

# INDUSTRY

## EPISODE 304

WRITTEN BY | MICKEY DOWN AND KONRAD KAY

PINK AMENDS

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## **CAST LIST**

HARPER STERN  
YASMIN KARA-HANANI  
ROBERT SPEARING  
ERIC TAO  
HENRY MUCK  
RISHI RAMDANI  
PETRA KOENIG  
VENETIA BERENS  
SWEETPEA GOLIGHTLY  
ANRAJ CHABRA  
DIANA RAMDANI  
ALI EL MANSOUR  
NICHOLAS  
VINAY  
ANGUS  
MARY  
JUSTIN KLINEMAN  
MADDY  
SCOTT  
NEIGHBOUR  
WOMAN IN CHINAWHITES  
ROULETTE CROUPIER  
HUGO (BABY)  
HANNAH  
INTIMIDATING STRANGER  
WILLIAM  
BOYFRIEND  
BOUNCER  
CHINESE TRADER  
BALD TRADER

## **LOCATION LIST**

### **INTERIOR**

PIERPOINT

TRADING FLOOR

MHFS DESK

LARGE MEETING ROOM

GANGWAY

HR MEETING ROOM

BREAKOUT AREA

LIFT LOBBY/LIFT

CRICKET PAVILION

-

BATHROOM CUBICLE

MERRYTHOUGHT COTTAGE

-

LIVING ROOM

KITCHEN

HUGO'S ROOM

MASTER BEDROOM

LEVIATHANALPHA

PRET A MANGER

PUB

VINAY'S CAR

CASINO

CHINAWHITE

### **EXTERIOR**

CRICKET PAVILION

STREET NEAR PUB

CASINO

CHINAWHITE

*NOTE: This, Industry's 20th episode, should be read and directed as if a new bar has been set for borderline unwatchable tension. It's an episode of perpetual movement - WE ARE ALWAYS WITH RISHI. We should feel the knot in his stomach, the stress tightening his scalp, the adrenaline dilating his pupils...*

1

**INT. PIERPOINT. TRADING FLOOR. MHFS DESK - DAY 8**

1

(YASMIN, ROBERT, ERIC, RISHI, VENETIA, SWEETPEA, ANRAJ, ALI)

CLOSE ON: RISHI, in FULL MACHO FLOW on the HOOT, addressing the floor:

RISHI

(into hoot)

Listen, degenerates. This is a week you dream about in markets. A lot of noise about Lumi's developing collapse. Far as I'm concerned that's yesterday. I'm watching for drips of colour about the government's emergency budget. That's where we make money in the next forty-eight hours. If you don't feel the buzz, check your pulse.

RISHI checks his GBP/USD PNL **(-\$18,000,000)** - in red. He's hiding a big position. RISHI scratches his back and neck at the sight of the number. ERIC, ANRAJ, YASMIN, VENETIA, SWEETPEA, ALI, ROBERT all head to the morning meeting. RISHI sprints after ROBERT:

RISHI (CONT'D)

Bob, you got my two racks for the horses?

ROBERT

Yeah, man. But this is getting a little topy for me. The initial buy-in was what...100, how we got to 2k?

RISHI

How much dough have I made you? You seen my bespoke email? All your returns are there in handsome black and white.

ROBERT

Yeah, but I've never actually held the money.

RISHI

Money is an illusion, Bobby. A social construct. Built on trust.

(beat)

D'you think I'm fucking you or something?

(MORE)

## RISHI (CONT'D)

By all means, cash out at any time.  
I just don't want you to miss a 2/1  
shot second favourite, he won on  
the bridle last time out and jockey  
was hands and heels. He's my NAP!

ROBERT looks bamboozled by RISHI's terminology - as the  
audience will be - so just hands him the ENVELOPE OF CASH:

## ROBERT

I don't know what the fuck you just  
said -- but alright. Any reason  
this is so analogue?

## RISHI

People's wives get testy. Anyway --  
who in history was ever helped by a  
paper trail?

RISHI smiles at him.

2

**INT. PIERPOINT. TRADING FLOOR. LARGE MEETING ROOM - DAY 8** 2  
(YASMIN, ROBERT, ERIC, RISHI, VENETIA, SWEETPEA, ANRAJ, ALI)

RISHI stands over the table as the others sit. ERIC is trying  
to rally the troops after Lumi's collapse:

## ERIC

-- obviously we're all very  
disappointed with Lumi going into  
administration. There were external  
factors beyond our control, the  
unfortunate timing of geopolitical  
commodity pressures --

## ALI

You mean a perfectly predictable  
gas price spike which wasn't  
adequately modelled by the company  
or by Pierpoint?

The whole room can't believe the newbie ALI has spoken so  
clearly and pointedly. ERIC doesn't know how to react.  
Silence reigns, then SWEETPEA steps into it:

## SWEETPEA

How heavily invested was Pierpoint  
Asset Management in Lumi? Were they  
invested in Europa or...future  
ones? What if those pull or fail?

ERIC senses discord in the room, attempts to get the team  
back on their own remit:

## ERIC

As a salesforce, Lumi or any other  
IPO's failure isn't on us.  
(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

We aren't to blame for a company's over-ambition. We've been presented with a product. We sell it. Tomorrow there'll be a new product. We sell that. I've been reassured there'll be more green IPOs on the docket in the next three quarters.

ROBERT

So I burned six months of my life for nothing?

ERIC

You got paid, didn't you?

VENETIA

This is a market-wide cautionary tale we've been involved in here, isn't it?

The group stew on this. ERIC stares VENETIA down:

SWEETPEA

After Europa Gaz postponed -- I was talking to another grad in IBD and they said the atmosphere up there's like...pretty dark.

ERIC stares at her:

ERIC

Your friend should be careful about what he tells you, given it could be privileged information.

VENETIA

And...y'know, the fact "socio-economically challenged" people signed up to this by the bucketload and are now gonna have their energy bills gouged to a point where they can't meet them.

RISHI is comically incredulous at VENETIA's soapboxing.

RISHI

Huh?! Come on! We don't have time for this Bolshevik shit.

VENETIA is made more indignant by the silence.

ERIC

(hollow:)

I'm sure the government's working out a way to protect the vulnerable.

SWEETPEA

Apparently Henry Muck's getting called in front of a government Select Committee.

ROBERT

Won't Pierpoint have to send a representative as well?

The group turn to YASMIN.

YASMIN

Why are you looking at me?

RISHI

This bleeding heart thing would be rather Oscar-winningly endearing in a quieter week -- I get that Yas and Rob may feel particularly stung given they were in bed with the CEO...

YASMIN

-- excuse me?!

ERIC

Rish, watch how you address people in here.

RISHI clocks ERIC's "white knight" defence of YASMIN.

RISHI

I was speaking figuratively. But in terms of trading flow the only catalysts that matter this week are the emerging details of the government's "emergency budget."

ERIC

How you axed heading into it?

RISHI

Long sterling.

ANRAJ looks at him as if to say "*really?*"

ERIC

Against what?

RISHI

Dollars. I'm long cable.

RISHI (CONT'D)

The market hasn't properly priced these announcements at all. Cutting taxes. Throwing fucking coal in the furnace!

(he bangs the table:)

(MORE)

RISHI (CONT'D)

A proper manifestation of what we truly believe in: a no bullshit "free market" vision.

ERIC

The ghost of Margaret Thatcher in a handsome Asian kid.

ROBERT

When did you become such a Tory?

RISHI smiles, winningly:

RISHI

When I fell head over heels in love with money, wanker.

3

**INT. CRICKET PAVILION. BATHROOM CUBICLE - NIGHT 8**

3

(RISHI, HUGO)

OVER BLACK: The sound of urine hitting metal.

OPEN ON: RISHI'S POV: the top of a peaceful, sleeping NEWBORN BABY'S head, strapped to his chest in a babygrow. A DROP of BLOOD leaves RISHI'S nose and seems to christen the baby's forehead. Rishi doesn't notice because...

In RISHI'S right hand: a phone screen of a WOMAN MASTURBATING on OnlyFans. He attempts to send her a "TIP," but his Apple Pay is declined. Tries again. Declined again. Shit.

CUT TO: a wide of RISHI pissing in a run-down toilet. RISHI is shocked to see the blood on his baby son's head. He quickly dabs the blood off, and wipes his nose. Just as a slight feeling of shame begins to crest--

4

**EXT. CRICKET PAVILION - NIGHT 8**

4

(RISHI, DIANA, NICHOLAS, ANGUS, MARY, HUGO, HANNAH, KIDS, VILLAGERS)

Festive drinks outside. VILLAGERS in puffer jackets. KIDS with SPARKLERS. A large BONFIRE burns. Festive. RISHI comes up behind his father-in-law ANGUS, lowers his voice:

RISHI

Just short a grand. Silver Birch came in.

He hands ANGUS an ENVELOPE. They do this in a clandestine way so that the other guests don't see.

ANGUS

God -- that's fantastic. How'd you keep doing it?



RISHI

Saved the mudlark to run in a bog  
at Chepstow. 10/1 way too long.  
Easy bag in your sky. Buy Mary some  
Agent Provocateur.

(off Angus' confusion)

Or -- to treble your money...a sure  
thing. Nag is Bangers & Cash.  
Connections sending it under the  
radar on Boxing Day. He's well in,  
loves the track, dropped in class.

