EXT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE - MORNING (CONT'D)

Cyprian walks along side hundreds of others traders, wearing goofy colored jackets with funky designs. They're smoking cigarettes, and talking morning gossip.

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE - MORNING (CONT'D)

Cyprian confidently walks into the historic Chicago Board of Trade building. He is acknowledged by many. He grabs coffee and continues down a long hall, past a number of convenient stores. A few men shinning shoes. Cyprian stops by a convenient store to grab his daily newspapers; **The Wall Street Journal, The Financial Times, and the The Washington post**. He glances at the headlines, "**Tokyo Free Falling.**" He engages the clerk.

CYPRIAN

Looks like it's going to be another good day Geronimo.

STORE CLERK

Everyday is a good day for you Cyprian?

Cyprian laughs.

CYPRIAN

Ha, I wish.

Cyprian continues down the hall into a large reception area where traders, clerks, and exchange employees grab their designated jackets. Cyprian grabs his black and gold jacket. There is a badge on the front of it with the letters **C-Y-P**.

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE ELEVATOR - MORNING (CONT'D)

Cyprian steps into an already stuffed elevator. A trader recognizes him.

TRADER JIM

Cyp!

CYPRIAN

Jim, what's happening buddy.

TRADER JIM

You catch that game last night?

CYPRIAN

You know it man.(beat) I'm telling you that kid Michael Jordan is going to be something special.

TRADER JIM

He's amazing isn't he.(beat) So when are you going to unload some of those bonds you're holding?

CYPRIAN

When the time is right my friend.(beat) When the time is right. Don't worry. I'll come straight to you when I do.

They arrive on the bottom floor.

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE FLOOR - MORNING (CONT'D)

Doors open to a new world, the trading floor of the Chicago Board of Trade, home of the world's largest open outcry trading pits. Different color jackets all over the place, men, women, boys, girls, different shapes, sizes, and races, running around, yelling at each other, making funny signing with their hands. Cyprian takes it all in. He reaches into his pocket and grabs a trading card, quickly jotting down notes while glaring at the screens above. He interacts with other traders as he walks through the maze that is the floor.

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE DESK - MORNING (CONT'D)

Cyprian approaches his team, which is already standing at his terminal, preparing for the day ahead. His team consists of 4; ELIZABETH(27), an outspoken tomboy type, who manages the trade desk, and two runners; PHILLIP(20) and LINDSEY(22). And Cornell, who is off elsewhere. They get straight to business.

ELIZABETH

Cyp, you've got a few positions on from yesterday, that we'll need to keep an eye on. Mostly commodities, those soybean trades might stop out. And we're still long the Eurobonds.

CYPRIAN

That's fine, just let me know when they hit. We won't touch the Eurobonds. How's pre-market?

ELIZABETH

Europe sold off as we expected, pretty low volume so far, looks like we'll have a calm morning, until the ISM number.

CYPRIAN

Great, no matter what the number is today, we're buy side bias. This market is moving up with or without the ISM number. We're too oversold, and Japan looks like shit. Take a loo at this.

He pulls a chart out, showing everyone a large support level, clearly defined with precise measurements.

CYPRIAN (CONT'D)

If we can actually get a pullback on the number, to let's say 340s down to 337s, maybe even 335s. If it holds we're going long heavy. Got it? Where's Cornell at? Is he here yet?

LINDSEY

Yea. He's around here somewhere.

CYPRIAN

Let me go find him.

Cyprian continues his morning rounds. He spots Cornell across the floor, talking to a group of traders, particularly two Italian men (LUCKY & CHASE), who are familiar faces from the party last night. They glare at him as he passes by. Cyprian makes his way to the bathroom.

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE BATHROOM - MORNING (CONT'D)

While urinating, Cyprian notices someone at the sink doing a line of coke. He shakes his head in disappointment.

CYPRIAN

You really gotta fucking do that
shit in here, right fucking now,
before the open!

The clerk looks up at him, and quickly cleans up.

TRADING CLERK

Hey man chill out. I'm done.

He then hears moaning coming from the stall. It's a couple
messing around, so rough that the door swings open. Enough
for him to catch a glance.

CYPRIAN

Jesus fucking Christ Pauly, you
really gotta do that shit in here,
right fucking now.

TRADER PAULY

I'm sorry Cyppy. You know it calms
me down. Hurry up. (talking to the
girl.) Put your fucking clothes
back on.

Pauly closes the door, as Cyprian shakes his head in
disappointment. He walks back on to the floor. Time to take
care of business.

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE FLOOR DESK - MORNING (CONT'D)

Cyprian settles back into his chair as Cornell jogs over.

CORNELL

I see you made it in today.

CYPRIAN

Me? I wasn't the one getting it in
last night. It was your birthday.
I've got money to make my friend.
No time to sulk about with a little
hangover.

Cyprian grabs Cornell's arms.

CORNELL

You and me both fam. So what's the
plan for the day?

Rubbing his hands eager to make money.

CYPRIAN

What are the linguine boys doing?

CORNELL

Oh you know, same old bull shit. Scalping ticks and watching what we do. They want to sell because of what's going on in Japan. Shorting is always easiest for them.

CYPRIAN

Well. Let's bait them in a bit. I'm expecting a weaker ISM number, and the sellers to rush in. But this support is not going to break.(pointing to his charts) We're heavy buyers through 335, Confirmed with New York, they all see the same thing. Big institutional money.

CORNELL

Should I let anyone else know?

CYPRIAN

No. No. Not today. We're solo on this one.

They make their way to the trading pit for the opening bell.

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE S&P PIT - MORNING (CONT'D)

The clock ticks: 8:27, 8:28, 8:29. More traders pack into the pit, standing shoulder to shoulder, breathing and sweating all over each other. Over 300 men squeezed in. We see familiar faces. Cornell stands directly next to Cyprian, with Lindsay at the edge of the pit, and Phil next to Elizabeth at their desk, just outside the pit.(At this point we see a little P/L ticker on the screen. It shows how many contracts Cyprian trades, and his profit or loss for the day. It changes as he trades.) **0 CONTRACTS; \$0 P/L.**

CYPRIAN V.O.

By 1989 I had one of the best trading crews on the floor, accounting for almost 10% of the S&P volume. I mean I was slinging anywhere from 7,000 to 10,000 contracts a day, making well over a hundred grand a day.(beat) From the moment I stepped foot onto this place, I knew I wanted to be apart of it.(beat) You see, what I love most about the market, more than anything else, is that no one man has an edge on the next. I mean here and there, yes.

(MORE)

CYPRIAN V.O. (CONT'D)

But this is a zero sum game. It doesn't matter who you are, where you come from, or how much money you have. The market doesn't care. It will come, and it will rip you into pieces.(beat) Or, like in my case, make you filthy fucking rich.

The clock strikes 8:30 and the opening bell rings. Traders begin yelling out orders, lunging and fighting for space, spit evaporating into thin air. Cornell keeps the area secure, organizing Cyprian's trading cards, and helping him keep track of his trades. The market opens and moves down.

CYPRIAN

Who's buying? Selling 100 at 347!
Who needs em!

TRADER BIX

Give me twenty at halves.

CYPRIAN

Sold!

Cyprian visually confirms the order using hand signals, writing the badge number on a card, handing it to Cornell, who confirms it, and signals for Lindsay to grab it. She runs off to find another other clerk, and confirms the trade. They do this over and over again, as Cyprian places his trades. **250 Contracts; P/L -\$3,125.**

TRADER ZZZ

Give me 50 at halves too.

TRADER ELI

I'll take 10 of those too.

CYPRIAN

Sold! And Sold!

Cyprian gets into a flow.

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO FBI OFFICE - MORNING (CONT'D)

An office full of SWAT is preparing for a raid. Two commanding officers, MIKE VOGAL(34), a the corky FBI agent, the lead agent on this investigation, and his superior officer, ERNEST LOCKER(55), an aging FBI director, have outlined the layout of the entire Chicago Board of Trade floor on a large board. There are pictures of specific traders and their associates. They address the agents.

MIKE VOGAL

Here is the breakdown of how we are going to handle things today. I've got warrants for everyone here. We need to find these individuals, arrest them, and bring them in accordingly. Your team leads will give you more specific instructions once we arrive. Following the initial floor arrest, we'll spread out across the city, and located individuals at their homes. We've got a long list here, so be prepared for a long day ahead.

Ernest chimes in.

ERNEST LOCKER

Remember that some of these guys are going to try to get away. We have a very small window of opportunity here. We want to make sure that we grab documentation as well. Any files, printouts, receipts, anything that can be used as evidence.

MIKE VOGAL

Got it?(beat) Alright! Let's roll out!

They round up, and head out. Ernest approaches Mike.

ERNEST LOCKER

Are you ready for this?

MIKE VOGAL

As ready as I'll ever be.

EXT. CHICAGO FBI OFFICE - MORNING (CONT'D)

Vans fill with agents. They drive off. Ernest walks back inside to make a phone call.

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE S&P PIT - MORNING (CONT'D)

The pit is still very active. The market has ticked up to 347. Cyprian's short position has now grown to over 400 contracts, but he's down -\$20,000. He stays cool. Not a concern shown. He looks down at a card in his hand. **"ISM, Forecast 51. Previous 52."** He looks at Cornell.

CYPRIAN
Confirm that number for me.

CORNELL
You got it boss.

The pit dies down substantially. Almost no trades being placed. The clock strikes 9:00, and a loud beep echoes across the floor. A number flashes on a giant screen above.

CORNELL (CONT'D)
48! 48.6!

CYPRIAN
400 at 46 half! 400 at 46! 45
half!

The pit erupts into chaos. Sell orders from everywhere come in. Cyprian joins in, doubling his short position, to 800. Each tick now worth \$10,000. Down the market goes. 45, 44, 43, 42. He's now in the money. **800 Contracts; P/L +\$40,00.**

Cyprian covers his position, netting over \$76,500. The clock shows 9:17. The market drops to 340. He's flat. He signals to Elizabeth that he's flat. She confirms. He signals back 40s, 40s. She confirms. Cyprian's team is moving smoothly, navigating the madness of the floor with ease, everyone conducting their job precisely.

Cyprian starts buying again at 340s. **1,100 Contracts; P/L - \$40,00.** The market keeps falling, down to 335. He takes a good amount of heat. His balance going negative for a moment. But the market soon bottoms out, as he keeps buying more, making over \$266,000 in less than an hour. Sweat dripping down his face. He hands his deck to Cornell. **2,650 CONTRACTS; P/L \$266,000.**

CYPRIAN (CONT'D)
How many do I have left?

CORNELL
Looks like we still have 50, at 38.

CYPRIAN
All those trades confirmed?

CORNELL
Not yet.

CYPRIAN
Alright. We'll sit on the
sidelines here for a bit. See
where the market goes.
(MORE)

CYPRIAN (CONT'D)

But I wouldn't mind laying low for
the rest of the day.

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE OFFICE - MORNING (CONT'D)

Pan into a lush Chicago office, overlooking the heart of the financial district. This is the office of MELMED LEWIS(70), the well established chairman of the exchange. The phone rings, he picks it up.

ERNEST LOCKER

Mel! This is Ernest with the
Federal Bureau of Investigations.
I know you don't want to hear this,
but Everything is green-lighted for
this morning. I'm sending my boys
over now. I'm counting on you to
make sure things go smooth.

MELMED LEWIS

I understand.

Mel is disgusted, and immediately places another call.

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE FLOOR DESK - MORNING (CONT'D)

Elizabeth answers the phone ringing at her desk.

ELIZABETH

Trading floor!

MELMED LEWIS

Is Cyprian there?

ELIZABETH

Yes. But he's in the pit.

MELMED LEWIS

Can you get him for me? This is
extremely urgent. I need to speak
with him immediately.

ELIZABETH

Who is this?

MELMED LEWIS

This is Melmed Lewis.(beat) The
chairman of the exchange.

Elizabeth immediately recognizes the urgency, and writes a note on a card, handing it to Phill, to run into the pit.

ELIZABETH

Oh sir. I'm sorry. I should have known. I will get him right away.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING - MORNING (CONT'D)

Vans pull up to the front of the exchange. Mike Vogel and the rest of the FBI emerge. They eagerly raid the floor, warrants in hand, quickly apprehending numerous traders.

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE S&P PIT - MORNING (CONT'D)

Cyprian picks the phone up.

CYPRIAN

Mel, look I was going to bring that paperwork over this afternoon. I just got swamped with stuff, and I couldn't get the numbers in order.

MELMED LEWIS

That's okay. Look. That's not what I'm calling about.(beat) I've known you've for long time kid, and I know you mean well, but some of your friends might not. There are some men from the FBI heading over right now. I'm not exactly sure what they have, and on who, but I know it's not good. You may want to call in sick for the rest of the day, if you know what I mean kid.

CYPRIAN

Are you serious? The FBI?

MELMED LEWIS

It's bad. Call in the troops and lay low for a couple of days. I will be in touch.

He hangs up the phone and signals for his team to come over.

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE FLOOR - MORNING (CONT'D)

The FBI continues manhandling traders on the floor. Agents run into our two Italian friends LUCKY(31) and CHASE(31), who are subdued immediately, as top suspects.

RANDY JACKSON

You have the right to remain silent, anything you say or do will be used against you.

LUCKY

What the fuck is this shit? I'm fucking working here. You mother fuckers. Get your fucking hands off me. Fuck you man. Fucking prick.

Lucky spits on agents, putting up a very strong fight. It creates a scene at the front of the floor, which riles up the rest of the traders. Elizabeth looks over.

ELIZABETH

What's going on over there?

CORNELL

Looks like a fight. Wait, are those cops? Lucky?

ELIZABETH

What's going on?

CYPRIAN

Fuck. Guys that's the FBI. I just got a call. They are raiding the place. Who knows what they have. I need everyone to get the fuck out of here now! Go home. I will call you.

CORNELL

Cyp, but we're still long 50.

Cyprian, pulls out his car keys, handing them to Lindsey.

CYPRIAN

Lindsey, go grab my car. Meet me on Federal ASAP. Looks guys. Remember, if someone asks you anything tell them they have to talk to me first. You are not allowed to speak to anyone. You fucking hear me!

He quickly sorts through the papers on his desk.

Cyprian

Help me guys. We need to hide everything. Liz you take all this with you. (handing her papers.) Go, go, go, now! Phil you go with her. Make sure she gets away.

Elizabeth, Phil, and Lindsey run off. Cornell is zoned in on the arrests.

CORNELL

Oh man, that's Lucky and Chase over there. You think they're coming this way?

CYPRIAN

Yes. Snap the fuck out of it man! We need to get out of here now. I have to grab some things from the office. Meet me back in OP.

Mike Vogal spots Cyprian and immediately pursues him, but Cornell jumps in his way, stalling the agents. Giving Cyp a head start.

CORNELL

Cyp, go! I'll hold them off. Go!

Cyprian heads out the back. Cornell is arrested.

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE STAIRS - MORNING (CONT'D)

Cyprian dips and dodges his way up a back stair case, huffing and puffing as he reaches his office, twelve flights up.

INT. CYPRIAN'S OFFICE - MORNING (CONT'D)

Busting in, Cyprian is out of breath, he locks the door, and pushes a cabinet in front of it. He grabs a briefcase and stuffs it with more documents. Mike Vogal and two FBI agents make their way up the stairs. They reach the office and grab the door handle, but it's locked. Cyprian hears them. Quickly turning his attention to his safe, as he punches in a code and opens it, grabbing and loading a pistol, sticking it into his back, then grabbing stacks of cash and stuffing them inside the bag. The agents kick in the door, but the cabinet blocks their way. Cyprian finishes grabbing his things, and opens the window, looking down, and he sees Lindsey pulling up. He jets down the fire escape, just as the agents make their way inside, but it's too late.

MIKE VOGAL

Cyprian. I see you! Freeze. You are under arrest. Stop right there. Cyp! I will fucking get you!(screaming out the window)

Cyprian jumps in the get away car, as Lindsey drives off, tires spinning wildly, weaving in and out of traffic.

CYPRIAN V.O.

Looking at this situation, you might think I was the bad guy here. But let me assure you, that I am not.(beat) Getting to this point in my life was a blessing in itself. But I worked hard for everything I ever earned. And I wasn't about to let it all slip away.

FADE TO BLACK:

1977 - 12 YEARS EARLIER

EXT. OAK PARK STREET - AFTERNOON

A moving truck pulls up to a lovely small home in Oak Park, a suburb of Chicago. A young CYPRIAN FRANCIS(14), and his family move into a new home. A group of local kids walk by. One of the girls catches Cyprian's eye. She's bouncing a basketball, which accidentally hits the curb and rolls onto Cyprian. She runs over to grab it. They meet.

AUTUMN

I'm so sorry for that.(taking the ball back.) Thank you very much.

CYPRIAN

It's cool. It happens.

AUTUMN

I guess I'm not much of a player.(beat) Are you moving in?

CYPRIAN

Yup, just moved here from New York. My name is Cyprian.(reaching his hand out) Pleasure to meet you.

AUTUMN

Cyprian. That's a very unique name. I'm Autumn.

(MORE)

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

I live right there across the street.(pointing) I guess we're kind of like neighbors now.(beat) We're going down the street to place some basketball, if you're interested in joining.

CYPRIAN

Yea. I would. But I have to finish helping my parents.

AUTUMN

Yea. Okay. Well I guess I'll see you around then?

CYPRIAN

Yea. I'll see you around.

Autumn runs off, while Cyprian finishes moving. He likes this girl.

INT. CYPRIAN'S HOME - EVENING

It's dark outside. Cyprian, finishes helping his family move, then sits down for dinner. Once finished, he grabs his basketball gear and heads over to the park.

EXT. BARRIE BARK - EVENING (CONT'D)

To his dismay, all but one kid have left. It's a young CORNELL(14). They start playing a game together.

CORNELL

You wanna play twenty one?

CYPRIAN

What's twenty one?

CORNELL

One on one till you get to 21. Outside the three point line are twos, anything inside is one.

CYPRIAN

You mean thirty two?

CORNELL

No, twenty one. What the hell is thirty two?

CYPRIAN

Sounds like the same damn thing.(beat) Whatever, let's do it.

CORNELL
Shoot for ball.

Cornell takes a jumper and they start playing. Cyprian completely dominates.

CORNELL (CONT'D)
Damn dude. Where did you learn to play like that?

CYPRIAN
New York. I just moved here.

CORNELL
Damn, that's cool. I never been to New York. You going to OPRF?

CYPRIAN
Is that the high school?

CORNELL
Yea. I'll be a freshman.

CYPRIAN
That's what's up. I'll be a sophomore. You live around here?

CORNELL
Yea down the block, in those apartment buildings right there.(beat) There's usually kids up here after school, if you ever want to play with more competition.

CYPRIAN
For sure.(beat) Well, it's getting dark now, I guess I have to head back, but I'll see you around?

