

EXPENSE REPORT

by

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INT. FINANCIAL BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY

MEREDITH TOWERS, 46, an earthquake in heels, stands against her door and glares as workers scurry on the trading floor.

MEREDITH  
Sheep. All of them.

She kicks her door closed. LAINE, 29, a healthy British disdain for anyone he can't control, sits at her monitor.

LAINE  
Bollocks. The Market is pulling profit. You promised Genworks you would sell earlier, and now the Dow is in its fetal position.

She surprises Laine from behind; a tigress hunting her prey.

MEREDITH  
You're telling me how to run a hedge fund that I built ground up? I shit bigger than your cubicle.

Meredith grabs her pregnant belly and puffs her e-cigarette.

MEREDITH  
Fuck! I don't have time for contractions. Go out there and get me an intern. I need to prepare for the Russian tonight. Now!

INT. FINANCIAL BUILDING - CUBICLE - DAY

BERNADETTE (BERNIE) GOLDMAN, 25, more caterpillar than butterfly, nervously scrubs a stain on the pants of an aggravated INTERN #1, 27.

INTERN #1  
Bernie, stop spraying my crotch with the screen cleaner!

BERNIE  
Sorry! My coffee just...I'm sorry!

Laine bangs on the INTERN PIT sign and claps his hands.

LAINE  
Minions! Eyes on me. I need a volunteer to stay and pull data on Gigantskaya Peniysa. The Queen needs someone to step up; stat.

Intern #1 grabs Bernie's wrist and shoves it in the air.

INTERN #1  
I'm volun-telling Bernie. She's  
earned it. Look at my pants.

Bernie stands and sees intern heads peeking at her over their cubicles. She throws the rag at the garbage, missing badly.

BERNIE  
Right. My bad. I can do it.

Laine's disdain concludes with a once-over judgement look.

LAINE  
Pass. Who else?

MEREDITH (O.S.)  
Bring that one in.

All eyes turn across the room. Meredith snarls back before she slams her office door shut. Laine grimaces.

LAINE  
Fine. Let's go. Back to work,  
minions. And remember...

ALL INTERNS  
(together)  
Greed is good.

INT. FINANCIAL BUILDING - MEREDITH'S OFFICE - DAY

Laine and Bernie enter and sit. Meredith's on phone in mid-yell. Bernie coils as Meredith sits and slams her phone off.

MEREDITH  
Yes, I'm doing my breathing. If  
that prick doctor asks me once  
more, I'll see his ass in the  
morgue, not the operating room.  
I know how to goddamn breath!

She takes a deep, cleansing breath and a puff as she sizes up Bernie from the top of her cropped hair to her Walmart shoes.

MEREDITH  
Did moron #1 out there call you  
"Bernie"?

BERNIE

Oh, yes, Ms. Towers. It's short for Bernadette. It was my grandm--

MEREDITH

Does it look like we're on a date? Shut it. With that bull-dyke haircut, I figured you were a man.

Laine's snickers, drawing Meredith's ire. Meredith sits.

MEREDITH

Are you giggling, school girl? She could pin you two of three falls.

Laine barely twitches. Bernie's eyes can't find a safe spot.

MEREDITH

You think I'm a bitch, Bernie?

BERNIE

What? Oh, no. I --

MEREDITH

I am a bitch. A raging Wall Street bull, grade A, alpha bitch. And you know what? I wear it like a badge of honor. My tramp stamp. It may be 2019, but in finance, these pricks still try to treat us like it's a hundred years ago when we couldn't even fucking vote.

Bernie grins. Meredith does not. Girl power bonding over.

MEREDITH

But that doesn't make this a Hallmark card moment. Laine, get her the file. Both of you; out.

INT. FINANCIAL BUILDING - CUBICLE - DAY

Bernie types on a laptop. Laine stands behind, reads Vogue.

BERNIE

That was an out of body experience. The patience her husband must have.

LAINE

No current husband. There's two to four old ones. I think one is still missing. Blimey. Are you done yet?

BERNIE

Just about. I ran the data. I also used my algorithm to pull values from similar venture capital profiles. I created it in college while my sorority sisters were busy being boy-crazy, I was busy --

LAINE

Stop. Do I look like I care? And did I ask for bloody algorithms?

A guttural yell shatters their eardrums. Meredith's door bursts open as she staggers over, holding her stomach.

MEREDITH

My water broke!

LAINE

You're having the baby now?

MEREDITH

GRRR! I know the female anatomy is as foreign to you as a box of tools, but yes, a baby is coming out of my va-gi-n... AHHHHHHHH!

LAINE

Help Meredith sit while I call 911!

MEREDITH

It's Ms. Towers! ARGH! I called the ambulance! Call my doctor. Now!

Meredith throws her phone at Laine and horse kicks him in the face as she screams again. He's knocked out cold.

She grabs Bernie by her jacket collar, pulling her close.

MEREDITH

Listen you little... nerd...

(winces)

My biggest client's flying into LaGuardia in an hour. There's only two people I trust to run this meeting and neither are in the country. And I don't trust them anyway. So, here's how it's going down. You're going to take him out for dinner on my corporate credit card. If he wants to go for a lap dance, you go.

If he wants to skydive off a high rise building, you skydive; aim for one of those street corner Santas. I hate those beggars. Ivan will behave better than if a man goes. Or Laine.

Meredith slaps her steel Amex Platinum card against Bernie's forehead before shoving it in her mouth.

BERNIE

This thing ish heaffy.

MEREDITH

That's right. Membership has its privileges, No-Nuts. I can and will cut your throat with it, *if*, you don't do this. I need you for one night. He's mislead, you're dead.

The paramedics burst in with a gurney. Laine gets smelling salts. Meredith swears and moans, curses at everyone.

As they roll Meredith out, she kicks the door and knocks a waking Laine out again. She yells at Bernie.

MEREDITH

And listen! The budget is....

Meredith passes out cold. They're all gone in a flash.

BERNIE

Wait. What?

Bernie answers Meredith's ringing phone under the chair.

IVAN (V.O.)

(in Russian)

Ms. M; I landed. We fly now, yes?

BERNIE

I... really don't know what that means? This is Bernadette. Ms. Towers is on her way to give birth.

IVAN (V.O.)

Hmm? Meredith is delivering her package now? Yes! Good, good. We meet. One hour; Sky Room.

The call ends. Bernie places Meredith's phone on a desk.

BERNIE

Sky Room?

INT. FISH MARKET - NIGHT

GENOVESE "GUINE" 25, an overflowing vessel of combustible thought and emotion, stands at a counter and chops salmon in his empty store. His slimy hand taps his phone speaker.

GUINE  
What up, Bern?

INT. OFFICE BATHROOM - DAY

Bernie splashes water on her face and tries to apply makeup.

BERNIE  
Guin, what's a Sky Room?

GUINE (V.O.)  
Hold on, B. My driver's calling.  
What? Why haven't the trucks left?  
I got three chefs up my ass about  
fresh caught salmon. No! Not the  
Cod! I told you to pull that shit  
batch. Do I have to do everything  
around here? Sorry, B. Go on.

BERNIE  
What's the Sky Room?

GUINE (V.O.)  
You don't know a friggin' thing  
about this town, do you? Seriously,  
are you going to date before the  
decade ends? The Sky Club's that  
high roller club uptown. Why?

Bernie stares at her reflection and fixes her messed hair.

INT. SKY ROOM - NIGHT

Upscale club in a full blown frenzy. DJ spins vinyls. Laser light show. Bernie stares. Total amazement.

BERNIE  
Think Bernadette, how do I find him?

The front door bursts open. Four large men in business suits and furs, thunder in. They're protecting the package behind.

He is IVAN VOKOFSKI, 45, oozing so much charm that he'd convince Death to have a drink and wait a week.

BERNIE  
Mother of God.

Women mob Ivan; men high-five his hand, making his gold bracelets jingle. He bear hugs Bernie off the ground.

IVAN  
Beyonce!

BERNIE  
Bernadette, sir.

IVAN  
That is what I said!

BERNIE  
How did you know it was me?

A bodyguard whips out a phone with images and data on Bernie.

IVAN  
My dear, I know you before you need  
to know how I know you!

Vodka shots poured for all, Bernie politely refuses as Ivan and his bodyguard crew lift their drinks in the air.

IVAN  
Live for today!

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

-Ainsworth restaurant chef making 24 karat gold dusted wings.

-A Strip club with bottles of Dom Perignon, Bernie politely refusing drinks from a smiling Ivan and his crew.

-Drinking front row Hamilton, drinking backstage Hamilton.

-Ivan and crew partying in a hot tub. Bernie sits off to the side upset. She yanks a glass of wine from a waiter's tray.

-A Strip club with Ivan getting lap dances. Bernie drinking.

-A moving limo on the Brooklyn Bridge with their heads out of the sunroof, singing Billy Joel's "MY LIFE" in half Russian.

-A party helicopter over the city. The singer PITBULL, 38, strippers, a drunk Bernie and Ivan clinks beer bottles.

END MONTAGE



INT. DARK LOCATION

Save for a sudden hint of sunlight, Bernie opens her eyes and peers through round holes. She screams as she reaches upward and YANKS a plastic tarp off from over her.

EXT. RAFT - DAY

She lifts off a helmet. She's dressed in a mascot costume with NYU on the chest. The city skyline backdrops her Hudson River location. Her raft is tied to a massive docket yacht.

BERNIE  
I mean... really?

She climbs a ladder from the raft up to the yacht.

INT. YACHT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bernie cautiously enters the silence of a huge, trashed interior. Bottles of Dom Perignon form a circle on the floor where a female midget in Lingerie is spooning an anchor.

Across the room, a loud TV is showing Rocky IV. The scene is actors Sylvester Stallone and Dolph Lundgren fighting.

DOLPH (O.S.)  
Stallone and Dolly promised me  
a singing part in RHINESTONE  
if I did this role.

Bernie flips around and gawks at DOLPH LUNDGREN, 63, an aged sculpture, naked except for socks. He punches the TV. It sparks.

DOLPH  
I will break Dolly.

Dolph struts into the bathroom. Bernie tugs against a goat nibbling on her costume tail. She grabs her clothes next to the HAZMAT suit and quickly walks to the deck door.

EXT. YACHT - DAY

Bernie exit to the rear of the yatch and stares up at the Manhattan skyline. She notices a YOUNG GUY, 23, in a diaper and fur, tied on top of the yatch's twenty foot pole.

YOUNG GUY  
Hey, dude! Give me my costume back!

Bernie embarrassingly fixes her wind blown hair.

BERNIE

"Dude?" I'm a woman! Where's Ivan?

YOUNG GUY

(squints)

Oh, yeah. Right. Who's Ivan?

BERNIE

The host! The crazy Russian!

YOUNG GUY

Oh. Hell if I know. He was gone before you passed out. You missed it all, dude! Hey, get me down!

Bernie rubs her temple and notices a passing water taxi.

BERNIE

Taxi!

INT. WATER CAB - DAY

Bernie pulls popcorn from her hair, tosses them out the window. She listens to her voicemail on speaker.

MEREDITH (V.O.)

Butch! Butch, where are you? ARRGH!  
You! Nurse Suck! Get this damn baby out of me! Listen Brenda, let's be clear; your budget tonight is three thousand dollars. Spend a dollar over it and you'll be breast feeding my baby till he graduates college! ARRGH!

Bernie's eyes widen. The phone line dies. BEEP.

A scream forces Bernie to whip and look out the back window. On the yacht, a naked Dolph throws Young Guy in the water.

INT. GUINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Brick interior. Food and Italian actor posters on the walls.

Bernie slumps on the couch with an ice bag on her head. Guine straightens out a stack of crumpled receipts on the table.

GUINE

Twenty four thousand dollars for Dom Perignon. Eighteen for strippers, ten for underground midget wrestling in Queens under a false alias called Kraven Morehead? Hey, I've actual been there. Ten grand for Dolph Lundgren! Girl, you bought Ivan Drago?

BERNIE

I think we rented him. We may have bought Pitbull. My head hurts.

GUINE

Che diavolo! Who are you and where's my boring buddy?

BERNIE

My boss told me to take her client to dinner. I tried to maintain a professional demeanor, but he kept partying harder and harder. I'd try to close the tab and there would be more strippers, goats, and an axe-throwing circus clown. What's the time? Crap! I'm late for work.

Bernie disappears into the hallway. A shower blast is loud.

GUINE

Dolph is Swedish, not Russian, so your drinking buddy ain't so smart.  
(answers cell)  
Again with the bad Cod? How did it get out? No, I said don't deliver that batch! Go get it!

BERNIE (O.S.)

ARRGH! What the heck? There's live fish in your shower!

GUINE

AAYYE! They need time to soak before I prepare them for tonight! Don't you hurt Enzo and Mary!

Guine's finger clicks on his old mechanical calculator.

GUINE

Uh, B-movie? I totaled up your receipts. You guys spent close to six hundred thousand dollars last night! Whoa. Welcome to the world of finance. That's the equivalent of me cleaning fish in four of the five boroughs for the next ten years. Fuck Staten Island!

Bernie screams. The sound of her falling rings loud.

MICK, 25, an internal clock perpetually set to snooze, his only motivational drive is an Uber. He saunters into the apartment as he eats a sandwich and tosses Guine one.

Bernie returns dressed in her work clothes with a towel wrapped around her hair. She drops on the couch.

MICK

Bern, why you here? Don't you work for Madoff or some shit?

GUINE

So, let me get this straight, B.

MICK

Straight? You're as crooked as the theme of your Mafia home movies.

GUINE

Easy, corned beef. Y'know, even though they call you redheads a Ginger, you still look like Mary Anne on Gilligan's Island to me.

MICK

Jokes from someone with so much thick dark hair that a baboon's ass would be jealous. Good job, Gumba.

BERNIE

Guys, stop. I need help! I told you, Ivan said this was all standard practice. I didn't know he would expense half a million.

MICK

Half a mil? Ivan? Who are you? KGB?

BERNIE

I can't get a hold of Ivan. Guys,  
help me think. I can't lose this  
job! My parents, my brother...

Mick frowns. Guine plops his food back on his plate.

