

# HOUSE OF LIES

Pilot: "THE GODS OF DANGEROUS FINANCIAL INSTRUMENTS"

by  
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"When Thales was asked what was difficult, he answered,  
'To know one's self.' And what was easy. 'To advise another.'"  
--Diogenes Laertes, *Thales*

"MANAGEMENT CONSULTANTS: They waste time,  
cost money, demoralize and distract your  
best people and don't solve problems.  
They are people who borrow your watch to  
tell you what time it is and then  
walk off with it."  
--Robert Townsend, *Up the Organization*

December 3, 2010

**HOUSE OF LIES**  
**PILOT**  
**"GODS OF DANGEROUS FINANCIAL INSTRUMENTS"**

**INT. MARTY'S BEDROOM, SEATTLE -- MORNING**

MARTY, 30s, wakes up next to a NAKED WOMAN who's so passed out she looks like she's been dropped from a Cessna.

Marty takes a moment to put the events of the previous evening into place.

MARTY  
Ah, fuck me.

Shakes the naked woman with some urgency. Nothing. Checks his watch. He starts to get dressed, splashes water on his face. Gets an idea. Takes a glass of water and dumps it on the naked woman's face. Not a twitch.

Marty finishes dressing. Suit and tie. Packs a bag like he's done it a million times.

He takes the woman's clothes and dresses her. He picks her up and props her at his desk in front of his computer. Gives her one last shake.

His son ROSCOE enters, skirt and blouse.

ROSCOE  
Hey dad. Grampa's making French  
Toast.  
(noticing woman)  
What's mom doing here?

MARTY  
She...had to do some work.

ROSCOE  
Why's she asleep?

MARTY  
It's...hard work.

ROSCOE  
Should I tell Grampa to make her  
French Toast?

MARTY  
(cheerfully)  
Absolutely not.

ROSCOE  
'Kay.

Roscoe leaves.

The woman--MONICA--lurches awake. FREEZE ON HER, frozen mid-drool.

**MARTY**

MARTY  
(to CAMERA)  
Don't ever. Fuck. Your ex. Wife.

**RESUME**

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Monica, can you please get out of here?

MONICA  
(still mostly passed out)  
Where is here?

MARTY  
My house. How many pills did you take last night?

MONICA  
Which flavor?

MARTY  
This is not gonna happen again.

MONICA  
What happened exactly?

MARTY  
Whadda you think?

MONICA  
Do I smell French Toast?

MARTY  
No. Get out.

MONICA  
Oh, c'mon. After what you did to me last night...why not?

MARTY  
Why not? Because you're a sociopath and an addict and a whore and I can't even look at you.

MONICA  
Awww...right back atcha, sweetie.

**INT. MARTY'S KITCHEN -- MORNING**

Marty's dad, JEREMIAH KAAN, 60s, cooks French Toast. That's right, the Jeremiah Kaan, famous post-Jungian psychoanalyst and culture critic, now retired.

Marty and Roscoe eat.

MARTY  
Dad, you should eat.

JEREMIAH  
Food hurts my mouth. My body's preparing to die.

MARTY  
Right. Thanks for that.

ROSCOE  
Auditions are today.

MARTY  
For what again?

JEREMIAH  
Sound of Music.

MARTY  
Great, bud. What're you--

ROSCOE  
Liesl.

Quick glance between Jeremiah and Marty. Jeremiah shoots daggers at Marty...Marty grimps up; I know, I know.

MARTY  
Oh, cool. Think you got a shot?

ROSCOE  
Brittany Kauffman knows all the songs, but she looks like a pug.

MARTY  
Hm. Yeah, go for it.

JEREMIAH  
You're gonna kick that little pug's ass.

ROSCOE  
I know. I gotta poo.

He exits.

MARTY  
So I just--

JEREMIAH

Yes, you do. Like it was any part in any play.

MARTY

Because singing a song about losing your girly virginity to a soon-to-be Nazi, that's just like going out for Little League, right Dad?

JEREMIAH

You wanna fuck him up about it, just lean on in and call him a Nancy Boy.

MARTY

He's looking for me to push back--

JEREMIAH

He's looking for a little positive attention...

MARTY

(trying for not-bitter)  
The super-shrink has spoken.

JEREMIAH

Retired.

MARTY

Maybe you need to start playing mah jong and stop telling me how to raise my kid.

JEREMIAH

Maybe I wouldn't be here if he had a fit parent between the two of you.

MARTY

Really? That's... 'cause you were an awesome parent. Y'know what stand out as fuckin'... highlights? Being eight and walking in on an orgy. That was great, dad, thanks for that...

JEREMIAH

It wasn't an orgy. And times were different.

MARTY

In the 90s? Really? And then explaining the orgy, that was maybe better than the orgy itself--

JEREMIAH

Of course we could've done better--

MARTY

--But really, what tops finding  
your goddamn mother--

Roscoe walks out, oblivious.

ROSCOE

Hey dad? Can we go shoe shopping?

A look between Jeremiah and Marty.

MARTY

Shoe shopping. This weekend.

