

**DUMB MONEY**

**Written by**

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**Based on *The Anti-Social Network*, by Ben Mezrich**

OVER BLACK:

GABE (O.C.)  
So, I'm here and I do not see  
anything happening. At all.

**SUPER: January 2021.**

**SUPER: Miami, Florida.**

**INT. 6342 NORTH BAY ROAD - MIAMI, FL - DAY - SAME**

GABE PLOTKIN (early 40s) strolls from room to room of this waterfront mansion. The place is impeccable. And EMPTY.

**SUPER: Gabe Plotkin. Founder of hedge fund Melvin Capital.**

**SUPER: Estimated net worth: \$400 million**

He speaks into bluetooth headphones. His lambskin LOAFERS make soft squeaks on the floors. No one says no to this guy.

GABE  
That's what I'm having trouble  
understanding. What is the reason  
for the delay? Specifically?

On the other end of the line is a terrified LAWYER.

LAWYER (O.S.)  
I know Mr. Plotkin, I'm so sorry,  
it's just--

GABE  
We closed in November and got all  
the permit applications in before  
the holidays.

His voice is steady. His pulse never quickens.

LAWYER (O.S.)  
Once we get the final stamp of  
approval from the Review Board next  
week, you'll be off to the races.

GABE  
We couldn't get the trucks here a  
little early? Get 'em started.

LAWYER (O.S.)  
Miami Beach ordinances--

GABE  
Yeah, but is anyone really  
enforcing those right now?

LAWYER (O.S.)  
Believe me, Mr. Plotkin, I know  
you're eager to move in.

Gabe chuckles.

GABE  
Oh no, that's not--

A BEEP sends him to his phone. Incoming call: STEVE COHEN.

GABE (CONT'D)  
Hold on a sec, will ya?

Gabe taps to accept the call.

GABE (CONT'D)  
Hey-o.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. MAHOGANY-PANELED STUDY - GREENWICH - DAY**

CLOSE ON the pained face of STEVE COHEN (64, bald).

***SUPER: Steve Cohen. CEO of the hedge fund Point72.***

***SUPER: Estimated net worth: \$12 billion.***

An excruciating AHFFFH relieves the agony. PULL BACK: he's on a massage table. His STRETCHER works out a tight hamstring.

STEVE  
You see what's going on with GME?

Steve barks into his cell phone, which is on speaker.

GABE  
More of these idiots?

STEVE  
A lot more.

GABE  
No way they'll hold much longer.

STEVE  
Gabe honey, they're holding.

GABE  
Where are we?

STEVE  
Just crossed a hundred.

**INT. 6342 NORTH BAY ROAD - MIAMI, FL - DAY - SAME**

Gabe abruptly stops strolling through his new mansion. A satisfying GROAN from Steve.

STEVE  
Gabe? Where are you?

Gabe is FROZEN in his empty living room.

GABE  
Fuck.

STEVE  
You should probably dial in.

GABE  
Yeah, I'll be on in one sec.

Gabe HANGS UP. Then he STARTS RUNNING.

PRE-LAP the opening chords of Cardi B and Megan Thee Stallion's *WAP*, as we follow Gabe's lambskin loafers out...

*Whores in this house*

*There's some whores in this house*

Gabe runs across his vast backyard as we...

CUT TO:

A PAIR OF BEAT-UP ASICS, RUNNING ON:

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL TRACK - BROCKTON, MA - DAY - SAME**

Pounding the polyurethane in perfect time to Cardi B, as she begins to rap:

CARDI B  
*I said certified freak / Seven days  
a week / Wet ass pussy / Make that  
pull-out game weak...*

PULL UP to see the Asics belong to KEITH GILL (34, in a cat t-shirt). A RED SWEATBAND holds his long hair out of his face.

Keith's running FAST, but he doesn't break a sweat. He squints up into the stands.

CUT BACK TO:

**EXT. GABE'S MODERN MANSION - MIAMI, FL - DAY - SAME**

GABE PLOTKIN, BREATHLESS AND SWEATING

CARDI B

*You fucking with some wet ass pussy*

He jumps over a low fence into a neighboring house: Ultra-modern. Sleek, with giant walls of windows.

It's also Gabe's. He runs through the front door.

**INT. GABE'S MODERN MANSION - OFFICE - MIAMI, FL - CONTINUOUS**

Up a grand staircase to HIS OFFICE. He slides into his chair. Moves a mouse to wake his computer.

Two clicks bring up HIS BLOOMBERG TERMINAL. Another click and we're on the stock chart for

GAMESTOP

The stock price is a white line against a black background. It jackknifes upward, climbing past \$100.

For a minute, all he can do is stare. Just sit and watch.

He's POWERLESS. A feeling he's never had before.

The jagged line on the screen may as well be Gabe's pulse.

Beads of sweat cling to his face. He jangles his knee. His head darts around, as if he might discover a way out.

But there's no way out.

CARDI B

*You fucking with some wet ass pussy*

BACK TO:

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL TRACK - BROCKTON, MA - DAY - SAME**

KEITH, rounding the corner of the track.

He picks up his pace, now practically sprinting. But his

breath stays steady: rhythmic and controlled.

CUT TO:

**INT. GABE'S MODERN MANSION - OFFICE - MIAMI, FL - CONTINUOUS**

GABE, starting to hyperventilate. His phone buzzes and he answers without looking.

GABE

What.

LAWYER (O.S.)

Great news, Mr. Plotkin. I think we'll be able to get you into your new home a little sooner--

All of Gabe's pent-up fury now EXPLODES.

GABE

I think we're having a bit of a miscommunication here. I'm not trying to move into that house, I'm trying to TEAR IT DOWN so I can build a tennis court for my family to play during the pandemic. But the pandemic's almost over, and there's still no tennis court.

He hangs up. The phone BUZZES again. Gabe answers--

GABE (CONT'D)

WHAT NOW.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. FOUR SEASONS - DINING ROOM - PALM BEACH, FL - DAY - SAME**

KEN GRIFFIN (52, with thinning hair and close-set eyes) tucks into a meal.

And he's a tad put off by how Gabe just answered the phone.

KEN

Hi... it's Ken. Griffin.

***SUPER: Ken Griffin. Wall Street tycoon and founder of hedge fund Citadel as well as Citadel Securities, a market maker.***

***SUPER: Estimated net worth: \$29 billion.***

Gabe is mortified.

GABE  
 Oh god, Ken -- hi. Uh, I'm sorry.  
 It's so good to hear from you.

A BEEP interrupts.

KEN  
 Do you have a minute?

Gabe looks down at his phone: it's STEVE COHEN, again. Fuck.

GABE  
 Uh Ken, sorry, can I call you back?

Ken's shocked. No one puts Ken Griffin off. Ever.

KEN  
 Sure?

Gabe switches over to Steve.

GABE  
 What is it now?

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. MAHOGANY-PANELED STUDY - GREENWICH - DAY - SAME**

STEVE  
 It looks like this there's one guy  
 driving all the buying.

Steve settles in at his desk. A piece of art behind him.

GABE  
 What guy?

CUT TO:

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL TRACK - BROCKTON, MA - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

KEITH slows to a stop. He removes his sweatband. He shakes out his arms and legs.

Then sets a TIMER on his watch for 4 minutes.

As he crouches down at the STARTING LINE, we realize:

That other run was just A WARM-UP. *This* is the real race.

He hits START on his timer and TAKES OFF.

Now we see: He's *FUCKING FAST*.

CUT BACK TO:

**INT. MAHOGANY-PANELED STUDY - GREENWICH - DAY - SAME**

STEVE, talking to Gabe.

STEVE

I believe he goes by "Roaring  
Kitty." Oh wait, or "Deep Fucking  
Value."

GABE

Roaring Kitty and Deep Fucking  
Value? Which is it?

A pause as Steve toggles between websites on his computer.

STEVE

Both? "Roaring Kitty" on YouTube.  
"Deep Fucking Value" on Reddit.

It's all so stupid and beneath him, Gabe has to laugh.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I don't know why but I think I love  
this guy.

He googles ROARING KITTY and pulls up the first link: a  
YouTube video. His computer screen now fills with:

THE GRINNING FACE OF KEITH GILL. Red sweatband on.

GABE

Who is this schmuck?

STEVE

I don't know but I think I just  
came.

SMASH TO BLACK.

***TITLE CARD: Six months earlier.***

***A CHART shows GameStop stock (GME) has fallen precipitously  
in recent years from \$31.12 in 2016 to \$3.85 in mid 2020***

FADE IN ON:



**INT. THE T - MOVING - BOSTON, MA - SUNSET**

Keith (now in a mask) rides the train into downtown Boston.

**SUPER: July 2020**

**SUPER: Boston, Massachusetts**

He's jittery, nervous, unable to sit still.

**SUPER: Keith Gill aka Roaring Kitty aka Deep Fucking Value**

**SUPER: Financial Wellness Educator at MassMutual and recreational YouTuber**

**SUPER: Estimated net worth: \$100,000**

He looks out the window, as the city comes into view.

LATER:

**EXT. THE T - BACK BAY STATION - BOSTON, MA - AFTERNOON**

The train stops in "Back Bay." Keith hops off and dashes out of the station. This is a guy who doesn't walk. He only runs.

**EXT. BAR - BOSTON, MA - AFTERNOON**

Keith sits with BRIGGSY (30s, in a rich-guy suit).

BRIGGSY  
Coupla Heinies.

A WAITRESS (19) takes their order. Briggsy's into her.

KEITH  
One. Sorry. I'm gonna have...

Keith contemplates.

BRIGGSY  
What's wrong with Heineken? We been drinking it since we were 17!

KEITH  
Drink what you like. No judgement.  
(to the waitress)  
Do you have Hamm's?  
(off her nod)  
One of those please.

BRIGGSY

The fuck did you just order?

KEITH

Oh, ah, it's a nice one outta Milwaukee. Good quality. Fifty cents a can before markup.

BRIGGSY

C'mon Kitty. Forget about price. You know what? It's on me.

Briggsy eyes the waitress, hoping she clocked his generosity.

She's bored out of her mind.

KEITH

Thanks, man. Thank you, that's nice.

(to the waitress)

I'll have the Hamm's please.

BRIGGSY

You're hopeless.

KEITH

I don't know why this is such a big deal. I like a domestic brew. The fact that it's a good value only makes it taste better to me.

WAITRESS

So a Heineken and a Hamm's.

Briggsy eyes the waitress as she walks away. Keith looks down, plays with his wedding ring.

BRIGGSY

So how you been, man? I mean, with the whole Sara thing.

KEITH

Yeah. OK. Up and down.

BRIGGSY

How's your asshole brother?

KEITH

Still an asshole.

BRIGGSY

You keeping busy at least?

KEITH

Got the day job at MassMutual.  
And working on my portfolio.

BRIGGSY

That's the last thing you should be  
worrying about right now.

KEITH

Why? It's a good distraction.

BRIGGSY

Lemme take that over for you. We  
got thousands of analysts at B of A  
that do just this. We'll get you  
into some great mutual funds.

KEITH

All good, man. But thank you.

BRIGGSY

C'mon Kitty. You should be focused  
on your family right now, not  
fucking around with penny stocks.

KEITH

They're not all penny stocks.  
GameStop isn't a penny stock.

BRIGGSY

GameStop?! Oh dude...

KEITH

You used to love GameStop!

BRIGGSY

Then I grew up.

KEITH

Well. I think it's undervalued. I  
just sold off a bunch of other shit  
to double down.

BRIGGSY

How much are we talking? A grand?

Keith is nervous to admit.

KEITH

Fifty.

BRIGGSY

Bucks?

KEITH  
Grand. 53 grand.

Stunned silence.

BRIGGSY  
Kitty, man, you don't even own a house. You got a two-year-old.

KEITH  
It's got a ton of short interest, which is artificially pushing the price down.

BRIGGSY  
Jesus, bro. You never bet against Wall Street!

KEITH  
Yeah, but *why*? Wall Street gets it wrong all the time. Look at '08.

BRIGGSY  
That was a one-off.

KEITH  
It'd be a pretty big one-off, if it was a one-off, which it wasn't. These guys have all the money and the fancy degrees and the political juice in the world, and they get it wrong all the time. They've got the advantage, and still get it wrong--

The waitress returns with their beers. Briggsy intercepts Keith's Hamm's and takes it for himself.

BRIGGSY  
Gimme that. I'm drinking it, even if it's only 50 cents--

WAITRESS  
It's 4 bucks.

BRIGGSY  
--My man just blew 53K on a penny stock. All he can afford is water.

WAITRESS  
You're a Wall Street guy?

KEITH  
Very much no.

BRIGGSY  
I'm a Wall Street guy.

No bigger turnoff. She focuses on Keith.

WAITRESS  
What was the stock?

KEITH  
GameStop.  
(off her blank look)  
The video game store. At the mall.

WAITRESS  
You really bought \$53,000 of it?

The waitress isn't bored any more. Now she's interested.

In Keith. Briggsy's shocked. Galled.

BRIGGSY  
I don't believe it. I think you're  
fucking with us. You're fucking  
with us, right? You don't even have  
50 grand!

Keith pulls up his E-TRADE BALANCE SHEET. He shows it to  
Briggsy, then the waitress.

She studies it, impressed. Briggsy watches, horrified.

BRIGGSY (CONT'D)  
How is she falling for this!? How  
are you falling for this?

WAITRESS  
He won't spend 5 bucks on a beer  
but he put 50k into a stock that  
you think is a joke.

BRIGGSY  
That's interesting to you?

She thinks on it.

WAITRESS  
Yeah. It is.

She exits. Briggsy slides the beer across the table.

BRIGGSY  
Drink your shitty beer.

**EXT. KEITH'S HOME - BROCKTON, MA - DUSK**

A modest single-family home in a working-class neighborhood, toys and a plastic kiddie slide on the front lawn.

Keith jogs to the front door.

**INT. KEITH'S HOME - KITCHEN - DUSK - CONTINUOUS**

Keith's wife CAROLINE walks down the stairs with an empty baby bottle.

KEITH  
Bedtime's already done?

CAROLINE  
She was exhausted. Skipped her nap...

KEITH  
Oh.

Regret in his voice. He wanted to be there.

Unable to sit still, he paces. Checks the fridge. Spots a pile of dirty dishes in the sink and goes to wash them.

CAROLINE  
How was Briggsy?

KEITH  
Yeah. Good.

CAROLINE  
You guys talk about Sara?

Keith shrugs off the question, focused on the dishes.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)  
Wanna sit a minute?

KEITH  
I'll feel better if I do these.

CAROLINE  
No you won't.

Keith laughs at how well she knows him, but keeps scrubbing.

KEITH  
It's nothing.

Caroline gets up from her puzzling and goes to the fridge. She pours out a beer and sets it down beside him.

He finally stops washing. Takes a sip.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
Do you think I'm insane?

CAROLINE  
Yes.  
(laughing)  
Sorry. About what?

KEITH  
GameStop.

CAROLINE  
The most compelling asymmetric  
opportunity in the market?

She's quoting him. Keith laughs, but then he gets quiet. Caroline studies his face.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)  
What, did Briggsy made you jumpy?

KEITH  
(confessing)  
A little.

CAROLINE  
What was his argument?

KEITH  
He didn't have one. Just said it  
was a reckless bet. "You gonna put  
your life savings into Blockbuster  
next?" type of thing.

CAROLINE  
Fuck Briggsy.  
(then)  
Babe, you know more about this damn  
company than you know about me.  
Because of you, I know more about  
this company than I know about  
myself.

KEITH  
But what if I'm missing something?  
We can't afford to miss something.

CAROLINE  
Go do a video.

KEITH

Really?! I can finish these--

Keith reaches for another dish to wash. But Caroline can see his excitement. She takes the dish from him: "Go."

CAROLINE

Go see what the nerds have to say.

KEITH

Wall Street Bets people aren't nerds, Caroline. They're gangsters. You make a dumb case and post it, they'll rip you apart.

CAROLINE

Well then don't make a dumb case.

**INT. KEITH'S HOME - BASEMENT - BROCKTON, MA - NIGHT**

Holding his beer, Keith makes his way down to the BASEMENT, where he has set up a makeshift office next to the laundry.

He sifts through the laundry, retrieves a CAT T-SHIRT and puts it on. Next, he finds his RED SWEATBAND, pulling it over his head. Now he's ready.

He sits on his throne: a Secret Lab's Omega House Lannister gaming chair. It faces two large computer screens, adorned with a mic, a ring light, and assorted items on his desk: notepad; calculator; cigar; UNO cards; a magic 8-ball.

Behind him is a motivational cat poster: "Hang in there!"

Keith wakes up his screen: on it is the *Boston Globe* homepage with headlines from July 2020: *death toll surpasses 150,000 in the US; new surge in Middlesex County; mask mandates.*

He clicks out of the *Globe* and starts pulling up tabs by the dozen: stock charts, company reports, SEC filings, press releases, his own word documents. All RESEARCH on GameStop.

He sits up a little taller in his chair. Clears his throat. Stares into the camera, takes a deep breath, hits RECORD:

The Roaring Kitty OPENING MONTAGE plays, followed by the standard DISCLAIMER. When it finishes, Keith begins:

KEITH

Yo what up everybody! Roaring Kitty here. I've done a few of these now, mostly on my investing methodology.



He clicks over to his YOUTUBE PAGE: a grid of previous videos he's made and, depressingly, their stats--

**42 views. 17 views. 11 views.**

KEITH (CONT'D)

But today I'm gonna try something a little different. I appreciate the feedback you've been leaving me, by the way.

A ping from his computer signals a new comment.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Oh! More feedback comin' in hot.  
(he reads)  
"Less cats." OK. Great. Anyway, well, ah, like I was saying, I'm gonna try--

Another ping! Keith squints to read.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Oh! Here's one from "ballz"! "NERD" in all caps. Sure, that's kinda mean, but, fair. OK, so today I'm gonna--

Another ping! Keith reads.

KEITH (CONT'D)

"Nice shirt, Grandpa?!" Hold on, how old do you think I am?  
(another ping)  
"Do less." OK, you know what, we're gonna skip the comments for now. Here's what I wanna talk about today...  
I'm gonna pick a stock and talk about why I think it's interesting. And that stock is...GameStop.

He does a long self-deprecating laugh.

KEITH (CONT'D)

I know it's a polarizing stock and some people will tune out right now when they hear I'm bullish on GameStop. But I am.

He pulls up his E-TRADE BALANCE SHEET so everyone can see it: He's spent \$53,000 on 10,000 shares of GME plus call options.

KEITH (CONT'D)

You can see it is now the biggest position on the Roaring Kitty roster by far. What can I say, I think everyone else is crazy? And I think I'm right? But I've been wrong plenty of times in the past.

He takes a breath, realizing he's talking a mile a minute.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Sorry, well, I just, I have a lot to say about it. I could talk about it for weeks. But honestly you don't even need to watch my video, you can just read this instead---

He pulls up a RESEARCH REPORT, projecting it on the screen.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Yeah 86 pages. Let's drink to that!

He takes a sip of this beer.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Alright let's dive in. So like I said there's a lot of aspects to this, a lot of moving parts, but I boil it down to what I consider the three overs: digital risks seem to me to be overblown, the negative sentiment is overdone, you can see it with the huge short interest, and the value is overlooked.

He pulls up more tabs as he talks: Melvin's SEC filings, etc.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Wall Street just doesn't see it. Why? Mr. Market! Why! The hedge funds are overlooking the value in the company just like they're overlooking the people who shop there. They assume most people download games online now. Maybe they're not digging deep enough? Or maybe they just think everyone else behaves the way they do. But look-- the numbers say they're wrong. 25% of gamers still buy new discs from GameStop, and 40% buy used games from the store.