ANGUS

Rishi, as long as you understand  
what you're talking about - I'm in.

ANGUS nods, trusts RISHI, gives him half the cash back.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Nothing to the wife, eh?

RISHI

And nothing to your daughter. And  
tell your wife to jib this  
sustainable Christmas shit. The  
world's miserable enough without  
The Guardian opinion page ruining  
the festive season.

RISHI's mother-in-law, MARY, and wife DIANA approach the men.  
MARY gives RISHI a warm kiss on both cheeks.

MARY

(to Diana)

Remember no physical gifts this  
year -- something we make, find, or  
a lovely little donation...and I  
hope you don't mind we're going off-  
book for Boxing Day. Hugh Fearnley-  
Whittingstall does a very  
accessible red cabbage biryani --

MARY looks for RISHI's approval of the "Indian" dish. DIANA  
takes HUGO off RISHI's chest and hands him to HANNAH (21) the  
nanny:

DIANA

Mummy, stop flirting.

RISHI

Are you drinking?

DIANA

Hannah, do you mind taking Hugo?  
(she smells Hugo)  
Oh bad timing -- he's spent a dirty  
penny in there.

RISHI

You shouldn't be drinking.

DIANA

I've pumped.

NICHOLAS (35, the estate owner) approaches the bonfire -- carrying trays of BITTER from the local pub followed by RAJAH, a Vizsla dog. RISHI looks at the dog mournfully. NICHOLAS patronises RISHI throughout, RISHI does his best not to bite.

NICHOLAS

You'd think having a pub on your land would mean faster service. Who had the mulled wine? -- the bitter?

RISHI

Wouldn't it be easier if we just installed a little bar in the pavilion? You wouldn't have to schlep to the pub --

NICHOLAS

(ignores him:)

Ramdani -- settle a controversy from a city perspective. I think the government's gone absolutely mad. I mean austerity on TOP of inflation...you really have to think about the little guy in all this. And now the bloody Chancellor's threatening this "emergency budget" --

ANGUS

One of my friends working in Whitehall is saying he's about to slash taxes for the top earners.

RISHI

It's a bet on Britain. Low tax, high growth society. Proper trickle-down supply-side economics. If he announces half the things they're suggesting tomorrow we're in for a GOOD couple of years. At least people like us are anyway.

NICHOLAS looks at him with a slight "what do you mean, 'us'?"

ANGUS

You're a patriot, Rishi!

RISHI

Rule Britannia, chaps. Can't be all bad can it Nicky -- slashing inheritance tax must be worth a few quid right?

NICHOLAS laughs uneasily, ashamed of his old money.

NICHOLAS

-- does anyone want a swig? Not hooch, I promise. But it is dangerously by my hand.

NICHOLAS takes an old-looking HIP FLASK out. He sips it and hands it to MARY.

MARY

Are these the sloes from that beautiful bush at Merrythought?

RISHI watches as the FLASK touches NICHOLAS' LIPS, then MARY's without so much as a wipe. Gross.

NICHOLAS

Yup, picked them in September. I'm gonna start selling the gin to the corporate shoots. Every pound counts.

NICHOLAS hands the FLASK to RISHI.

RISHI

(semi-joking)  
You got a glass?

NICHOLAS laughs: no. RISHI feels eyes on him, expectant. As he's been gently otherised throughout, he feels peer pressure to drink -- so he does.

DIANA

Oh Nicholas, you're making us feel bad for getting such a good deal on the cottage.

NICHOLAS

You did get it at a discount. The dowager's favourite game-keeper let your new house go to seed when he lived in it. I honestly think he was fucking the old bat in there. I like the décor you've chosen. It's...smart.

DIANA

-- leave it to Rishi and it'd be Santorini white with a lot of silver Christmas ornaments.

RISHI smiles tightly through the slight class insult:

RISHI

Sorry -- you got these berries from  
the bush at the end of our garden?

NICHOLAS

Is that OK? The other bush on the  
estate is a ten-minute drive.

ANGUS

Maybe faster in that beast Rishi  
parks outside his house, eh?

Another slight dig at RISHI which he wears with a smile.

5

**INT. CRICKET PAVILION - NIGHT 8**

5

(RISHI, DIANA, NICHOLAS, ANGUS, MARY)

RISHI is doing a KEY OF COKE secretly in a quiet corner of  
the pavilion and is embarrassed when NICHOLAS catches him red-  
handed.

NICHOLAS

(whispered:)

-- oh go on. Sharing is caring. I  
like a white Christmas. Roger's  
settling in with me rather well.

RISHI

Who?

NICHOLAS

The dog. Your dog. I guess now my  
dog.

RISHI

His name's Rajah.

NICHOLAS

Is that a traditional name?

RISHI

It's from Aladdin.

RISHI gives him a key. As NICHOLAS snorts, RISHI senses an  
opportunity to pitch:

RISHI (CONT'D)

I've engaged an architect on the  
pavilion -- not a cheap guy. Y'know  
-- the drawings he sent me retain  
the...spirit of the place but make  
it more practical. 21st century.

(beat)

Y'know it's technically on my piece  
of the land now.

NICHOLAS admires the renderings on RISHI'S phone screen and begins to walk to a more public part of the pavilion. RISHI follows.

NICHOLAS

I've got a local guy doing ones for the solar fields we're building and they look like absolute shit.

RISHI

His point is: we're not maximising the space. We can knock this down --

NICHOLAS raises an eyebrow at "knock down":

RISHI (CONT'D)

-- not, knock down. I mean some cosmetic changes: have a five-seat bar, pool table. Video wall so people can watch the Test Match with their bitter. Gonna be an Eden, mate. I'm building something for the community.

NICHOLAS

What about the pictures?

NICHOLAS is referring to a large wall of BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOS of ancient dead white men -- all of the village's First XI cricket teams stretching back to 1850.

RISHI

Oh, the photo wall? That's the centrepiece. That brings it all together. That's history! I'd never get rid of that!

NICHOLAS points to a PICTURE of a moustachioed man in the middle of the wall:

NICHOLAS

My great-great-grandfather was very particular about the pavilion when he built it. He bowled a mean off-break, a "proto off-break" apparently.

RISHI

The old genius is safe on my wall.

ANGUS, DIANA and MARY appear.

ANGUS

Rishi, why haven't you turned out for this lot yet? Bet you have a beautiful punch of a cover drive.

DIANA

I thought you said you opened the  
batting at school?

RISHI doesn't particularly like the insinuation that he  
should be good at cricket but evades with a lie:

RISHI

-- got a chronic ankle injury.

DIANA

No you don't.

NICHOLAS

Diana knows how much the pavilion  
means to the village.

RISHI hates how NICHOLAS uses the soft pressure of Rishi's  
wife as the final word on the matter. NICHOLAS slaps RISHI  
hard on the back, he winces at the pain -- his skin condition  
from previous episodes.

6

OMITTED

6

7

INT. MERRYTHOUGHT COTTAGE. KITCHEN - NIGHT 8  
(RISHI, DIANA, VINAY)

7

DIANA, in her underwear and gown, finishes rolling a SPLIFF  
and lights it. She dances around the kitchen to Carly Simon's  
"WHY" playing on a record play. RISHI sits at the kitchen  
table watching.

RISHI

-- you're drunk.

DIANA

Hugo's down. I thought we could get  
Hannah to take him tomorrow and  
have a night just us.

RISHI

I've got team drinks tomorrow. I'll  
probably stay in London --

DIANA

Are wives not welcome?

DIANA tries to straddle RISHI, provocatively.

RISHI

What if something happened to Hugo  
now and the ambulance or police had  
to come? And you're fucked.

DIANA  
Well, you'd have to deal with them,  
wouldn't you?

DIANA feels RISHI eyeing the SPLIFF:

DIANA (CONT'D)  
Can you stop fucking policing what  
I put in my body?

DIANA tries to kiss him but his mind is elsewhere.

RISHI  
D'you think I have to properly  
engage Nicholas and "the Elders"  
before I break ground on the  
pavilion?

DIANA exhales a big plume of smoke:

DIANA  
-- I think whatever you're pursuing  
with this fucking cricket pavilion  
renovation is a bit of a folly.

RISHI  
Who've you been talking to? Has  
Nicholas got in your head?

DIANA  
You don't need to do it! We've  
spent enough money on the house!

RISHI  
(defensive)  
Have we? We've barely touched it.  
It looks like the sort of place  
we'll send your parents to die.

DIANA  
I dunno. I worry we're over-  
extending ourselves. Did you really  
have to buy the house in cash? I  
wish you'd let me help manage our  
finances.

RISHI  
(lying:)  
We're fine. That's my area.

DIANA sees RISHI scratching his back through his shirt. The  
record stops with a scratch.

DIANA  
Did you listen to my interview with  
Bessel van der Kolk? He wrote "The  
Body Keeps the Score."

RISHI  
(lying)  
Of course I did.

DIANA pushes past the lie:

DIANA  
These may be internal issues  
presenting *externally*. I told you  
Rajah was hypoallergenic anyway --  
there was no need to give him away.

The couple listen to the silence of the cottage.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
God, I can hear the blood rush  
around my head. It's so quiet here.

