

WALT SINE 2

79.

WHILE UP IN THE STUDIO --

Kyle is sitting in Lee's chair, holding the mug with a shaking hand, still on the edge and hanging by a thread.

PATTY'S VOICE (INTO LEE'S EAR)
You've gotta talk him through this,
Lee. Because if he doesn't wanna live
anymore, then we're all gonna die.

Lee eyes Kyle for a moment... but ultimately stays silent.
Meanwhile, out of Kyle's eyeline behind him--

-- the SWATS lead two crouched-over Cameramen out through the
doors to safety. Benson dashes over behind a sound cart --
the control room is next, but it's gonna be trickiest.

INSIDE THE CONTROL ROOM --

Everyone here is tense but focused, fully aware that they're
all in the blast zone still. Sam cross-checks the monitors.

SAM (INTO HEADSET)
Okay, Lenny's the last manned
camera, everybody else is out.

Lenny, who's been tight on Kyle and Lee, hears that and looks
around the room -- realizing that he's the only crewman left.

LENNY THE CAMERAMAN
Ah, balls.

BACK IN THE SUV --

Diane and Walt are together in the backseat. Diane is eyeing
Walt, trying to get a read on him.

WALT CAMBY

Listen, I agree with you, we need to
get ahead of this one -- we're all
about transparency, after all. And
since I'm the CEO of this company,
I'm the one who needs to make a
statement.

DIANE LESTER

(evenly)
Well I'm glad to hear you say that.
The question is where and how.

Walt looks out the window again, pondering it.

WALT CAMBY

You cancelled my appearance at the
Stock Exchange this afternoon, right?

BY KATHY ANN CARTINE

→
START

1/a

DIANE LESTER

Yes, I did.

WALT CAMBY

Great. Reschedule it.

(off her look)

Think about it. Not only is it one of the most secure places in the city, but now it's the one place no one will be expecting me.

Diane nods. It actually makes a bizarre amount of sense.

WALT CAMBY

So give an exclusive to somebody you trust, and have them meet us there with a camera crew. All the other stations can siphon off that feed.

Diane considers her options. Then pulls out her phone.

DIANE LESTER

I know just the person to call.

Walt kisses her on the side of her head.

WALT CAMBY

That's my girl.

ENO →

BACK IN THE MONEY MONSTER CONTROL ROOM --

Patty watches Kyle on screen, all frayed nerves and jagged edge. Lee still just quietly eyes him from across the desk.

PATTY (INTO LEE'S EAR)

Trust me, Lee -- he's going somewhere dark, you've got to pull him back. He needs somebody to talk to, and you have to be that somebody.

But to her frustration, Lee continues to be silent. Patty's headset BEEPS -- it's a call coming in on her outside line. She clicks over to answer it--

PATTY (INTO HEADSET)

Patty Fenn.

DIANE'S VOICE

Patty, this is Diane Lester.

BACK IN THE SUV --

Diane stares out the window as they cross the GW Bridge. If she goes through with this, there's no going back...

2/9

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS -- Lee looks around... then sticks up his right arm. Ron came through after all.

Patty finally allows herself to breathe, relieved, while--

A HUNDRED YARDS UP CHURCH STREET --

The reality of what just happened is finally setting in for Kyle, who's now completely beside himself, guilt-stricken.

KYLE

W-what do we do?

Lee looks down the road -- sees the Stock Exchange, only a few blocks away.

LEE GATES

No turning back now, Kyle-- we either keep going, or we don't. Your call.

BACK ON THE COPS --

-- all out of earshot, all still with their weapons aimed at Lee and Kyle... who are quietly talking it over in the street.

And then, finally -- Lee nods. And just like that, he and Kyle START THEIR WALK towards the Stock Exchange again. Before they follow, the SWAT Team Leader pulls his guys in.

SWAT TEAM LEADER

Stay alert. First window we get, we're taking this P.O.S. down.

BACK IN THE SAT VAN --

Patty climbs back down in the roof, ready to get to work.

PATTY (INTO HEADSET)

Alright Lee, you can hear me but I can't hear you. Which is good, because I have a lot to explain and I don't need you interrupting...