GUINE

OK, settle down. We've got our  
connections. This Ruskie won't have  
the last laugh. Let me think.

MICK

Call some of your Soprano friends.

GUINE

You racist Carrot! Show respect!

BERNIE

Guys! Guys! Come on! Focus!

MICK

Look, you need to get more savvy.

GUINE

The Leprechaun is right. The key  
when you're fucked, and everyone  
knows you're fucked, is...

GUINE / MICK

(together)  
... delay.

BERNIE

Helpful. That's real helpful.

MICK

No, serious. Think. Remember when I  
was about to fail Geography and not  
graduate High School?

GUINE

Yeah, you thought Bologna was  
something you ate with cheese.

MICK

No one cares about Italian cities.  
Anyway, Guine bought me another day  
by setting off the sprinkler system  
and I passed.

BERNIE

Passed? You stole the answers!

GUINE

Can we get off Memory Lane? We need to buy time and hide her bill.

BERNIE

I saw her bills on her desk.

GUINE

Now we're cooking with oil! Can you access her social security number?

BERNIE

I don't know. Maybe? Her passport was on the desk too. My head hurts.

MICK

Boom! She's no match for this sprinkler sprayin' clan.

Mick raises his hand for a high-five, then pulls it away as Guine misses. Bernie drops her head back into her hands.

INT. FINANCIAL OFFICE - DAY

The trading floor is busy. Bernie looks guilty on her phone.

BERNIE

Are you sure about this? You have me adding to my arrest sheet.

MICK (V.O.)

B, take a Valium, or whatever drug gets you brokers through the day.

BERNIE

I'm an intern, not a broker. Unless *broke* is the same thing.

INT. CAMPUS DORM ROOM - DAY

Mick lounges behind DIGIT, 19, hair shaved like a PC circuit. A techno savant, who flaunts his skills, a mouse click away from a white collar crime investigation.

MICK

Chill, B. I've told you stories of what my cousin here can do. He's a Virtuoso of Virtual. Take it away.

DIGIT

Hey Bernie, loved your algorithm stuff. Stoked to be working this job with you. I can hack Meredith's statements with the info you already provided. Let's do this!

INT. FINANCIAL OFFICE - DAY

Hunched down, Bernie watches across the floor as Laine exits Meredith's office and walks by into the bathroom.

BERNIE

He's in the bathroom. Hurry!

DIGIT (V.O.)

OK, I just requested a password change. You're on the clock!

Bernie furiously clicks away. Laine passes outside of Bernie's cubicle, notices her empty chair as it slowly spins.

He squints suspiciously before he calls on his cell.

LAINE

Answer, you little snit. Blah! I hate voicemail. You, twit. This is the second message. Call me; now.

Under her desk, Bernie's cell vibrates between her thighs. Laine returns to Meredith's office. Bernie plops in chair.

BERNIE

OK, it's changed.

DIGIT (V.O.)

Boom! What password did you create?

BERNIE

FUCKED01; all caps.

Laine appears, surprising Bernie.

LAINE

Hey! I've been calling you! Mostly curse words because I can't remember your name. Come. Now.

INT. MEREDITH'S OFFICE - DAY

Laine sits in Meredith's chair. Bernie awkwardly stands as Meredith is yelling through the speakerphone.

MEREDITH (V.O.)

Laine! What the hell took you? Did you go downstairs to get a couple of "Fags"? I know that's slang for cigarettes with you Brits, but I still don't know with you. And you better not be in my chair!

Laine pops up from sitting as his hands clench and release.

LAINE

She's here, on speaker.

MEREDITH (V.O.)

Good. Listen, Brittany. I'm stuck here a few more days due to this friggin' baby thing. Laine found my phone. Ivan finally texted me a yellow thumb's up emoji. Or it was his stubby cock with jaundice. Did Chernobyl behave himself?

BERNIE

Oh, sure.

MEREDITH

Good. What impression did he give? Is he pulling back from the market?

QUICK FLASHBACK

INT. BOURBON COWBOY BAR - NIGHT

Ivan wears a Bill Clinton mask, doing a flaming shot and riding a mechanical bull with a midget stripper. She wears a Hillary mask, dressed as a pom-pom waving cowgirl.

BACK TO PRESENT

BERNIE

No. No, he seemed... bullish.

MEREDITH (V.O.)

You can't trust him, Briana. And you kept it under budget, right?



BERNIE  
 Ummm, yes. Under...  
 (under breath)  
 ...the GDP of Bulgaria.

MEREDITH (V.O.)  
 What? Take someone's balls out of  
 your mouth. Laine, Ivan will be in  
 Monday to review. Pull his results.  
 Don't over think, just explain it.  
 Provide a copy and don't say a  
 fucking word. Clear?

LAINE  
 Clear as the England sky.

MEREDITH (V.O.)  
 What the hell is that supposed to  
 mean? Wait. You want mean?

CINDY, 24, enters, puts mail on the desk and leaves.

MEREDITH (V.O.)  
 Is that Cindy? I can smell her  
 incompetence over the phone.  
 (to her crying baby)  
 Quiet! Save it for your nanny.  
 (back to Bernie/Laine)  
 Get to work, Dopey and Sleepy. And  
 Laine, no excuses or you'll be back  
 doing returns at The Condom Shop.

LAINE  
 Understood.

BERNIE  
 Congratulations, Ms. Towers.

She hangs up.

BERNIE  
 Wow. Is she always like this?

LAINE  
 That's her good side. Five years as  
 her assistant has given me the  
 pleasure of an ulcer. Now, go. Out.

Bernie's miffed. Laine's glare trumps it. She goes.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Modest, aged decor. BERNIE'S DAD, 56, once proud with life, now humbled by family strife, at the dinner table with BERNIE'S MOM, 47, an apron short of being a guilt machine. Bernie trudges in the room before she slumps at the table.

BERNIE'S MOM

Well, look who found her way home.

BERNIE

Mom, I texted. It was late and I just stayed at the office. It was safer than riding the train, right?

Bernie lazily shoves food in her mouth. Enter ROBBY DEE, 25, a perfect specimen of hair and teeth that would make a weatherman jealous. Bernie spews her food out. He laughs.

ROBBY

Looks just like Prom Night.

BERNIE

Robby! What are you -- Mom!

BERNIE'S MOM

What? He's home for Christmas and stopped by to say hello to you. It's been years, hasn't it?

ROBBY

It has. How are you, Bernadette?

Bernie wipes her mouth and gives her mother the stink eye.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bernie sits by PAUL's, bedside. 23, an optimistic smile connected to a pessimistic body, rests in pain but grins considering his bevy of pill bottles on the table.

PAUL

Too funny! Now mom is trying to set you up with that phony? Have you seen him since the Prom?

BERNIE

No. She knows I only went with him because his mother and ours plotted it. I was fine skipping it.

PAUL  
 Hey, he took you there and he took  
 something else, bad girl.

Bernie eyes roll so far up that she looks like an albino.

BERNIE  
 Don't remind me. Whatever we drank,  
 made me picture Shawn Mendes.

PAUL  
 (winks)  
 Shawn or Camila?

BERNIE  
 (beat)  
 So, you're looking great.

PAUL  
 Aww, isn't that sweet! And almost  
 with a straight face. Don't worry,  
 sis. I'm going to kick the Chemo's  
 ass. It won't beat me.

BERNIE  
 You will. It's just --

PAUL  
 -- not fair? You know life doesn't  
 work that way. One day we all wake  
 up, and life changes.

Bernie pulls another piece of popcorn out of her hair and  
 looks away. Her eyes catch a photo frame where they are both  
 younger. The picture becomes a ...

FLASHBACK

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

A YOUNGER BERNIE, 12, hands over her eyes. She's counting.

YOUNGER BERNIE  
 18,19,20! Here I come!

A bucket of water splashes on her head. YOUNGER PAUL, 10,  
 drops from the rafters, pinning Bernie to the ground.

YOUNGER BERNIE  
 That's not fair!

They tussle laughing. She grabs a towel and dries her hair.

YOUNGER PAUL  
Promise me something.

YOUNGER BERNIE  
What's that?

YOUNGER PAUL  
Promise when you get to middle  
school next week that you won't  
forget me, sis.

YOUNGER BERNIE  
Never. You have my word.

Her arm around him, he takes a picture of them smiling.

BACK TO PRESENT

Paul has fallen asleep. Tears roll down Bernie's cheek.

BERNIE  
You're a damn fool, sis.

FADE OUT.

INT. BAR - NIGHT.

Guine, Mick and Bernie down drinks in a mostly empty bar.

GUINE  
Part one: Done. Digit is good,  
Mick. At lease someone in your  
bloodline doesn't do his best work  
with alcohol in his bloodstream.

MICK  
Are you landing a plane? Because  
you can't talk without waving your  
hands all over the place.

GUINE  
Easy there, Irish cream.

BERNIE  
What the hell? Come on. Think! What  
now? I need to get the money to pay  
off the credit card.

GUINE  
OK, OK. I may have something.

MICK  
What? Herpes?

BERNIE  
Mick, stop. Guin, share it.

GUINE  
Rabbit Foot. My scheduling guy.  
That's what we call him.

Mick and Bernie stare as if a pizza grew out of Guine's nose.

GUINE  
Seriously. This guy is a pro. He  
gambles for big coin on the side.  
He collected on the Giants in '07  
and the birth name of Prince  
William's 3rd son in '18.

MICK  
Come on, really? Even a broken  
clock is right twice an hour.

GUINE  
I don't do analogies, but I'm  
pretty sure you fucked that...  
Anyway, let's take a ride.

INT. BODEGA BASEMENT - NIGHT

Dimly lit cellar with the aura of a kidnapping rental spot. A  
bunch of Mexicans form a circle, noisily cheer a cock fight.

Mick, Guine and Bernie stand behind RABBIT FOOT, 28. If the  
God of ebony dated ivory, he would be the result. Observant  
like a cop with the objectives of a smooth criminal.

MICK  
Your great idea is cock fights?

GUINE  
Shut it, before I make you fight  
the winner. And that cock would  
have a height advantage!

BERNIE  
Guys! Mr. ...Foot? Why are we here?

RABBIT  
It's just Rabbit, my brother. Guine  
knows I'm here on fight night.

Now, look at the two birds. Which one do you think will win?

Feathers flying, the fighting gets nastier. The crowd roars.

MICK

Fuck do we know? Colonel Sanders?

RABBIT

Look at them. The black cock is bigger and the red cock is smaller.

GUINE

Your ex-girlfriend can verify that.

MICK

Go fuck yourself! Edna said that he was intellectual and very... deep.

Mick cringes as Guine holds his hands twelve inches apart. Rabbit puts his arm around Mick.

RABBIT

Focus, Red. Look at the two cocks. Do we know who will win? No. That's why they call it a *gamble*. Because we don't know the outcome.

Rabbit connects eyes with the OWNER, 55, of the black cock. Rabbit tugs his left ear. The Owner nods and claps his hands in a rhythmic pattern. The black cock falls over and the fight is done. The Owner fakes a scream and cradles his bird.

BERNIE

It's fixed? You're cheating?

RABBIT

No, he is. I invest in strongly believed outcomes. I just won a grand. So did the losing owner.

GUINE

Jeez. OK, but we need real cash. Quick. We don't have time to get involved with a cock circuit.

MICK

He's right. What's the play?

FLASHBACK

INT. RACE TRACK SUITE - NIGHT

MILO HAMMER, 56, fashions himself the Godfather of Harlem, sans the even temperament and style. He eats a table of seafood with TWO BIMBOS #1, 30, and BIMBO #2, 28, both bored.

The Plexiglas walls share the view of a horse race in motion.

RABBIT (V.O.)

I deliver fish to the racetrack.  
One of the horse owners is Milo Hammer. Mean bastard. Crooked six ways to Sunday. Yells a lot, but loves the seafood I deliver.

RACE TRACK KITCHEN

Rabbit puts down a crate of fish with a SEASIDE logo on the box. He peers out at Milo and his crew celebrating.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

GUINE

Wait a minute! You deliver SEASIDE'S stock but not mine?

BERNIE

Guine, please. Not now. Go on.

RABBIT

After studying Milo and his horses, I picked up his tell. What he does when he wins. And like a lot of athletes, he's superstitious.

MONTAGE

INT. RACE TRACK SUITE - NIGHT

-Three consecutive scenes of Milo at the table slapping it twice with his left hand and throwing salt over his shoulder.

END OF MONTAGE

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. BODEGA BASEMENT - NIGHT

The Mexicans shuffle out.

RABBIT

He has a horse called Pesce-Amante. For the last year, every time this horse wins, which isn't often, Milo banged the table and threw salt.

MICK

We're supposed to bet on banging a table and saltin' his ass?

RABBIT

Not just that, brother. For the last year, I've tracked him on a 100% win rate with this horse if no rain in two days or longer. Usually, fourteen horses run a race, but it can vary. Every time this horse wins, there's only nine entrants, and the same "questionable" owners.

GUINE

So this is a lock?

RABBIT

No such thing, slick. Even if you pay off a boxer to take a fall, he can have a change of heart. We're dealing with animals here, but, the jockey, he's human. Milo don't play.

Guine makes the sign of the cross before kissing his fingers.

GUINE

Madre di Mio! In the SEASIDE crate!

RABBIT

Tomorrow night at Yonkers, the third race. Pesce-Amante runs. Only nine other horses. Same owners.

MICK

Hasn't rained in the last two days.

The basement is clear. The Owner practices his hand clap.

BERNIE

Guys, let's do this.



EXT. BODEGA - NIGHT

Bernie, Mick and Guine watch Rabbit's 1965 Mustang with the license plate FOOT FETISH screech away.

BERNIE

I still need the money to bet. It does take money to make money.

MICK

I got it! You may know this Rabbit, but I've got a *rabbit* up my sleeve. Gimme a few hours to make a call.

GUINE

What's with the suspense?

MICK

Chillax. I got this.

Bernie stares at her phone's background photo of Paul.

BERNIE

I hope so. I really hope so.

INT. DINER - DAY

The booth holds a nervous Bernie and impatient Guine. Mick saunters in, already eating a bagel.