He downs the rest of his beer in one swig. Really committing.

KEITH (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)  
 What more can I say? I just like  
 the stock.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL - NURSING STATION - PITTSBURGH, PA - NIGHT**

The POV of a viewer, watching THIS VIDEO on YouTube.

This is Jenny CAMPBELL (30s), a nurse. She sips coffee and eats off a tray of hospital food while she watches. Shoes off.

BAAAMMMMM!!!

The sound of METAL crashing against PLEXIGLASS wrenches us out of the video. Jenny drops her coffee cup, which SMASHES.

We look up to see an OLDER MAN in a hospital gown lift his WALKER a second time and BANG the glass.

***SUPER: Pittsburgh University Hospital***

JENNY  
 SHIT.

***SUPER: Jenny Campbell. Nurse.***

***SUPER: Estimated net worth: -\$45,000.***

Her colleague CHRIS, also in a mask, SPRINTS down the hall and gets to the old man first.

Jenny stops short.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
 Mr. Donaldson! We need to get you  
 back in your room.

MR. DONALDSON  
 I need a cup of coffee!

JENNY  
 We can get you coffee...in your  
 room.

AN AIDE helps Donaldson into a wheelchair and takes him away.

Jenny and Chris walk back to the nurse's station.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
 I had it.

CHRIS  
Oh yeah?

JENNY  
Two whole seconds behind you.

CHRIS  
(noticing her feet)  
Yikes, Jenny.

CUT TO:

**INT. BACK OFFICE - HOSPITAL - PITTSBURGH, PA - NIGHT**

Chris crouches to bandage Jenny's bloody feet. Masks off, both steal bites of sad hospital food from Jenny's tray.

Chris spots the video of Keith on her computer.

CHRIS  
"100% short interest in GameStop  
stock (GME)"?!

JENNY  
It's an investment video.

CHRIS  
Jenny, for real, I wouldn't take  
investment advice from a guy in a  
cat shirt.

JENNY  
Oh yeah? Who do you take investment  
advice from?

CHRIS  
I don't have investments. If I did,  
I'd listen to, like, a banker.

JENNY  
Just the way they like it.

CHRIS  
"They." Oh boy. Here we go...

JENNY  
Nevermind.

CHRIS  
No, tell me. Please. I'm dying to  
hear what Luke Wilson from the  
Royal Tenenbaums thinks we should  
do with our \$68,000-a-year.

JENNY

Who from what?

He points to Keith, in his red headband, frozen on screen.

CHRIS

Ugly Bjorn Borg.

JENNY

Wall Street's betting this company will fail by shorting the fuck out of it. If it fails, everyone loses their jobs, but the hedge fund douchebags make a ton of money. It's bullshit. It's a bullshit way for rich people to get richer.

CHRIS

How did you even find this guy?

JENNY

The video's got 70,000 views! He posts his balance sheet and everything. Everyone on Wall Street Bets is going crazy over it.

(off his blank look)

It's an Internet forum. On Reddit.

CHRIS

Last time you showed me a Reddit forum it was full of oil paintings of Donald Trump on horseback.

She clicks over to WALL STREET BETS on Reddit. He reads these REAL QUOTES aloud as we see them.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

"Shit's not a pump and dump if it never dumps you fuckheads... feed me your tears I use it as anal lube on your wives... Been making sweet premiums selling calls to these degenerate gamblers. Strap on your theta dildo and start pounding."

JENNY

OK, there's that side of it, but I also learned the difference between a delta and gamma squeeze.

CHRIS

Jenny babe, you are never going to find a boyfriend on here.

JENNY

And you're never gonna date Puff  
Daddy.

CHRIS

First of all, he hasn't been Puff  
Daddy since the '90s. Second, it's  
not Puff Daddy. It's Loop Daddy.

JENNY

Well whoever he is, he's weird  
looking.

CHRIS

Are you kidding?

He pulls up a video featuring shirtless sexpot MARC REBILLET.  
Jenny watches, her expression a mix of confusion and disgust.

JENNY

He looks like a used carpet you'd  
buy at a tag sale.

CHRIS

Mmmmmmmmm. I know it, girl. I just  
want to spread him out on my floor  
and roll around on top of him.

JENNY

(still watching the video)  
People like this?

Chris toggles over to Marc's Tiktok to make his point.

CHRIS

My boy's got 5 million followers on  
Tiktok. How many does yours have?

JENNY

Who cares?

CHRIS

The internet at large?

Jenny pulls up Keith's followers on her computer: 412.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

At least I aim high girl.

JENNY

Hey. I aim high.

Chris shoots her a skeptical look. Jenny, challenging him,  
pulls out her cell phone and toggles over to ROBINHOOD.

CHRIS

Oh no, what are you doing?

She ignores him, types out "GameStop."

Its ticker, "GME," comes up. It's priced at \$5.11 a share. She types in "700 shares." The total cost comes to: \$3,577.

Her index finger hovers over the BUY button. One second, two--

SHE TAPS.

The phone vibrates, CONFETTI EXPLODING across the screen to congratulate her on her buy. A clever gimmick in the app.

@MIGHTMATTB (PRE-LAP)

(singing)

*Who let the dogs out?*

SMASH TO:

**SUPERCUT - REAL TIKTOK VIDEOS - VARIOUS**

A montage from when retail traders first started to buy GME.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5oGwIdiDBZ0>

BLACK.

***TITLE CARD: September 2020***

***GME has ascended over the summer, from \$3.85 to \$10.56***

HARMONY (PRE-LAP)

Lick it, come on, lick it, ewww!!!!

CUT TO:

**INT. COMMON ROOM - UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS - NIGHT**

A dozen COLLEGE-AGED HOTTIES are piled into a dorm room, playing an app-based drinking game called PICOLO CALIENTE.

Prompted by the app, a GIRL licks a DUDE's ear while he downs a shot. Laughs and groans.

Up next, HARMONY WILLIAMS (19) taps her phone for her prompt:

HARMONY

"Choose a player and put your hand down their pants for a full minute. Two shots if they refuse."

***SUPER: Harmony Williams. College student.***

***SUPER: Net worth: -\$200K***

Harmony eyes her options in this diverse crew. Every gender and sexual orientation. Vaping, drinking, getting rowdy.

Eventually she stops in front of RIRI PARISEAU (also 19).

They exchange smiles.

Harmony motions for Riri to stand.

Riri reaches for a shot glass, suggesting refusal, but then laughs -- just kidding! -- and stands.

Harmony slides her hand into Riri's pants, where it remains.

Otherwise, it's a chaste, casual interaction.

Someone sets a phone timer for A MINUTE and holds it up.

HARMONY (CONT'D)

Hello there.

RIRI

Hi.

HARMONY

How you been?

RIRI

Oh, you know.

HARMONY

Please elaborate.

RIRI

Ah, well? It's night eight million trapped here inside the Bradburne bubble, and we're playing a real neat game called Picolo Caliente that someone made us all download.

HARMONY

I believe that was James.

Somewhere in the crowd, JAMES gives an affirmative whoop.

HARMONY (CONT'D)

What'd you do today?



RIRI

Ahhh, I attended a zoom seminar during which I watched two hours of TikTok-- oh! I purchased three shares of stock.

HARMONY

Stock! What stock?!

Riri needs to get out her phone to check.

RIRI

GameStop.

Murmurs of recognition from the crowd.

JAMES

(calling out)

Roaring Kitty!

RIRI

Yeah, that's right! It's doubled since the summer. The more people buy in, the higher it's gonna go.

HARMONY

That's the literal definition of a pyramid scheme.

Riri holds up her phone to show Harmony a TIKTOK VIDEO: a college kid sits in her closet-sized dorm room, vaping and talking about how easy it is to buy GameStop on Robinhood:

COLLEGE GIRL

GameStop's going to the moon, people. Go to Robinhood and steal the rich people's money.

RIRI

That's the app where you buy the stock. It's free.

Riri taps her phone few times then turns it toward Harmony, as the Robinhood CONFETTI EXPLODES across her screen.

RIRI (CONT'D)

So easy you can do it with one hand.

Riri smiles, a little flirtatious. She's piqued Harmony's interest. With her one free hand, Harmony opens up Robinhood--

TIMER

That's time!

Harmony removes her hand, offers it to Riri. They shake on it. A SPARK between them. Harmony's reluctant to move on...

HARMONY  
OK, who's next!

Another DUDE taps his phone for a prompt:

DUDE  
"Take off an item of clothing or  
take a shot."

Bored, he does both as we...

SMASH TO:

**SUPERCUT - TIKTOK VIDEOS - VARIOUS**

SHOWING PEOPLE BORED TO TEARS DURING THE PANDEMIC

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dyUgCq4-3wg>

MARCOS (PRE-LAP)  
(singing along)  
*Bored in the house and I'm in the  
house bored...*

PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

We are in the POV of MARCOS GARCIA (22, in a black hoodie and face mask) as he rides on...

**INT. PUBLIC BUS - MOVING - DETROIT, MI - DAY**

***SUPER: Detroit, Michigan.***

***SUPER: November 23, 2020***

Marcos's gaze goes out the window, to SHUTTERED STORES and EMPTY STREETS. Battered TRUMP and BIDEN signs.

JUMP AHEAD:

**EXT. DESERTED SHOPPING MALL - DETROIT, MI - DAY - LATER**

The bus stops outside a DESERTED SHOPPING MALL. Marcos exits.

A BURST OF COLD AIR burns his face. Fighting against the wind, he shuffles across the EMPTY PARKING LOT to the mall.

**INT. DESERTED SHOPPING MALL - DETROIT, MI - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Marcos enters: most of the stores are DARK, padlocked. The food court is empty. The fountain is off. A GHOST TOWN.

**INT. DESERTED SHOPPING MALL - GAMESTOP STORE - CONTINUOUS**

Marcos unlocks the store's front door.

As he flicks on the LIGHTS, we see INSIDE: It looks like a TIME CAPSULE from the 90s.

Marcos takes his jacket off to reveal a RED GAMESTOP POLO.

***SUPER: Marcos Garcia, GameStop sales associate.***

***SUPER: Estimated net worth: \$136.***

Marcos takes out his phone and scrolls through Tiktok, landing on a Roaring Kitty video.

KEITH (ON SCREEN)

Yo yo yo! This price action is getting kinda ridiculous amiright?

Keith pulls a STOCK CHART: GME has tripled, to \$13.90. A cartoon cat flies across the screen as 80s synth plays.

Marcos clicks out of Tiktok, checks his bank account: \$136.

BRAD

Morning Marcos!

His boss BRAD (27, an enthusiastic corporate drone) enters.

MARCOS

Hey Brad. Yo, I was wondering, could I get an advance on my pay?

BRAD

I can run it up the chain, but with all the cutbacks, unlikely... Hey! You should do the employee TikTok contest. You do a lip sync and you can win 10 labor hours.

Marcos pretends to be PSYCHED at this degrading prospect. Brad can't tell if Marcos is fucking with him.

MARCOS

Yeah man, dope. Totally. I was thinkin' "Savage."

A look to Brad says: You know it, right?

BRAD  
(lying to look cool)  
Sure, yeah. Love it.

MARCOS  
Or that Drake one with Lil Durk.

BRAD  
That's a great one too.

MARCOS  
Love you some Lil Durk.

Brad nods, in too deep now: Sure do!

MARCOS (CONT'D)  
Nah, gotta go Megan Thee.

Marcos starts to rap the lyrics, looking at Brad like: C'mon man, join in!

MARCOS (CONT'D)  
*I'm a savage./ Classy, bougie,  
ratchet./ Sassy, moody, nasty.*

While he sings, Marcos performs the TikTok choreography.

Brad stands by like the whitest dork ever, just watching and bobbing his head to the beat.

Marcos finishes with a flourish. Brad struggles to regain his authority.

BRAD  
A+ man. You're a shoe-in with moves  
like that.

MARCOS  
You think so for real tho?  
(off Brad's nod)  
That's sweet bro. Ten labor hours,  
damn. It's like Christmas came  
early!

BRAD  
I'm pullin' for ya!

MARCOS  
Thanks man!

As Brad disappears into the back, Marcos holds up the middle finger on one hand, while his focus goes to his phone.

With his other hand, he selects the cheapest GME options available, with a strike price of \$100.

He taps BUY, draining his account--

The Robinhood CONFETTI EXPLODES across the screen.

JUMP TO:

**INT. VOLVO STATION WAGON (MOVING) - AFTERNOON**

Rap blasts on the stereo as KEVIN (27), a rangy goof, eats fries from a takeout bag in his lap. This is Keith's brother.

REVEAL three other bags in the passenger seat. Food for an army. He roots around, taking his eyes off the road, grazing.

He CRUISES into another lane, gunning it like he's driving a sports car.

It spills one of four drinks balancing in the cup holder.

Cursing, still with his foot on the gas, he grabs napkins and leans into the passenger seat to dab up the spill.

CUT TO:

**INT. KEITH'S HOME - BASEMENT - BROCKTON, MA - AFTERNOON**

Keith broadcasts on YouTube from his basement office setup.

KEITH

Look, I'm not betting GameStop's going to stage the most epic turnaround of all time. I'm just a guy in search of asymmetric upside, and I'm just betting on three things: one, it's highly unlikely that GameStop's equity is worth less than \$250 million. Two, GameStop's legacy business is probably worth between \$500 million and \$1.5 billion and three there's a non-zero chance that GameStop successfully reinvents itself. You don't have to buy my thesis necessarily, but look at some of these documents--

He pulls up ever more tabs.

KEITH (CONT'D)

These guys had to file a 13d this year because they took a position in GameStop greater than 5 percent. It's worth reading because it includes all their letters, all their communication with the board. As I dive deeper and deeper into this, it's looking increasingly compelling to me. I think we're building a base. And then you get the short interest too. I'm not betting on a short squeeze, but it seems like it could happen? I don't know. We just gotta see what happens. It would be nice if it goes up really quickly. We'll see.

He pauses, letting his eyes scan over the comments.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Now I'm not naming names but some of you on here are accusing me of talking a big game--

CAROLINE (O.C.)

I'm heading out now!

KEITH

Shit--I'm on Daddy duty tonight. Gimme a minute.

He disappears, leaving the stream going. Comments POUR IN...

**EXT. MANSION - BOSTON - LATE AFTERNOON**

Kevin pulls up in the car. He wanders up the front steps and deposits a takeout bag by the door.

On his way back to the car, he calls out.

KEVIN

DoorDash!

KEITH (PRE-LAP)

Hold on tight we're goin for a ride

JUMP BACK TO:

**INT. KEITH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - BROCKTON, MA - LATE AFTERNOON**

Keith carries HIS DAUGHTER (2) in her highchair, down the stairs, careful to keep her upright so the CHICKEN TENDERS he's laid out on her tray don't spill. We're not sure where they are for a moment, until he sets her down--

In the basement, right across from his streaming setup.

KEITH  
There we go...

He settles back into gaming chair to continue streaming.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
Sorry, quick tendie break.

He waves a chicken tender at the camera, then takes a bite.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
Hmm. Gotta love those sweet, sweet tendies. Speaking of tendies... Look at this! Let's look at this chart... from \$4 to \$6 to \$7, now \$10 and change...

He flashes a STOCK CHART on screen that shows this rise. Then he toggles over to Wall Street Bets and posts his latest BALANCE SHEET. He's added some shares.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
To me, the question is whether Wall Street's seeing this. They must be seeing it, right? And thinking about closing out their short positions? Or are we just screaming into the void?

His daughter throws one of the chicken tenders. Keith bends down to retrieve it, quietly slipping it back on her tray.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
Hello Mr. Market! We got tendies too! Maybe we are. I mean, Wall Street never saw the, like, 9 billion resumes I sent from 2016 to 2019. Or in 2009, right after I graduated college. I guess they were kind of busy with that whole "market crash" thing then.

Keith pauses. We hear the sound of RAP MUSIC blasting outside. Suspicious, he runs upstairs, opens the door--

KEITH (CONT'D)  
Kevin you son of a bitch!

Kevin's exiting the Volvo. Keith's Volvo. He's been caught.

KEVIN  
Hey! Don't do mom like that!

KEITH  
You can't take my fuckin' car man!

Kevin TAKES OFF, throwing the car keys back over his head, which makes him trip and fall. He scrambles back to his feet.

KEVIN  
You can't run with a baby!

We see the car keys are on a cat keychain.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Sorry I fucked up your car!

PRE-LAP the first beat of a floor-shaking SUBWOOFER as we

JUMP TO:

**EXT. BEACHFRONT MANSION - MIAMI, FL - DAY**

Bronzed GIRLS in string bikinis doing body shots. Jacked-up RICH DUDES in sunglasses. Trays of BLOW. No MASKS anywhere.

***SUPER: December 15, 2020.***

***SUPER: Miami, Florida.***

A long *SNORT* in pre-lap--

We think it's someone doing a line of coke.

Instead it's:

GABE PLOTKIN, taking his AFRIN NASAL SPRAY

When he pulls up from the bottle, we realize we're at:

**INT. GABE'S MODERN MANSION - BATHROOM - MIAMI, FL - DAY**

GABE  
Sorry. Brutal allergy season.



STEVE (O.C.)  
You see your buddy Ken's up to \$57  
billion in short positions?

GABE  
Smart. Economy's in free fall.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. STEVE'S HOME - GREENWICH, CT - DAY**

Gabe hears a snort in the background.

GABE  
Is that you or Romeo?

STEVE  
Very funny.

Steve is in his kitchen. A pet pig next to him (Romeo).

STEVE (CONT'D)  
This is when they bring out the  
guillotines. I'm telling you.

GABE  
You're obsessed with him.

Gabe exits the bathroom, walking downstairs to the kitchen.

STEVE  
The man's an asshole. He stole five  
analysts from me -- mediocre ones,  
by the way. Oh, and two paintings.

GABE  
What paintings?

Gabe sits at the kitchen island, with his laptop.

STEVE  
A Picasso and a de Kooning. He  
overpaid. \$500 million.

GABE  
That's almost my whole nut from  
last year.

STEVE  
He's an asshole. Admit it.

GABE

You're just bitter he stole those analysts.

A masked HOUSEHOLD STAFFER enters the kitchen. She places a perfect plated LUNCH on the island. Dover sole.

GABE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Gabe eats while scrolling through open tabs on his laptop.

GABE (CONT'D)

You seen Citadel's projected revenue? Almost 7 billion. That's, uh, double last year.

STEVE

He's just hoovering up those stimulus checks -- they're going straight from the retail traders right to Kenny boy's pockets. The man gets away with murder.

Gabe affirms with an "mhhh."

Steve pulls up WALL STREET BETS and sends the link to Gabe.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Look at what I just sent you.

Stay on Gabe's face as he opens the link on his laptop, assorted household staff hovering nearby.

Frankie Goes to Hollywood's *Relax* blasts from the speaker as the VIDEO plays.

GABE

I'm sorry, is this a video of a man drinking his own urine!?! Because a stock went up?

STEVE

That's the #1 post on the site.

ON SCREEN: A DUDE (20s) drinks urine from a martini glass.

GABE

Where did you find this?

STEVE

One of my analysts sent it to me.

Gabe scrolls down: post after post about buying into GME.

GABE

They call themselves apes and... R-words. Retards? Can I say that?

STEVE

Remarkable self-awareness.

(then)

They've hooked into GameStop for whatever reason.

GABE

They think it's funny, it seems?

STEVE

I think it's funny! I think they think it's a good investment?

Gabe reads a few more posts then closes WSB, bored.

GABE

Retail traders always lose.

A truism in their business. Steve chuckles. Gabe refocuses on his laptop, clicking through various websites as he talks.