WHILE FROM A HELICOPTER SHOT ABOVE --

-- Lee and Kyle pass by the George Washington statue in front of Federal Hall, trailed by Lenny, Mulrooney, and the rest of the police procession.

Pull back slowly to reveal that this helicopter shot is actually being broadcast--

ON THE TV IN THE GREEN ROOM OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE --

-- and that it's Walt who's watching. When Diane opens the door with Walt's coat and phone, he swings around to her--

3/9

WALT CAMBY (INTO HIS CELL)

What the hell is going on?

Diane doesn't respond. Walt walks towards her, causing her to back against the wall. He towers over her intimidatingly.

WALT CAMBY

I trusted you.

DIANE LESTER

Yeah well, I trusted you too. So I guess we both screwed up.

WALT CAMBY

I don't know what it is you think I did, but--

DIANE LESTER

Save it for the cameras, Walt.

Walt sneers at her. He doesn't have time for this. He grabs his things and then pushes past her, towards the door --

--when he notices the REPORTER ON TV. She's standing out on Wall Street, surrounded by a crowd... and interviewing Amy Lam, who's eating up her fifteen minutes of fame.

AMY LAM (ON TV)

Walt Camby! Walt Camby is inside! I'm telling you, he went in right through those doors--

Walt freezes in his tracks. But Diane has to grin -- Amy Lam, finally coming through.

DIANE LESTER

Nowhere to run now, huh?

Walt levels his gaze at her. Running his options in his head--

WALT CAMBY

Okay, what'll it take?

DIANE LESTER

What'll it take?

WALT CAMBY

I have to get out of here, and you can help me do it. You're a smart girl -- everyone has a number.

He reaches out, grabbing her by the waist.

WALT CAMBY

So what do you want? Just say it and it's yours--

Show THE FEAR

4/9

*Costs
Come in
quicks
Here*

DIANE LESTER
Oh God, Walt. You sack of
shit--

WALT CAMBY

How about that Damien Hirst
painting you like at my
brownstone on Perry Street?
Or hell, how about the whole
brownstone--

She tries to push him away, but he won't let her go.

WALT CAMBY

Hey. Come on. You know me.

DIANE LESTER
I'm not so sure that's true.

WALT CAMBY

Yes, you do. Better than them.
Better than my wife. Better than
anybody in the world, actually.

He pulls her even closer, gently this time. Brushes her cheek.

WALT CAMBY

What's really gonna happen when
they get a hold of me, huh? This
guy's not just a lunatic, he's an
idiot -- that's a vicious combo,
Diane. Do you actually think he
wants to just sit down and have a
rational conversation right now?

(off her hesitation)

Please. You're the only person who
can help me get out of this.

(SURRENDER
FLATTER)

She pauses, weighing the options. Then comes to a decision.

DIANE LESTER
Stay here. Let me see what I can do.

AT THE BACK ENTRANCE TO THE NYSE --

The scene is chaotic now -- TV choppers circling, crowds
swarming, cops buzzing as they evacuate the building. Lee has
his finger pressed to his ear, listening to Patty...

LEE GATES
Jesus.

PATTY'S VOICE (IN LEE'S EAR)
Yeah. But listen to me, Lee --
we're making some pretty big leaps
here, and we don't have a hell of a
lot of proof. So if Walt's gonna
hang himself, you'll have to hand
him the rope.

5/9

KYLE

Actually I've got a better idea.
(re: Lee's vest)
Take that off. Put it on him.

Lee's eyes glimmer -- now why didn't he think of that? He starts to unstrap the vest, careful not to expose the receiver on the front of it.

LEE GATES

Gladly.

SGT. MULROONEY

Hold on, hold on. This is only gonna make things worse--

LEE GATES

For who??

Multiple sniper rifles are aiming down at them now as Lee straps the vest onto Walt backwards so the receiver is hidden from the snipers, so long as he stays up against the wall.

LEE GATES

I'm gonna do you a favor, and trust me on this -- don't turn your back on anybody, okay?

As soon as Lee buckles the final vest strap, Kyle waves his arms at the cops.

KYLE

Now get back! Everybody get back!

Mulrooney motions for them to do as they're told. He clicks on his radio--

SGT. MULROONEY (INTO RADIO)

Do not shoot. Repeat, all points, do not shoot unless you hear the command from me.