CORNELL
For sure man. See you around.

They bid farewell, and Cyprian runs home.

INT. CHASE'S HOME - MORNING

CHASE(15) and his mobster father AL(55), prepare for the day ahead. The phone rings, and Al answers.

AL
Yea. 10?(beat) I have this thing in Wrigley. How am I suppose to get there by 10?(beat) I don't know? Okay. I'll be there.

He hangs up.

AL (CONT'D)

Chase! Lets move! I'm late!

Al walks into the garage and puts a large bag into his trunk. They head out in a hurry.

INT. AL'S CAR - MORNING (CONT'D)

The two pull up to the front of the school.

AL

There's a Pizza in the freezer for later. I'm not sure when I'll be home tonight.

CHASE

Yea okay Dad. That should be good.

Chase opens the door and steps out. Al sincerely gazing as his son.

AL

Take care of yourself kid. Listen to you teachers. I'll see you later.

CHASE

Thanks pops. I'll See you later.

Al pulls off, almost crashing into another car.

INT. CYPRIAN'S MOTHER'S CAR - MORNING (CONT'D)

Cyprian's mother swerves her car out of the way.

CYPRIAN

Damn mom. Watch out! What are you doing?

CYPRIAN'S MOTHER

He cut me off!

CYPRIAN

Just pull over right here. I'll walk the rest of the way.

CYPRIAN'S MOTHER

Okay. Well have a good day. Here is your lunch. I can pick you up after school.

CYPRIAN

It's okay. It's nice out. I want to walk.

She gives him a kiss on the head.

CYPRIAN'S MOTHER

Have a good day Cyprian! I love you.

CYPRIAN

Love you too mom.

He runs inside, along side the other kids.

INT. O'SULLIVAN'S TAVERN - MORNING (CONT'D)

Gangsters sit around smoking, doing gangster shit. Al, races into the bar, obvious late. In the back SALVADOR(61), the hefty mob boss, converses with some associates.

ITALIAN GANGSTER

Al, where ya been?

AL

I had this thing with my car this morning. Making funny noises that I had to get checked out. I've got a guy up north in Wrigley.

ITALIAN GANGSTER

Should have told me. I've got a guy out west who owes me a big favor. A lot closer.

AL

Oh yea. These Mexicans do good work too, but I'll keep it in mind.

The phone rings for Salvador. He takes it, while glaring at the men, emotionless. He puts the phone down and slowly walks over to them.

SALVADOR

I'm going need you guys to head over to O'Hare to take care of that thing we talked about earlier. My contact is going to let you in. Al, Tony, Jimmy and Carmine.

ITALIAN GANGSTER

Sure thing boss.

The men acknowledge the order and gather themselves.
Salvador calls Carmine over.

SALVADOR
Carmine, a word please.

CARMINE
Yea boss?

Carmine walks over. They step aside. Salvador whispers something into his ear.

SALVADOR
Al's got to go. Order from the top. He's been making deals with the Puerto Ricans.(beat) You know what to do.

CARMINE
Al? Really?

Carmine is surprised, but orders are orders.

SALVADOR
Just make it clean.

Carmine acknowledges and heads outside.

EXT. O'SULLIVAN'S TAVERN - MORNING (CONT'D)

The men walk out to a black Lincoln. Al heads to the back.

CARMINE
Al, why don't you ride up front today.

He looks at Carmine funny, but follows orders.

AL
Yea, anything you say Carmine.

The men get into the car and drive off.

EXT. EMPTY LOT - MORNING (CONT'D)

They pull into an empty lot. Al squints his eyes to see where they are going.

AL
Are we here?

One of the men from the backseat suddenly emerges with a rope, slinging it around AL's neck, slowly choking him. He struggles for a few minutes, but soon dies.

FADE OUT:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - AFTERNOON

Cyprian is both scared and excited on his first day at school. He walks into the cafeteria to look for a place to sit, but he doesn't recognize anyone. He makes his way towards an open table in the back. Across the room, Autumn watches. He sits down and eats alone for a few minutes, until Autumn walks over.

AUTUMN

Hey there friend. You just going to sit there all by yourself?

CYPRIAN

Well, I don't exactly know anyone yet. So that would be the case wouldn't it.

AUTUMN

You know me! So that makes one friend.(beat) Would you like to join my friends and I?

CYPRIAN

Yes, yes I would love to.

They walk over to her table and she introduces him to all her friends.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

The clock strikes 3:00 and students rush into the hallway. Cyprian tries to find his locker, but is not sure where to go because there is a large crowd gathered in front of it. He tries to go around it, without intruding, but LUCKY(15), a self centered, loud, Italian kid, is blocking his way as he entertains the crowd.

LUCKY

And then we took that mother fucker's clothes while he was in the hot tub! He ended up running after us for blocks, butt naked!

The crowd erupts into laughter. Cyprian runs into Lucky.

CYPRIAN

Excuse me.

Lucky looks down in a threatening manner.

LUCKY

Excuse you? What the fuck do you want?

CYPRIAN

Nothing. Nothing. It's just that my locker is right there, and I need to get to it.

LUCKY

Oh. Okay.

Lucky realizes that Cyprian means no harm and steps back.

CHASE

Lucky, let's get the fuck out of here man.

The group walks away.

INT. CHASE'S HOME - EVENING

Home from school, Chase is alone. He makes a frozen pizza, sits down in front of the TV, chills, and soon falls asleep.

EXT. CHASE'S HOME - EVENING (CONT'D)

A cop car pulls up to the front of the house.

INT. CHASE'S HOME - EVENING (CONT'D)

Chase wakes up when he hears the doorbell ring. He's shocked by how late it is, and is slow to answer. The door opens.

POLICE OFFICER

Is this the home of Alberto Di'Antoni?

CHASE

Yes, that's my father.

POLICE OFFICER

Is there anyone else home with you?

CHASE

No. Just me and my father live here. He said he was going to be home later than usual tonight. Is there a problem? Cause we ain't do nothing wrong man, I can tell you that much.

Chase is hostile.

POLICE OFFICER

No problem. There has been an accident. Your father has been in an accident. We want to ask you a few questions.

CHASE

Accident. What kind of accident?

POLICE OFFICER

Your father has been rushed to the hospital. We don't know more than that. If you can grab your things and come with us, we'll get you more information.

CHASE

This better not be some sort of a joke. I've heard stories you know.

POLICE OFFICER

I bet you have, but this is a very serious matter. Please grab your things and come with us.

Chase is hesitant, but grabs his things and follows.

EXT. CHICAGO POLICE STATION - EVENING

A flashy Cadillac pulls up. Salvador, his driver, and an associate park and walk in.

INT. CHICAGO POLICE STATION - EVENING

Sitting alone, with his head down, sulking, Chase sees Salvador walk in and in relief, eagerly runs over to hug him.

CHASE

Uncle Sal, I don't know what's going on. The cops keep asking me all these questions. Is pops okay? They said he's been in an accident, but won't let me go see him.

Salvador consoles.

Salvador

Everything is going to be alright. Wait here a moment, I'm going to find out what's going on. (yelling at the cop) Jimmy! Jimmy! Can I have a word please?

Salvador privately chats with the sergeant. Chase tears up as he thinks about his father. A few moments pass and they walk back.

SALVADOR (CONT'D)

Chase, your father has been in an accident. He's been sent to Rush Hospital. I don't know much, but we can head over there right away. Okay?

Chase in tears.

CHASE

Um. Okay.

The officer walks over.

POLICE OFFICER

Son. You're free to go with Salvador here. He's going to take care of you.

SALVADOR

Chase, grab your things.

He turns to the officer.

SALVADOR (CONT'D)

Jim, thanks again. Stop by the restaurant any time.

POLICE OFFICER

You got it Sal.

They leave the building.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

The school bell rings and kids leave for the day. Cyprian walks home.

INT. CHELSEA'S CAR - AFTERNOON (CONT'D)

Autumn and CHELSEA(18), her cute older sister, drive home, jamming out to a popular Madonna song. Autumn sees Cyprian.

AUTUMN

Chelsea, can you pull over right here? That's the new kid that just moved in across the street from us. Maybe he wants a ride?

She pulls over, and yells out.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)
Hey, want a ride?

Cyprian points at himself.

CYPRIAN
Me?

AUTUMN
Yea you silly. We're going to the same place. Are we not?

CYPRIAN
Hell ye! We certainly are!

She opens the door, and lifts her seat up. He hops in.

AUTUMN
Cyprian, this is my sister Chelsea. She's a senior now, so she can drive to school. Lucky girl.

CHELSEA
Hey, nice to meet you. Welcome to Oak Park, SOUTH SIDE! I heard you just moved here.

CYPRIAN
Yea. It's an experience that's for sure. But I like Oak Park. There are more trees here, and the air is cleaner.

They continue driving, while jamming out.

AUTUMN
So you have any big plans this weekend?

CYPRIAN
Not really. Just helping my parents. Maybe find a job. I really want to find a job.

AUTUMN
Yea me too.

CHELSEA
What do you need a job for? You've got Lucky. Just milk him for what he's got.

AUTUMN

Shut up Chelsea. I don't do that.
I'm not one of those girls.

CHELSEA

I don't know why. His family is
loaded, and they have that
restaurant downtown.

AUTUMN

Maybe I'll see if there's anything
available there.

CYPRIAN

Lucky? I think that guy's locker
is right next to mine. Third
floor, back staircase? He always
has a crew of people around him,
and he's loud.

AUTUMN

Sounds about right. His family is
connected, if you know what I mean.
But he's a nice guy. They are
always throwing parties. Maybe you
can make it out to one. That is if
you like to party?

CYPRIAN

Of course I like to party!

AUTUMN

I don't know how they do it in New
York, but we like to have fun here.

CYPRIAN

Yea for sure. I would love to go.

AUTUMN

Awesome. Then I'll keep you
posted.

They pull up to their home.

CYPRIAN

Hey Chelsea, thanks for the ride.
I hope it wasn't a burden.

CHELSEA

I mean we do live on the same
street. No problem at all.

Cyprian stares at Autumn as she walks into her house.

INT. CYPRIAN'S HOME - EVENING

Cyprian, giddy from his encounter, struts into his home, only to hear his parents arguing in the back.

CYPRIAN'S MOTHER

Bogdan! What are we suppose to do now? How are we going to pay for this house? I can't believe you would do something like this.(beat) Oh my god! Lord have mercy on this family.

With his head down, he responds.

CYPRIAN'S FATHER

I'll figure something out. It's not like I planned on this.

CYPRIAN'S MOTHER

And what exactly are you going to do?

CYPRIAN'S FATHER

There's work in the city. Construction work. I can paint. I can work with the boys from Church.

CYPRIAN'S MOTHER

So you're just going to jump from job to job, and expect this family to just adjust? Lord Jesus.

Cyprian's father is disappointed in himself. His mother is upset. Cyprian walks into his room, avoiding the conversation all together. He closes his door and grabs a safe from under his bed. He counts how much money he has in it. It's \$78. He can't believe how poor he is.

INT. CYPRIAN'S HOME - EVENING (CONT'D)

Dinner is ready and the family gathers around to eat.

CYPRIAN'S MOTHER

Julia, so how was school today?

CYPRIAN'S SISTER

It was good.

She says in a low tone.

CYPRIAN'S MOTHER

It doesn't sound like it was a good day.

CYPRIAN'S SISTER

It was. But then I hear you guys yelling at each other, and it's not nice. It makes me sad.

CYPRIAN'S MOTHER

Well look kids. You're father was laid off today. I'm not mad at him. I'm mad at the situation. We took a big risk coming out here, and it's tough. But we'll figure something out. We always do.

CYPRIAN'S FATHER

Don't worry. Nothing will change for you guys. There are some things I can always do.

CYPRIAN'S SISTER

Okay. Well today....

She continues on about her day, while Cyprian sits there, not saying much, just playing with his food.

EXT. CYPRIAN'S HOME BACK YARD - EVENING (CONT'D)

They finish eating and clean, while Cyprian and his father talk on the back porch.

CYPRIAN

Damn pops they laid you off?

CYPRIAN'S FATHER

It's not the first time this has happened. I've been getting laid off since we came to this country. It's nothing I'm not used to. Just with the new house and all, we have more bills to pay than usual.

CYPRIAN

Did they say why?

CYPRIAN'S FATHER

Budget. But who knows. They don't really need a reason. Jobs come, jobs go.

CYPRIAN

Budget? What does that even mean?

Cyprian shakes his head in disbelief.

CYPRIAN'S FATHER

That's what happens when you don't know the language, and when you're from another country. They cut you. They treat you like shit. That's why you have to do good in school. So they never cut you. Learn everything you can.

CYPRIAN

Maybe I should get a job to help. I mean I can work too you know.

CYPRIAN'S FATHER

If you can keep up with school. Then certainly find a job. You're grades are most important though. You're going to college, first and foremost.

CYPRIAN

I know. I know. But I want to make money too. School is easy for me.

Beat.

CYPRIAN'S FATHER

I'm going to need to update my resume. Can you help me with that?

CYPRIAN

Let's take a look now.

They walk back inside.

CUT TO:

INT. CORNELL'S HOME - AFTERNOON

Cornell walks into his low-end rugged apartment. He opens the door to his sister crying in her crib, and his mother passed out on the living room couch, apparently from drugs. He sets down his backpack and picks his sister up.

CORNELL

Hey there. Everything is okay boo. What are you crying for? I'm here. Hush. Hush. It's okay.

His sister stops crying. They walk into the kitchen. Cornell gives her a bottle, it calms her down. He opens the fridge, but it's empty, again.

CORNELL (CONT'D)

Man we never have anything to eat.

He grabs bread, the last of the peanut butter, and makes a basic sandwich. There is nothing to drink, so he grabs a cup of water. He walks back into the living room, just as his mother wakes up.

CORNELL'S MOTHER

Hey honey. You're home early.

CORNELL

Yea. I've got something to take care of. When are you going to go shopping? There is nothing to eat.

CORNELL'S MOTHER

I'm still waiting on the check in the mail. So as soon as it comes I will go.

CORNELL

Can I borrow some money for the rest of the week then?

CORNELL'S MOTHER

I don't have any to give you.

Cornell grunts.

CORNELL

Man, we never have any money! I can't stand this!

He hands the baby to his mother and storms out.

CORNELL'S MOTHER

Don't be like that. You know the circumstances we are in. It's not like your father is here to help us. I'll get the money.

CORNELL

It's not even you mom. It's the situation. I'm out of here. I have something I have to take care of. I'll be home later.

He gives his mother a kiss, and leaves.

EXT. CORNELL'S HOME - EVENING

It's dark now. Cornell walks past a local grocery store where he sees his friend ROMEO(15) working.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - EVENING

CORNELL

Hey Rome! What's good playa?

They dap up.

ROMEO

Young Cornell. What is up my nigga?

CORNELL

Shit. On my way to see my uncle about some work. Looks like you on the same.

ROMEO

Yea, yea. You know me. Up here on my grocery store grind. But I be dealin on the side too my nigga.

Reaching into his pocket, pulling out bags of weed.

ROMEO (CONT'D)

I got them 2 for ten bro. Loud. Hollar at me joe.

CORNELL

That's actually what I'm going to hollar at my uncle about. But shit! What they payin up here now a days any ways. I could always use an extra hustle.

ROMEO

Shit nigga. Minimum wage, \$2.30 an hour. I be lucky to make fifty bucks this week. But shit. It's legit, and I gotta do something right? You need a job? I can hollar at my manager.

Cornell sees the train approaching from afar.

CORNELL

Yea man. Not right now though. I have to catch this train. Can you grab an application for me?

ROMEO

I got you.

They dap up, and Cornell runs off.

EXT. CTA BLUE LINE STATION - EVENING (CONT'D)

Cornell runs into the station, and onto the train. He sits in the back, observing all the interesting people around him. He peers out the window as the train heads into the city.

EXT. CTA BLUE LINE KEDZIE STOP - EVENING (CONT'D)

As Cornell exists the station he sees pimps, hoes, thugs, crack heads, and homeless children everywhere. It's the definitely the hood. He turns the corner and is immediately met by a mean looking gang. One of them pulls a gun on him.

THUG #1

Joe! What the fuck you doin round these parts young homie. Don't you know this is BD territory.

Cornell is screwed.

CORNELL

Yea I know it's BD territory. You need to get that gun out of my face though. I'm here to see my uncle. Curtis.

THUG #1

Who the fuck is Curtis? I ain't know no Curtis!

The gang pats Cornell down to see if he's holding.

CORNELL

That's right.(beat) Everyone around here knows him as 50 Stacks. You know who 50 stacks is?

THUG #1

Your uncle is 50?

CORNELL

Yea man. I'm not here to cause any trouble man. I'm just here to see my uncle. BD nigga, BD.

THUG #1

Ight man. Wait here. We'll send someone up. What's your name G?

CORNELL

Cornell.

THUG #1
 Ey Jamal, go see if this kid
 Cornell is here to see 50.

The kid runs off.

INT. HOUSING PROJECT BUILDING - EVENING (CONT'D)

Inside the filthy first floor lobby, Cornell is escorted up to the 17th floor by heavy security. Then into a apartment, where a small party is taking place. Cornell stands in the front hall patiently waiting. A girl walks over.

HOE #1
 Hey baby. Whatchu up here for?

CORNELL
 I'm here to see my uncle.

HOE #1
 Oh I see. 50 suppose to be your
 uncle hu? You suppose to be some
 young bad ass thug too hu?

She must be high. Cornell shrugs it off.

CORNELL
 Not really.

50 Stacks(40) a dark, thick, muscular man walks in. A fat gold chain gripping his neck. He quickly motions the girl.

50 STACKS
 Hoe, shut the fuck up, and get your
 hoe ass the fuck out of here.
 Always talkin shit.(turning to
 Cornell) My young nigga Cornell!
 How you been young playya? Great to
 see you. Come in Come in. Let's
 talk.

They make their way into the living room. There are two girls sitting on the couch.

50 STACKS (CONT'D)
 Bitches move yall asses the fuck
 out of here! We got shit to talk
 about.

The girls run off. They sit down. The Bulls game is blaring in the background.

50 STACKS (CONT'D)

How are you young man? Everything good?

CORNELL

Yea unk, you know me. I'm just at school, helping mom and the baby. Staying out of trouble. Trying to find a hustle out here you know. That's actually why I'm here. I know pops always said you were the man with the master plan.

50 STACKS

Your pops was right. I am the man. And if he would have listened to me the first time around, he wouldn't be in his situation. Fucking Italians. When's the last time you seen him?

CORNELL

Over the summer. Mom doesn't want me going to see him. She's all pissed about the situation.

50 STACKS

She still getting my packages?

CORNELL

Yea. I've been giving them to her. But I really don't like her management skills. Who knows where the money goes. That's why I'm here. I need a hustle unk.