GUINE

Well, it's about time!

MICK

Easy sleazy, do an oil change on your hair later. My uncle got back to me. We're all set. King Jew, boys and girls.

BERNIE

King Who?

MICK

Break glass. I was told if I was ever in a jam, a real pickle, use this resource. King Jew is an "in case of emergency break glass."

BERNIE

Please Mick, what are you saying?

MICK

My uncle, Big John worked with him the 70's. This Jewish guy has become the biggest lender of money to the Jewish network. He moves more money through the City than JP Morgan. You'll never hear about him on the news, but when a member of the Jewish community needs help, they go to him. Nobody fucks with this guy. Not even the Mob.

BERNIE

OK, so when can this be set up?

MICK

Let's go.

EXT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Bernie stands outside a plain jewelry store before entering.

MICK (V.O.)

My uncle John said to go to the Jewelry store on East 21st and 2nd. Walk in and talk to only the cute, crazy clerk. Tell her you're there to "secure financing for a king diamond". Once it checks out; boom.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Void of customers, Bernie slowly approaches the counter and sees ADINA, 24, a natural beauty hidden under the tradition Hasidic look, brandishing the eye of Loki, God of Mischief.

BERNIE

Hello Miss...

Bernie looks at Adina's name tag.

BERNIE

...Adina.

ADINA

Why would you call me that? Because of the name tag? Haven't you been in a Hooters or bar where waitresses wear each other's tags by accident, fun or fear of psychos knowing their real name?

BERNIE

Oh! I'm sorry! What's your name?

Adina blankly stares. It's unnerving.

ADINA

Adina.

BERNIE

(embarrassed)

Should I leave?

ADINA

That was all it took? Boring.

What's your name?

BERNIE

Bernadette. Bernie for my friends.

ADINA

So, Bernadette. What'll it be?

Diamond earrings? Silver Surfer?

Brass balls?

Bernie's hand trembles as she passes a paper. Adina notices.

ADINA

Ah, the plot thickens. Really?

(beat)

Wait here.

Adina disappears behind a curtain at the end of the counter. Hebrew is heard. ABE emerges, 66, an abundance of wisdom equivalent to the sweat stains on his only white dress shirt.

ABE

Bernadette? Interesting. I don't know your business and frankly, I don't want to know. Travel to the store Peas & Pickles. There's a black door next to it with a Dreidel carving. Knock and say the word Sevivon. A Moshe will answer.

Abe takes his leave. Adina returns to regain the spotlight.

ADINA

Maybe there's more to you, huh?

Bernie forces a smile and turns to leave.

ADINA

Hey, seriously, girl. You good?

Bernie looks down at Adina embracing her hand on the counter.

BERNIE

I guess we're going to find out.

Before exiting, Bernie glances back. Adina is studying her.

EXT. PEAS AND PICKLES STORE - DAY

Bernie, Mick and Guine stare at the black door.

GUINE

Peas, pickles and a crazy Jewish  
Mafia gal. Who makes this shit up?

BERNIE

What was the word I need to say?

MICK

Sevivon. I wrote it down for you.

GUINE

I hope it means un sacco di soldi.

Guine flips a coin in the air. Mick grabs it away.

BERNIE

I'm going in. Wish me luck.

MICK

May you be in heaven a half an hour  
before the devil knows you're dead.

GUINE

Oh, that's a fuckin' uplifter.

Bernie stands in front of the black door and double knocks.

BERNIE

SEVIVON?

Twenty seconds pass. MOSHE, 67, Abe's twin minus the B.O.,  
opens the door and looks Bernie up and down.

MOSHE

Come.

INT. KING JEW'S OFFICE - DAY

A dimly lit room filled with trinkets. Maps, globes, vases,  
etc. A cat jumps up on the chair and hisses at Bernie.

MOSHE

Sit.

Bernie sits. Across the desk, a chair swivels revealing KING JEW, 68, a towering inferno of life, love, intensity, and an intolerance for failure. He's on the phone.

KING JEW

Listen, listen. There's a Jewish saying; FERSHTINKINER. I ask for my pay and I get MEGILLAH! I want my money. Tell him he's a GONIF!

He slams the phone down. Staring blankly at Bernie, he asks.

KING JEW

And you are?

BERNIE

Bernie. Well, Bernadette, sir.

KING JEW

It's not your name I'm puzzled about, Bernadette. My business has not involved the ask of many women.

BERNIE

Sir, I can assure you --

KING JEW

Stop. I know. Independent woman. You met Adina, yes?

Bernie nods. He strokes his beard.

KING JEW

Tell your tale.

EXT. PEAS AND PICKLES STORE - DAY

King Jew and Bernie walk out the black door onto the street.

KING JEW

Interesting. Nevertheless, you have two weeks. Understand my influence, young lady. Jews come to borrow for Jews interest free. It's called Halakha. From what you say, you're half Jewish on your mother's side. So, I will keep your VIG modest. Five points. Let it be! But understand, there are consequences.

BERNIE

I appreciate this, sir.

KING JEW

This is not a puppy I give you. That, you appreciate. This, is business. You asked for two hundred thousand. Moshe gave you one hundred thousand cash. Half Jewish, half the ask. With half, you will be given the opportunity to show your creativity. Make it happen.

King Jew puts his large, hairy hands on Bernie's shoulders.

KING JEW

Have you heard of the six-day war? Of course not. Most of you wafes do not know anything their phones do not tell them. During it, us Jews in this country mobilized and raised nearly ten million in a month. We put that in the hands of Rabbi Irving. If we can do that in the sixties then, you can find your other half. FERSHTAY?

Bernie nods. King Jew leaves. Mick and Guine walk over.

GUINE

Whoa. How did it go?

Bernie's holds up an envelope of cash and smiles.

BERNIE

What's a VIG?

MICK

Oh boy. Have your passport ready.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Bernie and Bernie's Dad sit in a booth.

BERNIE'S DAD

Bernie, look, your brother's not progressing. The doctor said today that a 2nd round... of Chemo...

BERNIE

Dad it's OK. We'll find our way through. He's going to be fine.

BERNIE'S DAD

We can't fund another round. My insurance is out. I figured after we sold the bakery... but, even the second mortgage is spent. I don't know where we go from here.

Bernie pulls the envelope from her coat before she pauses.

BERNIE

Hold on a second, dad.

Bernie separates herself from the booth and makes a call.

INT. JIMMY'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Irish bar. Old photos of boxers on walls. A few patrons on bar stools. Mick's behind the bar. Answers the wall phone.

MICK

Mick's empire of fun. Drink of the Day will make you pass away.

BERNIE (V.O.)

Huh? Your dad let's you say that?

MICK

It's 2019. Caller ID, clueless.

BERNIE (V.O.)

Ugh! Stop with the sarcasm! Listen, I need to give my father cash for my brother's Chemo. Now, Mick. Now.

MICK

B, we calculated this out at the odds published. It's basically everything you got from King Jew. Once we win, they'll be plenty to cover his bills. Hang in, girl.

Mick slowly returns the receiver and takes a deep breath.  
DRUNK GUY, 61, sits at the bar banging his empty mug at Mick.

MICK

Slow your roll, Rockefeller.  
I'm sure they're holding your spot in the unemployment line.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Bernie slides back into the booth. Her father looks hopeful.

BERNIE'S DAD  
You were about to say?

Bernie reaches in her coat and places cash on the table.

BERNIE  
It's on me, dad.

The WAITRESS, 43, grabs the placed twenty dollar bill.

WAITRESS  
Thanks, sweetie.

BERNIE  
Time, Dad. Give me some time.

EXT. RACETRACK - NIGHT

Horses compete around the track. Sporadic crowds cheer in the grandstands as others groan, ripping losing tickets.

INT. RACETRACK OWNER'S SUITE - NIGHT

Milo sits slobbering food, bimbos going through their regular routines; texting, drinking and ignoring each other.

KITCHEN ENTRANCE

Mick and Bernie nervously stare at Milo chomping away.

MICK  
He bit his finger. And didn't stop.

BERNIE  
Ecch! Where's Guin? Do you think he had a problem making the bet?

Rabbit appears.

RABBIT  
It's all cool, girl. He just made the bet with my teller buddy. She won't talk after we win big.

MICK  
You think of everything, don't you?



RABBIT  
 (taps head)  
 Leave nothing to chance.

A buzzer rings. The announcer on the Suite TV yells "THEY'RE OFF!" The TV shows the #6 horse at the back of the pack.

MICK  
 #6 is dead last! He's a glue pot!

RABBIT  
 Relax, Red. If he was out front,  
 the odds wouldn't be long and pay.

Bernie notices Milo's barely fazed.

BERNIE  
 When is he going to double tap the  
 table? Didn't you say about now?

MICK  
 What the... Bang the table, Milo.

Guine startles them as he comes up from behind.

GUINE  
 That security guy's a pain in my  
 pollinis! He wouldn't let me in!

MICK  
 Bang the table, Milo!

GUINE  
 What? Wait, what's happening?

The TV shows the #6 horse passing three horses.

BERNIE  
 Wait! Wait! He's making his move!

Without fanfare, Milo bangs the table twice. He throws salt.

MICK  
 Yes! Yes! You gorgeous fat bastard!

Mick grabs Guine, kissing him on the lips. Guine spits down. The TV shows the #6 horse running clear in the lead.

BERNIE  
 I can't believe it. This is it!

Guine spits behind and sees a crate with his company logo.

GUINE  
Rabbit.

RABBIT  
Go, #6! Go!

GUINE  
Rabbit!

Guine grabs Rabbit by both shoulders and turns into his face.

GUINE  
Rabbit! Why is my crate here?

RABBIT  
Ha! You gave me grief about not selling your stuff, brother, so I found a crate one of your drivers had this morning. He didn't want to sell, but I left cash in his truck when he went to pee. Surprise!

GUINE  
(spooked)  
Bernie.

BERNIE  
What? What's wrong?

GUINE  
Uh, maybe nothing.

Milo pukes out everything in his mouth. It goes all over the Bimbos, who jump up screaming. Everyone at the tables notice.

GUINE  
Uh, maybe something.  
Remember the bad Cod?

BERNIE  
Wait, wait, wait. Calm down. It's just Milo who ate it. We just need to collect the winnings; quietly.

RABBIT  
The horse. Milo's horse...

The Bimbos slip in the vomit and the waiters fall over. They all look up at the TV while the Announcer says...

ANNOUNCER

...and the #6 horse, Pesce-Amante, is about to cross the finish -- wait! He's stopped and just -- oh my! He's spinning and just fell on the track!

MICK

No! He feeds his horse seafood?

GUINE

(rubs eyes)

Pesce amante means "Fish Eater". I didn't put it together last night.

MICK

Fish eater?? I thought it had something to do with Joe Pesce!

Milo, drenched in vomit, grabs a waiter by the neck and yells. The waiter, vomit in his eye, squints and looks around before pointing toward Rabbit. Milo growls and grabs a knife.

RABBIT

Guys, we need to go. Now!

Rabbit, Bernie, Mick and Guine race out through the kitchen.

EXT. WALL ST. - EVENING

Bernie and Mick sit on a building's steps. Guine's talking on his phone, arms waving furiously.

BERNIE

What a nightmare. Why? Why me?

Bernie stares vacantly ahead until her focus targets a building storefront in the distance. It's closed and boarded. A For Lease sign hangs. Mick notices her gaze.

MICK

Yeah, it's sad your dad had to sell.

BERNIE

He actually just mentioned it tonight. First time since he sold.

MICK

You and I practically grew up in there. Working for your dad while Guine smelled like Baccala in his family's fish store.

I think he wears all that cologne now because he still can't get that smell off. That's where we had our first kiss.

BERNIE

And last. You told me it was like kissing your blow-up doll. Which put a nail in that coffin.

MICK

Well, the doll's lips were less chapped. Hey, at least we got that crap out of the way. You know me and Olive Oil over there love ya.

BERNIE

I know. It did kill my dad to close it. My grandfather passed it down to him and the hope was I would take it over, but even when they knew I was going into the big world of finance, they supported me and hoped Paul would be interested in keeping the tradition. And now --

Guine stomps in their view as he hangs up his cell.

GUINE

OK, listen up! That was Rabbit. You're not going to believe it, but after Milo chased him across the racetrack with a steak knife, they actually had a good conversation and Rabbit will be his consultant.

MICK

You're shitting me. For what?

GUINE

Rabbit can be pretty persuasive. He explained how he figured out Milo's con. He also told him about the cock fighting and a few other ventures he could profit on.

BERNIE

And that worked?

GUINE

Well, he's still alive. Milo said it didn't matter that they were both black. The only color that mattered was green.

BERNIE

Oh God. OK. How does this help us?

GUINE

Rabbit felt bad about what happened since he caused this mess with the bad fish and all. He's giving us back fifteen thousand. Trust me, pocket change for Milo.

Bernie sits on the curb and lowers her head, hides the tears.

MICK

Ah, come on, B. We aren't done yet.

GUINE

The Shamrock's correct. We've had each others' backs forever. Even now with these Borse per maglietta.

MICK

Borg who? Speak English. You up for a cruise? There's a boat leaving Ellis Island for Rome if you hurry.

Mick proudly points up to the statue of GEORGE WASHINGTON.

MICK

Besides, honest George here would have been proud of our ingenuity.

GUINE

Honest who? You mean Honest Abe? Lincoln? You really didn't make it past 3rd grade, eh?

Bernie jumps up, her eye liner streaking between tears.

BERNIE

Guys! Enough! Stop! Stop with the insults! If we keep acting like children, we'll keep screwing up like children and never be taken seriously! I am fucked! I really need your help! Think!

Mick and Guine's eyes make evident; they share Bernie's pain.

GUINE

Right. OK, let's see. Let's call it an even six hundred G's to Ivan's Wild Ride, twenty-five to the chemo and a hundred or so to Burger King.

Mick motions to yell. He quietly corrects and forces a grin.

MICK  
Jew King.

Olive branch accepted, Guine returns the phony smile.

GUINE  
Right, Jew King. My bad.

Guine notices a billboard. The sign promotes an investment seminar with the "Wolf of Wall St." JORDAN BELFORT.

