

FAIR PLAY

Written by

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EXT. WEDDING PARTY - NIGHT

SLOW PUSH IN through a wedding party as pop music plays. We see EMILY standing outside, struggling to light a cigarette.

She manages to get a spark, smokes, stares out at the water - the city across the way.

Loud cheers are heard. As Emily turns towards a window, we see her face for the first time. She watches a drunk gathering celebrate a BRIDE and GROOM.

As Emily continues to smoke, her attention shifts to a flickering light. We PUSH IN on her face as she gets lost in a drunken trance. Just then, LUKE bangs on the window.

LUKE

Stop hiding and come back in!

Emily tosses her cigarette and walks back into the party.

LUKE (cont'd)

I wanna introduce you.

Luke leads her through a swarm of RELATIVES.

LUKE (cont'd)

Uncle J, this is the woman I can't stop talking about.

UNCLE J

Emily, it's a pleasure to meet you.

EMILY

The pleasure's all mine.

UNCLE J

Open bar, I'm buying.

LUKE

(laughs)

Nice...

UNCLE J

So, Mr. Ivy League had to have the prettiest girl in the room...

LUKE

She's got a couple other things going for her.

EMILY

Just one or two...

UNCLE J

(charmed)

If this guy gives you any trouble,
just let me know and I'll sort him
out the old-fashioned way.

EMILY

I'll keep that in mind.

LUKE'S BROTHER (O.S.)

(interrupts)

Lock it in before she loses
interest.

They turn as LUKE'S BROTHER, the groom, intercepts.

LUKE

So romantic, Theo.

LUKE'S BROTHER

Romance wears off.

LUKE

Says the guy on his wedding day.

LUKE'S BROTHER

Ouch.

LUKE

Go find your bride and kiss her
before she realizes she just fucked
up her whole life.

His brother laughs it off as Luke turns his attention back to
Emily.

LUKE (cont'd)

Hey "prettiest girl in the room."
Wanna dance?

EMILY

(smiles)

I do...

AUNT SALLY (O.S.)

Hi sweet pea!

EMILY

Oh God, Not again.

LUKE

Let's dance with her.

EMILY
 (laughs)
 No, please, let's not.

He looks over his shoulder.

LUKE
 Ok, come here, come here...

INT. WEDDING PARTY - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Luke pulls her into a corridor by the bathroom, stares with adoration. After a long silence:

EMILY
 Do you have something to say or you
 just gonna stare?

LUKE
 Just gonna stare.
 (beat)
 And then kiss you.
 (beat)
 And then stare.

Off Emily's look:

INT. WEDDING PARTY - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Emily and Luke go at it like teenagers. Emily removes her underwear, yanks him closer. He picks her up, places her on the ledge of the bathroom sink, starts to go down on her.

Stay on Emily, enjoying herself. Seconds later, Luke moves back up, she freezes. His face is smeared with blood, *her* blood.

EMILY
 Oh, fuck.

LUKE
 What?

Emily motions towards the blood. They quickly look down to find that her dress is now stained with her period blood, as are his pants.

LUKE (cont'd)
 Oh, *fuck*.

As they scramble to wash off the blood, it smears into a bigger mess. Luke can't help but laugh.

LUKE (cont'd)
It looks like you have slaughtered
a chicken.

She can't help but laugh.

LUKE (cont'd)
How did that happen? What where you
doing in here??

They both laugh harder. As he turns to her, reveal a joker-
face-smile of blood.

LUKE (cont'd)
Ya know, we still have to take the
photos. Do you think that's a
problem?

She laughs even harder.

LUKE (cont'd)
My family will *really* get to know
you now.

They continue to laugh as they wipe themselves off. Luke
starts to clean his face. But just as he wipes down his
pants, *something* falls out of his pocket. Emily stops.

EMILY
The fuck is that?

LUKE
The fuck is what?

EMILY
That.

Emily points to the object on the floor. Luke freezes, like
he's been caught red-handed.

After a heavy silence, he slowly bends down, REVEAL: AN
ENGAGEMENT RING.

This wasn't exactly how he planned on asking, but now that
the cat's out of the bag...

LUKE
Well... Shit...

Luke looks from his bloody pants to the ring in his hand.

LUKE (cont'd)
Marry me?

She lets out a shocked laugh.

EMILY
Luke...

LUKE
I'm serious.

EMILY
You're drunk.

LUKE
Yeah, but I was sober when I bought
it.

Emily struggles to process the absurdity of this proposal.

LUKE (cont'd)
I fucking love you so fucking much.

Luke leans close, holds her face with affection.

LUKE (cont'd)
I mean it. You're my everything.
(beat)
I promise if we do this, we'll do
it right.

Emily starts to embrace the charmingly dysfunctional nature
of this whole affair.

LUKE (cont'd)
So... what do you think?

She's speechless.

LUKE (cont'd)
Ya know... It's just the *rest* of
your life...

Emily laughs. She looks back at the ring. After getting over
the initial shock, she lets out a loving smile.

EMILY
Okay...

Beat.

LUKE
Okay? Okay?? That's your response,
you asshole-

But she kisses him to shut him up, as her actions give him
the real answer he wanted.

He embraces her kiss. It escalates into something more passionate and before they know it, they move from the sink to the wall to the floor. They don't care about the mess, they're in it now.

EMILY
You're fucking crazy.

LUKE
You're crazy.

They both laugh as they linger in their love. He grabs her hand, confidently puts the ring on her finger.

EMILY
(laughs)
That's the wrong finger.

LUKE
(laughs)
Oh, fuck.

EXT. WEDDING PARTY - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

Luke climbs through the bathroom window, sneaking out of the party. He reaches back, helps Emily. As she hops down, her high heel falls inside.

EMILY
Shit, my shoe.

LUKE
You couldn't walk in them anyway.

She laughs. As he swoops her over his shoulder, a TAXI stops short of hitting them.

LUKE (cont'd)
Whoa-

They continue down the street as their laughs fade into the night. HARSH CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - PRE-DAWN

ALARM GOES OFF. Emily lifts her head. They both passed out on the floor of their apartment.

She grabs her phone, turns off her alarm. 4:30 AM. Luke moans, hungover.

LUKE
 Help... Breakfast burrito... Bacon,
 egg and cheese...

She turns towards him, soothes his whines with kisses. She look back at the ring on her finger. She was so drunk, she almost forgot.

EMILY
 We're getting married...

LUKE
 We're getting married...

She texts her MOTHER: *"WE'RE GETTING MARRIED!!!"* -- WE MOVE TO:

INT. APARTMENT - PRE-DAWN

-- CLOSE ON: Shower curtain as it gets pulled back.

-- PUSH IN on Emily washing her face as Luke takes a shower.

-- Emily wipes the smudged mascara from her eyes, applies new mascara / Luke dries his hair with a towel.

-- Emily zips up a professional skirt / Luke puts on a suit.

-- Emily turns on the espresso machine / Luke grinds the coffee.

-- Emily knocks back a shot / Luke knocks back a shot. PRE-LAP: BBC NEWS BUSINESS LIVE - WE MOVE TO:

INT. APARTMENT - PRE-DAWN

Emily types on her computer, BBC NEWS streams in the background. She stops typing, plays with her engagement ring. Luke crosses behind her.

LUKE
 I wish we could tell the whole
 world...

Luke kisses her as Emily shuts her computer, grabs her purse. As they both walk out, we see that her engagement ring has been *left* on the counter.

EXT. APARTMENT - STREET - DAWN

Emily and Luke come out of their building, located on the edge of CHINATOWN. They pull out their phones and switch to work mode.

LUKE

Want anything from the corner?

EMILY

I'm good.

They part ways without a kiss or a goodbye. Luke crosses the street as Emily heads towards the SUBWAY.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - MORNING

Emily rides the subway. She tries to repress the high of her recent engagement.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - MORNING

Subway doors open. People pile out.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - MORNING

Emily moves down the platform. She moves through the station and heads up the steps.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

Emily crosses 5th Avenue, walks into a large office building in midtown Manhattan.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY - MORNING

Emily moves through the lobby, passing a bunch of SUITS, but just as she makes her way into the elevator: a man stops the elevator door closing.

As the man rushes inside, reveal: it's *Luke*.

LUKE

Morning.

ANALYST #1/DAX

Morning.

He turns to Emily.

LUKE
Morning.

EMILY
Morning.

And they go back to their phones, playing professional and acting as if there are no romantic ties between them.

LUKE
How was your weekend, Dax?

DAX
Good.

LUKE
Nice... Emily?

Beat.

EMILY
Not bad, yours?

LUKE
(thinks)
...I didn't do much.

Emily tries to hide her smile. Doors open, they step out -
MOVE TO:

INT. CREST RECEPTION / OFFICE - MORNING

Emily and Luke walk past reception and into: *ONE CREST CAPITAL* - a hedge fund firm, male-dominated. As they move through the office, they pass rows of desks, we hear various TRADERS, ANALYSTS, PMs - mostly American, but with an international slant - some are speaking French, German...

Emily moves towards her small desk on one side of the bullpen, while Luke moves towards his small desk on the other side of the bullpen.

INT. CREST - BULLPEN - DAY

CLOSE ON: Emily, working as an analyst while her PORTFOLIO MANAGERS, RORY (30s) and QUINN (30s) talk over her shoulder.

RORY (O.S.)
You lock in those box seats?

QUINN (O.S.)
Garden.

RORY (O.S.)
How much I owe you?

QUINN (O.S.)
Don't worry, just bring the blonde.

RORY (O.S.)
I can't work out if I am attracted
to her or repulsed by her.

QUINN (O.S.)
For one night, who cares?

RORY (O.S.)
Jesus, man.

Rory laughs, turns to Emily.

RORY (cont'd)
How we doing?

EMILY
Just emailed you.

QUINN
Luke?

LUKE (O.S.)
Moments away.

We move to Luke, also an analyst.

QUINN
You're in a good mood for a Monday.
Cut loose this weekend?

LUKE
Something like that.

Luke ignores the comment as Emily follows Rory into his office.

INT. CREST - RORY'S OFFICE - DAY

PUSH IN on Emily as she stands in front of her manager, Rory, pitching her ideas.

EMILY
I think it's undervalued by 20%.
People are going off the hype of a
competing line, no one is watching
congress.

(beat)

(MORE)

EMILY (cont'd)

If this new law passes, it'll squeeze Vent's position overseas, leave a nice opening for Sonic who sacrificed the last few months to get up to code.

RORY

Leaving a quarter monopoly on new businesses?

EMILY

In the fastest growing markets...

INT. CREST - QUINN'S OFFICE - DAY

PUSH IN on Luke as he stands in front of his manager, Quinn, pitching his ideas.

LUKE

I say we increase by 15%.

QUINN

Easy, cowboy.

LUKE

But they've struck gold with the new product line. They beat out everybody. Lines around the block on release date.

QUINN

What about TOC?

LUKE

The CEO is overstating what he thinks they're gonna earn. I think they'll miss their figures.

(beat)

Word is they've got two empty suits that won't make it till Christmas. Plus, they dropped the ball with their launch date last spring.

Quinn considers as Luke takes his cue to leave.

QUINN

Hey.

He stops, turns back.

QUINN (cont'd)

Not bad.

Luke takes the win as WE CONTINUE TO:

INT. CREST - BULLPEN - DAY

PMs are moving between their phones and screens. Analysts work through spreadsheets. Rory's in his office, pacing on a call. Emily and Luke comb through analysis, dialed in.

Emily's phone vibrates - her MOTHER is calling. She immediately ignores it. As she turns back to her screen, a MAN passes by. She looks up: reveal CAMPBELL (50s).

Emily adjusts her posture. The energy of the entire bullpen shifts. We only catch a quick glimpse of Campbell's face, but will come to learn that he is the CIO of Crest Capital. He moves into the large corner office as his right hand man / senior PM, PAUL (40s), joins him.

As the collective focus amps up, HARSH CUT TO:

INT. CREST - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: A MANDATORY ANIMATED COMPLIANCE TRAINING VIDEO. Reveal Emily sitting in the conference room with the rest of the employees, half-watching it.

She sits in the back row with the other analysts and interns, a few seats down from Luke. They always make sure not to sit close together as the PMs take the center table. Everyone is on their phones or tablets, working through it - no one is watching the video.

COMPLIANCE VIDEO

Our goal is to create a safer workplace through education. Today, we are going to focus on topics such as: diversity and inclusion, sexual harassment awareness, conflict resolution, substance abuse awareness and violence prevention.

(beat)

A vibrant and productive work environment requires more than just the basics. As a manager, it's your job to create a safe space and one that respects all employees.

QUINN (O.S.)

Fuck YOU.

Everyone looks over to find Quinn, Luke's PM, having a meltdown in his office, while the HR TEAM try to calm him down. He's clearly been fired and not taking it well.

COMPLIANCE VIDEO

If you have an ethical dilemma,
ask! Take accountability when
things go wrong and be honest, just
like you expect your colleagues to
be honest with you.

HR REP (O.S.)

No, no, no-

Quinn grabs his GOLF CLUB and starts to smash up everything in his office.