50 STACKS

I've got something for you. Wait right here.

50 grabs a small white envelope.

50 STACKS

Here's a little something extra for this month.

CORNELL

Thanks unk. But I don't want you just handing me money. I want to earn it. I want to make my own money.

Beat. Artis Gilmore hits a nasty fade away on the TV. 50 reacts.

50 STACKS

Daaaaamn!(beat) Well you know what I do right?(beat) You know that I am a drug dealer. You know that all these homies are in my gang. Protecting the stash, keeping the money flowing. I'm talking about weed, crack, heroin, the works. Is this what you want? I can put you to work. You can hit the block. Slang some dope. If that's what you want.

Cornell stands up. He's emotional now.

CORNELL

I mean. If that's what I gotta do. They pay \$2.30 an hour at the corner store. Ten hours wouldn't pay out what I could do in an hour on the block. I'm willing to take the risk. I have to. I'm not in the city with you guys. I'm west side. I got all the white boys to hustle. They need a supply too. I need a hustle. The math works out.

50 STACKS

I can't have your father finding out about this. You can't be getting caught. You have to finish school. You can't be like these other punks around here. This is just a side hustle. Make a little bread, till you find a real job. These streets is not long term.

50 grabs something else.

50 STACKS (CONT'D)

Here is an O. I am fronting you. Which means you owe me \$200 when you're finished selling it. You can sell nickels for \$5 and dimes for \$10. You'll make an extra \$200 on top of what you owe me. Bring me the money. I'll front you again. Make sense?

Cornell grabs the bag and stares at it.

CORNELL

Yea it makes sense. When do you need the money?

50 STACKS
 The sooner the better. And
 remember. This is between us. You
 did not get this from me.

EXT. HOUSING PROJECT BUILDING - EVENING (CONT'D)

A group is standing in front of the building. Out of nowhere, squad cars pull up, lights, and sirens blaring. Cops jump out and arrest everyone in sight. One of the thugs escapes.

THUG #2
 5 0, 5 0, bust! 5 0 bust!

Screaming at the top of his lungs, letting everyone know.

INT. HOUSING PROJECT BUILDING - EVENING (CONT'D)

Security sees the bust, and run to tell 50.

THUG #3
 Yo 50! We gotta go. The cops is
 downstairs. Like 20 squad cars
 deep.

50 stands up, understanding the severity of the situation.

50 STACKS
 Cornell, look, you're going to need
 to listen very carefully to me. Do
 exactly as I say.

The door swings open as news spreads. Girls freaking out. 50 walks into the room, picks up the phone, and makes a call.

50 STACKS (CONT'D)
 Tiny. Need a pickup. Pronto.
 Safe house, in 15.

He hangs up and heads into the other room, where he pulls out 3 large bags and starts to fill them with drugs, guns, and money. He hands a bag to Cornell.

50 STACKS (CONT'D)
 Alright. Let's go!

They head into the kitchen. Two associates grab the fridge and move it to the side. Behind it, a giant hole, which everyone creeps through, heading into the next room. They maneuver through a makeshift escape route, into the next building. They reach the bottom floor, where their get away car waits. 50's entourage piles in.

50 STACKS (CONT'D)
 (to Cornell) Look. This is as far
 as I can take you kid. Get out of
 here. Go up Kedzie. You shouldn't
 have any problems there. I'll see
 you real soon.

The car drives off as Cornell stands there holding his stash.

FADE OUT:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASS ROOM - AFTERNOON

While gazing out the classroom window, Cyprian is handed a pop math quiz. Everyone mumbles, but he quickly breezes through it. The students swap and grade exams. Cyprian receives his test back with a large 100% written on top of it. He's not impressed, and continue starrng out the window. His teacher catches wind. The school bell rings and he is summoned.

MR. POTTS
 Cyprian. Can I have a word with
 you please?

Cyprian walks over.

CYPRIAN
 Mr. Potts, what's good?

MR. POTTS
 How's everything going?

CYPRIAN
 I mean you see my grades.
 Everything's cool. I'm doing well
 I think. Right?

MR. POTTS
 You are. You are doing very well.
 But I'm concerned. You breeze
 through all the work, then just sit
 there and stare out the window. I
 think you should be in a higher
 class. What do you think?

CYPRIAN
 I mean. Maybe. But that would
 mean more work, and I'm not trying
 to deal with more work right now.

MR. POTTS

Just remember that the more AP classes you take now, the less you will have to take in college. I can make a recommendation if you like. Just let me know.

CYPRIAN

Na, that's alright Mr. Potts. I appreciate the thought.(beat) By the way, do you know of any places hiring? I'm new around here, and I don't really know where to start looking for a job.

MR. POTTS

Hm. Well I know that a lot of the kids work for the park district. But given your math knowledge I think you would make an amazing tutor. Have you ever considered it?

CYPRIAN

Tutoring?

MR. POTTS

You know Mrs. Summers runs a program during the week.

CYPRIAN

How much does something like that pay?

MR. POTTS

Depending on the kid, up to 10-15 bucks an hour. Some of the kids from River Forest, you know, River Forest.

Rubs his fingers, inferring money.

CYPRIAN

Just to teach the kids math?

MR. POTTS

That is correct.

CYPRIAN

Where do I have to go?

MR. POTTS

A few locations, the high school, middle school, their home.

CYPRIAN

Ah yea. Sign me up for that Mr. Potts.(beat) Is there anything else you want to talk to me about?

MR. POTTS

That was it. I'll speak with Ms. Summers and have an update for you next week. Get out of here. Have a good weekend.

CYPRIAN

Alright! You too Mr. Potts.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON (CONT'D)

While leaving school, Cyprian sees Cornell walking.

CORNELL

Yooooooooo!

CYPRIAN

Oh hey Cornell.

They walk together.

CORNELL

What's good playa? You ballin today or what?

CYPRIAN

Na man. I don't think so. I have to find me a job.

CORNELL

I know whatcha mean bro. But check this out.

Pulling out a bag of weed.

CORNELL (CONT'D)

You smoke?

CYPRIAN

Smoke that? Are you kidding me? Na man. I ain't no junkie.

CORNELL

What do you mean junkie? Man this weed. You ain't no junkie off weed. You ever even smoke man?

CYPRIAN

I tried it once. I don't think I did it right. It made me sleepy.

CORNELL

Well you must have been smoking the wrong shit. Cause this shit right here bro. This that fire yo. Make you feel real good.(beat) You have to go home right away? Let's grab a B and roll one. White Hen is right around the corner.

CYPRIAN

Yea I guess.

Cyprian is feeling down. Why not?

EXT. CONVENIENT STORE - AFTERNOON (CONT'D)

The two head in the direction of a local convenient store. Neither one of them is 18, so Cornell convinces some old head to go in and buy a blunt for him. They continue to walk, while Cornell rolls.

CORNELL

Yea man, I'm about to start selling. My uncle makes mad loot off it, and well I don't have any other choice. There ain't no jobs out here for a black man. Have to find a hustle.

CYPRIAN

How much can you make?

CORNELL

I get an 0, 16 ounces, for \$100. Break it down into quarters, dimes, and nickels. Sell it all off for \$400, for a profit of \$200. No one really deals around here so I have the market all to myself.

CYPRIAN

Well the math is on point there. But can't you get in trouble?

CORNELL

Yea. I can. The money is real nice though. But it's also illegal. And cops out here thirsty to burn you up.

CYPRIAN

Let me know if I can help you out with that. I'm trying to hustle too you know.

They step into an alley.

EXT. OAK PARK STREET - AFTERNOON (CONT'D)

Cornell hands Cyprian the blunt.

CORNELL

Here. You spark it.

Cyprian lights it, takes a puff, and starts coughing his lungs out.

CYPRIAN

God damn man. What did you put in there?

CORNELL

Man, that's weed.

They laugh. Cyprian feels good.

CORNELL (CONT'D)

You'll be alright.(beat) You know, I have this application for the grocery store in my bag if you want it. My boy works there. Says he can get me a job. But I'm just gonna do this instead. Maybe you want it?

Cornell hands Cyprian the application.

CYPRIAN

Yea man. This could work. Thanks. I do need something.

CORNELL

I heard there's a party in River Forest this weekend. You wanna go?

CYPRIAN

To the party?(beat) Will there be girls there?

CORNELL

Yea man. The prettiest girls around dog!

CYPRIAN

Then I'm in!

They laugh, continue to smoke, and walk home, bonding.

INT. CYPRIAN'S HOME - EVENING

Cyprian walks into his home, unaware the stench reeking off his body. His mother takes notice.

CYPRIAN'S MOTHER

What's that smell. Bogdan. Do you smell something burning?

CYPRIAN'S FATHER

What's that?

CYPRIAN'S MOTHER

That smell? What is that smell?

They search it out, sniffing in the air, just as Cyprian walks out of his room. His mother immediately notices that it's him. She sniffs him up and down.

CYPRIAN'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

What is this? You smell like smoke. You've been fucking doing drugs! Bogdan! Bogdan! Come here. You're son is high.

CYPRIAN'S FATHER

Are you high right now? You smell like smoke.

Grabbing him.

CYPRIAN

No, no. I'm not high. That's from my friend.

CYPRIAN'S MOTHER

Oh, your friends are getting high?

Cyprian's father pushes him against the wall.

CYPRIAN

Damn, pops. Ouch.

Cyprian's mother grabs his face.

CYPRIAN'S MOTHER

Look at your eyes. Look how red they are. You're high.

CYPRIAN
No. Mom. No.

CYPRIAN'S MOTHER
You liar.

She smacks the shit out of him, knocking him to the ground.
He's pretty shaken.

CYPRIAN
Ouch. Mom. Damn.

He grabs his face in pain, but she keeps beating his ass.

CYPRIAN'S MOTHER
Go to your room. You're grounded.
No dinner for you!

She slams the door behind him.

INT. CYPRIAN'S ROOM - EVENING (CONT'D)

Upset about the situation, Cyprian walks into his room and stares at the wall. He paces around a bit, then sits down at his desk, filling out the application Cornell gave him.

FADE OUT:

EXT. BARRIE PARK - AFTERNOON

Cornell is playing basketball when a black Corvette pulls up and honks. He leaves the game, and runs over to a brick wall, where he removes a brick, and grabs a bag from behind it. As he runs over to the car, he recognizes familiar faces.

CORNELL
Yoooo. What's up?

LUCKY
Cornell. You good?

CORNELL
Yea man. You still want an eighth right?

LUCKY
Yea yea. \$40 right?

CORNELL
Yea. Here let me in, we'll go around the block.

Chase opens the door, lifts up the seat and let's Cornell in.

INT. LUCKY'S CAR - AFTERNOON (CONT'D)

Lucky drives off.

CORNELL
Hey Autumn what's up.

AUTUMN
Oh nothing much. Just chilling here with these boys. Looking to get into a little trouble.

CORNELL
I see. I see. Well this here might brighten the mood.

Cornell organizes the drugs and Chase hands him \$40.

CHASE
This shit good?

CORNELL
Yea man. That's top notch stuff right there. Let me know if you want more.(beat) You can drop me back off near the court.

Lucky turns the corner.

AUTUMN
Hey what are you doing tonight?

CORNELL
Shit, nothing. Just playin ball, slangin some more. That's about it. What's good?

AUTUMN
Well one of Lucky's friends is throwing a party tonight. I think it's Lake and Lombard. You should come through. They're getting a keg.

CORNELL
A keg! Oh yea. That's right, Kelly was telling me about that. Nice. Yea I'm there. Let your people know I'm good.

CHASE
Yea no doubt.

Lucky pulls back up to the court, and Cornell hops out.

CORNELL

So I guess I'll see you guys later.

Cornell runs off, they drive off.

LUCKY

How does it look?

Chase grabs the bag and takes a big whiff.

CHASE

Magnificent.

AUTUMN

Let me see.

Autumn take a big whiff too.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

Oh yea! That's some good stuff.

Chase pulls out some papers to roll a joint.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

Hey guys. I have an idea. How about I cook for you guys tonight? Before the party?

LUCKY

Oh yea. You wanna cook for us? What exactly do you want to cook?

AUTUMN

Hmmmmmm. I don't know. How about some steaks? Maybe some mashed potatoes, corn on the cob? Would you guys eat that?

CHASE

Hell yea we would! That sounds awesome. Because, I know after we smoke this, I'll be wanting mad food!

AUTUMN

There's a grocery store right down the block. We can stop there. What do you think Lucky?

LUCKY

Yea, that's fine.

They head to the grocery store, while smoking a fatty.

INT. GROCERY STORE - AFTERNOON (CONT'D)

Two older women are shopping, deep in conversation about the latest drama in their life.

SHOPPER 1

Girl, let me tell you about what Bobby did last night girl.

SHOPPER 2

Don't tell me what I'm thinking.

SHOPPER 1

Girl, yes!

While their two unattended children wander behind them, causing a ruckus, knocking over cans, opening cereal boxes, spilling things, making a mess. They finish shopping and check out. Cyprian, in his minted work attire, turns the corner and sees the mess. He shakes his head, but cleans up anyway. Another day on the job. He walks back to the front of the store to bag groceries, just as Autumn, Lucky, and Chase walk in. He turns his head, trying his best to hide his face. They don't notice him and walk by. He finishes bagging for a customer, and is anxious to leave.

CYPRIAN

Hey Marie, isn't there something you need me to do in the back?

She replies.

MARIE

No. You're fine right there. We've got more people coming in. I need you there.

He keeps bagging. Autumn, Lucky, and Chase walk up. Autumn sees him, and smiles.

AUTUMN

Hey! Cyprian. What are you doing here?

Cyprian, in disappointment, points to the bags.

CYPRIAN

Working. Paper or plastic?

LUCKY

Plastic.

Autumn places her items on the conveyor belt and walks over to chat with him, while Lucky pays.

AUTUMN

How long you been working here?

CYPRIAN

It's my first week. It's alright I guess. I have to do something right?

AUTUMN

Yea, I hear you.

CYPRIAN

What's all this for?

AUTUMN

I'm cooking the boys some dinner. Before we head out tonight. Say, do you have plans for later?

Lucky looks over. Cyprian sees him.

CYPRIAN

Later when? I have to keep working.

AUTUMN

Later tonight? 10ish?

CYPRIAN

Probably just be at home. Why?

AUTUMN

One of Lucky's friends is throwing a big party. You should come.

CYPRIAN

Yea I don't know. I still don't know that many people here.

AUTUMN

All the more reason to go. It will be fun. Cornell said he was going. I'll introduce you to all my girls. You can show me how you party!

Joking.

CYPRIAN

Cornell is going? I'll if I can.

Cyprian finishes bagging, and hands them the groceries. They walk out. Autumn looks back at Cyprian.

AUTUMN

So, I'll see you later tonight
right?

CYPRIAN

Yea. Yea. Tonight.

Lucky looks at Autumn in a funny way.

LUCKY

Autumn. Why did you just invite
that nerd?

AUTUMN

Cyprian? Because he's new here,
and he's my neighbor. Don't worry
about who I invite.

Irritated.

LUCKY

I'm just saying, it's my friend
that's throwing the party.

AUTUMN

And you want it to be fun right?
Ok then. Relax. I'm just being
nice.

LUCKY

I just don't want a bunch of
weirdos showing up.

AUTUMN

He's not a weirdo.

LUCKY

Whatever.

FADE OUT:

EXT. GROCERY STORE - EVENING (CONT'D)

Cyprian ends work. It's dark now and he heads home. But not
before stopping by the park.

EXT. BARRIE PARK - EVENING (CONT'D)

He sees Cornell and walks over.

CYPRIAN

So you hear about that party
tonight right?

CORNELL

I did.

CYPRIAN

Are you going?

CORNELL

I am.(beat) You trying to go?

CYPRIAN

I just saw Autumn and she invited me.

CORNELL

So let's go! I have business to conduct anyway. And there's going to be so many girls. So many!

CYPRIAN

I have to find a way to sneak out. I'm suppose to be grounded. My mom is trippin. But I can't miss this.

CORNELL

So do it. Meet me up here at 10 and I'll see if I can find a ride.

A kid runs up asking for Cornell.

KID

Yo Cornell. You got that work?

CORNELL

I gotta run man. Just meet me up here at 10.

CYPRIAN

Yea ok.

Cornell turns to the kid.

CORNELL

Yea man. What you need?

INT. CYPRIAN'S HOME - EVENING

Cyprian walks into the kitchen in his pajamas. He makes himself a bowl of cereal, while his mother finishes cleaning.

CYPRIAN'S MOTHER

I'm going to bed. Good night.

CYPRIAN

Good night.

It's silent, and he looks around to see if anyone else is up. He turns off the lights, and walks into his room, quickly getting dressed. He places pillows under his bed blanket. He opens the window, slowly, ensuring it doesn't make a sound, and wiggles his way out. Successfully sneaking out.

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - EVENING (CONT'D)

The party is already rowdy. Plenty of party people enjoying themselves, tapping the keg, taking shots, dancing. Cornell and Cyprian walk up to the front door and knock. They knock again. A big white guy answers.

BIG WHITE GUY
What do you guys want?

CORNELL
We're here for the party.

BIG WHITE GUY
Ha. No you're not.

And slams the door shut.

CORNELL
This mother fucker. Let's go to the back.

They walk around back, peering in through the window. They see Autumn and her friends. They knock, and she runs over.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - EVENING (CONT'D)

Autumn opens the door.

AUTUMN
What are you guys doing out here?
Come in, come in.

They walk in.

CYPRIAN
Look at this place. Whoa!

AUTUMN
You guys want some beer?

They nod. She fills their cups.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)
I'm glad you guys came out.

CORNELL

I don't think we would miss this.
Look at this place. It's packed.
All sorts of people.

CYPRIAN

Yea. This is crazy.

AUTUMN

Here you guys go.

Handing them each a beer. She raises hers.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

Cheers! Here's to making a killing
this year. Drink up!

They chug. Cyprian coughs heavily and they laugh.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

Come on guys. Let me introduce you
to some people. I've got some
business for you Cornell.

She leads them into the party. Chase, Lucky, and their crew
watch as they walk by, talking amongst themselves.

CHASE

There's Cornell.

LUCKY

And that little nerd friend of
hers. I don't get why she is so
nice to that kid. He's so goofy.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - EVENING (CONT'D)

Party montage. Cyprian goes in and out of rooms following
Autumn and her friends, chatting with people, taking shots,
doing a keg stand, dancing, and having one hell of a time.
He catches the attention of Autumn's friend.

INT. HOUSE PARTY LIVING ROOM - EVENING (CONT'D)

Cyprian, Autumn, and her friends walk off the dance floor to
catch their breathes, and to drink some more. Autumn
introduces Cyprian to the girl he's crushing on.

AUTUMN

Kelly, come here.

Kelly walks over.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

Do you know Cyprian?

KELLY

No. I don't think we've met.

