

# STONKS

written by

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living or dead, or actual events, is purely coincidental.

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**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Early 2008. Scrawny 15-year-old KYLE watches the news from a beat-up sofa, mesmerized. A reporter stands in front of the famous bull sculpture in Wall Street.

REPORTER

...with no end in sight. The Dow Jones has now dropped below 30% from the August peak last year. Analysts fear...

Kyle changes the channel.

REPORTER

...over a quarter of a million foreclosures on the past month alone, indicating an acceleration of...

The TV goes blank. Kyle looks up to see two REPO MEN unplugging and carrying the TV away; another two pick up the coffee table right in front of him.

Kyle's MOM, fighting back tears, pleads with the SUPERVISOR to stop. He dismisses her without a second thought; this is his millionth eviction this year.

Kyle's face shows no emotion.

A man kneels in front of him. He has kind eyes.

REPO MAN

I'm really sorry, kid...

Kyle looks at him with a glimmer of hope.

REPO MAN

...but we need the sofa. Do you mind?

Kyle stands up quietly. The men lift the sofa, toppling the Christmas tree. The wishing star shatters on impact.

**EXT. UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY**

Early 2021. Kyle is now a baby-faced 29 year old. He gets off his WeDeliver-branded moped and picks a couple of styrofoam boxes from the delivery trunk. He walks through a manicured lawn, up a few steps, and rings the bell.

The door opens to reveal SARAH (28), an aspiring Instagram model wearing a tight black top hugging her gym-hardened body, hair extensions, possibly fake lips, and eyebrows so excessive as to be distracting.

SARAH  
Hmmm, that smells sooo goood!

KYLE  
Hi, Sarah.

Sarah looks worried. Another Instagram creep?

SARAH  
'scuse me, do I know you?

KYLE  
Yes.

Sarah is expectant, but Kyle doesn't elaborate. She rolls her eyes.

SARAH  
HOW do I know you?

KYLE  
We took Math together in 4th and 5th grade.

SARAH  
(relieved)  
Ah... right. Sure. Yeah, I remember. Of course!

She takes the food and gives him a \$100.

SARAH  
Keep the change.

KYLE  
You're sure? You're giving me--

SARAH  
Keep it. 15% tip or whatever.

KYLE  
No, you're wrong! You're giving me closer to 17.235%.

SARAH  
AH. NOW I remember you.

An older man, handsome and self-assured, appears behind Sarah. This is GABRIEL IVANOV (42) - it's easy to imagine him chilling in his luxury yacht. He grabs her by the waist slapping her butt in the process, and pulls her close. She's uncomfortable, but doing her best to hide it.

IVANOV  
What's taking so long?

KYLE

Sorry, sir, a miscalculation with the tip.

IVANOV

Keep it. I'm feeling generous today, so she's getting 100% of MY tip.

He laughs heartily at his own witticism. Sarah rolls her eyes. Kyle doesn't get it.

SARAH

We went to high school together, can you believe that? What are the chances?

KYLE

They're about one in--

IVANOV

(ignoring him)

Is that so?

Ivanov takes a cutting-edge iPhone from his pocket.

IVANOV

A high school reunion, how cute. Come here, let's take a commemorative selfie.

Ivanov puts his arm around Sarah's waist and pulls her close. Kyle stands awkwardly next to Ivanov. Ivanov carefully frames the selfie leaving Kyle out of the frame.

IVANOV

Smile!

The shutter clicks.

#### **INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Kyle sits on his futuristic gaming chair, in front of two big monitors that bathe the bedroom in bluish light. A fat black cat sleeps happily next to his keyboard.

Kyle drinks a beer while he video-chats with the only two people in the world he calls friends.

BILLIE's (19) neon-green beanie provides some distraction from her light-purple hair. She runs a moderately successful YouTube channel where she mostly complains about men and social injustice. The blurred background doesn't fully conceal her messy bedroom.

BILLIE

It's the fucking social distancing.  
I mean, my channel is on fire,  
cool, but I miss hanging out in  
person.

KYLE

To be honest, that doesn't bother  
me that much. For me--

BILLIE

No shit, Kyle. You started social  
distancing at birth. I bet you cut  
your own umbilical cord just to  
avoid interacting with the doctor.

Everyone laughs.

KYLE

How did you know?

(pause)

But for real, for me it's that  
everything is short-term. They  
announce new measures every week.  
Can't make plans two weeks in  
advance. They close the  
restaurants, they open the  
restaurants...

JOE (35) is a Black man on the chubby side. He wears stylish  
glasses and a wedding ring. The living room behind him is  
picture-perfect.

JOE

Well, thank God for takeaway. How's  
the tips these days?

KYLE

I'm delivering about 21% more than  
before the pandemic, up 1.7%  
week-on-week, but the tips are down  
17%. Give or take.

BILLIE

That's what gets ME, dude. All  
these fucking billionaires getting  
billionairer... er... while the  
rest of us get fucked.

JOE

Come on, they're not all bad. Take  
Elon. Elon is one of us.

Kyle scoffs.

KYLE

You like Elon because you're into meme stocks, and he builds Big Fucking Rockets. Is your forum still in love with Tesla? What is it this week?

JOE

Tesla, Palantir... All the high-growth tech names.

BILLIE

(rolls eyes)

All the asshole billionaires.

JOE

Yeah, but what can you do? Billionaires gonna billionaire, might as well make some cash yourself.

Billie leans forward. She's getting riled up.

BILLIE

See, that's the problem right there. We're "the little guy". We're all on our own, doing our own thing. So the little guy can't stick it to the man.

(dramatic pause)

But a million little guys, working together...?

KYLE

So... the "fighting a horse-sized duck or 100 duck-sized horses" thing.

BILLIE

Exactly!

KYLE

Well, good luck with that. Getting a million "little guys" to work together would be harder than getting... a bunch of apes to... stage a Broadway musical.

JOE

I'd pay good money to see that show.

Everyone laughs.

**INT. IVANOV'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT**

Ivanov lays back on his high-end office chair. It's a swanky home office in an even swankier home. He stares at six massive monitors displaying stock charts and complicated financial data.

IVANOV

Two and a half... two fifty-five.

He nods, pleased with himself. He starts a video call.

A man picks up on the other side. This is ANTHONY WRIGHT (54), a balding man with unnaturally white teeth, wearing a cheap suit and a white shirt open one button too many. He could easily pass for a used car salesman.

ANTHONY

What you got?

IVANOV

WeDeliver. A takeaway company, losing money during a pandemic, if you can believe that. Their quarterly numbers are shit. They're as good as dead; let's put them out of their misery.

ANTHONY

Got it.

IVANOV

Their chicken tenders are good, though. Pity.

ANTHONY

(sighs)

You did it again.

Ivanov chuckles.

IVANOV

They're about to be executed. Let's call it their last meal.

Anthony shakes his head.

ANTHONY

OK. Whatever. What should I do?

IVANOV

I'll start a short ladder attack tomorrow morning. When the stock starts to crash, jump in. They're weak, ten million should do it.

Anthony nods. There's a brief pause. Ivanov chuckles.

IVANOV

"WeDeliver". Not for long, you  
won't.

**EXT. WEDELIVER SHOP - DAY**

Kyle parks his beat-up WeDeliver moped next to a row of identical WeDeliver mopeds. All the other drivers are standing near the door. When they see Kyle approaching, they start a mocking golf clap.

KYLE

What's going on?

DRIVER

Samir wants to talk to all of us.  
(mildly annoyed)  
We've been waiting for you.

Someone shouts into the shop. A few moments later, middle-aged manager SAMIR shows up at the door.

SAMIR

Kyle, so nice of you to join us.

KYLE

Sorry, sir, I was deliv--

Samir cuts him off with a wave of his hand.

SAMIR

Guys, I have good news and bad news.

(pause)

The bad news is that I got a call from Corporate this morning. They said a bunch of corporate stuff about the profit margins, the stock and the IPO and the shorts or whatever. I have no idea what any of that means, and I don't care. But they said we gotta cut costs to save our asses. That part I understand. So I gotta fire half of you.

The drivers erupt in protest. Kyle stares at Samir, expressionless.

SAMIR

Let me finish! Nick, Turk, Kyle, Francesco, you're fired. Leave the keys and the helmets inside.



The affected drivers look down. Their buddies pat them on the shoulder and offer words of encouragement. Nobody seems to notice Kyle.

DRIVER

And what's the good news?

SAMIR

Well, the rest of you aren't fired.

DRIVER

That's not how good news/bad news works!

#### **INT. WEDELIVER SHOP - DAY**

The fired drivers leave their keys and helmets, consoled by their still-employed friends. They exchange hugs, contact details, and good wishes. Nobody approaches Kyle.

He knocks on Samir's office.

SAMIR

I said leave it outside!

KYLE

Can I talk to you?

SAMIR

(irritated)

If you must.

Kyle sits in front of Samir. His desk is a mess - random stacks of paper, a couple of containers with yesterday's half-eaten meals. Samir pretends to study a random inventory form.

KYLE

I need this job. My mom's working two jobs but it's not enough. If you fire me we might not make rent.

SAMIR

And that's my problem how?

KYLE

It's not. But why--

SAMIR

OK then.

KYLE

--but why me? I never come late, I always deliver on time, I never call in sick...

Samir snaps and looks up at Kyle.

SAMIR

What do you want me to say, Kyle?  
That choosing who to fire broke my  
heart?

(pause)

Look, if it's any consolation, I  
will miss Nick, Turk and Francesco.

Kyle stares at him.

SAMIR

You, Kyle, not so much. I never  
liked you. Hell, I don't think any  
of the guys like you.

He thinks for a second.

SAMIR

You know, maybe this will be good  
for the business, because I don't  
think the customers like you  
either.

(pause)

Are we done? I'm busy.

Kyle tries to come up with an retort, but nothing comes to  
mind. He turns around and leaves without saying a word.

#### **INT. KYLE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING**

Kyle's MOM is a heavy woman in her late 50s. She has  
neck-length hair of an unappealing reddish tint. She's  
sitting in the middle of the sofa, looking at the TV,  
wrapped in a blanket. She has pronounced dark bags under her  
eyes.

KYLE

Hi, mom.

MOM

You're early!

KYLE

I got fired.

MOM

Oh, noooo! What happened?

Kyle sits down next to her.

KYLE

The company is in trouble. They had to fire half of the drivers. My boss doesn't like me.

(pause)

Maybe nobody likes me. I don't know why. What's wrong with me?

MOM

Oh, sweetie! Nothing's wrong with you. You're just... different. Not better or worse, just different. And that's OK.

KYLE

But people don't like me. I don't have friends.

MOM

You have friends!

KYLE

Two.

MOM

People like you when they get to know you, you just need to give them a chance. Why don't you join a club when the pandemic is over?

KYLE

(disgusted)

Like, a sports club?

MOM

Any club. It's hard to make friends if you spend all day in your bedroom.

KYLE

It's safe there.

He absentmindedly takes a stack of envelopes from the coffee table. Utility bills. Credit card bills. A final notice on rent payments.

He looks up at his mom, suddenly alarmed.

MOM

Don't worry. I'll take Janice's shift next week.

KYLE

Mom, you're exhausted.

MOM

Stop worrying! We also got these.

She triumphantly hands Kyle two fast-food coupons.

KYLE

"All-you-can-eat chicken tenders!  
Get it while it lasts!".

(confused)

That's great, mom, but we're not  
literally starving.

Kyle's mom blushes, and quickly produces their Covid relief stimulus checks.

MOM

I meant... we also got these.

Kyle considers the checks for a couple of seconds.

KYLE

This gives us a bit more time. But  
I still need to find a new job.

MOM

You don't have to take the first  
job you find. You're so smart! You  
can get any job you want!

KYLE

I don't know, mom. Besides, who's  
hiring these days...?

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - AFTERNOON**

Kyle is on his gaming chair, wearing an ill-fitting suit and a tie. His cat is staying away from him and observing him with suspicion - he's not sure it's really Kyle.

Kyle clears his throat and takes a sip of water.

KYLE

I can do this.

He clicks on the video camera icon. A few moments later, Anthony Wright joins the call.