**EXT. AIRPORT -- LATER**

Marty walks through the airport--in this world, king--flanked by his associates, DOUG GUGGENHEIM (30s, pantload, mentions Harvard constantly, lets people believe he's an actual Guggenheim), JEANNIE VAN DER HOOVEN (late 20s, razor-sharp, cute, Columbia grad), CLYDE OBERHOLT (early 30s, Marty's closest friend--though Marty's not his)...they never acknowledge their surroundings, just move through them automatically; frequent flyers. We cut freely with them in and out of conversations.

MARTY

What I'm saying, without any fancy wrapping, is if we don't stick the landing on this one, our pod could be eliminated.

DOUG

No pressure.

MARTY

So what're they looking for?

JEANNIE

They're looking for a market position--

CLYDE

Like they don't already have one. They're Masters of the Fucking Universe.

DOUG

As my econ professor at Harvard said...(quick eye-roll between the others) "Never examine the motives of the guys writing your checks."

MARTY

As long as we say something that supports the position they're secretly hoping we advance.

CLYDE

Yeah, but what's the objective?

MARTY

The stated objective is to look at their market position and make recommendations that will keep them out in front of the competition. But really--

JEANNIE

They want us to tell them they're perfect.

MARTY

No. Consulting is like dissing a really pretty girl so she'll want you. We need them to think they're almost perfect, so we can book the afterwork.

#### **FREEZE FRAME**

Cut to Marty, instructing us.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Afterwork, really, is the goal of all consulting. Get em on the tit, thinking their business will fail without you, hiring you week in and week out, millions and millions in billable hours.

#### **RESUME**

#### **AT AIRPORT CINNABON**

As Doug tucks in to a Cinnabon...and tries to complete his thought:

DOUG

...it'ff yike dere--

MARTY

Please. God. Stop. Chew.

Doug shuts up and chews. Beat. Beat. Can't resist; another bite. Beat. Continues:

DOUG

...Like they're looking for a way to justify the bonuses.

MARTY  
And why wouldn't they?

JEANNIE  
Because they robbed the American  
people of billions by putting them  
in bad mortgages?

MARTY  
Oh, boo hoo.

#### **SECURITY**

Marty slips off his shoes and moves through security like a tiger shark.

JEANNIE  
...the Metrobank CEO is K. Warren  
McDale...

CLYDE  
But his little yapping spaniel is  
Greg Niall. We won't be able to do  
anything without going through that  
douchebag first.

#### **THE PLANE**

Takes off, as they continue...

JEANNIE (V.O.)  
Yeah. It's gonna be about scoring  
with Niall.

MARTY  
But he probably knows that. Can't  
suck up. Gotta alpha-dog him.

CLYDE  
We cannot get counseled out on this  
job...

#### **FREEZE FRAME**

MARTY  
Counseled out. That's Consultant  
for fired.

#### **RESUME**

#### **WALKING THROUGH THE AIRPORT**

Marty catches up to Jeannie. Doug and Clyde out of earshot.  
Marty scrutinizes her.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
You have a glow. Hot weekend?



JEANNIE

Don't, Marty.

MARTY

You know I'm gonna figure it out one of these days. Your dirty little secret.

JEANNIE

My secret?

MARTY

Whatever it is. I mean, I know about the baby thing, but--

JEANNIE

(instantly defensive)

The baby what?

MARTY

The baby thing. You want a baby.

JEANNIE

Many people do, Marty.

MARTY

But when we got drunk in Pittsburgh...

JEANNIE

Oh, God.

MARTY

...You said you were gonna--what the fuck was it, it was terrifying-- like, harvest! That's it! Harvest eggs--

JEANNIE

You have no soul.

MARTY

...Because you didn't want to depend on a man--

JEANNIE

I never said that. But it's true.

MARTY

That's some control freak shit is what that is. Are you a bondage girl? It's cool, I'm in.

She gets in the limo.

**EXT. METROBANK CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS**

SUPER: "METROBANK CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS, NYC"

The place is a total fortress of doom; stark, at the center of the Financial District. The limo crawls by a sleeping bag stuck in a refrigerator box outside the entrance. Their Navigator limo rolls up on it like a military convoy.

A hand-lettered sign reads:

**"MY NEW HOME, THANKS TO METROBANK."** Marty takes out his iPhone and starts taking pictures and video. SLEEPING BAG GUY looks right into camera.

A TEXT comes up on Marty's phone from ROSCOE:

**"Yo Dad! I got the part!"**

Marty swallows hard and texts back:

**"You're gonna be a great Liesl! Save me a front row seat!"**

MARTY  
(hating himself)  
Unbefuckinglybelievable.

DOUG  
I have a deep feeling of dread.

MARTY  
You always say that.

CLYDE  
This time, I gotta say, the man is on to something.

MARTY  
Oh, c'mon Clyde, being a little bitch isn't supposed to be contagious.

CLYDE  
These guys are animals, they created the subprime meltdown, now they're cashing in on it.

MARTY  
They're just taking their spoils in the form of outrageous bonuses, like any good robber baron.

DOUG  
They're Gods of dangerous financial instruments. You think they're gonna let us out of here alive?

MARTY

You're forgetting; they think they need us. Why don't you sweet young maidens go inside and change your panties and see if we have a room and a data dump.

**FREEZE FRAME**

Marty addresses us.