AUTUMN

Kelly this is Cyprian. Cyprian Kelly. He's my new neighbor.

They extend hands to greet.

CYPRIAN

Hey. Nice to meet you.

Autumn walks away smoothly.

KELLY

So you're not from around here right?

CYPRIAN

No. I just moved here from New York.

KELLY

How do you like it?

CYPRIAN

I love it. Everything is so much cleaner. Nicer. Prettier.

They both smile. Cyprian is about to say something but a large group of girls enter, and the place goes wild.

KELLY

Claire! Ahhhhh you made it!

The girls hug and kiss, taking away all the attention. Cyprian is left standing there alone. He turns to see Cornell sitting on a couch with a few people. There is one spot left, it's his.

INT. HOUSE PARTY LIVING ROOM COUCH - EVENING (CONT'D)

Cyprian wiggles his way into the couch, next to SEAN(15), a taller Irish kid wearing a white polo. Cornell introduces.

CORNELL

Hey man, this is my boy Cyprian.

SEAN

What's up man. I'm Sean. Nice to meet you.

They shake hands. Sean turns back to Cornell.

SEAN (CONT'D)
So are we going to do this or what?

CORNELL
Yea man. What do you need?

SEAN
What do you got?

CORNELL
I mean you know what I'm holding.
What are you in the mood for?

SEAN
You want to smoke?

CORNELL
When don't I want to smoke?

SEAN
Well shit. Let me get an eighth?
Give it to me for \$40 and I'll
smoke you out.

CORNELL
Deal. And my boy?

SEAN
And your boy?

Sean reaches into his pocket and pulls out a wad of cash.

CYPRIAN
Damn dude! Where did you get all
that cash from?

SEAN
I stay hustling pimpin. This is
from hard work.

CYPRIAN
Yea I'm sure you worked hard for
it, but doing what, where?

Beat.

SEAN
You know where the country club is?

CYPRIAN
No?

SEAN
You play golf?

CYPRIAN
Never played a lick in my life.

SEAN
Well that's my hustle.

Sean continues to sort through the cash.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I'm a caddy.

CYPRIAN
How old do you have to be?

SEAN
Shit. I think like 14, with a
workers permit.

Cyprian looks dead at Cornell.

CYPRIAN
Yo man. How can I get put on? Are
they hiring?

SEAN
Cornell, your boy is funny.

CORNELL
He's just hungry. Can you hook him
up or what?

SEAN
I mean you need to know something
about golf.

CYPRIAN
I'll figure it out.

Sean hands Cornell the money. He pulls out a fat bag of
weed. Holds it up in the air.

CORNELL
What do you think?

SEAN
I think I'm in heaven.

CORNELL
So you got my boy or what?

SEAN

What do you mean?

CORNELL

I mean you going to hook him up
with a job or what?

SEAN

I mean, yea if you want. All you
have to do is go up to there and
apply. Ask for Rorrie. Tell him
Sean Riley sent you.

CORNELL

My nigga.

Cornell pulls a blunt out of his pocket, and rolls it.

CORNELL (CONT'D)

I'll take care of this.

INT. HOUSE PARTY KITCHEN - EVENING (CONT'D)

Lucky and Chase prep the house for a beer-pong tournament.
Moving tables, setting up cups, pouring beer, and creating a
team bracket. Lucky and Autumn hover over it, analyzing.

LUCKY

Looks like we are one short. Let
me go find someone.

AUTUMN

No, no. I've got this. I know who
can play.

LUCKY

Who?

AUTUMN

Cyp. I want to hook him up with
Kelly.

Lucky shakes his head.

LUCKY

Fine. Whatever. I really don't
know what you have for this kid. I
don't even know why you invited him
over here in the first place.

AUTUMN

It's because I'm a nice person.
Don't be such an ass hole.

Autumn runs off. He grabs a ping-pong ball and sinks a shot.

LUCKY
Swish! All day baby.

He likes his chances.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - EVENING (CONT'D)

Teams are forming for the tournament. Autumn quickly teaches Cyprian and Kelly the rules.

AUTUMN
So it's pretty simple. 8 cups here, 8 cups there. Each team takes a turn throwing the ball. If you make it, they have to drink and remove the cup. First one to make all the cups wins. Got it?

CYPRIAN
Yea.

AUTUMN
Good luck!

Cyprian turns to Kelly.

Cyprian
You ever play?

KELLY
A few times. I'll let you know right now that I'm not very good.

Cyprian grabs a ball and makes a motion like he's shooting a basketball.

CYPRIAN
It's just like basketball right? No need to worry, I got this.

The game begins, and Cyprian sinks three shots in a row.

KELLY
Wow! You're really good!

He smiles, they high five each other, teamwork. Montage of them beating three other teams and making it to the finals.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - EVENING (CONT'D)

The rest of the party gathers around to watch this epic finale between Luck/Autumn and Cyp/Kelly. The mood is tense.

LUCKY

Did these two really just make it
this far?

AUTUMN

Ha, I know right. But we got this.

LUCKY

This fucking guy.(beat) Alright
lets do this.(talking to Cyp) Shoot
for ball. I'm going to fuck you
up. Just so you know.

CYPRIAN

Yea, ok man.

Someone yells from the back.

LUCKY'S FRIEND

Get his ass Lucky!

They are not the favorites. Kelly leans into Cyprian and
whispers.

KELLY

What an ass hole. You got this.

Cyprian grabs a ball, extends his hand back, and sinks a
perfect shot, all while glaring at Lucky.

CYPRIAN

Our ball.

He gets the ball back and sinks the exact same shot again,
and turns to Kelly.

CYPRIAN (CONT'D)

Your turn.

Cyprian is obviously really good, and it frustrates Lucky.
The game is close and comes down to the wire. Cyprian and
Kelly have a 1 cup lead. Cyprian leans into and Kelly.

CYPRIAN (CONT'D)

I have a plan. Here's what I need
you to do.

He whispers something into her ear. She nods. It's now
Lucky's turn. As he winds up, Kelly leans over and pops her
tits out, sucking on her finger at the same time. Lucky's
distracted. As soon as Lucky let's go of the ball, Cyprian
bounces his off the table, dramatically sinking the last cup,
and winning the game. The place goes nuts!

CYPRIAN (CONT'D)

Game over!

LUCKY

Whoa, whoa, whoa. What the fuck do you mean game over?

CYPRIAN

I mean you can match. But a bounce is two cups. Right?

Looking at the crowd for confirmation.

LUCKY

Two cups? Since when is that a fucking rule?

Lucky looks over at his boys. They don't agree.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

This fucking kid moves here from New York, all of the sudden he thinks he knows everything. Fucking bum. Poor ass grocery store clerk. Little broke bitch. No. No. The games not over. Not until I fucking say it is.

Lucky is heated, mostly drunk and looking for a fight. Autumn tries to calm him down.

AUTUMN

Hey Lucky, chill out. It's not that serious.

CYPRIAN

No Autumn, that's ok. Your boy is just mad I bust his ass.

LUCKY

Bust my ass?

Lucky launches the beers sitting in front of him, across the table, splashing Cyprian and Kelly, drenching them.

KELLY

Oh my god! What the fuck!

AUTUMN

Lucky! Stop!

Autumn tries to subdue him, but he's much stronger. He throws her off and makes his way toward Cyprian. A fight is brewing.

CYPRIAN

Man fuck you. Rude ass mother
fucker.

LUCKY

Fuck me? I think I'm about sick
and tired of your mouth tonight.

Lucky throws a punch at Cyprian, thoroughly beating his ass in the process. Autumn jumps in to stop, but can do little. Cornell, and others also jump in. Lucky is really angry. Autumn screams. Pain in her eyes.

FADE OUT:

EXT. OAK PARK STREET - MORNING

Cyprian swiftly rides his bike down a long street full of trees. He's away from the city. Zoom in on his face, he's pretty beat up, busted lip and a black eye. But he's on a mission to get somewhere.

EXT. OAK PARK COUNTRY CLUB - MORNING (CONT'D)

Cyprian enters the wondrous gates of the Oak Park Country Club. He rides to the front and asks for directions.

EXT. OAK PARK COUNTRY CLUB HOUSE - MORNING (CONT'D)

He continues to the caddie club house, where he sees a large, unique group of caddies sitting around. He locks his bike up and approaches.

CYPRIAN

Hey man, do you know where I can
find Rorrie? I'm looking to get
signed up as a Caddie.

CADDIE 1

Yea, he's in the back. I'll go
grab him.

RORRIE(27) a handsome young man, in a neatly drafted sweater vest approaches.

RORRIE

You the kid interested in being a
caddie?

CYPRIAN

Yup. That's me.

Rorrie hands him some forms.

RORRIE

You'll need to fill this out. We don't officially bring on new caddies until next year, but we have a big tournament coming up next week and I might need extra help. Have you ever caddied?

CYPRIAN

Yea. Back home in New York. Just moved here a few months ago.

RORRIE

What happened to your eye?

CYPRIAN

Hockey man. I play hockey.

RORRIE

Well I wouldn't let you out there looking like that, so make sure it doesn't happen again.

CYPRIAN

Yes sir.

RORRIE

I'll call you if we need help next week. Clean your face up in the mean time.

Cyprian finishes filling out the forms, jumps back on his bike and rides off.

EXT. OAK PARK LIBRARY - AFTERNOON

Cyprian rides over to the local library, walks in and finds golf books. He studies into the night.

FADE OUT:

EXT. OAK PARK COUNTRY CLUB - MORNING

Today is the start of the legendary Oak Park Country Club Championship, which brings in the city's biggest golfers, including notable businessmen, athletes, and politicians. We observe the preparation of the event as golfers arrive.

INT. OAK PARK COUNTRY CLUB LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

TERRY BALDWIN(50), a legendary Chicago Board of Trade trader, and competitive golfer, an attractive older man, walks over to the locker room desk and picks up the phone to make a call. No Answer. He's irritated.

TERRY BALDWIN
 God Damn!. Where the fuck is this
 kid?

TOM
 Mr. Baldwin is there something I
 can help you with?

TERRY BALDWIN
 I need a fucking caddie. I can't
 get a hold of my guy. Ten minutes
 to tee off Where the fuck is this
 dip-shit. Fuck!

Slamming the phone down. Tom calls Rorrie.

INT. OAK PARK COUNTRY CLUB HOUSE - MORNING (CONT'D)

Rorrie answers.

TOM
 Rorrie, I need you to get me a
 caddie for Mr. Baldwin. His
 regular is out.

RORRIE
 Mr. Baldwin doesn't have a caddie?
 Well fuck. I only have one left.
 And he's the new kid. Everyone
 else is already heading out.

Rorrie looks over at Cyprian, sitting on a bench alone.

TOM
 Well do what you have to do. He
 tees off in 5 minutes.

Rorrie hangs up and walks over.

RORRIE
 Sepirian!

CYPRIAN
 Cyprian

RORRIE
 Yea yea whatever. Come here.
 You're going in. I need you to
 caddie for Mr. Baldwin.

Rorrie grabs Cyprian's shoulders and speaks to him directly.

RORRIE (CONT'D)

Now you listen to me carefully.
Mr. Baldwin almost won this thing
last year, and for whatever reason
his caddie is not here today, so
you're all I got left. That means
you better not fuck up. This is
the real deal. Got it?

Cyprian nods his head.

CYPRIAN

Got it.

The two head out onto the tee and grab Mr. Baldwin's clubs.

EXT. OAK PARK COUNTRY CLUB TEE - MORNING (CONT'D)

Terry is noticeably upset. Rorrie guides Cyprian onto the
tee, as Terry approaches.

TERRY BALDWIN

You my caddie for the day?

CYPRIAN

Yes sir. Cyprian. Pleasure to
meet you sir.

TERRY BALDWIN

What's your name?

CYPRIAN

Cyprian.

TERRY BALDWIN

Sip-re-an?(beat) What the fuck kind
of name is that?

CYPRIAN

I don't know. A pretty sweet name
if you ask me. You can call me Cyp
if it's easier.

TERRY BALDWIN

Cyp it is. Well fortunately for
you, my caddie is missing. Fucking
kid.

He looks over at his nemesis, standing across the tee, MR.
SILVERMAN(55), an arrogant pompous Donald Trump looking
character, with a bad hair piece. He points at him.

TERRY BALDWIN (CONT'D)

I want you to look over at that fucker over there in the yellow sweater. You see that bitch?

CYPRIAN

Yes sir.

TERRY BALDWIN

His name is Mark Silverman. He's a fucking ass hole and I would love nothing more than to give it to him real good.

CYPRIAN

Yes sir. We want to fuck Mr. Silverman up.

TERRY BALDWIN

That's right. Now I've played this course hundreds of times, so I need you more or less for moral support. So stay out of my way and we'll be in good shape.

The tournament begins.

ANNOUNCER

And now in the final tee time, Mr. Terry Baldwin, and the reigning club champion, Mr. Mark Silverman!

The crowds gives applause. Cyprian looks over at Mr. Baldwin.

CYPRIAN

You didn't mention that he is the reigning champion.

TERRY BALDWIN

It should have been me. That's why we need to be on point today. Focus on the prize.

Terry makes his way to the tee. He pulls out his driver, and smacks the ball dead center. The crowd cheers.

TERRY BALDWIN (CONT'D)

Whooooooooooooo!

Cyprian looks in awe as the ball flies a good 300 yards.

CYPRIAN

Damn Mr. Baldwin. That was one hell of a rip. I like our chances.

They fist bump and move on. Montage of Terry and Mr. Silverman playing. They have a chance.

EXT. OAK PARK COUNTRY CLUB 15TH HOLE - AFTERNOON

The two reach the 15th hole, scoreboard showing Mr. Silverman with a two stroke lead. They make their way to the tee. A spectator in the crowd yells out.

SPECTATOR

Better keep your tees hard left. Not a single person has kept the ball on the green. It's a jungle out there.

The wind picks up. Terry tees off first. He looks at Cyprian.

TERRY BALDWIN

What are your thoughts here?

CYPRIAN

It's pretty windy. But you have a cannon. Maybe you can get it over? Just barely over the outskirts. 300 or so.

TERRY BALDWIN

That's exactly what I was thinking.

Terry tees off, and the ball sores deep in the woods. Not a good shot at all. Terry's upset. Then, Mr. Silverman tees off, with the same result. Cyprian grabs his bag, and hustles off to find the ball before the other caddie can catch up.

EXT. OAK PARK COUNTRY CLUB FOREST - AFTERNOON (CONT'D)

Cyprian frantically searches through shrubs for the ball. He spots it, right in front of a giant tree. He looks around to see if anyone sees him. It's clear. He picks the ball up and keeps walking. He then he sees Mr. Silverman's ball in a much better spot. He grabs that, and chucks it back deep into the woods. As he approaches the fairway, he takes out Terry's ball and sets it in clear view of the tee. He looks around to see if anyone saw him cheating. He's in the clear. Mr. Baldwin birdies the hole, and ties the game up.

EXT. GOLF COURSE 18TH HOLE - AFTERNOON (CONT'D)

The group arrives at the final hole. Terry's family anxiously waiting in the stands. He is one put away from winning his first club championship. Cyprian hands him his putter.

CYPRIAN

Here you go Mr. Baldwin. I feel honored to be in the presence of a champion. One put to go and the jacket is yours.

TERRY BALDWIN

Let's do this.

Terry lines up his put, takes a deep breath, and sinks it. He looks over at Mr. Silverman and makes a gun gesture with his hands, "Bang, Bang". A tremendous joy overcomes Cyprian, as he shares the moment with Terry, and his family.

EXT. OAK PARK COUNTRY CLUB LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON (CONT'D)

Terry dresses for the night ahead, tuxedo and all. Tom, the locker room attendant, helps. He is one of the last people there.

TERRY BALDWIN

Tom, I feel good. I feel as if all that hard work over the years has finally paid off.

TOM

I'm happy to hear it was you. It couldn't have happened to a nicer member.

TERRY BALDWIN

So what do you know about that caddie of mine?

TOM

Actually nothing. It's supposedly his first day here.

TERRY BALDWIN

Are you shitting me! He certainly didn't tell me that.

TOM

I couldn't believe it either.

TERRY BALDWIN

Can you do me a favor?

TOM

Anything.

TERRY BALDWIN

Can you see if he's still around?
I would like to have a word with
him.

TOM

Certainly.

INT. OAK PARK COUNTRY CLUB LOCKER ROOM - EVENING

Terry is dressed now as Cyprian walks in.

TERRY BALDWIN

Ah. My young protege. Come, come.
Sit.

Terry reaches into his pocket and pulls out a huge wad of
cash. He starts counting out in hundreds.

TERRY BALDWIN (CONT'D)

100, 200, 300. So where you from
kid?

CYPRIAN

New York actually. Just moved here
from New York.

TERRY BALDWIN

You like it?

CYPRIAN

I do.

TERRY BALDWIN

Is it seriously your first day?

CYPRIAN

Yea. I just learned about this
place last week. I hope that's not
a problem.

TERRY BALDWIN

Well at this point it doesn't
matter. You have helped the
champ!(beat) And now it's time for
you payout.

He hands Cyprian the cash. His eyes light up.

CYPRIAN

God damn! How much are you giving me?

TERRY BALDWIN

I can give you less?

CYPRIAN

No. No. I'll take it. What is this? Like fifteen hundred dollars.

TERRY BALDWIN

(handing him another \$500) Let's make it an even 2 grand.

CYPRIAN

Thank you sir.(beat) If you don't mind me asking sir, what do you do?

TERRY BALDWIN

I trade.

CYPRIAN

Trade?

TERRY BALDWIN

That's correct. I run a firm at the Chicago Board of Trade. Have you ever heard of it? Do you know what futures are?

CYPRIAN

I have. They're like stocks, but for pigs, and wheat, and shit.

TERRY BALDWIN

That's correct. Pigs and wheat and shit.

Terry reaches into his jacket and pulls out a business card.

TERRY BALDWIN (CONT'D)

Here's my card. I owe you one. You're a bright kid. I could always use someone like you on the floor with me. Finish school, and call me if you're interested. I'll remember who you are.

CYPRIAN

Thank you Mr. Baldwin, I truly appreciate it. I will most certainly be calling you when the time is right.

TERRY BALDWIN
 Kid, it's been a pleasure. Don't
 do anything stupid with that money.
 I'm off to celebrate. You take
 care of yourself now.

The two shake hands and go their separate ways.

FADE OUT:

1983 - 6 YEARS LATER

INT. TERRY'S HOME - MORNING

Terry sleeps with his wife. The alarm rings, and he rises for another day of work. He gets himself ready, and heads into the city.

EXT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING - MORNING (CONT'D)

Terry parks his car and walks into the Chicago Board of Trade. He grabs his daily papers, says hello to his regulars, and heads into his office.

INT. TERRY'S OFFICE - MORNING (CONT'D)

Sitting at his desk doing research, there is a knock on the door.