ANTHONY

So you must be Kyle.

KYLE

Yes, sir, nice to meet you. Thanks  
for taking this interview.

ANTHONY

Well, I don't see résumés like this every day. I thought it could be entertaining.

KYLE

Thank you, sir.

Anthony scoffs.

ANTHONY

Oh, I didn't mean it in a good thing. The people who apply for a job in a hedge fund generally have a background in--

(pause)

Wait, is that a sword behind you?

Kyle turns around and looks at the wall behind him. There's a katana and a Rambo II poster.

KYLE

No, sir, that's a katana.

ANTHONY

Right.

(checks his notes)

So for the last ten years or so you've worked as a cashier, a dog walker, and most recently as a driver for WeDeliver.

(chuckles)

I hear they're not doing so well lately. Anyway. I look at you, I look at your résumé, and I don't see any relevant qualifications for the job. Not a single one. Tell me, Kyle, why should I give you a job at Tangerine Financial?

KYLE

I'm good with numbers, sir.

ANTHONY

Oooh, I see, a math genius. And I suppose that's why the peak of your career is delivering fried chicken? I'm no math genius myself, but THAT doesn't add up.

Kyle shuffles uncomfortably in his chair.

KYLE

I'm bad with people, sir.

ANTHONY

You don't say.

(pause)

Look, kid. This is Tangerine Financial. I can't hire every delivery driver with delusions of grandeur. Whatever you do to impress your virtual friends ain't gonna work in real life, you get me?

KYLE

But I'm really good with numbers, sir! And I learn fast!

Anthony scoffs.

ANTHONY

(to himself)

And they say millennials aren't entitled...

(pause)

Look, kid, this ain't gonna happen. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a busy day. Doing grown up stuff in the real world, you know? So, nice talking to you. If you don't have any questions for me--

KYLE

I do, sir. I was wondering--

ANTHONY

--then we're done. Have a nice one!

KYLE

(at a blank screen)

--if... you...

Kyle lets out a long, deep sigh and slumps in his chair. He takes the headset off. He removes the tie and throws it at the wall. The cat runs after it.

KYLE

That went well.

He takes a can of Red Bull from a small fridge under his desk. He takes a sip while he stares at the screen, deep in thought.

He googles "WeDeliver". He takes a quick look, and googles "WeDeliver stock". A chart shows up - the stock price has tanked in the last week. There's some news articles that mention Gabriel Ivanov's Marvin Capital profiting from their short positions in the company.

Kyle googles "short positions", and opens Wikipedia and Investopedia. He scans through the articles at prodigious speed. He keeps clicking links; each article turns into two or three more tabs. Short selling. Naked puts. Covered calls. Float. Option greeks. Short interest. He's absorbing knowledge like a sponge.

Night has fallen. He turns on his desk lamp and takes another can of Red Bull. He googles "WeDeliver financial statements". Soon he's poring over dozens and dozens of dense financial documents. Quarterly reports. Transcripts of earning calls. He looks at the location of every store on a map. He furiously takes notes. He creates a new spreadsheet and it soon becomes a sprawling, complex financial model of the company.

It's early dawn outside. Kyle leans back on his chair and takes another sip of Red Bull.

KYLE

Hmmm.

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING**

Kyle is still at his desk, now nursing a big mug of coffee. He's no longer wearing a suit, so he and the cat are in friendly terms again.

Kyle is having a video chat with Joe and Billie.

BILLIE

You look like shit.

KYLE

Thanks, Billie. Couldn't sleep much last night.

JOE

I'm sorry, man. That guy is an asshole. It's his loss.

KYLE

He's worse than an asshole. He's wrong.

JOE

Of course, man. You're not an entitled--

KYLE

No, it's not that. He's wrong about WeDeliver. The company is actually doing OK.

Billie chuckles.

BILLIE

Dude, they fired you. They fired half of the people. Who knows? Maybe the CEO had to sell half of his boats, poor guy.

KYLE

The STOCK isn't doing great, but the COMPANY is actually fine. I spent all night going over every financial report since they went public. The pandemic--

BILLIE

(rolls eyes)

Wild night.

KYLE

--hit them hard, but the fundamentals are strong. The company has value.

BILLIE

Right, they have value, but the stock price went to shit?

KYLE

They are manipulating the stock price. I did some digging. A couple of hedge funds have massive short positions, and they're driving the price down.

BILLIE

Short what what?

JOE

They're betting against the company. They make a lot of money if the stock loses value.

BILLIE

Gotcha. Motherfuckers don't care about people losing their jobs, only about making a lot of money. And nobody is doing anything about it?

JOE

Shorting is not illegal per se.

BILLIE

Just a dick move?



KYLE

But that's the worst part. Even if the SEC doesn't do anything, the float of WeDeliver is so thin, it wouldn't take that much money or that many people to turn this around.

BILLIE

The float...?

JOE

The number of shares in circulation is--

Billie raises her hand and rolls here eyes. She's soooo done with the financial details.

BILLIE

Whatever.

JOE

I'm impressed, man. When did you become a financial expert?

KYLE

I don't know. Last night?

JOE

That's incredible. You're like Rain Man.

BILLIE

(confused)

What's Iron Man got to do with anything?

JOE

Rain Man. It's before your time, Billie.

(pause)

Look, man, this is impressive. WallStreetClub loves this stuff. Why don't you post it?

KYLE

You think? Who will listen to me?

JOE

I'm a moderator. I'll pin it to the top of the forum for a couple of days, so everyone will see it. What do you say?

Kyle shrugs. What's the worst that could happen?

KYLE  
Sure, why not.

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - AFTERNOON**

Kyle is typing energetically. The cat seems to be mildly annoyed by the loud clacking of the mechanical keyboard.

Kyle has created an account on WallStreetClub, an online forum frequented by mostly young people interested in the stock market. He hasn't uploaded a profile picture.

KYLE (V.O.)  
Due Diligence on WeDeliver.  
WeDeliver is a takeaway delivery  
company based in San Francisco, and  
with presence in 43 cities across  
the country. They were founded...

**INT. BEDROOM IN NEW YORK - AFTERNOON**

A guy in his mid-20s is at the computer, on his underwear, attentively reading Kyle's post.

KYLE (V.O.)  
(cross fade)  
...now when we use the Fiscal Year  
21 numbers, we get a current EBITDA  
multiple of only 5.7x, which is...

The guy clicks the "upvote" button. The vote counter reaches 23.

**EXT. TERRACE IN MIAMI - AFTERNOON**

A stylish Black girl wearing a Gucci bikini is laying down on a sun lounger by the hotel pool, scrolling on her phone.

KYLE (V.O.)  
(cross fade)  
...beating earnings by 2.4x last  
quarter. If we look at the  
price-to-book ratio, we find  
that...

The girl shares the post with a friend.

STYLISH GIRL (V.O.)  
"Yo, check this out. This dude gets  
more likes than me in a Gucci  
bikini LOL."

She upvotes the post, which reaches 67 votes. She smiles and takes a sip from her G&T.

**INT. LIVING ROOM IN SAN FRANCISCO - MORNING**

A middle-aged man in a suit and a tie is having breakfast in his dining room. He's reading Kyle's post on his laptop.

KYLE (V.O.)  
(cross fade)  
...22% of the 12 million  
outstanding shares are shorted.  
This is driving the price down...

He puts his coffee down and looks out the window, thinking for a while.

BUSINESSMAN  
Fuck it, why not.

He upvotes the post, now at 162. Then he checks his calendar, full to the brim with executive meetings.

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - AFTERNOON**

Kyle is still typing furiously. He finally leans back on his chair. He thinks for a second, and goes back to his keyboard.

KYLE (V.O.)  
In short, I like the stock.

He contemplates his creation, and smiles with satisfaction. He clicks POST.

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - EVENING**

Kyle is video-chatting with his Joe and Billie. They look very upbeat.

JOE  
Fifteen thousand upvotes! Almost  
three hundred comments. This is  
insane, man. Look at this.

The three have WallStreetClub open next to the video chat.

BILLIE  
(reading)  
"This man is a gentleman and an  
autist. Respect."

An animated gif of Fry from Futurama offering a fistful of cash.

JOE  
(reading)  
"Shut up and take my money."

BILLIE  
(reading)  
"WDLV is my next YOLO. I'm all-in,  
\$10K."

Kyle shakes his head.

KYLE  
People are putting real money on  
this?

JOE  
Yeah, man! This is one of the best  
Due Diligences I've seen lately.  
I'm also thinking of dropping a few  
K on this.

BILLIE  
Same.

KYLE  
What? Are you crazy?

JOE  
I'd be crazy not to! We can save  
WeDeliver and make a nice profit.

BILLIE  
And stick it to the hedge funds!  
Couldn't be any cooler.

KYLE  
Guys, it can go wrong. You can lose  
all your money. In fact, I'm 49.79%  
sure it WILL go wrong.

BILLIE  
(smug)  
So the odds are a lot better than  
both of you beating me at Fortnite.

JOE  
(reading)  
"Sir, this is a casino".

KYLE  
No, no, no. I can't be responsible  
for any of this.

JOE

Look, you're not telling anyone what to do, right? You did the math, you like the stock, you explained why. It's up to them to do whatever.

Kyle shrugs, but he's unconvinced.

KYLE

I suppose.

JOE

Come on, man, you don't trust your own DD?

KYLE

I do, I just... I don't know.

BILLIE

Dude, come on. Live a little.

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING**

Kyle and his mom sit on the sofa. His mom is tightly wrapped on a blanket, and has a steaming tea in front of her.

KYLE

So you don't think I'm crazy?

MOM

Kyle, sweetie... I'm not as smart as you are. You know that.

KYLE

Mom...

MOM

I don't understand half of the things you said. I know very little about money. But you know what I know? I know that face you make. I know that spark in your eyes. If you think this is a good idea, who am I to stop you?

KYLE

I could be wrong. Even if I'm right, things could go wrong.

MOM

But it won't go wrong. I trust you. And to show you how much...

She reaches into her handbag and pulls out her stimulus check.

MOM  
...how about you invest mine as well?

She leaves her stimulus check on the table. Kyle stares at it.

KYLE  
Is that the coupon for the chicken tenders, or...?

MOM  
I'm serious, Kyle. Take it.

Kyle takes a deep breath.

KYLE  
Mom... If this goes wrong, we won't make rent.

MOM  
We'll manage. Like we've always done... since...

She chokes up and can't finish the sentence. Kyle looks at an old family picture on the wall. A happy family: his mom, himself, and his late dad.

Kyle reaches over the table and slowly slides the check towards himself.

#### **INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Kyle is looking at his monitor, hands on the keyboard, but he's frozen.

The screen shows a newly opened trading account in KaChing, WallStreetClub's trading app of choice. It has a balance of \$1200. There's an order ticket open: BUY \$1200 WDLV. The mouse pointer is near the PLACE ORDER button.

Kyle grabs the mouse, moves the pointer over the button, his index finger flexes subtly; it stays there for a second, and then he moves the pointer away from the button and lifts his hand from the mouse.

He leans back on the chair and takes a deep breath, shaking his head.

KYLE  
This is crazy.

He takes a look at the stock chart for WDLV. It has continued going steadily down. All the numbers are in red.

He spins around in his chair, looking at the ceiling. He spins the chair again. When it stops, he's directly facing the Rambo II poster on the wall.

He stares at Rambo. Rambo stares back at him.

Kyle nods slowly. He walks up to his closet and rummages through his clothes. He takes a red bathrobe, pulls the fluffy belt off the loops, and holds it between his hands.

He returns to his chair, still facing Rambo. He ties the red bathrobe belt around his head. He nods at Rambo.

KYLE

They drew first blood.

Kyle turns the chair around, grabs the mouse, and clicks PLACE ORDER with newfound determination.

He leans back.

A few seconds later a message flashes on the screen. ORDER FILLED: BOUGHT 129 @ \$9.25.

He stares intently at the screen.

The stock rises to \$9.27.

He keeps staring.

The stock ticks down to \$9.25. \$9.24.

KYLE

Come on... Come on...

The stock pauses for a second. \$9.19.

His account is in red. PROFIT AND LOSS: -15 USD

KYLE

This is crazy.