MARTY (CONT'D)

The data dump is all the actual information, the numbers, the dirt. Everything else is horseshit. Except perception, which is horseshit you can leverage.

**RESUME**

MARTY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna stroll. Until we have some actual numbers to look at I might as well get a feeling for the corporate culture.

JEANNIE

Just make sure whoever you're getting a feeling for doesn't have a concealed carry permit.

**INT. METROBANK CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS**

Marty cruises the hallways, checking out cute girls. An aggro VP rushes him.

AGGRO VP (NIALL)

Hey, are you from Galweather? Kaan?

MARTY

I am.

NIALL

Greg Niall. I need you right now. McDale wants you in a strategy session.

MARTY

(beginning the PsyOps on Niall)  
Did you say Greg Niall?

NIALL

Yeah.

Marty laughs to himself.

NIALL (CONT'D)

What?

MARTY

Nothing, nothing...just...you hear things...then put the name with a face...interesting.

NIALL

(shaken)

Well, Mr. McDale wants face time.  
Now.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM**

A well-appointed and utterly soulless cavern. A room filled with white guys staring at Marty.

At the head of the table, an empty chair. K. WARREN McDALE enters, lean and suntanned, coiffed, deadly, crazy and smart.

MCDALE

Where are we, Greg?

Niall looks at him with something approaching genuine worship tinged with terror.

NIALL

You wanted a five minute blue-sky with Galweather.

MCDALE

Aren't we paying for a team from Galweather?

MARTY

That's correct, sir. They're waiting for the data dump, but I can have them come right over.

MCDALE

You're Kaan?

(off Marty's nod)

You're the mad genius we're paying all the money for. Why don't you just tell us what you're thinking.  
Go.

Marty starts to open his mouth as he blinks...

**UNFLATTERING FREEZE FRAME.**

BIG TITLES OVER PICTURE:

**"MANAGEMENT CONSULTANT'S PANIC BUTTONS"**

Marty in the chair. He reaches under the chair and pulls out a sign reading:

**"FLATTER THE CLIENT"**

**RESUME**

MARTY  
 Metrobank, as is, is a work of art,  
 a Giotto, a Rembrandt...so how do  
 you make improvements on a  
 masterpiece?

**FREEZE FRAME**

To Marty in the chair. Pulls out another sign:

**"ASK THEM WHAT THEY THINK"**

**RESUME**

MARTY (CONT'D)  
 ...So the germane question here is,  
 where do you feel you're heading  
organically?

**FREEZE FRAME**

Marty in the chair again. Fuck, last sign.

**"USE INDECIPHERABLE JARGON"**

MARTY (CONT'D)  
 Look, the pod remains convinced  
 there's a burning platform, but we  
 don't have the bandwidth to go into  
 a black factory and blow up the  
 paradigms with a white paper.

McDale just stares at Marty. Marty stares back. The assembled players stare at McDale, then at Marty.

MCDALE  
 You think I haven't hired and fired  
 a thousand management consultants?  
 I know all your bullshit tricks.  
 Get me a dog that hunts...or I'll  
 put a bullet in its head.

Gulp.

MARTY  
 Fair enough.

**INT. SHITTY CUBICLE -- MUCH LATER**

The Galweather team is jammed together in a crappy office gutting it out over the Metro situation.

DOUG  
We're fucked. We're getting  
counseled out. I can feel it.

JEANNIE  
Shut up, Doug.

CLYDE  
Why don't we just pitch massive  
layoffs? They always freak  
everyone out and move the attention  
off us.

JEANNIE  
They don't need massive layoffs.

MARTY  
Doesn't matter. Clyde, put  
together a downsize  
proposal...we'll have it in our  
pockets in case we need it.

JEANNIE  
You don't think he'll see that one  
coming?

Marty's phone rings: "ROSCOE SCHOOL"...he picks up.

MARTY  
Hello?

**INTERCUT AS NECESSARY**

Roscoe's school, all airy-fairy with soft light and natural wood. PRINCIPAL GITA is an elegant white-haired woman, concerned.

PRINCIPAL GITA  
Mister Kaan?

MARTY  
Gita? Everything okay?

PRINCIPAL GITA  
Yess, Mr. Kaan, lovely.

MARTY  
So what's up...I'm kinda--

PRINCIPAL GITA  
We had the auditions today for The  
Sound of Music.

MARTY

So I heard...

PRINCIPAL GITA

Roscoe was outstanding...he got the part.

MARTY

Well, that's great...

(beat)

Isn't it?

PRINCIPAL GITA

Yess, yess. But another Liesl, Brittany Kauffman--

MARTY

The pug.

PRINCIPAL GITA

Pardon me?

MARTY

Nothing.

PRINCIPAL GITA

Brittany was very disappointed. Brittany's mother made the point that the part was taken by a boy, and there are plenty of boy's parts in the--

MARTY

He didn't audition for a boy's part. He auditioned for Liesl; he wants to sing Sixteen Going on Seventeen and waltz. And he got the part because he was the best Liesl. And now Brittany's mom can't stand to see her little baby have to deal with not getting every goddamn thing she asks for so she's off on some sort of gender witch hunt--

PRINCIPAL GITA

Perhaps you could come in to sit down and discuss--

MARTY

Listen here...my boy got the part of Liesl, he's gonna play Liesl.