TERRY BALDWIN
 Come in.

A much younger ELIZABETH(23), walks in.

ELIZABETH
 Good morning Terry.

TERRY BALDWIN
 Good morning Elizabeth. What do you
 have for me today?

ELIZABETH
 Ok. So I pretty much got
 everything squared away from
 yesterday, except this one Gold
 trade with **L-X-D**. 20 lot which you
 sold at 44.50, he's claiming 43.50,
 and it was a big move. Stamped at
 12:30, right before yesterday's
 news. He's not budging. I was
 bickering with his clerk for over
 an hour yesterday. What an idiot.
 You're going to have to talk to him
 about it for me.

TERRY BALDWIN

Ok. Let me have that.(grabbing the ticket) I will take care of it. What else?

ELIZABETH

We've already got some orders coming in, so it's looking like a busy day, again. Ugh. Here are today's charts.

She hands him the hand drawn charts.

TERRY BALDWIN

That's great. I'm going to stop by the club and sort this out for you. Have all those orders ready for the open. I might have to jump right in at the bell today.

ELIZABETH

Yes sir.

Elizabeth nods and runs off. Terry grabs the charts, pulls out a ruler, and marks his levels. He compares the charts to his notes, glancing through newspapers, and plans his day.

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE CLUB BAR - MORNING (CONT'D)

The bar is full of traders. Surprising how drunk some of them already are this early. Loud and smoky. A group of traders sit at a table, drinking, chatting. Terry walks in, grabs a bloody marry, and heads over to them.

TERRY BALDWIN

Excuse me LXD? LXD?

He grabs the man's badge to see if it is him. It gets his attention.

TERRY BALDWIN (CONT'D)

Ah. LXD! Do you mind if we have a word? My apologizes gentlemen, just a word.

The trader grins.

TRADER LXD

Sure. Sorry guys, let me handle this real quick.

They walk a few feet over.

TERRY BALDWIN
Hey how's it going?

TRADER LBJ
You know. Going. What can I do
for you?

TERRY BALDWIN
Well let me introduce myself. I'm
Terry Baldwin, from Tiger Trading?
We've done a few trades together.

They shake hands.

TRADER LXD
Yes. **B-O-S.**(as he points to
Terry's badge.) I recognize that.

TERRY BALDWIN
That's right. And yesterday we had
an out-trade.

Terry pulls out the card, and shows it.

TERRY BALDWIN (CONT'D)
You see, my card says that you
agreed to buy these 20 contracts at
44.50, which I remember
clearly.(beat) You're saying it was
at 43.50. Now that's a full dollar
difference there my friend. Which
you want to see come out of my
pocket. I don't roll that way. I
know what we traded at.(beat) So
what are we going to do about
this?(handing him the ticket.)

TRADER LXD
I don't know. I seriously thought
we we're at 43.50. I mean it is
what it is.

Terry gets stern.

TERRY BALDWIN
It's not what it is. So rather than
making this personal, I'm offering
you a way to square it away like
gentlemen.(beat) I'm willing to go
down the middle on this one, 44
evens. I can take the 5 grand hit.

TRADER LXD
5 Grand?

TERRY BALDWIN

Look kid. This is the name of the game. If you plan on coming into gold, you're going to have to work with me. Agree to this, and I'll throw you an easy one later. Make the 5 grand back for both of us.

LXD looks at his crew, they nod in approval.

TRADER LXD

Alright I guess. 44 evens.

They shake hands again. They both initial trading ticket. Terry is satisfied.

TERRY BALDWIN

I'm glad we we're able to make this work.

Terry finishes his drink, exits the club, and runs to catch the open.

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE FLOOR - MORNING (CONT'D)

The elevator opens and Terry rushes into the pit. His team waiting, orders in hand. Gold opens with a roar. A phone call comes into Glavin's desk.

GLAVIN

Trading!(beat) We're 430 bid. 500 large. How many?, (writing an order on a trading card.) 200. Got it. Will let you know the fill. Please hold.

Glavin hands Joey the ticket, who then runs the it over to Elizabeth in the pit. She hands it to Terry. **"BUY 200 MTK"** He looks at it, and immediately scans the pit for someone; a pale nerdy looking guy, Blagowski, badge **P-O-L**. They make eye contact, focus, and pause. Terry wipes the sweat off his head slowly, then scratching his right ear, with emphasis. It's a signal of some sort. Immediately triggering Blagowski to start buying every contract available.

BLAGOWSKI

I'll take those!(beat) Sold. How many? Ok! Anymore? I'll take all 100.

Within seconds, Terry comes in and starts buying more, taking the market up almost 80 points in the process. Making bank.

FADE OUT:

INT. TERRY'S OFFICE - EVENING

Terry is in his office working after a long day. There is a knock at the door.

TERRY BALDWIN
Come in, come in.(beat) Blagowski.
My man!

Blagowski walks in. Terry is very excited to see him, so much so that he stands up to hug him.

TERRY BALDWIN (CONT'D)
Let's close that door for you
buddy.

He locks the door firmly.

BLAGOWSKI
A little happy to see me today?

TERRY BALDWIN
Always happy to see you. How did
we fair today?

Terry is like a kid in a candy store.

BLAGOWSKI
That Drexel trade was massive. We
netted over fifty thousand dollars.

TERRY BALDWIN
Fifty thousand! Oh wow!
Wonderful, wonderful. I knew it
was a good one. That's got to be
one of our best ones yet.

BLAGOWSKI
I know. Right.

He places a bag on the desk, and starts unloading cash. Counting aloud.

BLAGOWSKI (CONT'D)
Ten, fifteen, twenty. I think that
should do it. Twenty five
thousand.

Terry doesn't bother to count it, trusting his friend. He opens his safe, which is already packed with cash, and tries to stuff more in.

TERRY BALDWIN

Well. I never thought this would be a problem. Looks like the rest of this is coming with me.

He closes the safe and puts the remaining cash in his bag.

TERRY BALDWIN (CONT'D)

Say Blagowski, what do you have planned for the night? Want to step out for a bit? I've got some girls meeting me out. Could use a wing man like yourself.

BLAGOWSKI

Wing man during the day! Wing man during the night! I think its only right!

Big smiles on their faces. Terry gathers his things, and they head out. But the phone rings. Terry grabs it.

TERRY BALDWIN

Hello.

CYPRIAN

Good evening.(beat) Mr. Baldwin?

TERRY BALDWIN

That's correct.

CYPRIAN

This is Cyprian.(beat) From the Oak Park Country Club. I helped you win the club championship a few years back. Do you remember me?

TERRY BALDWIN

Cyprian! That's right kid. Hey! How are ya?

CYPRIAN

I'm doing very well sir. I just finished school, and I remember you telling me about opportunities on the floor. I wanted to see if there was a way I could still get involved?

TERRY BALDWIN

Well I'm glad to hear that. I'm actually on my way out right now, so I can't talk long, but I am always in need of a good runner.

(MORE)

TERRY BALDWIN (CONT'D)

If not me, someone else down here.
How about you come down tomorrow
morning, and check it out. What do
you say?

CYPRIAN

Yes sir, I can do that. That's the
Chicago Board of Trade correct?

TERRY BALDWIN

That's correct. Your name will be
at the front desk. I will have my
assistant Elizabeth meet you there.
Let's say 7 am?

CYPRIAN

7 am. Yes sir. Thank you very
much sir. I will see you then.
Have a wonderful night.

He hangs up, and they head out.

INT. CHICAGO STRIP CLUB - EVENING (CONT'D)

Terry and Blagowski blow off some steam at the strip club,
drinking, touching on girls, smoking cigars, blowing money,
being bosses, chilling with other traders. Spending bands.

FADE OUT:

EXT. ADM OFFICE - MORNING

The sun rises. The scenery changes from city to country, corn
fields, cows, and tractors. There is a pristine office off in
the distance, in the middle of nowhere.

INT. ADM OFFICE BOARD ROOM- MORNING (CONT'D)

A group of important businessmen sit around a large table. A
cute girl distributes quarterly reports. DWAYNE ANDREAS(62),
the company's CEO, enters the room.

DWAYNE ANDREAS

Someone please give me some good
news!

The staff glances at each other in fear. He grabs the report
and swiftly flips through the pages, bursting out abruptly.

DWAYNE ANDREAS (CONT'D)

Another fucking half million
dollars in trading losses! Mike
what the hell is this?

MIKE CHEVRON(42), his nerdy executive responds.

MIKE CHEVRON

Mr. Andreas. We're doing all that we can to remedy the situation. I have had multiple conversations with the Board of Trade chairmen, regulatory agencies, and they all assured me that standard operating procedures are being followed. We keep getting bad fills. Limits on multiple contracts on numerous days.

DWAYNE ANDREAS

And the CFTC? What do they have to say? Are they not the regulatory agency that handles these sorts of problems?

MIKE CHEVRON

Yes, yes. They know too. Everyone knows.(beat) There is an alternative solution though.

Dwayne stands up.

DWAYNE ANDREAS

I sincerely apologize to everyone. You will need to excuse me. This needs to be addressed immediately.

Mike Chevron gathers his belongings.

DWAYNE ANDREAS (CONT'D)

Michael! Come with me!

INT. ADM OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The two now sit in Dwayne's lush office. Dwayne is passionately pleading his case over the phone.

DWAYNE ANDREAS

Look Dennis, it has gotten to the point where floor operations are nothing more than a gambling den for these greedy scum bag traders. Day to day prices bare no resemblance to the reality of true prices.(beat) We're big fucking players down there and I've never seen it this bad. Tell me something good.

DENNIS ROB(64), the CFTC chairman, on the other end of the line.

DENNIS ROB

Dwayne. I hear you loud and clear. After speaking with Mr. Chevron, and a few other constituents, I believe we have come up with a plan you can agree with. Can you make it to Chicago next week?

DWAYNE ANDREAS

You bet your ass I'll be making it to Chicago. And if you don't have an answer for me then, I have no doubt you will be hearing from my other friends in Washington!

INT. CFTC CHICAGO HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

A room full of important government officials gather for a hearing. Dwayne Andreas, Mike Chevron, and the ADM legal team walk down a long hall into a large room. Dennis Rob taps the microphone to begin.

DENNIS ROB

Mr. Andreas. Thank you for joining us for the day. Let me remind everyone here, that this meeting is strictly confidential. The nature of our discussion is highly sensitive. That being said, I would like to introduce you to Ernest Locker, Chicago's head of the FBI white collar crimes unit. Mr. Locker has been working on a number of similar cases involving commodities trading fraud. We at the CFTC are ready to hand the investigation over to him.

Dennis points at agent Locker.

ERNEST LOCKER

That's correct Mr. Rob. My team has been investigating a number of similar cases, alleging the floor of massive corruption, fraud, and illegal activities. And we believe that some of the exchange's top executive are involved as well. That is in partly the reason why it has been so difficult to prosecute these criminals.

He points to a girl to distribute his proposal.

ERNEST LOCKER (CONT'D)

The following is a proposal on how we plan to infiltrate the deepest ranks of the floor. With your help Mr. Andreas we would like to insert an undercover operative to penetrate the deepest roots of the floor. Really find out what is going on down there. And put a stop to it once and for all.

Dwayne Andreas flips through the papers. He looks up.

DWAYNE ANDREAS

I think we can make this work. How quickly do you want to get up and running?

ERNEST LOCKER

We'll need to get this approved by top FBI officials, the Justice Department, along with determining a budget. In addition, we'll need to get an operative trained up. We can begin that process with your assistance Mr. Andreas. 6 months? I think that would be enough time to get approval, and to train the right person.

DWAYNE ANDREAS

If your guys are good, that should not be a problem. I'll get the right people in place on my end and we'll move along. But keep in mind that whomever you choose to put down there, they better be ready. The floor is a jungle in its own right.

ERNEST LOCKER

Mr. Andreas, your comments are not taken for granted. We'll have our team looking for only the best and brightest talent available.

FADE OUT:

INT. CORNELL'S CAR - MORNING

Cornell and Cyprian pull up to the front of the Chicago Board of Trade in heavy traffic.

CYPRIAN

Hey man, thanks for the ride. You know we can't trust public transit when there's important shit to handle.

CORNELL

You got me up early as fuck today man. But its no thing. I know this is important to you.

Cars start honking behind them. Traffic is building up.

CYPRIAN

Alright man, looks like traffic is backing up. Thanks again. I'll catch you later.

They dap up.

CORNELL

Good luck man.

Cyprian runs off.

EXT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE - MORNING (CONT'D)

Cyprian steps onto Jackson St., ready to seize the day. The screens, the business world, the potential, it's all exhilarating.

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE FLOOR - MORNING (CONT'D)

Inside the reception area, Elizabeth meets Cyprian and escorts him onto the trading floor. They approach Terry.

TERRY BALDWIN

Cyprian! Hello young man. Welcome to the Chicago Board of Trade.
(beat) Today your life will change forever. Are you ready?

CYPRIAN

Yes sir. I'm ready to see what this place is all about.

TERRY BALDWIN

Great. I'm going to have you hang around here until after the open. I want you to watch, listen, and pay attention to everything around you. Elizabeth are we ready with the mornings orders?

ELIZABETH

Yes. Here you go.

She hands him the orders.

TERRY BALDWIN

You see these? These are orders from our clients to execute.

He shows him the cards.

TERRY BALDWIN (CONT'D)

Some are buy. Some are sell. These are all the pre-market orders. When the day session opens in about an hour we'll be able to execute them. But through out the day, more orders will come in. In addition to executing client orders, we also place our own trades. This is called dual trading. When we execute trades for clients, we earn a commission, when we trade for ourselves, we earn a profit or loss on the trade. That's the name of the game down here.

CYPRIAN

Yea. But what are you buying or selling?

TERRY BALDWIN

Great question. This here is the gold pit. The most liquid gold market in the world!(pointing at the ticket) This right here is a sell order for 25 September Gold Contracts at 405. When the market opens, I'll go into the pit and find a buyer, offer 25 at 405. When the trade is executed. The opposite trader that agrees to the trade will have a badge ID. See how everyone has a badge ID(pointing). I'll take this ticket, and write down the time, price, and ID of who I placed the trade with. I'll hand the card to Elizabeth, who then hands it to a runner. The runner checks the trade with the opposing clerk.

(MORE)

TERRY BALDWIN (CONT'D)

Once confirmed, they report it to the exchange, which you'll see on that board.(beat) All day long. Hundreds of times a day. Think you can handle it?

CYPRIAN

Yes sir. I think I can handle that.

TERRY BALDWIN

Great. Pay attention to everything. We'll catch up later.

Terry and Elizabeth make their way into the pit. Cyprian sits at the desk with two clerks.

CYPRIAN

Hey do you guys have something I can write on?

Glavin reaches into his pocket and pulls out a stack of trading cards.

GLAVIN

Here. Might as well get used to writing on these.

Cyprian writes down a few notes.

CYPRIAN

Hey, where is the price for Gold on the board? The exact contract Mr. Baldwin is trading?

Glavin points to a number on a giant board above.

GLAVIN

See that GC. With the 405 right there? And there? And there? At the same corner on every side of the floor?

CYPRIAN

I do.

GLAVIN

That's the price we're trading at. At least that's what we trade the most. Terry puts on other positions, but this here takes up most of the day. And those numbers after. Those are the open, close, high, and low for the session.

(MORE)

GLAVIN (CONT'D)

Those are yesterday's numbers.
They will change at the open.

Cyprian keeps writing.

GLAVIN (CONT'D)

Look, I don't want to be an ass
here, but can you like stay to
yourself for a bit here, till after
the number. We're about to open
here in 5 minutes. Shit can get
wild and I need to focus.

CYPRIAN

No problem. Don't mind me. I'm
just going to sit here and watch.

Cyprian sits and watches the workings of the floor. The opening bell rings, and all hell breaks loose. Grown men, making funny signals with their hands, yelling at each other, scribbling on cards, and Terry and his team are in the middle of it all. As the market opens, Terry has complete control of the place.

TERRY BALDWIN

100 at a half! You got em! 50 at
a quarter. You got em!

Elizabeth stands next to him writing feverishly. Joey is running back and forth. Glavin answers the phone, signalling into the pit.

GLAVIN

Trading floor! 250 at 406 and
half. Got it.

Glavin looks up to see if Elizabeth sees him. She does not.

GLAVIN (CONT'D)

Where the fuck is Joey? God damn.
Hey. You.(calling at Cyp) Do me a
favor, go run this in to Elizabeth.

Glavin hands Cyprian the ticket. He stands up and runs into the pit, looking for Elizabeth. It's not an easy task. He has to inch and squeeze his way in. His first taste of floor action.

FADE OUT:

INT. CHICAGO FBI HEADQUARTERS - MORNING (CONT'D)

A secretary sits at her desk, emphatically chewing gum, and typing away. The phone rings. She picks it up.

FBI SECRETARY

Ok. You can go in now.

Mike Vogal stands up and walks into the office.

INT. CHICAGO FBI OFFICE - MORNING (CONT'D)

Ernest greets him as he enters.

ERNEST LOCKER

Brian! How are you buddy? It's good to see you.

MIKE VOGAL

Mr. Locker. I'm doing well. Thank you for the invitation.

ERNEST LOCKER

Sit, sit. Are you thirsty? Would you like something to drink?

Ernest stands up to make himself a cup of coffee.

MIKE VOGAL

No thank you. I'm good.

Beat.

ERNEST LOCKER

So when's the last time you were in Chicago?

MIKE VOGAL

Oh it has to be almost 8 years now.

ERNEST LOCKER

8 years. Oh wow. A lot has changed since then. You've been in New York primarily? Right?

MIKE VOGAL

Yes sir. I've been helping prosecute a number of corrupt local officials. Fronting as a lawyer.

ERNEST LOCKER

I've heard good things. Which is why you're here now. I need someone good. I need someone with real brains. Someone who can hang in the streets. I need someone who can bang with the big boys. Mike, can you bang with the big boys?

MIKE VOGAL

Sir. I most certainly can. What exactly are we talking about here?

ERNEST LOCKER

Mike. How familiar are you with futures?

MIKE VOGAL

You mean in the financial sense?

ERNEST LOCKER

That's exactly what I mean.(beat) Beans, pigs, wheat, bonds, all of that. For the past 5 years our office has been bombarded with requests from customers getting shamed by brokers and traders on these exchanges. But we think its bigger than that. We think the guys at the top are allowing this criminal behavior to continue. We've got the green light from the Justice Department to setup an investigation.(beat) Now it's up to me to find this someone. I think that someone is you Brian. I've looked long and hard, and you are my number one candidate. I need you to go undercover for me. I want you to work your way up the ranks. I want you to find evidence.(beat) You'll be setup with everything. New identity, office, apartment, car, we'll give you a full team to support you. I need a leader. Someone who can crack this open. What do you say?