DIANA does straddle RISHI this time, attempts to seduce him:

DIANA (CONT'D)  
Y'know sometimes my hours are  
dangerously empty while you're at  
work --  
(beat)  
One of my exes from Newcastle text  
me last week. Pathetic attempt at  
reconnection. Thick as shit.  
Amazing body. But after the text --  
I imagined him fucking me over our  
kitchen table...and I made myself  
come.

As she tries to kiss him, the lights of a CAR flood the room.

RISHI  
Why the fuck would you say that to  
me?

DIANA  
Sorry, sorry -- I was trying to  
turn you on.

RISHI looks DIANA square in the eye as he says, coldly:

RISHI  
You're a fucking mother --

The DOORBELL RINGS, DIANA stubs the SPLIFF out, tightens her  
gown. We stay on RISHI, bit of shame -- he went too far then.

Now with: DIANA clearly upset. She swallows this, opens the  
door.

We are now back on: RISHI's face.

DIANA (O.S.)  
Hello. Can we help you?



Now on VINAY (35, Rishi's old school friend).

VINAY

Is Rishi in? I wanted to come pay  
my respects with something small  
for the little one. Sorry -- I'm  
Vinay, I'm a friend.

On RISHI: fear in his face at the mention of "Vinay."

VINAY hands DIANA an ENVELOPE, she takes it.

DIANA

-- oh, Vinay, of course. You were  
at school with Rishi right?

VINAY

Guilty.

DIANA

Do you want to come in?

VINAY

I don't wanna impose --

DIANA (CONT'D)

Don't be ridiculous. Come in.

Back to RISHI's face: *fuck, she's invited him in.* Now back to  
VINAY and DIANA:

VINAY (CONT'D)

(smelling the weed)

Having a bit of a party?

DIANA

Cheeky token. New mum etcetera.

RISHI bursts in with a fake sunny exterior, fake confident:

RISHI

Vin! Good to see you. What are you  
doing here?

VINAY

To the manor born. No, you look  
good. I realised I hadn't seen your  
beautiful house and I wanted to  
bring your new son a gift.

DIANA hands RISHI the ENVELOPE. RISHI and VINAY share a look.

DIANA

So are you selling a house in the  
area?

(off Vinay's confusion)

Rish, didn't you mention Vinay was  
in property?

VINAY  
(lying)  
Oh, yeah, yes.

RISHI is keen to get VINAY out the house:

RISHI  
Let's go for a walk, I wanna show  
you around our new grounds.

8

**EXT. CRICKET PAVILION - NIGHT 8**  
(RISHI, VINAY, NEIGHBOUR)

8

The men are now eerily bathed in moonlight. VINAY eyes the PAVILION as they walk up to it.

RISHI  
-- geezer who sold it to me is one  
of those poshos who's asset rich  
but illiquid. Can't even afford to  
heat his gaff -- so he sold me a  
few acres: game keeper's cottage,  
this pavilion. These local fuckers  
are so hopped up on nostalgia they  
won't let me tear it down and build  
a good thing.

VINAY  
You were fucking shit at cricket so  
why you obsessed with a pavilion?  
When do you get used to the smell?  
Look -- it's impractical me being  
here. You need to stop avoiding me.

RISHI  
I'm not avoiding you, bro.

VINAY  
I've given you leeway on repayment  
of the initial -- but you can't  
miss two weeks vig in a row. That's  
twenty grand.

RISHI  
I don't have that cash on me right  
now. But I'm collecting from my  
syndicate tomorrow.

VINAY  
What are you talking about? None of  
your horses are coming in, bro. How  
are people still buying in if  
you're not showing them returns?

A NEIGHBOUR with a strong SOMERSET accent walking his DOG  
shouts at the men who now stand outside the pavilion.

NEIGHBOUR

Excuse me, can I help you gentlemen? This isn't an area for loitering.

RISHI

Loitering?! I fucking own the place.

NEIGHBOUR

Oh I am sorry, Mr Ramdani. I didn't recognise you and your ...friend. Dark out tonight!

RISHI feels the need to be polite even though the racist micro-aggression irks him. As the NEIGHBOUR walks off:

RISHI

No problem at all, no problem at all.

VINAY

I'll be at your office tomorrow.

RISHI gets a slight chill at how VINAY says this:

RISHI

I've got team drinks. I'll text you the details. I'll make you whole. Y'know I will.

VINAY just stares at RISHI coldly.

9

**INT. MERRYTHOUGHT COTTAGE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 8**  
(RISHI)

9

RISHI stares into a ROARING FIRE. He takes VINAY'S GIFT out -- an ENVELOPE. The cutesy font reads: "**WELCOME TO THE WORLD, GORGEOUS BOY...**" Inside: four FIFTY POUND NOTES, secured with a BABY BLUE PLASTIC MONEY CLIP. RISHI pockets the money, throws the card in the fire.

10

**EXT. MERRYTHOUGHT COTTAGE - NIGHT (PRE-DAWN) 9**  
(RISHI, NICHOLAS)

10

RISHI, shower-wet hair, walks out of the house into the early dark of a December morning, past his new LAMBORGHINI. He sees a FIGURE hacking at his SLOE BUSH, with a MINING TORCH on his head. RISHI, his blood up, stalks to the end of the field.

RISHI

Oi!!

NICHOLAS is on a STEPLADDER, with SECATEURS.

NICHOLAS

Good morning, Rishi! Thank you for being such a generous host last night. Feeling it today!

RISHI

Me too. Feel like I've been fucked in the arse by a Russian circus.

NICHOLAS laughs but RISHI kinda regrets being so crude.

RISHI (CONT'D)

Err -- Nicholas...what are you doing in my garden at five in the morning?

NICHOLAS

I'm sorry. It's just...seeing the bush from my window. Not being maintained. We have to think about next autumn's yield.

RISHI

Sure.

NICHOLAS gets down off the ladder, stands next to RISHI.

NICHOLAS

Oh, quick one. Personally, I love the car. It's a lot of fun. But I think a few of the older people in the village would prefer if you eased off the accelerator in the dawn and twilight hours.

RISHI

I hear you. I hear you.

NICHOLAS

We're so thrilled at how you...and Diana have assimilated into our community. I've known Diana since she was four, y'know?

RISHI

Yeah, you said.

NICHOLAS

It's lovely when people come back to where they're from.

RISHI picks up on the very subtle "otherising" here, but Vinay's visit has made him realise he has bigger problems.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

And -- thank you for being so engaged and forward-thinking on the pavilion but, again, I think a few of the older crowd would find it hard to let go. Not me necessarily.

RISHI feels a pressure to just fall in line, so says:

RISHI

-- yeah, y'know -- I've thought more about it, and it wouldn't be right...some nouveau stranger swanning in destroying a piece of history. Let's let the pavilion be the pavilion.

NICHOLAS shakes RISHI's hand -- RISHI slightly sick to make the concession but happy he's put it to bed.

11

**INT. PIERPOINT. TRADING FLOOR. MHFS DESK/INT. LEVIATHANALPHA-NIGHT (PRE-DAWN) 9**

(HARPER, YASMIN, ROBERT, ERIC, RISHI, PETRA, VENETIA, SWEETPEA, ANRAJ, ALI, SHOE SHINE MAN)

RISHI and ANRAJ walk out of the lift. RISHI is moisturising on the move. Fast-talking walk-and-talk to their desk:

RISHI

Oi, you got that two K for the horses?

ANRAJ holds his hand out for a DOLLOP OF MOISTURISER. He begins moisturising as he walks too:

ANRAJ

Err -- yeah I've got it but I'm having second thoughts --

RISHI

(playful but harsh)  
Fine. Miss out. Fuck off.

ANRAJ lowers his voice:

ANRAJ

Mate, listen, I've done everything I can to palm Risk Control off --

RISHI

Just ignore them, they're jobsworth pests.

They both stand at their desks now.

ANRAJ

(whispers)

You've been adding to the sterling long for the best part of a quarter now?! At least since the Lumi IPO. Risk are a call away from coming onto the floor and blowing the lid on you.

RISHI

They're posturing. Whoever's junior you're talking to tell their boss to call me. Capiche?

(beat; shouts to Shoe

Shine Man:)

Garcon!

SHOE SHINE MAN

Yes, Mr Ramdani.

RISHI begins to take his shoes off, hands them to the SHOE SHINE MAN.

ANRAJ

Do you really wanna call their bluff?

RISHI

Listen, it will all be sorted after the budget announcement. I'm running my view -- the view I'm paid to have and enact --

ANRAJ

You're running a six hundred twenty-five million quid position --

RISHI

Keep your fucking voice down.

ANRAJ starts taking his shoes off.

ANRAJ

-- almost half of that is on my book. You're forty-five million over your three hundred million risk limit. I'm now only twenty below mine. Man, I'm tired of living with the stress of this. It's not good for my like...mental health.

RISHI scratches his back, manically:

RISHI

Your WHAT?!

ERIC stands up and shouts over his screens to him:

ERIC

How big a position you running?

ANRAJ shakes his head like he doesn't agree, says nothing.

YASMIN

LeviathanAlpha have been asking for cable prices heading into the headline announcement.

RISHI

Ping me Harper's direct dial.

SWEETPEA

(beat)

On your email.

RISHI

Thank you Sweetie.

RISHI looks at the email, gets through to HARPER. We cut between them for maximum dynamism:

RISHI (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Who's the only market maker you know with a bouquet more compelling than a Parisian parfumeur?

