

# **INDUSTRY.**

**EPISODE 101**

written by

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27<sup>th</sup> November 2018



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1 **INT. PIERPOINT. BATHROOM CUBICLE - DAY**

HARPER STERN (22) is multitasking on the toilet. One hand drying between her legs, the other holding her phone. She's black-white biracial, braids tied up in a tight-bun, dressed corporately on a budget. Outside the cubicle she can hear TWO GIRLS arguing. Harper pads the sweat off her neck with toilet roll, as she listens to the girls speak in hushed tones:

GIRL 1 (O.S.)  
Don't hate her because she's made a success of herself.

GIRL 2 (O.S.)  
She was *sooo* in your face about them flying her over. I guess she's just compensating.

Harper listens closer. *They're talking about her.*

2 **INT. PIERPOINT. BATHROOM - DAY**

A sleek, modern office bathroom. The Girls wash their hands. Girl 1 is YASMIN YAZDANI (21), beautiful Anglo-Iranian, vulnerability masked by Prada. Girl 2 - a '*Crazy Rich Asian.*' Both expensively educated. Both dressed for interview.

YASMIN  
One woman's success doesn't detract from another's.

GIRL 2  
You sound like fucking Roxane Gay.

YASMIN  
It's not a zero sum game.

GIRL 2  
Where did you steal that from?  
(off Yasmin's silence)  
I just mean, how the fuck are we supposed to compete with her narrative?

Yasmin makes a face - *offended.*

GIRL 2 (CONT'D)  
Back on your bullshit. Obviously I didn't mean it *exactly* like that.

3 **INT. PIERPOINT. BATHROOM CUBICLE - DAY**

Harper's phone begins to slip off the roll dispenser. In one movement she manages to catch it and push the damp toilet paper between her legs, saving herself from being discovered.

GIRL 2 (O.S.)  
She had a *verrry* sweaty palm.

*Bitch.*

YASMIN (O.S.)  
Firm grip though.

GIRL 2 (O.S.)  
Compensating.

4 **INT. PIERPOINT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A very deliberate flush from Harper's cubicle. Girl 2 rushes out as Harper appears from the cubicle. Yasmin is mortified, but tries to play it cool as Harper washes her hands beside her. It's eye-avoiding agony. Yasmin keeps washing her hands, keen not to look like she wants to sprint out too. Harper deliberately wipes her "sweaty" hands on her own clothes and walks out without acknowledging Yasmin.

5 **INT. PIERPOINT. MEETING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Harper now faces two different women - INTERVIEWERS in their mid-20s. Harper eyes the London skyline from the 13th floor.

INTERVIEWER 1  
If that's par value, then what is  
the principle on the bond?

HARPER  
The par is the principle.

Both interviewers smile, impressed.

INTERVIEWER 1  
Most people fall into my trap there.

HARPER  
Par, principle, face, maturity  
value, redemption value - all the  
same thing.

The Interviewers share a look, even more impressed.

INTERVIEWER 1  
Couldn't they tempt you to stay in  
New York? What's so special about  
London?

HARPER  
I watch a lot of Richard Curtis  
movies.

They laugh.

6

**INT. PIERPOINT. ASSESSMENT CENTRE - DAY**

Harper sits in a row of CANDIDATES, most in their first ever suit. She furiously sharpens three pencils as she eyes the skyline of the City of London - new, alien, now *almost* attainable. What strikes us is just how *young* everybody is, kids looking for the keys to the kingdom. JUSTINE (25), an American HR employee, walks up and down the aisle, looking at documents on certain applicants desks. She stops at Harper's:

JUSTINE

Harper, you're an international candidate?

Before Harper can answer, Justine picks up a pack on her desk and leafs through some documents. Justine stops, flicks back:

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

Where's your transcript?

HARPER

I'm still waiting for my college to send a hard copy.

Justine lowers her voice, stern but kind:

JUSTINE

We really should have had it before you travelled. I mean, technically you shouldn't be taking this without it. As soon as your college send it, upload it to the online portal or you risk voiding your application.

Harper nods, but looks worried. Sat next to Harper is HARI IYER (21), British-Asian, doe-eyed naivety but trying to dress like a 'Master of the Universe.' He tries to make nervy pre-test conversation:

HARI

They asked me to tell a joke.

(off her look)

In my last interview. Personality thing. Just a heads up...not that you need it...good luck.

Harper smiles a thank-you, looks down with laser focus on a paper headed: 'PIERPOINT: NUMERICAL REASONING.'

7

**INT. PIERPOINT. FOYER - LATER**

The cavernous, modern Pierpoint foyer. Applicants buzz around in post-exam gossip mode. Harper's focused on the loud BLEEP of an international dial tone in her ear through headphones, ringing someone called TODD BOON. *Pick up. Pick up.* A sleepy male voice does:

MALE VOICE

You wake me up at four in the morning to finally unblock me?

HARPER

(whispered)

Todd, listen...you said you'd make it up to me. I need a favour...

8

**INT. PIERPOINT. EXECUTIVE SUITE - DAY**

Harper can't quite believe the surroundings - Pierpoint's intimidating wood-panelled executive suite is like a dining room on the Titanic. She's being interviewed by ERIC TANG (37), Korean-American, Managing Director, every inch the corporate cult leader in a Brioni suit and open collar shirt. There's an Hublot the size of a vault door on his wrist.

ERIC

How many of these have you had?

HARPER

Nine. Four in New York. Four here..and a Skype.

Eric takes his time, enjoying the silence, as he pretends to cast an eye over Harper's CV on the table in front of him.

ERIC

I didn't realize we recruited from...*S-U-N-Y Binghamton*.

HARPER

It's *non-target*.

ERIC (CONT')

Why are you here then?

Harper thinks for a moment, can't read him. She nervously feels her way into her answer:

HARPER

Well...I could give you the stock response, or I could be honest on behalf of every candidate here...

ERIC

What do you mean?

Harper hesitates, now unsure whether to continue.

HARPER

...I mean it's not a very a political answer but I don't think 'rich' should be a man's word.

Eric is unmoved, Harper feels embarrassed - too *punchy*?

HARPER (CONT'D)

I just think mediocrity's too well hidden by parents who hire private tutors. I'm here on my own.

ERIC

In every successful business, there are people who got there through the expensive cultivation of unremarkable talent.

HARPER

Well, I think this is the closest thing to a meritocracy there is...and I only ever want to be judged on the strength of my ability.

ERIC

- and paid for it.

Eric's face is still unreadable. Harper shifts nervously.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Y'know how many mountains I'd have to move to get you to London for good?

He picks up her CV, folds it in half. Harper looks at London's skyline through the window. It suddenly feels far away. Eric slowly breaks into a conspiratorial smile:

ERIC (CONT'D)

I paid your air fare out of my desk's budget.

HARPER

Is that why I flew coach?

Eric booms with laughter. Harper smiles with relief.

**"TITLE CARD: INDUSTRY. JULY."**

9

**INT. PIERPOINT. TRADING FLOOR - EARLY MORNING**

Harper walks onto the trading floor. It's pitch black, but as she walks into its expanse, the motion-sensor lighting flicks on above her head, following her. She eyes desks covered in collected trinkets, family photos, pennants boasting of sports allegiances - every workspace is a biography. The floor has the ghostly anticipatory feel of an empty football stadium.

Harper sits down at her desk, turns on her monitors - a quiet wonder at so many screens and buttons - like a cockpit. Her desk is already a mess of papers. She watches the next person walk onto the floor: Yasmin from the bathroom at her interview.

She's followed by a few more GRADS and then by ROBERT SPEARING (22) a white, working-class Liverpudlian with rough-handsome looks. He sits at a desk a few down from Harper, headphones still in, no 'good morning.'

10

**INT. PIERPOINT. TRADING FLOOR. CPS DESK - MORNING**

ROAR. The floor now in full flow: a sensory mix of conversation, electronic announcement, testosterone, mingling with the smell of cooked breakfasts and overpriced cologne, all *bathed* in surgical white strip lighting. *An addictive assault.* Harper is trying to squeeze some maple syrup into her porridge but none is coming out. She's now sat next to Eric, listening as he speaks to a client:

ERIC (INTO PHONE)  
Look, we haven't seen a flow of funds to suggest any fatigue...

On Harper's other side sits DARIA SIBIRYAKOVA (29) a Vice President, Russian-American, shrewd and grounded, with striking looks that make her colleagues think they've got the measure of her. *They haven't.* Harper notices Daria's playful, flirtatious tone while on the phone to her client:

DARIA (INTO PHONE)  
...the guide caught some grouper and fried it on the side of the boat..yeah beautiful..*beau-ti-ful...*did you see the note? "*The Most Unloved Bull Run in History.*"

Harper focuses on Daria's casual command, her neutral lipstick, how perfectly ordered her desk is. She looks at Eric, now standing, commanding:

ERIC (INTO PHONE)  
Even if you think it's a sugar high, no-one's stepping away now.

Eric clicks his fingers at Harper, mutes his line:

ERIC (CONT'D)  
Can you ask Rishi for the level of one year one year Euro in 500k DVO1?

Harper stands up tentatively. It feels like standing up in a trench...*naked, exposed.* She leans over her bank of screens to address two traders - RISHI (25), wearing a purple turban, laughing with another BALD TRADER (25).

HARPER  
Rishi. *Rishi-*

Not loud enough. Rishi is still laughing. Finally he taps his ear to sarcastically say "SPEAK LOUDER." She shouts:

HARPER (CONT'D)  
CAN YOU SEND-

RISHI  
Relax, it's not an auction house.

The bald trader laughs. Harper stands there, embarrassed. Eric mutes his line, stands up and addresses the traders.

ERIC  
Yo. That's my grad. What she wants,  
I want. OK? Clear?

Eric sits back down and hangs up, leaving Harper stood up.

RISHI  
Sent out my runs. You can sit down now.

Harper sits down, begins fiddling with her maple syrup again. Eric puts his jacket back on, almost shivering.

ERIC  
They never get the AC right. It's  
like a fucking morgue ... I was  
talking to Phelim at Century. He's  
impressed with that US tail risk  
work you did for him.