He hangs up. Looks up. Jeannie is looking at him.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Never mind. What?

JEANNIE

Why is it important to you that I have a secret and that you figure it out?

MARTY

Because I've analyzed it using my very powerful statistical model and there's an 87 percent likelihood that we're gonna sleep together. So we should both get to know each other and get comfortable with the idea, avoid the awkwardness later; y'know; Can I use your toothbrush, Do you want fresh ground pepper on that, Is the poop-chute an option-- Wait...are you a wasbian?

JEANNIE

Wasbian?

MARTY

Maybe you lived with a slightly more masculine but equally beautiful "roomie" in college? Sailed to the perfumed Isle of Lesbos? Then later, you said, "Whoa, turn back!" No judgement.

Long pause. She looks at him. Finally, he's uncomfortable.

MARTY (CONT'D)

What?

JEANNIE

Unbelievable. I look at you and I see...a decent-looking guy, employed, intelligent, over-educated...

MARTY

(knows something's coming)  
Thank you?

JEANNIE

And then, you open your mouth. And the damage just spills out. I was a business psych major, and I don't even want to tell you what I see.

Marty snaps his laptop closed, ending that line of conversation. An announcement to the team:

MARTY

We're not gonna get anywhere like this. We should take it to dinner and keep going.



**INT. WALL STREET STRIP CLUB -- NIGHT**

Through the glistening, spray-tanned legs of a dancer we see Jeannie, Marty, Clyde and Doug.

JEANNIE  
Dinner? Really? They have Vienna  
sausage and fried mozzarella  
sticks.

DOUG  
And strippers.

JEANNIE  
Are we billing Metrobank for this?

MARTY  
(of course)  
Duh.

Jeannie waves a dancer over.

JEANNIE  
Let's do this.

**SERIES OF CUTS**

--Jeannie getting a lapdance...looking at Marty...

--20s being counted out...

--Marty getting a lapdance...

--Clyde getting a lapdance...

--Doug giving one of the dancers a lapdance...

--Drinks...

--More money...

--The others fading away, one by one...

--Marty and one dancer laughing, lapdancing...

--Drinking...

--Marty and the dancer (APRIL), all alone in the place...

--Finally, she takes his arm, they walk out...

MARTY  
I know our relationship began as  
more of a transaction, but what if  
I'm falling in love with you?

APRIL  
 (deadpan)  
 Wow, none of my customers have ever  
 fallen in love with me. Or  
 projected crazy shit on to me.

MARTY  
 Then I'll be your first.

APRIL  
 Awesome.

**INT. 24 HOUR DINER -- PRE-DAWN**

Pancakes, drunkenness, public groping.

As Marty and April maul each other, Greg Niall enters in his  
 running clothes. He sees them.

NIALL  
 Marty?

MARTY  
 Greg.

NIALL  
 I didn't know you brought your wife  
 out on the trip.

MARTY  
 Actually...I'm surprised you didn't  
 know that. I thought I mentioned  
 it. This is...

APRIL  
 April. Hey.

NIALL  
 Greg Niall. Pleasure to meet you.  
 Love that we both went for the  
 trophy wives!

Niall goes for a fist bump.

MARTY  
 LOL.

NIALL  
 I'm just grabbing some  
 coffee...gonna do a half marathon  
 before work. You guys?

MARTY  
 Well.

APRIL  
Before everything gets too hectic,  
we like to have a little us-time.

NIALL  
Sweet.

Marty glances over, impressed. Niall starts doing quad stretches.

NIALL (CONT'D)  
Hey, double date tonight. We'll  
grab a steak and some cocktails,  
maybe finalize our strategy for the  
big guy?

MARTY  
We have a meeting already sched--

NIALL  
Hey, this is way the job gets done.  
Am I right? April?

APRIL  
The man knows his business, honey.  
We'll be there, Greg.

NIALL  
She's a keeper, Marty. See you  
tonight.

MARTY  
Great.

Marty and April look at each other.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
They'll eat you alive.

APRIL  
We'll see about that.

MARTY  
Do I have to pay you?

APRIL  
You're a consultant, right?

MARTY  
For at least another day.

APRIL  
I need a consultation.

MARTY  
Why? You're doing a great job.

APRIL  
Not on the dancing. I killed  
someone.

MARTY  
Of course you did.

APRIL  
But it was an accident. And  
they're putting me on trial for  
second degree murder.

MARTY  
Whoa. This isn't really my field  
of endeavor. There are legal  
consultants, but they have to do  
actual work.

APRIL  
I've consulted plenty of lawyers,  
Marty. I need someone with a  
genuinely meta take on the whole  
thing. Someone who's not  
constrained by something as finite  
as the law.

Marty nods.

MARTY  
So, who's the vic?

APRIL  
An off-duty cop. Cute. Came over  
to my apartment, we had relations--

MARTY  
Relations?

APRIL  
That's how the lawyers describe it.

MARTY  
Okay...relations...

APRIL  
Then she went to get a drink out of  
the fridge...

MARTY  
"She?"

APRIL  
I have a soft spot for cute  
girls...

MARTY  
I really might be in love with you.