We see HARPER in LEVIATHANALPHA's new office, a Georgian townhouse in Mayfair. PETRA sits opposite her, animatedly on the phone.

HARPER

(into phone)

Hello Rishi...

RISHI

(into phone)

In one, doll. Listen -- because money heals antipathy as fast as it creates it, I was hoping we could allow the blissful sanctuary of a business transaction to be our first step to closure?

HARPER

(into phone)

-- I'm listening.

RISHI

(into phone)

What are you doing in FX?

HARPER

(into phone)

Why would I tell you?

RISHI  
(into phone)  
I'm a buyer of pounds. Any colour  
on what Goldman's doing?

HARPER  
(into phone)  
OK but this is quid pro quo. If I  
need any colour in the future  
you're a rainbow. I spoke to Daria  
on Goldman's macro desk this  
morning. They're short cable.

RISHI  
(back into phone)  
Daria -- she's dealing with you  
again? How'd you swing that?

HARPER  
(into phone)  
I can pay her to like me now.

RISHI  
Goldman are a seller, fine? That's  
more liquidity. They're thinking  
too long-term. I'm interested in  
trading minutes here.

ERIC overheard this, looks worried and says:

ERIC  
Why are you the other side? They're  
always right on macro catalysts --

RISHI ignores him.

HARPER  
(into phone)  
We've taken a tiny, low-conviction  
cable long into the emergency  
budget. We have it on decent  
authority they're slated to cut to  
the top rate of tax.

This is good news for RISHI. He can't believe it.

RISHI  
(into phone)  
Don't tease me, H? I don't like  
foreplay. If you're gonna put it  
in, put it in.

HARPER  
(into phone)  
Charming.



RISHI

(into phone)

If they're doing something that politically loud I think my view on the scale of the budget's vindicated?

HARPER

(into phone)

I dunno what to tell you. Whisper is it's happening.

Rishi hangs up.

YASMIN

What's Harper saying?

RISHI

Top rate tax cut.

SWEETPEA

Is this really the time to test investors' willingness to lend to the UK? Do they understand how macroeconomics works?

RISHI

Nah - it's high risk, high reward. It's mega bullish.

SWEETPEA

Is it? If it looks like the UK can't service its debt, the pound is gonna be in the toilet.

RISHI

I didn't know Milton Friedman wore Manolos.

SWEETPEA

These are Bottega.

RISHI

It's a big bet on Britain!

RISHI looks at the PNL: (-\$18,500,000) - still very bad, but buoyed by the fact he thinks the emergency budget is gonna get him out of his hole, stands and shouts:

RISHI (CONT'D)

Eric, why you letting Goldman butt-fuck you like a cheap pro?

SWEETPEA

God.

SWEETPEA looks appalled.

ERIC

Excuse me?

RISHI

Seeking Alpha called Leviathan the two most exciting women in the London hedge fund community. So why are they doing their currency trades through GS and not us?

ERIC's anger crests and he loses his temper, quietly:

ERIC

Every fucking liberal leaning finance blog has fallen for their look. They're two craven sociopaths being bankrolled by the biggest sociopath in finance. Their mandate is anti-woke. Libertarian with lipstick.

RISHI

Femvestors! Otto's Angels! Whatever the fuck. They're money right now. You scared to pick up the phone to Harper or something?

YASMIN and ERIC share a look, YASMIN covers for ERIC. RISHI notices.

YASMIN

I pick up her calls all the time. They've paid us a couple of million dollars in commish since COP...

RISHI's line rings. ANRAJ lowers his voice:

ANRAJ

Is that Risk again?

RISHI

No...it's HR?  
(beat; he picks up)  
Ramdani.

12

**INT. PIERPOINT. HR MEETING ROOM - DAY (SUNRISE) 9**  
(RISHI, JUSTIN, MADDY)

12

RISHI, a ball of energy, whirls into the room. He's faced by JUSTIN (HR, from Sl&2) and MADDY (25, HR).

JUSTIN

We're doing a little end-of-year check-in. Nothing formal.

MADDY

We want to be proactive in making sure the atmosphere on the desk is conducive to a safe, modern working environment.

RISHI

(slight fear; sitting)  
What's this got to do with me?

JUSTIN

Someone in our team found a few comments and I wonder if I read a couple they might...jog your memory.

RISHI nods as if to say go on. JUSTIN's tone is comically hilarious cut against what he reads now.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Apparently, of one female client, words were uttered to the effect of: *"She looks like the type of thick cunt who swallows her mouthwash."*

RISHI

-- I'm sorry, I don't even know what that means.

JUSTIN

"That's why I date crazy women. The corollary of them being fucked in the head -- is that they suck cock like a veal calf."

RISHI tries not to snigger at this line, he catches himself.

MADDY

Is this funny to you?

RISHI

Sorry -- what is the purpose of this meeting? Are you accusing me of something?

MADDY

You work with women.

RISHI feels another tinge of fear, he hides it:

RISHI

You're accusing me of saying these things?

JUSTIN

Madeline, don't cast aspersions.  
Remember at this stage this is very  
informal. Our HR team were made  
aware of an anonymous Subreddit  
called "Overheard at Pierpoint."

RISHI

And I was mentioned by name?

MADDY

We've had unofficial, "non-  
specific" complaints about your  
lexicon being rather regressive.  
And your floor was mentioned. We  
localised our suspicions to you --

JUSTIN twinges at MADDY's line of attack. RISHI pivots,  
knowing he now has the upper hand:

RISHI

Suspensions? Let's have this right:  
this was anonymous, uncorroborated  
and -- I wasn't even mentioned by  
name?

JUSTIN

Well we just wanted to let whoever  
made these comments know that we  
are aware of them and they might  
benefit from changing their  
behaviour -- were it to become more  
official.

RISHI cuts him off, now very angry. He stands.

RISHI

What are you the fucking Stasi?!  
You've pulled me off the desk for  
this unsubstantiated horseshit? --  
this is frankly slanderous and if I  
was so inclined...libellous. I  
think it's in both your and the  
bank's interest that I go and do my  
job now. Cheers.

Just as quickly as he's gone we cut hard:

13

**INT. PIERPOINT. TRADING FLOOR. GANGWAY - DAY 9**  
(YASMIN, ROBERT, ERIC, RISHI, VENETIA, SWEETPEA, ANRAJ, ALI)

13

ERIC and RISHI stand underneath the STAIRWELL in the relative  
dark, whispering heatedly and at 100mph.

RISHI

-- there's nothing to it, mate.  
It's pissy gossip on a pissy  
website.

ERIC

Rish, let's be straight, your  
language is a bit unadulterated.  
You're a little...blue.

RISHI

You're not serious? Why would I  
censor myself? The contract of this  
place is simple: as long as I'm  
making money, I'm free.

ERIC

I think some might argue that it's  
not decent.

RISHI

Fucking hell. "Decent?! " You trap  
everyone in a power game where they  
don't know where they stand with  
you. And I'm punished for talking  
straight?

ERIC

Who are you talking about?

RISHI

Who aren't I talking about? Maybe  
if you spoke straight to your  
fucking talented protégé you  
wouldn't have felt the need to fire  
her for outgunning you and replace  
her with some tidy skirt who  
brightens your mornings.

ERIC

Watch your mouth.

RISHI

You used to be an equal-opportunity  
cunt. And fair fucks to you, 'cos  
y'know: THIS. IS. A. TRADING FLOOR.

ERIC

Some people might read your hyper-  
machismo as a direct correlation to  
your appetite for risk.

What does ERIC know? RISHI is more cautious and defensive:

RISHI

Is this your way of softening me up  
for a firing?

(MORE)

RISHI (CONT'D)

The bank suddenly giving a fuck  
about the way I talk after fifteen  
years...how rich.

ERIC

Risk just called me.

The air is sucked out of the scene for RISHI. RISHI wasn't  
expecting that. He gets more defensive:

RISHI

(front:)

-- yeah, what do you they want?

ERIC

You're running a three-hundred  
million sterling position? Is this  
correct?

RISHI

Adler raised my risk limit for the  
Lumi IPO.

ERIC is worried now:

ERIC

You're kidding me, right? He raised  
it for a twelve-hour period. Not  
fucking house money to play with--  
(beat)  
-- that'll blow the whole year.  
Risk told me to get you to close  
the position. Stop loss.

RISHI

Bit fucking late for a stop loss,  
wouldn't you say? We've got no  
choice but to run it.

ERIC

Rish, MD to MD, I had a brave face  
on in that morning meeting. We may  
be on the precipice of a crisis.

RISHI

You realise you're the face of  
Lumi's failure right? It was your  
gormless face staring out at the  
audience at COP. You notice how  
your team spoke to you this  
morning. You've lost the dressing  
room.

ERIC

-- I know I've made some rash  
management decisions.

RISHI  
You mean like firing an ED the  
morning of an IPO?

ERIC  
Yes. And I regret it. I regret it.  
(beat)  
Three-hundred forty-five million is  
the extent of the position?

RISHI  
(lies:)  
Yes.

ERIC  
As your manager I need to tell you  
to close the position.

RISHI  
Eric, we're not eating that. It'll  
swallow the year.

ERIC repeats deadpan:

ERIC  
As your manager I need to tell you  
to close that position.  
(beat)  
Do we understand each other?