GABE (CONT'D)

We've actually been short GameStop since 2014. Company's a complete disaster. They've had six CEOs in two years. Guess these guys are just deciding to ignore all the obvious secular trends. Or they're... the stupidest people on earth?

Steve laughs.

Gabe feels giddy. It's almost TOO EASY.

Steve can hear the sound of him typing.

STEVE

You're shorting more right now, aren't you?

Oh yes he is. He types out the order as he says it.

GABE

600,000 shares maybe.

A PING (PRE-LAP) takes us back to

**INT. GABE'S MODERN MANSION - KITCHEN - MIAMI, FL - DAY**

Indicating that Gabe's order has just gone through: 600,000 additional shorts.

He feels the beat of the bass from the party next door. He gives in to it, grooving a little in his chair.

STEVE

Dumb money, man.

GABE

I'm happy to take it.

SMASH TO:

**SUPERCUT - RETAIL TRADERS ON WALL STREET - VARIOUS**

TRADERS RALLY FOR GME UPON DISCOVERING GABE'S SHORT POSITION

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ekSwT\\_q02Bg](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ekSwT_q02Bg)

BLACK.

***TITLE CARD: December 31, 2020***

***GME has bounced upwards, from \$3.85 in July to \$18.84 in Dec***

KEITH (PRE-LAP)

What's up everybodyyy, cheers,  
Merry Christmas, Happy Holidays,  
Happy New Year.

FADE IN ON:

**EXT. KEITH'S HOUSE - BROCKTON, MA - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT**

Some sad Christmas decor. Tinsel tree. One string of lights. They didn't go nuts this year.

**INT. KEITH'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - BROCKTON, MA - NIGHT**

The LIVING ROOM shows remnants of a celebration. Empty bottles of champagne.

**INT. KEITH'S HOME - BASEMENT - BROCKTON, MA - NIGHT**

He's revved up, talking a mile a minute. A beer in his hand. A SANTA HAT on his head in place of his sweatband.

KEITH (BROADCASTING ON YOUTUBE)  
 2020's been a hard year for all of  
 us. We've had some very rough  
 times. So this GameStop news has  
 been a bright spot--

He has the GAMESTOP STOCK CHART on the screen.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
 Look at that! It's a five bagger  
 from where it was over the summer.

COMMENTERS mostly cheer him on. Lots of rocketship emojis. He  
 can't help but notice one, @BALLZ, trolling him.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
 I mean, check out this 20 day  
 moving average -- it continues to  
 stay right in the box, even though  
 it's by far the most heavily  
 shorted company in the market.

He leans back, reflecting for a moment.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
 A lot of people lost people. My  
 family did too. My sister, Sara. I  
 don't talk about it much, but it  
 felt right to tell you. We've been  
 a part of something together.  
 Something very big. So Merry  
 Christmas. Cheers.

He toggles over to Wall Street Bets, to the Deep Fucking  
 Value page where all his previous BALANCE SHEETS are.

He holds up his beer, then hits POST on his BALANCE SHEET.

HARMONY (PRE-LAP)  
 OK let's go again.

**EXT. DORM - UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT**

**INT. HARMONY'S DORM ROOM - UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS - NIGHT**

Riri doesn't hear this, transfixed by Keith's BALANCE SHEET:  
 He's still got all of his GME shares and options. He has yet  
 to sell a single one.

KEITH (ON SCREEN)  
 I believe in this stock. I believe  
 in this community. I--I uh, well...  
 (MORE)

KEITH (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)

I'll be honest. It's been kind of a shitty year. For a lot of people -- I know. Lotta people lost people the last 12 months. I lost someone too. My sister, Sara.

He stops, getting choked up.

KEITH (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)

Anyway. It's... not something I talk about much, but, ah, well, I don't know. Felt right to tell y'all. We've been through so much together. I guess, in a funny way, coming on here has helped a lot. It's been the one place that's made me feel better during all this. Maybe it's helped you too--

HARMONY

Oh I love this guy.

RIRI

Right? I wanna give him a hug.

KEITH (ON SCREEN)

So I just want to say, thank you guys. Talking to all you, hearing what you've had to say, well-- you've made me feel part of something. Part of something big. You're my people.

HARMONY

Alright girl keep your pants on.

Harmony takes Riri's phone and throws it on the bed.

HARMONY (CONT'D)

From one, let's go.

Harmony's camera is propped on a chair. Harmony presses RECORD as Saweetie's *Tap In* plays on a laptop speaker.

*Don't ever stop if you want to be on top, bitch*

Harmony leads them in the viral TikTok dance....

...until they collapse in happy exhaustion at the end. Laying on the floor, heads side by side, looking up.

Not even 30 seconds go by before Harmony finds her phone and checks WALL STREET BETS for new posts.

RIRI  
Remember when you were making fun  
of me? Now you're addicted!

Harmony doesn't look up from her phone, proving Riri's point.

RIRI (CONT'D)  
How much you up?

Harmony clicks over to her Robinhood account: she bought 200  
shares for around \$15, and the stock's now at \$17.25.

HARMONY  
\$948...

RIRI  
Not bad.

HARMONY  
It was like, \$2000 before  
Christmas. Stock dipped a little.

RIRI  
Maybe you should sell.

HARMONY  
No.  
(off Riri's surprise)  
It's not about money.

RIRI  
The stock market is not about  
money?

HARMONY  
You gotta read some of the stuff on  
here. I never understood why my dad  
was so pissed off about this whole  
thing. But now I do.  
(while Riri scrolls)  
I told you about his store, right?

RIRI  
Costco?

HARMONY  
*Shopgo*. It was like this big chain  
in our area. My dad, he worked his  
way up from bag boy to general  
manager. And then a Wall Street  
fund bought it, vampire-sucked all  
the money out and then declared  
bankruptcy.

RIRI

Fuck.

HARMONY

He lost his pension. Everything.  
It's why he had to work at Pick'n  
fuckin' Save til the day he died.  
And it's why I'm now up to my ass  
in debt.

Harmony rolls over, props herself up on her elbows.

HARMONY (CONT'D)

These fuckers are trying to do the  
same thing to GameStop.

RIRI

Fuck 'em, then. Fuck all of them.

Riri props herself up too, giving Harmony a peck on the lips.

Innocent, chaste -- until Harmony pulls Riri in for more. A  
sympathy kiss turns into a full-on make-out session.

RIRI (CONT'D)

That was so impulsive!

HARMONY

I guess all this talk of fucking  
Wall Street just got me a little...

Harmony goes back in for more. They make out... until a  
ROOMMATE enters, startling them.

The roommate wears big headphones and skulks to her bed.

Feeling awkward, Riri looks at her phone.

RIRI

Shit look at this.

She flips her phone so Harmony can read the DM on TikTok.

RIRI (CONT'D)

This dude wants to CashApp me \$100  
for a selfie. \$500 if I live chat  
him from a bubble bath.

HARMONY

Baths are nasty. Who wants to watch  
someone float around in a soup of  
their own dead skin cells?

But as she says it, she's seized with an IDEA.



RIRI

We don't even have a tub... they do have that kiddie pool at Phi Delt--

HARMONY

You should do it!

RIRI

What?!

HARMONY

--and put it the money into GameStop.

RIRI

Who am I talking to right now?

Harmony pulls out her phone and checks Robinhood to see how many shares \$500 currently buys: about 47 SHARES.

HARMONY

C'mon bitch, let's go find a tub.

As they pull on their masks and head down the hall, we hear:

**INT. ROBINHOOD HQ - MENLO PARK, CA - DAY**

JOURNALIST (O.C.)

Your entire business is kids spending their lunch money on random stocks. They all come to you because it's free. But if you don't charge a commission on their trades, then how do you make money?

An "open plan" Silicon Valley office, but EMPTY because of the pandemic. CAMERA FLASHES direct our attention to VLAD TENEV and BAIJU BHATT (both mid-30s and dressed in black).

***SUPER: Vlad Tenev and Baiju Bhatt, CO-CEOs of Robinhood.***

***SUPER: Estimated net worth: \$1 billion each***

JUMP AHEAD:

A JOURNALIST ("Nat") sits in a beanbag chair six feet away from Vlad and Baiju, in side-by-side desk chairs.

VLAD

The idea for Robinhood really came out of the Occupy Wall Street movement. All those people with no way of getting in.

JOURNALIST

Is that what Occupy was about? Were they trying to get in, or--

BAIJU

We said: It's not enough to occupy. We need to *democratize* Wall Street.

VLAD

Nat, I'm not sure if you know, but Baiju and I are both immigrants. I was born in Bulgaria, and Baiju's parents immigrated from India to the Deep South. Can you imagine growing up in rural Virginia with a name like Baiju Prafulkumar Bhatt?

The journalist chuckles: No.

VLAD (CONT'D)

We created commission-free trading so that anyone can get in the game. You don't even need a bank account! People have really responded. We've added 5 million users in the last six months, for a total of...

BAIJU

Close to 20 at this point. Million.

JOURNALIST

So you're one of these tech companies that's exploded growth-wise, but doesn't make any money.

BAIJU

We make money.

JOURNALIST

But how? If you don't charge commission--

VLAD

From interest on people's accounts.

JOURNALIST

But your users are mostly young, right? How much money can they really keep in their accounts?

BAIJU

Payment for order flow.

Vlad shoots daggers at Baiju.

JOURNALIST

What's that?

VLAD

We prefer the term "stock order routing." When you buy or sell a stock on our app, we send your order to market makers, who process the order. They pay us a tiny rebate on every trade.

BAIJU

Tiny—

JOURNALIST

But it adds up. What's in it for the market maker?

BAIJU

They make a premium on each trade.

She's putting it together, to Vlad's annoyance.

VLAD

Nat, we should finish the story of how we started the company--

JOURNALIST

What market maker do you work with?

BAIJU

A few. Citadel Securities.

JOURNALIST

Ken Griffin's firm? Isn't that a hedge fund?

Vlad laughs as if there's nothing to see here.

VLAD

Ken Griffin's hedge fund is called Citadel. Citadel Securities is a completely different company.

JOURNALIST

Also owned by Ken Griffin?

Vlad, trapped, reaches for the shiniest object he has.

VLAD

Alright, we weren't gonna do this, Nat, but we're gonna give you a scoop. Off the record for now. OK?

JOURNALIST

OK...

VLAD

We're looking to IPO. Soon.

JOURNALIST

Damn, OK. That's big.

Vlad, relieved this worked, shoots Baiju a triumphant look.

**EXT. ROBINHOOD HQ - GARAGE - MENLO PARK, CA - DAY**

Vlad and Baiju get into TWO MATCHING TESLAS, parked side by side. Vlad puts on Kendrick Lamar's *HUMBLE*, cranked to max volume. Bass so loud the seats are shaking as they pull out.

**INT./EXT. - JENNY'S BANGED-UP CIVIC - MOVING - PITTSBURGH, PA**

Jenny DRIVES HER BANGED-UP HONDA... gas tank almost empty. Her KIDS are in the backseat.

KENDRICK LAMAR (V.O.)

*Girl, I can buy yo ass the world  
with my pay stub...*

JENNY

(into the rearview mirror)  
Don't say the bad words.

MATCH CUT TO:

**EXT. UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS - DAY - SAME**

Harmony PEDALS ACROSS CAMPUS... backpack weighing her down.

KENDRICK LAMAR (V.O.)

*AM to the PM, PM to the AM, funk.  
Piss out your per diem, you just  
gotta hate 'em, funk...*

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. BUS - MOVING - DETROIT, MI - DAY - SAME**

Marcos, in a mask, rides THE BUS HOME....

KENDRICK LAMAR (V.O.)  
*My left stroke just went viral!*

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. ESCALADE - MOVING - MIAMI, FL - DAY - SAME**

Gabe, in an ESCALADE. The driver wears a mask. He doesn't.

KENDRICK LAMAR (V.O.)  
*Be humble. Hold up! Sit down...*

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. FORD TAURUS - MOVING - BROCKTON, MA - DAY - SAME**

Keith, in a FORD TAURUS with his FAMILY. He rides in the cramped backseat with Kevin, who raps Lamar's *Humble*.

KEVIN  
*Hold up! Lil bitch, be humble...*

Up front are their PARENTS: STEVE and ELAINE (60s, chowder-thick Boston accents). Steve drives. Elaine's a nervous passenger, GASping at imagined dangers on the road.

It's an odd set-up -- two adult children in the backseat -- and it has everyone regressing.

Kevin keeps rapping until his mom SNAPS.

ELAINE  
 Kev, please. Your father needs to concentrate.

Kevin pulls out his phone and zones into it.

STEVE  
 I drove a long-hauler for forty years. I don't need to concentrate.

ELAINE  
 Fine. I need to concentrate.

STEVE  
 On what?

She GASPS. He swerves and yells at the same time.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
 What!?!

Turns out it was just a car passing them.

ELAINE

I thought they were veering over  
into our lane.

STEVE

No one was veering, Elaine.

Keith reaches forward and wordlessly grips her arm to calm  
her. She takes a few deep breaths.

KEITH

You talked to any of the girls at  
the clinic?

ELAINE

A few of them have called.

A heavy sigh.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

I miss it. Boys, never retire.  
Keith: Never retire. Kevin: If you  
ever get a job, never retire.

KEVIN

I have a job!

KEITH

Yet you still live with Ma and Dad.

KEVIN

And you're some big professional  
cuz you're king dork on Youtube?

KEITH

I'm just one of many dorks.

KEVIN

Asshole thinks he's Jimmy Buffett.

KEITH

Warren Buffett.

KEVIN

See? You're not either of the  
Buffetts, Kitty!

Keith peers over Kevin's shoulder to see -- he's commenting  
on a Roaring Kitty video as @BALLZ.

KEITH

You're Ballz?!!!

KEVIN

Says who?

Keith grabs for Kevin's phone, lunging at him. Kevin yanks it away. A SLAP-FIGHT ensues, while their mother speaks.

ELAINE

DoorDash is not a job. MassMutual's a job. A job's got business cards.

KEVIN

Excuse me, ma. DoorDash is a job. I'm a first responder! And nobody uses business cards any more.

Keith succeeds in wrenching the phone away. The boys settle. Their mom looks at Keith lovingly. Dad parks the car.

ELAINE

We're proud of you, honey.

KEVIN

Get a room.

***SUPER: January 5, 2021.***

Only as Keith opens his door do we realize where they are:

**EXT. CALVARY CEMETERY - BROCKTON, MA - LATER THAT DAY**

Leftover Christmas bouquets sit on some of the tombstones. Off in the distance, we spot a row of FRESH GRAVES awaiting caskets. A grim reminder of the pandemic's toll.

The Gills stand in HEAVY SILENCE looking down at a headstone:

***SARA ELIZABETH GILL.***

***Born January 31, 1977. Died June 25, 2020***

DAUGHTER to Steve and Elaine. SISTER to Keith and Kevin.  
MOTHER to Tyreek, Isaiah and Jayden.

ELAINE

Take your time...I'll be in the car.

She begins to SOB. Keith puts an arm around her and pulls her close. Kevin joins them, embracing his mom.

A long labored breath from their dad, who's struggling to hold back his tears. He finally looks to his older son.

We think he's gearing up to say something emotional.

STEVE

Who are you taking in Pats-Raiders  
on Sunday?

KEITH

Raiders giving seven?

Steve nods.

STEVE

The line's 49. I'm taking the over.

Now we see where Keith gets it. Finding comfort in numbers during difficult emotional moments.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I just feel sick betting against  
our guys.

KEITH

It's a rebuilding year. Belichick's  
racking up draft capital.

STEVE

I'm taking Pats.

Keith claps him on the back, repeating a gambling truism they've always followed.

KEITH

"Always bet your heart."

His dad nods, mustering a smile.

They silently make their way back to the car. As they walk, we can see Keith is turning something over in his mind. He flips his phone over and over in his palm, thinking...

HARMONY (PRE-LAP)

OH MY GOD, OH MY GOD.

**INT. HARMONY'S DORM ROOM - UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS - DAY**

Harmony's on her phone, on WSB. Riri gazes out an OPEN WINDOW at the quad, bored. A KIDDIE POOL now takes up half the room. The roommate's focused on her computer, still in headphones.

RIRI

What?!



HARMONY

Roaring Kitty just bought 40,000 more shares of GameStop.

Riri's eyes land on ASHTON (20, a smug-looking jock), in the courtyard. Eyeing the kiddie pool, an idea bubbles up...

RIRI

Ashton! Hey Ashton!

She waves him over. Then, remembering Harmony, turns back.

RIRI (CONT'D)

40,000?

HARMONY

He's doubling down. Quadrupling. Holy shit... we gotta buy more. Should we sell some foot pics?

RIRI

Do we need to buy more? I thought this was a moral thing.

HARMONY

It's moral and financial. It's the fucking rubicon, baby. Four million apes can't be wrong.

RIRI

Four million what?  
(out the window)  
Hey Ashton, what's good man?

HARMONY

Six months ago Wall Street Bets was 200,000 people. Now it's 4 million. That's a movement. Wait, who's Ashton?

RIRI

That frat guy who cheated on JJ.

HARMONY

Ohhh yeah. Fuck that guy. Who names their kid Ashton?

RIRI

I believe he's Ashton the third.

Harmony's only half paying attention, scrolling on Robinhood.

HARMONY

We can't afford much stock. Biggest  
payday's probably options... oooh  
with a strike price of \$200.

RIRI

Better than nothing. Let's do it.

ASHTON (O.C.)

Yo Ri? Where'd you go?

Riri peers out and down at Ashton.

RIRI

Gimme one sec.

She hoists the kiddie pool up to the ledge and DUMPS all the  
cold, days-old water down on Ashton, who SCREAMS.

It's so loud even the headphone'd roommate looks up,  
recognizing the scream.

ROOMMATE

Was that Ashton Milken?  
(off Riri's nod)  
Love that guy!

HARMONY

(to Riri)  
You happy now?

RIRI

Let's go make Roaring Kitty proud.

**EXT. GAS STATION - PITTSBURGH, PA - DAY - SAME TIME**

Jenny, in her scrubs, fills up the tank on her Honda Civic.  
In her free hand, she holds her phone:

It's open to Keith's BALANCE SHEET, where she sees the same  
thing Harmony saw: He owns 50,000 shares of GME now.

She clicks over to her Robinhood account. The GME stock chart  
shows the stock's now at \$19.94.

Jenny bought in at \$5.11, for \$3,577. Her 700 shares are now  
worth \$13,958. She's made more than \$10,000 profit.

She smiles, feeling proud. Confident.

A LUXURY CAR pulls up to the next pump over. The driver gets  
out. He's DUKE: 40s, handsome, in a suit. Professional class.

JENNY

Nice car. That one of those hybrids?

DUKE

No, sadly. It's a gas-guzzler.

JENNY

This one too. But she's just such a beaut, I can't get rid of her.

She's being self-deprecating. He laughs, liking it. She feels a spark between them, tries to play it cool.

DUKE

You're smart. I went for looks, and it's been a real pain.

JENNY

Yeah but you gotta live, right?

He meets her eye, nods.

JENNY (CONT'D)

I want a Boxster someday.

DUKE

Nice.

JENNY

Lipstick red.

Real nice.

JENNY (CONT'D)

As soon as I pay off my mortgage. So, like, another 30 years.

They share a laugh.

Her gas nozzle clicks, indicating a full tank. It interrupts the fantasy. Jenny longs to continue the conversation.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Been awhile since I actually, uh... spoke to someone... I'm always at the hospital. That's where I work.  
(realizes she's in scrubs)  
You probably guessed that.

DUKE

An essential worker. Thanks for everything you do.

JENNY

At first I took "essential" as a compliment. Then I realized it was their excuse to work us like dogs.

Jack laughs, sympathetic.

DUKE

I'm up at MasTech Digital.

JENNY

Sounds like you're from the future.