MIKE VOGAL

Wow. You want me to become an undercover trader? This has to be a first.

Mike envisions himself in the pit. Montage of him working the floor like a boss.

MIKE VOGAL (CONT'D)

Real trading? With real money?

ERNEST LOCKER

Yes. The works, with a budget, set pieces. The works.

(MORE)

ERNEST LOCKER (CONT'D)

We've already run you through the system, and automatically your accounting background puts you at the top of our list. I know you can do this.

MIKE VOGAL

How long are we talking?

ERNEST LOCKER

We've got this outlined as a 2-3 year operation. We'll need to make some significant adjustments to your background to increase the pace at which you rise. Most exchange traders are in the pits years before they go solo. We're going to need you to be up and running in less than 2.

MIKE VOGAL

A trader you say.(beat) I think I can do that.

FADE OUT:

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE CLUB - AFTERNOON

Melmed and Terry are sitting at a table drinking, talking business.

TERRY BALDWIN

Look Mel, I don't know what to do with some of these idiots down here. They don't even try to cover it up. Blatantly screwing their clients over, and running their mouths about it. I don't feel good about it. I don't know how long it will last.

MELMED LEWIS

I'm hearing rumblings too. But you have nothing to worry about. We're in good shape here. How is Blagowski working out for you?

TERRY BALDWIN

Great. Blagowski is really coming through on his end. But I get a little worried at times. We're moving big money. I don't know who's watching.

MELMED LEWIS

No one is watching. Calm down. I'll speak with arbitration and get them to start cracking down on people. Just give me badges. But day to day business is strong?

TERRY BALDWIN

Of course. Better than ever.

MELMED LEWIS

Then that's what we need to focus on. Don't get ahead of yourself. Everything else is pocket change, Christmas gifts.(beat) I do have something else to discuss though.

TERRY BALDWIN

Shoot.

MELMED LEWIS

Our S&P business is really picking up and I could use your help in there. Our guy is just not cutting it.

TERRY BALDWIN

I see. We already have the world's biggest Gold clients. And it's certainly a full days work.

MELMED LEWIS

I understand. Maybe an hour a day? Or maybe you can get one of your crew trained up in there? We'll send you all the clearing business. Terry, they keep asking for you.

Terry thinks about it.

TERRY BALDWIN

I guess we can figure something out. But Mel, you have to take care of these fucking schmucks.

MELMED LEWIS

I will. I will.

FADE OUT:

1985

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL TOWERS - MORNING

A moving truck pulls to the front of a luxurious Chicago apartment complex. Movers unpack. A ruby red BMW pulls up behind. It's Mike Vogal. He parks it and runs inside.

INT. MIKE VOGAL'S APARTMENT - MORNING (CONT'D)

Bursting into his fancy apartment, he grabs a bag, and some files. He searches through boxes for a tie to wear. He throws it on and runs out. He's late.

INT. CHICAGO FBI OFFICE - MORNING (CONT'D)

A group of FBI agents sit around a table, taking advice from Ernest and their new instructor TONY DUDLEY(45). Mike strolls in late.

ERNEST LOCKER

The man of the hour.

MIKE VOGAL

Sorry Ernie. Moving day.

ERNEST LOCKER

Tony. This is our man in the middle.

Ernest stands up to introduce Mike.

ERNEST LOCKER (CONT'D)

Brian. Oh sorry. Mike. That's right. Mike, this is Tony, top ADM floor trader. He's going to get you up to speed with trading protocol. These guys here(pointing) are your technical support. They will be stationed here, organizing files, reports, and evidence. Peter, Randy and Richard are going to get worked onto the floor with you, as we see fit. Tony is here to answer all of your questions. Come sit.

Ernest signals at Tony to continue.

CUT TO:

As Tony explains how things work, we cut to the floor and see his explanation from Cyprian's perspective.

TONY DUDLEY

As I was saying. What we are looking for is an inside network of cheaters. Basically groups of traders manipulating prices amongst themselves, exchanging trades in their favor, screwing their clients in the process. Many times this will happen before or after the market opens.(beat) There are also a number of traders front running orders, placing orders ahead of their clients, grabbing a few ticks in the process. The more sophisticated ones use what's called a Bagman. A bagman is a trader who takes on all the risk of the inside trade. A major broker usually will signal to him before executing a large order, which most often lifts the market significantly, earning a profit on the information. The bagmen usually split their earnings with brokers. It will be your job to tap into this network. To record these prearranged trades. Really filter out the good and the bad. These guys will need to trust you. It will take time.

FADE OUT:

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE S&P PIT - AFTERNOON

Cyprian is now clerking directly next to Terry in the S&P 500 pit. We see a montage of the two trading together over time.

CYPRIAN V.O.

And so in 1985 I started clerking directly for Terry in the S&P 500 pit. Numbers came easily to me. And I was a risk taker. Terry loved it. We started at about an hour a day, but quickly went full time.(beat) This quickly became the world's most popular futures contract, and we were at the center of it all.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATHENS AIRPORT - MORNING

A TWA flight prepares for take off from Athens. Passengers board a plane early in the morning.

INT. TWA FLIGHT 847 - MORNING (CONT'D)

Pan through people sitting on the flight, zoom in on a pair of nervous arabic men. After takeoff, the men reach into their jackets and pull out machine guns. It's a highjacking. Women begin to scream. All hell breaks loose.

CUT TO:

INT. SOLOMON SMITH BARNEY BROKERAGE HOUSE - MORNING (CONT'D)

The Wall Street trading floor is packed with eager traders starring at their monitors. A young trader sees an important news flash. **"TWA Flight 847 Being Diverted. Reason unknown."** He makes a call.

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE FLOOR DESK - MORNING (CONT'D)

ELIZABETH

Trading!

SOLOMON TRADER

Hey it's Sammy at Solomon. What's the bid.

Elizabeth signals into the pit to get a bid. Cyprian signals back.

ELIZABETH

Looks like 12 and a quarter.

SOLOMON TRADER

Go ahead and sell me 25 at market. Have to confirm some news but looks like we might have something big brewing.

CUT TO:

INT. SOLOMON SMITH BARNEY BROKERAGE HOUSE - MORNING (CONT'D)

The solomon trader places another call.

SOLOMON TRADER

Hey Karen. I'm seeing this news story about a Flight being diverted. What do you have?

KAREN

Yea Sam. I'm hearing it might be Terrorist related.

SOLOMON TRADER

Where is the plane heading?

KAREN

DC.

He hangs up and calls Elizabeth back.

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE S&P PIT - MORNING (CONT'D)

Elizabeth grabs the phone, and a trading card, specifically writing, **Sell 500 MKT**, in bold. Then the words "**Plane Hijacking, DC**". She hands the ticket to Joey, who runs it into the pit. Cyprian grabs it and hands it to Terry, who reads it, and immediately looks for Blagowski. They exchange looks, and both begin selling. The market ticks down, and soon the news is wide spread. There is a loud roar as sellers come in from everywhere. The market drops substantially.

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE BEAN PIT - MORNING (CONT'D)

Mike, Randy, and Tony Dudley stand in a very empty subdued bean pit. They hear the large roar from the S&P 500 pit a few feet away.

MIKE VOGAL

Whoa! What's that?

TONY DUDLEY

Looks like something just shook the market.

A few of the traders leave, and head over to the S&P Pit.

MIKE VOGAL

Where are they going?

TONY DUDLEY

Where the action is. Fuck beans. Let's go make some money.

They run off.

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE S&P PIT - MORNING (CONT'D)

The two make their way to the S&P pit, which is vastly more intense.

Tony Dudley squeezes into over stuffed S&P 500 pit and starts placing orders, Mike is completely lost, dropping tickets, running around frustrated. Tony Dudley places a trade with Terry. Cyprian runs over to confirm it.

CYPRIAN

Hey man. What price did you get?

MIKE VOGAL

I don't know?

CYPRIAN

What do you mean you don't know!
Look through your fucking deck!

MIKE VOGAL

I don't know man. I dropped my
deck and I have no idea where
anything is.

Fumbling through his deck searching for the right ticket.

CYPRIAN

Jesus fucking christ. Is it your
first fucking day down here. Look
I don't have time for this right
now. What's your badge?

MIKE VOGAL

What?

CYPRIAN

Your trading badge?

MIKE VOGAL

Oh. ADM.

CYPRIAN

Ok ADM. I will come find you later
and we will sort this all out. But
snap the fuck out of it.

A fight erupts right next to them. Two traders screaming at each other. Cyprian jumps out of the way. Back to work.

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE FLOOR - AFTERNOON

The trading day is over. Trading tickets cover the floor. Mike and Cyp discuss their trade outside of the pit. It's not going well.

CYPRIAN

You're telling me you don't even have this trade in your stack? Fuck man. We're still long 20.

MIKE VOGAL

What can we do? My boss is going to be pissed. I totally fucked this up.

CYPRIAN

No, you didn't fuck it up. We all fuck up. I mean we can wash it? But you have to be willing to take some heat. What's your limit?

MIKE VOGAL

Limit?

CYPRIAN

Yea limit. How much of a loss can you take? Let me see here.(doing quick math) If we wash it at 17s well that will be about \$2,500. Can you do \$2,500?

Mike's first taste of illegal action. Not sure how to answer the question, he plays along.

MIKE VOGAL

Yea, yea we can do \$2,500.

Cyprian grabs the ticket out of Mike's vest and starts to write on it, but is interrupted by another trader.

TRADER ELI

Yo Cyp. I need your help here man. I'm still short 20.

CYPRIAN

Spoose? What price?

TRADER ELI

15s.

Relieved, Cyprian stops writing on Mike's ticket.

CYPRIAN

Perfect! Well I'm still long 18s. Can you take a little heat? Let's say a grand?

TRADER ELI

Yea, we can do a grand. Make it
back tomorrow?

CYPRIAN

You know it!

Cyprian hands the ticket back to Mike, and grabs the new one.

CYPRIAN (CONT'D)

(speaking to Mike) Looks like we
won't be needing this. This is
your problem now. Good luck.

They swap trades and continue on. Mike takes the half
written ticket back to the office, irritated.

INT. CHICAGO FBI OFFICE - EVENING

Sitting on the couch with his shirt off, Mike and his team
are suiting him up with a hidden microphone.

RANDY JACKSON

This is a start.(looking at the
half written ticket) but we're
going to need to get more hard
evidence. This can be manipulated.
How's that feel?

Mike wiggles around.

MIKE VOGAL

Feels fine. How does it sound?
Testing. Testing. 1, 2, 3.

The sound guy gives him the thumbs up.

MIKE VOGAL (CONT'D)

Great.

He puts his shirt back on.

MIKE VOGAL (CONT'D)

But we need more. I won't get
anything good simply clerking
around. We need full access. I
need a badge.

RANDY JACKSON

Seats are running close to 250
grand. Think we can get the green
light on that?

MIKE VOGAL

If they want results, they'll have no choice. Can we get Ernest on the line? We need to talk.

INT. CEASARS BAR - EVENING

Terry and his team party at the bar, shots in hand. He prepares a toast.

TERRY BALDWIN

In this industry, people will come and people will go. Some will be remembered, some will not. I can say without a doubt, Glavin, that you will never be forget, good friend. What you have brought to our team is indispensable. You will be truly missed. May your New York journey be successful and full of love. You will always have a home here at Tiger Trading.

Glavin looks at his girl, as Terry lifts a shot in the air.

TERRY BALDWIN (CONT'D)

To Glavin!

The party roars "Glavin!" And chugs their drinks. He addresses them.

GLAVIN

Hey guys. Thank you very much. I am very grateful for every single one of you. This was an extremely difficult decision for me. I'm sad to go, but excited for this next chapter in life. Everyone of you will be missed. Drinks are on me tonight! Let's party it up!

They erupt into cheer, and dance, and keep the party rolling. Mel and Blagowski even make appearances.

INT. CEASARS BAR - EVENING (CONT'D)

The party dies down and Terry grabs Cyprian aside.

TERRY BALDWIN

Can we speak for a minute?

CYPRIAN

Sure thing boss. Everything good?

TERRY BALDWIN

Everything is great. I just want to chat for a moment.(beat) As you know, Glavin has worked for me for a few years now, and it was always the plan to have him take the next seat. But since he's now moving to New York, that's not going to happen. Elizabeth is happy where she is, and Joey. Well Joey is Joey. And since you've been doing so well for the company, I wanted to know how you felt about being the one to take the seat.

CYPRIAN

Terry you already know how I feel. It's a dream come true. But I'm just a poor immigrant kid from the west side. I just started making decent money for the first time in my life. A seat is a quarter million dollar investment!

TERRY BALDWIN

That's right. And if we can get you a seat, the money will come back ten fold. We work as a team down here. The more players we have, the better the team.(beat) We're willing to front you the cost, in return for your loyalty to Tiger Trading. Continuing to work hard, and following my lead.

CYPRIAN

Terry. I am you're number one soldier here. You say shoot. I shoot. I appreciate everything you've done for me.

TERRY BALDWIN

That's what I was hoping you would say. We've already begun the paper work so it shouldn't take too long.

Terry respectfully extends his hand out.

TERRY BALDWIN (CONT'D)

I'm glad to have you on the team Cyprian. Big things to come my friend. Big things.(beat) What are you drinking there?

CYPRIAN

It's water. You know me, I'm a smoker.

TERRY BALDWIN

Right. Fucking pot heads.(laughing)
Well here. Take my car for the night.(handing him the keys) I'm too fucked up to drive. Just bring this bitch back in the morning.

Cyprian eagerly accepts.

CYPRIAN

Yes sir!

A group of pretty girls enter the bar.

TERRY BALDWIN

Damn, who is that?

Cyprian looks.

CYPRIAN

Autumn?(beat) I know that girl.

TERRY BALDWIN

Well go, go. Say hello. I'll see you in the morning son. And don't fuck my car up.

CYPRIAN

You're good boss man. See you in the AM.

Terry heads out.

INT. CEASARS BAR - EVENING (CONT'D)

Autumn stands at the bar with her friends. Cyprian walks over.

CYPRIAN

Autumn?

She turns.

AUTUMN

Cyprian? Oh my god! What are you doing here?

CYPRIAN

What are you doing here? I come here all the time. It's down the block from my office.

AUTUMN

Nice! It's my first time here. We just finished our last final and thought we would celebrate a bit. How are you? I haven't seen you in months!

CYPRIAN

I know. Things are good. Been working a lot, on the floor, trading. Staying busy. And you? You done with school yet?

AUTUMN

Ha. I wish. I have one more semester left. Almost there though.(beat) The floor, that's exciting! You have to tell me all about it.(grabbing his shirt) Here, let me introduce you to my girls.

She introduces him. The bartender makes their drinks.

BARTENDER

Twenty four dollars.

Autumn turns to the girls to ask for money, Cyprian interjects.

CYPRIAN

Hey Ryan. Put those all on me. For the rest of the night too. These girls are with me.

BARTENDER

Sure think Cyp.

AUTUMN'S FRIEND

Ah thanks honey. That's super sweet of you.

CYPRIAN

(speaking to the girls) No problem ladies. Any friend of Autumn's, is a friend of mine. Want to grab a table? Hold on let me see what I can do here.

Cyprian walks away to grab a hostess. One of the girls leans into Autumn.

AUTUMN'S FRIEND

Who is that? He's fine girl.

AUTUMN

That's my neighbor.(beat) You think?

Both starring at him from afar. It's the first time she's felt this way about him.

EXT. TERRY'S PORCHE - EVENING (CONT'D)

Cyprian zooms in and out of traffic with Autumn in the passenger seat. They put the Porche to work.

AUTUMN

Whooooooooo yeaaaaaaaaaaaaa.

CYPRIAN

I don't think I've ever driven anything this nice before.

AUTUMN

I prefer the Cadillac to be honest.

CYPRIAN

The Cadi really? I always thought you were more of a foreign type of girl. Turn here?

AUTUMN

Yea over there. You can pull over right there.

CYPRIAN

Damn, this is Lucky's place?

Autumn shrugs.

AUTUMN

Yea, I guess. It's ok. You know Lucky, Mr. Popular.(beat) You know, I'm really proud of you Cyprian. You're doing big things. I'm happy for you.

CYPRIAN

Ah thanks Autumn. That means a lot to me.

AUTUMN

I wish I could say the same. I'm still in school. Have no idea what I want to do. Then I come home, and, well. I'm lost. I don't know what I'm doing.

She gets soft. Cyprian consoles her.

CYPRIAN

It's alright. Autumn takes time. It takes some people a little longer. You'll figure it all out.

AUTUMN

I hope so. I really do.

She almost sheds a tear.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

Sorry, I'm on my period. I get a little emotional when I drink. Thanks for the ride. I had fun tonight.

CYPRIAN

Yea me too. Maybe we can do it again sometime? Not wait another six months?

AUTUMN

We can do lunch this week. I'll have some time now that schools out.

He hands her a business card.

CYPRIAN

This is my daytime number. I can usually step out after 1. Call me?

AUTUMN

For sure. Thanks again for the ride.

She opens the door, but before stepping out, she leans back in and gives him a soft kiss on his cheek. They have a moment.

FADE OUT:

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE FLOOR - MORNING

Montage of Cyprian and other traders, including Mike Vogal, going through the process of acquiring an exchange memberships. Filling out paper work, background tests, payments, interviews, and finally, their engraved badges.

CYPRIAN V.O.

A few weeks later, Tiger Trading paid for my seat. I was officially a member of the Chicago Board of Trade. More title than anything. Although, I was now responsible for my own trades. I had to take shit more serious.

INT. EAST BANK CLUB GYM - MORNING

Mike Vogal gets dressed in the locker room. He steps into the stall to discreetly adjust his hidden mic. He finishes and rushes to catch up with another trader. They head out together, past Cyprian, whose hitting the weights hard himself. They acknowledge each other.

TRADER KPP

I know that guy. Hey Cyp!

CYPRIAN

Kyle!

TRADER KPP

Early start I see?

CYPRIAN

I'm just feeling good today. Like like world is at my finger tips. What about you? You're never in this early.

TRADER KPP

You're right. I'm actually flying out to Vegas this weekend. Thought I would be active before then. We're on our way to get breakfast if you're interested in joining.(beat) Have you two met?

Cyprian recognizes Mike from their previous encounter.

CYPRIAN

I think we've traded before, but never formally met.(extending his hand.) I'm Cyprian. Cyp.

MIKE VOGAL

Mike. Mike Vogal.

TRADER KPP

Mike just got his badge.

CYPRIAN

Oh nice. Me to. What are you trading?

MIKE VOGAL

Mostly currencies. You're in the SP if I remember right?

CYPRIAN

All day baby.

MIKE VOGAL

I'll be sure to come talk to you if we ever need to work something out. You know.

Cyprian grins.

CYPRIAN

I guess.

TRADER KPP

We're working a few side angels in the yen, if you're interested in hearing about it.