APRIL  
 Anyway, she guzzled a bottle of  
 water...

Marty looks at her and shrugs.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
 ...Filled with GHB.

MARTY  
 GHB? The party drug? Why did you  
 have a bottle of GHB in your  
 fridge?

APRIL  
 I'm a 23 year-old stripper, Marty.

MARTY  
 True dat.

APRIL  
 But I'm also in my first year of  
 law school--

MARTY  
 I'm letting that go by, just gazing  
 at it--

APRIL  
 And if I get a second degree murder  
 conviction I'll be barred from  
 practicing. And I didn't do  
 anything. It was marked "GHB" in  
 big letters and I told her--

MARTY  
 Wait. It was marked and you told  
 her? And they're still proceeding  
 with a murder trial instead of  
 involuntary manslaughter?

APRIL  
 She was a cop. I'm a stripper.  
 They want blood. I don't want this  
 to go to trial. So... consult.

Marty sits there poking at his pancakes.

**EXT. METROBANK CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS**

Marty, same clothes, in a limo passing the guy in the tent.

**INT. METROBANK CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS**

Marty walks in to the cubicle and the team is already at  
 work.

MARTY

What could you all possibly be doing this early?

CLYDE

Um...not banging strippers?

MARTY

As it turns out I had a very important strategic pre-dawn meeting this morning with with Greg Niall, Senior VP of Douchebags...

JEANNIE

Bullshit.

MARTY

...and we will be dining tonight and putting the last little bits of spit-polish on our presentation for Mr. McDale.

DOUG

You're having dinner with Niall?

MARTY

Double date. His wife is anxious to meet my wife.

CLYDE

You don't have a wife.

MARTY

Apparently I do.

JEANNIE

Please tell me you're not bringing a stripper to a business dinner.

MARTY

Not just any stripper. One who's up on murder charges.  
(smelling himself)  
I stink!

JEANNIE

Jesus, I would rather work at Arby's.

MARTY

I need you to pull every nasty thing everyone in the world, including the president of the United States and the guy living outside in the sleeping bag, has had to say about Metro over the past six months. All of it.

He turns and leaves his crew there, baffled.

**EXT. METROBANK CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS**

Marty studies the lone protester outside the building.

A phalanx of Armani-clad suits emerges from a far more corporate-pimp hybrid Escalade limo, heading straight toward the door...

Headed by: Marty's crazy ex-wife, Monica.

MARTY

Fuck me.

Monica stops and acknowledges him. She looks amazing; all the crazy and disheveled she was at Marty's house is replaced by all the driven, together, and hot she is now.

MONICA

(lugubrious)

Hi sweetie...

MARTY

They fuckin double-booked.

**FREEZE FRAME**

**ON MARTY**

MARTY (CONT'D)

Double-booking is not good.  
Especially when you're the ones  
they're double-booking on.  
Especially when the company double-  
booked is the number one firm in  
the country to your number two and  
employs your crazy ex-wife you just  
angry-banged, who might be the best  
closer in the world. Getting  
double-booked on is one big, fat  
Fuck You.

**RESUME**

Monica and team Armani stare at Marty.

MONICA

I'm sorry, that's never fun. It  
doesn't really happen to us, but  
from what I understand, it's a real  
bummer.

MARTY

They double-booked on you too,  
Monica. That doesn't mean they  
shit-canned us.

MONICA

Yet.  
(she steps aside to talk to Marty)  
So, Liesl?

MARTY

Wow, you're in the loop. Super-mom.

MONICA

He still loves me, even if I forget to love him.

MARTY

A mother only a son could love.

MONICA

I should take custody and get him out of the dresses.

MARTY

Good luck with that. Maybe you could pimp him for more Oxy.

MONICA

Jesus, Marty. You've become an even bigger pussy since we split up. You let your son flounce around like it's already a done deal he's a tranny for life.

MARTY

He's experimenting with different expressions of gender iden--

MONICA

Oh my god. I can actually see your dad's hand up your ass working you like a puppet.

MARTY

My dad keeps that kid sane, you fucking psycho.

(gesturing toward the building)

I'm gonna gut you up there.

(to Kensington Team)

Good luck, cunties. Which one of you is she fucking? Or...is it a group thing?

They move on. Marty stands there, winded from the exchange.

#### **INT. GALWEATHER CUBICLE**

Clyde and Jeannie surrounded by heaps of data, at their laptops...



JEANNIE  
 This is bullshit. He just goes  
 AWOL while we mule all the  
 research.

Doug enters, out of breath.

CLYDE  
 What? What?

DOUG  
 Double...(another breath)...booked.

**INT. MARTY'S HOTEL ROOM, BATHROOM -- EARLY EVENING**

CLOSE ON Marty, as he looks in the mirror as he shaves:.

MARTY  
 (into mirror)  
 You are gonna be an amazing lawyer.

PULL BACK to reveal Marty's pants around his ankles, April on her knees blowing him as he shaves.

**EXT. RESTAURANT -- NIGHT**

Marty and April walking in to the restaurant...she's stunning, even clothed.

April pauses.

MARTY  
 What?

APRIL  
 Do I look like a stripper?

Marty looks her over...shakes his head.

MARTY  
 Nah. Escort. High-end.