He clicks the CLOSE POSITION button. The order ticket opens: SELL 129 WDLV @ 9.19 (\$1185). Kyle hesitates and looks at his cat.

KYLE

What do you think?

The cat purrs.

KYLE  
(nodding)  
Yeah, I think you're right.

Kyle cancels the order ticket, and leans back on his chair.

He opens WallStreetClub and writes a quick post, entitled "WDLV \$1200 YOLO", and a screenshot of his trade.

He goes back the trading screen.

\$9.12.

He rubs his eyes.

KYLE  
Come on.

He picks up the cat and puts him on his lap.

#### **INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING**

It's bright outside. Kyle has fallen asleep on his chair. He's knocked over an empty can of Red Bull next to the keyboard. The cat is asleep on his lap.

Kyle wakes up to the persistent beeping of the garbage truck.

KYLE  
Shit shit shit!

Kyle jumps up. The cat runs away, terrified. Kyle runs out of the room.

#### **EXT. KYLE'S HOME - FRONT - MORNING**

Kyle runs to the street, garbage bag in hand, just in time to see the truck driving away.

KYLE  
Shit! Not again!

He walks up to the bins, and is about to drop the bag, when he gets distracted by a notification on his phone.

He opens the KaChing trading app. WeDeliver stock has skyrocketed to \$29.68 pre-market, more than tripling his initial investment! He quickly sells the stock, and does a fist pump.

KYLE  
YES!!!



He hears someone coughing behind him. He turns around to see LISA (27), very pretty in a literal girl-next-door kind of way. She has just gotten out of the car, looking exhausted from her night shift at the hospital. Somehow she still manages to be bubbly.

LISA

I've never seen someone so happy  
about taking the garbage out this  
early in the morning, and being so  
bad at it.

Kyle is confused, but then notices that with all the excitement he dropped the garbage bag next to the bin.

KYLE

Ah, yes, the-- right. Bin. Don't  
worry, I got it.

He fumbles around but finally manages to bin the bag. He seems to have lost half of his dexterity, and he's hopelessly at a loss for words - he has no idea how to interact with a pretty girl in real life.

KYLE

Sorry, I was-- you know--

Lisa smiles at him. She has a beautiful smile.

LISA

Don't worry, I need at least two  
coffees to be functional.

KYLE

My-- the-- ummm... coffee-- or  
two-- morning--

There's an awkward pause. Lisa smiles again, understanding.

LISA

Anyway, I don't want to keep you  
any longer. Need to catch up on my  
sleep. Nice to see you, and say hi  
to your mom!

She walks away.

KYLE

B-- bye.

Kyle walks back inside.

KYLE

(to himself)

Smooth.

He shakes his head, takes his phone again, and looks at the trading app in disbelief. It's showing a profit of over \$2600. He does a fist pump again.

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING**

Kyle logs in to WallStreetClub. Many people are posting their own KaChing screenshots, all showing nice profits. Some people had invested significant amounts of money following his advice.

He finds a post sharing a news article about WeDeliver. He clicks on the video.

REPORTER

The recent surge in interest in WeDeliver stock has allowed the embattled food delivery company to raise additional capital, guaranteeing their solvency for at least two quarters, according to a statement released by their CFO. This surge--

Kyle pauses the video. He's astonished.

He glances over some of the threads. People call him their messiah. Someone posted a picture of their trading account showing a \$20,000 profit. "Love me some WeDeliver chicken tenders!". The replies demand "More chicken tendies, Kyle!"

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - AFTERNOON**

Kyle is having a video chat with Joe.

JOE

You certainly made an impression!

KYLE

I don't know what to say. I didn't do anything special. Just shared my analysis.

JOE

But it was spot on! We see so many shitposts, so many pump-and-dump schemes, so much bullshit analysis... the guys are desperate for more stuff like this.

KYLE

I don't know if I can do it again. Maybe I just got lucky this one time.

JOE

Come on, man! You're a genius, anyone who knows you has always known. I've always known.

(pause)

Look, you figured out this thing that nobody else had figured out. What are you going to do? You're going back to delivering fried chicken?

Kyle shrugs.

JOE

You can't be serious! You're good at this, you could make a killing, I'm telling ya!

KYLE

It was a good job. We need the money. We can't fall behind on rent.

Joe is becoming agitated. He waves his hands around.

JOE

You're not thinking big enough! You could make a living out of this! Forget about paying rent, I mean the "house in the Hamptons" kind of "making a living". I know you got what it takes!

(pause)

At least think it over, man. Talk it over with your mom.

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON**

Kyle and his mom are doing the dishes. His mom scrubs the plates in the sink and passes them to Kyle, who wipes them dry.

KYLE

Are you sure?

MOM

Remember what I told you? "It won't go wrong". You can do this. I don't want you to stop now.

KYLE

I can give you the money from the stimulus check back, and reinvest just the profits.

MOM

No, Kyle. I have full faith in you.  
I always have. I know you can do  
this.

KYLE

I don't know. It's too much  
responsibility.

Kyle's mom gives him a complicit elbow bump.

MOM

Didn't Spiderman say "with great  
power comes great responsibility"?

KYLE

No, mom, that was Uncle Ben.  
Besides, being a nerd is not a  
superpower. And my spidey senses  
only tingle when I have to talk to  
people.

MOM

You're not a nerd, you're just very  
smart. You see things faster and  
clearer than the rest of us.

(pause)

Look, I'm ASKING you to do this.  
I'm a grown up too, you know. I can  
make my own decisions.

Kyle looks down, reflects for a second, and nods. He looks  
up with renewed determination.

KYLE

OK. OK, I'll do it.

Kyle's mom hands him the milk jar. He dries it, and then  
goes to the fridge. The door is covered with magnets  
representing European cities - London, Paris, Madrid. Kyle  
stares at them.

KYLE

How about that trip to Europe when  
all this is over? I think it's  
waaaay overdue.

MOM

Oh, I'd love to visit Europe at  
last! That would be a wonderf--

Suddenly she drops the plate she's holding. It hits the  
ground and shatters into a million pieces. She leans on the  
counter. Kyle rushes to hold her.

KYLE

Mom! Are you OK?

MOM

I'm fine. I'm fine. I just need some rest. These double shifts are killing me.

KYLE

Go lie down, OK? I'll finish the dishes.

MOM

Oh, my boy, you're such a sweetheart!

Kyle helps his mom walk to the sofa.

**INT. IVANOV'S HOME OFFICE - EVENING**

Ivanov is visibly pissed off. He's at the computer, staring at a table full of red numbers. There's a whisky glass next to the keyboard, and a half-empty bottle of 18-year Glenlivet.

ANTHONY

It came out of nowhere!

IVANOV

Who was it?

ANTHONY

That's the thing. We don't know. We've been trying to trace it, but we couldn't find any big transactions. The usual volume on the dark pools. It was a million little transactions. A thousand shares here, two thousand shares there. The biggest transaction was something like \$200,000.

Ivanov leans back on his chair and adopts a conspiratorial attitude.

IVANOV

I see. They're splitting their orders in small chunks to hide the source.

ANTHONY

No, no, no. You're not getting it. It wasn't one of the big boys. We've asked around, and nobody has heard anything.

IVANOV  
(exasperated)  
So what are you saying? That a  
hundred thousand people just  
randomly decided to buy WeDeliver  
stock at the same time?

ANTHONY  
(sheepishly)  
Well, that's... that's what it  
looks like.

IVANOV  
(scoffs)  
You can't be serious.

They are silent for a few moments. Ivanov checks the WDLV  
stock chart.

IVANOV  
I mean, look at the volume. You're  
saying that's organic?

ANTHONY  
Yeah, that's what it looks like.

Another silence.

IVANOV  
You fucked up, buddy.

ANTHONY  
It was a sure thing!

IVANOV  
Forget it. So what's the damage?

ANTHONY  
About two bill.

Ivanov crosses his fingers and leans back on his chair.

IVANOV  
Two billion. You fucked up BIG  
TIME.  
(pause)  
OK. OK, let's fix this. I got you  
covered.

ANTHONY  
(relieved)  
Thanks, Ivanov. I owe you one.

IVANOV  
"Owe me"? You're my BITCH until you  
give it back, got it?

ANTHONY

No problem.

Ivanov pours himself a whisky.

IVANOV

Cheers.

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - AFTERNOON**

Kyle is having a video chat with Joe, while trying to keep the cat off the keyboard.

JOE

Happy to have you on board, man! We can always use more moderators.

KYLE

I thought everyone wanted to be a moderator.

JOE

Everyone does, but gotta be careful. We got 500 thousand subscribers. It's like a small city. There's always a bunch of crazies.

Kyle winces.

KYLE

Has anything bad happened?

JOE

Nah, the guys are mostly harmless. Their mouth is like a sewer, they're almost as bad as Billie... almost... but they're harmless. It's the clever ones you need to watch out for, you know?

KYLE

Like what?

JOE

Back in 2017, when the forum was a lot smaller, some guys became mods and tried to take over. They wanted to promote some cryptocurrency scam. When myself and the other mods refused, somehow they managed to lock us out.

KYLE

Oh wow, sounds pretty bad.

JOE

Yeah. But we got back in within a couple of days, kicked them out, and they never came back.

KYLE

Consider me warned.

(pause)

All right, so what now?

JOE

Well, you've started something. I guess people want you to continue? I mean, look at that.

They look at a post of a crudely drawn cartoon: a parent telling their child "if you're a good boy, the Tendie Man will bring you gifts", next to Santa Claus carrying a bag of chicken tenders.

KYLE

OK, who or what is a Tendie Man?

JOE

I think they mean you.

KYLE

Come again?

JOE

You'll need to learn to decode the lingo. You made a bunch of people a bunch of money with a company that delivers food. I have no idea why they're obsessed with the chicken tenders, but that's what they call profits now.

KYLE

(dubious)

"Tendies"?

JOE

Yeah. And you're the man that brought them tendies. You're the Tendie Man.

KYLE

(shakes his head)

This is insane.

Joe laughs heartily.

JOE

Welcome aboard!



**INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

It's dark outside. The computer clock says it's almost 4 am. Kyle is wearing his Rambo headband. His desk is covered in tables, charts, financial statements, and empty cans of Red Bull. Even the cat has had to find refuge somewhere else.

He leans back on his chair and raises his arms above his head, stretching. He lets out a pained sigh. He twists his upper body to the left and then to the right.

He picks up the closest can of Red Bull, tries to take a sip - it's empty. He opens the small fridge next to his desk - it's also empty. Defeated, he rolls the chair away from the desk. He twirls around, and looks to the sides, somewhat lost.

He opens Instagram on his phone. Sarah has posted a picture - the selfie that Ivanov had taken just days before. Sarah's excessive cleavage, Ivanov's arrogant smile, and a sliver of Kyle's arm, who is otherwise cut from the picture.

He sighs and taps LIKE anyway.

He twirls in the chair again, and goes back to his charts and numbers.

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING**

Kyle is having a video chat with Joe and Billie. He's unusually excited, and can barely stop gesticulating.

BILLIE

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Slow down, dude!  
Can you go back a little bit? I got  
a bit lost.

KYLE

Sure, no problem, sorry. Where did  
I lose you?

BILLIE

Like... right at the beginning?

KYLE

Right. OK.

He straightens himself up in his chair, and takes a breath before launching himself into the explanation.

KYLE

OK, so I spent all night analyzing  
the financial statements of ten or  
twenty companies. I found this one,  
(MORE)

KYLE (cont'd)  
GameLand, that is super undervalued. It's trading at \$5, but I think it should be \$10, or even \$15.

BILLIE  
Three times as much? And you're, like, the only one that has figured this out?

KYLE  
(matter-of-factly)  
Well... yeah.

BILLIE  
Oh... OK.

Joe clears his throat and leans forward.

JOE  
You know, I trust your savant abilities as much as Billie does, but can you elaborate? Just for my benefit?

KYLE  
Right, OK. GameLand. They sell videogames, right? They've been around since the 90s. They have retail stores everywhere. They have massive brand recognition... Everyone knows them.

JOE  
People still buy games in a store these days?