GUINE  
Guys, I found our plan B.

INT. DINER - DAY

Bernie sits nestled in a booth across from Adina.

ADINA  
No f'ing way! After that story, I should run home and watch The Hangover, count the copyright infringements and call the Director's lawyer.

BERNIE  
It's a debacle. Now explain again how you found me? You said Abe?

ADINA  
Abe naps more as he get older. And talks dirty in his sleep. Gross. I like to read his client files.

BERNIE  
Is that what I am? A client?

Adina seductively bites her Eclair.

ADINA  
It depends. New in town, sailor?

BERNIE  
(blushes)  
Oh, that's not what I meant. I --  
But, enough about me. You're like a red M&M in a bowl of white rice. Please, tell me about you.

Adina senses her genuine interest and drops the smile.

ADINA

I attribute that to my mom. She drives me, both spiritually and genetically. Her story was nothing of folklore legend, just another hopeful young actress and dancer trying to shine bright on Broadway. From what I've heard, she was good. Real good. And had just started to make some headway when she met my dad at a fund raising event for Jews and then seven and a half months later, because you know I have no patience, I rushed into this world to ruin her career.

Adina's genuinely choked up, but regains her composure.

ADINA

And wouldn't you know, just as she was preparing to get back to the Arts, she died of lung cancer. Never smoked a day in her life. My father still smokes four packs a day, yet, shows clear lungs on his yearly checkups. How's that for life having a sense of humor?

(points to sky)

Good one, God!

BERNIE

I'm so sorry.

ADINA

Don't be. You didn't have anything to do with it. Neither did I. It's sad. But it was her sad story. I keep going by telling myself I have a fantastical tale to tell, and I plan on telling it.

(winks)

Even if my story winds up being told in the National Enquirer.

BERNIE

I believe you can do whatever you set your mind to accomplish. There's an energy about you.

The waiter comes with the check.

ADINA

I need to get back to the store before Abe snoozes and loses his glasses again. He wouldn't be able to find his ass with both hands.

BERNIE

Sure. Thanks for reaching out.

Adina squeezes out of the booth and adjusts her coat.

ADINA

Yeah, well, it wasn't a total social call, girl. You need to know what you're involved with. Meredith may fire you and the hospital may sue you, but my uncle, well, those first two will feel like a tickle.

Bernie looks away. Her napkin crumples under her grip.

BERNIE

It's going to be OK. It has to. Thanks for the advice though.

ADINA

Hey, it's not free. You're going to have to visit me at the theatre.

BERNIE

Count on it.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Bernie and Guine spin as they walk through the grand lobby. Bernie uses her phone mirror to check her hair while Guine tries to rub a grease stain off his shirt.

GUINE

Damn fish! My aunt will be here any minute. I'm her favorite nephew.

BERNIE

You're her only nephew. You have four sisters.

GUINE

If you're going to keep bringing up facts, I'm not gonna talk to you.

AUNT MARIE, 57, the epitome of class, saunters over.



AUNT MARIE

Kids!

She holds her arms wide and engulfs them both in a big hug.

GUINE

Hey, auntie! Thanks for this.

AUNT MARIE

My dear, Genovese! Of course! Oh!

She smiles and tries rubbing the grease stain off his shirt.

AUNT MARIE

If Jordan can impart some wisdom that can help you, Miss Bernadette, which in turn helps your brother, then I can sleep better tonight. Besides, Jordan and I work well on these events, and he owes me. He's signing a few autographs. Oh, wait!

The crowd gets louder, revealing, JORDAN BELFORT, 58, not a hair out of place. If there was a profit to turn in hell, he would corner the market on suntan lotion and head down.

JORDAN BELFORT

Marie! How are you, my dear?

They embrace and fake kiss both cheeks.

AUNT MARIE

I appreciate this, Jordan.

JORDAN BELFORT

For you? Anything! That last event in the Hamptons made me a few pennies to buy my horse his own horse. I need him to Stud, not carry my kids around.

AUNT MARIE

This is my nephew, Genovese, and his friend Bernadette. She's interning for some investment firm and I was hoping you could share some advice, or something.

JORDAN BELFORT

Really? Which firm?

BERNIE

Axis Equities.

JORDAN BELFORT  
 Ah, I know their CEO; nice guy.  
 And then there's Meredith.

GUINE  
 The Wolf of Wall Street. Madawn!  
 Is that stuff in the movie true?

Handshakes exchanged. Jordan leans into Guine's ear.

JORDAN BELFORT  
 Worse than what Leo portrayed.

AUNT MARIE  
 If you'll excuse me, I will need to  
 take my leave. Thank you so much!

She glides away. Jordan's smile is devoured by his reality.

JORDAN BELFORT  
 I just got paid fifty G's for  
 thirty minutes. That's \$1,666 a  
 minute. So this "favor" for that  
 lovely lady will cost a Rolex watch  
 from each of you. We clear?

A speechless Bernie looks to Guine.

GUINE  
 Uh, yes sir.

JORDAN BELFORT  
 Don't speak. Just nod your puppet  
 head. And clean the stain off your  
 shirt, grease monkey. You are who  
 you present yourself to be.

Jordan focuses on Bernie.

JORDAN BELFORT  
 It's good to see melons at the  
 financial sausage-fest party.  
 Personally, I don't give a flip  
 whether you pee standing up or not,  
 as long as you have the balls to  
 make things tick.  
 I don't give a frog's fat ass what  
 anyone says about the meaning of  
 life. Money, love, religion, screw  
 it! They take second place to time.  
 (taps watch)  
 Time, is the precious jewel. You  
 only get so much, so make it count.

GUINE

Wow.

JORDAN BELFORT

What did I fucking say? Shut your pie hole, pizza boy. Listen, you want something; take it. Either seize it or convince someone to give it to you willingly. I've always believed in the latter.

Bernie and Guine both are bewildered.

JORDAN BELFORT

Stay with me, turnips. I realize your generation has the attention span of a Tsetse fly.

(looks down on Guine)

And the balls as well.

Bernie looks away embarrassed while Guine adjusts himself.

JORDAN BELFORT

A drowning baby can't be saved if it has concrete legs. It starts with your commitment to your craft. How good are you?

He flips a business card to PRETTY WOMAN, 23, from behind.

JORDAN BELFORT

Here you go, Miss. Call my office.

PRETTY WOMAN

Oh, I was just going to say --

JORDAN BELFORT

-- that you saw my Keynote speech and felt inspired? Third row, 4th seat from the isle. You had a Vente Starbucks in your left hand.

The Pretty Woman is amazed. She winks and sashes away.

JORDAN BELFORT

I saw her reflection through your eyes. Always be three steps ahead. Anyway, you've never inspired a fucking soul, have you? No one's going to follow you to war, no less into the bathroom stall for a quickie. And you know why someone follows you into a dirty stall?

Because they're following your lead. Following wherever you inspire them to go. I can sell good and I can sell evil. It doesn't matter. It's all the same, which is bullshit. It's about inspiration. With commitment to your craft, you will make people BELIEVE.

Jordan WHIPS a book out of nowhere and hands to a PRETTY REDHEAD, 24 approaching. It's his autobiography: BELIEVE!

JORDAN BELFORT

Here you go, Miss. My card is in there. Let's discuss your thoughts.

She blushes and nods with a smile as she giggles away.

Brushed back by tornado winds, Bernie and Guine's awe meter is full. Jordan's proud of his gospel. He leans close.

JORDAN BELFORT

I'm feeling magnanimous, so here's one on the house for you. Radius is in the throws of a hostile take over. What does all that mean? Fuck you! Figure it out. There's no insider trading going on here. Been there, done that and besides, Leo doesn't do sequels. Now go!

Bernie and Guine fast walk their way out genuflecting as Jordan turns to sign an autograph.

INT. HOTEL STARBUCKS - NIGHT

Bernie and Guine sip coffee. Guine looks at the BELIEVE book.

GUINE

Aww, I was hoping for photos of the actress who played his wife in the movie. Anyway, you heard the man. See if you can make sense out of his tip and cash in. I feel like I can have sex for a hour! Or a full ten minutes! You heard the Wolf! No prisoners! HOWWWLL!

Bernie's disturbed and excited at the same time. Her expressionless face slowly forms an intense look.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Bernie sprints in to the Den desk, typing feverishly on the laptop. Mom appears.

BERNIE'S MOM  
I thought that was you.

BERNIE  
Hi, mom. I have a bunch of work to do before my morning meeting. Forgive me if I'm light on chat.

BERNIE'S MOM  
Of course, of course. I just came down to get Paul more Tylenol. It's a stubborn fever tonight.

BERNIE  
(beat)  
How is he? Do you need me to take the next shift? Because I --

BERNIE'S MOM  
No, no. Of course not. This is a mother's job. Focus on work! And maybe finding a nice man. Robby --

BERNIE  
Mom, no. There was never Robby.

BERNIE'S MOM  
I'm just saying. You aren't getting any younger and he has a good job --

BERNIE  
I have a good job. I don't need a man to rescue me, mom. I'm not you!

The silence screams. Bernie's mom trudges up the hall steps.

MONTAGE

- The keyboard bounces and the monitor flashes stock tickers.
- Bernie gulps down Red Bull drinks with each hand.
- She starts to sleep until her dog Zero barks in her face.
- The falling snow through window tapers off. Dawn breaks.

-Bernie rushes up the hall steps and then back down, wearing a dress suit, overcoat and scarf. She sprints out the door.

MONTAGE ENDS

INT. FINANCIAL OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Bernie's at the conference table, six empty coffee cups jacked into research on her laptop when Laine bursts in.

LAINE

Why are you in here now? The meeting isn't for another hour.

BERNIE

Oh, I wanted to make sure to run the latest info for Ivan. If this all checks out, it's going to rock their supply chain. You really need to see what we --

LAINE

"We?" Who's we? I see me.

BERNIE

Uh, well, Meredith--

Laine stops putting the binders down on the table.

LAINE

--is still laid up after the Devil impregnated her. Now the Omen is causing complications.

Aggravated, Laine tosses the last report and leans in close.

LAINE

Let's be clear, you little twit. I don't like you. Do you know why? Because you're a nobody intern with a nobody's track record and I have to pretend like you almost matter to a woman, whom after five years of my doing most of her work for her, still treats me like...

Laine slams Bernie's laptop shut.

LAINE

... an intern.

Laine regains his composure and straightens his suit.

LAINE  
 Been there, done that. It's my  
 time. Sit quietly and look pretty,  
 since that's all you're good for.

Halfway out of the conference room door, Laine sneers.

LAINE  
 If that.

The Godfather theme plays. Bernie answers her phone.

BERNIE  
 Hi.

GUINE (V.O.)  
 Hi? That was pathetic! Would the  
 Wolf say hi? He'd have called us  
 six new made up curse words by the  
 time he got to "hi"! You OK?

BERNIE  
 Uh, long night. I think I'm ready.

GUINE (V.O.)  
 You think? B, this is it. This is  
 your moment. Don't let it go. Oh,  
 shit. I gotta go! My Baccalla fell!

The call ends. Bernie's cell screen returns to Paul smiling.

SUPER: "One hour later."

Laine stands by the projection screen, talking slides. Ivan slumps at the opposite end of the table, seemingly bored.

Three bodyguards guard Ivan's perimeter in the room. Even with open table seats, Bernie timidly sits against the wall.

LAINE  
 ... and that's why I personally  
 feel like standing firm on your  
 holdings, is, the best strategy.

Silence. Laine's triumphant expression diminishes. Quickly.

LAINE  
 Ivan? Are you ...?

Ivan's eyes never blink but a frown forms quickly. He tosses his phone from beneath the table on top of the closed binder. The sound of women moaning can be heard from his phone.

IVAN

It is *Mr. Vokofsky*. Do they teach you no manners in Graduate School?

LAINE

I... of course! I'm very sorry, Mr. Vokofsky! I meant no disrespect!

Ivan parades around the room, his hands furiously waving.

IVAN

Disrespect? Do you know how booked my time is. I have diplomats, politicians and movie mambas lined up to kiss my pretty Russian ass.

Ivan makes noises and uses his hand to imitate a puppet.

IVAN

Listen to me, Ivan! Love me, Ivan! Boo hoo hoo! Boring! All them all! You must know I have dozens of firms, right on this street that want to work with me. Do you know why I keep time here? Do you?

LAINE

Well, I --

Ivan pounces in front of Laine. Bernie squirms in her seat.

IVAN

Because Meredith is BATSHIT CRAZY!

The projector is projecting the word WINNING on Ivan's chest.

IVAN

But, smart. AND, keeps my interest.

Ivan walks to the laptop feeding the projector and types.

IVAN

Unlike you, who...

Ivan flips the projector to shine on Laine's frozen body.

IVAN

... did not.

The word LOSER appears on Laine's suit. He is frozen in fear. Ivan turns to leave, waving on his posse.



BERNIE

Wait!

Bernie springs from her chair. Ivan turns slowly, amused.

BERNIE

Mr. Vokofsky! If you give me three minutes, it'll be better than our Jello-wrestling Miley Cyrus and Geraldo the other night!

A grin emerges on Ivan's face. He crosses his arms.

IVAN

Ah, Beyonce, has finally remembered how to sing again. Take your three minutes, my lady. Never ask.

Bernie looks at Laine, but there's no expression to help. She looks back down at her brother's picture. It's Showtime.

BERNIE

Do you like cutting edge? I know you do. We cut every line at every swank bar and club. Why? Because you have style. Do I know that?

Bernie whips a bottle of ABSOLUT Vodka out of her jacket.

BERNIE

Absolut-ly, Mr. Vokofsky.

IVAN

Two minutes left. Call me Ivan.

Ivan sits as Bernie tosses him a binder from her briefcase.

BERNIE

I ran my algorithms. Pull a Short on Radius. The price is bloated and will sink like the baby grand piano we tossed over the side of the Brooklyn Bridge. It's all in there.

Like a professional bartender, Bernie quickly fills five shot-sized plastic cups. Ivan looks down at the binder.

BERNIE

And here's something more precious.  
(taps watch)  
Time back. A minute and 20 seconds.

Bernie stares in Ivan's eyes. Five seconds feels like hours.