RISHI understands that ERIC expects him to dig his way out of  
this but he's on his own. The hole is much worse than ERIC  
knows. RISHI and ERIC begin to walk down the stairs:

RISHI  
We understand each other. Look -- I  
just speak my mind. I'm me. I'm  
fucking me. For better or worse.  
(beat)  
You've got a snitch on your desk.  
I'd rather be me than a fucking  
grass --

RISHI eyes the women on the desk:

RISHI (CONT'D)  
So who is it?

RISHI eyes on everyone on the desk, like they're suspects.  
His gaze falls on SWEETPEA. He shouts from the landing on the  
stairway:

RISHI (CONT'D)  
SWEETPEA!! It's time for your  
mentor-mentee review!

14

**INT. PRET A MANGER - DAY 9**  
(RISHI, SWEETPEA)

14

RISHI and SWEETPEA queue for coffees in a Pret. RISHI is slightly introspective - they have a surprising intimacy. The tension and intimacy cuts against the hustle and bustle of the coffee run.

RISHI

D'you think that's the kind of man  
I am?

SWEETPEA

I've no idea. It's just who you are  
at work, right? Is that you? I  
dunno. I don't really care!

RISHI

Do you regret fucking me or  
something?

Ah, their intimacy is explained. *They've been hooking up!*

SWEETPEA

Hell no. I like short, sharp  
demands. They work for me.

RISHI

Is that why you sell your pussy on  
the world wide web?...and I'm the  
one that's meant to be devolved...

RISHI shows SWEETPEA the anonymous VIDEO of the masturbating woman he was watching in the first scene on OnlyFans -- it's SWEETPEA!!! She bats it away.

SWEETPEA

Keep your fucking voice down.

RISHI's tone becomes uglier:

RISHI

What did Tyler in Idaho buy you off  
your wish list this time?

SWEETPEA

Fuck off.  
(after a beat)  
Your fucking jokes are one thing --  
but that's just nasty.

RISHI

So it wasn't you?

SWEETPEA

Are we going to have the review,  
then?

(off Rishi's confusion)  
(MORE)



SWEETPEA (CONT'D)

My work -- you haven't even looked  
at the risk analysis I've been  
working on.

RISHI

Ah fuck it. I was just gonna give  
you 10/10 and tick every box:  
"exceptional."  
(flirty)  
You've been a stellar hire.

RISHI leans in for a furtive kiss. SWEETPEA doesn't kiss him  
back but says:

SWEETPEA

Acknowledge my fucking work.

RISHI

I acknowledge that mouth.  
(off her look)  
What if I left my wife for you?

But SWEETPEA ignores him -- she's staring at her PHONE:

SWEETPEA

Can't believe the Tories have been  
in power fourteen years and they  
have the front to do this -- it's  
certainly "bold."

RISHI

What?

SWEETPEA

The Chancellor's just cut the top  
rate of tax.

RISHI's eyes light up like he's just won the lottery.

15

**EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY 9**  
(RISHI, STRANGER)

15

In a comically joyful, uplifting scene, RISHI sprints back to  
the Pierpoint office in his overcoat. This is his A CHRISTMAS  
CAROL. He sprints past a STRANGER and shouts:

RISHI

D'you know what day it is, mate?

The STRANGER looks at RISHI, confused. RISHI screams at him:

RISHI (CONT'D)

IT'S CHRISTMAS FUCKING DAY!

RISHI continues to run down the street.

16

**INT. PIERPOINT. TRADING FLOOR - DAY 9**

16

(HARPER, YASMIN, ROBERT, ERIC, RISHI, VENETIA, ANRAJ, ALI)

RISHI sprints back to his desk, but is confused when he gets up the GBP/USD graph: (-\$33,750,000). TERROR.

RISHI

-- what the fuck is going on? Why's cable gapping down 250 points?  
Anraj -- any colour on this sell-off?!

ANRAJ

Bond market hates this.

ERIC

Britain's a basket case and the world is pricing it.

(death stare at Rishi:)

That's not good for sterling.

RISHI

The Telegraph are calling it the best budget that's ever been delivered by a historic margin!

ROBERT

Tells you everything that.

RISHI sits back in his chair, now genuinely scared as he watches the GBP/USD graph slide, his PNL worse: (-\$36,875,000)

RISHI

(into phone)

H -- what's this price action? Fuck is going on?

HARPER (V.O.)

Hearing some chatter that the budget rollout's been mismanaged. The government was warned the market might take it badly and they ran with it anyway.

RISHI hangs up curtly on HARPER, he can feel the floor beneath him opening up. He looks like he's seen a ghost as he watches the PNL get much worse: (-\$40,000,000).

ERIC

Just got an IB from a connected client saying this was all the Chancellor's wet dream and he didn't even run it past the Cabinet. Rishi, you managing this?

ANRAJ  
(over the hoot)  
-- sterling gapping lower here on  
rumours of policy mismanagement.

RISHI, bereft of power, looks to take some back by ignoring  
ERIC and snapping at ANRAJ:

RISHI  
Fuck, are you doing on my hoot?

ERIC stands up and addresses the troops:

ERIC  
I know the macro environment is on  
fire but tomorrow morning we need a  
team powwow -- a bit of an  
inventory. HR related.

RISHI  
You kidding me? You think this is  
an apposite time for that?

ERIC  
(stares at Rishi:)  
No. But they've just mandated it.

VENETIA  
An HR related powwow?  
(beat)  
-- they got a section on firing  
employees without HR present?

ERIC stares daggers at her, RISHI does a hand gesture as if  
VENETIA has just proven his earlier point that ERIC has "lost  
the dressing room." Rishi he throws some GUM in his mouth,  
new energy, burying the huge sense of loss.

ANRAJ  
Mate, what are you gonna do about  
risk? The position is worse.

RISHI  
It's all gravy with Eric.  
(beat)  
Look at me. I know it was you.

ANRAJ  
Huh?

RISHI  
(dead serious:)  
The snitch. It was you.

ANRAJ

Mate, I have no idea what you're on about.

17      INT. PIERPOINT. LIFT - DAY 9  
         (RISHI)

17

RISHI looks around before entering the lift. He opens an APP that aggregates his personal banking. The accounts are all overdrawn: **-90k, -5k, -120k.**

RISHI looks up and spots a camera in the corner of the lift. He kneels down and pretends to do his shoelace up as he does a slug of cocaine off his fist. If you thought Rishi was on one before, you ain't seen nothing yet. He's only in the first circle of hell...

18      INT. PUB - NIGHT 9

18

(HARPER, YASMIN, ROBERT, ERIC, HENRY, RISHI, SWEETPEA, ANRAJ, SCOTT)

RISHI walks through a buzzy festive pub -- team Christmas drinks, looking for anyone he knows. YASMIN is next to HENRY chatting. HARPER is stood at the bar, RISHI approaches her.

RISHI

You look lonely -- what are you doing at our team drinks?

HARPER

Yas invited me.

RISHI

Her new squeeze looks suicidal.

They look over at HENRY and YASMIN - it looks like YASMIN is trying to console HENRY and calm him down. His BEARD is unkempt, his CAP low.

HARPER

How much risk did you run into this budget? You must be *fuckkked*.

RISHI avoids the subject, sees ERIC across the bar:

RISHI

(to Harper)

Hey, d'you want me to broker a détente between you and daddy?

(shouting to Eric)

Eric! Your little girl's here!

HARPER seizes up then waits for ERIC'S reaction -- he looks over, returns to his convo. She feels the slight of this.

RISHI (CONT'D)

Fucking Grinch, him. Hey - d'you ever think about our night?

HARPER

You mean the night before your wedding?

RISHI

Yeh. I jerk it to the memory sometimes. It was fucking disgusting.

HARPER

I don't tend to think about things I regret. It was very...abrupt.

RISHI

What about a little festive rough and tumble?

HARPER is very grossed out by this direct, brazen RISHI:

HARPER

You realise you're sexually harassing me right?  
(beat)  
I'm gonna go over here now.

HARPER moves a yard down the bar, comically. RISHI's focus now moves to SWEETPEA and her boyfriend, SCOTT (22) a very physically fit Instamodel type. RISHI sidles over:

RISHI

There he is. Mr *All Natty! Johnny Bravo*.

SWEETPEA uncomfortable but hides it well. SCOTT is kind.

SWEETPEA

Scott, this is Rishi, he's kinda my boss. This is my boyfriend Scott.

RISHI

(feeling Scott's biceps)  
No 'roids, no? No juice. No Human Growth Hormone or whatever the fuck.

SCOTT

No, all-natural. "All Natty." I'm a PT.

RISHI'S PHONE starts ringing.

RISHI

How d'you stomach those inane  
conversations with all your MILF  
clients? Actually don't answer  
that. It must be fantastic being  
you. Stripe?

SWEETPEA

I actually think coke's kinda  
disgusting.

RISHI is concerned when he sees the name on his phone -  
**Vinay.**

RISHI

Excuse me.

19

**EXT./INT. STREET NEAR PUB. VINAY'S CAR (STATIONARY) - NIGHT 199**  
(RISHI, VINAY, INTIMIDATING STRANGER)

RISHI in VINAY'S CAR. He notices an INTIMIDATING STRANGER in  
the rear-view mirror, who stares at him, mute. He is  
comically large -- almost fills both back seats.