KYLE  
I know, right? But here's the thing. A veteran entrepreneur just joined the board of directors. I have the feeling that they can turn the ship around. Imagine if they pivot to selling games online. Or if they had a subscription model. They could be massive. They could be the Netflix of videogames.

JOE  
Right. But that's a huge pivot. It could take years. And they need to stay alive while they're doing it.

KYLE

They ARE profitable. They don't have any debt. Their financials look solid.

Kyle leans back, satisfied. He's made his case.

Joe speaks tentatively - is he missing something obvious?

JOE

Soooo... their financials are solid. They have a plan. Why are they trading at \$5?

KYLE

Ah, this is where it gets REALLY interesting. There's a bunch of hedge funds that have massive short positions in GameLand. Guess how many shares are shorted?

JOE

I don't know, 25 percent? 30?

KYLE

A hundred and ten percent!

JOE

Jesus!

BILLIE

Whoa, whoa. Slow down. What's a short again?

Kyle rummages through the stuff on his desk, looking for something to use as an example. He picks up a coffee mug.

KYLE

OK. Suppose a coffee mug costs \$1, but I think they're going up tomorrow. So I buy a mug for \$1 today, and I sell it tomorrow for \$2. I buy a mug for \$1, I sell it for \$2, so I make \$1, right? That's how most people make money with stocks.

BILLIE

Gotcha.

KYLE

Now a coffee mug costs \$2. But I think they're going back down tomorrow. How do I make money from this?

Kyle pauses. Billie shrugs.

KYLE

This is what I do: I borrow a coffee mug from Joe. Then I turn around and I sell it to you for \$2. Tomorrow the mugs go down, so I buy one for \$1 and return it to Joe. I sold the coffee mug for \$2, I bought it back for \$1, so I keep the extra \$1.

BILLIE

OK.

KYLE

OK, so that's "short selling". You borrow some stock, sell it to someone else, and buy it back later, but cheaper.

BILLIE

Yeah, cool. So why are you so excited about this?

KYLE

Here's the thing. Imagine I borrowed Joe's mug and sold it to you, but I was wrong, and the price went up instead of down. I still have to return the mug to Joe. But I sold the one I borrowed, so I HAVE to buy a new one. If you have a coffee mug, you can ask for \$1, or \$2, or \$10 - and if I can't find a cheaper coffee mug anywhere, I HAVE to buy it from you.

BILLIE

I still don't see it.

KYLE

A couple of hedge funds have borrowed every GameLand share there is, and sold it to someone else. They will need to return the shares at some point. But if GML goes up, they could lose millions - that's why they're keeping the price down!

Billie jumps forward, suddenly excited.

BILLIE

The hedge funds could lose millions? Now I'm interested.

KYLE

Imagine what would happen if a bunch of people bought all the GML shares at \$5. When the hedge funds need to return all the shares they borrowed, people could sell them for \$10, for \$100, for whatever. The funds would be forced to buy them. And the more they buy, the more the price goes up... that's called a "short squeeze".

(pause)

And if on top of this people also bought stock options... well... It's game over for the funds. Tangerine Financial. Marvin Capital. Game over.

BILLIE

Wait, wait, wait. You're saying we fuck the hedge funds AND get rich at the same time?

KYLE

Yeah.

Nobody speaks for a couple of seconds.

BILLIE

What are we waiting for?

#### **MONTAGE:**

- Kyle's bedroom: Kyle writes a post in WallStreetClub entitled "Due Diligence: GameLand". He has uploaded a profile picture: himself wearing the red headband, and trying to do his best Rambo face.
- New York: guy in underwear reads the post. He nods to himself, satisfied. He opens the KaChing app and buys 100 shares of GML for \$500.
- Stock chart: GML has gone up to \$7.50.
- Miami: the stylish girl in a recliner looks at her trading app. Her balance is \$150,000, up 50%. She laughs and takes a sip of her drink.
- Billie's bedroom: Billie is doing a YouTube livestream. There's almost 100,000 people watching. She's holding a blue lipstick and gesticulating. "...but if the price of lipstick goes up,..."
- Stock chart: GML passes \$12.50.

- WallStreetClub: someone has taken Kyle's profile picture wearing the red headband and pasted it on top of a SpaceX rocket. The caption reads "GML TO THE MOON!"
- San Francisco: the middle-aged businessman is having breakfast and reading Kyle's post. He casually buys \$12,000 worth of GML stock options.
- Stock chart: GML passes \$20.
- Joe's living room: Joe is looking at WallStreetClub. People start posting KaChing screenshots, showing of their profits. Some have made hundreds of thousands by buying GML stock options.
- Kyle's bedroom: Kyle is looking at the GML chart. It has closed near \$26. He looks at the trading app - his stock options are up over \$200,000. Every number is flashing green.

**INT. IVANOV'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT**

Ivanov's monitors, on the other hand, are a bloodbath. He's fuming. He's swapped the Glenlivet for an expensive Stolichnaya vodka.

He has Anthony on video chat.

IVANOV  
WHO THE FUCK IS DOING THIS TO US?

ANTHONY  
(chuckles)  
Well, you're not going to believe it.

IVANOV  
WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?  
(pause)  
So? Are you going to tell me? Who is it? Fortress? It's fucking Fortress, isn't it?

ANTHONY  
Fortress has nothing to do with this. I'm telling you, it's not a rival fund.

IVANOV  
THEN WHO THE FUCK IS DOING THIS TO US?

Anthony braces for impact.

ANTHONY

It's... a bunch of kids, basically.

Ivanov shakes his head and moves an inch closer to the camera. Has he misheard Anthony?

IVANOV

Say again?

ANTHONY

It's a bunch of kids from an internet forum.

Ivanov takes a second to absorb the news, half expecting Anthony to be joking, but he realizes he isn't. He leans back on his chair.

IVANOV

You gotta be fucking kidding me.

ANTHONY

See for yourself. It's called Wall Street Club.

IVANOV

(already typing)

Call you later.

Ivanov opens the WallStreetClub website. For an outsider, it's undecipherable: a SpaceX rocket with the inscription "GML TO THE MOON". A picture of Jesus holding chicken tenders in his hands: "PRAISE THE TENDIEMAN."

IVANOV

What the fuck...?

He keeps scrolling. There's a screen capture from Pulp Fiction's famous gimp scene: Peter Greene standing behind a bent-over, ball-gag-wearing Ving Rhames. But there's a caption over Peter Greene that reads WALLSTREETCLUB, and a caption over Ving Rhames that reads MARVIN CAPITAL.

Ivanov stands up and lets out a primal, enraged roar. He takes a small plant from his desk and throws it violently against the opposite wall - it explodes on impact. He takes a deep breath and sits down again.

IVANOV

(to the screen)

I'm gonna crush you.

He keeps scrolling past a variety of memes and screenshots of trading accounts displaying handsome profits - the money they've taken from him. He scrolls past an image depicting King Leonidas from 300 where someone has superimposed Kyle's face.

He scrolls back and looks closely at the image.

IVANOV  
You gotta be kidding me.

He zooms into Kyle's face.

IVANOV  
The fucking delivery guy?!?

Quick FLASHBACK to the selfie he took with Kyle and Sarah.

Ivanov leans back. He pours himself a shot of vodka, downs it in a second and taps on his desk, staring at infinity.

He takes his phone and opens the Contacts app. He scrolls past Booty Call 1 to Booty Call 3, and dials Booty Call 4.

SARAH (O.S.)  
(seductively)  
Hey, Gabe.

IVANOV  
Hey, gorgeous. What are you doing tonight?

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING**

Kyle eyes the clock on his screen. 9:29. He's looking at the stock chart from the previous day, showing a dazzling climb ending at \$26. The top of the chart reads MARKETS CLOSED.

He carefully ties the Rambo headband. He's going to war.

The clock changes to 9:30.

KYLE  
Here we go.

He refreshes the stock chart.

KYLE  
HOLY SHIT!

The chart now reads MARKETS OPEN. The stock has opened at \$45 per share. Kyle (and everyone else) have doubled their money literally overnight.

**EXT. TERRACE IN MIAMI - AFTERNOON**

The stylish Black girl has upgraded: she's sunbathing next to a private rooftop pool. She looks at her KaChing app - her portfolio is up millions.



STYLISH GIRL  
That's what I'm talking about!

She pours some Dom Perignon and raises her glass.

STYLISH GIRL  
To the moon!

**INT. HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATION - DAY**

A young man talks to the hospital administrator sitting behind her desk. She's examining a check, shaking her head in disbelief.

HOSPITAL ADMIN  
I don't know what to say, Mr. Donahue. This is most generous of you. We rarely receive donations of this magnitude. Your contribution will have such an impact in the lives of our children!

YOUNG MAN  
My pleasure. They deserve all the help they can get.  
(beat)  
But I have a condition.

The hospital admin perks up, concerned.

YOUNG MAN  
I don't wanna show off. I want to make my donation using... like... not my real name.

HOSPITAL ADMIN  
(exhales)  
Ah, of course. You would like to use a pseudonym?

YOUNG MAN  
Yeah, that! One of those!

HOSPITAL ADMIN  
Most certainly, Mr Donahue. Many of the donations we receive are anonymous or pseudonymous. What pseudonym would you like to use?

YOUNG MAN  
(matter-of-factly)  
Motherfuckin stock gangsta 93.

The admin jumps back on her chair, scandalized.

HOSPITAL ADMIN

Sir, I beg your pardon?

YOUNG MAN

"Motherfuckin" without the "g", and  
"gangsta" with an "a", not  
"gangsterrrrrr". And with  
underscores between the words.

The admin stares at the huge check in her hand for a couple of seconds. She manages to smile.

HOSPITAL ADMIN

I'll see what I can do, sir.

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING**

Kyle is video chatting with Joe and Billie, but he has them on speakers. He's in the middle of the room, fighting an imaginary opponent with his katana.

JOE

Two million members! We got to two million members! Woohooo!

BILLIE

They love you. "All praise our lord and savior Jesus Kyle". Dude, you should start a cult or something.

KYLE

How's the stock doing?

JOE

\$66. Holy shit, dude. You should look at this. You've made more millionaires than the gold rush.

Kyle takes a couple of excited swings with the katana, cutting through the air. The cat can't take it anymore, and runs for his life.

BILLIE

Yo, check this out! A clip from Tim Framer!

KYLE

Tim Framer? The guy from that show... Crazy Cash?

Billie plays the clip.

FRAMER

...believe me, this battle between the hedge funds and this internet investment club, "WallStreetClub", is like a battle between David and Goliath. And lemme tell you something, folks: David is kicking Goliath's butt!

Kyle takes another excited swing with the katana.

KYLE

In yo' face, Goliath!

He accidentall chops off the scalp of his favorite childhood plush toy.

JOE

What the fuck, Kyle!

(beat)

I didn't know you were into scalping!

They burst into laughter.

BILLIE

Fuck me, Kyle. looks like you got the apes to stage a Broadway musical after all!

#### **INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING**

Kyle has fallen asleep over the keyboard again. Again he wakes up to the beeps of the garbage truck. The cat has learned the lesson, and leaps off Kyle's lap before Kyle himself can react.

KYLE

Shit!

He runs out of the room. The cat looks at him judgmentally.

#### **EXT. KYLE'S HOME - FRONT - MORNING**

Kyle runs to the street, garbage bag in hand. He's missed the truck again. This time he takes extra care to drop the bag inside the bin.

He gets a phone notification. It's an Instagram message from Sarah, with a suggestive picture - all lips and cleavage. "How's your morning going? <kiss emoji>". Kyle smiles and texts her back quickly. "Better now <wink emoji>".

He turns around and sees Lisa getting off her car. She sees him and beams her beautiful smile. He waves at her.

KYLE

Hey, Lisa.

Lisa walks up to him and points at the garbage bin.

LISA

Your aim is improving, I'm  
impressed!

Kyle smiles at her. He even keeps eye contact. Mostly.

KYLE

Eh, you know. Practice makes  
perfect.

Lisa has noticed the change in Kyle, but she can't place it. She checks him out from head to toe.

LISA

You look different.

(pause)

You know... good-different.

Kyle smiles shyly.