Screams and gasps as the HR Team dodges flying glass. Campbell, who sits in his office, carries on with work, doesn't flinch.

ARJUN turns to Paul in the conference room.

ARJUN

Should we pause-

But Paul reaches for the remote and URNS UP THE VOLUME to drown out Quinn.

COMPLIANCE VIDEO

WHILE ETHICAL CHALLENGES CAN
BE DIFFICULT, YOU ALWAYS HAVE
A CHOICE TO ACT WITH
INTEGRITY.

QUINN

I worked my ass off, for
what?? (SMASH) To be a lap-
dog and suck your fucking
dick! (SMASH)

Paul pops a few almonds, goes back to his phone. SECURITY enters the office and restrains Quinn.

COMPLIANCE VIDEO (O.S.) (cont'd)

REGARDLESS OF BUSINESS
PRESSURES, IT'S IMPORTANT TO
MODEL THE BEHAVIOR YOU WANT
TO SEE.

QUINN (cont'd)

The fuck you looking at?
Think you're lasting another
week??

They drag Quinn through the office.

QUINN (cont'd)

FUCK YOU ALL!

As Quinn is pulled away, hone in on Luke and Emily.

RORY

I thought he was going to jump...

INT. CREST - BULLPEN - DAY

WE MOVE PAST INTERNS & ANALYSTS - some are back to work, unfazed, others are gossiping about the incident.

THE SECRETARY almost slips over broken glass while trying to answer the phone.

SECRETARY (O.S.)
Crest Capital, how may I direct
your call?

We continue past a CLEANING CREW, vacuuming the broken glass, to find Rory pacing.

RORY
They cut some fat today, so my
capital allocation should benefit.
Christmas come early... I said,
Christmas come early... No, we're
not waiting till Christ-it was joke-
fuck-

As Rory moves past the bullpen, we find Emily standing in the kitchen downing another espresso, catching pieces of passing conversations from ANALYST #1, DAX and ANALYST #2, HENRY.

DAX
It's the third window they've
replaced this year.

HENRY
You think they'll sue?

DAX
Not worth the headache. You never
want it to get to litigation, have
embarrassing information leak.
(beat)
Wall Street Journal test.

Other PMs cross:

ARJUN
(in french)
They'll prolly bring in a
headhunter.

JEREMIE (O.S.)
(in french)
And poach from the outside?

ARJUN
 (in french)
 Maybe. Rory's been pushing this guy
 from DW, but Campbell's not taking
 the bait.

And then, from two other ANALYSTS behind her:

NOAH (O.S.)
 Quinn's office looks like a fucking
 tornado.

HARRIS (O.S.)
 Fuck Quinn, he always dropped the
 ball.

NOAH (O.S.)
 Who's gonna step up?

HARRIS (O.S.)
 I overheard Campbell on a call...

NOAH (O.S.)
 And...?

Beat.

HARRIS (O.S.)
 Luke...

Emily goes still.

NOAH (O.S.)
 No shit?

HARRIS (O.S.)
 Yeah... He's gonna make PM.

Off her smile:

INT. CREST - BULLPEN - DAY

Emily rushes through the bullpen towards Luke's desk. She
 motions to her tablet, pretends it's about work.

EMILY
 I think they underestimated the
 cost of this endeavor...

Emily leans closer, whispers:

EMILY (cont'd)
I hear you're taking over for
Quinn.

LUKE
What?

EMILY
The guys overheard it on a call.

Luke stares, in shock, as Emily shoots him an excited look.
As they both turn, they lock eyes with Campbell, who is
staring right at them. They both look away.

EMILY (cont'd)
(pretends)
Prolly best to sell now...

Luke nods, half-playing along as Campbell moves back into his
office.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM (B) - NIGHT

A SUBWAY TRAIN PASSES ABRUPTLY - SCREECHES ECHO DOWN THE
TUNNEL.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Emily and Luke rush into their apartment. They can barely get
their coats off before they grasp each other like animals.
They move down the hallway towards the bedroom.

EMILY
Let me get a towel.

LUKE
Fuck the towel.

EMILY
I just washed the sheets.

LUKE
I'll wash them again.

As they rip off their clothes, Emily's phone rings.

EMILY
Shit, it's my mom again.

LUKE

Sorry, mom, can't talk. I'm about to get the daylights fucked out of me.

She laughs as they move towards the bed.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Luke and Emily take a shower together. They pass a bottle of CHAMPAGNE back and forth, sipping straight from it. MUSIC plays from the living room.

Emily stands under the running water. Luke stares with tenderness.

LUKE

How'd I get this fucking lucky?

EMILY

You talking about me? Or your job?

LUKE

Both.

She laughs, turns off the shower. As they step out:

LUKE (cont'd)

(half-joking)

You're not jealous, are ya?

EMILY

Stop.

LUKE

That wasn't a no.

EMILY

Of course it's a no.

LUKE

If I had to choose between you and the promotion...

EMILY

You'd choose the promotion.

LUKE

No, I would sit and think about it... *and then*, I would choose the promotion.

Emily tries to playfully slap him, but he ducks her swing and pulls her closer.

LUKE (cont'd)

When the fuck are we getting married??

When he's on a high, it's intoxicating...

LUKE (cont'd)

I gotta mark my territory. Piss on my tree... You're the tree.

She laughs, he kisses her.

EMILY

You know we're gonna have to tell them sooner than later.

LUKE

I know... but until we both get that fuck-you-status, they'll only judge us.

EMILY

They'll judge me more.

LUKE

Exactly, you think it's the right time to tell them we are breaking policy?

EMILY

I'd rather tell them before someone finds out.

LUKE

Oh, now you're afraid of danger? It used to turn you on.

EMILY

I'm serious.

LUKE

I'm serious too. Once you move up-

EMILY

--If I move up-

LUKE

--Once you move up, we can tell everyone to go fuck themselves.

Her face warms at the thought, but before she can respond, *ANOTHER SONG* comes on.

LUKE (cont'd)
No more work talk.

Luke grabs her hand, leads her in a slow dance as they stare at each other with love. Off their kiss:

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Emily, fast asleep. Moments later, her phone VIBRATES over and over again. Luke lifts his head, woken up.

LUKE
Emily... Your phone...

EMILY
Shit... Sorry...

She reaches for her phone, barely awake. As she puts it on silent, she glances at the caller ID.

EMILY (cont'd)
Fuck...

LUKE
What?

EMILY
It's Rory.

LUKE
He can wait till tomorrow-

EMILY
--He called six times.

Luke looks over. Rory calls *again*. This time, she answers.

EMILY (cont'd)
Sorry I missed your calls. I was sleeping.

RORY (V.O.)
Fuck sleeping. Meet me at The Gold Room.

EMILY
Now?

RORY (V.O.)
No, next Tuesday afternoon.

CLICK. He hangs up. Emily turns to Luke.

LUKE
Don't go.

EMILY
I have to.

LUKE
No, you don't.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Emily sits in a taxi, on edge. She looks at the time: 2:07 AM.

EXT. GOLD ROOM - NIGHT

Emily gets out of the taxi, she looks around, sees a back door down a dark street, with a BOUNCER standing out front.

INT. GOLD ROOM - NIGHT

Emily enters a high-end, after-hours lounge. She slowly moves through the space, sees OLDER MEN drinking with ESCORTS.

She takes that in, continues past them. As she gets to the bar, she stops. To her surprise, it's not Rory, but *Campbell*, the CIO/Partner of Crest Capital.

EMILY
(confused)
Is Rory...?

CAMPBELL
Went home.
(beat)
What would you like?

Her guard goes up.

EMILY
Diet Coke.

Off his look:

EMILY (cont'd)
Macallan 25, neat.

The BARTENDER nods as Emily takes a seat. Emily looks at Campbell's phone on speaker. She hears MALE VOICES speaking JAPANESE. Campbell sips his drink.

CAMPBELL
Waiting for my translator to hop
on. You speak Japanese?

Emily looks at him. She can't tell if he's joking. She shakes her head. Campbell hangs up.

CAMPBELL (cont'd)
So... Long Island?

EMILY
That's right. Lynbrook.

Beat.

CAMPBELL
Not an easy hole to crawl out of.

EMILY
Who wants it easy?

He likes that, but doesn't show it.

CAMPBELL
It didn't take you long.

EMILY
A scholarship helped.

CAMPBELL
Harvard?

She nods.

CAMPBELL (cont'd)
Then Citi, Goldman... Family must
be proud.

EMILY
It's not about them.

She maintains strong eye contact. The Bartender sets down her drink.

CAMPBELL
And how long you been with us?

EMILY
Two years.

CAMPBELL

Two whole years.

(beat)

Know how many make it to three?

Her confidence starts to fade. Campbell takes a sip of his drink, pulls up an ARTICLE from his phone.

CAMPBELL (cont'd)

(reads)

Those who are privy to the inner workings of building a great company have long understood that success takes more than a great idea and a bucket of sweat.

She goes still.

CAMPBELL (cont'd)

In fact, most entrepreneurial successes are contingent upon learning the rules and navigating within one particular box.

Campbell pauses as Emily stares, taken aback.

CAMPBELL (cont'd)

I don't know many 17-year-olds that get published in the Wall Street Journal.

He leans closer.

CAMPBELL (cont'd)

You're not just navigating the box, you're running circles around it, and Rory, well... He can't keep up. You made half the big calls last quarter alone... Must be exhausting for a bird to run a mile.

EMILY

I've gotten used to it.

CAMPBELL

Don't.

EXT. APARTMENT - STREET - NIGHT

The taxi pulls up outside of Emily's apartment building. Emily gets out, stops, afraid to go inside.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

We follow Emily dead-center behind her head as she walks down the hallway and slowly approaches their apartment.

She pulls out her keys. Hesitates. She quietly unlocks the door hoping that Luke is asleep, but just as she steps inside, reveal: Luke sitting on the couch, waiting for her - concern in his eyes.

After a tense silence:

LUKE
So?

She remains silent.

LUKE (cont'd)
What did Rory want?

EMILY
He wasn't there.

LUKE
What?

Beat.

EMILY
I met Campbell.

That's more alarming.

LUKE
You met Campbell?
(beat)
At two in the morning?

Emily looks down, not wanting to say it.

LUKE (cont'd)
Emily?

Doesn't respond.

LUKE (cont'd)
Did he try anything-

EMILY
--No, it's not-

LUKE
--If he touched you-

EMILY

--He didn't touch me-

LUKE

--Then tell me what the fuck is going-

EMILY

--He's promoting me to PM.

Luke goes still.

EMILY (cont'd)

I'm... I'm taking over for Quinn...

As Luke struggles to process that curveball, Emily looks paralyzed with fear. A heavy silence fills the room. As they sit with that:

LUKE

Congratulations.

(beat)

That's amazing.

He starts to move towards her as Emily looks back with uncertainty.

EMILY

I'm sorry-

LUKE

--No, you don't need to-

He stops himself.

LUKE (cont'd)

I'm so happy for you.

He leans in. He kisses her as Emily starts to warm to his embrace. Off her look:

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - PRE-DAWN

ALARM goes off - 4:30 AM. CLOSE ON: Emily - her eyes open. Her first thought: was that all a dream?

Off the blaring alarm, WE MOVE TO:

-- PUSH IN on Emily as she blow dries her hair. Luke walks past her, turns on the shower. She tries to read him, but she can't see his face.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - MORNING

Subway trains pass abruptly.

INT. CREST - RECEPTION / OFFICE - MORNING

Emily pushes through the glass doors, enters the office.

Emily walks past the bullpen, past all the interns and analysts, past her old desk and over to Quinn's old office, now her new office.

As she steps inside, she sees that the office has been cleared out, broken furniture replaced with new furniture. As she settles in:

RORY (O.S.)
Congratulations.

Emily looks back, sees Rory in the doorway.

RORY (cont'd)
I always knew you'd get there.

Emily nods politely.

RORY (cont'd)
You know I've only been tough on you because I care.

EMILY
Right.

RORY
I'm here if you need anything.

She smiles.

EMILY
(Fuck you)
I appreciate that.

Rory nods and heads down the hallway. As Emily takes in the power of her new space / new position, she looks at Luke in the bullpen, sitting at the same small desk.

We move to Luke as he works off his laptop, while Dax and Henry talk shit behind him.

HENRY (O.S.)
Makes you wonder how she got the fast pass...

DAX (O.S.)
You think?

HENRY (O.S.)
I wouldn't rule it out.

DAX (O.S.)
Fuck, should I get a sex change?

HENRY (O.S.)
I'm just glad I'm not her analyst.
Reporting to her? Fuck.

PUSH IN on Luke as he tries to brush it off.

INT. CREST - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

CLOSE ON: Emily sitting in the conference room with the whole team. The PMs discuss their moves for that day.

AS WE SLOWLY PULL OUT, reveal that Emily is at the center table with the rest of the PMs. Luke is right behind her in the back row.

ARJUN (O.S.)
Traded down to 15.

CAMPBELL (O.S.)
What happened?

ARJUN (O.S.)
PR fuckup.

CAMPBELL (O.S.)
How do you know it won't sink to
10?

ARJUN (O.S.)
People are getting it wrong. It'll
be a little rocky for the next few
weeks, but not worth trimming.