**INT. FANCY TRIBECA RESTAURANT -- NIGHT**

Wine is flowing as the two couples get to know each other. Rachel, young and cute, sizes up April (younger and cuter).

RACHEL  
 I can tell you do a lot of Pilates.

APRIL  
 (going with it)  
 Yes. A lot. Almost nonstop?

RACHEL  
 (lustily)  
 I can tell.

Rachel looks at April like she might actually take a bite out of her.

NIALL

So Marty, whatta you got for us? Anything dazzling? All the guys I talked to in the consulting biz say you're the guy for dazzling. Outside the box. I mean, other than Kensington.

MARTY

Why do people use "outside the box" to describe outside the box when the term "outside the box" is so inside the box?

NIALL

(to April)

You're so familiar to me...I really feel...like I know you from somewhere.

MARTY

So many people say that to her.

APRIL

It's true.

April chugs her glass of wine.

NIALL

But really really. I'm almost sure--

APRIL

I'm gonna run to the bathroom.

RACHEL

I'll go with you.

Niall watches them go.

NIALL

Marty, she's insanely hot.

MARTY

Well, Rachel is also...(deapan ebonics)foine.

NIALL

She's a dead lay.

MARTY

Really?

NIALL

Totally.

MARTY  
I would never have...guessed  
...that.

**INT. BATHROOM**

April starts to exit the stall. Rachel is standing there. Pushes her back, closes the door, kisses her.

They part. April looks very surprised.

APRIL  
Wow. What about Greg?

RACHEL  
I woke up a week into the marriage  
and realized I really like girls in  
a way that isn't part-time.

Rachel kisses her again.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
What about Marty?

APRIL  
(forgetting who Marty is)  
Marty...oh...he's cool.

Now April kisses Rachel.

**INT. RESTAURANT**

Marty pours more wine for Niall, who's pretty loose already.

NIALL  
I'm not saying you guys are fired,  
I'm pulling for you. I am one  
hundred percent pulling for you.

MARTY  
But?

NIALL  
McDale thinks the Kensington team  
is gonna deliver.

MARTY  
Why them and not us? Is it a  
ranking thing? They're ranked one  
and we're ranked two? That's  
because the firm who did the  
ranking consultancy was Kensington.

NIALL  
It's not that, Marty. They  
understand our desire for short  
term capital fulfillment.

MARTY

You can go ahead and use the word greed around me, Greg. I'm right there with you. So what are they gonna deliver?

NIALL

A package that allows us to keep our bonuses.

MARTY

You don't think we're capable of delivering that?

NIALL

Hey, I just look at the proposals. Side by side. Then I make my decision and present it to McDale. He's leaning toward Kensington, not gonna lie, don't want you to get blindsided. He's already looking at a two year transition contract.

This hits Marty like a jackboot to the balls; all that afterwork! But he grimps up and soldiers on:

MARTY

Does he put any stock in your decision?

NIALL

Oh. A lot.

MARTY

And are you influenced by which way he's leaning?

NIALL

Well, he is the CEO of the company...

MARTY

So does any actual original thought happen in that sterile fucking conference room or is it just a lot of ass-licking?

Rachel and April return from the bathroom.

NIALL

Thought you fell in.

APRIL

Almost.

RACHEL  
 (flushed)  
 Girl talk.

**TIME CUT**

So many client-billed bottles of excellent Pinot later...the whole thing's gone a bit pear-shaped: Marty's hair has gone wild, Rachel is missing at least one button and she's staring goo-goo eyes at April, who's ripping into Niall, who may be the drunkest of all.

APRIL  
 ...and I can't believe they haven't stormed the building and strung you all up by the nuts.

RACHEL  
 I agree! Toast!

They clink glasses.

NIALL  
 Bunch of babies. Of course, they love us when the market's firing and every dumbshit community college dropout has a mortgage and an Escalade.

RACHEL  
 Nice, Greg. Fuckin elitist.

NIALL  
 'S'true. Then they can't handle it when the shit bottoms out and they have to actually use a brain cell, make a fuckin dollar! Cowboy the fuck up!

RACHEL  
 You're such a pig.

NIALL  
 I don't see you complaining about the houses and the cars and the NetJet...

RACHEL  
 (blurting out)  
 She made me come more in a toilet stall in six minutes than you have in three years!

NIALL  
 What?

RACHEL  
 (passionately)  
 I was squirting, Greg!

This certainly gets the attention of the dining room. Quick glance between Marty and April. Marty gets up, and April follows.

MARTY  
 Thanks so much for dinner.

APRIL  
 It was wonderful to meet  
 you...both.

Niall lurches to standing, staggers, Marty steadies him.

NIALL  
 Hey, don' touch me!

Niall pushes Marty and takes a swing at him. Marty dodges easily and gives him a sharp head butt.

NIALL (CONT'D)  
 Aaah!

Niall kicks Marty, but Marty manages to grab his leg and down they go, on to the floor of the restaurant dining room. They drunkenly wrestle until they run out of gas and Marty has Niall shoved into some kind of terrible submission. He gets right in his face.

MARTY  
 Are you done?

NIALL  
 Yeah, I'm cool.