DUKE

Oh I am. And let me tell you...

JENNY

It's great? Please say it's great.

DUKE

It's.... exactly the same. Except gas prices are higher. Which is why I travel back in time to fill up.

Jenny laughs.

His nozzle CLICKS.

A loaded BEAT as he returns the pump to its holder. We pray, along with Jenny, that he asks for her number.

For a second it seems like he's going to. But instead he just slides back into his fancy car, with its tinted windows.

DUKE (CONT'D)

Stay safe.

Jenny's heart sinks, watching him drive off.

Now alone, she pulls out her phone, which is still open to her Robinhood account. She stares at her \$10,000 profit. Even though it's just on paper, it gives her a boost.

She checks her bank account: it has \$12,031. The stock's at \$19.94, so she can afford another 603 shares.

Fuck it. She drains HER ENTIRE ACCOUNT to buy the shares. As the CONFETTI overtakes the screen we

FADE TO BLACK.

**TITLE CARD: January 13, 2021**

*GME has shot up again, from 18.84 in December, to \$31.04*

FADE IN ON:

**EXT. FOUR SEASONS - TENNIS COURT - PALM BEACH, FL - DAY**

Gabe rallies with KEN GRIFFIN. Both wear tennis whites.

***SUPER: Four Seasons Resort, Palm Beach, Florida.***

GABE

I don't know when we're even gonna be able to start demo. These local ordinances are a nightmare.

KEN

My heart bleeds for you. Having to borrow a tennis court.

GABE

"The borrower is slave to the lender."

KEN

Is that Buffett?

GABE

The Bible. Proverbs. Grandpa Melvin used to say it. He refused to borrow a single dollar when he started his convenience store. It was a point of pride.

Gabe serves. Ken returns it easily.

KEN

Ah yes, your humble beginnings. Grandpa "Melvin" Capital, now with 16 billion under management.

GABE

It's better than "Citadel." Sounds like you're preparing for a war.

KEN

I'm a man of the people.

Gabe laughs, gestures at the hotel overlooking the court.

GABE

You rented out a resort and  
relocated your entire firm here so  
you could stay open during  
lockdown.

KEN

Says the man who flew his whole  
firm down private just for a party.  
And anyway, what kind of company  
shuts down just because the  
government tells them to?

GABE

All the ones in your short  
portfolio.

KEN

And yours.

Gabe laughs.

GABE

Ah, except for one actually.

That gets Ken's interest. He barehands the ball, catching it  
to stop the rally.

KEN

Which one?

Ken restarts the rally.

We continue their conversation in VO as we jump to:

**INT. SHOPPING MALL - GAMESTOP STORE - DETROIT, MI - DAY**

Marcos talks animatedly with a CUSTOMER (16).

GABE (V.O.)

GameStop.

KEN (V.O.)

How?!

GABE (V.O.)

They sell computer mice. Mice?

Find A SINGLE COMPUTER MOUSE on a hook, technically for sale.

GABE (V.O.)

They claim it makes them an  
essential business.

KEN (V.O.)  
That's the smartest dumbest thing  
I've ever heard.

Marcos looks up something on his computer.

Dissatisfied with what he finds, he leads the teen customer  
over to a wall of games, checking for a particular title...

GABE (V.O.)  
It's actually a fun one. Revenue's  
in the toilet. They had a net loss  
of \$632 million last year.

Nope, not there. Marcos heads to check inventory in the back.

GABE (V.O.)  
They'd be better off just burning  
the company down.

Marcos checks shelf after shelf, meticulous in his efforts to  
help his customer, as Gabe casually imagines the fire.

GABE (V.O.)  
The stock's had some volatility  
lately though. Been up a lot.

KEN (V.O.)  
Buybacks?

GABE (V.O.)  
Retail traders.

Giddy laughter from Ken.

We MUTE Ken and Gabe, as we come into Marcos, just finishing  
up with the customer, who exits the store, EMPTY-HANDED.

MARCOS  
(to the customer)  
Nah, stay up tho.

A beat later, Marcos's manager Brad emerges.

BRAD  
Marcos?

MARCOS  
Yes Bradley?

BRAD

I love how you engaged with that customer, but we really wanna close those pre-owned sales. The margin's more than double.

Brad holds up a BINDER with the title "CIRCLE OF LIFE."

MARCOS

(fucking with him)  
Oh shit man, double?!

BRAD

You didn't do any of the five prongs, dude: Pre-orders. Reward-card subscriptions. Used sales. New sales. Trade-ins.

MARCOS

Yeah, I mean, when I was a 16-year-old gamer, all I wanted was a reward-card subscription.  
(really getting into it)  
Mmm, \$5 cash back monthly, 20 points for every dollar spent...  
Don't get me started.

Brad still can't tell if Marcos is fucking with him.

BRAD

A lot of really smart people in corporate put this plan together.

MARCOS

Yeah but has any of them ever played a video game?

BRAD

It doesn't matter, Marcos, because they own our asses.

MARCOS

They don't own my ass.

BRAD

They do, and they always will.

Brad presses the CIRCLE OF LIFE binder against Marcos's chest, and heads back toward the break room.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Mask.

Marcos calls after him.



MARCOS  
Hey Bradley?!

BRAD  
Yeah?

MARCOS  
You ever heard of a sort squeeze?

BRAD  
Uh, is that... a sexual thing?

CUT TO:

**SUPERCUT - TRADERS EXPLAIN SHORT SQUEEZES - VARIOUS**

RETAIL TRADERS EXPLAIN SHORT SQUEEZES TO EACH OTHER

Watch it here: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xOc7LpBkc3A>

BLACK.

***TITLE CARD: January 22, 2021***

***GME doubles, hitting a staggering new height of \$65.01***

HARMONY (PRE-LAP)  
That's another 5 points, everybody  
take a shot!

**INT. COMMON ROOM - UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS - DAY**

A dozen CO-EDS pound tequila, gathered around Riri's computer, watching \$GME jackknife up.

We jump ahead in QUICK CUTS as the stock reaches new heights, triggering new penalties in their drinking game.

RIRI  
65 dollars a share! Everyone  
unbutton a fucking button!

Everyone obliges. The party going full bacchanal...

FADE IN ON:

**INT. KEITH'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - BROCKTON, MA - NIGHT**

Caroline's passed out on sofa wearing a foam KITTY MASK. On the table are empty champagne bottles and a baby monitor.

KEITH (PRE-LAP)  
 Let's gooooo! Show me the tendies  
 everybodyyy! Show me the tendiesss!

**INT. KEITH'S HOME - BASEMENT - BROCKTON, MA - DAY**

Keith, also in a foam KITTY MASK, streams from downstairs, drunk. He can't stop laughing, holding up a plate of CHICKEN TENDERS ("tendies"). Finally, he recovers enough to speak:

KEITH  
 AAAAAA-WHAT! Happy Wednesday! Happy  
 Humpday! Look at this shit! Look at  
 this! A 90% increase in one day?  
 One fucking day!?!

He pulls up the GME stock chart: it's a steep upward curve.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
 We're goin' to the moooooon!

He howls like a wolf.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
 That's right, hear that kitty roar!  
 (then, getting serious)  
 If you've been watching the price  
 action, this is what I've been  
 talking about--this is the first  
 time where you can feel a little  
 bit of that panic from Wall Street,  
 where it starts to feel a little  
 short squeezey. Oooh I need a drink.  
 I need a drink. I know we all  
 drinkin' tonight.

He pours CHAMPAGNE into a tall flute.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
 Thank you everyone. We did it! We  
 fuckin' did it! We started from the  
 bottom and now we're HERE.

He holds up the champagne flute.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
 Let's raise a glass, to a great  
 company that's undervalued, that  
 deserves another chance. Cheers.  
 Cheers to that.

He puts down his champagne and picks up a CHICKEN TENDER.

KEITH (CONT'D)

An epic, epic day. Just huge. Show me the tendies.

He holds the chicken tender ("tendie") up to the screen.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Lemme just dip. I gotta... just one dip, one quick dip.

He dips the chicken tender in his champagne. Then takes a big, juicy, SATISFYING bite.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Tendies came today. Tendies came today. Ain't no doubt about it.

He looks at the stock chart: \$65, up from \$4, and just--

CRACKS UP LAUGHING.

It's almost too good to be true.

KEITH (CONT'D)

OK.

He POSTS his balance sheet: he's got 50,000 shares, and some options, now all worth...

More than \$11 million.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Where does it go from here though? That's the big question...

CHRIS (PRE-LAP)

Girl, you gotta sell.

**INT. HOSPITAL MEETING ROOM - PITTSBURGH, PA - DAY**

Jenny and Chris, in PPE, sit at the back of a CROWDED ROOM. At the front, a TECH gives a presentation about Covid vaccines.

JENNY

I'm not selling.

CHRIS

How much are you up?

JENNY

It doesn't matter. Selling's giving up.

**(MORE)**

JENNY (CONT'D)

It's like you're selling out everyone else. We don't even know if the short squeeze has happened.

Chris just gives her a look. She finally admits:

JENNY (CONT'D)

\$58,000 and some change.

CHRIS

Honey. It's time to come join us on planet earth. Don't be an idiot.

JENNY

What do you care anyway?

Chris thinks on it, not sure he does care.

CHRIS

Well, I'm right, and when I'm right, I just don't feel good sitting by while my colleague throws her money away. What about your mortgage? Your Boxster...

JENNY

We call sellers "paper hands."

CHRIS

You and your internet friends?

JENNY

Mock them all you want. Remember red headband? He now worth \$11 million. And he's not selling.

CHRIS

No fucking way.

JENNY

We call that diamond hands.  
(off his confusion)  
 *Holding. You hold strong, no matter what the market does. No matter what Wall Street says.*

TECH

Are there any volunteers? Come on, someone's gotta go first!

Uncomfortable looks around the room.

CHRIS

What happens when everyone else  
sells first and by the time you get  
out, you've lost all your money?

The prospect fills Jenny with DREAD. She overcompensates.

JENNY

We're gonna hold the line.

CHRIS

Just like you're gonna get this  
election overturned.

JENNY

Just like you're gonna go out with  
Lil Nas X.

Chris pouts.

CHRIS

Low blow.

JENNY

You wish.

(then)

I'm over the election. I told you.  
The question is will you ever be?

CHRIS

Never.

He grins, smug in victory.

ADMINISTRATOR

Anyone?

JENNY

Yeah! I'll do it. What the hell.

All eyes go to her as she stands up.

CHRIS

Good luck, diamond hands...

She gets away with a parting shot.

JENNY

There are worse things a person can  
do than give a shit.

She makes her way awkwardly through the row of chairs and  
then down the aisle to the front of the room.

The administrator sets up a folding chair for her, facing everyone. Jenny sits.

The administrator indicates they'll need to reach her arm. Jenny's wearing a long-sleeve shirt, so she must remove her arm from its sleeve. This partially exposes her bra.

It's not a dignified posture, but Jenny DOESN'T CARE because she's in another world:

She pulls up ROBINHOOD on her phone. She's depleted her checking account, but she has \$7,000 in her savings account.

It's enough for 100 shares of GME, at \$65.01

Fuck it. She presses BUY. The confetti EXPLOSION shakes her phone just as the administrator unsheathes the syringe.

ADMINISTRATOR

Here we go, everyone. The first  
Covid vaccine at Pittsburgh  
Medical!

She sticks the shot in Jenny's arm. Jenny smiles through it.

KEVIN (O.C.)

Eleven million fucking dollars!?!

CUT TO:

**INT. VOLVO (MOVING) - BROCKTON, MA - DAY**

Keith and Caroline are driving through their neighborhood, the baby in the backseat. Kevin's on speakerphone.

INTERCUT WITH

Kevin, furiously pedaling a woman's beachcomber bicycle through the traffick-y outskirts of Boston. MacDonald's bags and half a dozen soft drinks stuffed into the front basket.

KEITH

Hey, language! The baby's here too.

KEVIN

What are we buying? A lambo? Six  
lambos? Caroline, don't you want a  
big-ass diamond?

CAROLINE

I have a diamond.

KEVIN

Keith, you get a diamond! You're diamond hands, you should look like it! If I were you, I'd look like DJ Khaled right now.

KEITH (ON PHONE)

It's not real, Kev. I mean, it's real, but it's just on paper.

KEVIN

You're gonna cash out right?

KEITH

No.

He answers quickly, then remembers Caroline's sitting next to him. They haven't discussed this.

KEITH (CONT'D)

I mean, I don't-- We don't know.

KEVIN

What the fuck is wrong with you? I'm riding Ma's bike everyday to Dorchester to drop off cheeseburgers, and you're all, "I won't sell, maybe I won't take millions of dollars."

KEITH

What you do with your life is your choice.

KEVIN

Dude, I didn't choose to get laid off from Dick's in a global pandemic. You think I'd rather be doing DoorDash than selling sneakers? I love sneakers, man. I love Dicks.

Winded, Kevin takes a sip of one of the drinks.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Ma's bike doesn't even have gears.

KEITH

I don't even know if this is the top. Stock jumped 23% yesterday. Double from Friday's close.

CAROLINE

Yeah but Kev's not wrong: \$11 million is a lotta dough...

KEVIN

THANK YOU.

KEITH

Since Ryan Cohen joined the board, the stock's added like \$1 billion in market value. It's got a \$2 billion market cap. So who knows what happens from here. That's not what I'm seeing, Kev.

(a long silence)

Kev? You there?

Kevin, bored out of his mind, has hung up.

KEITH (CONT'D)

(more silence)

Did he hang up on us?

CAROLINE

Yep.

The line's gone dead. Alone, they have to face each other. Keith grips the steering wheel, nervous where this is going.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I think hold.

KEITH

Me too.

A beat of awkward silence, as they both sit there, unsure.

RIRI (PRE-LAP)

(whispering)

Ahhh should we do it? Fuck fuck.

**INT. HARMONY'S DORM ROOM - UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS - DAY**

Riri's sitting inside the empty KIDDIE POOL, recording a TikTok Live but speaking in a WHISPER.

RIRI

My girl bought in under 20, and now it's up over 60. Guys, help her out. Should she sell or--

Riri goes MUTE and we pull back to



**INT. LECTURE HALL - UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS - DAY**

Students in masks sit six seats apart in a biochem lecture.

Harmony watches Riri's livestream, listening on her AirPods.

RIRI (O.C.)  
On the one hand, she has  
PRINCIPLES. On the other, she's got  
100K in student debt, so...

Commenters fill the screen with advice (sell! hold! sell half!) And ROCKETSHIP emojis and DIAMOND and HAND emojis.

RIRI (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
I love you guys. But honestly? The  
only thing that would convince her  
to sell is if Roaring Kitty sold.

PROFESSOR  
Harmony?

As she stands to answer the question, one of her AirPods FALLS OUT. Her laptop takes over and Riri's voice comes hollering out of the laptop speaker.

HARMONY X is hemo--	RIRI (O.C.) (yelling) Where my pussy at? WHERE MY PUSSY--
------------------------	--

Harmony rushes to MUTE. But the damage is done. Riri's voice echoes through the lecture hall.

HARMONY (CONT'D)  
Sorry. X is hemoglobin.

On screen, we see but don't hear Riri screaming:

RIRI (O.C.)  
(muted)  
WHERE MY PUSSY AT?

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL TRACK - BROCKTON, MA - NIGHT - SAME**

We are back at the track we saw in the opening. Keith, in shorts despite the frigid weather, laces up his old Asics.

He pulls out his phone and checks his E-TRADE account: He's still holding about \$11 million in GME stock.

He checks the stock price. But it's Friday night, so it hasn't moved. He's just checking it out of nerves.

He looks back at his holdings. The SELL SHARES button calling out to him, tempting him, *torturing* him.

Is Caroline right? Is he right? It's impossible to know.

He's gotta take a break. He walks over to the bleachers and puts his phone inside his bag, zipping it shut.

He steps back onto the empty track. We hear the crunch of turf under his feet. Then silence as he stretches.

Keith begins to jog...

**EXT. HOUSING COMPLEX - DETROIT, MI - NIGHT**

Marcos walks home under streetlights, reading the @22Loops BATTLESPEECH on his phone.

MARCOS

"Lads, I don't think some of you realize what a historic moment this has become and what it represents."

**INT. KEITH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - BROCKTON, MA - NIGHT**

Caroline takes a break from her puzzle to read.

CAROLINE

"Future generations will look back and say 'Good men stood here, good men fought, and died on this ground... as they point to a TradingView daily chart of GME zoomed in on January.'"

**INT. COMMON ROOM - DORM - UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS - NIGHT**

Scattered students. Harmony reads the post to Riri.

HARMONY

"Since the spawn of the stonk market, two classes of people have been pitted against each other, eternal enemies, forever forced and fated to combat: Lions and Hyenas."

**INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - PITTSBURGH, PA - DAY**

Without taking her eyes off her phone, Jenny dumps a box of mac and cheese into boiling water, stirring.

JENNY

"These Lions -- these Wall Street hedge funds have it all. Quants, billions of dollars, algorithmic trading, arbitrage, market makers, supercomputers, SEC protection, fucking judicial system protection for God's sake."

**EXT. BROCKTON STREET - NIGHT**

Kevin sits beside his bike, eating fries, reading.

KEVIN

"And then there's us -- the working man -- the average Joe. What do we have? What the fuck do we have?! What the fuck do we have?"

**INT. COMMON ROOM - UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS - DAY**

A few different kids have pulled up the speech. James reads over Harmony's shoulder.

JAMES (V.O.)

"They literally call us 'dumb money.'"

**INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - PITTSBURGH, PA - DAY**

The mac and cheese is BOILING OVER, and the spoon left inside is melting, but Jenny doesn't notice, glued to her phone.

Her finger hovers over SELL. Then she pulls it away.

Then it moves back. Then pulls it away. Her hand's shaking.

The phone rings, but she ignores it.

AXL (O.C.)

MOM? WHAT'S THAT SMELL?

All the water's burned off the pasta and it's now BURNING on the bottom of the pan. Smoke rising. But Jenny's still oblivious, as her finger dances on and off the SELL button.

Then, the SMOKE DETECTOR goes off--

Jenny finally SNAPS OUT OF IT. She drops the phone, climbs up on the counter, attempts to waft away the smoke with a towel.

**INT./EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - NIGHT - SAME**

And OTHERS, whom we haven't met, ignoring the world while they debate whether or not to BUY OR SELL. ESSENTIAL WORKERS manning the checkout at a grocery store; laboring on a road crew; disinfecting classrooms; working at a pharmacy.

ASSORTED (V.O.)

"These lions, these hedge fund guys, they were born with silver spoons in their mouths. The top 1% of the 1%. They were given offices overlooking the beautiful NYC skyline."

**INT. DINING ROOM - GREENWICH - NIGHT - SAME**

Steve Cohen dines with friends, attended by uniformed STAFF.

ASSORTED (V.O.)

"They have massive bank accounts, eat medium rare Grade A Japanese Wagyu steak with truffle shavings for lunch."

KEVIN

What the fuck is that? That sounds delicious. Why do we hate these guys?

**EXT. FOUR SEASONS - POOL - PALM BEACH, FL - NIGHT - SAME**

A shirtless Ken Griffin wading into the pool.

ASSORTED (V.O.)

"They frequent the finest strip clubs on the planet on a first-name basis and instantly go to the back rooms. They have blow and escorts on their yacht parties."

**EXT. GABE'S MODERN MANSION - MIAMI, FL - NIGHT - SAME**

An aproned "cool chef" serves shabbat dinner to Gabe, his wife YAARA and their four children.

ASSORTED (V.O.)

And do you know what they tell these beautiful escorts?

(MORE)

**ASSORTED (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

When the smoking hot blonde creeps in and asks them, 'Like, how do you have so much money?'