KYLE

I'm doing all right.

We see the screen of his phone. His trading account is up \$2 million.

LISA

Well, I guess I'll see you around?

KYLE

See you around.

They turn around and start walking towards their respective homes. Kyle allows himself to drop the cool demeanor he was working so hard to keep.

KYLE

(silently)

WOW!

#### INT. JOE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Joe glances at the GML chart: it opened at \$75, and is close to \$98 in the first hour of trading. He smiles with satisfaction.

He refreshes the WallStreetClub page. The member count is just shy of 4 million.

JOE

Come on. Come on.

He scrolls through the WSC page, and stops at a post titled "CHOOSE YOUR WORDS CAREFULLY, MARVIN". It's a clip from the movie 300, with captions instead of audio: King Leonidas, with Kyle's face, yells "MADNESS? THIS! IS! SPARTA!", and kicks Marvin Capital into the endless pit of Margin Calls.

Joe chuckles, closes the post, and refreshes the page. WSC has just passed 4 million members! He jumps up on his feet and lets out an excited scream. In the background, his wife looks at him with quizzically.

#### **EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY**

An elderly tourist couple walks arm in arm through a pandemic-deserted Times Square. The lady poses for a picture with the iconic billboard on the background.

The man prepares to take a picture, but then stops.

OLD LADY

Let's take one together.

But the man is not looking at her. He points at the billboard. The lady turns around.

The billboard shows a rocket ship emoji, and a scrolling text that says "GML TO THE MOON".

OLD MAN

We're going back to the moon! It's like the 60s again!

They embrace and do a little 60's dance together.

#### **INT. GAMELAND STORE - DAY**

Two police officers talk to a concerned employee.

POLICE OFFICER

So he started yesterday?

EMPLOYEE

I don't know when he started. He was there yesterday morning when I came in, he was still there when I left. Then I came this morning, and... I don't think he left.

POLICE OFFICER  
And he hasn't entered the store?

EMPLOYEE  
No.

POLICE OFFICER  
Or talked to anyone?

EMPLOYEE  
No, nothing.

The police officers exchange confused looks.

EMPLOYEE  
He just keeps yelling that he's stoned. But I don't know, 36 hours straight? Sounds more like PCP to me.

(beat)  
I mean... from what I read.

POLICE OFFICER  
No problem, ma'am. We'll take care of him.

They exit the store.

**EXT. GAMELAND STORE - DAY**

The officer and his partner see a half-naked, heavily tattooed man yelling at the big GameLand sign.

TATTOOED MAN  
STONKS! STONKS! STONKS! STONKS!

The approach the tattooed man, who is obvlivous to them.

TATTOOED MAN  
STONKS! STONKS! STONKS! STONKS!

POLICE OFFICER  
Good morning, sir.

TATTOOED MAN  
STONKS! STONKS! STONKS! STONKS!

POLICE OFFICER  
Sir?

TATTOOED MAN  
STOOOOOONKS!

The officers look at each other and shrug.

**INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - DAY**

Ivanov is having lunch with some of his fellow hedge fund buddies. They're all laughing hysterically - except Ivanov, who is forcing a polite smile.

BEARDED MANAGER

And you thought my Nasdaq play was dumb! Hahahahaha!

BALD MANAGER

Played by a bunch of kids! What the fuck, man?

IVANOV

It's not over. I'll crush them.

A waiter appears with the check.

BALD MANAGER

(to bald manager)

Let's go before we have to bail him out. Hahahahaha!

The bearded manager hands his credit card to the waiter.

IVANOV

Wait, it's my turn.

BEARDED MANAGER

I'll cover for you, your card will bounce anyway! Hahahaha!

BALD MANAGER

You shouldn't have crushed that fast food chain, Gabe. I see a lot of cheap chicken nuggets in your future! Hahahahaha!

Ivanov says nothing, but closes his fists until his knuckles turn white.

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - EVENING**

Kyle looks at the GML chart. The stock closed at \$175. He checks his trading account: his stock options are up 250%, and his account is up \$12 million.

He shows the phone to his cat.

KYLE

Not bad for a day of work, huh?

The cat looks away, unimpressed.

**INT. IVANOV'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT**

Ivanov is looking at his monitors. Marvin Capital is \$7 billion in the red. He's fuming. But there's something else: for the first time, we see him afraid.

He hesitates before clicking the VIDEO CALL button on the screen. He downs a quick shot of liquid courage.

A few moments later, a middle-aged Asian man shows up on the screen. He's wearing a fancy suit and no tie. He looks very self-assured. His background shows a home office even swankier than Ivanov's.

FENG

Ah, Ivanov. What a surprise.

(chuckles)

On the other hand, I was sort of expecting your call.

IVANOV

You've seen the news.

FENG

How could I not? The Financial Times, the Washington Post, CNN... even Fox. It's all they're talking about.

IVANOV

It's a bloodbath.

FENG

How much?

Ivanov takes a deep breath, feeling extremely uncomfortable.

FENG

Come on, how much?

IVANOV

We're down seven billion. Tangerine is down another two.

Feng whistles.

FENG

That's a deep hole to dig yourself out of.

There's a pause. Ivanov hesitates.

IVANOV

I need your help.



FENG  
(amused)  
Oh, do you?

IVANOV  
Please, Feng.

FENG  
Ten billion aren't going to be  
cheap.

Ivanov swallows his pride.

IVANOV  
I understand. But there's something  
else.

FENG  
Oh, is there?

IVANOV  
I have an ace up my sleeve, but I  
don't just want to beat these guys.  
I want to fucking kill, dismember  
and bury them.

FENG  
How poetic.

IVANOV  
You control KaChing.

FENG  
Look, Fortress Securities has  
nothing to do with KaChing. KaChing  
is its own thing.  
(chuckles)  
Just ask the SEC!

IVANOV  
60% of their revenue comes from  
you.

FENG  
(shrugging)  
We're the largest market maker in  
the US.

IVANOV  
If you asked for a favor, they  
would listen.

FENG  
Perhaps.  
(pause)  
What do you have in mind?

Ivanov smiles and leans forward. Now he's on the offensive again.

**EXT. WALL STREET - DAY**

A very diverse crowd marches through Wall Street. Teenagers to mid-50s, nerd to heavy metal. More than a few of them wear a Rambo headband like Kyle's.

The crowd moves forward, chanting "WE LIKE THE STOCK", and carrying placards that read "APES TOGETHER STRONG". The Wall Street suits look from the windows, completely bewildered.

**EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY**

A woman is arguing with her teenage daughter.

MOTHER

Ten thousand dollars?!?

DAUGHTER

That was this morning, Ma! I'm up to fifteen!

The woman has to lean against her trailer.

A plane flies over them, pulling a banner that reads "Come fly with me. GML to the moon! HODL! <diamond emoji> <hand emoji>". The daughter raises her fist to the sky.

DAUGHTER

To the moon! To the moon!

A teenager comes out of another trailer, notices the plane, and starts chanting too.

TEENAGER

To the moon! To the moon!

The mother, visibly confused but nonetheless excited, starts chanting with them.

**INT. OFFICE - DAY**

A man looks at two monitors: one has the GML chart, the other shows a live interview on the street with a young man that looks high, in front of a graffiti that reads "WE LIKE THE STOCK"

REPORTER

...graffiti like this, or even  
billboards, in every major city in  
(MORE)

REPORTER (cont'd)  
America. And this young man has  
tattooed diamonds on the palms of  
his hands. Can you tell us why did  
you do it?

YOUNG MAN  
(giggling)  
Because diamonds are forever, baby!

REPORTER  
What do you think your parents will  
think when they find out?

YOUNG MAN  
Chill, dude, they're not gonna--

He suddenly realizes he's on live TV.

YOUNG MAN  
Oh BEEP! BEEP BEEP BEEP ME!

The man watching the turns in his chair - we see it's ELON  
MUSK! He chuckles and writes a tweet.

#### **INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - AFTERNOON**

Kyle looks at his screen in disbelief. He reads Elon Musk's  
tweet.

KYLE  
"Gamestonk!!!"

He looks at the GML chart. The stock has closed a hair above  
\$350.

KYLE  
We did it.

He opens WallStreetClub. The page is full of screenshots of  
trading accounts showing millions in profit, memes showing  
Kyle-as-King-Leonidas and the WallStreetClub members  
taunting a million-strong Persian army of "hedge fund  
managers" and "boomers", and pictures of Rambo with the face  
of Kyle.

Kyle takes a deep breath and exhales slowly, taking it all  
in. He smiles.

#### **INT. ANTHONY'S OFFICE - DAY**

We see a video of Anthony addressing the camera, a wide  
smile on his face.

ANTHONY

Hi! This is Anthony Wright from Tangerine Financial. First of all, to all the people who have been asking "are you OK?", "have you gone out of business?", "what's happening with GameLand?", I want to answer these questions. I'm just fine. Tangerine is just fine. We covered our short positions when the stock was around \$90. Yes, this cost us a lot of money, but we're just fine.

He looks to the side, quickly checking his notes. His forced smile wavers for a fraction of a second.

ANTHONY

Second of all, Tangerine Financial has been around before WallStreetClub, before all the memes, before all of you even knew what the stock market was. We were the ones giving a voice to the little guy! And I never insulted anyone. I never threatened anyone. People make money, people lose money, but it's just business. So spare me the demeaning memes and childish insults.

He quickly glances at his notes again.

ANTHONY

Tangerine Financial had a great year last year, and we expect to have an even better one this year. We have some incredible opportunities coming ahead. GameLand was just a blip. It was fun, but it's time to move on to more interesting opportunities.

Anthony waves at the camera and smiles even harder.

ANTHONY

Safe investing, everyone!

CUT TO: Anthony sitting in front of a camera, recording the video we just watched.

The smile immediately vanishes from his face. He turns off the camera.

ANTHONY

That's the most demeaning thing  
I've had to do in 30 years in  
business.

Ivanov has been watching the whole thing over video chat.  
Anthony addresses him.

ANTHONY

You think they'll buy it?

IVANOV

You better hope they do, for your  
own sake.

**EXT. KYLE'S HOME - FRONT - MORNING**

Kyle is standing next to the garbage bins. It's a sunny  
Sunday morning.

KYLE

(to himself)

Hi, Lisa. Nah. Hey, Lisa! How are  
you?

(pause)

Yes, it's a beautiful day. Wanna go  
for a walk? How about we go for a  
walk? I'm going for a walk, and I  
was wondering--

(sighs)

Why is this so difficult?

As if on cue, a car parks in front of the next house, and  
Lisa gets off.

KYLE

Hey, Lisa, how--

Kyle notices that Lisa is crying. He walks towards her.

KYLE

Lisa, are you OK?

She notices him, nods quickly, and tries to hide her face  
from him. He gets closer and awkwardly puts a hand on her  
shoulder.

KYLE

What happened? Are you OK?

Lisa stops trying to hide. Her eyes are red. Her face bears  
the marks of someone who has worn a surgical mask for 12  
hours straight.

LISA  
(sniffling)  
I'm fine. It's just... I'm tired.  
I'm tired of this fucking virus.  
I'm tired of all this crap.

KYLE  
I know. We all are. All the shops  
are closed--

LISA  
A man died today holding my hand.  
He was 59, father of three. His  
family couldn't be there with him.  
He died alone. He told me I  
reminded him of his eldest. He died  
alone, holding my hand.

KYLE  
I'm... I'm so sorry.

Lisa instinctively rests her head on his chest. Very out of  
his element, Kyle tentatively puts his arm around her back.

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON**

Kyle and his mom are having a late Sunday lunch. Kyle  
absently-minded grabs fries with a hand, and looks at the  
phone on his other hand. He's browsing WallStreetClub.

There's a photoshopped picture of a row of white  
Lamborghinis parked in front of a GameLand store. There's  
pictures of trading accounts worth millions; these aren't  
photoshopped.

MOM  
Sweetie?

KYLE  
Hmm?

MOM  
What time do you want to go?

KYLE  
Sorry, I got distracted. Go where?

MOM  
(sighs)  
You didn't hear a single word I  
said.

KYLE  
Sorry, mom.