HARPER  
He emailed me to say thanks. Sorry,  
I didn't want to clog your inbox.

Eric lowers his voice, offering her encouragement:

ERIC  
Remember to talk your book here, or  
people will miss it. Clear?

Eric takes the syrup out of her hand and shakes it. He gives it back to her, and then turns on his full magnetism:

ERIC (CONT'D)  
There's going to be a concerted  
effort now to make graduates feel  
like we're all one homogenised  
mass, under Linda's new banner. But  
this desk is our island. Everything  
I think I know about you tells me  
you belong on it. *Special knows  
special*. All I'm asking is that you  
keep reminding me. OK, clear?

HARPER  
Clear.

Eric fist bumps her. Harper catches Daria looking at them.

11 **INT. MENS TOILET - MORNING**

A toilet cubicle. Dark wood, compact and silent, like a coffin. The words "LOOK LEFT" have been written in biro, in tiny font on the back of the door. Hari puts on a freshly dry cleaned white shirt. He dry shampoos his hair then pomades it carefully into a perfect arc. He takes out a blister pack of Modafinil and pops a 100mg tablet under his tongue. He opens a small vanity mirror, and applies some Touche Éclat foundation to the dark circles under his eyes. He opens a cellophane packet and carefully takes out a new Patagonia fleece vest. He proudly puts it on and zips it up - the PIERPOINT logo emblazoned on his chest.

12 **INT. PIERPOINT. AUDITORIUM - MORNING**

Harper is sat in an auditorium filled with the entire Pierpoint graduate class, sixty expectant faces, spread across the raised seating, sitting in groups.

Harper clocks Hari walking in and waves him over. Harper is sitting with Yasmin, Robert and his college friend GUS SACKKEY (21) Black British, built like a car door, dressed like a Tory peer. Yasmin smiles at Harper.

YASMIN  
How's Equities?

Harper notices Yasmin's peachy-nude manicure, her gleaming legs. She's dressed like she's stepped out of a Céline campaign - it's a *killer* work look.

HARPER  
I'm with Cross Product Sales.

YASMIN  
What's that?

HARPER  
It's multi-asset class. We sell everything.

YASMIN  
Who runs it?

HARPER  
Eric Tang.

YASMIN  
Oh, the rock star desk... who's that '80s looking guy then?

GUS  
Clement. Robert has an unnatural reverence for him.

ROBERT

Lad, he sat next to Michael Lewis at Salomon. He's the 'Englishman' in *Liar's Poker*. Imagine being mentored by him.

Gus nudges Robert playfully:

GUS

But it's still only sales buddy.

HARPER

I guess you're in IBD?

Gus nods smugly. Harper smiles as Hari sits down.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Hari's *ivory tower*.

Yasmin's still trying to place Harper. Harper can't work out if Yasmin remembers the bathroom incident. Harper remembers.

YASMIN

Didn't we speak at the drinks?

HARPER

I don't think that was me.

Yasmin looks super embarrassed.

HARPER (CONT'D)

It's cool...free bar.

They both laugh politely. Hari takes out his new Pierpoint business card - *egg white, Helvetica* - and holds it out to Robert, doing his best Patrick Bateman impression:

HARI

*New card.*

Robert takes it, reads: "**HARI IYER, PIERPOINT & CO.**"

GUS

I prefer the book.

ROBERT

They've missed your team.

(off Hari's look)

Didn't print your division.

He hands his own card to Hari. It's identical other than the fact Robert's says '**CROSS PRODUCT SALES**' under his name. Hari's card says nothing. He goes totally quiet. Robert catches Yasmin checking him out. She looks away quickly.

Gus looks around at the room. He points towards a row of mostly black and brown graduates talking to each other:

GUS  
All the Outreach guys together of course. It's so... *homophilic*.

Harper looks confused. Hari fills in the blank:

HARI  
It's a scheme for...

GUS  
Diversity hires.  
(to Hari)  
Shouldn't you be with them then?

Gus is being playful but Hari takes it like a insult - he didn't realise it was something to be ashamed of.

ROBERT  
Gus thinks he's above it but spending that much on an education should disqualify him anyway.

Gus laughs and nods.

HARPER  
So what, it's like a back door..a *black door*?

Harper looks to Gus nervously, expecting him to laugh. But he very deliberately doesn't. She shifts, changes the subject:

HARPER (CONT'D)  
How many interviews did you have?

GUS  
If I told you I had one what would you say?

HARPER  
I'd say you were a liar.

Harper jumps as Justine from HR taps her on the shoulder:

JUSTINE  
Hey...no biggie... but we got a red flag about your application materials.

HARPER  
Yeah, my college is like *notoriously* slow. I'll chase again.

JUSTINE  
It's high priority...relatively.

Harper nods. Justine smiles and walks off to take her seat at the front of the room. Hari gives her a look as if to say - *you should really sort that*. Gus turns to Harper:

GUS  
Where did you go?  
(smug pause)  
*Online?*

Harper ignores him.

LINDA BRAITHWAITE (42) and BILL KATZ (62) take the stage. Linda is the poster-woman of finance post-crisis, masculine, unflinching, no wasted words. Katz - short, bald, Brooklyn. A century ago he would have run a deli, but in 2018 he's a CEO.

KATZ  
People often say Pierpoint's like  
Morgan Stanley - with less Irish.

The room titter awkwardly at Katz's old-school humour.

KATZ (CONT'D)  
I'm proud when we steal their best.  
I'm delighted today to introduce  
Linda Braithwaite as the new  
President of our London office.

Bill Katz shakes Linda's hand. The room applauds. She doesn't let the applause die down before she starts speaking:

LINDA  
Thank you, Bill.  
(to the grads)  
You could argue that the cultures  
of these institutions are  
interchangeable, or that the  
slogans are just empty marketing. I  
disagree. I like Pierpoint's.

Our grads are hanging on every word, as Linda clicks a slide, bringing up a bold slogan - "**PEOPLE ARE OUR CAPITAL**".

LINDA (CONT'D)  
Young people are our capital. And  
while it's my pleasure to  
congratulate you on this placement,  
the work to stay here starts now.  
Which senior vouches for you, the  
impression you make on clients, how  
you carry the culture of the  
firm...this will all be evaluated.

KATZ  
In six months time on RIF day -  
that's Reduction-in-force - you'll  
be standing in this room telling  
all of us why you should be hired  
permanently to your desk. Why are  
you worth our headcount?

LINDA

This is a collegiate enterprise.  
Not a competition.

KATZ

But half of you won't be here in  
eight months. So look at the guy  
next to you...do you think you're  
better than them?

Our group all look at each other.

KATZ (CONT'D)

Well maybe you are...or maybe  
you're not.

The room falls silent. Katz loves this.

LINDA

Just make yourselves indispensable...

Harper thinks long and hard on this.

13

**INT. PIERPOINT. FEMALE TOILET - AFTERNOON**

Harper takes off her hair tie and allows her braids to fall  
over her shoulders, tying them back up into a tighter bun.  
She hears the sound of a flush as a cubicle door opens behind  
her. Daria starts washing her hands next to Harper.

DARIA

For a minute there I thought you  
were actually going to talk to me.  
(off Harper's look)  
You've barely said a word to me  
since you started.

Harper's embarrassed, scrubbing her hands. Daria smiles.

DARIA (CONT'D)

I just feel a little left out.

HARPER

I'm sorry. I've been underwater  
backing up Eric's accounts.

DARIA

It's hard to say no to him. Did you  
drink the Kool-Aid?  
(off her look)  
I saw him giving you *the talk*.

HARPER

Is that like his *Coach Carter*?

Daria doesn't seem to get the reference.

DARIA  
Well, did you drink it?

HARPER  
I..like..*bathed* in it.

Daria laughs.

DARIA  
Has he asked you to meet clients?  
(Harper shakes her head)  
I've got this dinner tomorrow night  
with Goldfinch. It's a bit of a one  
way relationship but the  
restaurant's *banging*.  
(off Harper's look)  
It means like..."*fire*."

Harper smiles, confused. Is Daria inviting her?

DARIA (CONT'D)  
Sooo...tag along?

HARPER  
Yeah...yes. Definitely. Thank you.  
If Eric thinks I'm ready...

Daria laughs at Harper's infectious excitement.

HARPER (CONT'D)  
How should I prep?

DARIA  
Don't overthink it. You don't have  
any new-girl-in-London plans I'm  
shitting on?

HARPER  
Not currently.

DARIA  
I did college in the US. You must  
be relieved to get out.  
(off Harper's smile)  
My family's Russian. Fleeing's in  
my blood. Tomorrow then. OK, Clear?

Harper laughs at the impression of Eric.

HARPER  
Clear.

Daria takes one last look at herself - immaculate - and walks  
out. Harper bangs a fist on the countertop in triumph.

14

**INT. SOUTHWARK. HARPER'S APARTMENT - EVENING**

Harper is standing on a chair in her new build studio flat, which has the expensive beige-ness of a four star hotel. She has all the windows open because of the summer heat.

MARIAN (THROUGH SPEAKERPHONE)  
Are you reading it?

Harper's trying to stretch a sock over the room's smoke alarm. She gets down and picks up her brand new MacBook. A new email from her mom, '**Marian Stern**' - a link to a Daily Caller article: "**COPS WON'T GO TO MUSLIM AREAS OF LONDON.**" Harper stares at the picture - a mosaic of brown, male faces.

HARPER  
Mom, this article's a year old.

MARIAN (OVER SPEAKERPHONE)  
Be vigilant in the no-go zones.

Harper lights a cigarette.

MARIAN (OVER SPEAKERPHONE) (CONT'D)  
Your aunt's such trash online. Can you like my comment?

Harper flicks between open tabs on her laptop - *MailOnline, Pitchfork, Sam Harris 'Waking Up.'* Harper's silence prompts:

MARIAN (OVER SPEAKERPHONE) (CONT'D)  
Harper, are you smoking?

HARPER  
No, Mom. I'll like the comment. Gotta-go-now-gotta-work-love-you.