**INT. COMMON ROOM - DORM - UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS - NIGHT**

Riri holds the phone now, standing up and speaking loud.

RIRI

"You know what they say? 'Haha, dumb money babe.'"

Now everyone joins her, shouting the last two words:

COLLEGE KIDS

DUMB. MONEY.

CUT BACK TO:

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL TRACK - BROCKTON, MA - NIGHT - SAME**

Keith STOPS running, and the V.O. cuts off abruptly.

He sets the TIMER on his watch and jogs in place, going through stretches to get as loose as possible.

Keith stops.

He takes his mark.

Looks at his watch, the timer set to 4 minutes and TAKES OFF--

The timer BEEPS.

Seven seconds later, Keith crosses the mile mark.

He slumps over, panting. Frustrated. He still didn't beat that 4-minute mile.

KEITH

Fuck!

As his breathing levels out, Keith goes back to his phone.

RIRI (V.O.)

The GME trade is about class warfare. Plain and simple. We may be hyenas, yes. But guess what? You put enough of us together, and we can destroy a lion.

He sets the timer to 4 minutes again and presses START.

Keith's SPRINTING footsteps continue in POST-LAP as we

CUT TO:

**INT. GABE'S MODERN MANSION - KITCHEN - MIAMI, FL - NIGHT**

Gabe is at the kitchen sink, doing dishes. Keith's footsteps are overwhelmed by the RUSH OF WATER from the faucet.

We are in the lion's den, and the lion is... doing housework.

**INT. GABE'S MODERN MANSION - KIDS ROOM - MIAMI, FL - NIGHT**

Gabe sits on the edge of a twin bed in a darkened BOY'S BEDROOM. He's just finished the final book of bedtime.

GABE

Alright big guy, that's enough for tonight. Hug and a kiss--

A sweet embrace with his 10-year-old SON. Not exactly the hookers-and-blow fantasy of @22LOOPS.

**INT. GABE'S MODERN MANSION - BEDROOM - MIAMI, FL - NIGHT**

Gabe is in bed on his iPad. Yaara emerges from the bathroom, slides in next to him.

She snuggles under his arm. He gives her a peck on the head.

YAARA

You wanna read or do a crossword?

GABE

Has the Saturday posted yet?

Yaara checks the time.

YAARA

Oof. 30 minutes still.

GABE

I guess we'll have to *talk* then.

Gabe laughs, gives her a little squeeze.

GABE (CONT'D)

How was your week?

YAARA

Long. Hard to keep the kids focused  
on zoom school when outside is...

She gestures to their window. The view is beautiful.

YAARA (CONT'D)

How was your week?

GABE

Fine. Usual.

YAARA

You're not worried about the short  
squeeze thing?

Gabe chuckles. No.

GABE

(smug and overconfident)

The dam'll break next week. A few  
will decide it's gone high enough  
and cash out, then others will  
follow, then the whole thing will  
come crashing down. I can't think  
of the last short squeeze that  
actually worked. Ackman and  
Herbalife, I guess. Before that...  
Piggly Wiggly?

Yaara laughs.

GABE (CONT'D)

1923. There was a bear cartel  
shorting the Piggly Wiggly grocery  
store, so the founder took out a  
loan for... what would be probably  
\$150 million today and bought back  
almost all the stock, like 99% of  
it, sending the price up 50%.

YAARA

How much is GameStop up?

He ignores the question, plowing ahead with the story:

GABE

Then the exchange halted trading on  
the stock, giving the short-sellers  
time to cover their positions.

YAARA

Is that legal?

Another question he ignores.

GABE

The founder had to declare  
bankruptcy. So, it was all fine in  
the end.

YAARA

Did you know all that, or you  
looked it up?

A suggestion that he may be more concerned than he lets on.

GABE

Every fund manager knows that  
story.

YAARA

You looked it up.

GABE

Double checked some numbers maybe.

Gabe kisses her and flicks off his lamp, sending us to

BLACK.

***THE OPENING BELL***

***TITLE CARD: January 25, 2021***

***GME has shot up again over the weekend, opening at \$96.73.***

NEWS ANCHOR 1 (PRE-LAP)

GameStop off to a ROARING START  
this Monday morning, surging 40% in  
pre-market trading.

FADE IN ON:

**EXT. 6342 NORTH BAY ROAD - MIAMI, FL - DAY**

Gabe walks across the expansive grounds into

**INT. 6342 NORTH BAY ROAD - MIAMI, FL - DAY**

Gabe strolls through his new mansion, checking it out.

STEVE COHEN (ON PHONE)

You see what's going on with these  
idiots? You should probably dial  
in.



*We are now caught up to the opening scene.*

GABE  
Yeah, I'll be on in one sec.

Gabe, now PANICKED, hangs up and RUNS... over the fence...

**EXT. GABE'S MODERN MANSION - MIAMI, FL - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

And into 6360 (his other mansion) as Cardi B's *WAP* plays...

NEWS ANCHOR 2 (V.O.)  
GameStop up another 51%--

NEWS ANCHOR 3 (V.O.)  
--89%--

NEWS ANCHOR 4 (V.O.)  
--A HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR PERCENT.

CAROLINE (PRE-LAP)  
Keith? Where are you?

CUT TO:

**INT. KEITH'S HOME - BASEMENT - BROCKTON, MA - DAY - SAME**

KEITH. WIDE-EYED. SPEECHLESS.

He says nothing for a long time. We are dimly aware of Caroline calling from another room.

CAROLINE  
Keith? Babe?

She appears in the doorway, holding their daughter.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)  
Everything OK?

When Keith opens his mouth to talk, all he manages to say is:

KEITH  
Holy fucking shit.

**QUICK FLASHES** of our ensemble as they take in the news:

**INT. PSYCH WARD - PITTSBURGH, PA - DAY - SAME**

Jenny, at work, agape at a communal TV broadcasting CNBC.

JENNY  
Holy fucking shit.

**INT. DORM ROOM - UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS - DAY**

Harmony and Riri, watching this CNBC clip on Tiktok in pjs.

HARMONY  
Holy fucking shit.

This STARTLES the roommate, waking her up.

**INT. SHOPPING MALL - GAMESTOP STORE - DETROIT - DAY - SAME**

Marcos sits behind the checkout desk, loads the stock price and, shocked, loses his balance, FALLING to the ground.

We don't see him, just a text in Spanish: **HOLY FUCKING SHIT**

**INT. VLAD'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MENLO PARK, CA - DAY - SAME**

Vlad, in a towel, is frozen mid-shave, the razor against his neck, as he watches CNBC.

VLAD  
HOLY FUCKING...

**INT. FOUR SEASONS - DINING ROOM - PALM BEACH, FL - DAY**

KEN GRIFFIN  
SHITBALLS.

We think it's about GME. REVEAL: He's just gotten a spot of ketchup on his vest.

**INT. GABE'S MODERN MANSION - OFFICE - MIAMI, FL - DAY**

Gabe, wide-eyed, just stares at the screen in disbelief.

CAROLINE (PRE-LAP)  
What is it?

**INT. KEITH'S HOME - BASEMENT - BROCKTON, MA - DAY**

Keith isn't streaming. He just sits in front of a GME stock chart, clutching a stuffed kitty in a tight fist.

KEITH  
It's happening.

CAROLINE  
What's happening?

KEITH  
The short squeeze. It's happening.

SMASH TO:

**A SUPERCUT OF REAL NEWS COVERAGE**

With a LIVE GME CHART superimposed, so we can see the jagged line ROCKET UP over the course of a single day (January 25).

Over this chart, we hear the beginnings of a broadcast...

NEWSCASTER (V.O)  
Folks, this is unprecedented. We're watching history unfold here, as shares of GameStop soar to record highs, trading more than five times above analyst estimates, simply because of retail trading... Never before in the history of Wall Street have retail traders wielded this kind of power over a stock.

CUT TO:

-- CARL QUINTANILLA and ANTHONY CHUKUMBA on CNBC's "Squawk on the Street" at 11:03 am.

A CHYRON has GME at \$123.60, +58.59% today; +556.05 YTD

CARL QUINTANILLA  
Shares of GameStop now at 123 and change, another record high. We have Anthony Chukumba from Loop Capital with us. Anthony, what are you seeing?

ANTHONY CHUKUMBA (ON PHONE)  
This stock has completely disconnected from the fundamentals. This is very much being driven by retail investors, many of them trading on Robinhood, many of them trading options. And GameStop has incredibly high short interest and the shorts are getting squeezed.

-- STEVE WEISS on CNBC at 12:24 pm.

A CHYRON has GME at 98.02, +50.77% today; +420.28% YTD.

STEVE WEISS

This GameStop thing is the craziest thing I've ever seen... True investors never even heard of Reddit a few years ago. For that to drive a short squeeze in a company that is so fundamentally flawed. There's no *there there*.

-- LESLIE PICKER and ARI WALD on CNBC at 2pm.

ARI WALD

There's tremendous volatility... This is for casino money only.

LESLIE PICKER

You are literally putting the game in GameStop.

-- DAVID FABER and JIM CRAMER on CNBC.

JIM CRAMER

The mechanics of the market are breaking down... These people are all one group. It is Wall Street Bets, and it's worth going to the site because it's incredibly compelling... You may think it's froth, but they're using arguments that they think hold up under scrutiny. *I don't think they do, but it doesn't matter what I think.*

RIRI (PRE-LAP)

Are you seeing what's happening?

**INT. DORM ROOM - UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS - DAY**

Harmony and Riri are in bed together, staring into an iPhone.

HARMONY

I can't look I can't look.

A beat as Ri refreshes.

RIRI

It's up another 4%.

HARMONY

I'm gonna have a heart attack. Should we sell?

RIRI  
 And betray your boyfriend?  
 Absolutely not.  
 (then)  
 Actually maybe.  
 (then)  
 No. Definitely no. Right?

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. VARIOUS ROOMS - WORLDWIDE - DAY/NIGHT - SAME**

Marcos, Jenny and the ESSENTIAL WORKERS we saw earlier watch the news with their fingers on the SELL button --

A few of them discover Elon Musk's just tweeted: Gamestonk!!

That holds them back from selling.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)  
 There is nothing normal about this stock right now. Elon Musk tweeted yesterday, which powered the stock even higher...

**INT. KEITH'S HOME - BASEMENT - BROCKTON, MA - DAY**

In the same place we left him two days ago, Caroline beside him. The baby sleeps on her shoulder. Keith still mouths "Holy fucking shit" in front of the TV:

DAVID FABER  
 The stock's up 581% in 3 months.

JIM CRAMER  
 David, they are being very specific: To break the shorts.

DAVID FABER  
 What's going on in GameStop right now conceivably could take a couple firms out. Chiefly, Gabe Plotkin's.

Caroline mutes the TV, speaking in a whisper so as not to wake the baby.

CAROLINE  
 How much did we make today?

KEITH  
 \$5 million.

CAROLINE  
And yesterday?

KEITH  
\$4 million.

A beat as she processes this.

CAROLINE  
Babe?

KEITH  
Yeah.

CAROLINE  
We're, like, really fucking rich.

**INT. GABE'S MODERN MANSION - BEDROOM - MIAMI, FL - NIGHT**

Yaara works the crossword as a shaken Gabe gets into bed. She reaches for his hand and finds it limp.

YAARA  
How much did we lose today?

GABE  
A billion.

YAARA  
Yesterday?

GABE  
A billion.

BLACK.

**TITLE CARD: January 26, 2021**

**GME hits a high of \$150, doubling from its close yesterday**

FADE IN ON:

**EXT. GABE'S MODERN MANSION - MIAMI, FL - ESTABLISHING**

**INT. GABE'S MODERN MANSION - BATHROOM - MIAMI, FL - DAY**

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)  
Another volatile day of trading for  
GameStop, with more than 178  
million shares changing hands.  
(MORE)

## NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Right now it's hitting \$150 a share, putting the squeeze on the short-sellers, who are now having to scramble to cover their positions...

Fade out the V.O. as we find Gabe, absorbed in his phone.

A MAKE-UP ARTIST steps into frame to apply a dusting of POWDER to his face. She wears a KN95 mask. Gabe is maskless.

He's in a suit and tie. A napkin tucked into his collar. He seems calm, looks put together. But inside, he's a fucking mess. Tiny beads of sweat keep appearing on his brow.

On his phone: the GME stock chart, jackknifing upward...

## MAKE-UP ARTIST

Sorry, can you look up a sec?

But Gabe keeps his eyes on the stock chart.

This time, she tries to gently lift his chin.

He raises his phone to his sightline: the stock has just crossed \$200. He forgets himself, wipes a brow. Looks at the make-up on his sleeve. Then back at the stock chart.

The make-up artist reapplies powder.

## MAKE-UP ARTIST (CONT'D)

How long've you been down here?

## GABE

A few months.

## MAKE-UP ARTIST

You like the weather?

## GABE

I like the heat. The humidity not so much.

## MAKE-UP ARTIST

(re his sweating)

I see that.

She applies one final -- futile -- layer of powder.

## MAKE-UP ARTIST (CONT'D)

OK, you're good to go.

Gabe stands, exhaling. We can hear the tremor in his breath. We follow him from the bathroom down a long hallway and into:

INT. GABE'S MODERN MANSION - OFFICE - MIAMI, FL - DAY

Gabe sits behind the desk, pulling up the GME stock chart on the computer. His desk phone is ringing, but he ignores it.

He toggles over to a spreadsheet on screen, then the stock chart, then back to the spreadsheet.

The pressure builds. And builds. As the stock climbs.

He doesn't want to do this. But every little tick up pushes him closer to making the call.

Finally--

He reaches for his cell phone and dials.

GABE (INTO THE PHONE)

Get out. Now.

(a pause as he listens)

Yes, all of it.

He hangs up and clicks on a link in his email, which turns on the CAMERA on his laptop. The green light.

He studies himself on onscreen, not liking what he sees. He's still sweating. He wipes it away with a hand.

His desk phone rings again. He answers.

GABE (CONT'D)

Hey, hi.

JOURNALIST (O.C.)

Hey man. Good to connect. I'll get right into it. I'm hearing Melvin's in bankruptcy--

GABE

Definitely not.

JOURNALIST (O.C.)

Really? Because word on the street is you're drowning.

GABE

We're fine.

JOURNALIST (O.C.)

You're on the record with that.

GABE

Yes. Yeah.



JOURNALIST (O.C.)  
 Alright, man, we'll get the live  
 feed up now and aim to go after the  
 next ad break.

A BUZZ draws Gabe's attention to his phone: **It's done.**

He EXHALES.

Defeated, but free.

GABE  
 Hey-- so. We've closed out all our  
 positions.

JOURNALIST (O.C.)  
 You're out entirely?!

GABE  
 Entirely.

JOURNALIST (O.C.)  
 As of when?

GABE  
 Today.

JOURNALIST (O.C.)  
 I think this is really the right  
 move. Addressing it all head on.

Gabe wipes away more sweat, alarmed to feel how much more.

He looks out at the oppressive GLARE of the Florida sun. His  
 pits are sweating. Every exhale has a little shudder from his  
 quickening pulse.

He's starting to panic.

JOURNALIST (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 One more spot and then you're up.

GABE  
 No.

Gabe's as surprised by this as the reporter. But once he  
 hears it, he knows it's true. He can't do this.

GABE (CONT'D)  
 Sorry, man. I'm sorry. I can't--

JOURNALIST (O.C.)  
 Gabe. C'mon. We got 10 seconds.

Gabe goes silent. We feel the countdown in his pulse. *Pum, pum, pum* -- a beat a second.

GABE  
I'm really sorry. Bye...

Hand on his mouse, he taps END CALL. His computer camera TURNS OFF. He SLUMPS BACK in his chair, catching his breath.

Then... Yaara appears in the doorway.

YAARA  
It's gonna be OK.

GABE  
It's not.

Yaara, taken aback by this, steps inside.

YAARA  
Matt Phillips from Citadel just called. They want to invest.

This should be good news but Gabe's so ashamed he doesn't look up. Yaara, concerned, tries to meet his eyes.

YAARA (CONT'D)  
What's the damage?

A look from him tells her he's too scared to say.

She comes over to his desk. Only now do we see the final number he came up with:

\$6.8 BILLION

She pulls him into a hug.

The hug continues. Gabe reluctant to release it. When Yaara finally pulls away, we see what's in her hand:

HIS CELLPHONE

She offers it to him.

He doesn't want to take it. His eye goes to the picture of GRANDPA MELVIN that sits on his desk.

YAARA (CONT'D)  
Please, *b'sheret*.

**EXT. STEVE'S HOUSE - GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT - SAME**

A DELIVERY TRUCK has arrived.

Steve watches the WORKMEN unload when his cell rings. He sees it's Gabe calling and smiles. Answers.

STEVE

Let me guess: you need some cash.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. GABE'S MODERN MANSION - OFFICE - MIAMI, FL - DAY - SAME**

Gabe, defeated, terrified, hesitates a beat.

STEVE

You didn't call Ken first did you?

GABE

He had Phillips reach out.

STEVE

How much did he offer?

GABE

I haven't called him back yet.

STEVE

How much do you need?

("Nevermind")

You know what? The number doesn't matter. Whatever it is, I'd love to buy in. Tell Ken he can fill in the rest. Prick.

GABE

Thank you. Thanks Steve. Yaara and I really appreciate it.

REVEAL: the workmen have unloaded a TATTOOED PIG for Steve.

**INT. FOUR SEASONS RESORT - DINING ROOM - PALM BEACH, FL - DAY**

Ken's PHONE RINGS.

KEN

Hey.

GABE

I, uh...

**INT. GABE'S MODERN MANSION - OFFICE - MIAMI, FL - DAY - SAME**

Gabe can't get the words out, the shame is too great.

GABE

I may need to, ah, borrow--

KEN

Consider it done.

(then)

Just keep moving forward. Don't think about what Grandpa Melvin used to say.

Ken hangs up.

KEN (CONT'D)

Poor guy.

He laughs.

YAARA (O.S.)

Prick.

ANDREW ROSS SORKIN (PRE-LAP)

Melvin Capital Management, the hedge fund that shorted GameStop, is now out of the stock. They have taken a rather huge loss. I don't have the full number of that loss but both Citadel and Point72 have infused \$3 billion into Melvin to try to shore up its finances.

JENNY (PRE-LAP)

ANOTHER GODDAMN BAILOUT.

**INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - PITTSBURGH, PA - DAY**

Jenny runs around, harried, multitasking. Chris stands off to the side, holding his CAR KEYS. CNBC on in the background.

JENNY

Can you believe this crap? No one bailed me out when Richard left me with a mortgage and two toddlers and a shit car that never works.

BEAU

You can say "shit" but we can't?

AXL

Can everyone shut up?

JENNY

I pay for your entire existence,  
so...

(to Beau)

Yes, and

(to Axl)

No.

Jenny sets a lunch in front of each kid. Chris's anxious to go.

JENNY (CONT'D)

I know, I know. I'm coming.

She pulls on her shoes.

JENNY (CONT'D)

It's so unfair. All we've done for the last year is work our asses off to help people, and all we've gotten is one \$600 check. This guy effed up like, as big as anyone could possibly eff, and his pals come running in with \$3 billion.

CHRIS

This is why I keep telling you: you're never gonna win. Just take the money and do something nice for yourself. Pay down your mortgage.

He points to Axl.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Get this one braces.

JENNY

Look who's still holding.

She pulls out her phone to show Chris Keith's latest balance sheet on WALL STREET BETS.

JENNY (CONT'D)

If he's in, I'm in.

CHRIS

He needs braces, girl. It's urgent.

Axl's smile is charmingly crooked. He flips Chris the bird.