THROUGH A MAGNIFIED SCOPE --

The SWAT Team Sharpshooter has Kyle right in his sights, just waiting for a signal, while--

BACK DOWN ON THE FLOOR OF THE EXCHANGE --

Lee, Kyle, and Walt are alone now. Kyle presses the gun against Walt's temple.

KYLE

START → You're a thief and a crook, and I want to hear you admit it.

WALT CAMBY

I didn't steal a dime, and we didn't do anything illegal--

KYLE

Bullshit. You manipulated those stock prices, you bribed those people in Africa--

WALT CAMBY

Oh come on, what do you think, I handed off a briefcase full of cash to somebody in a dark parking lot? That's not how real business works--

KYLE

Bullshit!

WALT CAMBY

See, you don't care what I say, you need somebody to blame and you've already decided it's gonna be me--

KYLE

Admit it! You rigged the system, you lied about the glitch, you broke the law--

WALT CAMBY

What law?? Name one law we broke!

That momentarily silences Kyle, who glances back at Lee--

WALT CAMBY

Don't look at him, he can't name one either! Because you can't break laws that don't exist yet!

LEE GATES

They exist in this country.

WALT CAMBY

Yeah, welcome to today's world, my friend. We don't all move at the same speed.

Walt pushes him off from up against the wall of monitors, glares over at Lee.

WALT CAMBY

What is this, Lee, huh? Is this just today's schtick? You put on a boy scout uniform for the show this afternoon, is that it? C'mon, you know exactly how the system works, you've been working it yourself for years.

Lee doesn't respond -- so Walt whirls around to Kyle.

WALT CAMBY

And you. You want to act like you've got the highground here? Because the irony is -- you only came after me when we LOST you money. Nobody asked any questions when everybody was making a profit, you just gobbled up every dollar of stock you could afford! And if we kept giving you 18% ROI every year, you'd be bragging to your friends about what a genius you are!

Walt steps closer to Kyle. He has a few inches on him, and he's using them now.

WALT CAMBY

Listen, our algo was designed to exploit -- opportunity. That might sound like a bad word to you, exploit, but it doesn't to me, and it doesn't to anybody who really understands money. Our job is to identify markets that are weak, and then our job -- really, our responsibility -- is to bleed them until they're dry, because I got news for you: if it wasn't us, then it would be the Chinese, and if it wasn't the Chinese then it would be the Russians, and if it wasn't the Russians then it would be somebody else who had the knowledge or the desire or the balls to exploit -- the opportunity.

Lee listens, a little stunned. Walt took that rope and is tying it around his own neck right now. But Kyle not hearing it quite the same way -- he grabs Walt by his vest, pushes him back against the TV's.

KYLE

I still wanna hear you admit it, you son of a bitch.

LEE GATES

I think he just did...

KYLE

No. I want him to say it in English.

WALT CAMBY

Say what in English?

KYLE
That you lied. That what you did
was wrong.

WALT CAMBY
Wrong? What does that even mean,
wrong??

KYLE
Fuck you! Say it!

WALT CAMBY
By wrong do you mean bad?
Because, yeah, South Africa
was a bad investment, but it
was a fluke, a black swan.
Our business model succeeded
the first 35 times we did it,
and it'll work the next 35--

We're already in the process
of identifying new investment
opportunities, because--

--because nothing's changed,
Kyle. There's a reason this
also worked, over and over
and over again--

--and if you'd just have some
patience, we'll be able to
earn all this money back, I
promise--

KYLE
You've got three seconds
until I blow your ass right
out of this building--

Three...

Two...

One...

WALT CAMBY
Fine. Okay. It was wrong.

There it is. Kyle just blinks at him for a minute -- and
then, oddly... he grins.

KYLE
That's all I wanted to hear.

Lee realizes what he's about to do...

LEE GATES
Kyle, don't--!

...but Kyle PULLS HIS FINGER OFF THE SWITCH and tosses it at
Walt -- who SCREAMS and falls back down to the ground,
covering his head with a WHIMPER...

...but of course nothing happens. There is no explosion. Kyle
just smiles down at Walt for a half-second now--

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