IVAN

AHHHH! You comedian, you! Tell  
Meredith she lives another day.  
Comrades! Massages for all!

The Russians bang down the liquor and march of the conference room excited. Bernie freaks. She chases Ivan out.

INT. FINANCIAL BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

BERNIE

Wait, Ivan! I'm serious! I need  
your word that you'll contact Laine  
and do this trade! We have to repay  
the firm for our night out! I had a  
three thousand dollar limit!

Ivan's smile is reassuring. He steps into the elevator, tapping the binder. The closing doors allow a final comment.

IVAN

Who is this Laine?

The Russians are gone. Laine, composure regained, walks over.

LAINE

Every swank bar. And club?

Laine's nostrils flare in Bernie's face.

LAINE

Jello-wrestled Miley Cyrus--

BERNIE

(sighs)  
--and Geraldo. He's old, but wirey.

LAINE

And the three thousand limit?

BERNIE

Right. Funny story.

INT. GUINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bernie and Guine on separate couches.

GUINE

Fired? A pox on Meredith's box!

BERNIE  
Suspended, pending investigation.  
It all happened so quickly.

QUICK FLASHBACK

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Bernie, her eyes glazed, stands lifeless in;

-The elevator as Laine animatedly yells at her.

-The kitchen as Laine makes tea and animatedly yells at her.

-The H.R office, with the H.R woman rolling her eyes and  
filing her nails as Laine yells and makes Bernie sign paper.

MONTAGE ENDS

BERNIE  
And that, was that.

GUINE  
Wow! I mean... wow. I'm sorry.

BERNIE  
Don't be. You tried to motivate me.

Bernie looks at her phone screen picture of Paul.

BERNIE  
I need to motivate myself. It's on  
me. I need another job. Quick! I  
owe everyone and now, I'm probably  
going to need a lawyer as well.

GUINE  
Hey, don't fret. Come work with me.

BERNIE  
Cleaning fish? That's what I've  
been reduced to?

GUINE  
Reduced to? So my family's blood  
and sweat is now beneath you?

BERNIE  
No, no. I didn't mean it --

GUINE

Fuck it. But my Aunt Marie did pull strings and get me a corporate catering gig this weekend. I can use someone to help coordinate it.

BERNIE

I'm sorry. Really. Uh, is there any chance I can I get a cash advance?

GUINE

Yeah. They already paid half up front, so I'll cover you now. Good?

BERNIE

No, great! I'm going to tell my parents I'm away for a few days for a work trip. Can I crash here?

Guine grabs a folder from the table and throws it at Bernie.

GUINE

Sure. Here's the logistics.  
You just finished orientation.

Bernie browses through it. Her phone buzzes with a text.

BERNIE

Oops. I almost forgot. Got to go.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Bernie trudges through the snow. She enters an aged theatre garbed with the sign DRACULA! COMING SOON.

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

Bernie stands next to a stage. A HANDSOME MAN, 34, in tights, flies in singing on wires above the center of the stage.

Adina, in a Victorian dress and heavy makeup, walks center stage and is scooped up into the air, twisting and screaming.

They land toward the front of the stage and the Handsome Man arches Adina back, exposes his fangs and bites her neck as she lets out a high pitched scream. He drops her on her back.

ADINA

Son of a bitch!

Adina yanks out a police taser and shoots the Handsome Man in his butt. His body convulse and drops. The DIRECTOR, 58, half drunk, runs on stage from the empty theatre seating.

DIRECTOR

Cut! Cut, cut, cut!

Adina rises, rubbing her backside. She yanks the taser tips back. The Director mutters and cradles the Handsome Man.

ADINA

Hey! I told that blood sucker that if he dropped me hard on my ass one more time, he was going to feel my fangs. Sleep tight, Count Chocula.

She turns on a dime toward Bernie, still holding the taser.

ADINA

Oh, hey Bernie! You made it!

Bernie instinctively flinches backward.

ADINA

What? Oh, don't worry, I'll explain. Let's go get that drink.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Festive bar decor. Scattered drinkers drowned out by music. Bernie and Adina, still in costume, sit at a high top table.

BERNIE

So, Dracula's cute.

ADINA

Cute, but dumb. He sucked my blood once or trice. That's over. But he'll be in a coffin if he drops me again. Anywho, thanks for coming.

BERNIE

Sure. I pay my debts. You seem pretty familiar with that weapon?

ADINA

My taser Sparky? When you work in a Jewelry store, you learn how to neutralize every wannabe Jesse James trying to make a withdrawal. But, that's not my future. Like I said, I have my story to tell. This play is so far off Broadway that it's almost back on it. But, it's a start. So how's things? Your bro?

BERNIE

We don't know. My mom's becoming his make-shift nurse. He's taking the chemotherapy and sometimes he's up and other times he's not.

ADINA

I'm sorry, hon. And the Ivan thing?

BERNIE

That's a cancer by another name.

Adina senses her sadness. She moves fast, lunging across the table to kiss Bernie on the lips, stopping short just as Bernie instinctively closes her eyes and puckers her lips.

ADINA

Thought so.  
(MORE)

Adina leans back and eats a peanut as if nothing dramatic almost just happened. Bernie's embarrassment is obvious.

Robby, inebriated with a DRUNK WOMAN, 24, staggers over.

ROBBY

Whoa! So that's why I got your cold shoulder? She's got your warm lips?

Now Bernie realizes real embarrassment. Adina notices.

ADINA

(to Bernie)  
May I?

Bernie shrugs. Adina fires the taser into Robby's ass. Down!

ADINA

Let's go!

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Bernie and Adina fast walk and laugh, arm's locked, to cab.

ADINA

So, he's cute! Ex? Booty call?

BERNIE

Prom disaster. Haven't seen since.

ADINA

Really? You just keep getting more interesting. Don't worry about him.

If he says "boo", I'll call Sparky.  
 (beat)  
 Have you been with a woman?

BERNIE  
 Oh. Well. I mean... in college?  
 What's the term? Experimented?

ADINA  
 Experimented? Who are you, Dr.  
 Frankenstein? It's the 21st  
 century, girlfriend. Whatever you  
 are, whoever you like, is your  
 business. No one else. Especially  
 family. Trust me, I know. It's for  
 you to decide and stand proud by  
 your decision. YOUR decision.

BERNIE  
 No, I know. But, I do like guys...

ADINA  
 Me too! But you didn't come here  
 tonight for a man, did you?

Adina's silent stare cuts right through Bernie.

ADINA  
 With the shit you're in with my  
 uncle, I was curious to see how you  
 handle yourself under pressure.  
 Unlike theatre, life is not  
 scripted, Bernie. Are you able to  
 be in it for the long run or are  
 you going to fold on opening night?

They hug. Adina gets in a cab. As it leaves, Bernie waves and  
 laughs as Adina screams and fires the taser in the air.

INT. GUINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The room is quiet and dark. Bernie collapses on the couch.

INT. GUINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Guine, his hair all tangled, wakes Bernie on the couch.

GUINE  
 Bern! Time to make the Fishnuts!

INT/EXT. FISH MARKET - DAY

Sawdust scattered on the floor. Fish bins line the windows. Bernie assists Guine as he cuts fish.

MONTAGE

- Guine cutting squid and Bernie getting squirted with ink.
- Bernie unloading fish, slipping and falling on a pile.
- Bernie falling asleep on a crate as Guine puts a live crab on her foot. It bites Bernie awake.
- Bernie waking up on couch with Guine singing in his pajamas.
- Bernie getting soaked as Guine hoses down the loading dock.
- A crab chasing Bernie through the fish store.
- Bernie covered in fish blood, watching stocks on her phone. A crab comes behind her, but she traps it in Guine's apron.
- Bernie on Guine's couch, analyzing stocks on laptop.
- Bernie up early first, dropping a crab in Guine's bed.
- Bernie in Guine's work office looking at his messy files.

END MONTAGE

EXT. FISH MARKET - DAY

Bernie exhausted on a crate. Guine hoses the cement.

GUINE

Big catering job tomorrow, rest up.

BERNIE

Rest up? For what? I'm done.

GUINE

What what? To load and unload and serve the food with the others.

Bernie's face is red, not from the fish blood in her hair.

BERNIE

Are you kidding? I wasn't supposed to even touch this crap!



GUINE

This crap? It just paid your broke and suspended ass! Show respect!

BERNIE

Respect? Why don't you have some respect for what your parents built and left you? I looked at your, oh I don't know, let's just call it an office for the sake of time. You have paperwork everywhere!

GUINE

Heyyyy! Who told you to go back there? I have everything in order!

BERNIE

Yes! In order to go bankrupt!

GUINE

Listen! Pick a door, Broke Stocker! One exit, no waiting!

Bernie yanks and throws her apron at him as she storms off.

BERNIE

You got it, tough guy! And for what it's worth, in between doing your grunt work, I went through all your expenses and organized your portfolio. If you did this years ago, you could have three stores by now. I may have screwed up, but at least I went for it with Ivan!

Guine watches Bernie leave before he looks toward his office.

INT. JIMMY'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Bernie trudges and plops in a bar seat. MICKEY O'LOCKE, 54, a walking fire hydrant with sideburns, wipes down his bar.

MICKEY

What's up, kid? Been awhile.

BERNIE

Hi, sir. It has. Just... working.

Her discrete attempt at picking seafood off her jacket fails.

MICKEY

I heard they're all barracudas on Wall St. I didn't think shellfish?

Embarrassment controls her eye direction.

BERNIE

I didn't know you ran a comedy night? Mick does Stand-Up?

STAGE AREA

Mick stands by drums and microphone, reading off napkins.

PONYTAIL and METALLICA HAT, both 57, seem as if they just failed High School for the 30th straight year, sit drinking.

MICK

Priorities, people. Let's talk cell phones. It scans our face with over three thousands points of unique contact, reporting back instantaneously to a satellite that opens up an encryption and allows your phone to play Candy Crush and turn your mind to shit. Conversely, toilet paper, to wipe that shit, was invented in 1857. No changes! No version 2.0 in 160 years! None! The same cardboard, circular roll. 1857! My ass loves the classics!

Dead silence. No laughs.

METALLICA HAT

Your face, your ass. Look at you; what's the difference?

Ponytail smacks Metallica Hat on the arm. They mock Mick.

MICK

(mutters)

OK, let's take a ten minute break.

Mick avoids eye contact as he slumps past their laughter.

METALLICA HAT

Are you going to find your jokes?

PONYTAIL

Or get more toilet paper? You should. Your jokes are shit!

They laugh and then pay Mick no mind.

BAR COUNTER

Mickey shakes his head as Bernie avoids eye contact.

MICKEY

He doesn't do comedy. He does that.

Mick meekly joins his father behind the bar, nods to Bernie.

MICKEY

This is my son's future?

MICK

Dad...

(MORE)

I've killed myself building this establishment so that you and your brother would go to college and then make people serve you for a living. He's graduating Law and you're telling shit jokes?

MICK

Toilet paper jokes --

MICKEY

Smartass. You missed the point.

Mickey leaves. Mick takes a deep breath and pours a beer. He turns his nose up at the direction of Bernie's clothes.

MICK

What stinks more, my act or you?

Bernie tilts her head and points at the fish blood on her.

BERNIE

What do you think about this?

MICK

A little high for your menstrual cycle, but no judging.

BERNIE

That's gross. And you two guys keep joking about me finding a date? No, I'm talking about your 1857 and satellites comment. Did you look that up on Google?

Your act wasn't great because it wasn't you. Let's be honest, Mick. You're sarcastic.

MICK  
And your point?

BERNIE  
My point is, that's what you need to be on stage. Sarcastic and spontaneous. What's rude off-stage is golden on stage. Your dad is not seeing you. The real you. Show him.

Mick sees the tunnel she's shining the light from the end of.

PONYTAIL (O.S.)  
Hey, Tony Toilet paper! Let's go!

BERNIE  
Be you. No one else.

Mick pours another beer and heads back to the stage.

STAGE

Mick stares at his napkin. Ponytail elbows Metallica Hat.

PONYTAIL  
He returns! I owe you a dollar.

Mick gulps beer, staring at them. He crumbles the napkin.

MICK  
A dollar? You'll have to work at least three more hours at the sperm bank to earn that. No sampling the product anymore, OK?

Metallica Hat laughs at Ponytail.

MICK  
And what are you laughing at? It's your samples. You owe him dinner, roses and a serious conversation.

Ponytail laughs at Metallica Hat. Other Patrons laugh. Bernie nods toward Mick, who salutes back.

BAR COUNTER

Mickey walks behind counter, his ear up to Mick's act.

BERNIE  
Not as bad, huh?

Mickey reveals a hint of a proud smile. Mick returns.

BERNIE  
Way to go, Mick.

Mick fist bumps her before he surrenders to Mickey's stare.

MICKY  
(beat)  
Not as bad. Not as bad at all.

Mick meekly puts his hand up for a fist bump before his father bear hugs him. Mick returns the embrace.

MICKY  
I've got to make more onion rings.

Mickey struts away. Mick smiles and grabs a beer.

MICK  
Thanks, Bern. So, how's working  
with Guine? Catch Jaws yet?

BERNIE  
My working with fish, is... bad.

MICK  
That's because it's not your path,  
B-liever. Stay with finance. Don't  
let your boss and her bag of misfit  
toys keep you from being you. Leave  
the fish to Aqua-G. Leave the jokes  
to me. You need to take the money  
from Rabbit and turn it big. Now.  
In only the way you can do it.  
(beat)  
You do you.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A bundled Bernie stops at a Salvation Army Santa, but her purse is bare. She apologizes. She walks and notices the Jordan billboard with the word "BELIEVE" plastered across it.

INT. GUINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Silence but for Guine at his desk, hunt and pecking a laptop.

BERNIE

Hey.

GUINE

Hey. Come sit down.

BERNIE

Look, I just wanted to apol--

GUINE

Bernie, stop. Please. If you don't mind, let me go first.

(smiles)

Call it home court advantage. Look, I'm sorry. You were right. About a lot of things. Especially tricking you into doing manual labor, and you did it without complaining. Makes me cazza. That's shit.