She hangs up and clicks another tab - a YouTube link from 2008 - "NICOLE BULGIN - HEAD OF PORTFOLIO INVESTMENTS" being interviewed on CNBC. Nicole is 50s, British, no bullshit:

NICOLE (ON SCREEN)  
*Greenspan's got a lot to answer for. It's easy to intellectualize serial asset price bubbles. He's not going to be the one eating his own pets.*

She starts taking notes furiously, as she watches Nicole Bulgin continue her interview on YouTube, prepping herself for her dinner meeting tomorrow.

She gets her phone out - sends an iMessage to TODD BOON: "**progress???**" The dots appear, he's typing, then they stop. She waits...waits. Then, frustrated, she calls. It rings and rings. No answer.

15

**INT. PIERPOINT. INVESTMENT BANKING DIVISION - NIGHT**

The trading floor is a ghost town, the market closed. But one part of Pierpoint never sleeps. Across a lift lobby, through a glass partition door is a much quieter office space. Rows of men and women, even more immaculately dressed than the trading floor. Even at this hour it's almost completely full. This is the Investment Banking Division (IBD).

Hari walks down the aisle, holding a small soup and jangling 18 small glass bottles of San Pellegrino in plastic bags. He catches Gus looking at him, puzzled.

HARI

I just bought a brutal Pellegrino mini-fridge. What am I going to do, fill it with Evian?

Out of his blazer pockets Hari pulls out four tubes of Carmex lip salve, one after an other. Gus then watches Hari unload an endless supply of gum. Gus helps himself to a piece:

GUS

...and the miscellanea?

HARI

We've got a thirty quid meal allowance at the canteen. You're a mug if you don't use all of it.

Gus shakes his head - *weirdo*.

HARI (CONT'D)

How's the model?

GUS

I'm going to finish in the morning.

HARI

Send it my way if you want. I've got capacity.

GUS

How do you have "capacity"?

HARI

I'm a twenty-four hour kinda guy.

Gus laughs and gets up, putting his jacket on.

HARI (CONT'D)

You bouncing already?

GUS

Mate it's midnight.

HARI

You gotta put in "facetime."

GUS  
Staying up all night doesn't  
enhance the work.

Hari lowers his voice, like he thinks he's imparting wisdom:

HARI  
Leave your jacket on the back of  
the chair. They'll think you've  
gone to the gym.

GUS  
It's *mid-night*. And who's going to  
believe I've been to the gym?  
(off Hari's laughter)  
Run my model. I'll buy you a pint  
for every REF'd cell.

Hari laughs. He gestures to his keyboard and very  
deliberately pops the F1 key off of it. Gus stares.

HARI  
Hardos pop the top off the Maybach.  
(off Gus' confused look)  
'Help' key. Don't need it.

16 **INT. PIERPOINT. INVESTMENT BANKING DIVISION - NIGHT**

London's various towers, though brightly lit, are asleep.  
It's 3.43am. Hari is the only person in the IBD now. He looks  
away from the screen, and blinks rapid-fire a few times, re-  
focusing his tired eyes. He throws an empty energy drink can  
a ludicrous distance across the office and manages to get it  
in a bin, smiling to himself.

17 **INT. PIERPOINT. MENS TOILET. CUBICLE - EARLY MORNING**

Hari lies on his suit jacket on the floor of a toilet  
cubicle, a toilet roll under his head as a pillow.

'LOOK LEFT' is still written on the back of the door. He's  
trying to get some sleep, but can't. *BLEEP BLEEP* - a timer on  
his iPhone X set to 90.00 minutes starts going off. 4:50am.

18 **INT. PIERPOINT. INVESTMENT BANKING DIVISION - EARLY MORNING**

Hari is back at his desk, sending an email to "**PIERPOINT  
SERVICES**" - "**RE: CARD REPRINT - confirming getting new  
business card this morning. Please confirm.**"

As the clock ticks past 5am a middle aged ASIAN MAN, the  
Pierpoint dry cleaner, drops off Hari's freshly cleaned  
shirt. Hari nods thank you and changes into it at the desk.

19

**INT. PIERPOINT. TRADING FLOOR. CPS DESK - MORNING**

Again Harper is one of the first people on the trading floor, on her phone flicking through a Facebook thread called 'BOSSBATCH', made up from home friends. 148 unread messages.

They update live - a reply and selfie from Todd Boon to the group. We now see he's 22, black, with a Mumblerap look: **"be there in five. have loud."** Harper looks at it, annoyed.

She retaliates by taking a selfie trying to get as much of the grandeur of the floor into the photo as possible. She hits send, mutes the group. Harper smiles and nods 'thanks' as a CLEANER empties the full bin by Harper's desk.

20

**INT. PIERPOINT. INVESTMENT BANKING DIVISION - MORNING**

The IBD is full again. SABRI SHAH (26) a British-Asian Associate is addressing Hari and Gus, sat at their desks. Sabri flicks through a PITCHBOOK covered in red pen with the words 'pls fix'. She looks at Hari's screen, expecting to see the same material, but sees something she doesn't like.

SABRI

What's that?

Gus looks at Hari's screen and is equally surprised:

GUS

That's my model. I'm doing the same thing.

SABRI

Why are you doing Gus' model?

HARI

I had capacity.

SABRI

I told you the pitchbook was the focus.

Hari clicks his screen back to the pitchbook. Sabri exhales.

SABRI (CONT'D)

HungerFix want to optimise delivery speed so they're wanting to buy mid-cap with best-in-class GPS tech. Clear comparables Deliveroo, Uber Eats.

HARI

I've found this small-cap with really good sat nav IP.

SABRI

Don't fucking fish! Stick to what's in the book...I'll probably take one of you into the pitch as well.

A throwaway comment, but Hari looks energised. Sabri gone, he clicks straight back onto Gus' model. Gus lowers his voice:

GUS

What are you doing? I told you I'd finish it. That's my work.

HARI

You mean it's the *team's* work? Don't worry about it.

21

**INT. PIERPOINT. KITCHENETTE - MORNING**

Gus and Sabri stand in respectful silence in a kitchenette between the trading floor and the IBD - a decompression chamber for both sides of the bank. Sabri is making a coffee. She looks overworked. Gus sips a tea. The length of the silence prompts Sabri to attempt small talk:

SABRI

How are you finding the hours?

GUS

Better than being in a trench. Sorry I didn't know Hari was going to do that... I was finishing this-

SABRI

Work it out between you. HungerFix is going to have us crazy busy.

GUS

Yup, OK. Working straight through's not pretty... I think Hari's done two nights on the bounce.

It's a throwaway comment but Sabri looks serious, gets angry:

SABRI

So why the fuck is he doing your model?

Gus realises he's put his foot in it.

GUS

It's fine. He's a machine.

SABRI

No you don't understand. Fuck's sake. Now I have to elevate it.

Gus didn't want that.

GUS

No, no, no seriously. I didn't mean to make anything of it.

SABRI

That's ridiculous. It's totally inefficient.

Sabri storms out, frustrated, leaving Gus looking rueful.

22

**INT. PIERPOINT. AUDITORIUM - MORNING**

Members of the Cross Product Sales Team sit scattered around the auditorium. Harper sits close enough to Robert to notice the he has left the sleeve-label on his gaudy Ted Baker suit. Harper opens her notebook waiting for the desk strategist TOM TUNNOCK (24) to start his presentation to the group. But CLEMENT WHYTE (58) a rakish Managing Director, dressed like a transplant from Salomon Brothers in '95, is holding court:

CLEMENT

Bear in mind this is a guy I once found banshee-level in Schipol Airport with glitter on his face.

GREG

What year was that?

CLEMENT

It was before the dawn of New Labour. The sun shone a little brighter back then.

GREG GEESON (29) a good looking if slightly doughy VP, laughs politely. Harper notices how eager Tom is to start.

GREG

I'm guessing last night was Duke's?

Harper watches Robert eye Clement's tight tie knot, then finger his own knot, tightening it.

CLEMENT

Annabel's, 5 Hertford then *inevitably* Duke's. Like the embrace of an old friend.

(to Robert)

You writing this down?

Robert nods and jokingly holds up his pen. Harper can see Robert's notebook. All he's written is: 'DUKES', 'ANNABELS'.

CLEMENT (CONT'D)

With Kaspar it inescapably descends into a pervert's progress. The Dutch are...in a word...*deranged*.

Harper notices Daria click the top of her pen impatiently.

GREG

What time did you finish?

Clement smiles and wags his finger - *I never tell*. Tom, clears his throat. Tom is a Pierpoint poster boy with lithe *Chariots of Fire* looks and establishment sensibility:

TOM

We've published a piece looking back at the decade post-crisis. Three stages. Housing. 2007-2009. Sovereign debt. 10-12-

CLEMENT

How are we supposed to monetize what's in the rear-view mirror?

Clement opens his ancient, racing-green Asprey notebook, which stands out amongst the other sales-peoples' new iPads. Harper notices him change the ink cartridge in his Mont Blanc. *This guy is a cartoon*.

CLEMENT (CONT'D)

Any new recommendations? What's the digested equity read?

Tom doesn't like being interrupted, especially by Clement.

TOM

Still overweight with a preference for the US.

CLEMENT

Even with margins and valuations at all time highs?

DARIA

(sharply)

That's addressed in the note.

CLEMENT

(ignoring, to Tom)

So why bother publishing if there's no material changes?

Tom doesn't answer. Clement looks down at his empty notebook.

CLEMENT (CONT'D)

"More of the same," isn't particularly commercial. My client can't only be paying for my personality.

Clement slams his notebook shut, making a point of walking out. Robert watches him, impressed. Harper pipes up:

HARPER

Is there anything in your work  
about a potential reversal?

The group look at her, surprised she spoke.

TOM

We've done a page at the back. Can  
I finish?

Harper nods, embarrassed. She turns to the back of the note -  
two titles - "KNOWN UNKNOWNNS" and "UNKNOWN UNKNOWNNS."