RISHI

Who's this?

VINAY

Friend.

RISHI is quite shocked at the intimidation tactic:

RISHI

-- you serious with this?

VINAY

I'm serious about the ten grand,  
Rish. Where is it? How are you in  
finance and so broke?

RISHI tries to hide the fear in his voice:

RISHI

Look man. Whatever this  
is...there's no need for it. I'm  
getting it now. I've been waiting  
for people in the syndicate to  
cough up. I'm collecting. Stay here  
-- I'll be twenty minutes tops.  
Swear it.

RISHI bails from the car - that was sobering. RISHI exhales.

20

**OMITTED**

20

21

**INT. PUB - NIGHT**

21

(HARPER, YASMIN, ROBERT, ERIC, HENRY, RISHI, SWEETPEA, ANRAJ, PIERPOINT EMPLOYEE 2, WILLIAM)

RISHI barrels through the pub in fun, fast quick cuts. This next sequence is almost balletic in speed and confidence as he collects money from his "syndicate."

RISHI

Gates, you got my two grand?

A Pierpoint employee, WILLIAM gives him the CASH.

WILLIAM

Happy Christmas.

He takes it out of the ENVELOPE and puts it in an ENVELOPE with Robert's 2k.

To another EMPLOYEE now:

RISHI

-- yeah, it's printing money boss.

He gets handed another 2k, which he adds to THE ENVELOPE - 6k now. He pats ANRAJ on the back, hard:

RISHI (CONT'D)

You got my money? The 2k?

ANRAJ

Man, I've got rent. Cost of living.

RISHI

(almost violent)

Be a man.

ANRAJ feels the real threat of this - hands RISHI an ENVELOPE, begrudgingly.

RISHI (CONT'D)

Wise soul.

RISHI takes ANRAJ'S 2k and adds it to the 6k. He now approaches ERIC: shows him the 8k cash, puts it in ERIC's inside blazer pocket.

RISHI (CONT'D)

I know we've had a bit of a day.

ERIC

It's under control, right?

RISHI

(lying)

Oh, yeah.

(beat)

(MORE)

RISHI (CONT'D)

Nothing that a cool eight grand  
can't fix between pals. Happy  
holidays.

ERIC

Impressed. If I knew it was so easy  
to make money in horses, I may have  
leaned into it a little more.

RISHI

Don't denigrate my expertise. The  
simplicity belies the complexity.

ERIC is about to return to his convo, but then RISHI makes a  
play to get the money back out of Eric's blazer pocket.  
Despite being coked out of his mind RISHI is a SALESMAN here:

RISHI (CONT'D)

(fast)

Look, Eric -- forget about picking  
winners, that's for mug punters. My  
next nag has moved to a top Irish  
yard. I've got an inside contact  
who says they'll change the feed  
for the horse 48 hours before he  
runs. Will be like he's had a dodgy  
korma. Can't lose on that loser.

ERIC listens, a little unconvinced and a bit lost.

RISHI (CONT'D)

That 8k's not working very hard for  
you in your blazer pocket --

ERIC

Pardon me for not trusting you.

RISHI turns to leave but Eric can't resist the score:

ERIC (CONT'D)

Go on. Take it out my pocket. Let's  
pretend it was never real. It's  
Christmas! There's an extra 200  
there. I was gonna tip the shoe  
shine.

RISHI takes the ENVELOPE of 8k back out of ERIC's blazer.  
RISHI takes the cash, happily.

22

**EXT./INT. STREET NEAR PUB. VINAY'S CAR (STATIONARY) - NIGHT**  
(RISHI, VINAY, INTIMIDATING STRANGER)

RISHI walks to the car, looks at the ENVELOPE - 8k. Enough to  
buy him time with Vinay, but as he feels the weight of the  
money he makes an impulse decision, pockets the money and  
says as he gets in:



RISHI  
-- man, forgive me. I don't have  
it.

The INTIMIDATING STRANGER in the back shifts.

VINAY  
None of it?

RISHI  
Sorry, no.

VINAY looks at him, a scary dead-eyed face.

RISHI (CONT'D)  
Listen, listen. It's sound.

RISHI takes his ROLEX off, hands it to VINAY.

RISHI (CONT'D)  
Birthyear. I got this for 12. Arabs  
on Burlington Arcade will pay 18  
plus. Box and papers too.

VINAY  
Doesn't it have sentimental value?

RISHI  
I've decided I hate nostalgia.

VINAY seems to be genuinely concerned as he says:

VINAY  
Listen man, are you alright?  
(beat)  
How deep you in, really?

He exhales, slightly grateful that he can open up:

RISHI  
I'm in a hole, man. I'm in a hole.

RISHI's slightly emotional. VINAY feels for him, but ultimately all VINAY sees now is a vulnerable mark. An opportunity.

VINAY  
I love this time of year for the  
jumps. Y'know -- I've got a good  
tip. I know you owe me 200 grand  
and the vig but I can spot you an  
extra 50 G's for New Year's Day  
racing at Exeter.

RISHI sees VINAY's predatory instincts at play here --  
offering RISHI more rope to hang himself further.

RISHI

-- nah mate, you're alright. Enjoy the timepiece.

VINAY

This'll buy you a few days. Maybe a week for a friend.

23

**INT. CASINO - NIGHT 9**  
(RISHI)

23

We hurtle through a fast, impressionistic night on the town with RISHI.

CUT TO: RISHI changing the 8k out of the ENVELOPE for GAMBLING CHIPS at the EXCHANGE WINDOW.

CUT TO: RISHI sat at the BLACKJACK TABLE, getting hammered on whisky. He plays four hands of blackjack against the house.

He wins the first three, on his fourth it looks like he may lose as the house gets blackjack, but then so does RISHI! God smiling on him. He silences a phone call from DIANA -- doesn't answer it.

CUT TO: RISHI back at the EXCHANGE WINDOW: £160,000 in cash is stuffed into a BROWN JIFFY ENVELOPE.

24

**INT. CHINAWHITE - NIGHT 9**  
(RISHI, ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, BOYFRIEND, HOSTESS, BOUNCERS, YOUNG WOMEN)

24

A buzzy, naff, louche BANKER NIGHTCLUB. RISHI is shown to a table by a HOSTESS. Bottom-lit vodka, mixers - strobe lights, blaring music.

MATCH CUT: RISHI now surrounded by young, underdressed WOMEN and a few MEN. He's engaged in very loud inaudible conversation with an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN. SPARKLERS with CHAMPAGNE are brought over. The woman's BOYFRIEND comes over, makes himself known. RISHI pours him a DRINK.

CUT TO: RISHI is now kissing the WOMAN's neck in a removed part of the table, his hand under her skirt, fingering her.

Her BOYFRIEND comes over. He gets in RISHI's face. RISHI pushes him. The BOYFRIEND hits RISHI square on the nose hard. A volley of BLOOD. RISHI falls onto the table of MIXERS, spilling them everywhere. The BOYFRIEND kneels over RISHI, battering his face.

CUT: The BOUNCERS are carrying RISHI to the exit as he tries to wrestle them off.

25

**OMITTED**

25

26

**EXT./INT. CASINO/INT. MERRYTHOUGHT COTTAGE - DAY 10**  
(RISHI, DIANA, HUGO, CROUPIER, CHINESE STUDENTS)

26

*Please no!* RISHI is back at the casino EXCHANGE WINDOW. *Oh God* - he's handing the 160k back for GAMBLING CHIPS.

CUT TO: RISHI at the ROULETTE TABLE, steaming drunk. A much lonelier and quieter scene. He's alone save for some CHINESE STUDENTS. 10k on BLACK. He loses. He doubles down. Loses again. Because it compounds it only takes a few losses -- and the 160k evaporates. At his lowest now. He looks in his pocket - the 200 pounds meant for his son from VINAY - the unmistakable money clip.

CROUPIER

Sir, no cash. The window's open.

RISHI staggers out of the dingy casino and we are as shocked as him to be bathed in an EXTREMELY BLINDING dawn light. He finally answers to DIANA:

DIANA (V.O.)

Where the fuck are you?

RISHI

(into phone; slurring)

Babe! I stayed in London. I'm heading to work.

We cut to DIANA back at their country house. The baby HUGO is CRYING as she pacifies it:

DIANA

(into phone)

Do you think I'm fucking dense? Who are you with? What have you taken?

RISHI: doesn't know what to say, he hangs up.

27

**INT. PIERPOINT. TRADING FLOOR - DAY 10**  
(YASMIN, ROBERT, ERIC, RISHI, VENETIA, SWEETPEA, ANRAJ, ALI)

27

We follow RISHI onto the full floor. His nose is now purple and both eyes black. One of his eyes is swollen shut. RISHI looks like a man walking to the firing squad. Defeated. Dead.

ERIC

Where have you been? What the fuck happened to your face?

RISHI

Walked into a door.

ALI stares at him, talking Arabic into his phone. Throughout the scene RISHI feels ALI judging him. He eyes the GBP/USD graph: (-\$38,000,000) - he's in massive trouble still. SWEETPEA looks concerned but too scared to approach him.

ANRAJ is having an existential breakdown quietly about the negative position RISHI is running on his book. His lines snap RISHI out of his defeated state of mind:

ANRAJ

(scared)

Mate, what am I gonna do? What am I gonna do? The FCA is going to pull my license. What happened to your face?

RISHI meets ANRAJ's panic with anger re Anraj's moustache.

RISHI

When are you gonna shave that fucking thing off? You look like you've been sipping shit.

ANRAJ

-- it's a new look.

RISHI

It's a cry for help! Why is sterling trading even worse?

RISHI stares at the graph: (-\$38,500,000). No way out? ERIC walks into work:

RISHI (CONT'D)

Eric, what are your gilt mates saying? How the fuck are we almost at parity with the dollar?

ERIC

Football is called soccer now. You dealt with that issue, right? I don't want another call from Risk.

SWEETPEA

Have you not seen? Pension funds almost wiped out from long dated yields exploding. Bank of England forced to support gilts.

RISHI

Surely this is unsustainable? How far are these fucking Tories gonna let this slide?

ROBERT

They're "fucking" Tories now, are they? The worm has turned.

RISHI finally snaps at ALI for staring at him:

RISHI

What is it mate? Why are you  
looking at me like you want to slip  
it in? You never seen a shiner?

ALI

(in Arabic)

*You'd be cleaning my house back  
home.*

RISHI sees YASMIN's reaction to that - she understands ALI.

RISHI

What did he say, then? Yas -- what  
the fuck did he just say?

YASMIN

Err -- uh...I don't know. It's  
Egyptian Arabic.

RISHI

No, you do. Tell me what he said.

YASMIN

I'd really rather not say.

ALI

(in Arabic)

*People like him clean my house back  
home.*

YASMIN

*Shut up.*

RISHI approaches ALI and in a shock of action, throws the  
SHOPPING BAGS ALI has on his desk onto the floor.

RISHI

You waltz around in your moody  
Versace gear like a melt. Who the  
fuck are you? And -- what are you  
doing here?

ALI

(stoically:)

You're in my personal space.

We CUT hard off this barely contained, simmering violence:

-- to the comedic quiet of the Pierpoint sales team sat in a BREAKOUT AREA above the trading floor. A few other TRADERS are in the scene too (WILLIAM, BALD TRADER, CHINESE TRADER). RISHI's lack of sleep makes his paranoia mount. Even though everyone in the room looks bored and nonplussed, he sees enemies everywhere:

ERIC

-- we need to spend a minimum  
fifteen minutes in here for optics.  
Anyone wanna share anything?

YASMIN

-- why are we here? Don't we have  
bigger problems than this?

ERIC

Does anyone want to share anything  
more broadly about how they feel  
about working on our desk?

RISHI

-- let's not tart this up, shall  
we? We're here because of me.

SWEETPEA

You're making it about  
you.

RISHI

'sake - I knew you grassed on me.

YASMIN

What the hell are we sat here for?

RISHI

(to Yasmin)  
Was it you?

ERIC

Someone's been leaking some of our  
more choice language to an internet  
forum.

YASMIN

Do we really need another committee  
on "how" to talk to each other,  
instead of just talking to each  
other?

RISHI

(to Venetia)  
Was it you who snitched?!  
(scanning the women:)  
Which one of you snitched!?

VENETIA

Why d'you assume it's a woman?  
Maybe it was a disgruntled former  
employee...like Kenny?

This hangs in the air uncomfortably:

ROBERT

Rish -- I'm just gonna say. I think  
some people, not me, necessarily  
might see it as...backwards.

RISHI

Sorry for trying to make you laugh!  
It's a bit of bounce! It's what  
makes me good at my job.

VENETIA

It's misogynistic.

RISHI

If you don't exude confidence,  
clients run you over.

YASMIN

Were you like...always like this?

RISHI

What difference does it make? You  
adapt.

ROBERT

You might make people  
uncomfortable. That's all.

RISHI

(spitting)

Christ! Am I losing my mind, here?  
All this circle-jerking about "how  
we feel," and "how our words have  
consequences," and all this proxy  
culture war navel-gazing we're  
doing as China slowly grows more  
powerful...

RISHI points to a CHINESE TRADER who stares at him,  
implacably. RISHI laughs at everyone's silence. He's upset  
now and he scrambles for support:

RISHI (CONT'D)

Anraj - come on. Do I make you  
uncomfortable?

ANRAJ pauses, then looks down:

ANRAJ

Sometimes...I'm scared to come into  
work, because I'm worried  
about...y'know how you're going to  
talk to me.

RISHI looks devastated - his one ally seems to have left him.

ANRAJ (CONT'D)

I should have stayed at Greenpeace.

29

**INT. PIERPOINT. TRADING FLOOR. MHFS DESK - DAY 10**

29

(HARPER, YASMIN, ROBERT, ERIC, RISHI, VENETIA, SWEETPEA,  
ANRAJ, ALI, UNKNOWN VOICE, SECURITY)

RISHI looks defeated, low in his chair, meditating on Anraj's  
words. He stares at the printout sellotaped to his screen  
**LIFE=PRINTING TICKETS.**

YASMIN

New catalyst on the tape. The  
Chancellor is expected to make a  
statement in the next five minutes.

RISHI sits up: *a lifeline?* The dialogue is 150 mph now. Car  
chase intensity.

RISHI

-- what are clients doing, please?

YASMIN

No real conviction as to whether  
it's a double down or a rollback.

ERIC

(nervous)

So -- it's a coin toss where  
sterling goes.

RISHI likes those odds. He pulls up his GBP/USD graph:  
**(-\$39,312,000).**

YASMIN

Rish -- Harper's on the line. She  
wants to buy pounds.

Harper wants to *buy*? What's she up to?

RISHI

Patch me in.

(beat; into phone)

You a buyer into this announcement?

HARPER (V.O.)

Good morning to you too. How's your  
head? Can you fill me on this  
trade?



RISHI  
(into phone)  
Why are you buying? What's your  
read on the announcement? What do  
you know?

HARPER (V.O.)  
I have conviction.

RISHI  
(into phone)  
Where's it from?

HARPER (V.O.)  
I have a source. Can you help or  
not?

RISHI  
(into phone)  
Sorry, H -- I'm not axed that way.

RISHI hangs up, now in overdrive --

RISHI (CONT'D)  
I'm a buyer of pounds! Someone  
knows something.  
(shouting)  
ALL SALESPeOPLE, I'M A BUYER OF  
POUNDS.

ERIC  
What the fuck are you doing?

RISHI shakes with adrenaline, as he fires up his mic:

RISHI  
(into hoot)  
Pierpoint is a buyer of cable! Any  
salesperson worth two bollocks gets  
me pounds. Get on the phones.

ANRAJ  
What are you doing?

ERIC  
Anraj, what is he doing?

ANRAJ  
He's taken over my book. He's  
running an extra three hundred  
million on it -- I didn't know what  
to do. He forced me --

RISHI stares daggers at ANRAJ, but ANRAJ's honesty may have  
come too late.

VENETIA

What's your bid for £150 million --  
Tudor?

VENETIA holds her PHONE in her left hand and points her right  
forefinger at RISHI.

RISHI

Fuck it, I'm eighty bid.

VENETIA

Done at one o eight eighty.

VENETIA points her finger directly down to the floor.

YASMIN

I've got sterling for you. I want  
to see your bid.

ERIC

Stop trading. Now.

RISHI

Fuck that. Yasmin: Speak. Eric:  
Lemme do my job.

YASMIN

Avatar wants your bid for 200?

RISHI

30 bid on 9.

YASMIN points four fingers down at the floor.

YASMIN

Yours -- 200 done at one o nine  
thirty.

ERIC

How big is his position now?

ANRAJ

(doing the maths:)  
-- close to a full yard.

ERIC

What?! A billion pounds! I'm  
calling security.

RISHI starts gesturing towards himself manically:

RISHI

MINE! MINE! MINE!

ERIC

(on phone:)  
Rishi, step away from your  
terminal.

RISHI  
MINE! MINE! LOOK AT THE TAPE! LOOK  
AT THE TAPE!

RISHI can barely contain himself, his voice cracking, his hair standing on end as the GBP/USD graph jolts up and his PNL swings up with it: **Rate now 1.1040 loss \$13,697,500.**

RISHI (CONT'D)  
(into hoot)  
Chancellor reveals plans to reverse almost all provisions made in the budget. Including the top rate of tax. This is a full-scale rollback. Repeat: they've set fire to their plans. Sterling rallying here! Gapping up, gapping up honey!

RISHI sits down watching the graph - *could this be a reprieve?*

SWEETPEA  
Oh my God! Talk of an emergency rate hike! The MPC are raising rates by two hundred basis points!

RISHI can't believe his luck.

RISHI  
You're fucking kidding me!?

SWEETPEA  
The biggest rise in UK interest rates in 27 years!

SECURITY walk on the floor. RISHI screams like an animal with joy in his seat, the whole episode catching up with him.

ANRAJ  
Sterling back through our level.

RISHI  
(voice shaking)  
Can someone take me out this long please? Any salesperson? I'm a seller up here. Double sales credits!

ALI  
I have a buyer. Kingdom Holdings in size.

RISHI  
Any size they like.

ALI  
OK -- OK. Wait.

RISHI waits - super tense. *Is it going to happen?*

ALI (CONT'D)

What's your offer on a yard of sterling?

RISHI

Seventy.

ALI points to the ceiling:

ALI

Mine. Done at 1.1370.