BERNIE

I know. I've picked up some words.

GUINE

Yeah. You know why? Because you learn. We're supposed to know as we grow. And I really haven't. I've been afraid, in my parents shadow.

BERNIE

If it's any comfort, I just had this same conversation with Mick.

Guine sadly smiles and rubs his forehead.

GUINE

Yeah, that bottle of Scotch. He'll get better with age, too.

BERNIE

So, what's all this about? Is this you on a laptop? What happened to your Al Capone manual calculator?

GUINE

It's time for changes. Starting with technology. And growing what my parents built. Your projections are solid, Bitcoin.

Bernie pats Guine on the shoulder in passing to the large sink where she turns on the cold water.

BERNIE

Thank you. It's what I do. You do you. And I'll do me.

GUINE

(perplexed)

Yeah well, I'm not doing you, I'm doing Alice at Starbucks.

Bernie laughs. She walks into the bathroom and back out carrying two big live eels that she drops in the filled sink.

BERNIE

No threesomes as I shower tonight.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

A jet lands on the tarmac. The door opens. CEO, 64, an air of entitlement fused with arrogance, adjusts his suit.

EXT. THE PLAZA HOTEL - DAY

Beautiful historic hotel overlooking Central Park.

INT. THE PLAZA HOTEL - DAY

A ballroom hosting well dressed people. The hanging banner shows WELCOME SHADYHOME CORP. Guine and Bernie, he in a formal tuxedo, her, a pant's suit, greet arrivals.

BERNIE

Where did you get your tux? You're not exactly the center of NY fashion. I found your acid washed jeans from the 90's in the closet.

GUINE

Those jeans are making a comeback! When I called in a favor for help, he made a friggin similar comment.

BERNIE

Who's "he"?

Rabbit dazzles in a perfectly fit tuxedo. He steps next to them with his arms folded behind and smiles at the guests.

RABBIT

"He" is the savior who lent his men to save the day, and won't be embarrassed by being seen with a poor man's Dean Martin over there.

GUINE

Basta! Don't make me get a rusty spoon and finish Milo's vengeance!

Across the room sit eight people at a dais. Six men two women dressed as if they don't price their clothes. They chat.

GUINE

Look at this crowd. SHADYHOME INC. owns 87% of the Nursing homes in North America. Getting old sucks, but my aunt said it's profitable.

Bernie's suddenly befuddled by the sight of Laine talking to the Board, laughing until he spots her. His smile diminishes.

BERNIE

Excuse me, guys.

Laine and Bernie approach each other like gunslingers, neither extending a hand.

LAINE

What the bloody hell are you doing here? Are you a waitress now?

BERNIE

I'm a guest. You're on the Board?

LAINE

Not that's it's any of your bloody business, but I am not.

A woman BOARD MEMBER, 64, oblivious to lesser, walks by.

BOARD MEMBER

Excuse me, I just wanted to say goodbye. Nice meeting you, Robert.

Her hand seals the goodbye from Laine's. Bernie receives a nod. She sways away as Laine notices Bernie's perplexity.

LAINE

Robert is my given name.

BERNIE

Right.



A hastily adjust of his tie, Laine glances in all directions.

LAINE

Nevertheless, about your suspension meeting on Monday. Meredith isn't thrilled about returning and dealing with H.R over you, so she's authorized my offering you the option to decline coming in and drag it out. You can sign off on a gracious severance package. I planned on calling you later today.

BERNIE

A package? Why? I'm an intern?

LAINE

Meredith's discretion.

BERNIE

Is that so? And the expense report?

Laine smiles. At least it resembles a human trying to smile.

LAINE

Same. To write it off. Or not.

BERNIE

(beat)

I see. OK, I'll let you know.

LAINE

Well, churn your brain quick, before I lose my patience.

Laine stomps off. Bernie studies his moves. Guine approaches.

GUINE

Who's that?

BERNIE

Laine.

GUINE

Here? Why?

Laine grabs his overcoat and hastily exits.

BERNIE

(squints)

That's a great question.

EXT. THE PLAZA - NIGHT

Guine hangs outside the doorway. Bernie tightens her scarf.

GUINE

Thanks, B. I really couldn't have done this without you. You good?

BERNIE

Yes. I have some things to mull over. One thing at a time.

GUINE

Stay sane, girl.

A fist bump done, Bernie exits the alley. Answers her phone.

ADINA (V.O.)

Hey, Finance Barbie. What's up?

BERNIE

Hi, nada. How are you and Sparky?

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

Adina back in show costume, sits on stage rubbing her butt.

ADINA

We're still living the dream, one nightmare at a time. You?

BERNIE (V.O.)

Hell has a seat reserved for me by the window. What can I do you for?

Adina grimaces and waves her taser at Handsome Man as she makes the sign of cutting his throat. He runs off the stage.

ADINA

(sweetly)

Drink's in thirty?

BERNIE (V.O.)

You got it. I'll seeeeee --

ADINA

Bernie! Are you alright?

STREET

A van screeches off. Bernie's scarf flutters in the wind.

INT. EMPTY ROOM - NIGHT

Bernie wakes dazed, tied to a chair. GOON TWINS, 35, look like they're perfected the art of leg breaking, stand stoic.

BERNIE

Where am I? Who are you?

GOON TWINS

(together)

We ask. You answer. The money?

BERNIE

Money? I'm sorry, but you're going to have to be a little more specific. Are you from King Jew, the Russians, the hospital, my dad or the Salvation Army Santa's hit squad? I can't keep up!

The door creaks opens, offering more light. King Jew enters.

KING JEW

Ah, Bernadette. You think I'm a schmuck? A real schlimazel.

INT. GUINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Guine unlocks his door and enters. He's immediately met by a frantic Adina, still in costume, rushing his position.

ADINA

Oh my God! It's about time!

GUINE

(freaks)

What the hell? Who are you? Are you the ghost of Christmas past?

ADINA

What? Oh, no. This is from the play I'm rehearsing. I'm Adina. Listen to me, Bernie's in trouble!

Guine backs away as he surveys his landscape.

GUINE

How do you know where I live?

ADINA

Bernie went to the bar bathroom and left her cell on the table. Duh!

GUINE

How did you get in here?

ADINA

(rolls eyes)

I mean, the Diebolt 3400? Really? I was picking that lock in third grade. Besides I had to pee. Also, I'm assuming you know your bathtub looks like the Coney Island Aquarium. But yada, yada, we don't have time for this! Listen to me!

INT. KING JEW'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Goon Twins carry Bernie in, still bound in chair, as King Jew lounges with his feet up on his desk.

KING JEW

First week is up, girl. My money?

BERNIE

First week? No one said anything about a first week? Moshe said I owed it all in two weeks?

King Jew's death stare yields nothing. He lifts his phone and turns his back, quietly but forcefully yells in Hebrew.

Bernie's ear lifts to the faint sound of music playing.

BERNIE

Is that opera music?

GOON TWINS

(together)

Bocelli. Whoever that is.

King Jew softly hang up. He sighs.

KING JEW

It's getting tougher to work with these old, stubborn schmucks.

Bernie breathes a sigh of relief. King Jew clops his big feet on his desk as he studies an ancient dagger.

KING JEW

I said I would treat you with equality. In that spirt, you owe one week's worth, minus the VIG for Moshe's mistake. Now, where is it?

INT. GUINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A double knock on Guine's front door startles him. Not Adina.

GUINE

Now what? Who's this? Tiny Tim?

Guine swings the door open. Mick enters, holding a pizza.

ADINA

Kind of. Without the limp.

GUINE

What the hell are you doing here?

Mick drops the pizza box. He grabs a slice and one for Adina.

MICK

She called me. Introduced herself and told me about Bernie.

GUINE

And the friggin' pizza?

ADINA

I had to pee AND I was hungry.

Guine grabs a bottle of wine and rubs his eyes.

GUINE

Focus, Genovese. Where's Bernie?

ADINA

I'm not positive, but I have an idea. What do you two know?

Guine and Mick shrug at each other.

GUINE

I mean...everything? Nothing?

MICK

Meredith wouldn't kidnap her. The only other thing is KJ, but Bernie has another week to pay that back.

ADINA

Stop. Stop. KJ? King Jew? Ugh! I was right! Bernie borrowed the money last week. Crap. CRAP!

MICK

What? Moshe said --

ADINA

Moshe forgets where his penis is lately. Trust me, that's a visual. Listen, Bernie is supposed to pay half back today; a week later.

Cringes form on Guine and Mick, who still downs more pizza.

GUINE

Crap! Bernie doesn't have it!

ADINA

By the looks of this apartment...  
(to Mick)  
... and your clothes, Travolta, neither of you can pull that money out of your asses. Correct?

GUINE

Hey, show some respect, ghost of Christmas pain in my ass!

ADINA

Spunk. Love it. Save it for later. FUCK! FUCK! I can't believe I'm going to have to do this.

She rummages through her bag, pulling out the taser.

GUINE / MICK

(together)

Whoa, whoa!

ADINA

What? Oh, no. Well, maybe! Be good!

She shoves it back in her bag and removes her cell phone.

ADINA

We need to save Bernie's cute little ass, so I can shove my Menorah up it when we see her.

INT. KING JEW'S OFFICE - NIGHT

King Jew's cell rings. He sees Adina's name on it and sighs.

KING JEW

Yes? Tell me the Jewelry store is on fire. Or Abe's grey beard. Something of importance.

ADINA (O.S.)

Uncle, please. Listen for a minute. I am not getting involved in your business. Please believe that. But before anything possibly happens to Bernie, can I please talk to her for a minute? PLEASE?

King Jew grunts and stares at Bernie's young face.

KING JEW

It seems my organization on this day lacks the knowledge of the rules. That will be dealt with later. But for now, I will grant you this request, my black sheep niece. But you will owe me; more than one. Are we in agreement?

ADINA (O.S.)

(beat)

Yes, uncle.

King Jew holds his phone against Bernie's ear.

BERNIE

Hello? Yes. Uh huh. No, I hear you. OK, OK. Really? Fine. Fine!

Bernie nods. King Jew returns it back to his own ear.

KING JEW

Good night, my dear. Your aunt will love having you for Matzoh Ball soup next Sunday.

King Jew ends the call. He focuses on Bernie.

KING JEW

Now; my money.

Fear forms on Bernie's face. She suddenly notices a book on the desk. It's Jordan's book BELIEVE. She's reinvigorated.

BERNIE

Two truths and a lie.

KING JEW

(squints)

Come again, young lady?

BERNIE

It's a mental game. Battle of the wits. Two truths and a lie. One person tells the other three things, except one of them is a lie. You have to figure out which is the lie. Are you up for a game?

King Jew raises the dagger and picks at his fingernails.

KING JEW

And I would play this, why?

BERNIE

You're a man of great wisdom and strength, sir. But I can look around this office and also tell you enjoy something new. Something challenging; edgy. Am I incorrect?

KING JEW

(beat)

Go on, girl.

BERNIE

If you win, I'll pay you double. My name is on my parent's deed for their house. They trust me. Pity.

KING JEW

And if you win? We are even?

BERNIE

Sounds only fair, sir.

King Jew rises, traverses around Bernie, dagger in hand.



KING JEW

This is already a crazy day. Why not? Let's see how this movie ends. A comedy or a horror? Amuse me.

BERNIE

I'll tell you three things. All provable without my leaving here. You need to tell me which is the lie by midnight. Sound good?

King Jew eyes the goons, who shrug. He slams the dagger down.

KING JEW

OK. Tell your tale, Bernadette.

BERNIE

My middle name is Virginia. I am twenty-five years old and I can have Andrea Bocelli here in two hours to sing a duet with you.

King Jew busts out laughing.

KING JEW

Bocelli? The Opera legend? Oh, my poor, misguided dreamgirl! Have you decided walking is not important?

Bernie tries to shrug her tied up shoulders.

BERNIE

The ball is in your court, sir.

KING JEW

(beat)

There is either more to you than I've been led to believe, or much, much less. Let us find out.

King Jew walks to a chalkboard in the corner of his office and writes on it: AGE 25, MIDDLE NAME-VIRGINIA and BOCELLI.

KING JEW

I will say your age and middle name are the truths. Bocelli; the lie.

King Jew lifts a folder from his desk, removes paper out that has Bernie's driver's license clearly printed.

KING JEW

Of course, you must know we have records on you, Bernadette. We don't take chances with our money.

Bernie twitches. King Jew cleans the paper with the dagger.

KING JEW

Which means, I win.

INT. GUINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SUPER: "Five minutes earlier."

Adina shoves her phone in her bag. She frantically paces the room. Mick and Guine's faces define clueless.

ADINA

Shit! Shit! I hate fucking Matzoh soup! OK, listen up, Gumba.

Adina yanks a picture off Guine's shelf of him, Aunt Marie and Andrea Bocelli. It's signed LOVE YOU, MARIE. ANDREA.

ADINA

I'm assuming your Aunt has a good relationship with Bocelli? He stays here, in the winter, in his apartment in the city. Which means we have to hope his ass is home.

MICK

Guin, how does she know your aunt?

Guine shrugs. He downs another glass of wine.

ADINA

Jews know everything about everyone in their lives. Your dad was proud of you tonight, Mickey Jr.

Mick grabs the wine bottle from Guine and gulps it down.

GUINE

Wait. Why did you say you hope Bocelli's home alone right now?

ADINA

Because how the hell can we kidnap him if he isn't home! Now, let's go! We're on the clock!

INT. KING JEW'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Bernie, bound and silent, watches King Jew laugh heartily.

KING JEW

So there's a two hour timer on your game, eh? Clever! I missed that. Fine. I will be back just before midnight. There are a few other... clients, I must chat with.

King Jew rummages through a box of gadgets on the floor. He removes a Mickey Mouse alarm clock with the hands as the minutes and hours. He sets and sits it on the desk by Bernie.

KING JEW

When the clock strikes Mickey, Mickey will strike you.

EXT. BROWNSTONE HOUSE - NIGHT

A van screeches to a halt by curb. Guin, Mick and Adina exit.

GUINE

I can't believe I made it to Manhattan in twelve minutes!

ADINA

No surprise to me. All the great ones skate outside the rink.

MICK

The psychopath loves you. Great.

ADINA

I texted a few sources and they said he has a live-in maid, but she retires to bed by now. He loves wine. A bit too much by this hour.

GUINE

Sources? Jesus! Are you FBI or CIA?

ADINA

I'm FU2. Now do we want to save the hot third of this Three Stooges remake or not?

FRONT DOOR

Adina jiggles the locked handle. She rummages in her bag, removing brass knuckles and a french tickler.

ADINA  
Hold these.

Guine freaks out. He holds the tickler out like a skunk.

MICK  
Should I be afraid or aroused?

GUINE  
Ecch! It depends which one she  
beats you with!

The objects go back in her bag. Her lock-pick set is next.

ADINA  
Quiet! We're in.

INT. BOCELLI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Interior resembles a museum. Statues, fountains and portraits of Bocelli everywhere. The room is solely lit by a fireplace.

BOCELLI, 61, grace in motion, even asleep, snores with a XBOX controller in one hand and a glass of wine in the other.

MICK  
(whispers)  
Call of Duty? How does a blind...

GUINE  
(whispers)  
Am I Helen Keller's life coach?

ADINA  
Pick him up and let's get going!

Mick and Guine start to lift Bocelli. He leaps, half-asleep.

BOCELLI  
Redeploy! Redeploy! Shoot to kill!

MICK  
Easy Lone Ranger!

Bocelli swings his cane erratically, hitting them repeatedly.

GUINE  
Mick! Get him! He's friggin blind!

MICK

No names! No names! Ow! Ow!

ADINA

Oh, fuck this shit.

Adina tasers Bocelli, causing him to smack Mick in the head again. Mick drops hard to the ground with Bocelli on top.

MICK

Get him off! Get him off!

INT. GUINE'S VAN - NIGHT

Dead silence. Guine drives, cranky, hair a mess. Mick sits behind, his shell-shock expression is accentuated by the flounder against his bruised head. Bocelli lays unconscious.

Adina spins in the passenger seat, shoves her phone at Mick.

ADINA

And here's when he whopped you  
upside your head the first time!

GUINE

Why the hell were you taking pics?

ADINA

Big fan. Let's go, Fredo. Drive!

INT. KING JEW'S OFFICE - NIGHT

King Jew enters yelling into the phone. He ends the call.

KING JEW

Ten more minutes, my dear. Tell me,  
have you crutch experience?

The Goon Twins sigh. Bernie stares at the BELIEVE book.

EXT. PICKLES AND PEAS - NIGHT

Guine's van tears into the front parking spot, hitting the parking meter and sending coins everywhere.

The van's side door clanks open. Mick and Guine help Bocelli out. Guine holds his phone to Bocelli's ear.

BOCELLI

Yes, Marie. No, I understand. Or I don't. I think I may be dreaming this. Yes, I will assist. Ciao.

They sit Bocelli on a chair by the door. He dozes, mutters back to the Call of Duty battlefield. Mick picks up coins.

BOCELLI

I've been hit! Get helicopter!

GUINE

Is he dreaming Blackhawk down? My back is killing me! Now what?

ADINA

Guys, he's blind, not dead. Your aunt talked him out of calling the police. Just get him in there before he sobers up any further.

Guine nods and double knocks on the door. The slot opens.

INT. KING JEW'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Mickey alarm rings. King Jew's big hand slaps it off.

KING JEW

And that is, how they say? That.

BERNIE

Wait! Sir! I can --

KING JEW

Tut tut, young lady! Normally I join my men in imparting the penalty tax on late payers, but I am too old fashioned. I cannot raise my hands to a woman.

BERNIE

(sigh)

Oh thank God!

KING JEW

Oh, I meant I won't. They will.

The Goon Twins quick smile and wave before returning to their expressionless state. They remove their jackets.

King Jew puts an album on an old vinyl record player. Elvis Presley's "IT'S NOW OR NEVER" plays loud. Bernie panics.

King Jew sings in an operatic voice as his men move closer.

KING JEW  
IT'S NOW OR NEVER --

Bocelli's voice is heard loudly.

BOCELLI (V.O.)  
-- COME HOLD ME TIGHT!

The Goon Twins stop moving. Confused, King Jew peers around.

KING JEW  
KISS ME MY DARLING --?

BOCELLI (V.O.)  
-- BE MINE TONIGHT!

Still confused, but excited, King Jew reaches for the door.

KING JEW  
TOMORROW, WILL BE TOO LATE --

King Jew swings the door open and gazes at Bocelli, one hand on his cane and the other waving in air, singing heartily.

BOCELLI  
IT'S NOW OR NEVER --

King Jew puts his arm around Bocelli and they belt it out.

KING JEW/BOCELLI  
MY LOVE WON'T WAIT!

The two strangers laugh and embrace. Mick and Guine slip past and over toward Bernie. Moshe enters.

GUINE  
Bernadette! Are you still with us?

MICK  
Hang tight, hon.

KING JEW  
It's really you! The great, Andrea Bocelli, before my eyes! I'm so honored! I've seen every concert. Your voice is a gift from God!

BOCELLI  
Grazie! You have wine here, yes?

KING JEW  
Moshe! Get Andrea wine. Andiamo!

BERNIE  
Sir, I fulfilled my part. Can I go?

King Jew chomps and lights a cigar. He hands Bocelli it.

KING JEW  
Bernie, I must say, that was very enterprising and creative. But as per the rules of your game, you still lose. All three were truths.

The Goon Twins sigh and stop putting on their jackets.

BERNIE  
Wait! Mick, my purse. My license!

Mick hands Bernie's driver's license to King Jew.

BERNIE  
My middle name is Viola. Not Virginia. The DMV's computers autocorrected it. Incorrectly. This new one came a few days ago.

King Jew's stoic face turns angry before he bursts in laughter. He dismisses it back to Mick and grabs the wine.

KING JEW  
Ms. Bernadette, well played!  
Moshe, mark her account in full.

The goons untie Bernie. She rises and hugs Mick and Guine.

BOCELLI  
You have Call of Duty, si?

EXT. PICKLES AND PEAS - NIGHT

Adina leans against the van, swiping at her phone. Mick and Guine shuffle from behind the Black door. Bernie staggers.

ADINA  
Bernie!

Adina rushes Bernie. A big hug looks like more than a hug. Guine tilts his head and smiles. Mick's coin hunt continues.



INT. HOUSE - DAY

Bernie rolls her luggage bag into her dad's vision. He sifts through bills at the dining room table.

BERNIE'S DAD

Welcome home, Bernadette.

(beat)

Listen, Paul took a turn for the worse late last night. He's back in the hospital. I didn't want you to panic while you were travelling home. He needs an operation. Now. We're at the end, Bernie. I'm putting the house up.

BERNIE

Dad, I'm so sorry.

She places her hand on his shoulder, looking at the bill.

BERNIE

Give me a day. I can help.

Her dad, tears forming, embraces Bernie's hand with his own.

HALLWAY

Bernie stops at Paul's room, glancing in at his empty bed.

BERNIE'S BEDROOM

Cluttered. Posters of the movies WOLF OF WALL ST, and WORKING GIRL. She sits at her messy desk. A dry-erase board above it.

BERNIE

(to self)

OK, Wall St. You do you.

MONTAGE

-Bernie writes on dry erase board \$\$ FROM RABBIT - 15K, \$\$\$ NEEDED FOR HOSPITAL - \$100K.

-Bernie's laptop and second monitor flashing stock tickers.

-Bernie naps on bed with Jordan's BELIEVE book on her face.

-Bernie eats, stares out her window at a darkening sky.

-Dry erase board with stock symbols, shares and prices.

MONTAGE ENDS

Guine knocks and enters.

GUINE

Hey, bud. I just dropped some pre-cooked food for your parents. The Plaza event had leftover lasagna.

BERNIE

Thank you, G. Really, thank you.

GUINE

Yeah, of course. So what's all this on the board? You curing cancer?

BERNIE

No. It's trades I'm queuing up to make tomorrow when the Market opens. Paul is my priority now.

GUINE

Oh, so, this is you doing you, huh?

BERNIE

Yes, and if I'm reading the tea leaves correctly, when the Wall St. Bell rings at 4:00 tomorrow, this fifteen thousand will grow. A lot.

Guine nods. They fist pump and Guine starts to leave.

GUINE

Wait. What about the priss? Did you accept Laine's offer to go quietly?

BERNIE

Crap! No. I forgot. Let me text him and end that nightmare.

GUINE

But...

Bernie glances from her phone and stops typing.

GUINE

... why exactly was he at the Plaza?

Skepticism taking control of her face, Bernie dials a number.

BERNIE  
 Do you mean "Robert?"  
 (to Mick)  
 Mick? Can you call and tie in  
 Digit? We need to talk.

INT. OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

Festive holiday decorations. Laine exits elevator.

LAINE  
 Ah, the pitiful bird returns. Why?  
 Last night you text-accepted the  
 package in lieu of a hearing.

BERNIE  
 I changed my mind. Woman's  
 prerogative. Now I want my day.

LAINE  
 (miffed)  
 Excuse me? We don't have time --

BERNIE  
 Meredith is back. Let's not make a  
 scene down here. Shall we?

LAINE  
 Why you little --

BERNIE  
 I can scream rape, but I don't  
 think anyone would buy that.

LAINE  
 (beat)  
 Wait here.

Laine briskly leaves. INTERN #1, walks over holding a box.

INTERN #1  
 Bernie? Why are you back?

BERNIE  
 I have a meeting with Meredith.

INTERN #1  
 Really? Too early in the day for  
 that! Well, no good time really.

BERNIE  
That's a big box of decorations.  
The party is still tonight, right?

INTERN #1  
Oh, yeah. Employees only. Too bad.

BERNIE  
Working for Meredith is not exactly  
a "Wind beneath her wings" joy.  
More like her fangs. Stay tuned...

Intern #1 leaves confused. The DESK GUY, 30, waves to Bernie.

DESK GUY  
Here's your temporary badge. 28th  
floor. Ms. Towers is waiting.

BERNIE  
Are temporaries still good all day?

DESK GUY  
Usually. She changed it to an hour.

INT. MEREDITH'S OFFICE - DAY

Meredith's paces as she yells in her cell. Laine sits near  
her desk. Bernie enters and is motioned to sit.

MEREDITH  
I could give two fuck's less. No,  
it's Huggie diapers or I wrap his  
ass in the Wall St. Journal. It's  
used to shit in it anyway.

She ends the call and puffs her cigarette. Stares at Bernie.

MEREDITH  
You little bitch.

Bernie places a teddy bear from her bag on the desk.

BERNIE  
For your baby. Congratulations.

MEREDITH  
Fuck you.

Laine sneers a smile at Bernie, but Bernie ignores it.

BERNIE  
What's that? How am I? Great!

MEREDITH

Six hundred fucking grand? And then you make me have to see your face? Now I'm coming for it and you.

BERNIE

It's true. I let the night and cost get away from me. I missed your voicemail. It was an honest --

MEREDITH

-- mistake? The mistake was trusting you to not fuck it up. To not make women look like we should still be barefoot, pregnant and in the kitchen. You disgust me. Laine, walk her to H.R and then get her out of here. Any last words?

Laine opens the door. Bernie rises, but stops before exiting.

BERNIE

Your baby's smoking, too.

Meredith's lit fallen cigarette burns on the baby's carrier.

MEREDITH

What the fu --

Bernie slams the door shut.

INT. OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

Laine leads Bernie to the front door. Bernie turns on a dime.

BERNIE

Be honest. Everything I told Ivan came true. Did he make the trade?

LAINE

(smirks)

You don't think I'm getting promoted for nothing, do you?

Laine laughs before he walks away.

EXT. OFFICE - DAY

Bernie struts toward Mick and Digit by the curb.

MICK  
Seventy minutes. You were off.

BERNIE  
She had to feed her Kraken.

Bernie tosses Digit the temporary key card.

BERNIE  
So you're sure you can reprogram it  
for tonight? We've got one shot.

DIGIT  
I can autopilot the Corporate Jet  
with just this level of access.

Bernie fist bumps Mick and Digit as they go separate ways.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Paul lays awake in bed, parents by his side. Bernie enters.

BERNIE  
Hey, handsome. How goes it?

PAUL  
Oh, y'know. There's nothing on TV  
so I figured I'd get operated on.

They hug it out. Bernie's father hands Paul a cup of water.  
Bernie's mom steps her to the side for privacy.

BERNIE'S MOM  
The doctors think it went well. God  
willing, he'll be on a better path.

BERNIE  
That's great, mom. I don't want you  
to worry about bills. I have --

BERNIE'S MOM  
Bernie, I called your company's  
main line when you didn't answer  
earlier. They said you don't work  
there any longer. Don't work there?

BERNIE  
Mom, it's OK. Trust me. Please?

BERNIE'S MOM

I do. And I'm sorry about Robby. I just found out from his mother that he was fired. That's why he's back.

BERNIE

Maybe he needs a good woman to support him, mom. Maybe emotionally AND financially. What do you think?

BERNIE'S MOM

I get it. I do. I'm sorry. I just want the best for you, dear. Did some crazy woman taser him?

Bernie hugs her mom before she turns back to Paul.

BERNIE

So seriously? Are we going kick boxing or are you just too lazy?

Paul laughs and slaps her arm. Bernie watches the stock ticker scrolling on TV. The closing bell on Wall St. rings.

BERNIE

It's Showtime.

EXT. FINANCIAL BUILDING - NIGHT

The darkened sky is lit up by techno coming from top floors.

SUPER: "6:30 PM. Office holiday party."

INT. FINANCIAL BUILDING - TRADING FLOOR - NIGHT

DJ blasts music, workers dancing, drinking, partying hard. Meredith toasts drinks with the CEO. Laine holds her baby's carrier, fakes a smile.

INT. FINANCIAL BUILDING - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

A fish truck visible through the open door. Workers carry crates of fish stamped SEASIDE. Mick, Guine, Bernie, Adina, Digit and Rabbit all dressed in Seaside outfits and hats.

INT. FINANCIAL BUILDING - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Adina, now in a red dress, sweet talks JOE SECURITY, 40, as Digit slips behind and puts a USB drive in the computer rack.

INT. FINANCIAL BUILDING - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Digit, Mick and Guine changing into formal wear.

INT. FINANCIAL BUILDING - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Guine hits the 28 floor button. Digit scans the temporary badge, making the button light. Mick and Guine fist bump.

INT. FINANCIAL BUILDING - TRADING FLOOR - NIGHT

The CEO takes a drink from the waiter's tray. Meredith has a glass of soda in hand while Laine remains active baby-sitter.

CEO

I've got to hand it to you, Meredith. Even during childbirth, you were able to pull off one of the most profitable client trades this firm has seen in a long time.

MEREDITH

Thank you, John. I know where my priorities are. I --

CEO

And let's not forget your Boy Wonder here. Laine did a wonderful job pitching Ivan to make such a sizeable investment.

MEREDITH

Right. That's what I was going to say, John. Before you cut me off.

Meredith's irked, but feigns a smile. The CEO is oblivious.

CEO

Laine, I didn't know you had such a keen insight into the Market. We missed it entirely. Do share!

LAINE

Uh, well, yes. Analytics. Lots.

CEO

(laughs)

Whatever. It's a shitload of money!

(to Meredith)

That's why he's being promoted up with you, Meredith. Analytics!



Meredith nods; grits her teeth. She motions to Laine's hand.

MEREDITH

Rock gently, Mary Poppins or you'll  
get the broomstick.

Bernie strolls over in a stunning dress, hair colored and styled like a model. She raises her glass of bubbly.

BERNIE

Room for one more?

MEREDITH

Who the hell are -- wait. Bull-  
dyke? Is that you? Talk about  
cleaning up well. Regardless, what  
the hell are you doing here?

LAINE

I'll call security.

BERNIE

Laine! Buddy! It's the holidays!  
It's a time for giving!

Bernie tugs her left ear.

INT. FINANCIAL BUILDING - DJ STAGE - NIGHT

Across the room, Digit nods and types into his Ipad. The four TV screens around the DJ change from music videos to video only footage of Laine at the Plaza affair. The DJ shrugs.

INT. FINANCIAL BUILDING - TRADING FLOOR - NIGHT

Laine's brow rises. The CEO squints toward the screens.

CEO

What is that?

BERNIE

It's the gift that's keeps on  
giving, sir. Or taking.

MEREDITH

What the hell is -- you know what?  
I don't care. Laine, get Security.

Laine shoves the baby carrier at a surprised Meredith.

LAINE  
Give a second here.

Laine physically shoves Bernie a few feet away.

LAINE  
What do you think you're doing?

BERNIE  
Mary O'Hara, "Robert."

The first droplet of sweat descends from Laine's forehead.

LAINE  
Stop it now and we will talk.

Bernie tugs her right ear and the music video returns.

(MORE)  
BERNIE  
Meredith? Sir? If you'll follow me.

Bernie guides them as she grabs Meredith's door handle.

INT. MEREDITH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Bernie leads Meredith, baby and CEO in tow. Laine follows.

LAINE  
Meredith, did I mention that Bernie had some very insightful input into the meeting with Ivan? We may want to reconsider her tenure here.

CEO  
Meredith, what's going on here?

MEREDITH  
Honestly, John. I have no clue.

BERNIE  
So Laine, you're now saying I added a teeny, weeny bit to your meeting?

LAINE  
Well, I -- what I meant --

BERNIE  
I used analytical data on stock movement and trends, as do most traders, but I added my own layer of behavioral, word search data, all AI and ML cutting edge tech.

I search words CEO's in trouble use. "Stock fell, cash position increase etc." It sures the stock, or not.

(to Laine)  
What's ML?

The CEO and Meredith look at Laine. His sweat balls double.

LAINE  
Uh. Blimey -- Much Letters?

The CEO and Meredith look at Bernie. She's calm as they come.

BERNIE  
Machine Learning. Close though.

LAINE  
This is rubbish! I ran the meeting!  
You're an intern who ran numbers I told you to run! How is irrelevant!

The CEO and Meredith look at Bernie. It sounds plausible.

BERNIE  
I -- wow. That's good!

LAINE  
No, child. That's my word!

BERNIE  
That's your word? Luckily a picture is worth a thousand of them.

Bernie grabs Meredith's TV remote, turning on the six TVs scattered around her office. They all show the Ivan meeting.

MEREDITH  
What in the fuck?

Meredith unconsciously bangs her baby carrier into the desk.

CEO  
What is this? Is that Ivan?

The door bursts open and Ivan enters with his crew.

IVAN  
No, this; this is Ivan!

Ivan shakes the CEO's hand and kisses both his cheeks. He blows a kiss toward Meredith and slaps Laine's ass hard.

IVAN  
Shots for everyone!

His bodyguards whip out Vodka bottles.

CEO  
What is going on here!

Ivan looks at the TVs and waves his hands for quiet.

IVAN  
Wait! Wait! Shhh! This is where I  
make the man-boy pee-pee his pants!

The TV's show Ivan yelling at a frozen Laine, but no audio.

IVAN  
Oh, no sound. I can act it, yes?

CEO  
Mr. Vokofsky, are you saying Laine  
didn't do anything?

Ivan abruptly halts his over the top mannerisms and puts his  
arm around Bernie's shoulder.

IVAN  
No. Bernadette did.

BERNIE  
(whispers)  
I didn't think you got my text?

IVAN  
(whispers)  
I get it all. I make entrance, yes?

BERNIE  
Yes. No doubt. Always.

IVAN  
Now, shots for everyone!

The bodyguards hand out shots. Laine freaks.

LAINE  
Wait! Wait! No!  
(to CEO)  
She spent over a half a million  
dollars on the company's Corporate  
Card, Meredith's, taking him out!

CEO  
Bernie, is this true?

Laine pushes Meredith aside, almost knocking her down.

LAINE  
Yes! If you look at her credit card  
statements, you'll... see...

Laine's blank face stares at her computer screen.

IVAN  
I don't remember any of that. Three  
thousand budget, no? Nice dinner.

LAINE  
They're all... retracted.

Bernie catches Ivan's quick wink to her.

IVAN  
Well, so I guess no bills, no  
problems, eh? Now we drink!

Ivan shakes the CEO's hand and chats as the bodyguard opens  
the door and the rest of Ivan's entourage enters.

The music blares and Ivan's women start dancing. Shot's are  
drank and Mick, Guine and Digit slip in dancing.

Laine is frantic. He gets in Meredith's face.

LAINE  
Meredith! This is all lies! I've  
busted my ass for five years for  
you! I will get what I deserve!

Bernie steps from behind and holds up her phone showing a  
picture of an old woman.

BERNIE  
I agree. So would Mrs. Mary O'Hara.  
She's a patient of SHADYHOME. She's  
also been in a coma for six months.  
She's also apparently been making  
trades under your account for the  
last five, Meredith. Not a bad trick.  
Unless Laine had access to both your  
passwords and hers, since she's his  
aunt's roommate at SHADYHOME. Isn't  
that right, "Robert?"

LAINÉ

You bloody, little --!

Laine grabs Bernie by the arm and tries to escort her out. She knees him in the crotch. Ivan throws his arms up.

IVAN

Score! Now we have party!

The entourage goes wild. JOE SECURITY runs in with SECURITY PERSON #2, baggy clothes, whose face isn't visible.

JOE SECURITY

OK, break it up!

SECURITY PERSON #2

Stop dry humping Bernie's leg!

Security Person #2 tasers Laine, making his body convulse. Security Person #2 removes the baggy shirt, pants and hat.

ADINA

You're right, Joe, that was cool!

Adina tosses her security clothes to Joe Security.

JOE SECURITY

Anything for you, sweetie.

Meredith grabs Bernie by her dress neckline, yanks her close.

MEREDITH

You little bitch! I'm going --

Bernie lifts her phone to Meredith's face.

BERNIE

This is from today. Right here. You and Laine talking about how you're going to take John's job next. And a few other choice words.

The video shows Laine and Meredith talking in her office.

MEREDITH

What? How?

Still held, Bernie raises the Teddy Bear up from the corner of the desk where she left it.

BERNIE

Teddy's middle name is "Cam".

Meredith scowls at Bernie, woman to woman, before she calms.

MEREDITH  
Joe, get the crook out of here.

Joe Security grabs Bernie.

MEREDITH  
Not her. Harry Potter!

Joe Security let's Bernie go and grabs a waking Laine.

LAINÉ  
What? No! Meredith!

A screaming Laine is dragged out of the office.

MEREDITH  
It's Ms. Towers, bitch.

Bernie adjusts her dress as Meredith gets in her face.

MEREDITH  
That video is never seen again  
otherwise you're never seen again.  
Are we clear? I can't have my new  
assistant dead already, Bernie.  
Girl power, right?

Meredith fakes a grin, awkwardly puts her fist up for a bump.

BERNIE  
Hey! That's actually my name.

Bernie raises her hand, and walks right past Meredith into Adina's surprised arms. Ivan walks over to Meredith.

IVAN  
Hello, my dear.

MEREDITH  
Fuck you.

IVAN  
Mmh. Been awhile. Nine months, no?

Ivan smiles down at the baby and winks at Meredith.

MEREDITH  
You disgust me.

She discretely grabs his ass. He laughs. Adina ends the hug.

ADINA

Like I said, sister. BELIEVE!

Bernie kisses Adina. It's passionate and noticeable to all.

BERNIE

I do. I BELIEVE you didn't  
see that coming, girlfriend.

Mick and Guine watch and high-five as they dance over with two of Ivan's women groupies. They both hug Bernie.

MICK

I love corporate! Hire me!

GUINE

This catering sucks! Fuck SEASIDE!

Digit slow dances with one of Ivan's foot taller party groupies. Bernie's phone rings. She answers.

BERNIE

What's that, dad? It's loud here.

BERNIE'S DAD (V.O.)

I said you won't believe this, but  
someone sent your brother a stuffed  
doll! A real big one!

BERNIE

Oh, OK? And?

BERNIE'S DAD (V.O.)

It's filled with money! All hundred  
dollar bills! There's got to be  
thousands of them in it!

BERNIE

What! Wait. What type of doll?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Paul lays in his bed, pulling money out of a six foot stuffed doll. His dad is on the phone watching in amazement.

BERNIE'S DAD

It looks like -- what's that  
singer's name? Beyonce, I think?



INT. MEREDITH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Bernie closes her phone. Ivan is dancing on Meredith's desk with her. Ivan sees Bernie mouthing THANK YOU and nods.

CEO

Meredith! Get down from there!

Meredith staggers off the desk, a glass of Vodka in hand.

CEO

You'll be in my office at 9AM sharp to explain this. Whatever this is.

(to Bernie)

With your new assistant.

MEREDITH

Yes, John.

The CEO turns to leave.

BERNIE

Excuse me, sir. 9AM isn't going to work for me. Actually, no time does. I don't work here.

MEREDITH

Bernadette. Don't.

BERNIE

Actually, I made some very successful trades today using AI, ML and other things Laine can't pronounce. Most of that was for my brother's bills, but now with that covered, I'll have even more funds for starting my own gig.

MEREDITH

What? Why, you --

IVAN

-- and guess her #1 client.

Ivan fist bumps Bernie. That's enough. Meredith loses it.

MEREDITH

Ivan! You bastard! You can't!

IVAN

Cry not. I still throw you bone.

Ivan winks and pumps his fist downward twice.  
Meredith puts her hand over her eyes.

CEO

Ms. Bernadette, is it? You can't do  
this. Especially with one client.

The background dance music turns to Dolly Parton's "9 TO 5."  
Bernie notices and walks out the door.

BERNIE

Oh, I have a few other clients.

INT. FINANCIAL BUILDING - TRADING FLOOR - NIGHT

Bernie leads everyone out of Meredith's office. On the DJ  
stage is Dolph Lungren singing with King Jew and Bocelli. The  
crowd is cheering and loving it.

CEO

My God! Is that Bocelli?

Enter Jordan Belfort.

JORDAN BELFORT

Hey, John. Great party.  
(nods to Meredith)  
Medusa.

Meredith downs another glass of Vodka. Jordan eyes Bernie.

JORDAN BELFORT

Good job with the tip. Made my  
dinner. Where's dessert?

Guine and Bernie nod to each other and pull out Rolex  
watches. They toss them to Jordan. As the music plays;

MONTAGE

-Adina, Bernie and her family open gifts around the Christmas  
tree. Bernie opens a box with a spiked collar. Adina laughs.

-Mick on stage performing Stand-up to a decent crowd.

-Guine, dressed professionally, directing a catered affair.

-Adina during her Dracula show, not letting the Handsome Man  
swoop and pick her up in the air. Bernie laughs in crowd.

-Digit, with three hot models, shuts the door on campus.

-Bernie and her dad removing the For Lease sign out of their old store, shaking hands with the Landlord.

-A mad Adina and Bernie with King Jew eating Matzoh soup.

-Mick, Guine and Bernie toasting each other on New Year's Eve. Adina in elegant dress twerking with Pitbull.

PITBULL  
VAMONOS!

FADE OUT.

CREDITS ROLL - INT. OFFICE - TRADING FLOOR - NIGHT

Jordan catches the Rolex watches. Meredith motions to speak when the elevator doors open. Three women step out dressed in vagina costumes. VAGINA WOMAN #1, 43, smiles.

VAGINA WOMAN #1  
Are you Meredith Towers?

MEREDITH  
Who's asking?

VAGINA WOMAN 1  
We're with the charity group TVRV;  
Tight Vaginas are Right Vaginas.  
Your personal donation was the  
largest we've received and for  
that, we have a melody for you.  
Ready girls! 1,2 and a 1,2,3!

MEREDITH  
Donation?

MICK  
Bern, Digit can be real creative  
with someone's bank account.

Bernie shakes her head and smiles.

VAGINA WOMEN 1/2/3  
Pink is the new black, We want our  
vagina back. Back, back, back it  
up. Crank it up, tighten that trap,  
give me my vagina back! Yeah!

Meredith covers her gaping mouth. They hand her a vagina balloon, step back into the elevator and the doors close.

FADE OUT.