Niall looks up at Marty; bloody, drunk, cuckolded, alpha-dogged:

Whereupon Greg Niall barfs mightily, depositing his *steak au poivre* with bourbon demiglaze, his personal 3 bottles of red, and a *creme caramel* back on the floor of the dining room.

**INT. METROBANK CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS, WAITING AREA -- MORNING**

New day. Wicked hangover. Marty has a bruise dead center on his forehead. Jeannie is out of her mind nervous, as well as fucking furious at Marty. Marty seems to be floating. Zeroes in on Jeannie.

MARTY  
 You said you didn't want to tell me what you see. I'm a big boy. Tell me what you see.

JEANNIE  
 (barely contained fury)  
 Not now, asshole.

MARTY  
 Why not?

JEANNIE  
 I wouldn't want you to fucking  
headbutt me or anything. Or do you  
 just do that to clients?

MARTY  
 Oh, c'mon. Best shot.

She finally looks at him. Unloads both barrels.

JEANNIE  
 Someone who's so...afraid...that he  
 can barely function. Let alone  
 have an authentic moment with  
 another human being. So you  
 insulate yourself with your numbers  
 and models and formulae...

A flicker of something in Marty.

MARTY  
 Wow...that's...you got me.  
 "Business Psych?" That's...  
 awesome. Y'know what that big fear  
 is?

JEANNIE  
 What?

MARTY  
 That some earnest Barnard grad will  
 try to use their overpriced  
 bullshit psychotherapy on me.

JEANNIE  
 It's Columbia. Columbia. Remember  
 your foolproof computer model that  
 told you we're gonna have sex?

MARTY  
 Of course.

JEANNIE  
 Here's the deal: For a computer  
 model to be worth a crap, it has to  
 begin with credible information,  
 like the fact that I'm never gonna  
 sleep with you...

MARTY

What can I say? I crunched the numbers, and they're the only thing in this life that doesn't lie.

**FREEZE FRAME**

The scene around him frozen, fragile. He's shaken. His perfect, smooth delivery abnormally uneven.

MARTY (CONT'D)

That sounds...emotionally stunted or something. Possibly. But it's true.

**RESUME**

JEANNIE

And all the fear and self-loathing, your feeling that you're the piece of shit at the center of the universe...that's about your mom's suicide, Marty.

MARTY

Who the fuck--

JEANNIE

I guessed. Clyde told me.

A beat. Something cracking a little in Marty. Then the walls are back up.

MARTY

Now we're definitely gonna sleep together. Pity bang.

Uproarious laughter from within. Cheering. Then a long applause, followed by "Bravo!"s.

Marty, Jeannine, Doug and Clyde sit stonefaced as the show wraps up inside. Exit, the Kensington team, flushed and victorious, led by Monica, who looks positively orgasmic.

MONICA

Good luck!

She waves to Marty as she passes. Marty flips her off.

An assistant ushers them inside.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM**

All the love has been sucked out of the room with the departure of the Kensington group. No niceties, no small talk, Greg Niall at McDale's side sporting an angry shiner.



MCDALE

We're running over. Let's keep it moving.

Marty plugs his laptop into the AV setup.

MARTY

Awesome. Won't take long, because I'm not gonna do the whole handjob thing the Kensington group just gave you. Cradle the balls, stroke the shaft, maybe a pinky up the ass?...they told you Metrobank is synonymous with ethical trading and legally you're untouchable... told you to do some image spots and just take your bonuses, just tell the idiots it's the only way you'll hang on to your big earners, so you walk away, head held high. Let 'em eat cake, right?

(beat)

Lemme know how that goes.

He touches his laptop. Lights down. On the big flat screen, a series of images:

#### **MARTY'S PRESENTATION**

A series of sound bites with picture. Glenn Beck, Al Gore, Barack Obama, John Stewart, Congressmen....but most damning, dozens of man-on-the-street bits, including the sleeping bag guy from outside. People talking about what Metrobank has done, how by taking their homes they've taken their kids' college funds, their pensions, their futures, their very lives...

Marty stops it.

MCDALE

I don't know what the hell is the matter with you--

Now Marty starts again. A big headline fills the screen:

**"METROBANK ANNOUNCES LOAN AMNESTY"**

Another card:

**CEO McDALE: "It was imperative we do something to alleviate this grave problem."**

**"We simply couldn't justify our year-end bonuses while people were losing their homes."**

MCDALE (CONT'D)

Get 'em outta here.

MARTY

Look at the actual "amnesty program." Just take 20 seconds.

MCDALE

I'm not interested in an amnesty pro--

MARTY

I know. Tell him, Greg.

Niall opens his mouth, a la beached haddock.

McDale senses something in Marty's tone. He looks at the paper.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Never mind, Greg. I got this. I've spent the week crawling up the heiny-end of Metrobank, Inc. and back out its mouth. I know that you are on the verge--and it's a very real verge--of watching Joe Sixpack and Hockey Mom take their meager earnings and put them elsewhere. We have the numbers to back this up and they will chill you to your marrow.

Marty puts the numbers based on their customer polling up on the screen.

MARTY (CONT'D)

You may not think much of these customers--I know I don't--but if they jump ship you will have nothing to finance your little sorties into the land of risky and potentially lucrative financial instruments. So what are you gonna do? Flee to your house in St. Barts and hire a private security force? Not just yet.

Niall looks down at the paper as well. Marty nods to Jeannie. Lightning-fast now, dazzling.

JEANNIE

After the announcement we roll out the amnesty applications. We estimate an initial surge to market of about 17 million applicants. Once the initial disqualifications go through, there should be about nine million remaining. This will be about five to six months out. Then the applications go through processing;

(MORE)

JEANNIE (CONT'D)  
 another 8 million 800 thousand  
 applicants will be eliminated.  
 Then a final fraud comb goes  
 through along with a series of  
 technical DQ's, six percent  
 mortality DQ's...

MARTY  
 It's your basic bump and run. You  
 have a mark--the customers; a  
 jostler--bumps into them and causes  
 a distraction--that's the amnesty  
 program; and the grab--that's you  
 taking your bonuses while they're  
 all admiring your amnesty program.  
 By the time all the paperwork is  
 in, you'll pay out about 50,000  
 full write-downs. Total cost?  
 Same as your bullshit Kensington  
 image spots. When can you  
 implement? Schedule the press  
 conference Monday morning. Your  
 bonuses? Belly up and take em  
 Monday afternoon, and Galweather  
 Stern will walk you through the  
 entire affair. And while you're at  
 it, enjoy your lives as new  
 American heroes.

Another image: McDale on the cover of Time Magazine.

**"K. WARREN McDALE: New Era of Corporate Responsibility"**

McDale's eyes get all misty...

**FREEZE FRAME**

And the scene is frozen on the big TV screen...Marty holds  
 the remote, addresses CAMERA.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
 This is the moment, like the moment  
 when you're deep sea fishing and  
 you feel tug, tug, bang...big fish.  
 The moment you have the guys who  
 have the world by the balls...by  
 the balls.

**RESUME**

McDale walks up to Marty. Big handshake. Then a hug.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
 Whoa, K. Warren, wouldn't've pegged  
 you for a hugger.

MCDALE  
Call me Kenny.

Marty makes eye contact with Jeannie. Something.

**INT. AIRPORT -- DAY**

April walks Marty to security.

MARTY  
So...the cop you killed...I had a  
thought, so I talked to a defense  
attorney I know...

APRIL  
Yes?

MARTY  
Was she depressed? Suicidal even?

Marty puts up a hand.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Before you answer that, remember I  
can be subpoenaed. Because, if she  
was depressed or suicidal, maybe  
mentioned it to you, and you told  
her about the GHB in the fridge,  
and--

APRIL  
She chugged it. Suicide by GHB.

MARTY  
Just a thought.

APRIL  
(not unkindly)  
You have the morals of a crocodile.

MARTY  
Thanks.

**EXT. ROSCOE'S SCHOOL -- DAY**

Marty pulls up outside Roscoe's school.

**INT. ROSCOE'S SCHOOL -- DAY**

Principal Gita's office. Marty sits there with Gita, ready  
to burn the place down.

MARTY  
Is she even gonna show up? Because  
it's really not necessary.

(MORE)

MARTY (CONT'D)

You see, I can put you in touch with my lawyer and he can have the deed to the school sent over to my house, because I'm gonna own this place after I get done--

And ALISETTE KAUFMAN walks in. She's a hard nine. Plus two.

ALISETTE KAUFFMAN

Oh my god, I'm so sorry...the traffic was terrible. Oh hey, are you Marty? Hi...

Big gleaming smile.

**INT. MARTY'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT**

Marty's eating dinner with Roscoe and Jeremiah.

MARTY

...so I met with them, and we thought the best thing was if Brittany played Liesl and you play Louisa, because you're smaller than Brittany...

ROSCOE

That's because she's a fat lard.

JEREMIAH

Have you seen her? She looks like Boy George.

MARTY

Still, bigger.

ROSCOE

But I got the part. It's not fair.

MARTY

Life is full of unfair moments, bud. You'll be a great Louisa.

ROSCOE

I'll be her understudy, then I'll fuck her up somehow...

MARTY

That's the spirit.

**INT. MARTY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT**

Marty unpacks, his phone rings. Picks up.

MARTY

Yeah?

He pulls a shirt and socks out.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Okay...Omaha?

Replaces the shirt and socks with fresh ones.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
What time?

#### **OVER CREDITS**

A student production of "Sound Of Music."

Roscoe and the rest of the von Trapp children do "So Long, Farewell." Roscoe is Louisa, but he's fuckin good, and as he's stepping in front of Brittany Kauffman to upstage her on his solo, he steps on her foot, hard enough to break a metatarsal.

#### **TRACK**

Through the auditorium, over Jeremiah's seat, two empty seats next to him, through darkened hallways, to come upon an--

#### **EMPTY CLASSROOM**

Well, not exactly empty. Over the teacher's desk, MARTY bangs ALISETTE KAUFFMAN furiously, evangelically...and off the strains of the von Trapp children...

#### **FADE TO BLACK**

#### **IN BLACK**

MARTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Dad? Dad. C'mon, I gotta catch a plane.

#### **FADE IN**

Marty shakes Jeremiah. No reaction from Jeremiah.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Dad. Dad. Dad.

Shaking him, as--

#### **CUT TO BLACK**