PAUL (O.S.)
Well, DFA keeps going up against
all fucking odds.

RORY (O.S.)
I called it.

PAUL (O.S.)
Nobody called it. Not even God.

CAMPBELL
And Outrite?

Emily waits for eye contact as permission to speak.

EMILY
...Quinn bought it at 26.

RORY
Fucking Quinn.

EMILY
We should sell now and buy in on
YData.
(beat)
The market doesn't understand this
stock. The actual value is clouded
by some drama going on with the CEO
but it has strong government
contracts and is moving into
commercial analytics.
(beat)
Revenue is up 45% year over year
and trades at a low multiple to my
forward sales projections.

Emily slides her tablet across the table with her
projections, wanting to prove her work. He doesn't even look
at it.

CAMPBELL
Do it.

Campbell heads out of the room. Meeting is over. Each PM
starts to break off with their analysts/underlings.

PAUL
Where you at with Foster?

DAX
Just finishing labor costs.

RORY
Noah?

NOAH (O.S.)
Up 3%.

Stay on Emily as she braces herself for the moment she's been
dreading.

She slowly stands up and faces her analyst/underling, who we
reveal to be: Luke.

EMILY

Let's start with Dryft, Throe and Shor. Don't wanna jump the gun until we weigh all three. And you can table all the companies Quinn gave you.

LUKE

Got it. We should have their earnings in the next hour.

And on that note, Luke walks towards the bullpen as Emily heads to her office.

INT. CREST - EMILY'S OFFICE - DAY

Emily messages Luke through BLOOMBERG CHAT: "*Industry performance?*"

He responds: "*Strong.*"

Emily types: "*Market share?*"

Luke types: "*Didn't lose any.*"

Emily types: "*Comps?*" He responds: "*Working on it.*"

She types: "*#'s from last quarter?*"

Back on Emily as she waits for his response. Nothing. As she sits there, we start to move around. Finally, she looks over. We focus to Luke across the way. Reveal him staring at the computer, silent, still.

Seconds later: a message from Luke: "*You got it.*"

EXT. CREST BUILDING - NIGHT

Emily chain-smokes outside of the building - her hands shaking.

After a couple drags, her phone RINGS. She looks at it: Her *MOTHER* is calling *again*. She ignores it, but her mother calls back incessantly, forcing Emily to pick up.

EMILY

Mom-

MOTHER (V.O.)

--Finally, I've been calling and calling, trying to congratulate you.

Her mother's dog barks in the background.

EMILY

--I know, I'm sorry. I'm just busy with work-

MOTHER (V.O.)

--Work can wait. It's not every day you get engaged-

(to Dog)

--Stop it!

EMILY

I hope you didn't tell anyone. You know we have to be careful.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Jesus, Em, how much longer are you going to hide?

EMILY

I don't know, but promise me you won't say anything.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Like my orthopedic surgeon in South Bay is going to tell your boss-

EMILY

--Well, can you just do me a favor and not tell your orthopedic surgeon? Consider it an early wedding present.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Don't be so paranoid. No one cares what you do with your personal life.

(to dog)

--Stop, I just fed you-

EMILY

--Mom, you don't get it. You don't know what these guys are like. They just promoted me and if they found out that I've been dating my analyst, it's going to take away any credibility that-

MOTHER (V.O.)

--Wait, you what? You got promoted??

Emily takes another drag of her cigarette.

EMILY

Yes.

MOTHER (V.O.)

That's unbelievable, why didn't you tell me?

EMILY

I've been meaning to.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Well shit, what a wonderful week of exciting news.

(shouts)

Gary, get over here and congratulate your daughter, she just got promoted--

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL (VUK) - NIGHT

POV of a train moving down a dark subway tunnel. As an oncoming train rounds the corner, WE MOVE INSIDE:

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Emily as she rides the subway. Her discomfort increases with each passing light.

PASSENGERS joke on one side of her while MUSIC PLAYS FROM A PORTABLE SPEAKER on the other side of her as these playful sounds only deepen her distress.

As the rumbling of the train rises, HARSH CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Emily walks down the hallway, the rumbling of a passing train now vibrating beneath her building. As she passes each apartment, we hear sounds of a party going on next door.

She gets to her apartment, pauses. She prepares for a conversation they've both been avoiding, but as she unlocks the door and steps inside, to her surprise, all the lights are off, Luke is gone.

Concerned, she pulls out her phone and calls him. As it rings and rings, we slowly PUSH IN while the sounds from the party get louder:

VOICEMAIL (V.O.)

Hey, you've reached Luke-

Emily hangs up. As she looks out the window, something crosses her mind.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Luke as he sits at the counter of a dive bar, knocking back a drink. We sit on his face.

EMILY (O.S.)
You're low on fuel.

Luke looks over, sees Emily standing at the end of the counter. She steps closer.

EMILY (cont'd)
Can I buy you another?

LUKE
Now that you're making more money?

EMILY
(laughs)
Oh... It's like that?

LUKE
(smiles)
I'm joking. Come here.

Luke pulls her close, kisses her.

LUKE (cont'd)
I'm so fucking proud of you. You know that.

She looks up. They make direct eye contact for the first time since last night. But just as the BARTENDER approaches, his eyes shift away.

LUKE (cont'd)
Another round for me and vodka soda for the lady.

He turns back to her.

LUKE (cont'd)
You feeling good?

Beat.

EMILY
I'm still processing it...

LUKE
Embrace it. It's really exciting.

He kisses her again, lets out a sweet smile. She starts to smile off his smile.

LUKE (cont'd)
Cheers.

EMILY
Cheers.

They both raise their glasses. His support starts to ease her concern. She takes a sip and lets her shoulders relax for the first time since yesterday.

But just as she settles in:

LUKE
Campbell didn't try anything,
right?

She stops, thrown by the shift.

EMILY
I would have told you if he did.

LUKE
I know, I know...

Emily keeps her eyes on him. Does he not believe her? He catches her look.

LUKE (cont'd)
I know. I'm sorry-

Her phone VIBRATES, cutting him off. She looks at it. It's a TEXT from her MOTHER: *"What about the Berkshires???"*

EMILY
Jesus.

LUKE
What?

EMILY
My mom is already planning the
fucking wedding...
(beat)
Have your parents been harassing
you?

Luke sips his drink.

LUKE
I haven't told them yet.

She looks at him. He keeps his eyes on his drink. We stay on Emily as she wrestles with that:

LUKE (O.S.) (cont'd)
(to Bartender)
Can I get some water?

The Bartender pours him a glass.

LUKE (O.S.) (cont'd)
Thanks. And a glass for her.

Remain on Emily as Luke reaches for his wallet.

LUKE (O.S.) (cont'd)
I'll settle up, too-

EMILY
--I'm gonna help you get the next promotion.

Luke looks over, shoots her a look.

LUKE
I'm okay. Don't worry about me.

EMILY
I'm serious.

LUKE
Who even knows when the next one will be.

EMILY
I do.
(beat)
The way Campbell was talking about Rory, seems like he's on the chopping block. If we play our cards right, I can help you take his spot.

LUKE
I appreciate that... But I'll get there on my own.

EMILY
I know. Doesn't mean I can't help.

He shifts in his chair.

EMILY (cont'd)

Look, the situation isn't what we expected, but it shouldn't be for long. I really think we can turn this in our favor, find a way to move you up at the next opportunity.

LUKE

You don't have to-

EMILY

--I want to. I'll highlight your trade recs to Campbell, give you credit where Quinn never has.

As Luke considers:

EXT. CREST OFFICE - MORNING

Slow zoom in on the Crest building.

INT. CREST - EMILY'S OFFICE - MORNING

Buzzy morning. Everyone is working. PUSH IN on Emily on a call.

EMILY

How much of the float does management own? And how much are they buying back?

She writes down the figures.

EMILY (cont'd)

Let me dig in and call you later.

As she hangs up, she calculates some figures. Moments later, she looks at Luke.

INT. CREST - BULLPEN - DAY

Luke moves from one spreadsheet to another. Emily drops a tablet on his desk.

EMILY

Look into this, let me know what you think.

LUKE
I'm still working on the three from
before.

EMILY
Make this one the priority.

LUKE
But if you need them by the end of
the day-

EMILY
(whispers)
--Do you want this or not?

Luke looks up, surprised by her comment. As she goes back to her office, he turns to her breakdown, reluctant.

PRE-LAP: VACUUM CLEANER. MOVE TO:

INT. CREST - BULLPEN - NIGHT

A CLEANING CREW moves through Crest Capital, vacuuming the carpet, while EMPLOYEES pack up for the night.

We see that Emily is working late, as is Luke. He combs through his analysis, computes some estimates. As the rumbling of the vacuum cleaner gets louder, Luke pauses, looks up.

INT. CREST - EMILY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Luke drops his tablet on Emily's desk.

LUKE
You were right to flag it. Could
see a pretty decent return when
they report next week.
(beat)
A few potential bumps from other
developers, but no red flags.

Just then, Campbell and Paul approach.

PAUL
(to Emily)
We're going for a drink, want to
join?

Emily seizes this opportunity to show Luke off.

EMILY
Have you heard of Miro? Sequoia
backed. Went public last month.

She steps closer.

EMILY (cont'd)
Some say it's an overhyped unicorn,
but Luke sourced it, ran the
numbers, thinks it could reel in
some sizable returns-

PAUL
--For an "overhyped" unicorn?

EMILY
Well, when they announce their-

PAUL
--You know what Luke's last unicorn
cost us?

She doesn't.

CAMPBELL
15 million.

Emily goes still. She's surprised, but tries to keep a
straight face.

CAMPBELL (cont'd)
Put it under a microscope before
you move.

EMILY
Of course.

CAMPBELL
He's here to support your vision.
Not steer it.

Luke takes the hit as Emily stares, caught in the fire.

PAUL
Coming for drinks or not?

Beat.

EMILY
First round's on me.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Luke as he rides the subway, staring out. We stay on him for a long time.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Luke moves down the street, lost in thought. Sounds of the subway tracks screeching.

INT. MIDTOWN BAR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Emily as she drinks with Campbell and Paul in a bar packed with finance guys. Campbell signals the Bartender for another round, while Paul talks his ear off.

PAUL

Some moron typed in the wrong number of shares. Typo cost them 38 million...

(beat)

Griffin made the guy write the correct number on the wall every hour for the next six weeks...

Emily pretends to be engaged, but it's clear that her mind is on:

EMILY

We didn't finish our conversation earlier.

CAMPBELL

About?

EMILY

Luke.

Paul sips his drink, annoyed that she interrupted him.

EMILY (cont'd)

I'm sure Quinn never told you, but he was the one who made the big short on Brick last month.

Paul can't help but laugh.

EMILY (cont'd)

What's funny about that? He's made great strides analyzing performance. He's sharp, works hard-

PAUL
--So does my gardener.

Emily stops.

PAUL (cont'd)
He was a favor.

EMILY
A favor?

CAMPBELL
A friend of mine pushed him on me.
(beat)
It'll just makes things easier when
he quits on his own.

Emily tries to process/rebound.

EMILY
He's valuable to me.

PAUL
So is my gardener.

Beat.

CAMPBELL
He's got good instincts, and made
us some money, but he's not you.
(beat)
He'll get the message. They all do.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

PUSH IN on Luke at the kitchen counter working off his
laptop.

He finishes an email, sends it off. As he scrolls through the
rest of his message, a new email comes in: Exclusive invite
to ROBERT BYNES EXECUTIVE LEADERSHIP PROGRAM.

His first instinct is to dismiss it, but the longer he
stares...

He hones in on the trigger words. Seconds later, he clicks on
the link and is redirected to BYNES' WEBSITE, promoting his
new book: *BEHIND THE NUMBERS*.

Luke scrolls through the site and comes to a clip of BYNES:

ROBERT BYNES

Everyone has their own rules guided by their own narrative. You can let other people dictate your narrative... Or you can choose one to own-

The door rattles. Luke looks over.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Luke opens the door. Reveal: Emily, shit-faced.

EMILY

I don't think my key's working.

LUKE

That's cause you're using the wrong one.

Emily looks at the key.

EMILY

Oh, fuck.

Emily laughs and moves inside. She goes straight for the fridge, rummages for some leftovers.

EMILY (cont'd)

Cocktails were \$40 each. Three sips and you're done. If we ever want to get out of finance, we should open a bar like that...

Luke grabs his computer and moves over to the dining table, continues reading. Emily shoves some dumplings in her mouth.

EMILY (cont'd)

Starving...

Emily eventually looks back to Luke, her guilt weighing in.

EMILY (cont'd)

I'm sorry Campbell cut you down like that.

LUKE

It's fine.

EMILY

No, it's not.

LUKE

That loss was Quinn's call, not mine. But whatever, I know it's not personal. Just his tough-love approach.

He keeps his eyes on his screen. Emily steps closer to see what he's so focused on. Confused that he would be interested in that:

EMILY

That's a lot of money for a pat on the back. You already know all that.

LUKE

Not necessarily.

EMILY

So? That guy's an asshole.

LUKE

You don't get far by being nice.