CYPRIAN

Sorry gents. Full day ahead for me. Maybe some other time.

Mike awkwardly jumping in.

MIKE VOGAL

I'd love to get together some other time to talk about it.

CYPRIAN

Yea. I'm sure we'll run into each other again. Soon.

TRADER KPP

Alright then, we're out of here. If I don't see ya have a good week.

CYPRIAN

Take it easy guys.

INT. RESTAURANT - MORNING (CONT'D)

Mike and Kyle sit in booth eating, conversing.

TRADER KPP

It's really simple you see. Most of the orders I receive are from the international brokerage houses, Asian countries. As long as I get them a decent fill, they keep coming back. But the other traders know this. So if I can offset some that information to you, we can just split the profits on those trades. I need a good bagman in Yen. You say it has been working in the Franc?

MIKE VOGAL

A few times. Treble in there is real picky, but I've worked in a few good trades. Twenty grand.

TRADER KPP

This is a bit different. You have no idea how big my orders are. We'll keep a running order of things. Then you'll just pay me out at the end of every week. Good?

Mike lowers his chin and speaks into the hidden mic.

MIKE VOGAL

Yea. I can handle it. You said you want to be paid in cash, every week for the front running of trades. Right?

Kyle looks at him funny.

TRADER KPP

Yes. But you don't have to go all technical there. And please don't. I'm not doing anything but throwing you a couple of winners. Real winners.

FADE OUT:

EXT. GHETTO - EVENING

Cornell pulls into a sketchy looking parking lot, he parks, and grabs a bag from the trunk. He walks through the back of a large building. We hear rap music thumping from the outside. He walks in, past a bunch of music studios, heavy smoke in the air, into one of the studio rooms. The door closes. After a few minutes he emerges again with a different bag, and heads back to the car.

INT. CORNELL'S CAR - EVENING (CONT'D)

Cruising through the hood, Cornell sees his gas light come on. He pulls into a gas station.

EXT. GAS STATION - EVENING (CONT'D)

Cornell pays the attendant, then starts pumping gas. A loud car full of gang members pulls up along side him. A dark tatted man steps out, pays for gas, and as he walks back, he recognizes Cornell from a distance. He reaches into the pants and pulls out a gun.

STREET THUG

This little mother fucker!

He aims and shoots at Cornell, but Cornell avoids it. More shots ring out, hitting the car, grazing Cornell's head. He has just enough time to drop the gas handle, and hop into his car, hanging out of the door while driving off. As he exits the station, onto traffic, he causes a small accident, which is seen by a cop a few cars back, who proceeds to pursue him. He is quickly arrested. Officers find drugs and money in his car.

FADE OUT:

INT. COOK COUNTY PRISON - MORNING

Cornell wakes up in a jail cell, scared. Security guards grab him and escort him down a hall.

INT. COOK COUNTY VISITATION - MORNING (CONT'D)

Cyprian sits behind prison glass as Cornell walks in. He's excited to talk. He sits down, and picks up the phone.

CYPRIAN

And I thought this shit was only in movies.

CORNELL

Real deal dog. You gotta bail me out man.

(MORE)

CORNELL (CONT'D)

I almost got killed last night.
And I'm hearing things. Fucked up
shit yo. Fuck prison. I'm scared.
Get me out of here.

CYPRIAN

What did you do? Can I even bail
you out?

CORNELL

I didn't do shit man. I just left
the studio, and was at the gas
station pumping gas, and some old
head started shooting at me. I
think it was Folks. I took off,
and practically hit a cop on the
way out. I didn't do shit man. I
had a couple of Os on me, but
that's it. I gotta be able to post
bail. Cyp, I'm scared.

CYPRIAN

(beat) Alright, alright. I'll take
care of it. You have to sit tight
until I figure it out. Be strong
dude. Be strong.

Cyprian leaves to pay Cornell's bail.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT BOOTH - MORNING (CONT'D)

Cornell chows down on breakfast. He's obviously not eaten for
a few days. Cyprian sits across from him.

CYPRIAN

Well now I'm down 10 grand, that
you have to help me get back.

CORNELL

Dude, you have no idea what that
shit's like man. Dudes just eye
balling you. Fucking with your
mind. Never. Never ever go to
jail.

CYPRIAN

I don't plan on it.(beat) About the
ten grand?

Cornell a bit irritated.

CORNELL

I don't know man. I guess I have to slang a few more bricks.

CYPRIAN

You don't think that's a bad idea?

CORNELL

That or rob someone? You want me robbing out here?

CYPRIAN

That's also not a good idea.(beat)
How about you come work for me? I have a seat now. I can pay you like \$300 a week. If you listen to me, we can make an extra 2 grand a week on other shit. You just have to listen, and stay out of trouble.

Cornell looks up.

CORNELL

Sold. Done. Like I said, I don't know what else to do. And Cyp, you know your shit. Just tell me what to do. Your the brains.(he burps)
Buuuuuuuuurp. God damn. That's not good.

He stands up.

CORNELL (CONT'D)

Be right back.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT - MORNING (CONT'D)

Mike Vogal and another trader walk into the same restaurant, taking a seat a few rows back. Mike heads to the bathroom.

INT. RESTAURANT BATHROOM - MORNING (CONT'D)

Cornell is urinating when Mike walks into the bathroom stall. A few seconds pass before something drops on the floor. Cornell tilts his head to see a recording device laying there on the floor, quickly being snatched back up. He finishes, and walks out.

INT. RESTAURANT - MORNING (CONT'D)

Cornell sits back down at the booth, watching Mike leave the bathroom to take his seat.

CORNELL
(to Cyprian) Those are traders
right?

Cyprian turns his head, recognizing Mike Vogel.

CYPRIAN
This goofy as mother fucker. Yea.

CORNELL
Why do you say that?

CYPRIAN
This fucking guy. Always saying
stupid shit. Asking stupid
questions. Very curious.

CORNELL
What do you use the microphones
for?

CYPRIAN
What do you mean? What microphones?
You mean headsets?

CORNELL
Not headsets. Small microphones.
Like a clip on.

CYPRIAN
I don't know. Interviews? Why do
you ask?

CORNELL
That trader in the bathroom was
playing with one in the stall.

CYPRIAN
What do you mean?

CORNELL
The goofy dude over there, had one
on. He's hiding it now, but I
think its under his shirt.

Cyprian grins.

CYPRIAN
Really?

CUT TO:

They finish their meal, pay, and make their way out, stopping
by Mike's booth.

CYPRIAN (CONT'D)
 Mikey, buddy ole pal. Nice to see
 you here again.

Shaking hands and turning to the other trader.

CYPRIAN (CONT'D)
 Cyprian. **C-Y-P** in the Spooze. I
 don't think we've met.

TRADER BRD
 Brad, **D-R-T**, Pound. Pleasure.

Cyprian looks deep into Mike's shirt, and sees a little bulge
 popping out. Something's there.

MIKE VOGAL
 How's it going Cyprian? Would you
 like to join us? We're just getting
 into some good stuff here.

CYPRIAN
 Sorry fellas. Just wanted to say
 hello. We're in a rush today, so
 let's catch up on the floor? You
 know where to find me, right? Take
 care guys.

They leave in a hurry.

EXT. RESTAURANT - MORNING (CONT'D)

On the way out, Cyprian turns to Cornell.

CYPRIAN
 There is definitely something under
 his shirt.(beat) What the fuck is
 that little fucker up to?

FADE OUT:

OCTOBER 16TH, 1987 - FRIDAY

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE OFFICE - MORNING

A young girl types Mike Vogel's name into a computer search
 bar. She glances at the search results, then prints them
 out, stuffing one set into a manila folder, and handing
 another to Melmed Lewis, who glances them over at his desk.

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE FLOOR - MORNING (CONT'D)

The trading floor's courier drops off a manila folder at Terry's desk. Terry opens it and glances it over. Cyprian walks over.

TERRY BALDWIN

Who is this Mike Vogal character?

CYPRIAN

New guy. I had to look into it. Six months, from clerk to badge. Now he's going around asking people all these funny questions. Being nosey. Taking meetings. Wearing microphones.

Terry glancing over the sheets.

TERRY BALDWIN

Microphones? Well he's clean. Graduated from Wisconsin with a degree in Accounting. Worked for the New York State Department, then down here.

CYPRIAN

So where did he get the money from? Do you really believe he has a rich uncle in Argentina?

TERRY BALDWIN

I think you have to. Look at all these foreign assets. Argentina too.

Cyprian doesn't want to believe it.

CYPRIAN

I don't believe it Terry. I have a feeling. I have a serious feeling about this guy.

A big roar comes from the pit. Cornell runs over.

CORNELL

Cyp, Cyp, Cyp. We broke the 20's.

Cyprian responds.

CYPRIAN

Nice. Let's get back to work. (to Terry) Terry, I'm not done with this. I don't like it. I tell you. Not one bit.

TERRY BALDWIN

Don't worry about it kid. No one is out to get you.

FADE OUT:

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE S&P PIT - AFTERNOON

Montage of Cyprian, Terry, Cornell, Elizabeth, and Mike trading the rest of the day.

CYPRIAN V.O.

On August 25th, 3 months prior, the market reached record highs. Times were good. Taxes were low, inflation was declining. But a correction was in place. We could feel it. That afternoon, the market fell over 1%. The largest daily sell off in US history. (beat) We were short all day. It was my best day yet. I had my first 50 grand day. It felt good.

Cornell and Cyprian celebrate.

OCTOBER 19TH, 1987 - BLACK MONDAY

A news anchor talks about world affairs, middle eastern war, fires, soldiers, war, along with the news of Friday's fall.

CYPRIAN V.O.

Monday morning did not look any better. Something was seriously off.

INT. WALL STREET OFFICE - MORNING

A well dressed business man picks up the phone in urgency and calls his broker.

INT. SOLOMON SMITH BARNEY BROKERAGE HOUSE - MORNING (CONT'D)

A stock broker answers.

SOLOMON TRADER

Trading!

BUSINESS MAN

Tony, I'm going to need to unload our entire IBM stake, all 1.5 Million.

SOLOMON TRADER

Sam, Jesus Christ! The whole fucking stake? At what price?

BUSINESS MAN

Market. Whatever price you can get me. Block it if you need to. All of our indicators are pointing down. We're getting out today. This morning. The whole fucking stake at the open.

SOLOMON TRADER

Sam, I'm going to be honest here, prices are seriously lagging. It's not going to be a good fill.

BUSINESS MAN

I don't care. Just get me the fuck out! Now!

The solomon trades writes down the sell order and places it on top of others, turning to his coworker.

SOLOMON TRADER

Another fucking 1.5 million on IBM. That's my third million share pre-market order this morning! What the fuck is going on!

He turns to his computer and punches in the order.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE - MORNING (CONT'D)

A 1.5 million share IBM sell order hits the market maker's trading screen. The stock specialist wildly throws his hands up in the air.

IBM SPECIALIST

What the fuck! Another sell order. (turning to another specialist) Joe, are you seeing the same shit I am? Come here. Look at this? I have over 4 million sell orders fucking sitting here. I'm taking mad heat here. Mad fucking heat. I don't know if I can open.

More sell orders come in.

XOM SPECIALIST
This is not looking good at all.
Another 750 on my end. Fuck!

The trading bell rings and an electrical current bursts, spurring a chain reaction of computerized sell orders. The floor of the New York Stock Exchange erupts, brokers and traders screaming in sheer panic.

CYPRIAN V.O.
The NYSE specialists got hit the worst. At the time, they were the fail switch. They were the buyer for every seller. But not that morning. Some of these guys ran out of money. Stocks failed to open on Wall Street.(beat) But not in Chicago.

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE S&P PIT - MORNING (CONT'D)

The floor is bombarded with sell orders, and the market falls fast. Cyprian, Terry, and the rest of the team are doing their best to keep up. It's the fastest market they have ever seen.

TRADER ELI
150 at 285. 150 at 284. 150 at
283.

Terry looks over at Cyprian.

TERRY BALDWIN
There's no buyers. Sell, keep
selling!

CYPRIAN
How far down do you want me to go?
Where's cash?

TERRY BALDWIN
I don't know. It's not open. It's
not on the screen. Liz?

They both look at Liz for an answer. Sell after sell order come in. Confusion all over the place. Terry yells to Elizabeth.

TERRY BALDWIN (CONT'D)

What is the cash doing? Where is cash!

Elizabeth signals back.

ELIZABETH

Not open yet! Stocks aren't even trading. IBM, Disney, Exxon. None of them are trading.

CYPRIAN

Jesus Terry, I can't get a fucking fill here! Where are my buyers at? We're already trading down 3%. What the fuck is going on?

The market continues to plummet. They are able to put on a few positions, and start making money on the way down.

CYPRIAN (CONT'D)

How far down is this thing going? How long should I hold this? I don't feel good about this. We're gonna pop back up any second.

Terry looks over at the institutional money. He reads their signals, and starts buying as they do.

TERRY BALDWIN

Now. Now. Give em to me! Buyer here. I'll take 50 off ya Bill. Steve, 100 on your end.

CYPRIAN

Buyer all day! Greg let me have those!

The market settles in. Traders are able to take a breathe, momentarily. Elizabeth looks at her screen, and sees Disney finally open for trading, down %10. She whispers to herself.

ELIZABETH

Holy fucking shit.

The rest of the market catches on, and the sellers come back in quickly, twice as fast. Elizabeth yells into the pit.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Cash is down another 10%. Terry what the fuck is going on here?

Seller after seller come in. Cyprian is now down big on his position, within a matter of minutes. He's shocked, and very nervous, looking over at Terry for advice.

CYPRIAN

Terry! I am at my limit here. I can't hold this anymore!

TERRY BALDWIN

Double up! We're already down 10%. We can't go down any lower than this! Give me those Ron. Yea, I want all 100!

CYPRIAN

I'll take those too Bob!

They double up their positions. And it's going against them big. Cyprian is now down more than -\$250,000! His entire trading career is in limbo. Sellers all over the place.

CYPRIAN (CONT'D)

Terry, I can't hold it anymore! I'm fucking down. Jesus fucking christ. What is going on! I'm fucking loosing all my god damn money.

TERRY BALDWIN

Hold it! The market can't go any lower! There is no way the market can go down any lower!

But it does. Seller after seller. The market falls 15%. Men in suits come down from their offices and pull traders off the floor. Other men burst into tears. The two are now down more than ever, as the clock inches closer to 3:00, with every minute, their losses compounding. Terry has trouble breathing. Everything slows down. He's sweating, seeing double, and slowly passes out, grabbing his chest in pain. He has a heart attack in the middle of the floor. He collapses, just as Cyprian is able to grab hold of him.

CYPRIAN

Terry! No!

The bell rings. The day is over. The S&P 500 is down 29%. Men sit in the pit soaked in sweat. Heads down, some even crying. Many have lost fortunes in a matter of hours. Cyprian is sitting there in shock. A sad trader approaches.

TRADER BIX

Rough day kid? I don't blame ya.
Looks like my time here is done
too.(beat) Hey, did you know life
insurance covers suicide.(beat)
You learn something new everyday.

Cyprian doesn't even care to respond. He tears up.

FADE OUT:

EXT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE - EVENING

A news reporter is standing outside of the exchange speaking about the market crash.

NEWS REPORTER

That's right Bob. The New York
Stock Exchange recorded it's
largest single drop ever.
Economists are hesitant to call
this a crash, but there is no other
definition, with daily losses
greater than 20%, we are most
certainly heading for another
depression.(depression, depression,
depression... echoes)

Montage of the great depression and images of the last crash.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO FEDERAL RESERVE - EVENING

A line forms outside the bank, full of traders and
businessmen, all waiting to withdraw their money. Cornell
runs up, and immediately turns around when he sees what's
taking place. It's a run on the banks.

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE BOARD ROOM - EVENING

Cyprian desperately discusses the situation with his team
when Cornell bursts in.

CORNELL

Yo man. There is a line like 100
people outside of the bank right
now. I'm thinking everyone else
has the same idea we do.

CYPRIAN

Fuck! Something is not right here.
After the open, there is no way we
keep falling. Falling! Falling!
(MORE)

CYPRIAN (CONT'D)

ALL FUCKING DAY!(punching a giant hole in the wall) I don't think I want to know where we stand. Ahhh!

Grabbing and pulling his hair in frustration, screaming at the top of his lungs. Elizabeth does the math on paper.

ELIZABETH

Half a million dollars on paper?

CYPRIAN

Jesus Christ. Half a million dollars. And that's just me. What about Terry?

ELIZABETH

Quadruple that.

CYPRIAN

2 million? What the fuck!

Cyprian steps away to contain himself. Cornell walks over.

CORNELL

Hey man. You good?

CYPRIAN

No dude. I am broke. I just lost every single dime to my name. I'm lucky to still have these positions on. Somehow, I haven't been pulled out yet.(beat) I don't know if we can get out of this one. I've never seen shit like this before. I don't know what's wrong with Terry. I don't know. I just don't fucking know what to do here.

Cornell grabs him.

CORNELL

Look man. Snap out of it. You have no choice to but to get us the fuck out of this. What if the market screams back 10% tomorrow? You just doubled your money and your up a mill. You're the best damn trader I've ever seen. You have no choice but to get us out of this. We believe in you.(beat) And who knows if Terry will ever be back. You're all we got right now.

ELIZABETH

Yea Cyp. We need you.

CYPRIAN

I need to get a hold of Kathy.

He picks up the phone, just as there is a knock on the door. Two men dressed in suits enter. Cyprian recognizes one as James McGew, president of his clearing firm.

JAMES MCGEW

Cyprian. How goes it son? Do you mind if we have a word?

CYPRIAN

Mr. McGew. I was wondering when I would be receiving a visit from you.(beat) Hey guys, give us a moment here please.(speaking to his team.)

They exit the room.

JAMES MCGEW

I hate to be the barer of bad news. But I'm sure you know what this visit is about. This is a margin call Cyprian.

CYPRIAN

Never thought I would hear that.

JAMES MCGEW

Well you are. Our books are showing you down a little under half a million dollars.(beat) I came to you personally, out of respect for Terry, who I heard went to the hospital. Your record presides you. I know these are rare circumstances. We're not going to close you out your open trades just yet. But we will need a quarter million dollar deposit before tomorrows open, or we will.

CYPRIAN

You need a quarter million dollars? By 7am!? Are you kidding me? Jesus. Where am I going to get that kind of cash from? The banks are being run on as we speak.

JAMES MCGEW

I'm not kidding. You're going to have to figure something out kid. You're lucky the trades are still on. We've closed out many people today. Careers ended. Accounts bankrupt. You're still alive. Find me the money. Get back in the pit. The market will come back around. Have faith. We'll have someone on-call overnight at the office. 7am sharp, or we're closing out the trades.

CYPRIAN

I understand.