MOM

I thought the stock market was  
closed on Sunday.  
(clears her throat)

Kyle reluctantly leaves his phone on the table. His mom  
doesn't look satisfied. He turns the phone face down.

KYLE

I just can't believe what happened.  
We won. We destroyed the hedge  
funds.

Kyle's mom sounds disappointed, almost hurt. This is not how  
she raised her son.

MOM

"You won"? "You destroyed them"?  
This is not a game! The hedge funds  
also have employees, and these  
employees also have families.

KYLE

(conflicted)

Yes, but... but their job is to--  
they profit from other people  
losing their jobs. They made ME  
lose my job!

MOM

Oooh, so this is about revenge.

KYLE

No, mom! This is about...

He trails off. His mom arches her eyebrows.

A notification on the phone breaks the impasse. He can't  
resist looking at it, despite his mom's disapproving look.  
It's a message from Sarah. It includes a video. "Watch on a  
big screen".

Kyle stands up.

KYLE

I need to take this.

MOM

What you need is to do some  
thinking.

Kyle walks away, looking guilty.

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING**

Kyle sits at his desk, leaves the phone, and opens Sarah's message on the computer.

"Watch on a big screen". Kyle maximizes the video in one of his big monitors, and clicks the PLAY button.

There's a momentary glitch on the screen. Kyle squints. But a second later, the screen fills up with Sarah wearing a tight white crop top and no bra. Kyle leans back on his chair and whistles.

Slow music starts playing. Sarah dances slowly, provocative, and teases lifting her crop top. She takes a step closer to the camera and takes it off, revealing nothing but her bare collarbone. She winks at the camera.

SARAH

There's more later... if you're interested.

She blows a kiss very close to the lens, filling the screen with her full lips. The video ends.

Kyle is speechless for a couple of seconds.

KYLE

Wow.

He licks his lips and clicks the REPLAY button. The cat looks disgusted.

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - AFTERNOON**

Kyle, Joe and Billie are on video chat. They're already on their third beers.

BILLIE

Holy shit, dude, you pulled it off.  
You crazy son of a bitch.

JOE

This is incredible. Never seen something like this before!

KYLE

Yeah, I never thought this would happen.

BILLIE

So what now?



KYLE

I'm curious to see how far we can take this.

JOE

Wait, you're up what, 10 million? 15? And you're not pulling out?

KYLE

No, of course not. Why?

Joe starts getting agitated.

JOE

"Why?" "Why???" Because money! This is it, man! This is the real deal! This is an once-in-a-lifetime opportunity!

BILLIE

Exactly! Think how many lives you could change! You could be the face of this movement!

KYLE

Wait, wait. There's no mov--

JOE

You've already have! You've changed so many lives! All these kids you made into millionaires!

BILLIE

No, I meant changing other people's lives. Donating it all to charity.

JOE

Donating to-- Billie, Kyle lives with his mom! Don't you think he deserves to give himself a break, for once?

KYLE

Guys--

Now Billie starts getting angry too.

BILLIE

Don't you think there's a lot of people who deserve it more? All the people who live on the street? The single moms?

JOE

How do they "deserve" this? How much did THEY invest in GML? Kyle took a risk! He invested his stimulus check, and he could have lost everything! So he deserves his reward. No risk, no reward.

BILLIE

So you're just gonna hoard your money? You're just gonna look at it? You're not a fucking dragon!

KYLE

Seriously, I'm--

JOE

No, I'm not a fucking dragon. I'm a husband and a dad-to-be. You know, an "adult"? I sold half my shares. Paid off the mortgage and the student debt. Maybe you'll get it one day.

KYLE

You sold?!?

JOE

Half!!!

BILLIE

You selfish cunt!

JOE

(offended)

Selfish? How the fuck is any of this selfish? I paid off Debbie's debt too! But I'm selfish because I didn't give it all away to the starving children of wherever?

BILLIE

Yes! You're a privileged asshole--

JOE

Ooooh, right, I should check my Black privilege.

BILLIE

You're a man! A boomer from--

JOE

(smug)

I'm 35, do you even know what a boomer--

BILLIE

--richest countries in the world!

JOE

And who do you think YOU are to teach us morality? You're 19! You're fucking 19! Your shitty channel had like 10 people until it blew up, and that was thanks to Kyle! What have YOU done? Who the fuck do you think you are?

BILLIE

(looks to the side)

Unbelievable.

There's a pause. Both look at Kyle.

JOE

You're not going to say anything?

KYLE

I've been trying.

BILLIE

(sarcastic)

Well, by all means, Kyle. Go ahead, enlighten us.

KYLE

Look, I'm not buying a Lambo. I'm not donating it all to charity. There's people who have it harder than me, like Billie says? For sure. Have I had it pretty rough myself, like Joe says? For sure. So I don't know what I'm going to do yet. I need to think about it, OK?

(pause)

And just to be clear, I'm not the face of any "movement". I didn't "start" anything. I just wanted to have some fun, maybe make some money, OK?

Billie and Joe stay silent for a couple of seconds, reflecting on Kyle's stance. For a moment, it looks like Kyle has found a sensible middle ground.

Then Billie and Joe explode, viciously yelling at Kyle over each other.

BILLIE

YOU FUCKING PRIVILEGED--

JOE  
Are you stupid? You have an  
once-in--

BILLIE  
--ALL THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE NOTHING--

JOE  
--stop being a loser who lives with  
his mom--

BILLIE  
--OPPORTUNITY TO CHANGE THE WORLD  
FOR THE BETTER--

JOE  
--grow up and take some  
responsibility--

BILLIE  
--LOST THEIR JOBS BECAUSE OF THE  
FUCKING VIRUS--

JOE  
--sit down and do nothing?

BILLIE  
--NOTHING TO HELP THEM?

Kyle is speechless.

KYLE  
No, guys - I just wanted to--

BILLIE  
You know what, I've had enough of  
you two selfish assholes. Fuck me,  
they're right, money does change  
people.

She unceremoniously leaves the call.

Kyle and Joe stare at each other.

KYLE  
Wow. Didn't expect her to react  
like this. What did I--

JOE  
Honestly, man, I didn't expect this  
from you either. I guess you've  
shown your true colors. GG, have  
fun.

Joe also drops from the call.

Kyle is shell-shocked. He looks at the cat.

KYLE

What did I say? Did I say something wrong?

The cat looks away.

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

Kyle walks by his mom. She's laying down on the sofa, watching TV.

KYLE

Good morning!

MOM

(hoarse)

Hi, sweetie.

Kyle walks into the kitchen.

KYLE (O.S.)

(playfully)

Wow, mom, did you just start smoking or something?

MOM

No, I'm just... a bit--

KYLE (O.S.)

I'm making coffee, do you want any?

MOM

Can I have some tea? With lots of lemon and honey.

(coughs)

Kyle comes back from the kitchen.

KYLE

Mom, are you OK?

MOM

Don't worry, it's nothing.

Kyle looks at her more closely. He hasn't really been paying attention to her lately.

KYLE

Are you sure? You don't look so well.

(pause)

Let's check your temperature.

Kyle disappears back into the kitchen.

MOM  
I'm fine, really!

Kyle returns with a thermometer.

MOM  
Oh, honey...

KYLE  
Come on, mom.

She reluctantly takes the thermometer and puts it under her armpit.

KYLE  
How long have you been feeling  
like this?

MOM  
Just a couple of days. A week tops.

The thermometer beeps. Kyle's mom takes it from her armpit and reads it.

MOM  
See, I'm fine.

Kyle gestures towards her. He's not giving up. Her mom reluctantly gives him the thermometer. He takes a look and frowns.

KYLE  
102.5. A bit high.

MOM  
I'm fine.

KYLE  
Please tell me you've been wearing  
a mask at work.

MOM  
Honey...

KYLE  
(frustrated)  
Mom!

Kyle sighs. He thinks for a moment, looks at his watch, and jumps towards the kitchen.

**EXT. KYLE'S HOME - FRONT - MORNING**

Kyle is standing near the trash bins with a half-empty bag. The garbage truck is nowhere in sight.

A few moments later, a car parks nearby, and Lisa gets off. She takes a few steps before noticing Kyle. She shakes her head and walks towards him.

LISA  
You know they don't pick up the bins today, right?

KYLE  
Oh? Right, yes, what was I thinking?

Lisa flashes a complicit smile.

LISA  
If I didn't know better, I'd think you just wanted to run into me.

Kyle looks down, and his face goes tomato-red. Lisa looks at him warmly.

LISA  
So, how are you doing?

KYLE  
I'm OK. I'm fine. Well, I'm a bit worried about my mom.

Lisa immediately switches to nurse mode.

LISA  
Is your mom OK?

KYLE  
Well, that's the thing. I don't know. She's been coughing and she has a bit of a fever.

LISA  
How high? For how long?

KYLE  
A bit over 102. For a few days, maybe? She didn't tell me. And I've been busy with other things...  
(shakes his head)

LISA  
Hey, it's OK. Many things can give you a fever, doesn't have to be Covid. Don't panic, OK?

KYLE

OK.

LISA

For now just keep an eye on her.  
You know what, I'll check on her on  
my way to work tomorrow.

KYLE

(relieved)

Thank you. Thank you so much.  
You're great.

LISA

(warm smile)

No problem.

(pause)

How are you doing? Are you  
social-distancing?

Kyle thinks for a second and smirks.

KYLE

Since I was born.

Lisa smiles - she finds this adorable and hilarious.

#### **INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING**

Monday morning. The market is about to open, and Kyle is  
ready at his battle station.

He types on the computer, clicks, and looks surprised. We  
see the screen. He's trying to log in to WallStreetClub, but  
there's a red banner: OOPS! THE SYSTEM HAS ENCOUNTERED AN  
ERROR. TRY AGAIN!

He tries again, but gets the same red banner.

KYLE

What's going on?

He opens the video chat app and hovers above Joe's icon. He  
hesitates. Should he call him? He sighs and takes the  
plunge. Joe's face appears a couple of seconds later. He's  
still pissed off.

JOE

Hey.

KYLE

Hey.

JOE

Can't log in?



KYLE  
"The system has encountered an error".

JOE  
Yeah, same here.

Kyle looks at the stock charts. GML is dropping fast.

KYLE  
What can we do? Where's everyone hanging out?

JOE  
I don't know, man. There's no plan B. There's never been.

KYLE  
Shit.

Awkward pause.

JOE  
Anything else you want to say?

Another awkward pause. Kyle shakes his head.

JOE  
OK then.

Joe ends the call.

Kyle looks at the stock chart again. GML deeper and deeper into the red. His account is down a few hundred thousand dollars.

KYLE  
Shit.

#### **INT. IVANOV'S HOME OFFICE - MORNING**

Ivanov is looking at the same chart, but he's pretty happy about what he's seeing. He calls Anthony.

ANTHONY  
Hey. Should we do it now?

IVANOV  
Yep. Double-down on the shorts.

Anthony shifts in his chair, uncomfortable.

ANTHONY  
Are you sure? This could blow up in our faces if it goes the other way.

IVANOV

Yes, I'm sure. Feng is in. We have them by the balls. You'll see.

Ivanov flashes a predatory smile.

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - AFTERNOON**

Kyle is having a video call with Joe, Billie, and two other people. The mood is tense.

JOE

Don't ask me, my guess is as good as yours.

FAT MODERATOR

So just a system glitch?

JOE

Looks like.

BILLIE

"System glitch" my ass. This was a warning shot.

ASIAN MODERATOR

A warning shot? A warning shot from whom?

BILLIE

The funds, you dumbass! They're losing millions, did you think they were just going to bend over and take it up the ass?

ASIAN MODERATOR

(uncomfortable)

There's no need to use that kind--

BILLIE

SHUT UP!

The Asian moderator starts tearing up.

FAT MODERATOR

Enough with the insults and the screaming!

BILLIE

I'M NOT FUCKING SCREAMING!

(pause)

Sorry. Maybe I'm screaming a bit, OK? I'm just a little on edge, there's so much at stake.

JOE  
Calm down, children. Can we all be  
friends again and think this  
through?

Uncomfortable silence. Billie looks down.