Luke closes his laptop.

LUKE (cont'd)

But you're right, it's prolly a waste.

He looks at her.

LUKE (cont'd)

(smiles)

You know, you've got sauce on your face.

EMILY

Then be a gentleman. Lick it off.

LUKE

It's late.

EMILY

Oh, come on...

But Luke looks down.

EMILY (cont'd)

Fine, I'll just have to lie here and fuck myself.

Emily starts to unbuckle her belt, trying to tempt him.

LUKE
Okay. Good night.

He kisses her on the head and moves towards the bedroom.
Emily looks out, not expecting that.

INT. APARTMENT - PRE-DAWN

ALARM GOES OFF. 4:30 AM. CLOSE ON: Luke, as he opens his eyes. As the ringing persists, WE MOVE TO:

-- PUSH IN on: Luke as he does sit-ups in the living. PRE-LAP: BBC NEWS.

-- Close on: Luke typing. Close on: Luke's face, as he sips his coffee. BBC NEWS plays off his laptop. We see Emily behind him, packing up her tablet...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Luke walks out of their apartment building as Emily follows. They're both glued to their phones. As they reach the street, a MERCEDES CAR SERVICE is waiting out front.

Luke continues down the block, but Emily walks towards the car service. When he notices she's not behind him, he looks back. As she gets inside the car:

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - MORNING

Luke rides the subway, the tracks beneath him screeching.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Luke walks towards THE IVY LEAGUE CLUB on the Upper West Side. As Luke walks inside, other ANALYSTS from the firm enter.

INT. I.L. CLUB - MORNING

Luke moves past reception, sees analysts from Crest Capital piling into an event space.

INT. I.L. CLUB - MORNING

PUSH IN through an event space. FRAMED PAINTINGS of prominent historical male figures fill the walls.

We find Luke sitting in the back of the room with the other ANALYSTS, while a GUEST SPEAKER takes the company through a tedious lecture on market strategy.

GUEST SPEAKER

Contrary to long-standing belief to which many still doggedly and inexplicably cling, monetary policy alone is not likely to produce inflationary pressure in excess of the fed target...

Across the way, Emily sits in the lounge with Campbell, Paul, Rory, Arjun. We can't hear what they're saying, but we can tell that Campbell is making a joke and Emily lets out a big forced laugh.

Off her laugh, Luke looks over. He hones in on her body language, watches her graze Campbell's arm, flaunt her low-cut shirt and force one fake smile after another, as every gesture makes Luke's skin crawl. Though, we should wonder how much of this is heightened from his POV?

As she continues to "work the room," Luke stands and moves down the hallway.

INT. I.L. CLUB - LOUNGE - DAY

Luke pours himself some coffee - his thoughts racing. Seconds later, Emily approaches, takes advantage of a private moment.

EMILY

I got a table at La Mer at 8.

LUKE

How?

EMILY

Campbell gave me his reservation.

That's not the answer he wanted.

EMILY (cont'd)

Money isn't as fun unless you spend it on people you love.

LUKE

You sure we should risk being seen at a place like that?

EMILY

I'm allowed to buy my analyst dinner, discuss investments...

Emily smiles, but her proud smile only puts him off.

LUKE

I still have to get through three statements that I put aside to focus on Miro.

EMILY

Can't you do it tomorrow?

LUKE

And add more to my plate? I need to step things up after last night.

EMILY

I'm sorry, I thought it would help.

LUKE

I know, but it didn't and now I'm behind.

Rory approaches, pours himself some coffee. Off that, Luke moves back to the lecture.

RORY

My lips are sealed.

EMILY

What?

RORY

I see the way you look at him. If you wanna fuck him, I won't tell a soul.

Beat.

EMILY

I don't shit where I eat.

INT. CAR SERVICE - NIGHT

Emily sits in the back of a car service. Sounds of cars whizzing by.

INT. LA MER - NIGHT

PUSH IN through LA MER. We find Emily eating at a table by herself.

She reaches for her wine, knocks it back.

INT. LOUNGE, I.L. CLUB - NIGHT

PUSH IN through the lounge. Luke is working at a table in the back, the last one there. He tries to stay focused, but becomes increasingly distracted.

He takes a break from the mind-numbing number crunching, leans back in his chair. He feels the weight of the room... Unsettled thoughts resurface.

Moments later, he turns back to his computer and googles something. We stay on Luke's face as we hear the same Bynes interview come up again - repeated sound bites of:

ROBERT BYNES (V.O.)

Everyone has their own rules guided by their own narrative. You can let other people dictate your narrative... Or you can choose one to own. Make your rules the rules to live by-

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLICK. Door lock opens. Emily walks through the front door, she sets her bag on the counter and looks down the hallway.

EMILY

I brought you some dessert...

She waits for a response. Nothing. She decides to remove her skirt. She grabs the dessert and walks down the hallway in her underwear.

EMILY (cont'd)

It's bittersweet... Just like you...

As she gets to the end of the corridor, she expects Luke to be there. He's not. Her eyes land on the book on the bed. She steps closer, she sees the cover: *BEHIND THE NUMBERS*, scattered notes around it.

LUKE (O.S.)

How was it?

Emily turns, sees Luke in the bathroom doorway. He takes out his airpods.

EMILY

Delicious...
(beat)
Want a bite?

LUKE
I'm good, thanks.

He gives her a quick kiss and moves back to the bed. He puts his notes away and goes back to his computer.

EMILY
...Decided to buy in after all?

LUKE
He gives a 10% discount.

EMILY
After spending three grand?
(beat)
And I thought you were a numbers
guy...

Emily moves to her dresser, removes her jewelry. Stay on Luke as he tries to let that go:

LUKE
It would actually be good for you.
You've always had issues asserting
yourself.

She stops, looks back.

EMILY
Excuse me?

Beat.

LUKE
It wasn't meant to be an attack.
(beat)
I'm serious, there are a lot of
good tips in here. I just read one
section on appearance and-

EMILY
--Appearance?

He stops, lets out a soft laugh.

LUKE
Ok. Nevermind.

EMILY
No, finish your thought.

LUKE
It's fine. Just forget it.

But she won't. She moves towards him and snatches his book.

LUKE (cont'd)

Emily-

EMILY

(reads with a mocking
voice)

--Appearance will heavily influence
someone's opinion of a business
leader's personality, competence
and capability. A person's wardrobe
will help you know your power and
project that power onto your
colleagues...

(looks up)

There's something wrong with the
way I dress?

LUKE

Nothing's wrong with it.

EMILY

Then why did you mention it?

He doesn't respond.

EMILY (cont'd)

Why did you mention it-

LUKE

--You know that presentation is
everything.

EMILY

And-

LUKE

--And how can people take you
seriously when you dress like a
cupcake?

She freezes. Off her look:

INT. APARTMENT - PRE-DAWN

THE ALARM GOES OFF: 4:30 AM. But Emily is already awake,
silently stewing. PRE-LAP: water running.

-- Close on: Emily as she splashes her face with water.

-- Drawer opens. Emily pulls out a ruffled blouse. She looks
at it. Seconds later, she stuffs it back in the drawer.

As she moves to another cabinet, we pan to the mirror. Reveal Luke across the room, buttoning up his shirt. He watches her grab something "more serious."

INT. CREST - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

CAMERA LINGERS AROUND Emily as she sits in the morning meeting wearing a black turtle neck. Luke and other analysts sit in the back row.

RORY (O.S.)
Fuck me.

RORY (O.S.) (cont'd)
Fuck you, too.

RORY (O.S.) (cont'd)
Seriously?

CAMPBELL (O.S.)
Cause?

RORY (O.S.)
Expansion costs. Weather delays.

Stay on Emily, getting inside her own head.

RORY (O.S.) (cont'd)
But once they finish construction
and their doors open, business
should be sailing-

EMILY
--I think expectations are way out
of whack.

All eyes shift over.

RORY
Based on?

EMILY
Industry performance, for one. I
talked to a supplier. Prices are
sliding.

Campbell and Rory exchange looks, as she continues to "assert" herself.

EMILY (cont'd)
I think we should sit tight, look
to Grove to fill the holes.

CAMPBELL

Grove?

EMILY

Yeah, sister to Baxter, but in a zone that's not disrupted by weather.

(beat)

I haven't gone through a complete analysis yet, but my gut feeling is to move to a long position before others catch wind.

Rory lets out a coy smile.

RORY

And what if I told you that Grove was about to get sued, pushing back their launch date till fuck knows when?

She spoke too soon.

RORY (cont'd)

How would that factor into your gut feeling? Or please tell me that it actually came from a bad fucking dream?

INT. CREST - EMILY'S OFFICE - MORNING

PUSH IN ON: Emily, as she sits at her desk, rattled from earlier. Luke pitches his ideas with passion.

LUKE

New data platform that helps computer vision teams process their work faster.

EMILY

Not sure they'll last. Hard to compete with Source and Green.

LUKE

But it's way more user-friendly. Excellent sponsorship. Trading at a lower multiple of consensus revenue than both competitors.

EMILY

Finish the analysis.

LUKE
We should go long.

EMILY
Finish the analysis.

LUKE
I'm telling you, we should go long.

She looks up.

LUKE (cont'd)
You'll be kicking yourself for not
going in, then praying for a
pullback that will never come.

She looks at the numbers. Still sensing her hesitation, Luke
leans in.

LUKE (cont'd)
This will be a good move for both
of us.

Their eyes lock.

EMILY
Okay.

Emily moves to her computer and messages an EXECUTION TRADER,
giving the green light to BUY IN.

EXT. CREST OFFICE

Emily smokes a cigarette on the street as cars speed past
her. Seconds later, she turns, looks at herself in the
window's reflection.

She stares at her black turtleneck, judging herself. Moments
later, she turns and marches down the street.

EXT. 5TH AVENUE - DAY

Emily moves down FIFTH AVENUE, scanning each store. She
turns, heads into a high-end boutique.

INT. BOUTIQUE - DAY

Emily rummages through a CLOTHING RACK. She grabs a colorful
blouse that's more her speed and checks the size.

INT. BOUTIQUE, CHANGING ROOM - DAY

Emily pulls the curtain of the changing room. Emily removes her black turtle neck and puts on the colorful blouse.

INT. CREST - BULLPEN / EMILY'S OFFICE - DAY

Emily moves through the office in her new blouse feeling more in her own skin. But just as she rounds the corner:

RORY

Where the fuck were you?

She stops.

EMILY

I bought a pack of cigarettes. Why?

Rory lets out an uncomfortable laugh, realizes she doesn't know.

RORY

Ask your analyst.

Rory turns away as Emily looks at Luke. He's hunched over, fear in his eyes.

INT. CREST - OFFICE - DAY

Emily corners Luke at the end of the hallway.

EMILY

25 million?? What the fuck happened?

LUKE

Everyone thought it was gonna take off. The technology is supposed to be cutting edge-

EMILY

--Did you even understand the technology before pushing it? They completely missed their numbers right after the close. I told you *twice* I wanted to finish the analysis before we made a move.

LUKE

Every firm was jumping on it. Millennium, BlackRock, Avenue-

EMILY

--Yeah, well, we're not fucking sheep.

Emily turns and moves towards Campbell's office as the whole office watches. As she moves inside Campbell's office:

EMILY (cont'd)

I'll make it up-

CAMPBELL

--What did I tell you?

EMILY

I know-

CAMPBELL

--No, what did I tell you?

EMILY

That you could handle a rug burn-

PAUL

--This is more than a rug burn-

EMILY

--I'll fix it-

CAMPBELL

--Dumb fucking bitch.

Emily freezes.

CAMPBELL (cont'd)

Yeah, you heard that right. Want me to say it again? Dumb fucking bitch! How's that? Alright? Good?

INT. CREST - OFFICE - DAY

--On Emily, as she scrambles at her desk going through statements, wondering how/where to make up her losses.

--On Luke, knowing he fucked up badly. He messages some contacts on Bloomberg about different companies.

--On Paul, Rory and other analysts watching them drown.

--Back on Emily, as she reaches out to sell-side analysts, plays with different performance scenarios for each of her names.

--Back on Luke, as he checks analysis on his tablet, goes back to his computer, sends desperate emails - CUT IN TIME TO:

INT. CREST - OFFICE - NIGHT

--Emily types at her computer, jacket off, sleeves rolled up. She's still at it, working well into night.

--Back on Luke as he downs some coffee, types at his computer.

--Emily combs through old analysis.

--Luke scrolls through online forums. Eventually, he comes across something and looks up.

He walks towards a quiet corner as the remaining employees pack up and makes a private call. After a few rings:

LUKE

Ben. It's Luke from One Crest Capital... Listen... There's a lot of people talking a lot of shit about your head guy... And just wondering... Just between us?

--Back on Emily as she comes across an article discussing the company SPEAR. She sees that a London court ruling is coming up.

LUKE (cont'd)

I am not asking you to do something you are not comfortable with. I just think I could help if I knew what was going on...

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Emily as she sits at the bar counter. She knocks back a glass of whiskey with the same look of unease. Chipper music plays in the background, increasing her discomfort.

LUKE (O.S.)

Hello, beautiful.

Emily looks over.

LUKE (cont'd)

Want another?

EMILY
(pissed)
It's the least you can do.

Luke motions to the Bartender.

LUKE
Makers. On the rocks.

As he settles in, she looks back.

EMILY
One wrong move and I'm a fucking
joke.

LUKE
Paul lost 30 million with Square
last month.

EMILY
But made up for it with Blink.

LUKE
Yeah, well, so will we.

The Bartender sets their drinks down. Emily studies his face.
He's calm. *Too* calm.

LUKE (cont'd)
Remember Ben from Goldman?

EMILY
Barely.

LUKE
He works at Icon now. After digging
around, I came across a rumor. So,
I called him up to see if it was
true... and well... he gave me a
guarantee.

Emily freezes.

LUKE (cont'd)
The CEO is about to step down. If
we short at 50 tomorrow, we could
make up for the 15%, at least.

EMILY
That's *not* how I want to make up
the funds.

LUKE

Don't worry. There's enough talk online. It's basically public knowledge.

EMILY

I don't care. I'm not playing with fire after today.

LUKE

How else are we going to make it up?

EMILY

I don't know yet. I was looking into shorting Spear. The London ruling is coming up-

LUKE

--That's *twice* as risky.

EMILY

At least it's not *illegal*.

LUKE

Check the forums. Everybody is talking about it.

Emily stares, uneasy. Luke leans close, touches her face with tenderness.

LUKE (cont'd)

It's my fuck-up. Let me fix it. Please.

INT. CREST - EMILY'S OFFICE - MORNING

CLOSE ON: Various traders on their Bloombergs, making moves.

CLOSE ON: Analysts working through spreadsheets.

CLOSE ON: Online forums discussing ICON. Reveal Emily scrolling through it, reading closely. As she gets to the end, she pauses, leans back. He's right. People are talking about the possibility of the CEO stepping down.

She weighs this in, pulls up the ICON #'s, contemplating whether or not to act on it. She makes eye contact with Luke, who is waiting for her to follow through so he can save the day, but his pressure is making it harder to formulate one clear thought.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

Emily sits in the back of a MERCEDES with the same expression. Her eyes shift with uncertainty.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Emily sits on her bed, scrolling through more forums discussing ICON, still weighing this indecision. Seconds later, she clicks on another window discussing Spear Court case.

Emily picks up her phone and TEXTS CAMPBELL: *"Can we talk?"* She waits for a response. Nothing.

Seconds later, she gets a message, but it's from an UNKNOWN NUMBER: *"Your mom told me you're engaged!"* Emily becomes alarmed: *"Who is this?"* Beat. *"Debbie!"*

Emily texts her mother, pissed: *"Mom, who the fuck is Debbie?? And why are you telling her I'm engaged??"*

She looks over at Luke, who is deep into his leadership book, taking notes on the couch.

Emily abruptly stands and marches over to Luke. As she gets closer, she snatches his book and throws it across the room.

EMILY

We need to fuck.

Beat.

LUKE

I want to finish my chapter.

EMILY

Too bad.

She straddles him.

LUKE

Emily-

EMILY

--What?

LUKE

I'm not in the mood.

EMILY

I don't give a shit.

LUKE

Come on-

EMILY

--We haven't even had a chance to celebrate our engagement. We *need* to fuck the shit out of each other right now.

Luke looks at her. She leans in. He eventually lets her kiss him, starts to go alone. He warms into it, but she keeps rushing it. She tries to go down on him.

He stops her. Holds her face, forcing her to take a moment with him.

LUKE

(whispers)

Just stay with me...

He slows things down, controls the pace. He kisses her with tenderness, then takes a moment, looks at her.

LUKE (cont'd)

I love you.

Beat.

EMILY

I love you, too.

They kiss again. He continues with warmth, but Emily reaches into his pants, wanting to ramp things up.

EMILY (cont'd)

(whispers)

How do you want me?

She starts to stroke him.

EMILY (cont'd)

Tell me...

Her aggression takes him out of it.

EMILY (cont'd)

Tell me what you want-

He takes over, tries to get himself into it. He looks at her, senses impatience.

She reaches down again. He jolts back, abruptly, stares out - *pain* in his eyes. Emily stares out. After a heavy silence, her phone *RINGS*. They both look over.

LUKE
Don't answer.

EMILY
I have to.

LUKE
It's 12 AM-

EMILY
--Campbell.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)
Thirty seconds.

EMILY
I moved to a short position on
Spear. They're over-levered.
There's still the potential of a
technical default on their debt.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)
ISDA ruled this was a non-issue.

EMILY
Yes, but the creditors took them to
a local court in London. That
ruling comes tomorrow.

CAMPBELL
And the street?

EMILY
They're bullish on the stock. But
the debt holders are litigious. I
think they've picked a good
jurisdiction. That court has ruled
in favor of creditors in the past.

CAMPBELL
How many times?

Beat.

EMILY
Once.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)
Pulling a Hail Mary already?

LUKE
(mumbles)
I told you not to...

Emily turns away.

EMILY
I'm confident in this one.

Beat.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)
Let's see if it pays off.

CLICK - Campbell hangs up. Emily lowers her phone. Another silence fills the room.

INT. APARTMENT - PRE-DAWN

ALARM GOES OFF. Reveal Emily on the couch in the same position, same clothes. PUSH IN on her face as she looks back towards the bedroom. PRE-LAP: BBC NEWS.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

SLOW PUSH IN on Emily at the counter, listening to BBC off her laptop, attentively this time. She's waiting to get some news on the Hail Mary move.

Moments later, Luke walks in, but they don't say anything to each other.

REPORTER (V.O.)
...Neem has opened doors in Singapore, while OX Global has laid off more than 2000 employees...

Emily keeps her head down while Luke makes some coffee. Every sound feels like nails on a chalkboard.

REPORTER (V.O.)
And in the case of Spear CVS investors challenging ISDA's decision--

Luke grinds some coffee, droning out some important information.

EMILY
Luke.

Luke stops grinding, looks over.

REPORTER (V.O.)
...will determine whether or not a debt payment was missed...

Emily turns up the volume.

REPORTER (V.O.)

The judge, while acknowledging that proper drafting of the documentation would have averted this outcome... Has determined that ISDA must adhere to the letter of the documentation and is not in position to exercise discretion over the matter...

Emily's face drops. She can't believe it. He can't believe it. From their reactions, it feels like a loss.

REPORTER (V.O.)

We will expect to see other Spear creditors consider cross default provisions, which will be an interesting story to follow...

Luke turns to her in shock.

LUKE

You did it...

As a sense of relief starts to form, WE MOVE TO:

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

Emily moves through the glass doors, starts to own her victory. She crosses some analysts, PMs - her head held high. She passes Rory and Luke without any acknowledgement and goes straight for her office. Campbell and Paul are waiting inside.

PAUL

(smiles)

There she is...

She matches his smile.

CAMPBELL

I should take back my comment from the other day.

EMILY

You mean, the "dumb fucking bitch" one?

Beat.

CAMPBELL

Did I say it like that?

Emily keeps a straight face as Campbell exits.

PAUL

I hope you can accept his apology.

Paul hands her a CHECK. She looks at the figure. She goes still: \$575,000.

Emily looks over, sees that all eyes are on her, including Luke's. MATCH CUT TO:

INT. EMILY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Emily sits at her desk, her eyes darting around her screen, but she's not retaining any information. She keeps glancing at the edge of the check tucked into her purse.

She leans back in her chair, uneasy, wrestles with her scattered thoughts. Seconds later, she picks up her phone.

ON LUKE across the way, working. He gets a text from Emily. He looks at it: it's a link to THE PENTHOUSE SUITE AT THE BOWERY HOTEL. She texts: *"Let's get out of the apartment tonight."*

BACK ON EMILY: She's staring at her phone. Waits for his response. Nothing. She starts to type: *"My treat"* then deletes it. She types: *"I'll buy some molly, sit on your face"* - stops, deletes that.

She waits. Still no response. She looks over, sees him staring at his computer screen, ignoring her text. As that gnaws at her:

PAUL (O.S.)

Day's over. We're buying you a drink.

She looks at Paul, Rory and Arjun standing by her door.

EMILY

Not tonight.

PAUL

Yes, tonight. You had a heroic day. Took a massive punch and came up shining. So what do you say? Nest? Sophie's?

RORY
(jokes)
How 'bout Pumps?

PAUL
Fuck off.

RORY
Come on, it'll be funny. Ironic.

ARJUN
He said, fuck off.

Emily looks back at her phone - still no response. Anger seeps in:

RORY
Jesus, nobody has a sense of humor anymore? Fine, next time, I'll keep my jokes to myself-

EMILY
--Pumps sounds great.

They look at Emily, surprised.

PAUL
Pumps?

EMILY
Yeah, is that a problem?

Rory turns to Paul for approval.

RORY
To the ATM I go...

As we pull back, reveal Luke listening to the whole thing.
PRE-LAP: MUSIC - WE MOVE TO:

INT. PUMPS, STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

84 A STRIPPER spins on Hula-Hoop hanging from the ceiling, OTHER STRIPPERS work the poles. We move past the girls to find Emily sitting with Paul, Rory and Arjun, halfway through their second bottle of tequila: loose ties, sleeves rolled up, Emily is slouched, suffering through the stories:

RORY

During hazing week at Duke, the seniors would line up one chick after another in the locker room, put bags over their heads and then bring in the freshmen that just made the hockey team...

(beat)

They'd match each of the guys to a different bagged girl and make them fuck them all in a line...

(downs a shot)

But then, after this one freshman finished, he pulled off the bag of the girl he just railed and saw that it was... his sister...

All the guys cringe, break into hysterical laughter.

Ahhh fuck- ARJUN Stop- PAUL

RORY
Swear to fucking god-

PAUL
--That's sick-

ARJUN
--Fucking dying...

As they continue to laugh, they finally look over at Emily, who stares repulsed.

RORY
Come on, lighten up. It's just a dumb story.

ARJUN
She gets it. She's cool.

Arjun smiles, coming to her defense, but she can't fake amusement. As her coldness sinks in:

ARJUN (cont'd)
So, what happened to the sister-fucker?

RORY
Left the school.

PAUL
I'd hang myself.

ARJUN
Reminds me of these twins back at
Brown.

RORY
Uh-oh...

Emily watches as they lower their voices and start to isolate her from the group...

We stay on her, wrestling with that.

ARJUN (O.S.)
He used a Doritos bag as a condom.

RORY (O.S.)
What??

ARJUN (O.S.)
She couldn't tell the difference.

RORY (O.S.)
How drunk can you be?

RORY (O.S.) (cont'd)
Were the chips still in the bag?

PAUL (O.S.)
Jesus, man-

RORY (O.S.)
--It's a serious question-

EMILY
(interrupts)
--At least she was getting fucked.

The guys stop, look over, shocked by her comment, as Emily reaches for a shot.

EMILY (cont'd)
Now, enough with the bedtime
stories... They're boring me.

The guys watch as Emily motions to some STRIPPERS and pulls out some money.

RORY
Well, shit...

As two Strippers move over to their table, they start to give the group a lap dance.

RORY (cont'd)
Who hit the light switch?

As Rory gets into his lap dance: MOVE TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB - MONTAGE

--More shots.

--More laughs.

--More jokes.

--Rory pulls out some pills.

RORY
Who wants some candy??

--More shots.

--More jokes.

As Emily downs another shot - HARSH CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Luke asleep. SOUND OF: Door-banging. Luke opens his eyes.

MOVE TO THE DOOR: Luke opens it, reveal: Emily on her knees, completely wasted.

LUKE
You're using the wrong key again.

EMILY
Oh, shit.

Emily laughs like a little kid. Luke moves to the sink, annoyed, as Emily stumbles inside, oblivious that she woke him up.

EMILY (cont'd)
All these keys look the same. I
don't even know where they're from.
Like why are all these fucking keys
hanging off my fucking ring?

Luke walks back to the kitchen - it's a mess. Annoyed, he starts to shove dirty plates in the sink.

EMILY (cont'd)

I stopped to get a slice, but then I passed this taco stand and I didn't know if I wanted pizza or tacos... And then this guy was eating a falafel... and I thought: Fuck, how great is New York? You can have whatever you want, all the time. I took a few bites, but if you want some...

As she pulls out a FALAFEL from her purse, her CHECK falls onto the counter. Luke sees the figure: \$575,000. Emily is so drunk, she doesn't even notice.

EMILY (cont'd)

Rory was telling us this crazy scandal from college.

(beat)

He said the seniors of the hockey team would line up these girls in the locker room, put bags over their heads, then bring in the freshmen that just made the team. They'd match each of the guys to a different girl and make them fuck them all in a line-

LUKE

--I'm going back to bed-

EMILY

--But you haven't heard the punch line yet.

Emily grabs his arm.

EMILY (cont'd)

And so... after this one freshman finished... he pulled off the bag... and saw that it was *his sister*...

She laughs just like them. Luke looks at her, repulsed.

EMILY (cont'd)

Christ, have a sense of humor... You are so stiff. Speaking of stiff...

Emily tries to reach into his boxers.

LUKE

Don't-

EMILY
--Come on-

LUKE
--Emily-

EMILY
--I want it-

LUKE
--Not now-

EMILY
--Are you gonna make me beg-

LUKE
--Stop-

EMILY
--I promise to help your career if
you eat my pussy.

LUKE
Jesus Christ-

She breaks into hysterical laughter.

LUKE (cont'd)
You're drunk-

EMILY
--You're pathetic.

He freezes.

LUKE
What the fuck did you just say to
me?

EMILY
I didn't mean it like-

LUKE
--I'm pathetic? You're fucking
pathetic.

She goes still as his expression turns to anger.

LUKE (cont'd)
Prancing around like the newest
member of Beta Phi. Drinking like
there's no tomorrow.
(beat)
Does that make you feel good?
(MORE)

LUKE (cont'd)

Powerful? Like one of the boys?
Cause you don't look like one of
the boys.

(beat)

You look like the hooker they paid
to keep them company.

Emily stops. As she struggles to process his words, he storms
out of the room.

ANALYSTS (V.O.)

(pre-lap)

Happy birthday to you. Happy
birthday to you...

INT. CREST - EMILY'S OFFICE - MORNING

CLOSE ON: Emily sitting in her office, staring out the window
- her thoughts circle around the ugliness of last night.
Across the way: A small group of lower-level analysts sing
Happy Birthday to Harris in the kitchen.

ANALYSTS (O.S.)

Happy birthday to Harris, happy
birthday to you.

Paul passes by, motions for Emily to join him in Campbell's.
Emily is pulled out of her thoughts. She grabs her tablet,
walks into Campbell's office. As she crosses Luke, we stay on
him. He stares at his screen, unable to focus.

DAX (O.S.)

The outlook calls for low growth
and rising labor and materials
input costs. Gonna be a lot of
pressure on margins, we should dump
it.

ARJUN (O.S.)

No, everyone is selling in a panic.
Time to fucking buy.

Luke looks over, sees Emily put on a face for Campbell while
she pitches him. Her smile makes his skin crawl.

As Emily catches her breath, she catches Luke watching her.
She pauses her pitch, becomes self-conscious of her body
language...

ARJUN (O.S.) (cont'd)

Fuck...

DAX (O.S.)

What?

ARJUN (O.S.)

...My head is killing me. Got home at three last night.

(beat)

I hope I didn't fuck myself buying B&O this morning.

Luke glances at Arjun, then looks back at his computer. Arjun looks through his phone, laughs to himself.

ARJUN (O.S.) (cont'd)

Yo, check out these photos.

Dax looks through his phone. He laughs.

DAX (O.S.)

Shit, is that Emily?

ARJUN (O.S.)

She was on one. Must of dropped five or six grand...

(beat)

Girl's a freak.

We stay on Luke suffering through it.

JEREMIE (O.S.)

He's on line one.

ARJUN (O.S.)

Okay, gimme a second-

DAX (O.S.)

--Shit, check out Rory.

ARJUN (O.S.)

Oh, fuck.

As Luke looks over, he sees Rory in his office with the HR team. He's crying.

Rory's clearly been fired like Emily said would happen. As Rory begs for his job, Luke hones in...

INT. EMILY'S OFFICE - DAY

POV on Campbell across the way. We slowly pull focus to Luke's reflection - reveal his eyes locked on Campbell.

Emily sits at her desk listening to a A SELL-SIDE ANALYST on speaker trying to work.

SELL-SIDE ANALYST (V.O.)
They had a rough start, even the slogan became a meme...

Emily deflects Luke's silent aggression by taking notes. But Luke isn't even listening. His focus stays locked on Campbell across the way.

SELL-SIDE ANALYST (V.O.)
And the interview following that didn't exactly save face, but I really think their earnings will fall far less than people expect. And the pleasant surprise will lift the stock-

LUKE
--You need to pitch Campbell.

Emily looks up. Luke is now staring at her.

SELL-SIDE ANALYST (V.O.)
(confused)
I'm sorry... You want me to pitch Campbell directly-

LUKE
--Sell him on me-

SELL-SIDE ANALYST (V.O.)
--Sell him on you buying in on MP-

LUKE
--I want to get in now.

Silence.

EMILY
Can we call you back in ten?

SELL-SIDE ANALYST (V.O.)
Sure, but if you tell me which way you're leaning-

CLICK. Emily hangs up.

EMILY
What was that?

LUKE
Campbell needs to hear it from you.

EMILY
Okay, but-

LUKE
--It needs to happen now.

Emily looks over her shoulder. Occasional glances from the bullpen. She tries to keep her cool.

EMILY
How about an apology before you ask for a favor? The *hooker* comment didn't exactly sit well last night.

LUKE
This is time-sensitive.

EMILY
So are my feelings.

Beat.

LUKE
Are you going to pitch him for me or not?

Beat.

EMILY
I don't think it's a good idea.

LUKE
Why not?

EMILY
He's not in that kind of headspace.

LUKE
Put him in it.

EMILY
How?

LUKE
I don't know, but you must have some influence now that you've made him your buddy.

EMILY
He's not my buddy. He's my boss.

LUKE
It's kinda hard to tell.

EMILY

You know it's just a game.

LUKE

And you play it very well.

EMILY

That doesn't sound like a compliment.

LUKE

This *whole* thing was your idea.

EMILY

Yes and I've already tried, but Campbell won't budge. For whatever reason, you've got a target on your back. But I heard that Avenue is taking resumes, and if I send yours over-

LUKE

--Are you fucking serious?

Emily tries to open her tablet to show him, but he slams it shut. They lock eyes.

LUKE (cont'd)

I'm not quitting.

EMILY

But we both can't keep working here. It's killing us.

LUKE

If it bothers you that much, then you can leave.

EMILY

I'm the one with something to lose.

LUKE

And I'm not?

EMILY

Cutting your losses isn't the same as giving up. This is our only way out now. There are other firms you can try and go to.

LUKE

I told you. I don't care about other firms. I want this firm.

EMILY

Well, maybe this firm doesn't want you.

LUKE

Like fuck it doesn't.

Luke storms out of her office and goes straight for Campbell. Emily tries to stop him, but it's too late: He walks right inside the lion's den.

INT. CREST - CAMPBELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Luke approaches Campbell, who is at his desk on a call.

CAMPBELL

Busy-

LUKE

--Sixty seconds.

CAMPBELL

--When I'm done-

LUKE

--No. Now.

Campbell stares at him.

CAMPBELL

Let me call you back.

(beat)

Sixty. Go.

LUKE

April 6th, 2009. Spring semester at Yale. You came in as a guest speaker and gave a 40-minute presentation.

(beat)

No sugarcoating, no aspirational bullshit, just laid it all out. First level thinking. Second level thinking. The traps, the hacks.

(beat)

You taught me more about finance in 40 minutes than two years at Goldman.

Luke steps closer.

LUKE (cont'd)

I had no idea what I wanted to do with my life until I met you.

(beat)

The minute after you finished your talk, I went straight to my counselor, changed my courses, my diet, my wardrobe, did everything I could to follow in your footsteps because all I've ever wanted was to work for you, learn from you and one day *become* you.

(beat)

I've never believed in anything growing up, but this firm has become my religion and you have become my god.

Luke drops to his *knees* as the whole office stares in shock.

LUKE (cont'd)

I promise if you give me this opportunity, I'll give you everything I've got.

(beat)

Accept this as my oath, loyalty...
Fuck, if I had a knife, I'd sacrifice my own blood.

Campbell remains still as Luke looks up at him with big eyes. After a heavy silence, a MAN (30s) enters.

MAN

(confused)

Sorry for interrupting... The Foster guys are good for seven.

Campbell looks back at Luke.

CAMPBELL

I take it that you haven't met Derek, our new PM?

Luke takes that like a bullet.

CAMPBELL (cont'd)

We just poached him from 3G. He brought them 90 million last year-

DEREK

--Quarter.

CAMPBELL

That was a quarter?

DEREK

Correct.

Campbell whistles, lets out a soft smile.

CAMPBELL

Now are you all done down there?

(beat)

Or is there anything else you'd
like to get off your chest?

Luke takes the big hit as Emily watches. PRE-LAP: Cars whizzing by, subway tracks screeching, steam from the streets rising - MOVE TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN - NIGHT

PUSH IN on Luke standing on the corner as cars speed by, staring into the night.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

DOOR SLAM. Emily enters the apartment, cautiously. As she steps inside and moves down the hallway, she immediately trips over... an *empty* bottle of whiskey.

She takes that in and continues down the hallway to find: Luke sitting on the edge of the bed in the dark, listening to the same love song they got engaged to.

Emily stares with unease.

EMILY

Are you okay?

No response.

EMILY (cont'd)

I know this is hard-

LUKE

--Don't.

She stops, catches his tortured gaze. She slowly steps back, not knowing what to do.

After a heavy silence: RING, RING. She looks at her phone. It's her MOTHER. She immediately ignores it.

Seconds later, Luke's phone rings. He looks at it. It's Emily's MOTHER. He ignores it. He looks at Emily, then looks away. Another heavy silence.

EMILY

Look, we'll figure it out. I still think if I send your resume to Avenue--

Luke abruptly stands and blasts the MUSIC to try to drone out Emily.

Emily stares, taken aback. Just then, her mother calls *again*:

LUKE

Fuck, Emily-

EMILY

--Just ignore her.

LUKE

It's the *fifth* time-

EMILY

(answers)

--Mom, we can't speak right now. Would you please *stop* calling-

MOTHER (V.O.)

--But I just wanted to tell you to keep Friday night open, don't make any plans.

Emily moves away from the speaker.

EMILY

What? Why?

MOTHER (V.O.)

Your father and I wanted to throw you a little engagement party.

EMILY

(alarmed)

But I didn't ask you to do that.

MOTHER (V.O.)

You shouldn't have to. It was actually going to be a surprise.

EMILY

We're *not* ready to celebrate yet.

MOTHER (V.O.)

What do you mean you're not ready? Why would you get engaged?

Emily looks back at Luke as he starts to rummage through drawers, frantically looking for something.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Look, I hate to ruin the surprise but I had to tell you. Your work schedule is crazy. It's all set. 7pm at Frankie's-

EMILY

--But Luke hasn't told his parents yet.

MOTHER (V.O.)

What the hell are you talking about? I just booked the train to come down and Grandma Lola is flying in-

EMILY

--Jesus, mom!

MOTHER (V.O.)

What?? Why do I have to feel punished for doing something nice? You think my mother would have done this for me-

EMILY

--Mom-

MOTHER (V.O.)

--If you had answered my calls or responded to my texts, then maybe we could have made other plans. But I'm not going to lose my deposit just cause you're having a bad fucking day-

CRASH - Emily turns around, sees that Luke has flipped over a box of books. She hangs up.

EMILY

Luke, what are you doing-

LUKE

--Have you seen my notes?

EMILY

What notes?

LUKE

My fucking notes from my fucking book.

EMILY
No, I haven't.

LUKE
Did you clean?

EMILY
A little, but-

LUKE
--Did you throw them away?

EMILY
I don't know.

He moves over to the trash, reaches inside.

EMILY (cont'd)
I already took it out.

LUKE
Fuck.

EMILY
I'm sorry. I guess it looked like trash.

LUKE
Trash? It's not fucking trash. It's important to me. You might as well be throwing my career away with it.

Emily stares in disbelief.

EMILY
This is insane. I know you're upset, but this stuff is bullshit and it's messing with your head.

LUKE
Easy for you to say. You're the one who got it all handed to you.

EMILY
I didn't get anything handed to me. I worked my ass off for it.

LUKE
Sure you did.

RING, RING.

LUKE (cont'd)
Don't answer-

EMILY
--It's Campbell--

But just as she picks up, he snatches her phone and HANGS UP.

EMILY (cont'd)
The fuck are you doing--

LUKE
--It's fucking late. You have to
establish boundaries or he'll think
he owns you--

EMILY
--Excuse me--

LUKE
--You have to set your rules to
live by or they'll become *his* rules
to die by.

EMILY
Who are you??

LUKE
Who am *I*? Who the fuck are *you*?
You're the one catering to an old
man every night. You think he would
ask Paul or Tom to talk until 2am?
He's asking you because he knows
you can't say no, and that makes
you *weak*. Every time you answer
that call, you let him walk all
over you.

EMILY
The only man I let walk all over me
is YOU.

LUKE
What the fuck are you talking
about?? I've been nothing but
supportive, given you advice--

EMILY
--Advice I never fucking asked for!

LUKE
Well, what am I supposed to do??
How am I supposed to act?? I think
I'm handling everything pretty
well, given the circumstance.

EMILY
Are you serious???

LUKE
You stole *my* fucking job!

EMILY
No, I fucking didn't!

LUKE
You said it was *me*.

EMILY
It was just a *rumor*.

LUKE
How do you know??

EMILY
Because Campbell told me! He didn't want to promote you. He wanted to fire you, because *you're* the one who's *weak*!

Luke takes the shot while Emily stares out, fuming. As those words cut him deep, he knocks over a stack of plates and storms out of the apartment.