They shake hands, James walks out. Cyprian sits there with not the slightest clue of what to do next. Cornell knocks on the door, and let's himself in.

CYPRIAN (CONT'D)

We need a quarter mill by 7am. A quarter million fucking dollars!

Silence.

CORNELL

I can get about 10 from my uncle. Maybe 1 from KK, and another 2 from Chef. But we gotta pay them back soon.

CYPRIAN

Alright. That's 13. Leave's me 237 thousand dollars short.(beat) I could probably get 10 from my parents too. 222 thousand more to go.

Cyprian pulls out a note-pad and starts writing down all the money he can collect. Montage of Cyprian making calls, convincing people to loan him money, while Cornell makes cash pickups across the city.

CYPRIAN (CONT'D)

(on the phone) Jeff, look I don't want to go around asking people like this. But you see what's going on here? Give me 10, I'll have 12 for you next week. Maybe two weeks. Come on, you know I'm good for it. Yea? Fucking right man!

(MORE)

CYPRIAN (CONT'D)

I'll have Cornell pick it up this evening. Yea, yea, whatever bills you want.

Cyprian makes his way through the list, almost guaranteeing a \$100,000 on paper. It gets late. Cornell starts to fall asleep.

FADE OUT:

INT. HOSPITAL - EVENING

Cyprian walks into the hospital reception area, where he greets Terry's family, who is huddled in the waiting area. He is escorted in to see Terry who is heavily sedated, connected to wires, beeping, and hanging onto life. Cyprian stares at him in disbelief as he sits down. He contemplates the situation. He consoles Terry, then leaves, walking into the reception area to place a call.

INT. HOSPITAL PHONE BOOTH - EVENING (CONT'D)

Cyprian picks up the phone. Ring. Ring. Ring.

AUTUMN

Hello?

CYPRIAN

Autumn?

AUTUMN

Yes. Who is this?

CYPRIAN

Cyprian. I'm sorry to call you this late. But can we talk?

CUT TO:

EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - EVENING (CONT'D)

Cyprian pulls up to a very nice restaurant and exits his car.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - EVENING (CONT'D)

Cyprian is greeted by a pretty hostess.

CYPRIAN

Good evening. My name is Cyprian. I believe I am being expected by Mr. Cacciatorri?

HOSTESS

Just one moment.

The hostess turns to a man, who nods his head in confirmation.

GANGSTER 1

Come with me.

They walk the entire length of the restaurant, into a hidden back room. At the door, security guards pat him down.

GANGSTER 1 (CONT'D)

Turn around.

INT. RESTAURANT BACK OFFICE - EVENING (CONT'D)

Doors open to a luxurious gangster hang out. An office, big enough to hold 10-15 people comfortably. In the back a fancy desk with a group of gangsters standing around. We see Salvador, Lucky, Chase and their crew. Cyprian is escorted to the front.

GANGSTER 1

Sal you have someone to see you.

SALVADOR

Ah yes. The market man. Come, come. Sit, sit.

CYPRIAN

Good evening Mr. Cacciatorri. Lucky. Chase. I want to thank you for taking the time to speak to me.

SALVADOR

Ah yes. But of course. You know Lucky yes?

CYPRIAN

I do. We went to school together. I am good friends with his fiance, Autumn. She's actually the one who helped set this up.

SALVADOR

Autumn, yes. Are you thirsty? Would you like something to drink?

Salvador motions for someone to get him a drink. He lights a cigar, gets comfortable.

CYPRIAN

No. I'm alright. Probably better that I stay sober.

SALVADOR

So what exactly can I help you with?

CYPRIAN

Well Mr. Salvador. I'll be honest here. I need your help with something. And only a man of your stature can provide me with what I need.

SALVADOR

And what is it you need?

CYPRIAN

Cash. I need a cash loan of \$100,000 by 7am tomorrow morning.

Salvador laughs.

SALVADOR

Cash? And you think I have cash to give you?

CYPRIAN

I would assume you don't have cash to give anyone. But what I can provide in return is far greater than what any other man requesting a loan from you can offer. An opportunity to make tens of millions of dollars. Yes millions. I want to make a deal.(beat) I know that you run the neighborhood Mr. Cacciatordi. I know your son Lucky keeps things in order. And I respect that. I know you both are very intelligent, and also have interest in getting involved in what I do. Which is trade. Speculate. Manipulate. Trade. Or whatever anyone else wants to call it. It really is just another form of gambling. Last year I made over 750 thousands dollars. Trading. But not just trading. Working the system. The floor is a system of people, and if you control the people, you control the money. And good money. Thousands of dollars daily, flipping a few contracts. Muscling a couple of orders here and there. Scarring a few souls. I'm willing to bring you in.

(MORE)

CYPRIAN (CONT'D)

I'm willing to show you how everything works. And I mean everything. Front running orders, side trades, running ticks, and trading in general. There is so much money to be made, and it only makes sense that you have a presence there, here, in the Chicago pits, the intelligent man's gambling den.

SALVADOR

If you're such a good trader, then why are you here right now?

CYPRIAN

Excellent point. I don't know if you've heard the news today. But the market is crashing, and I've had one hell of a day. The market dropped 500 points. Or 29% today, alone. Meaning that we just erased 5 billion dollars off the face of the earth, just like that (snapping his fingers). The single largest drop in the history of man kind. Because of this, the credit markets are frozen, banks are closed, and I'm in a trade that I cannot hold on to anymore, until I get more cash. And only cash, by 7 am tomorrow morning. I have asked everyone I know. You are my last and only hope sir.

SALVADOR

Sounds like a rough day. 29%! Luckily I don't have any cash in the market now. (laughing with the boys) Might be a good time to get in now, eye boys!

Beat.

SALVADOR (CONT'D)

I don't know kid. Sounds risky.

CYPRIAN

It is. But without risk, there is no reward. The more risk, the more reward. Here's what I can do.

He pulls out an envelope and a set of keys.

CYPRIAN (CONT'D)

Because this is simply a cash flow issue for me, I can offer some collateral. These are the keys to my 1985 Porsche Carrera, retail value \$47,000.(beat) This is the deed to my condo, well over \$150,000, which more than doubles what I'm asking for. In return for a \$1000,000 cash loan, tonight. I can offer you a 20% return On Monday, one week from today. I will hand you back \$120,000, cash.(beat) But not only that. I am willing to bring you on board, anyone from your outfit. I am willing to train anyone and teach them everything there is to know about the system.

Salvador sits in silence and stares at Cyprian.

SALVADOR

Let me see that.

Cyprian hands him the keys and the deed.

SALVADOR (CONT'D)

How old are you?

CYPRIAN

26.

SALVADOR

You made how much last year?

CYPRIAN

750 thousand dollars.

SALVADOR

You know what happens if I don't get my money?

CYPRIAN

Yes I do.

SALVADOR

Give me a moment.

Salvador thinks about it, walking over to Lucky, whispering something to him in private. Then walking back.

SALVADOR (CONT'D) H

We have a deal.

Salvador reaches out to shake Cyprian's hand.

SALVADOR (CONT'D)
But I want two guys on the floor.
Deal?

CYPRIAN
Deal.

SALVADOR
Lucky will get you the money.

Lucky walks through the front kitchen of the restaurant, into a hidden back room, where he finds a safe. He punches in a code, and pulls out \$100,000 cash, and stuffs it in a bag.

INT. RESTAURANT BACK OFFICE - EVENING (CONT'D)

Lucky walks back into the room and hands Cyprian a bag full of money.

LUCKY
I know where you live. I know
where your parents live. I know
where your sister lives. I hope
you know what that means?

CYPRIAN
Yes, Lucky. I do. You won't have
no trouble with me.

SALVADOR
Chase is going to come with you to
make sure you get where you need to
go. I wish you luck kid.

Chase escorts Cyprian out of the restaurant into a black Cadillac. They drive off, and Cyprian cracks a smile on the way. He did it, he's alive to see another day.

FADE OUT:

EXT. CHICAGO - EVENING (CONT'D)

Montage of suicides, guys jumping out of windows, shooting themselves in the head, jumping in front of the train, fighting with their wives, crying. These are the men who did not survive the crash of 1987.

CYPRIAN V.O.
In all of this amazing country's
financial history, there has never
been a day as bad as this.
(MORE)

CYPRIAN V.O. (CONT'D)

The S&P 500 dropped more than 29% in 1 day, and it took a lot of men down with it. The world had never seen anything like this before. A quarter of the financial industry was wiped out. Vroom! Vanished! Gone! Men had tested the market, and the market had won. But when there's blood in the streets, theirs money to be made, and I had one chance left.

FADE OUT:

OCTOBER 20TH, 1987 - 6:30 AM

EXT. CHICAGO OFFICE - MORNING

James McGew makes his way to his office. He turns the corner and sees Chase, Cornell, and Cyprian standing there holding a leather bag. He opens the door, and they walk in. James puts the money into a counting machine, counting every last dollar, and giving a thumbs up. The three turn and run to catch the open.

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE FLOOR - MORNING (CONT'D)

Sprinting down the halls of the Chicago Board of Trade, Cyprian and Cornell hurry to catch the open. They arrive to a rather empty, yet jittery pit. Many people have not made it back today. There is uncertainty in the air. Cyprian and Cornell take their positions in the pit. 6:58.

CYPRIAN

Cornell, look at Bateman. He looks nervous. I'm sensing something here.

CORNELL

Look at him. Terrified.

CYPRIAN

Not good. Not good. Everyone is a fucking seller. Let's see how low we can take this market down.

The clock count down. 6:59:57, 6:59:58, 6:59.59, 7:00:00, and bids start coming in.

BATEMAN

500 at 260.

TRADER ELI

500 at 220.

TRADER ZZZ

500 at 200.

The market is free-falling with no bottom in sight! Down 60 points in seconds. Cyprian leans into yell at Cornell.

CYPRIAN

Holly shit! 60 points off! I wonder how low they will go.

Cyprian yells into the pit!

CYPRIAN (CONT'D)

500 at 150.

BATEMAN

500 at 100.

CYPRIAN

500 at 75.

BATEMAN

500 at 50.

CYPRIAN

Buy Em! Buy Em! Buy Em! I'm buying.

Cyprian starts buying the 500 contracts 200 points lower than the open. He buys more, from everybody, 100, 150, 175, 200. He freezes at a certain point. He has just risked everything on this one trade. His entire life flashes before his eyes. A few moments pass in slow motion. Cyprian is completely frozen, almost dead. Cornell shakes him awake.

CORNELL

Cyp! Cyp! Cyp! Are you ok?

He opens his eyes and looks at Cornell.

CORNELL (CONT'D)

Sell those fucking things. We're back up to 300.

The pit is billowing orders. Chaos everywhere.

CYPRIAN

300! Holly fucking shit! What the fuck is going on!

Cyprian looks at his ticket. It says 50. He makes eye contact with a a trader.

TRADER DMN
What are you doing?

CYPRIAN
I'm selling!

TRADER DMN
I need 50.

CYPRIAN
Done.

TRADER BRK
I need 50 at 220.

CYPRIAN
Sold.

Cyprian takes a deep breath. He has just netted 3.6 million dollars in one trade. He is emotionally drained, and almost passes out. Cornell catches him, and helps him out of the pit. He grabs a cup of water and dumps it on Cyprian's face.

CORNELL
Cyp! Cyp! Wake the fuck up. We're out. We're completely out!

Cyprian wakes up, both realizing what just happened.

CYPRIAN
Are they confirmed?

CORNELL
I'm here helping you!

CYPRIAN
Fuck me. Go. Go confirm those trades!

Cornell runs off while Cyprian sits there on the outskirts of the pit, in the middle of complete mayhem, relieved.

FADE OUT:

CYPRIAN V.O.
The day after Black Monday I made over 3.6 Million Dollars.(beat) Bateman, the broker who sold me those contracts 200 points below the market, tried to claim it was fraud. What really happened was that they accidentally put the order in twice.

(MORE)

CYPRIAN V.O. (CONT'D)

I had to go to appeals, but ultimately the trades cleared.(beat) Terry ended up surviving his heart attack, but he played it cool from there on out, never to return to the floor again. (beat) Later that month, Lucky and Chase officially came on board, and for the next year, I taught them everything. They were smart guys, but stupid at the same time. Sometimes forgetting these weren't the streets.

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Chase and Lucky physically bully a smaller man who is screaming for help. He has a trading card in his hand.

LUCKY

Listen here Kevin. If you don't sign this fucking trade over right now, we're gonna have serious problems.

CHASE

Serious problems!

They grab his head and shove it into the wall.

TRADER KEVIN

Lucky, Chase, look guys. I know what we traded at. I'm not just going to sign this trade over to you. That's illegal.

LUCKY

It's better than being dead now isn't it Kevin!

TRADER KEVIN

Dead? What do you mean?

LUCKY

I mean, if you don't sign this fucking trade over, we're going to have serious problems.

Severely hurting him at this point.

TRADER KEVIN

Guys? Come please don't do this.

CHASE

Sign the fucking card.

Chase extending Kevin's hand, forcing him to sign the trade.

TRADER KEVIN

Guys. That's ten grand. Please
no!

LUCKY

And if you fucking say anything to
anybody, you're going to have even
bigger problems. We'll know it was
you. Now get the fuck out of here.

Throwing him to the ground, kicking him while he's down, and
walking off.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCKY'S HOME - EVENING

Autumn is at home cleaning, cooking, doing laundry. She's in
the laundry room taking clothes out of the hamper, and items
out of clothes. She reaches into a pair of jeans and pulls
out money, a bag of coke, a bag of weed, and a small roll of
condoms. She looks at the condoms in anger, and storms out
of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. LUCKY'S CAR

Lucky is obviously very drunk. He parks his car crooked, and
stumbles inside. Autumn is standing there sternly in the
kitchen holding the roll of condoms. Lucky walks in not even
noticing her, barely making it on the couch. As soon as he
settles in, she lashes out at him.

AUTUMN

Lucky! What-the-fuck-is-this?

Holding the condoms out.

LUCKY

What? Those aren't mine. Those
are Chase's.

AUTUMN

So you just carry condoms around
for another grown ass man? You
expect me to believe that shit.

LUCKY

Yea. They're Chase's, shut the fuck up. It's none of your damn business.

AUTUMN

Chase? You've got to be fucking kidding me. Are you fucking cheating on me again?

Throwing the condoms at his face. Then grabbing and throwing anything else she can find.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

You fucking pig! I can't fucking believe you. Drunk, and high all the fucking time. You're a liar. A god damn, good for nothing liar. I'm sick of this.

She grabs a lamp and chucks it at his head. It hits him pretty hard and he's now very upset. He responds in rage by attacking her back.

LUCKY

You stupid fucking bitch!

He grabs her by her head, pounding into her face, throwing her around the house, knocking the wind out of her. Shes met her match.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

Oh you're fucking sick of me? I'm done with you bitch, and this loud ungrateful mouth of yours. You can take your fucking shit and get the fuck out of here.

He drags her by her hair and throws her out the front door. She lays there in pain. He walks back and throws her belongings along side her.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

We're done here.

Her belongings pile around her and she breaks down in tears, scared of what's to come.

FADE OUT:

EXT. CHICAGO HIGH RISE PENTHOUSE - EVENING (CONT'D)

Still in pain, Autumn gets herself together and makes her way downtown.

She grabs a bag out of her car, walks up to the front desk of a high rise, and up an elevator. While walking down the hallway she passes a man with a giant bulky camera hanging off of his waist. He walks out of the same door she knocks on. Cyprian opens it, smiles, and gives her a big hug. She breaks down in tears.

CYPRIAN V.O.

So as you can see, it wasn't easy to get to the top. Every trader has their own story. Hurdles they've had to overcome. Lucky and Autumn broke things off. Lucky and I broke things off. But I had full-filled my promise, and Cornell was still around to play piece maker. (beat) And as for those FBI agents. I took care of them.

7:22 PM

INT. PRESIDENTIAL TOWERS - EVENING

Mike Vogal, Peter Jackson, and a few other members of the FBI enter a high rise building, heading straight to a top floor. They knock on the door. A familiar face opens it.

TRADER BRK

Oh hey Mike. What the fuck are you doing here?

MIKE VOGAL

Jon my name is Brian Miller with the Federal Bureau of Investigations.

TRADER BRK

You're name is what? With who? What the fuck is this?

MIKE VOGAL

We are the FBI, and we have recorded surveillance of you committing fraud and breaking numerous CFTC trading regulations. Before this gets any worse I suggest that you let us in to have a few words.

Terror hits the trader's face. He knows he's in trouble now. The FBI enter his apartment and grill him for hours. They proceed to do this to over 20 traders through out the night.

FADE OUT:

EXT. RESTAURANT - MORNING

Cornell pulls up to the front of a familiar restaurant. He walks in and hands a manila folder to one of Salvador's body guards.

EXT. CHICAGO FBI HEADQUARTERS - AFTERNOON

Cyprian and two well dressed men enter the building.

CYPRIAN V.O.

Mike Vogal and the FBI claimed to have evidence on me, and they wanted to talk.(beat) I agreed to meet, but I knew they didn't have shit on me. Someone had to put a stop to it.

INT. CHICAGO FBI OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Mike Vogal and Peter Jackson sit across the table from Cyprian and his two attorneys.

MIKE VOGAL

Thank you for finally taking the time to meet with us Cyprian.

CYPRIAN

I guess I had to hear what you have to say.

MIKE VOGAL

My name is Brian Miller, and I am an agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigations. For the past three years we've been documenting infractions on the floor committed by a number of traders, including yourself. We have evidence to convict you of insider trading, fraud, and a number of other CFTC violations. But we are willing to offer you a deal in return for favorable information that can help lead to more arrests.

Cyprian laughs out loud.

CYPRIAN

You're honestly trying to be serious here.(beat) Look Mike, or whatever your fucking name is. I've known who you've been for some time now.

(MORE)

CYPRIAN (CONT'D)

You obviously weren't fooling anyone as a trader with that bull shit you were pulling on the floor. Who knows how much money you lost. How much of the public's money went through your hands into mine. You don't have shit on me. You never did, and I know for a fact no-one is ratting me out. These traders are my friends, my colleagues. I've helped many people. They would never rat me out, especially to some dick head like you. If you want to file charges, go for it, I'll see you in court.

He grabs a manila folder and throws it on the table. Photos spill out. Mike looks at them and sees himself having sex with strippers, doing cocaine, drinking heavily, throwing money in the air, and making side deals with traders.

CYPRIAN (CONT'D)

If you want to be smart about the situation. You'll let me walk right out of here like nothing ever happened. If you want to stir the pot, I've got my juice right there. At least you know what I'm coming with. You're call. But just think what your family will think. Just think what the public will think, when they find out this is how their tax dollar were spent.(beat) I'm putting an end to this right now. Stay away from my crew, and these will never see the light of day. Press chargers, and we got problems. You got problems.

FADE TO BLACK: