

# HOUSE OF LIES

Pilot: "THE GODS OF DANGEROUS FINANCIAL INSTRUMENTS"

by  
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Based on the book, HOUSE OF LIES  
By Martin Kihn

"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*

September 8, 2010

HOUSE OF LIES  
PILOT  
"GODS OF DANGEROUS FINANCIAL INSTRUMENTS"

A NOTE ON THE LOOK AND STYLE OF THE SHOW: HAND-HELD, DOCUMENTARY, FREEZE-FRAMES TO STOP THE ACTION FOR MARTY'S GLOSSARY OF TERMS, WHEREIN HE WILL EXPLAIN THE VAGARIES AND SPECIFICS OF THE LONG CON KNOWN AS MANAGEMENT CONSULTING. SOMETIMES DURING THESE BREAKS HE WILL ADDRESS THE CAMERA DIRECTLY, OTHER TIMES WE WILL ONLY SEE WORDS AND PHRASES. WE CUT BETWEEN SCENES GRACELESSLY AND WITHOUT TRANSITION.

CRASH IN

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 handful 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.

**CUT TO MARTY**

Sitting in a chair in a docu-netherworld. Addressing the camera:

MARTY  
 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 KAN, 60s, cooks French Toast. That's right, the Jeremiah Kan, 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, watch the pathology fly.

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.

**EXT. AIRPORT -- LATER**

Marty walks grimly through the airport, 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, Brown grad, has some control and self loathing issues, the self-loathing mostly around finding herself even slightly attracted to Marty), CLYDE OBERHOLT (late 20s, African-American, Marty's closest friend--though Marty's not his, happy to play the race card if it advances his cause)...they never acknowledge their surroundings, just move through them automatically; frequent flyers. We cut freely with them in and out of conversations.

JEANNIE

They're looking for a market position--

CLYDE

Like they don't already have one.

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

They're Masters of the Universe. It doesn't matter what we say as long as we say something that supports the position they're secretly hoping we advance, so that if it doesn't work they can fire us instead of getting thrown off the island themselves.

**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**

CLYDE

We cannot get counseled out on this job...

**FREEZE FRAME**

MARTY

And if you don't get the afterwork,  
one or all of your pod often gets  
"counseled out." That's Consultant  
for fired.

**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. I'm gonna alpha-dog him.

**WALKING THROUGH THE AIRPORT**

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

MARTY (CONT'D)

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

JEANNIE

Have you ever attended a sexual harassment seminar?

She gets in the limo.

**EXT. METROBANK CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS...**

SUPER (Shaky, docu-style): "METROBANK CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS"

The place is a total fortress of doom; stark, post-everything architecture, big money planted in the otherwise unimpressive Hartford skyline. The limo crawls by a TENT 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.

A TEXT comes up on his 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)  
Unbefuckinglievable.

DOUG

I have a terrible 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

Doesn't it seem quiet...too quiet?

DOUG  
You're right. It's an ambush.

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.

CLYDE  
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.

JEANNIE  
You mean troll.

MARTY  
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. I would've  
thought--wow.

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...

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 flips his laptop closed. An announcement to the team:

MARTY

We're not gonna get anywhere like this. We should take it to dinner and keep going. I'm guessing Hartford has at least one great dining establishment.

**INT. 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...  
 --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. DENNY'S -- 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)  
These are Connecticut WASPs.  
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...

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. 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 tent, 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.

From the parking lot, a phalanx of Armani-clad suits emerges  
from far more corporate-pimp hybrid Escalade limos, heading  
straight toward the door...

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

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 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 and employs your crazy  
ex-wife you just angry-banged.  
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, 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. I can't believe  
you're letting him--

MARTY  
Don't, Monica.

MONICA

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 operating you like a hand puppet.

MARTY

(gesturing toward the building)

I'm gonna gut you up there.  
(off black-suited Team Armani)  
Good luck with that funeral service, guys.

They move on. Marty looks at the guy standing by his one-man tent city.

**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?

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. 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

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

I'm Mr. Dazzling. Thinking of having my name legally changed. 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 insanelly 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  
 What about Greg?

RACHEL  
I woke up a week into the marriage  
and realized I like girls.

Rachel kisses her again.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
What about Marty?

APRIL  
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?

NIALL  
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.  
(MORE)

NIALL (CONT'D)

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 grims 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 mutual 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!

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 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.

(MORE)

JEANNIE (CONT'D)

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

(insouciant)

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

### **FREEZE FRAME**

Marty in the chair.

MARTY (CONT'D)

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

### **RESUME**

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 just 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 them 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 tent 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 them out.

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.

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; another 8 million 800 thousand applicants will be eliminated. Then a final fraud comb goes through along with a series of technical 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**

Marty sitting there...

MARTY (CONT'D)

This is the moment, like the moment when you're deep sea fishing and you feel tug, tug, bang...big fish.

(MORE)

MARTY (CONT'D)

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.

He makes eye contact with Jeannie, she rolls her eyes and shakes her head at him.

**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. 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 KAUFFMAN 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. HOTEL MAX -- AFTERNOON**

Marty bangs Alisette Kauffman with an almost punishing fervor.

**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.