Emily is so mad that she doesn't even try to stop him. As he slams the door, she marches over to the kitchen cabinet and pulls out a bottle of tequila.

Stay on Emily as she starts to chug straight from the bottle. As we move closer, her anger quickly turns to dread.

EMILY (cont'd)
Fuck... fuck... *fuck!*

INT. APARTMENT - PRE-DAWN

ALARM GOES OFF. 4:30 AM. Emily looks over. Luke didn't come home last night.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Emily rushes down the street as people move past her. Chaotic cityscapes send a piercing echo down 6th ave.

INT. CREST - RECEPTION / BULLPEN - MORNING

Emily moves through the office. She keeps her head down. As she walks past the bullpen, she sees that Luke's desk is empty. She tries to hide her distress.

EMILY

(to Dax)

Luke's under the weather... Fill in for him today?

INT. CREST - OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY

PUSH IN on Emily as she paces at the end of a private corridor, calling Luke. Her worry increases with every unanswered ring.

VOICEMAIL (V.O.)

Hi, you've reached Luke. Please leave a message.

EMILY

Would you please call me back? I'm trying to cover for you. This isn't fair.

EXT. CHINATOWN - NIGHT

Emily walks down the street with urgency. She tries to light her cigarette, but can't get a spark. She gives up, tosses it in the street.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Emily paces inside her apartment, not knowing what to do. Just then, her phone rings. She immediately reaches for it, thinking it's Luke, but it's her *mom*.

EMILY

Please, mom. I can't right now-

MOTHER (V.O.)

--I just want you to know our train arrives at 5:45 tomorrow. We're going to check into the hotel and head over to Frankie's around 7-

EMILY

(mumbles)
Jesus-

MOTHER (V.O.)

Do you know what you're going to wear?

EMILY (cont'd)
No, I don't-

MOTHER (V.O.)
--You should wear something nice.
That light blue dress looks great
on you-

EMILY
--Mom, *stop*, please, just stop-

MOTHER (V.O.)
--What the fuck did I do? Why are
you so angry?

EMILY
I'm not angry-

MOTHER (V.O.)
--You tell me you are engaged and
then guilt me-

EMILY
--That's not what-

MOTHER
--I've put in all this effort for
what? Huh? What do you want me to
do at this point, tell Connie and
Bill that it's off because of some
reason you won't tell me about??

EMILY
--Wait, wait--you called his
parents?

MOTHER (V.O.)
Well, somebody had to tell them,
though you would think it would be
their own son, but he doesn't call
his parents, you don't call me...

Emily slowly lowers the phone as panic surges through her
body.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Emily knocks back a shot of tequila, halfway through the
bottle. As she gets Luke's VOICEMAIL:

EMILY
(pleading)
I'm so sorry. You were right.
(MORE)

EMILY (cont'd)

(beat)

This promotion has made me stressed and scared, and I'm not asserting myself like you said.

(beat)

I appreciate all your support. I didn't mean to come off so ungrateful. I realize how hard this must be for you.

She takes another big swig.

EMILY (cont'd)

Our parents have put a lot of effort into this party tomorrow... So can you please just call me back so we can talk this out?

INT. APARTMENT - PRE-DAWN

CLOSE ON: Emily as her alarm goes off, but she's already awake. She's been awake for hours, fearing the worst.

INT. CREST - BULLPEN - MORNING

Emily walks through the office. She looks like shit and hasn't bothered to hide it.

DAX

Have you heard from Luke? I sent him five fucking emails.

EMILY

...He's still under the weather.

DAX

Well, shit. Hit an IV and push through. Got a fuckton of statements sitting on my desk.

INT. CREST - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Emily sits in the conference room, her attention elsewhere, as Campbell and Paul try to reel in ALEXEY (30s), a Russian billionaire.

CAMPBELL

We have the deepest possible understanding of the global economy and financial markets, and translate that understanding into strong, risk-adjusted returns for our clients.

Campbell pauses as a TRANSLATOR translates in RUSSIAN. Alexey stares with a face that's impossible to read.

CAMPBELL (cont'd)

Our five- and 10-year track record is in the top 1% with a 15-year annualized return that no other firm comes close to matching.

As The Translator continues, Emily TEXTS her MOTHER: *"We need to cancel the party tonight"* but BEFORE she can send it:

PAUL

Emily will take you through a play-by-play and address in greater depth how we achieve those magical returns.

Emily looks over, realizing its her cue.

EMILY

Yes... Let me just grab my wand.

Emily grabs the remote, pulls up a model on the view screen.

EMILY (cont'd)

Depending on your investment horizon and risk tolerance, we have a number of target portfolios...

As Emily flips to the next slide, she glances past Luke, who saunters into the office. She doubles back. Her face goes cold. Luke is in the same clothes she saw him in three days ago. He looks DRUNK, SLEEP DEPRIVED, MANIC.

EMILY (cont'd)

...We have various strategies which focus on fundamental, technical or macro approaches to investing in the equity markets...

Luke rummages around his desk as the Translator continues in Russian.

EMILY (cont'd)
 Our active management philosophy
 consistently outperforms the
 passive equity strategies.

SMASH - Luke accidentally drops a laptop on the floor. The
 Russians looks over, watch Luke curse to himself.

Emily tries to compensate by speaking louder.

EMILY (cont'd)
 We think carefully about the
 construction of the portfolio and
 employ our proprietary hedge
 strategy to provide asymmetric
 protection.

As The Translator chimes in, Luke moves through the bullpen,
 throws his briefcase in the trash. ANOTHER SMASH. Paul looks
 over, becomes alarmed. But before anyone can do anything,
 Luke heads straight towards them.

EMILY (cont'd)
 I'd never act on anything I
 wouldn't do with my own money,
 because at this firm, we treat each
 client like family-

Emily scrambles to shut the door, but Luke shoves his way
 inside.

EMILY (cont'd)
 We're in a meeting-

LUKE
 --I just need some coffee-

EMILY
 --There's a machine in the kitchen-

LUKE
 --I prefer this one.

Luke stumbles over to an espresso machine as Campbell and
 Paul exchange looks. Emily tries to redirect their attention
 as Alexey takes note.

EMILY
 Our experienced team has developed
 a diversified set of alpha
 signals...

Luke fumbles with the machine.

LUKE

No, you have. You can only kick a dog so many times before it bites back.

Luke BARKS.

PAUL

Forget security, call the fucking cops!

Luke SNARLS in Paul's face. He shrinks back.

LUKE

Oh, is the shark afraid of the doggie? Whoof! Whoof! Whoof!

Everyone in the office stares in shock.

LUKE (cont'd)

You think I need you people to get ahead? To make something of myself??

EMILY

Fucking stop it-

LUKE

--I'm gonna make it on my own skill and my own merit, and when I do, I'm going to run your firm right into the fucking ground.

Luke moves towards Campbell.

LUKE (cont'd)

You act like you have control over everything, but you can't even keep your own house in order. You think your employees respect you? You think fear cultivates respect? They don't respect you. They hate you. They *lie* to you. In fact, your rising star is the biggest liar of all.

Emily freezes.

LUKE (cont'd)

--Did you know, she's been breaking policy for the last two years-

EMILY

--Luke-

LUKE
--By *fucking* her analyst.

Her heart drops.

LUKE (cont'd)
But don't worry, it wasn't always a casting couch. Although she did promise to promote me if I ate her *fucking* pussy!

Emily stares, horrified. SECURITY enters, approaches Luke.

LUKE (cont'd)
Oh, look, security. Okay, okay. I'm leaving-

As Luke walks out:

LUKE (cont'd)
(to Campbell)
Thank you.
(to Emily)
Fuck you.

INT. LOBBY / EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Emily storms out of the office building, livid, calling Luke. She gets his voicemail:

EMILY
Have you lost your *fucking* mind?!?
You wanna sabotage your own career, go ahead, but you won't drag me down with you!

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Emily barges into their apartment.

EMILY
Luke?!?

No sign of him. She grabs her phone, calls him again. Luke's voicemail beeps again:

EMILY (cont'd)
Are you really going to hide on the night of our *fucking* engagement party?!?
(beat)
(MORE)

EMILY (cont'd)

If you want to break up, then do it
to my fucking face YOU FUCKING
COWARD!

Emily grabs her keys and rushes out the door. PRE-LAP:
RINGING.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

Emily sits in the back of the car, on the edge of her seat.

LUKE'S BROTHER (V.O.)

Emily, I'm on another call-

EMILY

--Have you heard from Luke??

LUKE'S BROTHER (V.O.)

Yeah, I was just with him. He left
ten minutes ago.

EMILY

Where did he go??

His Brother lets out a confused laugh.

EMILY (cont'd)

That was a question, Theo!

LUKE'S BROTHER (V.O.)

To your engagement party, where
else do you expect him to go?
Fucking Disneyland?

Theo laughs as Emily's face drops.

EMILY

He said he was *still* going??

LUKE'S BROTHER (V.O.)

(confused)

What do you mean? He came by to
change. I was just about to head
over myself-

EMILY

--Fuck, fuck, fuck.

LUKE'S BROTHER (V.O.)

Hey, hey, what's the problem??

EMILY

The *problem*? The *problem*??? The problem is your brother is a fucking psychopath!

EXT. FRANKIE'S - NIGHT

Emily rushes towards Frankie's with urgency.

INT. FRANKIE'S - NIGHT

Emily enters Frankie's. She shoves her way through a crowded bar. As she enters the BACK ROOM, she finds a packed room of RELATIVES mingling.

COUSIN CAROL

There she is!

Emily's MOTHER turns around. Her face goes cold.

MOTHER

Jesus, Emily. I used my savings to pay for a photographer. The least you can do is comb your hair-

EMILY

--Where's Luke?

MOTHER

By the bar. But here, take my lipstick and go to the bathroom-

Emily pushes past her.

MOTHER (cont'd)

Emily, trust me when I tell you that you look like shit-

Emily moves past other Relatives.

RELATIVE #1

Congratulations, honey!

RELATIVE #2

I'm so happy for you both!

As Emily moves past another cluster, she sees Luke standing at the bar with Uncle J, drinking himself into oblivion, acting like everything is fine.

UNCLE J
Emily, sweetheart, let me take your
coat-

EMILY
(to Luke)
--What are you doing?

Luke turns around, surprised to see her as Uncle J takes her
coat.

LUKE
What does it look like?

Luke goes to sip his beer, but Emily snatches it.

EMILY
Is this a sick joke?

LUKE
I don't really know what to call
it... But I thought it would be
rude not to show up.
(to Bartender)
Can I get one more-

EMILY
--Don't you fucking dare.

Emily steps closer as Uncle J realizes that something is
wrong.

EMILY (cont'd)
Are you out of your mind? Is this
really how you're going to end our
relationship? By setting off a
fucking bomb??

Luke looks around. Relatives, listening close by, tense up.

LUKE
Your family is watching...

EMILY
Oh, now you care what people think?
Now you're embarrassed?

LUKE
I assumed you were going to tell
them.

EMILY
So you want me to play the bad guy?
Well, fuck that and fuck you.
(MORE)

EMILY (cont'd)

Now that we're breaking up, I want you to be the one to announce it and tell everyone *why*.

LUKE

Why?

EMILY

Yeah. Go on. Tell them this isn't our engagement party. It's our fucking farewell party.

(clinks the beer bottle)

Come on, everyone raise a glass--

But LUKE'S MOTHER interrupts, drunk and blind to their confrontation.

LUKE'S MOTHER

--Welcome to the Edmonds family, pumpkin. I'm so happy for the two of you.

She embraces Emily, spilling a martini.

LUKE'S MOTHER (cont'd)

And for your career. I heard about your promotion and now Luke's promotion. Can someone say: *Power couple*?

Emily turns to Luke.

EMILY

What promotion?

LUKE'S MOTHER

At your firm. He's been talking about it all night. He says you're both working as PMs-

EMILY

--He's not working *with* me. He's working *for* me. Or he was, until I *fired* him.

LUKE

Well, not everyone gets an opportunity to *fuck* their way to the top.

LUKE'S MOTHER

Luke??

Emily lets out a tearful laugh.

EMILY

Really? Is that what you think?

LUKE

I don't know. The late night calls?
The late night drinks? I can't say
for certain that it hasn't
happened. But hey, I wouldn't blame
you. Hard-working people don't
always get what they deserve, so
maybe you had to do a little *extra*
convincing...

UNCLE J

Jesus-

LUKE'S MOTHER

Luke, stop-

LUKE

--No, she wanted to go there, so
let's go there.

Emily's Mother starts to shove her way towards them.

LUKE (cont'd)

Just admit it, Emily. Admit that's
why he gave you the promotion.
Because he thinks you're hot.
Because he wants to fuck you. The
question is... Did you let him?

LUKE'S MOTHER

--That's enough-

UNCLE J

--Knock it off-

EMILY'S MOTHER

Emily??

LUKE

--Why else would he ask to meet in
the middle of the night?

LUKE'S MOTHER

Enough-

LUKE

--Maybe he came onto you and you
didn't know how to stop it? Or
maybe you capitalized by getting on
your knees, unzipping his pants,
opening your mouth and sucking his
fucking *cock-*

SMASH - Emily smashes the beer bottle over Luke's head, as
everyone SCREAMS.