RISHI is almost in tears of relief looks at his PNL which is finally positive: **+18,000,000**. He leans into the hoot and very calmly says:

RISHI

(into hoot)

Rule Britannia.

RISHI now notices he's flanked by SECURITY -- he very dismissively eyes them and says to ERIC:

RISHI (CONT'D)

Eric, you can call off the "gendarme."

(beat; super aggressive)

We have a fucking "understanding" don't we?

RISHI's look is pure, hyper-macho murder. ERIC waves the SECURITY GUYS away: "*all good here.*"

ANRAJ

We made 18 million across our books.

(beat)

You're not even a good trader. You're just lucky.

RISHI

What's the difference?

ANRAJ walks away from RISHI -- bitterly disappointed in his mentor. RISHI'S PHONE rings -- he answers:

RISHI (CONT'D)

Ramdani. King of all he surveys.

UNKNOWN VOICE (V.O.)

Any further words or actions against Mr Ali El Mansour will result in immediate termination of your contract at Pierpoint. Is that clear?

RISHI is so chilled by the distant, cold tone he just croaks:

RISHI

-- yes.

RISHI eyes ALI warily. ALI smiles back. *Who is this guy?*

30

**INT. PIERPOINT. LIFT LOBBY/LIFT - DAY**

(RISHI, VENETIA)

30

RISHI holds the lift door open for VENETIA:

VENETIA

(sarcastic)

You're a gentleman.

RISHI checks his PHONE as they get into the lift:

RISHI

Wait, wait: I've just got an email saying you've resigned?

VENETIA

Hope it was sunny enough and my "let's still be pals," tone isn't too insincere.

RISHI

Seriously?! -- where are you going?

VENETIA

I'm bored of working for this dictatorship of dying men.

(beat)

Tell me exactly: how does a "veal calf suck cock?"

RISHI

I never said that. I wouldn't know. Sloppily, I guess but with intention.

VENETIA

I know you never said it. But I think I wrote a pretty good approximation of your voice, no?

RISHI doesn't know what to say - *Venetia is the snitch!*

VENETIA (CONT'D)

By the way: Sweetpea told me you were a bad fuck. She called you a "five-pump chump." It's been nice working with you.

VENETIA leaves a stunned RISHI in the lift as she walks out.

31

**EXT./INT. MERRYTHOUGHT COTTAGE. KITCHEN - NIGHT 10**  
(RISHI, DIANA)

31

CRASH! A CHINA PLATE EXPLODES next to RISHI's head. He's back in his kitchen, DIANA hurls a GRAVY BOAT which narrowly misses him...exploding again.

DIANA

WHY DO YOU KEEP DOING THIS TO ME!?

RISHI

I DUNNO! PLEASE, CALM DOWN. I'M SORRY.

DIANA

Who were you fucking last night?  
You said we were gonna reset after  
the wedding? You promised me!

RISHI

We are. We are. We are.

DIANA

You fucked some little slag in a  
pub toilet while your pregnant wife  
was entertaining your horrid  
friends!

RISHI

I didn't want to get married.

DIANA

Neither did I!

RISHI

Then why are we married!?

DIANA

Because I love you!

RISHI

I love you too!

DIANA

No you love your fucking English  
country rose. I don't just wanna be  
someone's country wife, OK? Some  
dull breeding machine you spunk  
into! Or -- just someone's fucking  
mother. That's not an identity I  
signed up for. You don't even  
fucking EAT ME anymore!

RISHI

You said you were happy with me  
pulling out! You said it was NINETY  
NINE PERCENT EFFECTIVE!

The scene calms down more. She sits. He sits. She lights a CIGARETTE:

DIANA

I married a partner. You were fun and engaged and when you were cruel you made sure we were cruel together. What the fuck happened to that guy?

RISHI

I didn't force you to move here!

DIANA

No, I was under the impression it was a decision we made *together*.

(beat)

How much do you owe?

RISHI

200 grand.

DIANA

Oh my god -- are we in danger? Is Hugo in danger? Oh my god.

RISHI

No, no -- he'd never hurt us.

(re his face)

This wasn't him. I'm sorry, I'm sorry! I feel so fucking ashamed.

DIANA

Your shame is not useful to me, OK?

RISHI

-- listen, listen. Can your parents help? Tide me over, like a little liquidity -- like a bridge loan? My comp's coming soon. They have that lying around, no?

DIANA

You have no idea what their finances are like! That's your prejudice! And I would never ask them. Not for this. Not for anything. Nothing. And not to foot your fucking gambling addiction!

(long beat)

I have some money from my media work, the podcast, some sponcon stuff. It's in a separate account. And some savings.

(beat)

Oh, what you're surprised my "little hobby" makes money?

RISHI looks at her, softens but DIANA just stares at him. He sits, she stands - towering over him. She's the powerful one.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Do you know what being a man is?

(beat)

It's not how you seem around other men. Or what you do to make yourself feel a certain way around other men. It's how you treat the people who expect your love.

(beat)

I'm not perfect.

She stubs her CIGARETTE out. DIANA wonders whether to admit this, then:

DIANA (CONT'D)

There's a guy in the village I have look at house stuff. I invite him in. We both know exactly what's going on. We enjoy it. And last week I let him go down on me.

RISHI

(beat)

-- did you come?

DIANA

What difference does it make?

RISHI

Did you fucking come?

DIANA

-- yes. A lot.

RISHI

Was it Nicholas?

DIANA

What difference does it make?

RISHI just stares out the window now.

32

**INT. MERRYTHOUGHT COTTAGE. HUGO'S ROOM - NIGHT 10**

(RISHI, DIANA, HUGO)

32

CUT ONTO: HUGO's adorable face. RISHI is standing over his baby son, crying. DIANA comes over to console RISHI.

DIANA

-- it's much easier to raise strong boys, than fix broken men.



33

**INT. MERRYTHOUGHT COTTAGE. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 10**  
(RISHI, DIANA)

33

DIANA reads in bed, RISHI gets in. Everything is calmer.

RISHI

Di -- be honest. Do you think I'm a misogynist?

DIANA

No, you're a chauvinist.

RISHI

What's the difference?

DIANA

-- I did a podcast about it. By the way: a bad joke doesn't make you a bad person.

RISHI

How do I know what kind of person I am?

DIANA

Everyone is the same person they were at seven -- and not even the same person they were yesterday. Life is how you muddle through that contradiction.

RISHI processes this. RISHI is vulnerable now. The macho exterior is all gone. The little boy remains:

RISHI

I thought I knew who I was.

He pivots back to the safety of a more mundane thought:

RISHI (CONT'D)

I'm going to sell the car. That'll be 150 odd back to you.

DIANA

But it's so sexy.

(beat)

Sell it.

RISHI

Have you noticed Nicholas is always on our property?

DIANA

He still thinks it's his. You know I lost my virginity to him. His 18th. Theme was "White Mischief."

RISHI is shocked, then angry, then relents:

RISHI  
I miss the dog.

DIANA  
I told you, your back had nothing  
to do with the poor boy.

RISHI  
-- maybe I'm depressed.

DIANA  
You probably need more Vitamin D.  
(beat; off his surprise)  
What?! I read darker skinned people  
need to top up! I'll make sure Hugo  
takes a supplement.

RISHI  
Is Hugo white?

DIANA  
Probably. Such a shame.  
(an afterthought)  
We should have never moved here.

RISHI  
I don't disagree.

DIANA  
But we're here now. We should make  
it ours.

On this, RISHI slides down the bed -- under the covers. He  
begins to give Diana head. She gets into it. RISHI appears  
from under the duvet, his face lacquered with Diana:

RISHI  
Would a misogynist eat pussy this  
well?

She laughs and then gets into it as RISHI continues.

34 **OMITTED**

34

35 **EXT. CRICKET PAVILION - DAY 11 (DAWN)**  
(RISHI, NICHOLAS)

35

RISHI, in a BIG COAT, stalks towards the PAVILION, and in an  
operatic and cathartic sequence of reclamation, victory,  
ownership --

**RISHI LAYS WASTE TO THE FRONT DOORS OF THE PAVILION** - smashes  
both windows with the bat. Kicks in the locks. Breathless,  
frenzied. Breaking ground. This land is his.

Now outside, RISHI -- hot from his exertions -- sheds his winter coat.

He holds the smashed PICTURE of Nicholas's great-great grandad. NICHOLAS is walking ROGER/RAJAH. RISHI whistles -- the DOG bounds over, delighted to see his old master. RISHI frisbees the PICTURE onto the grass as he shouts to a confused NICHOLAS:

RISHI

I want you to know that me and  
Diana have a very healthy sex life!

He sits now -- a startling tableau: the field, the giddy dog, steam coming off RISHI'S head and his white T-shirt too, soaked now with weeping pus and blood from his skin condition. He gets his phone out and calls Vinay:

RISHI (CONT'D)

Vin. Rish. Hi. Merry Christmas,  
amigo. I have your 200. Yeah, I was  
thinking, let's do 50 of it on your  
tip. Y'know I'm good for it.

(beat)

No, I like your conviction. I've  
got a feeling...a great  
feeling...like:

Close on RISHI's face as he says with a smile:

RISHI (CONT'D)

-- Fate's shaving her cunt just for  
me.

Drake's "BACK TO BACK" slams in.

CUT TO BLACK