23

**INT. PIERPOINT. CPS DESK - LUNCH**

Harper sits at her desk eating a large burrito. She notices Daria's meal - a small miso soup and some edamame. Harper drops her burrito on her desk but scoops it up quickly. She looks around to see if anyone saw, then takes another bite. Daria is wearing an Hermès Pashmina - *the AC is on blast*.

She looks up and spots Yasmin, carrying bags of salads to the FX desk, wearing another *killer* work look - Diane von Furstenberg Pencil skirt and red Louboutins. Harper starts browsing Net-A-Porter's 'Workwear' section on her phone, alighting on a black Alexander McQueen 'Grain de poudre wool pencil skirt'...£450. Harper closes the app. *Err...no.*

She puts her phone away as she spots Eric returning to his desk with a box of rainbow sashimi. He catches her looking and smiles. Harper looks away, embarrassed. A beat. Then:

ERIC

My first dinner was with Philippe Jabre. Dozen of us at Nobu, before it went south. I had gastroenteritis for two days pre. Still went. Threw up at the table. Jabre said it was the first interesting thing to come out of my mouth all night.

Harper laughs.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Only half true. But he still called, and I still printed his business. That's the bar. Kill it tonight.

On Harper: *invigorated, but clear pressure to deliver.*

24

**EXT. KING WILLIAM STREET - LUNCH**

Hari, Robert and Gus walk down the street sweltering in the summer sun. Hari and Robert hold bagged salads.

Gus eats a pizza from a box. He groans and grabs his gut, pads the sweat off his brow. Robert rubs his belly playfully.

GUS  
I've made peace with my BMI.

They walk past a Hermès store. Hari stops, rapt, like a kid looking into Hamley's. He stares at the multicoloured tie display in the window. Robert sidles up to him. Hari puts his forehead on the glass. Gus now looks very confused.

ROBERT  
Buy me. Buy meeeee. Buy me Hareeee.  
*Make your life extraordinary.*

25 **INT. HERMES SHOP - MOMENTS LATER**

Hari's a kid in a candy store.

HARI  
The first Hermès. Premium life moment.

Gus is sat waiting impatiently for them. He's taken his shoes and socks off to rub the soles of his feet. A SHOP ASSISTANT brings him a cold towel. He places the cold towel over his head, like a Sardinian grandfather trying to cool off.

GUS  
This place is grotesque.

Robert turns one of the ties over - green, a print of tiny monkeys and geometric shapes. He looks for the price - £160. He now thinks he can feel the Salesman watching them.

ROBERT  
Hari, we're getting matching.

Robert defiantly grabs two green ties from the drawer and heads towards the till. Hari follows, very excited:

HARI  
This is the definition of a transgressive act. But if we're going to do this, you should know those colour patterns are deceptively similar but the prints are slightly different.

Robert laughs, as the Salesman starts boxing the ties.

HARI (CONT'D)  
But totally understand why you'd confuse the cuboid and the rhombus.

26

**INT. PIERPOINT. INVESTMENT BANKING DIVISION - AFTERNOON**

Hari and Gus are sat back at their desks, Hari's brand new orange Hermès box on the desk, unopened. He spots Sabri in a meeting room, talking to a WHITE HAired MD. She looks like she's being told off. He watches her leave the meeting room and walk over to their desks.

Hari puts the Hermès box in the drawer like he doesn't want Sabri to see it. She lowers her voice, angrily, spitting:

SABRI

I need to send you home.

HARI

What?

SABRI (CONT'D)

No arguments.

HARI

What? I'm absolutely...what are you talking about..I'm fine-

Sabri leans over Hari and turns his monitor off, frustrated.

SABRI

Go home. Gus and I will deal with the lurch you've left us in.

(to Gus)

How's the model?

GUS

I'll be done turning your comments in a couple of hours.

SABRI

Ok, that's perfect. Nice one.

Sabri exhales, trying to calm down. She reaches under Hari's desk and pulls three empty cans of Red Bull out of the bin and places them accusingly in front of him.

SABRI (CONT'D)

Don't be so fucking juvenile. Perception is reality. And get rid of this fucking water.

Sabri kicks the San Pellegrino bottles. Hari sits at his desk, shellshocked, embarrassed. Gus avoids his eyes, trying to be as kind as possible:

GUS

Get some rest, man. We'll cover it.

Sabri looks over at the white haired MD and smiles. She turns back to Hari, lowering her voice so no one else can hear:

SABRI

Optically you better walk out now.  
But as soon as you feel rested. As  
soon as. I want you back in.

Hari nods, stands up slowly and puts his jacket on, doing his best to cover how upset he is.

27 **INT. PIERPOINT. FOYER - EVENING**

Hari walks through the Pierpoint foyer, holding his bottles of water, which echo and jangle comically loudly. He sits down in the foyer, staring at a large painting above the reception - George Condo's *The Lunatic*. The painting stares.

28 **INT. RESTAURANT - EARLY EVENING**

Harper is overwhelmed by her surroundings - a high-end, unforgivingly 'hot-right-now' restaurant where it looks as if they charge you to breathe the air. She feels very out of place, still in her work clothes as she follows the MAITRE D' through the restaurant. Harper flattens her clothes, feeling like the diners are looking at her. Daria waves over. Harper notices she's changed out of her work clothes, made even more of an effort. She's sat with Nicole Bulgin and her junior at Goldfinch MIKEY CRIPPS (26) a dime-store Hugh Grant.

CUT FORWARD: Harper sips water from a crystal glass, scans the restaurant, eyes the impressive panoramic vista of London from the table. There is one thought running through her head - *how the fuck did I get here?*

NICOLE

God what did this place used to be called. It had some awful single syllable name, it looked like a fucking building site.

Daria laughs as Nicole looks around the restaurant.

DARIA

Tell us what you really think, Nicole.

NICOLE

I just did.

Harper looks at the menu: "*Ewes brain, pumpkin, chestnut & bitter leaves*" - £42.00. The menu is signed - 'Head Chef Joo Won.' Harper stares at the monochrome photo of the tattooed chef, his self-serious look. Harper notices a gold signet ring on Mikey's pinky finger. He looks at Harper, smiling:

MIKEY

It just got its first star.

NICOLE

The only place experts mean  
anything anymore, a tyre company.

Harper smiles politely, eyes back on the menu. Nicole  
continues her story, loudly:

NICOLE (CONT'D)

I was with Adrian then. Food critic.  
*Unbelievable* writer. *Total* cunt.

Daria laughs and touches Nicole's arm lightly.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

The chef comes out, turns to Adrian  
and very politely says "would you  
mind leaving?" And Adrian says "you  
being serious?" And the chef goes  
"I'm being very serious Adrian.  
Would you mind *getting out?*"

Mikey's heard this story before, but like a good lackey:

MIKEY

Did you leave?

NICOLE

No, I ate alone. There was a three  
month waiting list.

DARIA

That's *a-mazing*.

NICOLE

Why?

DARIA

It just feels so incredibly '*Eighties*.'

Nicole finally turns to Harper:

NICOLE

Does she have an "ON" button?

Harper covers her embarrassment with a smile. Harper launches  
into speech, semi-awkwardly, overly keen to talk business  
with Eric's directive in her head:

HARPER

I looked into the business you did  
with us year to date. You've been  
quite active in swaptions.

NICOLE

*Priorities*. Are we drinking?

DARIA

*Abso-lutely*.

Mikey leans in to Harper, whispering:

MIKEY

Do you want help with the menu?

29

**INT. THE EAGLE PUB - EVENING**

A city boy gastro pub opposite Pierpoint. Robert is here, scanning the bar, enjoying the atmosphere of half-cut professionals blowing off steam in the late evening sunshine. It's still boiling. Robert spots Yasmin on the other end of the room, loading up a tray with pints for her team. She catches his eye and smiles. He holds her gaze. To his surprise, she holds it back. Then:

TOM

Do you learn *anything* from those meetings?

Robert is stood next to Tom Tunnock, from the CPS meeting, They both have to shout above the din of the bar:

TOM (CONT'D)

It's a fucking marvel if you do.

ROBERT

They're *pure* entertainment.

TOM

They're not supposed to be.

ROBERT

But I thought that basically *was* sales...the lifestyle.

Tom laughs and shakes his head.

TOM

I spend weeks writing something that the fucking salesmen are literally going to *parrot* over the phone and Clement doesn't even have the humility to hear me out. It's ridiculous the guy still has a job.

ROBERT

His war stories though...there's no substitute for that experience.

TOM

He's a fucking *dinosaur*.

(off Robert's look)

Don't think a guy like that is going to protect you on RIF.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

Clement has one fucking account and granted it's big, but the only way to guarantee you survive is to say "I am an originator, I won new business."

Robert thinks on this for a moment.

ROBERT

Can I get you a drink?

TOM

I don't drink mid-week. Buddy it's not a lifestyle, it's a job!

Tom's lemonade arrives. Robert sees Gus wave at them from a table on the other side of the pub. He's surrounded by people Robert doesn't recognise, but Tom does.

TOM (CONT'D)

Do you know Gus?

ROBERT

Yeah, I live with him...I lived with him at uni.

Tom's surprised - he had no idea Robert was anywhere near his 'old boys' network. He's suddenly more stand-offish:

TOM

Oh, we sort of lost touch while he was there. I was at Eton with him, with all those guys. House Captain.

ROBERT

Yeah, three years above. He said.

TOM

Well...do you want to join us?

But Robert's spotted Hari at the bar, looking lonely.

ROBERT

I'll let you have your sober fun.

Tom sniggers and walks towards Gus. Robert watches as Gus puts his hand on Tom's shoulder warmly. Robert to Hari:

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Who are you hiding from?

HARI

I couldn't face going home...in this weather.

ROBERT

Yeah, it's terrorism weather.

(off Hari's look)

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Y'know. So good you know trouble's  
round the corner.

Robert notices what Hari's reading - HungerFix's Q2 report.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

So, stop fucking about and get on  
it. I will if you will.

HARI

Not sure I have it in me.

ROBERT

I hear you always have *capacity*.

Hari laughs uneasily. Robert gestures to the Barman:

ROBERT (CONT'D)

We have it in us. Two Nikkas,  
doubles. Let's make each other  
interesting.