Emily rushes out of the room, crying. Luke grabs his head, lets out a shocked laugh.

LUKE (cont'd)

Emily??

Horrified relatives tend to Luke, but he chases after Emily.

LUKE'S MOTHER

Luke??

UNCLE J

Just leave them!

INT. FRANKIE'S - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Emily storms down the hallway and runs into a bathroom, trying to get away.

LUKE

Where you going??

Emily tries to close the bathroom door, but Luke shoves his way inside.

LUKE (cont'd)

You think you earned your job??
Really??

EMILY

Stop-

LUKE

--It had nothing to do with you.
They just needed a woman to look
good!

EMILY

So, I got the job because I sucked
some dick or cause I checked a
fucking box??

LUKE

BOTH.

Emily lets out an angry laugh as more tears fill her eyes.

EMILY

Have you completely lost it? Do you
even recognize yourself? Here, take
this opportunity and look in the
fucking mirror!

LUKE

Look at *yourself*. You act like some big swinging dick, for what? Making the rich richer? You think that makes you a fucking hero?

EMILY

I never went into this to be a hero, and neither did you, so don't judge me for working a system that you can't fucking hack.

LUKE

I never got the shot! Do you have any idea what that feels like? To be treated so irrelevant? Like a cord waiting to get cut? If you were in my position-

EMILY

--I *was* in your position. And ya know what? I *fucked* you on the night we thought it was yours.

LUKE

Right, and you weren't jealous??

EMILY

I wasn't *threatened*.

LUKE

You don't get it-

EMILY

--No, you don't get it. Why is it so hard to accept that *I* was doing better? Why is it so hard to accept that *I* deserved that job??

She gets in his face.

EMILY (cont'd)

Why can't that just be okay? Why does everything depend on whether you make it to number one?

LUKE

Get out of my face-

EMILY

--No, you're a fucking coward and I'm a fucking idiot for trying to save you from yourself-

WHAM - Luke impulsively shoves her back as a painful rage fills both their eyes.

EMILY (cont'd)

Is that how you want to prove me wrong?

(beat)

You can't beat me at the office, so go on, show me what you need to, prove what kind of man you think you are-

Luke suddenly kisses her hard, but she shoves him. She tries to hit him, but he grabs her arms and pins her against the wall.

EMILY (cont'd)

I hate you! I fucking hate you!

They stare at each other, an inch apart: so much hate, so much pain. But with that, a sudden rush of sick lust, as all this pent-up agony starts to manifest into sexual aggression.

His hands move from her wrists to her face. As he stares with desire, she suddenly acts on that desire and *kisses* him back.

They kiss more passionately. As they move towards the sink, she pulls down her underwear, turns herself around.

He pulls up her skirt. They start to go at it right against the bathroom sink, mirroring the opening sex scene from the wedding - and at first, their lust is mutual, but as she reaches back with tenderness, Luke grabs her hair and shoves her back down.

EMILY (cont'd)

Luke-

Emily tries to lift her head, but he grips her hair harder and slams her face into the sink.

EMILY (cont'd)

Fuck-

He doesn't want her to enjoy it. He wants to make her suffer the way she's made him suffer.

EMILY (cont'd)

That hurts-

Emily tries to squirm, but his grip is too tight.

EMILY (cont'd)

Luke, *stop*.

But Luke gets lost in it. A darker force overtakes him. Emily starts to cry, as what started as rough make-up sex quickly devolves into *punishing* sex, and soon... *rape*.

EMILY (cont'd)

Please--Luke--Fuck.

On Emily, as she tries to free herself, but his grip is too tight.

On Luke, as this impulsive act of dominance feels like the only way for him to reclaim the power in this relationship.

Back on Emily, as she endures the pain, until he climaxes. Only then does his grip go limp. He slowly collapses against the wall and slides down it, trying to catch his breath.

Emily slowly lifts her head. She looks in the mirror and sees the fresh red bruises along the right side of her face and neck... Emily looks back at Luke. He's still lost in his own world, he can't even look at her.

For a moment, he stares out, unsure of what he's just done. But Emily pulls up her underwear and walks out of the bathroom. We stay on her face as she moves down the corridor and sneaks out the back door, unseen by the crowd.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Emily walks down the street, unable to process what just happened.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Emily walks into her apartment, the life sucked out of her.

She sits on the toilet. Everything hurts: her face, her body, her heart. From O.S., we hear her phone vibrating. Is it her Mother? Is it Luke?

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

CLOSE ON: Emily as she opens her eyes. No alarm. As light hits her face, she wakes up to sun. She slowly sits up, looks out the window. Off her look:

--PUSH IN on: Emily as she covers up bruises with makeup. OFF HER LOOK, MATCH CUT TO:

INT. THE I.L. CLUB - MORNING

CLOSE ON: Emily. As she speaks, WE SLOWLY PULL BACK.

EMILY

I'm going to start from the beginning... I want to be completely honest.

(beat)

I think that it's important that you know everything.

As we continue to pull back, reveal: She's sitting at a table in the back of the I.L. CLUB, opposite Campbell.

EMILY (cont'd)

He's been stalking me for years... And I've rejected him over and over, not just because it's against policy, but because I've never had any feelings for him.

(beat)

But he's never been able to accept that.

(beat)

It started with some flirting, suggestive comments, but before I knew it, he was following me to work, showing up at bars, parties, making up stories, telling people that we were in love, that we had this whole life together...

(beat)

It's sick.

Beat.

EMILY (cont'd)

I wanted to report him, but I was afraid of how unstable he was. I thought he might try to hurt himself or... hurt me.

Emily pauses. She looks at Campbell. Does he believe her? Was he even listening? It's impossible to tell.

Campbell's eyes move around the room. After a tense silence:

CAMPBELL

We all do filthy things, disgusting things... We all step in shit...

(beat)

But we leave it there. We don't trek it back into the office.

(MORE)

CAMPBELL (cont'd)

(beat)

All the money in the world, our clients just want a clean floor.

He picks up his phone.

CAMPBELL (cont'd)

Let HR mop it up. Let them worry about the story. You have more important things to focus on.

(beat)

No firm will touch him after the stunt he pulled. He's done.

He stands.

CAMPBELL (cont'd)

Blame. Accountability. It's all irrelevant.

(beat)

Let it go. Move on.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

CLOSE ON: Emily's reflection as she's driven through the city. Campbell's words weighing on her.

INT. CREST - BULLPEN / EMILY'S OFFICE - DAY

We move through the office Monday morning - Push past Campbell, Derek, Paul - business as usual. We find Emily at her desk. She's stares at the city skyline, as her mind circles around the ugliness of the other night.

PAUL (O.S.)

It's critical to begin seeing everything as a potential catalyst for an investment.

Emily's attention shifts to a NEW FEMALE ANALYST setting up across the way, as Paul shows her the ropes.

PAUL (cont'd)

I'll help you mold your thinking patterns. But you need to show us the initiative.

(beat)

If you can adapt your way of thinking, you'll have a very bright future ahead of you...

Emily watches the guys in the office zero in on the new blood. Just then, Emily's phone vibrates. She looks over. Luke is calling.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

PUSH IN on a taxi as it pulls up outside Emily's building. Moments later, Emily gets out and looks up - an array of emotions fill her face.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Emily unlocks the front door and moves down the hallway, tension building with every step. As she rounds the corner, she sees Luke's luggage stacked in the corner. She takes that in and moves past his stuff, to find Luke in the living room, waiting for her.

They both stare out, waiting for the other one to speak. After a suffocating silence:

LUKE

I... uh... spoke to Jane.

(beat)

She's willing to break the lease.

Emily goes still. She wasn't expecting that to be the first thing out of his mouth.

LUKE (cont'd)

Theo said I can crash with him till the end of the month... So you can stay here until you find another place.

Luke sets his KEYS on the coffee table - His hands are trembling, but his voice stays calm.

Emily stares at the keys. The sight of it stings.

LUKE (cont'd)

I bought the dining table, cabinet and book shelves. I know the coffee table and dresser are yours...

The more reasonable he sounds, the more it upsets her. Now he's making sense? As Emily removes her jacket and sets down her purse, she accidentally knocks over a stack of SILVERWARE.

LUKE (cont'd)

I scheduled a moving company.

She bends down, starts to pick them up.

LUKE (cont'd)
 I'll pay them to pack up the rest
 of my belongings. I marked which
 stuff is mine.
 (beat)
 If they have any questions, they
 can call me.

She accidentally cuts herself on a KNIFE. Luke doesn't notice. He keeps rambling to avoid a painful silence.

LUKE (cont'd)
 I have a flight in the morning, but-

Emily looks back.

EMILY
 What?

He wasn't actually planning on telling her, but now that he let it slip:

LUKE
 ...I'm going to SF to meet with my
 brother's boss... He's interested
 in giving me some seed money to
 start my own company.
 (beat)
 Why waste my time climbing the
 ladder when I can just start my own
 firm?

Emily hones in on his face. She can't believe how easy it is for him to move on with life, as if *nothing* happened.

LUKE (cont'd)
 He thinks his partner would be
 interested in investing too-

EMILY
 --Do you think I give a fuck?

Luke stops.

EMILY (cont'd)
 Why aren't you apologizing?
 (beat)
 Why aren't you begging for
 forgiveness?

He doesn't respond. Emily starts to wipe off her makeup, exposing her bruises.

EMILY (cont'd)
Do you see my face?

LUKE
Emily...

EMILY
No. Take a good look.

LUKE
You weren't exactly an innocent bystander. I seem to recall you smashing a beer bottle over my head.

EMILY
And you slammed my face into a sink and *raped* me.

He freezes, completely blindsided.

LUKE
Raped you? What the fuck are you talking about?

Beat.

EMILY
How did I get *this*?

She pulls down her shirt, showing the bruises on her neck.

EMILY (cont'd)
And *that*...

She lifts up her sleeve, shows the bruises on her arm.

EMILY (cont'd)
And *this*?

Panic fills his face.

EMILY (cont'd)
I told you to stop but you kept going-

LUKE
--Look, we both got carried away last night. Let's leave it at that.

Emily stares in shock as angry tears fill her eyes.

She looks down, gutted. As she sits with that pain, something on the floor catches her eye. She goes still.

We stay on Emily's face as she hones in on the floor - the trauma of the last few weeks boiling inside her.

EMILY
No... Let's not.

Emily slowly bends down and reaches for the thing she's been staring at. It's the *knife* that fell from earlier.

Alarm fills Luke's face.

LUKE
Emily...

As Emily stands with the knife in her hand, she slowly steps towards him - tears in her eyes.

EMILY
...You sit here, suddenly acting normal after terrorizing me...

LUKE
What are you doing-

EMILY
--After cutting me down, day after day--

LUKE
Emily-

EMILY
--And you think that I'm just going to let you walk out that door?

Luke backs away as she steps closer.

EMILY (cont'd)
You think that after all of that... That you get to leave *me*?

Luke backs into a wall as Emily cries harder.

LUKE
Stop--

EMILY
--You tried to ruin my job, my reputation-

LUKE
--What the fuck do you want me to say?

More pain, more tears. She raises the knife.

EMILY

I want you to get on your knees and
beg for mercy.

Luke tries to grab the knife, at which point, she SLASHES his hand.

LUKE

Fuck-

EMILY

--Say "Emily, please."

LUKE

Fuck, Emily, please-

EMILY

--Say "Emily, I'm sorry..."

LUKE

Emily, I'm sorry-

EMILY

--Now cry.

LUKE

What??

EMILY

Cry.

(beat)

Because if I can't make you cry...
I'm gonna make you *bleed*.

He looks at her like she can't be serious. SLASH she cuts his arm.

LUKE

Fuck, fuck, fuck-

Luke drops down to his knees, holding his bloody arm, terrified.

EMILY

Say "I'm sorry I hurt you."

LUKE

I'm sorry I hurt you.

EMILY

I'm sorry I *raped* you.

LUKE
I'm sorry I raped you.

EMILY
Say.... "I'm nothing."

Luke stops, afraid to mutter those words.

LUKE
I'm... nothing...

Luke crumbles. Moments later, he burst into tears.

LUKE (cont'd)
I'm sorry... I'm so sorry. I fucked
up... I fucked up so bad...

As Luke cries as he pleads in a moment of genuine submission
and genuine surrender.

LUKE (cont'd)
I don't know what the fuck
happened... It wasn't me. You know
it wasn't me.

Emily continues to cry as he begs for her forgiveness.

LUKE (cont'd)
I'll do anything to make it right.
Please... Tell me what I have to do
make it okay for you...

Emily slowly bends down next to him in a moment of
compassion. She grabs his face and leans close as they both
let it all out.

But just as Luke embraces her warmth, Emily pulls back. She
looks up, assesses his face. Is she going to kiss him? Or
kill him? It's impossible to tell.

EMILY
Now, wipe the blood off my floor
and get out.

Luke stops, looks up.

EMILY (cont'd)
I'm done with you now.

Emily stands and steps back.

As she looks at him for the last time, she drops the bloody
knife on the floor.

CUT TO BLACK.