JOE  
Look. We don't know what happened.  
Maybe we'll never know. But we need  
to do something about GML.

FAT MODERATOR  
It's in freefall.

BILLIE  
No shit.

Silence.

FAT MODERATOR  
Kyle?

KYLE  
What?

BILLIE  
What should we do?

KYLE  
I don't know? Why are you looking  
at me like that?

ASIAN MODERATOR  
This is your thing! You're the math  
genius! What do we do?

KYLE  
This is not "my thing"! You do  
whatever you want with your money!

Uncomfortable silence.

ASIAN MODERATOR  
Well, what are YOU doing?

KYLE  
I'm holding, until I understand  
what's going on.

BILLIE  
If he's holding, I'm holding.

FAT MODERATOR  
Fuck that. I'm out.

BILLIE

Don't be a pussy! That's what the funds want you to do! We have to hold, and if it goes down, buy more! It's on sale!

ASIAN MODERATOR

Please, can't we be respec--

BILLIE

SHUT UP!

Tense silence.

KYLE

I'm holding. I'm buying the dip.  
You do whatever you want.

BILLIE

Every man for himself, huh?  
(pause, rolls eyes)  
Whatever.

She hangs up. Everyone else hangs up without saying another word.

#### **MONTAGE:**

- A thread in WallStreetClub with an endless chain of replies saying "IF HE'S HOLDING, I'M HOLDING".
- Stock chart: GML down to \$298.
- A clip from Gladiator, crudely turned into a meme. Maximus (with Kyle's face) yells "HOLD THE LINE!". The other gladiators (caption: WallStreetClub) look at the roman chariot speeding towards them (caption: Marvin Capital).
- KaChing screenshot: an account \$200,000 in the red today.
- WallStreetClub: everyone trying not to panic. BUY THE DIP! NOBODY SELL! DIAMOND HANDS!
- Stock chart: GML down to \$220.
- A clip from Rise of the Planet of the Apes. Caesar (with Kyle's face) yells "APES TOGETHER STRONG!". The rest of the apes (caption: WallStreetClub) roar in approval.
- Stock chart: GML closes at \$193.

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - EVENING**

The markets have closed. Kyle is at his desk, holding his head. He overhears Lisa and his mom chatting in the living room. The cat sits on the desk, and seems to be worried about Kyle.

Kyle checks Instagram. No new messages from Sarah. He opens her provocative video.

LISA  
Your girlfriend?

Kyle is startled. He pauses the video and turns around.

Lisa is standing at the door. She throws a disapproving look at Kyle.

KYLE  
How is she doing?

LISA  
Look, she's not doing well. You need to take much better care of her.

KYLE  
I know, I know. I'm sorry. It's just... I've been busy with...

He makes a vague gesture.

LISA  
It's you, isn't it?

KYLE  
Hmmm?

LISA  
In the news. With the stocks. Is it you?

Kyle nods sheepishly.

LISA  
I see.  
(pause)  
Look, you need to take better care of your mom. Priorities, OK?

Kyle nods again. There's an uncomfortable silence. Lisa turns around to leave, takes a step, but then turns again towards Kyle and points at the screen.

LISA

Let me guess. She showed up when  
you started getting rich?

Kyle looks up, very surprised. He opens his mouth but can't  
say anything. The thought hadn't even occurred to him.

Lisa chuckles and shakes her head. She turns around to  
leave.

KYLE

Lisa, wait.

Lisa turns around, visibly annoyed.

LISA

What?

KYLE

Thanks for checking on my mom.

Lisa can't suppress a hint of a smile.

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - AFTERNOON**

Kyle is on a video call with Joe and Billie. They're still  
pissed of at each other, but they're united against a common  
enemy.

KYLE

No, I can't either. "BUYING HAS  
BEEN SUSPENDED FOR THIS SECURITY".

JOE

I can't believe it.

BILLIE

So KaChing lets you sell, but not  
buy?

KYLE

Yeah.

BILLIE

What the fuck! Is that even legal?

JOE

Who knows? Probably not.

KYLE

They're bleeding billions. They  
would rather pay a fine or go to  
jail.

BILLIE

Rich people don't go to jail.  
They'll get away with a fine.

JOE

Cost of doing business.

BILLIE

Motherfuckers.

Silence. The mood is gloomy.

Kyle scrolls down WallStreetClub. Some people have received margin calls from KaChing and have been forced to sell stock at a massive loss. Someone complains about losing their entire life savings, and blames it on Kyle.

JOE

Have you seen this?  
(reading)  
"Kyle is a traitor. He's sold us  
out."

BILLIE

Look at this one.  
(reading)  
"Fuck you, Kyle. Why don't go long  
\$ROPE and die?"  
(pause)  
Harsh.

JOE

(reading)  
"The funds are always one step  
ahead of us! They always seem to  
know what we're going to do. I'm  
sure they cut a deal."  
(pause)  
Sorry, man, but I gotta ask. Did  
you?

KYLE

Did I what?

JOE

Cut a deal.

Kyle feels suddenly sick. He ends the video chat and runs to the bathroom.

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - BATHROOM - AFTERNOON**

Kyle splashes cold water on his face. His head is spinning.

He takes a long, critical look at himself in the mirror. He can hear the accusations in his head.

"He's a traitor!" "This is your thing." "I've lost everything!".

He shakes his head. The voices don't go away.

"I'm sure they cut a deal." "The funds are always one step ahead of us!".

He looks at himself in the mirror. He frowns. He remembers meeting Ivanov next to Sarah. He remembers the glitch at the beginning of Sarah's video.

His jaw drops. He realizes he's been spied on. He runs out of the bathroom.

#### **INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - EVENING**

It's getting dark outside. It has started to rain. The cat is cowering under the bed. Kyle is typing energetically.

KYLE (V.O.)

...I never asked for this responsibility. I'm not the face of any movement. I just wanted to share what I had found. I'm happy for those of you who made money. I'm sorry for those who lost it. But one thing I'm not is a traitor. I would never sell you out.

(pause)

This isn't over yet. I'm holding.

(pause)

This is not financial advice. I just like the stock.

He leans back, satisfied. He's going to clear his name.

He clicks the POST button, but a big red banner pops up.

YOUR ACCOUNT HAS BEEN SUSPENDED.

KYLE

What?

He clicks the MORE DETAILS link. His account has been suspended by a moderator whose name Kyle doesn't know.

KYLE

What the fuck?

He looks at the list of moderators. His name, Joe's and another two are marked as SUSPENDED, and there's a brand-new



group of moderators.

He dials Joe on video chat. Joe doesn't pick up.

KYLE

Come on!

He leaves Joe a video message.

KYLE

Joe, what's going on? Someone has  
taken over the forum! Call me when  
you can!

He checks WallStreetClub. The shady moderators are back.  
They are hyping some dubious cryptocurrency scheme as the  
next big thing. They attempt to paint Kyle as the villain  
who got everyone into GameLand stock.

Kyle checks GML; it has now dropped to \$143 and shows no  
signs of stopping. Everyone is posting screenshots showing  
massive losses and sharing heartbreaking personal stories.

Kyle feels guilty and angry. He makes a big effort not to  
cry.

He dials Billie on VC. She doesn't pick up either.

Desperate, he runs out the door.

KYLE

Mom!

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING**

Kyle's mom is laying down on the sofa, covered with a  
blanket. She's breathing with difficulty, and wheezing  
heavily.

KYLE

Mom! MOM! Are you OK?

His mom nods weakly.

KYLE

Oh God. This is all my fault. I  
abandoned you. Oh God. What have I  
done!

(pause)

I'm so sorry, mom.

He starts crying and runs back to his bedroom to hide his  
shame.

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - EVENING**

It's raining heavily outside. Kyle slumps into his chair, looking dejected.

He takes a look at the GML chart. \$97 and falling fast. He sighs.

He opens a drawer and takes a framed picture. It's an old family picture, showing him, his mom, and his late dad. Memories of a happy childhood, now very distant. He breaks down completely and starts wailing.

He goes back to his chair and starts writing a post.

KYLE (V.O.)

My fellow apes. I have been banned from WallStreetClub, the community where I've felt accepted and understood for the first time in my life. Where I've felt at home. Together we have made history. The whole world is watching us right now.

(pause)

But I've failed you. I never intended this to happen. I wanted to us to have fun. I wanted us to get rich together. But instead I've caused so much suffering, so much loss, so much pain.

(pause)

Even worse, I lost sight of what truly matters. I abandoned my loved ones, took them for granted. My mom got Covid and I was too busy looking at stock charts to even notice. And now it's too late.

(pause)

I just can't go on. The pain and the guilt are too great. I hope you can forgive me.

He wipes the tears off his face. He takes the red headband off, and looks at it, holding it in his hands. He tugs from the ends, checking its strength.

He stands on his gaming chair. He ties the red headband on a ceiling beam. He carefully ties the other end around his neck.

Kyle sobs inconsolably. He slowly closes his eyes. A series of IMAGES quickly flashes before his eyes.

-- Joe and Billie smiling and laughing.

-- Meeting Lisa for the first time, by the garbage bins. Her warm smile.

-- Sarah's provocative video. Sarah sensually biting her lips.

-- The GML stock chart going straight up exponentially, almost vertical.

-- The WallStreetClub memes. APE STRONG TOGETHER; 300; Gladiator. All with Kyle's face.

-- Elon Musk tweets "GAMESTONK!!!"

-- The GML stock chart in freefall. Almost vertical again, but deep red.

-- Kyle's mom wheezing.

-- Lisa's disapproving look.

-- Joe and Billie's disapproving looks.

Kyle open his eyes, takes a deep breath, and kicks the chair from under himself.

CUT TO BLACK.

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING**

Lisa walks in and sees Kyle's mom laying down on the sofa.

LISA  
Heellllooo, Kathy! How are we doing today?

Kyle's mom doesn't reply. Lisa's nurse instincts kick in automatically, and she realizes she's not doing well at all. She kneels next to her.

LISA  
Kathy! Can you hear me?

Kyle's mom opens her eyes weakly.

LISA  
We're taking you to the hospital right now. Stay awake, OK? I'll be back in a second.

She stands up and sprints towards Kyle's bedroom.

LISA  
Kyle, stop messing around! We need to--

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - EVENING**

LISA

--take your mom to-- OH MY GOD!

Kyle is hanging lifeless from the ceiling beam.

Lisa frantically looks around the room.

LISA

No no no no no!

She sees the katana on the wall. She takes it and cuts the red headband in a single fluid motion.

Kyle's body falls to the ground. Lisa is straddling him within a second. She removes the headband from his neck and quickly checks his pulse.

LISA

Shit.

She starts giving him chest compressions.

LISA

(very quickly)

One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six!  
Seven! Eight! Nine! Ten!

She gives him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, and goes back to pressing down on his chest.

LISA

(very quickly)

One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six!  
Seven! Eight! Nine! Ten!

Kyle finally gasps. Lisa lays back. Kyle takes a couple of very deep, labored breaths. They look at each other without saying a word.

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING**

Two paramedics are wheeling Kyle's mom out in a stretcher. Kyle is holding her mom's hand.

PARAMEDIC

We'll patch you up in no time!

Kyle's mom chuckles.

Kyle follows the stretcher to the door, and holds on to her mom's hand for a couple more seconds.

PARAMEDIC

We'll take it from here.

Kyle closes the door after them, and sits on the sofa, head in his hands. Lisa hands him a cup of hot chocolate, wraps a blanket around him, and sits next to him. Kyle looks straight at the floor.

KYLE

They don't even let me go with her.  
Fuck this virus.

(shakes his head)

This is all my fault.

LISA

Don't be so hard on yourself, Kyle.  
You didn't want any of this to happen.

KYLE

No, I didn't. I didn't want to hurt my mom. I didn't want to ruin people's lives. I just wanted to make ends meet, you know? I just wanted to help my mom. But I'm the worst son ever. I'm a failure.

LISA

You're not a bad son. Your mom loves you.

KYLE

I never asked to become the face of a movement. I never asked to be the face of anything. I thought I could save WeDeliver and maybe make some money to pay the bills. But I've ruined everything. And I...

(sad chuckle)

...I almost killed myself... just like dad.