Chris eyes the stock chart at CNBC.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

The stock's at what, \$150? No way  
it goes higher.

JENNY

We're the ones who control the  
price now. Not Wall Street. And no  
one on here is selling...

She hands Chris her phone. He scrolls through WSB comments  
predicting the stock's gonna hit \$500. \$1000. \$2000...

He lands on A VIDEO MEME:

A clip from "Braveheart," with KEITH GILL'S FACE superimposed  
over Mel Gibson's. The good army labeled "WALL STREET BETS;"  
the rival army, "MELVIN CAPITAL."

CHRIS

You're all delusional.

JENNY

Maybe. But look what we pulled off  
with these hedge funds! If we keep  
pushing up the price, we can scare  
even more these guys into closing  
out their shorts -- so all that  
bailout money? It becomes ours.

Chris notices something at the top of the page:

CHRIS

Wait, your screen name's Stonkmom?

CLOSE ON the latest post from @Stonkmom:

**If Roaring Kitty's in, I'm in. #GME**

PULL BACK TO:

**INT. KEITH'S CHILDHOOD HOME - BROCKTON, MA - NIGHT**

Kevin's staring at Jenny's post while Elaine serves dinner.

STEVE

Kevin help your mother.

KEVIN

Why me and not Keith?

STEVE

Just shut up and do it.

KEVIN  
'Cause he's rich now? Mr. \$23  
million on paper but I won't sell.

KEITH  
It's not who I am.

KEVIN  
Loser says what?

ELAINE  
What?

Kevin laughs. Keith's dad shoots him an angry look. Kevin,  
chastened, helps carry in the food. They all dig into dinner.

KEITH  
It's not a big deal. GameStop's up,  
is all. That stock we bet on.

STEVE  
How much up?

Keith doesn't want to say, but Kevin can't resist.

KEVIN  
Moron here's worth \$23 million.

His father's jaw falls. His mother SCREAMS.

STEVE  
Kevin you asshole, don't kid us.

KEITH  
It's real, Dad.

KEVIN  
And he's refusing to sell.

ELAINE  
Jesus Mary and Joseph!

STEVE  
You're pulling our leg.

KEVIN  
Your boy's an internet celebrity!  
Millions of people like "Stonkmom"  
think he's an investment genius.

ELAINE  
He IS a genius!

KEVIN  
No he's not!

STEVE  
You're up \$23 million?

Keith nods.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
And you're not selling.

Keith nods.

ELAINE  
I'm gonna faint. I'm gonna keel  
right over into the potatoes.

STEVE  
You know how much money \$23 million  
is? You're gonna just let it ride?

KEITH  
You're on his side now?

Kevin grins and nods, taking a big bite of mashed potatoes.

ELAINE  
Why aren't you selling? Wait, is  
this illegal? Are you in trouble?

CAROLINE  
He's not in trouble. It's all  
totally legal.

KEITH  
Hedge fund managers go on CNBC all  
the time to pump up stocks. All I  
do is post my balance sheet on Wall  
Street Bets -- *after* market close.

ELAINE  
You post your balance sheet?!!!

KEVIN  
Same idiot that left a fresh pair  
of Nikes on the bleachers for just  
anyone to take.

STEVE  
We need to talk about this...

KEITH  
So you admit they were stolen!



KEVIN

I admit you're a fuckin' moron.

KEITH

'Least I won the race.

KEVIN

What the point of winning when you let some dipshit steal your prize. You coulda broken four if you'da held onto those Zooms.

KEITH

A four minute mile isn't everything.

STEVE

Maybe you should get in touch with Briggsy. Someone who works in finance--

CAROLINE

You think *Briggsy* knows more about this than Keith does?!

ELAINE

Can we talk about you putting your stocks in the Wall Street Journal.

CAROLINE

Wall Street Bets.

ELAINE

What if someone tries to rob you? Kidnap the baby?!

CAROLINE

No one's gonna kidnap the baby Elaine.

KEVIN

Nobody wants that baby.

STEVE

I think you gotta talk to someone. Why not talk to Briggsy?

KEITH

ENOUGH.

Everyone goes quiet. Elaine freezes. Rare that Keith loses his temper.

CAROLINE

Keith's literally poured his heart  
and his soul into this for the past  
year. He knows what he's doing.

She locks eyes with a teary Elaine, softening.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I know it's been a tough time,  
Elaine.

She chokes up.

KEITH

I know, Ma.

Kevin reaches out and takes her hand in his. He reaches his  
other hand out to his brother, brokering peace.

KEVIN

You should still sell.

STEVE

I think you should sell.

BLACK.

**TITLE CARD: January 27, 2021.**

**GME skyrockets overnight, from \$147.98 opening at \$354.83**

**INT. LECTURE HALL - UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS - DAY**

Harmony and Riri sit in the back, whispering to each other.

HARMONY

And just fuck the principle of the  
whole thing?

RIRI

I don't like it any more than you.

HARMONY

There are 8 million people on Wall  
Street Bets now. If everyone holds--

RIRI

What's Roaring Kitty doing?

HARMONY

He hasn't posted yet.

RIRI  
With today, he's worth what...

Harmony knows this number off the top of her head.

HARMONY  
\$47.973 million.

RIRI  
You really think he's not selling  
even a little bit?

HARMONY  
No amount of money is worth more  
than the pleasure of fucking with  
these Wall Street guys.

CUT TO:

**INT. FOUR SEASONS - PALM BEACH, FL - NIGHT**

A letter SLIDES under the door. Addressed to Ken Griffin.

Ken, in a plus robe, ambles over to pick it up, tearing it  
open to reveal: A \$25 GAMESTOP GIFT CARD.

PRE-LAP a doorbell ringing.

**EXT. GABE'S MODERN MANSION - MIAMI, FL - NIGHT**

Gabe walks a long drive to his imposing front gate. It opens  
electronically to reveal...

A BUCKET OF KENTUCKY FRIED CHICKEN

He picks it up and inspects it, confused.

Yaara comes out after him, sees the bucket.

YAARA  
Who's it from?

An attached SLIP IDs the orderer as THE TENDIEMAN.

GABE  
The tendieman...

DISSOLVE TO:

**ONLINE POSTS - WALL STREET BETS - VARIOUS**

As "The Tendieman" plays, SCROLL THROUGH GME POSTS:

--Urging each other not to sell even though the stock's up.

--Reminding each other: Melvin has closed out its shorts.  
Citron Research has closed out 100% of its shorts.

--The hedge funds are folding. All they have to do is hold.

The WSB POSTS become a GRID onscreen.

**INT. HOSPITAL - NURSING STATION - PITTSBURGH, PA - NIGHT**

Jenny shoves items from her desk into her bag, then heads to the elevator. Chris follows.

CHRIS

Whirlwind getaway with your  
boyfriend?

(off Jenny's confusion)

Headband guy. You two are dating,  
right?

Jenny removes her mask to answer.

JENNY

Actually I'm doing something nice  
for myself. Like you said.

CHRIS

Oh?

JENNY

Boys are with their dad for a bit,  
so I'm going to Florida, first  
class. Who knows, I may even rent a  
Boxster...

CHRIS

So you're finally selling? Halle-  
fuckin-lujah.

JENNY

Nope! I put it on my Visa.

Chris takes off his mask in horror.

CHRIS

You're worth hundreds of thousands of dollars in stock, and you're amassing credit card debt. You really are out of your mind.

JENNY

I told you, it's bigger than that. These people are important to me.

CHRIS

I read an interview with Gabe Plotkin. He's getting death threats and anti-Semitic messages from your WSB friends -- I mean, family.

JENNY

It was 10 posts. There's always bad apples. And the moderators deleted them immediately.

CHRIS

So that's it? You're gonna just ride this wave to zero?

Jenny steps into the elevator, leaving Chris behind.

JENNY

No. I'm buying call options.

As the elevator door closes:

JENNY (CONT'D)

Could go to 600 by tomorrow.

CHRIS

That kid is never getting braces.

MARCOS (PRE-LAP)

("800")

*Ochocientos.*

**INT. MARCOS'S PARENTS' HOME - KITCHEN - DETROIT, MI - NIGHT**

Marcos unloads groceries while still managing to keep an eye on his phone, on an ADRENALINE HIGH.

His father cooks. His mother reads a Spanish-language newspaper at the table. All three speak in Spanish.

MARCOS'S FATHER

*For a video game store?*

MARCOS

*There are 8 million people here.  
All holding. It can only go up.*

MARCOS'S FATHER

*This is a game, Marcos. But you're  
treating it like it's real.*

MARCOS

*Pops. Look. This is real.*

He holds up his phone, pointing to Wall Street Bets.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

*8 million people is real.*

Marcos's father looks at the phone.

MARCOS'S FATHER

*H-O-D-L? 8 million people who can't  
even spell "hold" right.*

MARCOS

*It's a joke.*

MARCOS'S MOTHER

*It's not funny.*

MARCOS

*I got \$175,000 worth of stock right  
now. That's serious money. I could  
get y'all a house and get y'all out  
of here, kinda money.*

He hands his mom his phone, open to his Robinhood account.

MARCOS'S MOTHER

*How did you get the money to buy  
this?*

MARCOS

*I bought call options when it was  
\$10 a share and they hit. They were  
super cheap.*

MARCOS'S MOTHER

*So you're gonna sell?*

MARCOS

*No. I'm gonna buy more.*

He's vibrating with energy.

MARCOS'S MOTHER  
*At this price?!*

MARCOS  
*When they hit, imma buy you a mansion.*

MARCOS'S MOTHER  
*I don't need a mansion, hijo.*

She returns the phone to him, acknowledging his BUZZ.

MARCO'S MOTHER  
*Be careful. Don't get addicted to this. It can be a drug.*

Marcos holds up the phone and pretends to snort a line off it, like it's cocaine.

#### **SUPERCUT - TRADERS PLEDGE TO HOLD THE LINE - VARIOUS**

YOUNG RETAIL TRADERS PLEDGE TO HOLD THE LINE

Watch it here: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Vv-ePGpbzFU>

PRE-LAP the Tendieman song as we

DISSOLVE TO:

#### **ONLINE POSTS - WALL STREET BETS - VARIOUS**

ANOTHER GRID of POSTS about GME, saying not to sell...

CHRIS WILSON (V.O.)  
*Soon may the Tendieman come / To  
 send our rocket into the Sun /  
 One day when the trading is done /  
 We'll take our gains and go...*

And then one by one, each of the windows goes BLACK.

HARMONY (PRE-LAP)  
 What's happening?

#### **INT. HALLWAY - UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS - NIGHT**

Someone HURLS a chair out into a HALLWAY. Ahead of it, a DUDE in a TOWEL leaves the showers and heads into a...

**DORM ROOM**

...where a handful of STUDENTS crowd around a laptop, reacting to what they see in confusion that grows into outrage: WTF?

We pop back into the hall and push down, turning into...

**HARMONY'S DORM**

...as Harmony SLAMS the door behind us.

HARMONY

What the fuck do we do?

Riri is hunched over her laptop, obsessively refreshing WSB.

RIRI

I can't get it to load.

HARMONY

What do you mean you can't get it to load?

KEITH (PRE-LAP)

Fuuuuuuck!

CAROLINE (PRE-LAP)

What's going on?

**INT. KEITH'S HOME - BASEMENT - BROCKTON, MA - NIGHT**

Caroline stands in the doorway. Keith's a jittery mess, glued to his screen. Jangling his knees. Unable to stay still.

His cell phone's ringing, but he ignores it.

KEITH

They shut down Wall Street Bets.

CAROLINE

What?!

KEITH

"Hateful and discriminatory content."

He indicates a press release on screen.

CAROLINE

That stuff's always been on there.

Keith doesn't respond. He cycles through GME analytics.



CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Don't you think it's a little weird that they shut down the site the exact same day the stock hits its high? Almost like they're *trying* to stop everyone from talking to each other...

Keith stares at his E-TRADE BALANCE SHEET, now close to \$50 million. Caroline zeroes in on the number.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Is this going to tank the stock?

His phone's still ringing.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Are you gonna get that?

Keith reluctantly grabs his phone and answers angrily.

KEITH

Yeah?!

Caroline watches as his face falls.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Yes, I am Roaring Kitty and Deep, ah, F-ing Value.

(he listens)

Well no, but nobody ever asked me.

(he listens)

I gotta tell you how much this job means to me, though. I'm super grateful for it, and I would never let any hobby jeopardize--

(he listens)

OK. I understand.

He hangs up. Sets the phone down.

CAROLINE

...yeah?

KEITH

That was MassMutual. They're getting calls from reporters. They're "concerned" about my "outside activities."

CAROLINE

Is all this against the rules?

KEITH

It wasn't? Maybe now it is...

He's pushing it all out of his mind, focused on analytics.

CAROLINE

What was that call, Keith?

KEITH

It's all OK. It's fine.

He doesn't take his eyes off the screen.

CAROLINE

Are you going to lose your job?

Keith stops. A heavy breath.

KEITH

It's fine. They gave me a choice.

CAROLINE

Your job or Roaring Kitty?

KEITH

("No")

Resign, or I'm fired.

It hits Caroline like a punch in the gut.

CAROLINE

That's what he just said?

The baby WAILS. Keith pops up, eager for an excuse to escape.

KEITH

I got it.

CAROLINE

Wait. Keith--

**INT. DORM ROOM - UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS - NIGHT**

HARMONY

OK, fuck it, fuck it, Wall Street Bets is down, I can't see Roaring Kitty's balance sheet.

RIRI

This could be the sell-off.

Riri gives Harmony a hard look.

HARMONY

I don't wanna.

RIRI

Me neither. But we can't let it go to zero. It's \$150 grand! You need this money. No one's gonna hold if they can't see what he's doing.

They each pull up their Robinhood accounts, their fingers hovering over the SELL buttons.

Harmony: the 400 shares she originally bought and held. Riri: the options they bought together with their Tiktok winnings.

RIRI (CONT'D)

OK close your eyes and count to three. One, two, three--

On "three" they both tap SELL--

Confetti EXPLODES across the screen.

**INT. KEITH'S HOME - NURSERY - BROCKTON, MA - NIGHT**

Keith paces with the baby, who is crying. Caroline tries to help, but Keith resists, wanting to do this on his own.

She sits, watching him pace, trying to calm down.

When he can't take it any longer, he pulls out his phone to check Wall Street Bets. It still won't load.

CAROLINE

Are we gonna talk about this?

Keith's attention is on the baby. Pacing faster and faster.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

It's not a race.

This reaches him. He slows, then slows more.

He hums a lullaby... It has a calming effect on both of them.

Encouraged, he continues humming. Listen closely: it sounds a lot like the TENDIEMAN SONG.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Is that...?

KEITH

Shhhh.

The baby's finally asleep. He places her in the crib.

HARMONY (PRE-LAP)  
I can't sleep.

**INT. DORM ROOM - UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS - NIGHT**

Harmony and Riri are in bed together, wide awake. The roommate is asleep, snoring.

RIRI  
Me neither.

HARMONY  
I feel sick.

A beat as Riri finds Harmony's hand.

RIRI  
We'll buy it back first thing.

A PHONE BUZZING (pre-lap) takes us to:

**SUPER: January 28, 2021, 3:30AM PST**

**INT. MODERN MANSION - MENLO PARK, CA - NIGHT**

A RAGER still going, late into the night, in flagrant violation of Covid restrictions. Perhaps Robinhood investors Jared Leto, Snoop Dogg, Nas or Linkin' Park attend.

Dancing, Vlad notices a HOT GIRL (25) next to him. He smiles at her. She smiles back.

VLAD  
Robinhood. It's an app.

HOT GIRL  
(inaudible to Vlad)

He points out ELON MUSK, across the party. He waves to him.

VLAD  
Elon Musk's here!

HOT GIRL  
(inaudible to Vlad)

He can't hear her but assumes she's flirting.

VLAD  
This is the center of the world!

She shouts something back, but he still can't hear her. So she reaches into his pocket, pulling out...

HIS CELL PHONE

HOT GIRL

Your phone. It's ringing.

It's been BUZZING this whole time. She offers it to him then backs away. In his humiliation, he answers.

VLAD

Yo.

(listening)

Norm? Slow down. What did you say?

INTERCUT WITH

**INT. ROBINHOOD SECURITIES - OFFICE - LAKE MARY, FLORIDA**

NORMAN ASHKENAS (50s) is in position, in the office.

NORM

The NSCC just sent us a file, they want a deposit of \$3 billion to clear all the trades coming in.

VLAD

Who?

Vlad can barely hear over the pounding house music.

NORM

They're a subsidiary of the DTCC. And they're requesting \$3 billion.

Vlad laughs.

VLAD

Sorry, it's loud in here. I thought you just said \$3 billion.

NORM

I did.

Vlad ducks into a room, sobering up quickly.

VLAD

But we don't have \$3 billion, Norm.

NORM

That's correct.

VLAD

We've only ever raised \$2 billion.  
In the history of the company.

Vlad stumbles over to a couch, his panic growing.

VLAD (CONT'D)

Holy fuck. What if we don't pay?

NORM

They shut us down.

VLAD

The IPO, everything--poof.

NORM

Gretchen, Dan and I are going to  
jump on a call with Citadel at 9.

VLAD

Maybe this would be a good time for  
me to chat with Ken Griffin.

NORM

Sure. We'll mention that.

**EXT. JENNY'S HOUSE - PITTSBURGH, PA - DAWN**

Jenny's getting into an Uber, checking the GME stock chart  
obsessively.

It's been going up all morning... from \$265 to \$483...

The driver doesn't even bother to help her with her suitcase.  
It's as if she's invisible.

She musters her strength to shove it in the trunk, then does  
what she always does to feel better: go on Wall Street Bets.

But it still won't load.

JENNY

Fuck.

**EXT. BUS STOP - DETROIT, MI - DAWN - SAME TIME**

Marcos waits for the bus in below-zero temps. The only  
distraction from the cold is his phone.

He taps on Robinhood, bringing up GME on the app.

But instead of the usual options, to BUY and SELL, there is now just one option: SELL. The BUY is grayed out.

HARMONY (PRE-LAP)  
What the fucking fuck?

**INT. DORM ROOM - UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS - DAY**

Harmony and Riri huddle over a single cellphone in DISBELIEF. The roommate's still asleep.

RIRI  
Lemme try.

ON SCREEN: The BUY option is grayed out.

RIRI (CONT'D)  
Is it frozen?

HARMONY  
No. They cut off the buy option.

RIRI  
This is fucking criminal. Stock's never been higher! Why would they stop people from buying it now?

HARMONY  
This is it. The short squeeze. The hedge funds have to buy GME to cover their short positions. So they're buying up every share they can get. Meanwhile by stopping retail traders from buying, Robinhood's taking away their competition. It's an inside job!

Harmony jumps up to check her laptop, waking up the roommate.

HARMONY (CONT'D)  
I had no idea I'd ever be this rich or this mad.

BAIJU (PRE-LAP)  
What the fuck did you do?

**INT. BAIJU BHATT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY**

Baiju's feeding his baby a bottle. His phone's open to Robinhood's rating in the App Store: down to one star.

VLAD (O.C.)  
Calm down, dude--

BAIJU  
Me calm down? You shut down trading  
on GameStop?!

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. VLAD'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Vlad's sweaty from a workout. He assembles a complex smoothie, periodically turning on his BLENDER and drowning out Baiju.

VLAD  
Not all trading. The DTCC only made  
me shut off buying.

BAIJU  
Who's on the DTCC?

VLAD  
They're all like one degree away  
from Ken Griffin. Norm worked it  
out. The DTCC agreed to lower the  
deposit to \$700 million if we shut  
off buying, so that's what I did.

BAIJU  
We look like Ken Griffin's  
buttboys! At the very least, we  
should turn off selling too.