30

**INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

The restaurant is emptier. Nicole and Daria are talking  
amongst themselves, so Mikey leans into Harper.

MIKEY

It must be hard meeting people in a  
new city. I mean, I don't *know* it  
is but I *assume* it is.

Harper laughs at Mikey's bumbling charm as Nicole pours the  
last dregs of the wine. Harper listens in:

DARIA

To your point, we're living through  
the *most unloved bull run in*  
*history*.

NICOLE

Saying "everything's OK" over and  
over doesn't stop your house  
burning down around you. Eventually  
we'll be eating our pets.

Harper recognises the phrase from the video earlier. She  
knocks back her wine, sensing an opportunity:

HARPER

Well, if that's your philosophy,  
you can trade it.

Nicole's intrigued. A WAITER arrives with the bill, which  
Daria pays. Harper notices the price - "**£502.40**"

MIKEY  
*Extremely reasonable.*

Harper smiles but moves on, addressing Nicole:

HARPER  
Buy a swaption on the US ten year  
above 4%.

NICOLE  
Yields haven't been there since  
your birthday.

HARPER  
Actually since the early aughts.

NICOLE  
Were you sentient then?

HARPER  
Yeah. But what I mainly remember  
about that period is *Drake & Josh*.

Mikey laughs but Nicole's face is unmoved.

HARPER (CONT'D)  
With Trump bulldozing the reputation  
of the US oversees y'know for me it  
follows that the administration will  
totally ruin the rep of T-Bills.

NICOLE  
Pissing in China's mouth won't help.

HARPER  
Exactly. We're lowkey throwing  
ourselves into Cold Wars with all  
our trade partners. China are the  
biggest global holder of US notes.  
If they start dumping, yields will  
soar past 4%. This swaption will  
pay you out at that level. If you  
think the house is burning down  
this is how you monetize it.

Mikey's surprised - *he didn't know who he was dealing with.*

MIKEY  
In what world is that happening?

But Nicole is now nodding her head, approvingly. Daria gets  
her phone out and starts typing an email.

NICOLE  
The world's pregnant with *tail risk*.

HARPER  
..and this is a play for the end.

Harper sips her wine. A round of applause permeates through the restaurant. Harper eyes a LOVING COUPLE on the other side of the restaurant. The man is on one knee - he's proposed, the woman is beaming stupidly, showing off the HUGE ROCK to a room of strangers. Harper starts clapping instinctively, with the rest of the room. Nicole smiles.

NICOLE  
Why are you clapping?

Mikey watches as Harper stops clapping. Nicole signals to a another WAITER as if to say *same again*. Harper's phone pings - the email from Daria: "**I NEED to get out of here. lol x**"

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
One more drink?

DARIA  
We're going to have to love you and  
leave you.

Daria stands up. Nicole doesn't.

NICOLE  
I won't get up.

Daria laughs, touches Nicole's arm again. Harper stands.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
Are you leaving too? You were just  
starting to interest me.

Harper looks at Daria, for permission. Daria covers her relief at getting to leave:

DARIA  
By all means stay.

NICOLE  
Mikey, you should be sharp in the  
morning.

MIKEY  
I'll be the responsible one.

He smiles at Harper and hands her his business card before leaving. Nicole and Harper are left alone. Nicole stares at Harper for an uncomfortable pause. Harper drinks absentmindedly from an empty wine glass.

NICOLE  
I don't think you're a saleswoman.  
(off Harper's look)  
That's a compliment. Salespeople  
sell certainty.

The waiter returns to the table with a new bottle of wine.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
No. Let's do bottom-of-the menu.  
(points at Harper's glass)  
This glass should never be empty.

Harper laughs.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
What a life.

31

**INT. THE EAGLE PUB - NIGHT**

Later, and the pub is still roaring with drunk bankers. Robert returns from the toilet, wiping some coke off his nose. He sits down next to Hari and tries to pass the wrap of coke to him, but Hari turns it down. Gus joins them.

GUS  
Rob, I've got us an Uber.

Rob grabs the phone out his hand and cancels the Uber.

ROBERT  
Two times surge. You gonna pay twice as much to go home and have half the fun?

GUS  
(laughing)  
I resent you.

ROBERT  
Good. You're staying out.

GUS  
Why on earth would I do that?

Robert nods his head towards Hari, almost asleep.

GUS (CONT'D)  
No fucking way.

ROBERT  
We're cheering him up.

GUS  
You mean you want to get on it?  
...because you've just picked up.  
Wipe your fucking nose.

Robert smiles cheekily. Gus wipes the coke off for him. A waitress appears to take their order.

CAMILLA  
You doing food?

This is CAMILLA (22). Robert recognises her but can't work out if she recognises him, yet there's an immediate frisson which they both pretend to ignore. Gus stands up to greet her, surprised to see her. She kisses him on the cheek.

CAMILLA (CONT'D)  
Of *couurse* you're in here.

GUS  
I'm being kept here against my will.

CAMILLA  
Feel like I'm always serving the same type of men in here. The only thing that changes is their age. At least they tip well.

Gus laughs. Camilla looks at Robert, nods hello.

CAMILLA (CONT'D)  
Are you guys *together*?

GUS  
No, no. I've more or less acquitted myself of any charge of desiring him carnally.

ROBERT  
We've actually met.

CAMILLA  
Yeah? Where?

ROBERT  
Oxford.

CAMILLA  
You must have had a glo-up. What can I get you *gentlemen*?

ROBERT  
We're not eating. D'you do champagne?

Camilla raises her eyebrows.

CAMILLA  
There's a house Cava that's pretty reasonable.

ROBERT  
Do you have Dom?

Camilla gestures to all the bankers in the pub:

CAMILLA  
Predictably, we do.

Robert shows Gus his bank balance, a recent deposit from PIERPOINT: **£3,902**. Gus sighs and makes him put it away.

ROBERT  
Life's short and nothing's given to  
fucking man. I'm buying.

Hari pipes up, still half asleep:

HARI  
I'm happy to split.

Robert smiles at Camilla. She smiles back - *is he serious?*

CAMILLA  
You know once I open it, you have  
to pay, right?

ROBERT  
Open it.

CAMILLA  
To the death of irony.

She looks down at Hari. He's almost nodded off again.

CAMILLA (CONT'D)  
We do a banging espresso martini.

32

**INT. EXECUTIVE CAR - NIGHT**

Nicole and Harper share Nicole's chauffeur driven Tesla. Harper's drunk. Nicole is *very drunk*, slurring. George Michael's '*Careless Whisper*' plays on the radio. They listen for a moment before the song prompts:

NICOLE  
D'ya reckon George Michael would be  
dead if he stayed selling kebabs?

Harper turns to look at Nicole, unsure, drunk.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
What do you believe in?

HARPER  
Huh? What, like God?

NICOLE  
Not fucking *God!*

A long pause. George Michael continues to sing. Harper's drunken curiosity gets the best of her:

HARPER  
Were you always ambitious?

NICOLE

I mean, I've never slept very well.

Harper's silent on this. Another long beat.

HARPER

I can send you that swaption idea  
written up in the morning...

(off Nicole's silence)

If you want.

NICOLE

So you think "anything's possible?"

Harper laughs, but Nicole's actually asking.

HARPER

I hope it is.

NICOLE

OK...if *anything's* possible, why is  
*anything* important?

Harper laughs. Nicole slumps over into her, drunk. Nicole closes her eyes and nuzzles into Harper's neck. She breathes in her smell, deeply. *This is weird.*

Nicole is perfectly still. Asleep? Harper turns to her, then... Nicole puts her hand in-between Harper's legs, on her vagina. She lets it rest there.

Harper sobers up, freezes, inhales sharply - *what the fuck?*

Nicole removes her hand and slumps onto the other side of the car. A long awkward pause. The car pulls up at a large South Kensington townhouse. Nicole exits. She smiles.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

He can drop you anywhere.

A short pause, a moment's eye contact. Nicole turns towards the house and slams the door. Harper watches her stumble away, then turns to the driver:

HARPER

Err...Southwark.

Harper sits in silence as the car begins to move. She takes her phone out, scrolling through Instagram aimlessly, trying to distract herself. She waits for a few beats. Then, a phone call from 'MOM'...it RINGS..London's nocturnal sights rush by her window....RINGS...but Harper doesn't answer.

33

**EXT. OUTSIDE THE EAGLE - NIGHT**

Camilla and Robert share a cigarette outside the pub. Robert takes a drag and passes her the remainder.

ROBERT  
You remember me.

Camilla inhales her cigarette and smiles.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
Finals. English faculty library.

CAMILLA  
(playing)  
You did English?

ROBERT  
No. I just hung out there.

Camilla smiles, finishes the cigarette, drops it.

CAMILLA  
It was more exciting when we didn't  
speak.

ROBERT  
I disagree.

She smiles, takes his phone out of his other hand and follows herself on Instagram. She gives him the phone back and goes back into the pub without a word.

Hari and Gus are a few paces away. Gus is reading a new email from Sabri: **"Can you be in v early? Miscalculated. Gonna be a long day pre-Hungerfix meet. S"**

Gus helps Hari into an Uber that's just arrived. Hari is drunk enough to not be making much sense to the DRIVER:

HARI  
Can you..go..take me to the office.

He has no idea how close he is to it.

GUS  
Take him home, please.  
Destination's in.  
(to Hari)  
Don't worry, take your mind off it.

Few silent beats as Gus puts the seatbelt on Hari.

HARI  
Don't try and fuck me over...  
Don't..you're making me look bad.

GUS  
Mate, you're making yourself look bad. I now have to go in early because of you. Alright?

The Prius drives off with Hari in it. Robert appears behind Gus and puts his arm around him.

ROBERT  
Great night.

GUS  
The highlight was when you were in the loo and I could check my phone.

34 **INT. SOUTHWARK. HARPER'S FLAT - NIGHT**

Harper, now in her sweats, drinks wine out of a Pierpoint mug, trying to process what just happened. Out of a window she spots Hari being dragged out of an Uber by its driver. She watches him walk towards the front door and start scanning his card to get into their building. He keeps scanning but it's not working.

35 **EXT. SOUTHWARK. OUTSIDE BLOCK OF FLATS - NIGHT**

Harper comes down to open the door for Hari. He nods 'thank you' drunkenly. She takes the card he's been trying to scan and looks at it - his Pierpoint business card. She laughs.

HARPER  
*Zaddy...*

CUT FORWARD: Hari and Harper stand outside their flats. They share Hari's Juul vape pen. They're watching a very drunk SUITED YOUNG WOMAN screaming at the bar across the road's BOUNCERS, who won't let her back in. Harper watches as the drunk Young Woman walks around the side of the bar and fiddles with her skirt. Hari glugs from a bottle of water.

HARI  
Sending me home makes no sense. It just doubles my work load.

They stand in silence, watching the Young Woman across the road pull up her skirt and start pissing behind a car.

HARPER  
This place isn't what I thought it would be.

36 **INT. SOUTHWARK. HARPER'S FLAT - NIGHT**

Harper lies on her bed as Hari sits on a desk chair pulled close to it, so they can both watch *American Psycho* on Harper's laptop. It's the scene where Patrick Bateman is telling Evelyn how much he wants to "*fit in.*" Hari keeps craning his neck so he can see Harper's laptop screen.

HARPER

Don't be weird. Just get up here.

Hari sits down next to Harper on the bed, their backs to the wall, watching the film. Harper takes off the hoodie she's wearing. Underneath is a T-shirt that says '**I EAT ASS.**'

HARPER (CONT'D)

My ex made it. Annoyingly it's super fucking comfortable.

Hari laughs. Harper points at Hari's Pierpoint Patagonia.

HARPER (CONT'D)

I like your vest.

HARI

Patagucci.

Harper notices how manic Hari looks - he's still twitching.

HARPER

Dude, you're overthinking it. Just get some rest and get in early. People have very short memories.

HARI

They're never gonna think of me the same way again. Can't hack it. Already fucked on RIF day. Fraud.

Harper watches the film for a beat.

HARPER

This weird thing happened with this woman at dinner. A client.

HARI

You're doing dinners already?

HARPER

It's probably nothing. She kinda passed out on me. But her hand fell *into* me. I'm pretty sure she, y'know, like..did I make her think...I dunno...in some way, that she could do that?

(off his silence)

She won't tell anyone, will she?

HARI

It doesn't sound like you did anything.

HARPER

I don't think anything *really* happened. But there's no way it can get back to Pierpoint, right?

HARI

If something happened you need to say something.

HARPER

I don't need the negative attention...I can't have it.

HARI

Why?

HARPER

No reason.

HARI

Why are HR always on your back?

Harper looks at him for a beat.

HARPER

Well, I like I had a problem at college...and it meant like...that I didn't end up graduating.

HARI

What do you mean?

She hesitates for a moment. *But it's a relief to off-load.*

HARPER

Like I did my degree, but technically I never graduated, I don't have a transcript...technically. This thing happened. I had to leave.

HARI

I knew something was up! How did you get the job?

HARPER

They obviously don't know yet.

Hari's stunned into silence, his body language shifts:

HARPER (CONT'D)

Can we keep it between us?

HARI

Everyone withholds stuff when they apply...a guy year above me at LSE lied to DB about having a 2.1.

(beat)

But they found out and fired him on the spot. He was already five months in. And Deutsche Bank isn't even bulge bracket anymore.

Harper's even more worried now:

HARPER

Look, if I'm a producer...if I have a number by my name they're not going to let me go.

Hari says nothing. They watch the film.

HARI

If I fall asleep can you nudge me?

Harper doesn't say anything. Hari's eyes grow heavier. He falls onto her shoulder. Harper lets his head just lay there, then turns the volume down.

CUT FORWARD: Harper wakes up. She's spilled wine all over her "I EAT ASS" T-shirt. The laptop battery is dead.

Hari is asleep on her shoulder. She looks down at him, wondering if she should wake him. She should really leave him asleep but...she carefully nudges him awake. Hari looks at his watch - 3.32am. He nods 'thank you' and makes for the door, quickly. Harper watches him leave her flat and dash across the hall to his own apartment.

37

**INT. PIERPOINT. IBD - EARLY MORNING**

Hari is alone in the office, working manically. His desktop reads 05.02. Gus walks in holding a bag of McDonalds breakfast. He sits down next to Hari, very surprised to see him in. Hari looks energized and in full-flow.

38

**INT. PIERPOINT. TRADING FLOOR. CPS DESK - MORNING**

The trading floor is roaring. Harper is sat at her desk, reading a detailed email she's written with the trade idea she pitched to Nicole - "*Trump...degeneration.*" She's distracted by the noise, the light, her hangover. She scans a line "*this is a chance to*" - *does that sound smart enough?* She focuses in on a single word - "*chance.*" She switches it out for "*opportunity*".

She hovers over 'send': To: Nicole (Goldfinch) CC: Mikey (Goldfinch). She closes the window - she's not going to send it. Daria's been staring at Harper for a couple of beats:

DARIA

How was the rest of dinner? I've never seen someone successfully hold Nicole's attention.

HARPER

Yeah, it was...fun.

DARIA

I think my hangover could kill a small child. Have you followed up?

Harper lies without missing a beat:

HARPER

Yeah, I've just sent an email.

Daria smiles at her, returns to her work. Harper goes into her "Drafts," and re-opens the email she was writing. She hovers over the send button, takes a breath, then sends it.

Harper gets an automated email from PIERPOINT LON HR - "PLEASE COMPLETE YOUR ONLINE PORTAL" Harper clicks onto the online portal - 95% complete. The one incomplete box reads UNIVERSITY TRANSCRIPT.

39

**INT. INVESTMENT BANKING DIVISION - MORNING**

Hari sits next to Gus. It's still awkward between them. It's hard for Hari to admit this, but:

HARI

I'm sorry about last night.

GUS

I'm surprised you remember it.

Hari pops a piece of gum. He offers Gus a piece - a conciliatory gesture. Gus takes one.

GUS (CONT'D)

Do you ever eat?

40

**INT. PIERPOINT. CPS DESK - MORNING**

Robert sits at his desk drinking a Lucozade. He's texting Camilla - "**out tonight? x**" He puts his phone away quickly as he spots Linda approaching the CPS desk. A few members of the team straighten up as she walks over. Robert is surprised and intimidated when she addresses him:

LINDA

I've noticed rates, FX, all the other teams have their meeting pre-open? When does the CPS one start?

ROBERT

Err...it changes day to day. Eric's not usually in it so it's Clement's call.

LINDA

Well I want them to run from seven going forward. Can you do that for me? You moderate. It'll be good for your internal profile.

Linda notices the Lucozade bottle, next to a used blister pack of Nurofen.

LINDA (CONT'D)  
Get an early night.

Robert nods, notices Clement walk onto the floor. Linda looks pointedly at Robert as she turns to walk away.

LINDA (CONT'D)  
And don't let *anyone* waffle.

Robert nods. His phone buzzes. A DM reply from Camilla:  
**"sorry I don't get off until midnight. Is that too late? x"**  
Robert thinks, watches Linda as she walks back to her office. He replies to Camilla - **"fine with me. See you then x"**

41

**INT. PIERPOINT. INVESTMENT BANKING DIVISION - EVENING**

Hari spots Sabri walking over to them.

SABRI  
You rested?  
(off Hari's nod)  
HungerFix have changed the meeting time. They're in at nine tomorrow....and their COO is *autistic*.

GUS  
You mean she's very particular?

Sabri takes a blister pack of Modafinil out of her blazer and swallows two pills with her coffee as he says:

SABRI  
No, no. She has autism. There's a lot to do. Speed and clarity. Gus, how's the model?

GUS  
It's five minutes along from when you asked me five minutes ago. I'll turn comments by tonight.

SABRI  
(to Hari)  
We need to get the book to the printers by 6am. Don't stay up all fucking night. But tell me that's doable?

HARI  
It's more than doable.

42 **INT. SOUTHWARK. HARPER'S FLAT - NIGHT**

Harper is staring at her laptop, at an email from PIERPOINT PAYE. Her first pay slip - "£3,902." The most money she's ever had by far. She walks over to the fridge and takes out a bottle of white wine, unscrews it and pours herself a glass. She cuts a lonely figure as she sips and thinks.

She takes her mobile out. Sends a DM on Instagram to Todd. "You owe me. You said you'd do anything." She sips the wine, then sips more. "Please. I can pay."

43 **INT. PECKHAM. TOLA. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT**

The *THUD THUD THUD* of a narcotic Craig Richards set. Robert is with Camilla, dancing in a basement club, still in his suit. Camilla looks ethereal as the light bounces off her. It's claustrophobic, packed with fleshy revelry, moving with the barely disguised sexual energy of somewhere where everyone is on pills. Robert's loving being the banker in his suit and tie amongst the Peckham scenesters - it shows in the confidence of his dancing. Camilla takes out a packet of white powder, and her keys. Robert shouts over the music:

ROBERT  
Is that packet?

CAMILLA  
K. We're going vegan tonight.

She offers him a bump. He waves it away.

ROBERT  
Gotta be up really early.

CAMILLA  
Only if we go to bed.

She smiles. She spoons out some more. He thinks about not doing it for about half a second, then snorts it. They dance, she gets out her phone and begins to film him for her Insta story. She commentates to her followers:

CAMILLA (CONT'D)  
There's a man in a suit here. He looks like an estate agent.

Robert smiles handsomely, drunkenly. He pulls on his Hermès:

ROBERT  
I'm fucking not!

Robert smiles into the camera, then says directly into it:

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
You look like a girl I fucked in Rio.

Camilla pushes Robert through the throng of sweaty bodies.

In a dark corner she brings out the Ketamine and instructs Robert to put his fingers in it, then guides his powdered fingers in her jeans, so he can slip them inside her.

44 **INT. PIERPOINT. INVESTMENT BANKING DIVISION - NIGHT**

*White noise plays through Hari's headphones.*

He's still at his desk, alone in the office, his eyes wired. He composes an email to "PRINTROOM." - subject: **HUNGERFIX** "Please print six, horizontal ring binding. Thx. H" He sends and sees the time: 04:05. He removes his headphones, the white noise ends. Now only dead silence. He pushes his chair back in celebration, allowing the wheels to go some distance.

45 **INT. PECKHAM. TOLA. DISABLED TOILET - NIGHT**

Camilla sits on the toilet seat, her legs hitched up as Robert goes down on her, still in his suit, music bumping through the walls. Camilla pulls her t-shirt off. Robert plays with her hard nipples. Camilla almost head-butts him with a clumsy, hungry kiss. He kisses her back harder.

ROBERT

I wanna make you come.

She pulls him up to kiss him again.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Let me make you come.

She pulls on his hair as he goes down on her. Eventually, she comes. Robert wipes his mouth then kisses her again.

CAMILLA

I want that inside me.

She struggles with his suit and Hermès tie, loosens it, pulls it over his neck - it's clumsy. They semi-undress, looking at each other as they do. They fuck on the toilet seat. He pulls her head towards his so their foreheads are touching. She starts moving faster, grinding her body into his. Finally he pulls out, and jerks himself off, finishing on her stomach.

46 **INT. PIERPOINT. INVESTMENT BANKING DIVISION - NIGHT**

Hari takes his orange Hermès box out of his drawer and walks to Sabri's desk. He picks up a GLASS ORB on her desk. Emblazoned on the orb is "PIERPOINT: 5 YEARS OF SERVICE" He sits down in Sabri's ergonomic chair, and catches sight of himself in the reflection of the window, the skyline behind him. He opens the Hermès box and almost ritualistically puts on the monkey print tie for the first time.

He flicks it over his shoulder - the classic banker pose - looks at himself: the boy achieving his dream - the image of finance.

47

**INT. PECKHAM. TOLA - NIGHT**

Fewer people on the dance floor. Robert and Camilla slur. Half talking, half getting off, totally fucked:

CAMILLA

You should have come up to me in the library.

ROBERT

I was there to work.  
(off her laughter)  
Nah, I worked. Everyone was smarter...I just worked.

Camilla gets out her phone: 4.09am.

CAMILLA

Let's go back to mine.

ROBERT

Nah...one more. Let's stay.

CAMILLA

They've stopped serving.

Robert gets his card out, gestures to a few guys standing by, waving his card at them. They smile back and nod.

ROBERT

They haven't. I'm buying. Everyone.

CAMILLA

Don't do that...they're strangers.

ROBERT

One more.

Camilla sighs and nods as Robert walks up to the bar brandishing his card.

CUT FORWARD: Robert and Camilla are walking through the darkness of the club towards a brightly lit EXIT sign, bursting through the doors into:

48

**EXT. PECKHAM STREET - DAWN**

*Daylight.* So bright Robert can barely open his eyes. It washes over them. Camilla and Robert start laughing. *Where did the time go?* Robert checks his phone - 6.02am. *Shit.*

49 **INT. TUBE CARRIAGE. - EARLY MORNING**

Commuters packed into the tube all trying to find an angle to stare at their phones - it's infernal. Among the commuters Robert spots Yasmin in his eyeline. She looks at him for a few beats, then gives him a knowing smile. He smiles back, sheepishly. The PA system announces: "Next stop, Bank."

50 **INT. TUBE PLATFORM - EARLY MORNING**

Robert looks like he's holding in the urge to be sick. He waits carefully for Yasmin to round the corner out of sight and then deliberately begins to lay the pages of the Financial Times onto the ground in a square. He stands over it and, with surprisingly measured style, vomits over the paper. Commuters do all they can to silently avoid him. He notices flecks of vomit on his white shirt.

51 **INT. PIERPOINT. GYM. MALE LOCKER ROOM - EARLY MORNING**

Robert, now with shower-wet hair, examines his naked body - glistening with sweat - in the mirror. He flexes his chest and leg muscles, admiring his lean form. He lets his very large cock hang between his legs - he's geeing himself up.

ROBERT  
(muttering to himself)  
You're sound. You're sound.

QUICKLY - Robert takes a cellophane packet out of a shopping bag and opens a newly-bought white shirt. He puts it on hurriedly. He does his top button up in front of the mirror, pads his trousers looking for his new Hermès tie. Lost. *Fuck it.* He undoes one button. He looks at himself, like a boxer about to step into the ring. He feels a lump in his throat so SPITS a wad of saliva into the basin.

52 **INT. PIERPOINT. INVESTMENT BANKING DIVISION - MORNING**

People filter into the office. Hari sits back down at his desk. He pops another Modafinil as he picks up the pitchbook for one last final scan, admiring his work. He flicks through it, alighting on page 56. It looks odd. *Why?*

Hari PANICS. He looks at pages 57 and 58. 56 has the wrong font - Times New Roman rather than Helvetica...*fuck.*

He covers his panic as best he can. He looks up to see Sabri walking into the office. *Fuck.* Sabri picks up one of Hari's pitchbooks, which has been left on her desk. Hari watches nervously as Sabri looks over at Gus, giving him the thumbs up. But Gus points to Hari, giving him the credit.

SABRI  
(shouting over)  
Hari, you're in the meeting with  
me. Well done.

Hari smiles, falsely.

53 **INT. PIERPOINT. TRADING FLOOR. CPS DESK - MORNING**

Harper is sat at her desk when Eric appears behind her.

ERIC  
Daria said the Goldfinch meet went  
well. Have you monetised it?

DARIA  
She sent an email.

Eric shakes his head and points to Harper's broker phone:

ERIC  
We don't hide behind emails. What  
do we do here? *Ask for the order.*

54 **INT. PIERPOINT. TOILET. CUBICLE - MORNING**

Hari speaks Hindi into his iPhone, frantically, trying to  
cover his emotion while sat on a toilet seat.

CHIRAG (SUBTITLE, HINDI) (OVER PHONE)  
Using the wrong font doesn't sound  
like a big deal.

HARI (SUBTITLE, HINDI) (INTO PHONE)  
Helvetica 12 is the *company* font!

CHIRAG (SUBTITLE, HINDI) (OVER PHONE)  
Just try and enjoy your meeting. We  
re-watched *Inception* last night. I  
think I finally understand it.

HARI (SUBTITLE, HINDI) (INTO PHONE)  
What?

CHIRAG (SUBTITLE, HINDI) (OVER PHONE)  
The levels, of the dream. I get it,  
he's still asleep at the end.

Even in Hari's agitated state he can't help himself:

HARI (SUBTITLE, HINDI) (INTO PHONE)  
No. It's way more complex than that.  
He's definitely not asleep!

Hari starts laughing. Chirag chuckles down the phone. Hari  
switches to English:

HARI (CONT'D)

Dad, I'll call you back after the meeting.

He looks at the back of the door and notices, for the first time, the words "LOOK LEFT" written on it - the same cubicle from the start of the episode. Hari looks to the left. On the left wall someone has also written "LOOK RIGHT." Hari looks right... "LOOK UP." He looks up. Written on the ceiling, in tiny hand-written biro is the word..."WANKER." Hari bursts out laughing.

55

**INT. PIERPOINT. MEETING ROOM - MORNING**

Harper sits in the CPS meeting with Daria, Robert, Clement and the rest of the salesforce. Tom is waiting to present. Robert's *wired*, the lights and sound in the room feel ridiculously intense. He tries to focus on Clement, but his voice seems far away:

CLEMENT

There was dinner, then a party for people who had the energy. I've never seen so many lusted-after people who were so utterly sexless.

Everyone politely listens. Robert can't. He's fucked. *Teeth-grinding-fucked*. Harper notices his hand shaking.

CLEMENT (CONT'D)

The invitation came with an RSVP suicide note.

Tom rolls his eyes at Robert. Robert looks through the glass wall to see Linda walking past. She looks at him sternly as she walks. Before Robert's even thought about what he's doing he springs into action with a kind of instinctive energy:

ROBERT

I think...

Suddenly the room snaps back into Robert's focus. Harper and the rest of the salesforce look at him, stunned that he spoke. Clement raises his eyebrow.

CLEMENT

What do you *think*?

Everyone's staring. Robert reaches:

ROBERT

Err...I think Tom wants to speak.

CLEMENT

Excuse me?

Robert immediately regrets it, but now more sheepishly:

ROBERT  
Shall we hear from the strategist?

Clement stares at Robert as if to say: *what the hell do you think you're doing?* The silence is tense, like a standoff.

CLEMENT  
What makes you think I'm ready?

A horrible silence. Robert reaches for what he thinks Clement wants to hear:

ROBERT  
Sorry...head's a fog. You know when two big nights catch up with you?

Falls *totally* flat, apart from Harper who laughs but then catches her laugh when she realises it's inappropriate. Clement stares at Robert for what seems like an age.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
I'm paying for it now.

CLEMENT  
And what do you want us to do with that information?

Robert can't answer.

CLEMENT (CONT'D)  
And who were you entertaining?  
*Which client?*

The salesforce *cringe* for the young kid. Harper looks away, embarrassed for him. Robert looks down, chastened.

56

**INT. PIERPOINT. TOILET - A LITTLE LATER**

Robert walks into the loo, all the cubicles are locked. Clement is stood at a urinal, with his trousers down, in knee-length salmon boxers and sock suspenders. The other urinal is OUT OF ORDER. *Fuck*. Robert has to piss right next to him. Robert tries to be as casual as possible. A few beats, then:

CLEMENT  
You've never seen a grown man drop his *trouser* at a urinal?

Robert doesn't say anything, looks over at him.

CLEMENT (CONT'D)  
Saw a guy do it during the Kobe earthquake in '95. Deadly calm.

More silence as they piss. Clement's still not looking at him. Robert waits for his telling-off as he finishes his piss.

CLEMENT (CONT'D)

If you're going to stay out all night, iron the box lines out of the shirt.

Clement pulls up his trousers. He puts his fingers on the pocket of Robert's new shirt. It's the first time Robert's noticed the pocket. Clement rips it clean off.

CLEMENT (CONT'D)

You're not here to fix the lights.

He walks over to the sink and starts to slowly wash his hands. Robert looks over his shoulder, cowed. A pause. Clement talks to him via the reflection.

CLEMENT (CONT'D)

Do you know what I really love about this job?

Clement finishes drying his hands. He combs his silvering hair back with a tortoise-shell comb. He stares at his imposing reflection, his hair perfect. He smiles at himself:

CLEMENT (CONT'D)

The romance.

He smiles at Robert, before walking out. Robert washes his hands, then looks at himself and smiles. He notices a limp foot sticking out from a cubicle door at a strange angle. He stares at it - someone even more hungover than he is. He laughs to himself and walks out.

57

**INT. PIERPOINT. TRADING FLOOR. CPS DESK - MORNING**

Harper picks up the phone, before FUCK, Justine from HR walking down the aisle towards her. Harper tries to get in front of the problem:

HARPER

They've said they're sending it through any minute.

JUSTINE

OK...I just wanted to say an email from Pierpoint to your careers office might expedite the process.

HARPER

Thanks, but it's-

Eric is watching them now.

HARPER (CONT'D)

It's fine. Thanks. I need to-

She picks up the phone and punches some numbers into the dealerboard. Justine smiles and walks off. Eric watches her as the phone...rings. It RINGS....RINGS....

NICOLE (OVER PHONE)  
Nicole speaking.

Harper's bravado falls away on hearing Nicole's voice. Her own voice catches a bit as she stumbles through:

HARPER (INTO PHONE)  
Nicole. Hi. It's Harper at Pierpoint.

Harper trails off, distracted by Sabri and a crowd congregating by the Men's toilets. Daria leaves the desk to investigate.

HARPER (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)  
The swaption idea we spoke about.

A very long beat. Has she hung up? Harper breathes shallowly.

NICOLE (OVER PHONE)  
Let's go for it in a quarter yard.

HARPER (INTO PHONE)  
You want to price it *now*?

NICOLE (OVER PHONE)  
No, at the next full moon. Yes, darling. *Now*. Quarter yard.

HARPER (INTO PHONE)  
(as calm as she can)  
Two secs.

Now *action*: she immediately types into Google: "finance jargon yard." Result: *one billion*. She stands up.

What follows for her now is as adrenalised as a car chase:

HARPER (CONT'D)  
Rishi!

Rishi talks to the bald trader. He ignores her. She SHOUTS:

HARPER (CONT'D)  
Rishi! I said your name, dude.

Rishi looks at her, smiles at the balls.

HARPER (CONT'D)  
Can you price the idea we talked about. Quarter yard.

RISHI  
No way, it's wingier than the fucking lottery.  
(MORE)

RISHI (CONT'D)

How the hell have you got someone to buy an option on treasury yields hitting 4%?

HARPER

I told them that eventually Trump's going to war in the South China sea. When he does - this pays out.

RISHI

Alright. Can do it in half.

HARPER (INTO PHONE)

Nicole, can we do half?

NICOLE (OVER PHONE)

No. You wanna write my business you fill me on my first order. In full.

HARPER (INTO PHONE)

Two secs.

Harper mutes her line. To Rishi again:

HARPER (CONT'D)

I need it in full. Can you help?

RISHI

No fucking way. I can't price it without losing money.

Harper looks through the glass doors as two uniformed POLICE OFFICERS come out of the elevators. Her eyes now back on Rishi - somehow more determined.

HARPER

The client won't hear "no." I'm not interested in it either.

Rishi ignores her. Another beat. He looks up at Harper. She won't sit down, she's implacable.

THEN: she sees Linda walking across the trading floor. She's rounding up various graduates from the desks. Harper looks around at the various graduates standing up. Then she sees a GURNEY being wheeled out of the elevator towards the toilet.

RISHI

Offer is five cents.

She clicks back into her line, VERY QUICK:

HARPER (INTO PHONE)

Offer is five cents.

NICOLE (OVER PHONE)

Too high. I'll pay four cents in up to 250. Work the balance with you.

HARPER (INTO PHONE)

Two secs.

NICOLE (OVER PHONE)

Too many fucking secs Harper.

Harper is getting this done, no question in her head now.  
Eric is now off his phone, watching her, following the trade:

HARPER

Rishi. Can't do five.

ERIC

If they're paying for your idea,  
make them fucking pay!

HARPER

Four cents.

NICOLE (OVER PHONE)

Harper, I'm close to hanging up.

Harper stares at Rishi. *Come on man. Please, come on.*

RISHI

Because I'm excellent..4 cents.

HARPER

Do I just say done?

RISHI

Tell her she's done in 4 cents.  
Live in 250. Book it.

Harper's hand shakes with exhilaration as she unmutes her  
line for the final time:

HARPER (INTO PHONE)

Done in 4 cents. 250 million.

NICOLE (OVER PHONE)

We'll call it the "Anything's  
Possible" option.

Nicole hangs up, an eerie BEEP to the line. Harper finally  
sits down - WHAM - it *HITS* - she's breathing hard - like  
she's run a 100m, fast as light. Eric stares at her, then his  
face breaks into a smile:

ERIC

*Special knows special.*

Harper's smiling - but an absent smile - a smile of  
adrenaline and shock and *what just happened*. She's looking  
past Eric's smile to a police officer placing a BLACK CURTAIN  
up to the toilets. Harper watches the graduates assembled in  
a room with Linda on the far side of the floor. Daria walks  
quickly back to the desk, in shock:

HARPER  
What happened?

DARIA  
A grad died...in IBD.

58 **INT. PIERPOINT. MEETING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

The colour has *drained* from Harper's face. She stands with Gus, Yasmin, Robert and the other graduates. Linda stands next to Sabri, who looks haunted and doesn't say a word.

LINDA  
...the next twenty-four hours and the way we respond to this are defining. It goes without saying that you are not to speak to-

There's another long pause. Linda is clearly very emotional. It cuts against her corporate composure. Then she hardens:

LINDA (CONT'D)  
...do not speak to the press...I'd rather you didn't speak to anyone outside the office...for now, this is about respect.

59 **INT. PIERPOINT. INVESTMENT BANKING DIVISION - A LITTLE LATER**

Gus walks into the IBD, which is close to deserted now. Phones ring without being answered. Sabri is the only person there - sat at her desk staring into space. She sees Gus, doesn't really know what to say, reaches for something:

SABRI  
HungerFix's flight got cancelled...they're in on Monday.

Gus nods, silently, past Hari's empty chair, his 'Patagucci' still over it. He looks at Hari's desk - a small paper box. He opens it - Hari's newly reprinted business cards - "**HARI IYER, UK INVESTMENT BANKING DIVISION, PIERPOINT & CO.**"

60 **INT. MILE END. GUS AND ROBERT'S FLAT - EVENING**

Gus is sat on the sofa eating KFC and watching a classic '*Keeping Up With The Kardashians*' episode on a laptop. He is in his boxers with four Amazon fans trained on him.

Robert walks into the flat, taking his blazer off and sitting down next to Gus. Robert surveys the mess:

GUS  
I was going to clean it but I didn't want to set a precedent.

Robert turns the volume down...

ROBERT

Do you want to talk about...

*Kourtney's complaining about Scott again.*

GUS

Do you?

Robert shrugs. Gus snuggles into him and closes his eyes, comfortable...*Scott's getting fucked up in Vegas again.*

GUS (CONT'D)

Turn it up, mate.

61 **INT. SOUTHWARK. HARPER'S FLAT - EVENING**

Harper walks into her flat and sits at her desk. She picks up her phone and tentatively calls "MOM". It RINGS...RINGS...

62 **INT. SOUTHWARK. HARPER'S FLAT - MORNING**

The next morning. Harper sits at her desk, illuminated by her laptop, her hair wet from the shower. She doesn't look like she's slept much. We see what she's staring at now:

An email from TODD - **"It's flawless. Was 150 but have taken care of it. T"**

Harper opens the PDF. A forged BINGHAMTON COLLEGE TRANSCRIPT with her name on it. It looks very legit.

She looks at her bedsheets. There's a red wine stain from her night with Hari.

She clicks back onto the Pierpoint online portal...and uploads the fake transcript.

She waits. The progress bar fills up - 100%. Green tick.

On Harper's face: *no going back now.*

63 **INT. PIERPOINT. TRADING FLOOR. CPS DESK - MORNING**

Harper's broker phone rings. Monday morning. The trading floor is full, *loud, intoxicating*. Harper is shaking her maple syrup again, watching Yasmin's effortless poise as she carries three trays of coffees over to her desk. Harper's syrup comes out on the first attempt - all over her porridge. Harper's attention snaps back to the phone:

HARPER

Pierpoint.

SABRI (O.S.)  
Can you tell us a joke?

64

**INT. PIERPOINT. MEETING ROOM - (FLASHBACK)**

A Flashback to Hari's interview. He looks full of life. He starts nervous but grows in confidence as the joke comes out:

HARI  
I mean, it's a bit..for work, but whatever. A bus goes off a cliff and explodes, and the only survivor is a monkey. So these two, you know CSI Miami type guys have no idea what happened.

Sabri watches him expectantly.

HARI (CONT'D)  
The young guy asks the older guy, maybe we ask the monkey? So they ask him "What were people doing on the bus?"

In the joke, Hari mimes the responses of the monkey. First he mimes a thrusting motion.

HARI (CONT'D)  
"Having sex?" says the detective.

Sabri raises her eyebrows. Hari mimes the monkey nodding.

HARI (CONT'D)  
This is not your average monkey, obviously. This is a pretty exceptional monkey in the logic of the joke.  
(off Sabri's smile)  
"What else were they doing?" says the Detective.

Hari mimes the monkey drinking an imaginary bottle.

HARI (CONT'D)  
"Drinking?"

Hari mimes the monkey nodding his head fiercely in agreement.

HARI (CONT'D)  
Finally, the detective asks the monkey, "What were you doing on this bus?"

Hari pauses. He then places his hands on an imaginary steering wheel, and mimes the action of driving. Sabri doesn't quite know what to say, but then Hari begins to laugh and Sabri begins to laugh with him.