He breaks down crying. Lisa puts an arm around his shoulder.

LISA

You're not your dad, Kyle. Your mom will be fine. And I'm sure it's not too late to set things straight.

Kyle nods, and remains thoughtfully silent for a few seconds.

He slowly stands up with a renewed look of determination.

KYLE

This isn't over yet.

He walks towards his bedroom.

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING**

Kyle is having a video chat with Joe and Billie. The cat is back on the desk.

KYLE

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry about the things I said. I'm sorry about everything.

BILLIE

Dude, for the tenth time, it's OK. I'm the bad guy, not you. I turned into a psycho bitch.

JOE

No hard feelings, man. You've been under a lot of pressure. Lost your job, your mom got sick, all the attention, all the pressure... seriously, no hard feelings. It's all good.

KYLE

(chuckling)

I don't deserve you, guys.

JOE

(smiling)

What a week.

KYLE

(nodding)

What a week.

JOE

So what now? I'm talking with the site owners to kick out the mods and take back the forum. But GML has gone to shit. The hedge funds are kicking our ass.

Kyle leans back and takes a deep breath. This isn't going to be an easy sell.

KYLE

Look, guys... I have a plan. It will sound crazy, but you need to trust me on this one.

(pause)

The squeeze hasn't been squeeze yet.

They all nod in silence.

BILLIE  
Wait. Is that a word?

KYLE  
(dead serious)  
It is now.

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING**

Kyle is at his "battle station", ready for the markets to open. He cracks his knuckles. His iconic red headband, now cut in half, isn't long enough to tie around his head anymore, so he decides to wear it as a wristband instead.

He opens his KaChing account. He's down to a few thousand dollars. GML had closed under \$100 the previous day.

He gets a ping from Joe: they have regained moderator privileges in WallStreetClub, and he's been cleaning up the scam posts.

KYLE  
We're back in business.

He's about to start typing, but he's interrupted by a phone notification. It's a message from Sarah - a suggestive picture with a simple caption. "Want another video? You haven't seen the rest of my body yet <wink emoji>".

He thinks for a second and starts typing a reply. "I don't want to hear from you ever again". His finger hovers over the SEND button, but he reconsiders. He deletes the message and blocks Sarah. He puts down the phone, satisfied.

He scans the WallStreetClub index. The mood is very gloomy. Most people have lost almost all of their investments.

He finds a picture of Morpheus giving a speech to Zion at the beginning of Matrix Reloaded, and starts adding some text underneath.

KYLE (V.O.)  
My fellow apes! What you've heard  
is true! The hedge funds have  
gathered a mighty army, and that  
army is on the offensive!  
(pause)  
Marvin and Tangerine are using  
every dirty trick in the book!  
They're manipulating the market  
with short ladder attacks! They've  
suspended GML trading in KaChing!  
They've colluded to drive its price  
down! But I stand before you, and  
(MORE)

KYLE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 I'm not afraid!  
 (pause)  
 I have a plan. Is it retarded? Yes.  
 But the squeeze hasn't been squeeze yet. Together we can crush Marvin!  
 We can crash Tangerine! We can crush Fortress!  
 (pause)  
 Today, let us send a message to that hedge fund army. Let this be the YOLO to end all YOLOs. Today let us make them remember, THIS IS WALLSTREETCLUB, WE ARE RETARDED, AND WE ARE NOT AFRAID!!!

Kyle clicks POST. You can practically hear the crowd cheering.

He pauses for a moment, and glances at the clock. 9:25. He takes a deep breath.

KYLE  
 OK. This is it.

He puts his hands on the keyboard, ready for action.

#### **EXT. TERRACE IN MIAMI - AFTERNOON**

The stylish Black girl enjoys the afternoon sun with a glass of champagne on her hand.

Her alarm clock startles her. It's 9:30 in New York. She quickly sits up, opens the KaChing app on her phone, and enters an order to buy more GML stock.

#### **INT. LIVING ROOM IN SAN FRANCISCO - MORNING**

The businessman enjoys a French croissant. He checks his watch, puts down the half-eaten croissant, and opens his trading app. He glances at the stock chart, and enters a BUY order for GML stock options.

#### **INT. BILLIE'S BEDROOM**

Billie has piled the clutter just outside the field of a camera mounted on a tripod. She's lit by a fancy ring light and speaks animatedly into a pro microphone.

BILLIE  
 ...I know it sounds crazy. I don't understand half of the words he  
 (MORE)



BILLIE (cont'd)  
says. But this dude is, like, a  
math genius, like Iron Man. So if  
he's holding, I'm holding. And if  
you're not a whiny little bitch,  
you're holding too!

GML stock starts climbing.

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING**

Kyle smiles a tense smile as he watches the monitors, hands  
away from the keyboard.

The GML stock is climbing. Some of the losses from the last  
couple of days are being erased!

Billie shares a link with him. "You HAVE to watch this."  
Kyle opens the video on another monitor.

REPORTER  
..., along with Congresswoman  
Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez and  
Senator Elizabeth Warren, have  
called on Congress to investigate  
KaChing's business practices. In a  
recent tweet, Ocasio-Cortez called  
KaChing's decision to block its  
users from purchasing GameLand  
stock "unacceptable", and will  
support...

Kyle smiles, satisfied.

**INT. IVANOV'S HOME OFFICE - MORNING**

Ivanov is also watching the news.

REPORTER  
...called for a congressional  
hearing, according to a statement  
from her office. "Hedge funds have  
a long history of predatory  
conduct, and they will be held  
accountable for any crimes that  
might have been committed", the  
House Financial Services Chairwoman  
said. "As a first step..."

Ivanov chuckles.

IVANOV  
Not in a million years.

He calls Anthony.

ANTHONY  
Ready when you are.

IVANOV  
Now.

Ivanov types a few commands on his Bloomberg terminal. He flashes his predatory smile and presses ENTER.

Just a few seconds later, GameLand stock starts slowing down, peaks, and starts falling down. Ivanov leans back on his chair, satisfied.

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING**

Kyle is glued to his monitor. He sees that GameLand has started to sink.

KYLE  
Come on. Come on.

His phone suddenly rings, startling him and scaring the cat.

IVANOV  
Hello, Kyle.

KYLE  
Who's this?

IVANOV  
I'm Gabriel Ivanov of Marvin  
Capital.

Kyle's jaw tenses.

KYLE  
How did you get my contact?

IVANOV  
Not doing so well today, are you?  
(pause)  
A bunch of dumb kids living with  
mommy and daddy. You install a  
trading app, watch The Big Short,  
and all of a sudden you think  
you're financial geniuses?

KYLE  
I don't know, Gabe. I read that  
Marvin had to bail out Tangerine,  
and then Fortress had to bail out  
Marvin. Not bad for a bunch of dumb  
(MORE)

KYLE (cont'd)  
kids living with mommy and daddy,  
huh?

Ivanov scoffs at Kyle's sad comeback.

IVANOV  
That's nothing. You're nothing. You  
were lucky. You think you're smart,  
but you don't know shit.  
(pause)  
I've been doing this for 25 years.  
What did you think it would happen?  
How did you think this would end?  
You thought we'd say "oh well, they  
got us"? Are you that fucking  
naive?  
(pause)  
No, seriously, this isn't a  
rhetorical question. I'm asking  
you. Did you really think you could  
beat us at our own game? Did you  
really think you could win?  
(pause)  
ANSWER ME!

KYLE  
(unflinching)  
Yeah. Yeah, I do.

Ivanov laughs and shakes his head. This kid...

IVANOV  
Unbelievable! You're getting  
crushed, and it's not going to get  
better for any of you idiots losing  
your life savings. And it's all  
your fault. All yours, Kyle. You  
gave them a huge justice boner, the  
small guy vs the evil hedge funds,  
the whole David vs Goliath  
bullshit. Well, guess what, the  
small guy never wins! Never, kid.  
Never in a million years. For such  
a smart guy, you can be pretty  
fucking dumb.  
(scoffs)  
And so predictable. Soooo  
predictable. Your classmate Sarah.  
She's a hot piece of ass, isn't  
she? Just picture me balls-deep in  
her next time you jerk off to her  
Instagram. I'm the real deal, kid.  
But I bet you're a virgin anyway.  
(MORE)

IVANOV (cont'd)

(pause)

Well, show a horny loser a good pair of tits and you can get them to do whatever you want. Did you really think Sarah wanted you? I MADE her send you that video! And guess what... it had a keylogger. I know everything you've been thinking since that day. And she didn't even have to SHOW you her tits!

Ivanov laughs. Could this kid possibly BE even more of a loser?

Kyle is expressionless. He looks at the stock chart. GameLand is now in the \$50s.

KYLE

No...

IVANOV

Yes, kid. Game over. You lose.

KYLE

No... You're wrong. You know everything I've been TYPING since that day. You have no idea what I've been THINKING or DOING, you arrogant fuck.

QUICK FLASHBACK: Kyle runs an antivirus and finds the keylogger attached to Sarah's video.

KYLE

I've been typing exactly what I wanted you to read!

(pause)

You were so focused on GameLand, you didn't think of looking at the bigger picture, did you?

Ivanov closes the GML stock chart and looks at his whole portfolio. It's all bleeding red.

KYLE

Not doing so well today, are you?

Ivanov is speechless.

KYLE

Don't worry, it gets worse. All this crap you've been pulling? The short ladder attacks, the lies,

(MORE)

KYLE (cont'd)  
your deal with KaChing? It all goes  
straight to the SEC.  
(pause)  
May the odds be ever in your favor.

Kyle hangs up on Ivanov.

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON**

It's a sunny Sunday morning. Kyle's mom has just been discharged from the hospital. Kyle and Lisa welcome her back and chat animatedly.

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - BEDROOM - EVENING**

Kyle is having a video call with Joe and Billie. They're having beers; the mood is once again friendly and relaxed.

JOE  
That's a nice chunk of change.

BILLIE  
Holy fucking shit, dude. 250  
million is just insane.

Joe raises his beer.

JOE  
To my friend Kyle, may he never  
work another day in his life. Very  
happy for you, man. For real.

BILLIE  
To Kyle!

They "toast" over video, and have a sip.

JOE  
I even read that they want to make  
a movie about us. Fame AND fortune!

BILLIE  
Over my dead body! Unless I can  
play myself and have steamy sex  
with Steve Buscemi.

JOE AND KYLE  
EUGH!

BILLIE  
I'm kidding! Paul Giamatti is more  
my type.

(MORE)

BILLIE (cont'd)

(pause)

But seriously, what are you going to do with all that money? I'm guessing Ferrari. You don't look like a Lambo kind of dude.

KYLE

Sorry to disappoint, guys. But basically... I'm giving it all away.

Stunned silence.

BILLIE

(huge smile)

You what?

KYLE

I mean, I'm keeping some. I'm paying our debts. Going to buy mom a house. And I'm going to take her to Europe. She's always dreamt of visiting Europe.

JOE

Riiight... But unless flights to Europe are REALLY expensive these days, that still leaves about 250 million.

KYLE

You know... A lot of people lost a lot of money with this whole GameLand thing. Life savings, inheritances, college funds. I didn't want any of that to happen. So I'm giving it back to them, and donating the rest to charity.

JOE

You, sir, are a complete autist. And I'm saying this in the most loving way possible.

FADE TO BLACK.

**INT. KYLE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON**

Kyle sits on the sofa, mesmerized by the news. It shows Ivanov and Anthony being grilled at a congressional hearing.

SUPERIMPOSE: Three months later.

IVANOV

...that Marvin Capital was not  
"bailed out" by Fortress  
Securities. This is simply not  
true. There was no improper contact  
or collusion between...

The TV turns off. Kyle looks up to see two MOVERS unplugging  
and carrying the TV away; another two are picking up the  
coffee table right in front of him.

He looks up to see Lisa smiling at him. The house is empty,  
except for a few last cardboard boxes the movers are taking  
away. His mom is making small talk with one of the movers.

LISA

Time to go, my love.

Kyle stands up. He turns around, taking a last look at his  
childhood home, ready to start a new chapter in his life. He  
takes Lisa's hand, and they walk together towards the  
street.

THE END