VLAD  
Why? The price is gonna tank.  
People will just get more pissed if  
they can't sell it.

He turns on the blender again.

BAIJU  
(inaudible)

VLAD  
What did you say? It sounded like  
you said it was going up!

BAIJU  
I did.

VLAD  
What? Since when?!



Vlad lurches toward his laptop.

BAIJU  
Last hour or so.

Vlad stares at a stock chart, sipping his smoothie.

BAIJU (CONT'D)  
You need to fix this!

VLAD  
I did fix it, Baiju.

DAVE PORTNOY (PRE-LAP)  
You're a rat. You're a liar.

CUT TO:

**INT. BARSTOOL SPORTS - OFFICE - DAY**

DAVE PORTNOY's interviewing/attacking Vlad on zoom.

DAVE PORTNOY  
Everyone watching this hates your  
guts. You know that, right?

VLAD  
Thank you, Dave. That's what I  
hear...  
(awkward laugh)  
But I'm glad to be on your show.  
Hopefully we can answer some of  
these questions.

CUT TO:

**INT. ROBINHOOD HQ - MENLO PARK, CA - DAY**

Vlad, in a "Taco Tuesday" cap attempts to defend himself. But  
now ELON MUSK is interviewing him.

ELON MUSK (ON SCREEN)  
So spill the beans, man. Why cant  
people buy GameStop shares? The  
people demand an answer!

VLAD  
To give you some background, I'm  
the chief executive of Robinhood--

ELON MUSK (ON SCREEN)  
Yeah dude, we know. Is anyone  
holding you hostage right now?

Vlad laughs nervously.

VLAD  
I just want to say, we had no  
liquidity problem.

**VLAD, BEING GRILLED ON CNN**

VLAD  
I want to be 100% clear, this  
decision to restrict trading was  
not made on the direction of  
Citadel or any market-maker.

DAVE PORTNOY (PRE-LAP)  
I unequivocally don't believe what  
he just said.

**INT. BARSTOOL SPORTS - OFFICE - DAY**

Dave gives a blistering rant via zoom on CNN.

DAVE PORTNOY  
There's just no rational  
explanation for why Robinhood would  
do what they did without outside  
pressure or interference. They had  
to know what they did was against  
all their clients. They basically  
cratered the stock on purpose to  
let the hedge funds cover their  
asses, and at a discount. I don't  
believe a fucking word that guy  
says. I want to take a cold shower  
after seeing him say that.

While he talks, CNN, shows a series of TWEETS on screen:

**ELIZABETH WARREN (D-Mass):** *For years, the same hedge funds, private equity firms, and wealthy investors dismayed by the GameStop trades have treated the stock market like their own personal casino while everyone else pays the price.*

**MARSHA BLACKBURN (R-Tenn):** *Free the traders on @RobinhoodApp*

**AOC (D-NY):** *This is unacceptable. We now need to know more about @RobinhoodApp's decision to block retail investors from purchasing stock while hedge funds are freely able to trade the stock as they see fit. As a member of the Financial Services Cmte, I'd support a hearing if necessary.*

**A RT of AOC from TED CRUZ (R-TX):** Fully agree.

DAVE PORTNOY (CONT'D)  
When you got something so clear  
that AOC and Ted Cruz agree, you  
can be damn sure it's a scandal.

INTERCUT ALL THESE TWEETS WITH:

**INT. DORM ROOM - UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS - DAY**

Riri and Harmony film a Tiktok together, having finally come together around a common enemy.

Harmony flips the camera around so it's back on her.

HARMONY  
This guy is an obfuscating piece of  
shit.

Riri laughs.

HARMONY (CONT'D)  
There's only one man I wanna hear  
from right now and Wall Street Bets  
is down, so all we got is crickets.

This time, they yell it together.

HARMONY/RIRI  
Say it with us. WHERE MY PUSSY AT?

**EXT. ROBINHOOD HQ - MENLO PARK, CA - DAY**

Vlad jogs past a small but furious mob of PROTESTORS, toward the glass front door to his company. Just as he enters--

A projectile of SHIT smacks into the glass with a satisfying SPLAT. He looks back, rattled.

CUT TO:

**TITLE CARD: February 2, 2021**

**GME has fallen to \$140.76**

**INT. MARCOS'S PARENTS' HOME - KITCHEN - DETROIT, MI - DAY**

Marcos watches the news with his parents, eating breakfast.

TV ANCHOR (ON SCREEN)

After reaching a staggering high of \$483 a share this week, a decision by Robinhood to block users ability to buy triggered a panic sell-off, and GameStop shares have plummeted--

**INT. HOTEL BAR - FLORIDA - DUSK**

Jenny stares at her phone in a RAGE.

TV ANCHOR #2 (V.O.)

Marking an end to a dizzying rally organized online.

Jenny's finger finds its way to the BUY and SELL buttons.

TV ANCHOR #3 (PRE-LAP)

Meanwhile, the group's de-facto leader, a man they call Roaring Kitty, has been MIA--

**INT. LIBRARY - UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS - SAME**

Riri is at the front of the line for covid tests. Harmony, next up, notices Keith on a TV in a nearby reception area.

TV ANCHOR #4

Keith Gill is a 34-year-old man from Brockton, Mass who led an unprecedented stock frenzy...

HARMONY

Holy shit, Ri! Our boy is on the news!!!

Riri spins around to see, swab still up her nose, which triggers a NOSEBLEED.

**INT. GABE'S MODERN MANSION - MIAMI, FL - DAY - SAME**

Gabe, sitting on the couch with Yaara while his kids play, looks up in terror at the TV, Keith's face looming above.

TV ANCHOR #7  
MassMutual, Mr. Gill's former  
employer, said he tendered his  
resignation last week--

**INT. LIBRARY - UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS - DAY**

Harmony and Riri watch. Riri has toilet paper in her nose.

TV ANCHOR #4  
Mr. Gill has repeatedly said he has  
no comment at this time.

**EXT. KEITH'S HOME - BEDROOM - BROCKTON, MA - DAY - SAME**

Keith pulls up in his Volvo to find a gaggle of REPORTERS on  
his front lawn. He gets out of his car, awkwardly waving at  
them as he heads inside. A few appear to actually be FANS.

FAN  
Roaring Kitty I fucking love you!

One of them calls out to him, waving piece of paper.

FAN #2  
Keith Gill! Keith Gill! Please!

Keith, thinking this guy wants an autograph, walks over.

KEITH  
I'm not doing interviews, but I'm  
happy to sign that if you'd like.

The fan hands him an envelope. Turns out he's not a fan but a

PROCESS SERVER  
You've been served.

CUT TO:

**INT. KEITH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - BROCKTON, MA - DAY**

Keith sits at his laptop, buried in his analytics. Caroline's  
the one pacing now. We come in mid-argument:

CAROLINE  
A congressional subpoena, Keith?!

KEITH  
I didn't do anything illegal. And I  
always had disclaimers...

CAROLINE

If you weren't worried then why did you have disclaimers?

KEITH

That's standard practice, Caroline, everyone has disclaimers.

In lieu of an answer, Keith opens a new tab of analytics. Out the window, she can see the reporters on the front lawn.

CAROLINE

Hey! Hello! The answer's not in your computer. There are a dozen reporters on our lawn! You gotta testify before Congress. The game's changed, babe.

KEITH

I know. I hear you.

But does he really? Impossible to tell from how he stares at those charts.

CAROLINE

Do you, though?

Her eye goes to the reporters on the lawn. A telephoto lens aimed in at them. That's it! She's had enough.

Caroline stalks out and returns with A SUITCASE.

That gets his attention.

KEITH

What are you doing?

We hear the BABY crying in her nursery.

CAROLINE

We're going to my mother's.

KEITH

No, she has terrible Wi-Fi.

CAROLINE

I'm not talking about you. I'm talking about me and her.

(then)

You need to figure this out...

Keith gets up to leave.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)  
Where are you going?

KEITH  
To the track.

CAROLINE  
You were just on the track!

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL TRACK - BROCKTON, MA - DAY**

Keith jogs, his breath visible in the cold air. As he runs, he practices his testimony to Congress.

KEITH  
(sotto, absurdly)  
Hi, uh, Congress... Oh hey,  
Congress... Hello, Congress.

KEVIN (O.C.)  
Meow. Kitty kitty...

Keith looks up to see Kevin sitting on a bench, eating some fries. He jogs over.

KEITH  
You can't just eat people's food.  
You know they do reviews, right?

KEVIN  
Oh ha ha, good one, hilarious.

Kevin tosses a box at him.

KEITH  
What's this?

KEVIN  
They were on sale before you get  
all emotional.

Keith pulls out a new pair of NIKE ZOOMS.

KEITH  
Oh my god, you fucking softie. Who  
put you up to this? Caro? Ma?

KEVIN  
Dad called me in tears and said my  
big bro needed some moral support.

KEITH  
Fuck off.

KEVIN

Just try 'em, would ya? You're the richest man in fuckin' Brockton, you gotta start looking a little less shitty.

Kevin sucks down a soda.

KEITH

I lost \$15 million yesterday. And another 15 the day before that.

KEVIN

You're still the richest man in Brockton, by a lot. You got all these rich fucks pissing themselves. How many assholes from Brockton High can say that?

KEITH

Alright yeah, but this has gone crazy. Reporters are hounding me--

KEVIN

Yeah me too. Tryin'a get to you.

KEITH

What'd you say?!

KEVIN

I said I might be able to work something out for 50K.

KEITH

Tell me you're kidding.

KEVIN

Or you could just give me 20. I'll give you the brotherly discount, and you don't have to worry about it.

KEITH

You motherfucker, are you outta your fucking mind? I just got subpoenaed by Congress. We gotta be buttoned up. There's no room for this bullshit, Kev.

KEVIN

Ah, come off it.

KEITH

SERIOUSLY, asshole. Fuck.



A beat of silence between them.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
We never used to fight this much.

KEVIN  
Sara.

They both know what this means. Sara kept the peace.

KEITH  
I miss her.

KEVIN  
She kept your ego in check.

Keith laughs.

KEITH  
Whole fuckin' world kept my ego in  
check.

Kevin nods. Him too.

KEVIN  
What are you gonna tell Congress?

KEITH  
Beg them not to send me to prison?

Kevin laughs. Keith is serious.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
I fucking loved making those  
videos, and now I gotta stop. Go  
into hiding, basically. No more  
Roaring Kitty. None of it.

Kevin sits with this, thinking.

KEVIN  
Remember at Stonehill when they  
dared me to run the mile naked?

Keith laughs, remembering.

KEITH  
Crazy storm that night. You dumb  
shit.

KEVIN  
Fuck you, man, I was a legend over  
there! Everyone remembers that!

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You don't think people remember  
your 4-minute 3-second mile?

KEITH

What is this, a pep talk?

KEVIN

Don't hide, motherfucker. Don't be  
all meek and shit and runnin' away.

KEITH

I should run through lightning with  
my dick out?

KEVIN

Yeah please! Exactly that. Run  
through lightning with your dick  
out. Fuck it.

The matter settled, Kevin holds up the bag of takeout.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Alright. Take me to Stoughton.

KEITH

("No")  
Get out.

KEVIN

C'mon man! Those Zooms were  
expensive.

KEITH

You said they were on sale.

KEVIN

Still!

KEITH

Fine. Alright. Asshole.

**EXT. KEITH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - BROCKTON, MA - NIGHT**

Caroline drops a piece of gardening equipment on the lawn,  
just as Keith's car pulls into the driveway.

She stalks over to a bush by the house, where, bending down,  
she labors on some unknown task, ignoring the dozens of  
REPORTERS still on their lawn. Keith jogs up.

KEITH

You didn't go to your mom's?!

She's on her knees between the shrubs. What's she doing?!

CAROLINE  
You took the car.

She chuckles, but is still a little icy.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)  
The run clear your head?

KEITH  
Kev found me. Brought me these.

He shows off the new Zooms on his feet.

CAROLINE  
You guys talked?

KEITH  
Mhmm. He told me to run naked.  
(off her confused look)  
No! I mean-- It's a metaphor. He's  
kinda saying I gotta take this head  
on.

CAROLINE  
So, what are you gonna do?

KEITH  
I don't know.

Caroline thinks on it, reading him.

CAROLINE  
You know... I'd kinda like to see  
you run naked.

Keith can't resist the smile.

It's decided, then.

Caroline, having accomplished her task, finally stands up and brushes off her hands.

Keith watches her for a beat, as she looks out. We hear a faint hiss, and then...

THE SPRINKLERS GO OFF

Dousing all the journalists, who scramble to get away.

With that done, she turns to her husband.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)  
Wall Street Bets is back up, by the way.

JUMP TO:

**INT./EXT. DORM ROOM - UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS - DAY**

The roommate has moved HER DESK in front of the door, blocking it. She sits at the desk, headphones on, working, ignoring Riri and Harmony, banging outside.

They're locked out. Riri taps a GIF on Keith's Twitter feed: a cat driving a motorcycle.

RIRI  
The motherfucker held.

She shows Harmony.

HARMONY  
He lost \$30 million, and he still fucking held.

A shared smile.

Riri checks Robinhood on her phone.

RIRI  
Holy shit, Robinhood's letting people buy again.

HARMONY  
We gotta get back in.

RIRI  
You sure about this? Where's the stock even at right now?

HARMONY  
\$109.

Riri does some quick mental math.

RIRI  
You sure? That's everything we made, right back into the stock.

HARMONY  
We can't let them get away with this.

She moves her finger to BUY and TAPS.

HARMONY (CONT'D)  
This is for you, Dad.

Confetti EXPLODES on the screen.

**SUPER: Harmony's net worth: \$0; 2,941 shares of GME.**

Riri SCREAMS with joy. Harmony pulls her into a DANCE. While they dance, they start chanting:

HARMONY/RIRI  
If he's in, I'm in. If he's in, I'm  
in...

On screen, a Tiktok video plays...

TIKTOK VIDEO  
If he's in, I'm in.

The screen SPLITS AGAIN, to show Jenny on the beach in Florida.

JENNY  
If he's in, I'm in.

**FOOTAGE - THE WALL STREET BETS COMMUNITY - VARIOUS**

The screen SPLITS AGAIN AND AGAIN as the Wall Street Bets community reconstitutes itself.

Dozens of faces, then hundreds, then THOUSANDS: of every age, race, gender, demographic... a swelling CHORUS:

THE WALL STREET BETS COMMUNITY  
If he's in, I'm in.

It becomes a CHANT, which sounds a hell of a lot like

**AN ARMY MASSING**

THE WALL STREET BETS COMMUNITY (CONT'D)  
If he's in, I'm in. If he's in...

TV ANCHOR (PRE-LAP)  
This just in:

**INT. KEITH'S HOME - BASEMENT - BROCKTON, MA - DAY**

TV ANCHOR

The CEO of Robinhood, as well as executives from hedge funds Citadel and Melvin Capital will testify at a congressional hearing next month, in an unprecedented move...

Keith, writing his opening statement, watches, TERRIFIED.

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL TRACK - BROCKTON, MA - NIGHT**

Keith runs loops, trying to practice.

KEITH

Greetings, congress. Congressmen and women. Congress... women. Congresswoman? Hello.

JUMP TO:

KEITH (CONT'D)

I just like the stock. No. I *like* the stock. I just like the stock.

JUMP TO:

KEITH (CONT'D)

I'm a father. I'm a husband. I'm a runner. I'm an amateur investor. No. Fuck. None of that.

**INT. NEWS STUDIO - DAY**

TV ANCHOR

Meanwhile, shares of GameStop have begun to climb back up this week, after Robinhood restored the buy option and as retail investors simply refuse to let the stock go.

**TITLE CARD: February 25, 2021**

**GME has risen a little from the low, back up to \$109**

**INT. AIRPLANE - FLORIDA - DAY**

A sunburned Jenny hauls her bags onto the flight home -- considerably poorer than when she left.

She drops into a first class seat she can no longer afford.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
Champagne?

JENNY  
Is it free?

The flight attendant chuckles.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
It is when you sit up here.

JENNY  
Last time for everything!

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
Awww, you'll be back.

JENNY  
Last week I had more than half a million dollars in GameStop stock.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
Oh no, what'd you do?

JENNY  
Spent it on call options that should have hit, but Wall Street cheated. Surprise surprise.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
I'm gonna get you something stronger.

**SUPER: Jenny's net worth: -\$80,000; 1,400 shares of GME.**

Jenny laughs at herself.

JENNY  
I could've cashed out and paid off my mortgage. Instead, I'm gonna be a single mom in debt forever. What man wouldn't want to date that?

A voice pops up from across the aisle. A handsome MAN we didn't notice til now.

MAN  
Wait, are you talking about GameStop?

JENNY

If you're gonna make fun of me,  
please don't. My heart can't take  
it.

MAN

Holy shit, you're a fellow diamond  
hands?

JENNY

No way... you're in too?

MAN

Fuck yeah. To the moon baby!

She laughs, bats this away. He's flirting.

MAN (CONT'D)

Seriously, that's badass. Love me a  
woman who can hold.

But something about that voice is familiar--

Jenny studies his face. After a beat, it comes to her:

JENNY

Oh shit! You're the rug guy!  
(off his confusion)  
Puff Daddy... Lip Dip? Lip Dick?  
Lube Daddy? Loop Daddy!  
(then)  
Hey, can I get a selfie?

LOOP DADDY

Yeah in exchange for your number...

JENNY

Oh it's not for me. I have this  
colleague who's obsessed with  
you... he's been making fun of me  
about GameStop for months. This is  
gonna kill him.

LOOP DADDY

In that case, let's do a video.

Loop Daddy pulls her in close. Arm out, Jenny starts to  
record.

LOOP DADDY (CONT'D)

What's his name?

JENNY

Chris.



LOOP DADDY  
This is for you, Chris.

His arms around Jenny, he holds up BOTH MIDDLE FINGERS, as we

CUT TO:

**INT. DESERTED SHOPPING MALL - GAMESTOP STORE - DETROIT - DAY**

The store is BUSTLING now, because of the news. Marcos rings up a transaction. Brad appears beside him.

BRAD  
Hey man, I notice you sold another new game, and I just wanted to remind you, again, that we really wanna be pushing customers toward the higher-margin pre-owned games.

Marcos thinks on it a moment.

MARCOS  
Yeah, I'm not gonna be doing that.

Brad is taken aback.

BRAD  
Excuse me?

MARCOS  
In fact, I'm not gonna do any of the Circle of Life bullshit. Or your "TikTok dance contest."

BRAD  
You're quitting, then. OK.

MARCOS  
I thought about it, but I'm gonna stay. I like it here.

BRAD  
You're awfully smug for a kid who lost all his money buying stock. What did you say it was going to? A thousand?

Marcos doesn't take the bait. He just surveys the store that he's worked so hard in. And worked so hard to save.

MARCOS  
Oh also, I'm not working at the ass crack of dawn any more.

BRAD  
You're fired.

MARCOS  
No I'm not. You gotta get approval from like seven levels of people to do that -- thanks to the geniuses who put that together.

"That" being the Circle of Life binder.

MARCOS (CONT'D)  
The ones who used to own my ass.

We realize as Brad does:

BRAD  
You sold?

MARCOS  
Half. Right at the tippy tippy top.

Marcos holds his hand up higher, higher.

MARCOS (CONT'D)  
The other half I'm holding for the long haul.

Marcos smiles. We see the money has brought him the freedom to do what he loves, on his own terms.

**SUPER: Marcos's net worth: \$111,090 in cash, 230 shares of GME**

CUT TO:

**INT. GABE'S MODERN MANSION - OFFICE - MIAMI, FL - DAY**

A TEAM OF LAWYERS AND PR OPERATIVES in suits prep Gabe for his testimony. He's hollow-eyed, dejected. A broken man.

Sitting at his desk, he reads a prepared statement.

GABE  
I grew up in a middle-class family in Portland, Maine. My dad was a grocery store executive.

LAWYER  
Maybe leave that part out.

GABE  
 (starting again)  
 The part about my dad?

LAWYER  
 The "executive" part.

GABE  
 Alright, got it. I grew up in a  
 middle-class family in Portland,  
 Maine. I studied hard and got into  
 Northwestern.

PR PERSON  
 Just say "a good college."

GABE  
 Got it.  
 (starting again)  
 I got into a--

LAWYER  
 Sorry, Gabe. One second. Where do  
 you plan on doing your testimony?

GABE  
 Here?

He turns around, indicating the backdrop.

LAWYER  
 In front of your wine collection?

GABE  
 I don't have that big a wine  
 collection.

LAWYER  
 Yeah, it's huge.

The LAWYER slips behind him, attempting to close the shades  
 so you can't see the glittering waterfront behind him.

**INT. GABE'S MODERN MANSION - OFFICE - MIAMI, FL - DAY**

Gabe shows the lawyers and PR team his office.

PR PERSON  
 It's very bright.

LAWYER  
 Oceanfront's not a great idea.

PR PERSON  
It's... very blue.

CUT TO:

**INT. FOUR SEASONS - BAR - PALM BEACH, FL - DAY**

Ken Griffin is about to tee off when a group of LAWYERS IN SUITS approach.

LAWYER  
Sorry to interrupt. We need to talk about the GameStop situation.

KEN  
I thought Mecane was handling it.

LAWYER  
So did we. But the committee's specifically requested you, sir.

KEN  
If they want specifics, they can have Mecane!

One of the lawyers hands him an OFFICIAL SUBPOENA.

LAWYER  
It's not a choice, unfortunately.  
(then)  
When you have a free moment, we did want to discuss optics with you. Given the hearing's over zoom, we think it'd be best to find a backdrop for your testimony that is as... modest, as possible.

GABE (PRE-LAP)  
How's this?

CUT TO:

**INT. GABE'S OTHER MANSION - MIAMI, FL - DAY**

He shows them a dingy room. Bad lighting. Cheap Venetian blinds.

LAWYER  
This should do just fine.

BRIGGSY (PRE-LAP)  
We done yet or what?

CUT TO:

**INT. KEITH'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Keith's war council sits on the sofa: Kevin, Briggsy, Caroline and their daughter, asleep in her arms. There's pizza and beer laid out on the coffee table. Keith is in a dining room chair, seated across from them.

Kevin and Briggsy are screwing around, drunk, mocking Keith.

KEVIN  
You could go to jail for a long time!

CAROLINE  
C'mon. Let's keep going.

Kevin sits up straight, pretends to be a congressman.

KEVIN  
OK, Mr. Gill, may I call you that?

Keith gives him a gesture to say: speed it up.

CAROLINE  
What were your intentions with these Youtube videos and social media posts about GameStop?

KEITH  
Good question, Congresswoman. I developed a theory about the company that, despite significant short interest--

BRIGGSY  
So you were aware of the short interest?

Keith is calm and has a prepared answer for every question, but Briggsy and Kevin won't let him speak.

KEITH  
That's public information. It's in SEC filings--

BRIGGSY  
And your goal was to break these shorts, yes?

(MORE)

**BRIGGSY (CONT'D)**

To rally an online mob to  
artificially send the price of  
GameStop soaring, ah, "to the moon"  
as they say, isn't that correct?

KEITH

It's not at all correct! I just--

KEVIN

OBJECTION! Leading the witness.

KEITH

What witness?!

KEVIN

I yield my time to the chair.

BRIGGSY

You were hoping for a short  
squeeze, weren't you?

KEVIN

Short-squeezin' bastard.

KEITH

The short interest was never a main  
point in my thesis--

KEVIN

I saw it in your videos, you were  
dunkin' tendies, "it's a little  
squeezy, ooh little squeezy..."

BRIGGSY

You're really asking us to believe  
that you didn't have any role as a  
leader to all these retail traders?

KEITH

My view is--

BRIGGSY

Yes or no?!

KEITH

As I was saying--

KEVIN

You are fucked buddy!

KEITH

KEV.

The room falls silent.

KEITH (CONT'D)  
I'm running with my dick out.

A beat, as everyone takes this in.

KEVIN  
Okay, why didn't you just say that?

Another beat.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
(in a woman's voice)  
Mr. Gill... what exactly about the  
fundamentals led you to build this  
bull case?

CAROLINE  
Good question, actually.

BRIGGSY  
What's the voice?

KEVIN  
I was trying to do AOC. But it was  
flat.

BRIGGSY  
Is she even on the panel?

Keith looks at Caroline, desperate for a way out of this.

CUT TO:

**INT. KEITH'S HOME - HALL BATH - BROCKTON, MA - DAY**

Keith wears a suit and looks into a mirror, trying to tie his  
tie. But he's too nervous. His hands are shaking.

Caroline comes up behind him and does it for him.

CAROLINE  
Come here...You're gonna be great.

KEITH  
If it goes bad, it's gonna be real  
bad.

CAROLINE  
Then don't let it go bad.

She smiles encouragingly. But he's not wrong.

CUT TO:

**INT. GABE'S NEW MANSION - MIAMI, FL - DAY**

Gabe settles into his seat, tests his microphone.

**INT. FOUR SEASONS - CONFERENCE ROOM - PALM BEACH, FL - NIGHT**

Ken takes his seat at one side of the long conference table. A lawyer adjusts his ring light.

PAN OVER to four lawyers on the far end of the table.

**INT. KEITH'S HOME - BASEMENT - BROCKTON, MA - DAY**

Keith, nervous as hell, sits in his gaming chair. Looks at his image in the camera on his laptop: Hair combed neatly. Tie tight. The HANG IN THERE cat poster behind him.

But something's not quite right...

He gets his RED HEADBAND and tacks it up with the cat poster.

JUMP AHEAD:

KEITH

Thank you members of the committee.  
I am happy to discuss my purchase  
of GameStop shares and my  
discussions of their fair value on  
social media.

He casts a quick glance off to the side, where Caroline watches and gives him a thumbs up.

KEITH (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)

But before I do that, a few things  
I am not:

While he continues, we jump AROUND THE WORLD to our ensemble, all watching Keith on laptops, TVs or phones:

CUT TO:

**INT. KEITH'S CHILDHOOD HOME - BROCKTON, MA - NIGHT**

KEITH (ON SCREEN)

I am not a cat.

Steve and Elaine watch this with Kevin in the living room.

ELAINE

What does he mean, he's not a cat?



**INT. COMMON ROOM - UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS - NIGHT**

A group of college kids CHEER, playing a drinking game.

COLLEGE KID  
He said cat! Down 'em!

Everyone does shots, except Harmony and Riri, who are watching Keith, stony-faced, taking this very seriously.

KEITH (PRE-LAP)  
I am not an institutional investor.  
I am not a hedge fund.

**INT. PATIENT ROOM - PITTSBURGH, PA - DAY**

Jenny cares for an elderly PATIENT. The in-room TV plays CNBC.

KEITH  
I do not have clients, and I do not provide personalized investment advice for fees or commissions. I'm just an individual whose investment in GameStop and posts on social media were based upon my own research and analysis.

**INT. KEITH'S CHILDHOOD HOME - BROCKTON, MA - NIGHT**

KEITH  
I grew up in Brockton, Mass. My family was not wealthy. My father was a truck driver and my mom a registered nurse. I was one of three kids and the first in my family to earn a four-year college degree when I graduated from Stonehill University in 2009.

**INT. GAMESTOP STORE - DETROIT - DAY**

Marcos wears a red headband in homage, watching on his phone.

KEITH  
That was not a good time to be looking for a job. From 2010-2017, there were significant periods when I was unemployed.  
(MORE)

**KEITH (CONT'D)**

I took an interest in the stock market, and even though I had very little money, I used those times to educate myself and learn more about investing.

**CONGRESSMAN**

Mr. Gill, thank you for being with us today. Why did you share your investment ideas about GameStop on social media?

**KEITH**

I felt sharing them could help others. And I thought by sharing my own ideas and accepting critiques, I might be able to identify holes in my own analysis. I like to bet my heart. But it's nerve-wracking.

**CONGRESSMAN**

What do you say to those who argue that your posts caused the movement of billions of dollars into GameStop shares?

Keith inhales, anxious. This is what he was afraid of.

**KEITH**

I never told anyone to buy the stock. I was always clear in my channel that it was educational--

**CONGRESSMAN**

I wouldn't say educational. Lots of drinking, maybe...

**KEITH**

Whether anyone bought the stock was actually irrelevant to my thesis.

**CONGRESSMAN**

And what was your thesis, Mr. Gill?

**KEITH**

It was always focused on fundamentals of the business.

**CONGRESSMAN**

And did you have access to inside information about GameStop to formulate that thesis?

KEITH

No.

CONGRESSMAN

You certainly were talking to many, many people about GameStop during this time...

Caroline holds her breath, so nervous for him.

KEITH

What I did on social media, sharing analysis of company fundamentals, is no different than what hedge funds and other Wall Street firms have done for decades, with teams of analysts working together to compile research and critique investment ideas. Social media just leveled the playing field.

CHEERS from Marcos and Keith's family as we

JUMP TO:

**INT. GABE'S NEW MANSION - MIAMI, FL - DAY**

GABE

...my focus is on my company, Melvin Capital. On building our portfolio. The issues you speak about are bigger. Societal. They're not really my area of expertise.

We remember Gabe saying this, but now we get to see the rest of the scene play out:

CONGRESSMAN

I'm sorry Mr. Plotkin, you're on mute.

Gabe tries to unmute himself.

GABE

I was saying, it's not really my area of expertise.

CONGRESSWOMAN

You're still on mute. I haven't heard a word you've said.

JUMP TO:

**INT. VLAD'S HOUSE - MENLO PARK, CA - DAY**

CONGRESSWOMAN

Mr. Tenev, you represented to the media that there was no liquidity problem. But isn't it true that being concerned about having enough capital to meet deposit requirements: isn't that a liquidity problem? Yes or no?

VLAD

I appreciate the opportunity to address that.

CONGRESSWOMAN

Just yes or no, please.

Now we see the rest of the scene play out:

VLAD

We always felt comfortable with our liquidity, and the additional--

CONGRESSWOMAN

I just need a yes or no answer.

VLAD

I stand by my statement. The additional capital we raised wasn't to meet capital requirements or deposit requirements--

CONGRESSWOMAN

Can the gentleman hear properly?

VLAD

Excuse me?

CONGRESSWOMAN

I'm reclaiming my time.

**INT. FOUR SEASONS - OFFICE - PALM BEACH, FL - DAY**

CONGRESSWOMAN

Mr. Griffin, if I could just ask you this first question.

Ken Griffin sits up in his chair, ready.

KEN GRIFFIN

Of course, Madam Chairman.

CONGRESSWOMAN

How many people are in the room  
with you today?

KEN GRIFFIN

That's your question?

CONGRESSWOMAN

If you can just count how many  
people are in the room with you.

Panicked looks from the dozen or so lawyers sitting across  
from Ken. A long pause, as he decides what to do.

CONGRESSWOMAN (CONT'D)

As a reminder, you're under oath.

KEN GRIFFIN

There are five people, including  
myself, in this room.

CONGRESSWOMAN

Thank you. Now that we've  
established that, I have to ask:  
did anyone in your organization  
contact Robinhood in January?

KEN GRIFFIN

Are you asking if we have had  
contact with Robinhood? We talk to  
Robinhood everyday.

CONGRESSWOMAN

You're doing a great job wasting my  
time, Mr. Griffin. If what you want  
is to filibuster, run for senate.

CUT TO:

**INT. MAHOGANY-PANELED STUDY - GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT - DAY**

Steve Cohen's back on his massage table, being professionally  
stretched. He watches Ken's testimony on C-SPAN.

STEVE

Prick.

CUT BACK TO:

**INT. FOUR SEASONS - OFFICE - PALM BEACH, FL - DAY**

KEN GRIFFIN

Congresswoman, we offered to have my colleague who manages that relationship be here today instead. He has firsthand knowledge.

CONGRESSWOMAN

Please just answer the question, Mr. Griffin.

KEN GRIFFIN

We, of course, talk to Robinhood routinely in the ordinary course of business. We manage a substantial portion of their order flow.

CONGRESSWOMAN

Well, I understand that, but did you talk to them about restricting or doing anything to prevent people from buying, not selling, GameStop?

KEN

I want to be perfectly clear. We had no role in Robinhood's decision to limit trading in GameStop. I first learned of Robinhood's trading restrictions only after they were publicly announced.

CONGRESSWOMAN

And if we were to depose everyone in your organization, we would find that they say the same?

KEN

That is correct.

**INT. VLAD'S HOUSE - MENLO PARK, CA - DAY**

CONGRESSWOMAN

Now, earlier one of my colleagues said that Robinhood owes its customers a lot more than an apology, and I happen to agree with him. I believe that the decisions made by you and this company have harmed your customers.

**(MORE)**

**CONGRESSWOMAN (CONT'D)**

Mr. Tenev, would you be willing to commit today to voluntarily pass on the proceeds of the payment for order flow to Robinhood customers?

VLAD

Congresswoman, I appreciate that question. When the statement you refer to was made, I believe 2015 or 2016, it was before Robinhood forced the entire industry to drop commissions and replicate our business model, which made payment for order flow--

CONGRESSWOMAN

So I should take that as a no? You're not willing to pass on the proceeds of payment for order flow to your customers?

VLAD

When the other brokers dropped--

CONGRESSWOMAN

No, I'm just talking about today, right now--

VLAD

Payment for order flow, Congresswoman, allows for commission-free trading in the context of trading commissions. It's a much larger source of revenue in the past than payments for order flows.

CONGRESSWOMAN

I see. Mr. Tenev, I apologize. I don't want to be rude. I just have limited time, but if removing the revenues that you make from a payment for order flow would cause the removal of free commissions, doesn't that mean that trading on Robinhood isn't actually free to begin with?

INT. KEITH'S HOME - BASEMENT - BROCKTON, MA - DAY

CONGRESSMAN

Mr. Gill, I find it hard to believe that you predicted everything that happened to GameStop, with no inside information.

**FLASH TO** Keith's parents, terrified.

KEITH

I didn't predict it. I couldn't even explain it, honestly.

CONGRESSMAN

I've seen your videos. You honestly couldn't recount to the committee what caused every single up and down of the stock in January? I think you could.

Keith makes eye contact with Caroline. It fuels him.

KEITH

Threshold lists, order flow, halting purchases--according to the press, these all had a material impact on the stock. But honestly, here's the thing: I've had a bit of experience with this stuff, and even I barely understand these matters. It's kinda alarming how little we all know about the inner workings of the market.

Caroline silently cheers.

KEITH (CONT'D)

That's why I'm thankful this committee is examining what happened, particularly with the exorbitant short interest as well as any potentially manipulative shorting practices and brokers' reported failures to timely deliver shares and settle trades.

Keith pauses, tempted to go off-script... aaand yields to it.

KEITH (CONT'D)

A lot of people feel the system is broken.

((MORE))



KEITH (CONT'D)

The whole idea of the stock market is, like, kind of a fair playing field, where if you're smart and lucky, you could make your fortune. But, if it ever was that, it's certainly not any more. The big firms have such a big advantage, in terms of technology, information and just sheer wealth, that there's no hope for the little guy any more. Or-- there was no hope. Now, it seems like maybe there is?

(then)

As for me, I like the stock.

He steals a little smile at Caroline.

KEITH (CONT'D)

And I don't plan on selling anytime soon.

CUT TO:

**INT. COMMON ROOM - UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS - DAY**

Riri locks her phone, sending the testimony to black.

HARMONY

You think that's the last we'll ever hear from him?

RIRI

International man of mystery, Keith Gill.

HARMONY

You think he's gonna sell?

She pauses to think about it.

RIRI

I hope not.

HARMONY

If he sold would you?

A harder question.

RIRI

I hope we never have to find out.

INT. KEITH'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - BROCKTON, MA - DAY

Keith has just finished testifying. He loosens his tie.

CAROLINE  
That was good? I think?

KEITH  
Guess we'll see...

BLACK.

INT. KEITH'S HOUSE - BROCKTON, MA - ESTABLISHING - DAWN

INT. KEITH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - BROCKTON, MA - DAWN

It's early. Caroline's still asleep. So is the baby. Keith slips out of bed, heading downstairs...

INT. KEITH'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - BROCKTON, MA - DAY

He's back in his red sweatband and cat t-shirt. He sits in his gaming chair and wakes up his computer, scanning the headlines about the testimony. All raves.

He checks the stock: it's barely moved overnight, hovering at \$209. He clicks over to E-trade and pulls up his account.

He moves the cursor over SELL, pausing just long enough to make us worry, and then continues moving it...

To BUY.

He exercises his options, to purchase another 50,000 shares. He presses BUY, and nothing happens. No confetti. No fanfare.

He then UPLOADS his updated balance sheet to Wall Street Bets, titling it: "GME YOLO - UPDATE."

He hesitates a beat. Then adds in the word FINAL so it reads:

GME YOLO - **FINAL** UPDATE.

Almost operating out of instinct, he turns on his camera, starting to stream...

But it's a silent for a few beats, as he's not sure what to say. Or what to do.

His eyes go to a stuffed cat on his desk. He picks it up and stands, turning to the camera. Then takes a sip of his beer--

KEITH  
Cheers everyone.

Smiling at us one last time as the screen TURNS OFF.

REVEAL: Caroline, on the stairs.

CAROLINE  
You're a fucking gangster.

BLACK.

**AS WE ROLL CREDITS**

TITLE CARD: The day after the Congressional hearing, Keith Gill posted that he was as bullish as ever on GME, doubling his stake to 100,000 shares. By the end of the week, GME stock had more than tripled.

Over **REAL FOOTAGE of Gabe Plotkin** testifying to Congress--

TITLE CARD: In 2022, after losing billions, Melvin Capital shut its doors for good.

Over **REAL FOOTAGE of Vlad Tenev** testifying to Congress--

TITLE CARD: Robinhood went public on July 29, 2021. It was the worst debut ever for an IPO of its size. It has continued to plummet, now trading 90% below its all time high.

TITLE CARD: Vlad and Baiju are no longer billionaires.

Over **REAL FOOTAGE of Ken Griffin** testifying to Congress--

TITLE CARD: Six months after Ken Griffin's testimony, text messages were made public in a lawsuit, showing that Robinhood and Citadel executives were engaged in significant discussions...

TITLE CARD: The day before Robinhood cut off the buy option.

TITLE CARD: The court later dismissed the lawsuit.

TITLE CARD: One month later, the SEC finished their investigation.

TITLE CARD: They filed no charges.

**EXT. KEITH'S HOUSE - BROCKTON, MA - DAY**

On his way out, Kevin swipes the car keys (with the cat keychain) from a bowl by the door.

He aims them at the Volvo.

But a car across the street beeps instead.

A shiny, red PORSCHE convertible. WTF!?!

As he makes his way across the street, he looks down at the car keys. Now he notices, there's a note on them: **Love, Kitty**

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL TRACK - BROCKTON, MA - NIGHT**

CLOSE ON Keith, tying the shoelaces of the new Zooms Kevin bought him.

KEVIN

GO!

Kevin takes off running, getting a beat on Keith. Only now do we see, they're both NAKED.

TITLE CARD: April 16th, 2021 was Keith Gill's final post. He was worth \$34 MILLION.

TITLE CARD: He has retreated from public life.

Lightning crackles overhead.

As Keith overtakes Kevin, we...

FADE TO BLACK.