

DROP

Written by
Sara Chekroun

yaminasara@gmail.com
347.986.4426

PRE CREDIT SEQUENCE:

ESTABLISHING SHOT: DESERT

INT. DESERT MANSION - MEXICO - DAY

Men work furiously to remove money from a house. They are day laborers hired by a cartel. Some with tattoos, some with farmers hats, forced to help to save their land. The desert heat sings. Sweat drips from their foreheads. There's work to be done - money is hidden everywhere.

LIBRARY

Bookshelves are removed, exposing neatly stacked piles of cash along the walls. Books pile onto the floor, titles unknown, covered in desert dust coming through the open windows.

BEDROOM

Mattress ripped open with a knife. Cash spits out.

KITCHEN

Fridge opened, it bursts with cash tied in bright yellow rubber bands.

POOL

Men in scuba gear hammer underwater at the sides of the pool. The hammering is forceful and silent. A panel collapses, the stone rubble sinks to the bottom. A HAND reaches into the gaping hole and searches. A plastic bag is removed containing a mix of United States and Canadian currency. Men begin to float to the top with the packages. Once at the surface, the money is tossed to those at the top and carried to the driveway.

DRIVEWAY

There's so much money. It fills a truck, then another truck.

EXT. DESERT MANSION - MEXICO - DAY

At the edge of the property, two MEN are at a table drinking tea. Each of their shotguns are resting beside them. They watch the work being done from a distance.

They speak to each other in SUBTITLED SPANISH:

MAN 1
It's the future.

MAN 2
It's complicated.

MAN 1
If you don't believe me or don't
get it, I don't have time to try to
convince you, sorry.

MAN 2
Be calm, be calm.

More tea is poured.

MAN 2
All of it?

MAN 1
Every last bit.

MAN 1 takes out a cell phone.

CU on SCREEN- we see a BITCOIN CANDLESTICK CHART.

ERIN (V.O.) (PRELAP)
I never knew what it was like to
have money, real money. I was okay
with what I had, until I came to
find out what I didn't. Then I
wanted it all. The only problem
was, I had to figure out how to get
there.

DISSOLVE TO:

SUPER TITLE:

University of Toronto

Spring 2014

INT. CONVOCATION HALL - DAY

CU of SCREEN- we see the same BITCOIN CANDLESTICK CHART.

The CREDITS ROLL OVER each CANDLESTICK, as the GRAPH is
constantly updated.

We zoom out onto the entire classroom. Hundreds of faces
like dots. Slow CU onto ERIN BROOKS, who is no one at first.
She's 22, only wears AMERICAN APPAREL because it's easy to
steal, and pays very close attention to every word that is
being said.

PROFESSOR

Over the past few years we've seen an increased popularity in decentralized, cashless payment systems. Bitcoin is a perfect example. It's like a currency without a nation.

Erin takes notes, currency without a nation.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. LANDING STRIP - DAY

An airplane lands in a small town port of entry. It's snowing. CUSTOMS OFFICERS enter to perform a search- their jackets sport a MAPLE LEAF pin, their accents are discernible. It's Canada.

The search is over. Nothing found.

The pilot waves as they exit.

The cash is safe.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CONVOCATION HALL - DAY

PROFESSOR

The greatest threat to mass adoption is the increased use of these digital assets for illegal purposes. Which would be inconsistent with the vision of its creator, Satoshi Nakamoto, whose real identity remains still unknown.

Erin jots down, identity unknown.

Then: who is Satoshi?

Two students behind her are having a conversation. The only thing heard:

STUDENT

Fake internet money.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. LANDING STRIP - DAY

Suitcases are removed from the plane.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CONVOCATION HALL - DAY

PROFESSOR

Finance is evolving. I'll see you
next week.

The CLASS lets out- bodies rush out the doors, squeezing through the passage ways. Erin is the last to leave. We catch a glimpse of the side of her head - a single NEON GREEN streak.

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Erin walks through the ST. GEORGE ARCHES. She's about to cross the street, when she sees a FLYER that reads:

U OF T CRYPTO GEEKS

MEETINGS EVERY WEDNESDAY

SID SMITH HALL

Bring your laptop!!! FREE PIZZA.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The coffee shop is filled with groups of students drinking coffee, chatting away carelessly and laughing. Textbooks cover some tables. Most of them are well-dressed, foreign students, or exude confidence. Erin walks in alone with a hiking backpack. It has holes at the bottom.

ERIN

(to barista)

Can I get a latte please? But like,
the Tuesday special one.

BARISTA

What?

ERIN

The Tuesday latte.

BARISTA

We don't have that.

ERIN

Um--

(beat)

Like the latte that is like two
dollars on Tuesday? That latte.

BARISTA
Two dollar drink?

ERIN
Yeah. That one.

A GIRL throws away a barely drunk coffee. Croissants left on the table. And Erin, alone in the back, enjoying to the very last sip.

INT. UNIVERSITY OFFICE - DAY

A desk in a messy office. Yellow worn out files piled high cover the surface - a sudden movement might cause a colossal collapse. On a corner, an OVERSIZED GLOBE is the only entertainment.

A GUIDANCE COUNSELOR (50's, too comfortable at her job) is eating a JELLY DONUT. On a table behind her, a collection of countless empty red TIM HORTONS CUPS. We hear a soccer ball being KICKED, hard and loud, outside.

Erin sits across from her, fixated on the globe, when--

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR
Two years.

ERIN
Sorry--

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR
It's been two years.

ERIN
Sorry I was--

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR
Not listening?

ERIN
No, I was... sorry. I think there's a game outside.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR
We've been very generous in allowing you to attend classes.

ERIN
Thank you.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR

But two years! Two years is a very very long time to have a student not pay any tuition. I think you must be the only--

ERIN

I'm sorry.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR

Don't be sorry to me! I only want to see you succeed. That's all I care about. Your success. To see a graduate.

She takes a bite from the donut. Jelly oozes out. She looks for a nonexistent napkin.

ERIN

Thank you.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR

But I had no choice but to schedule to meet with you today to tell you that--

KICK

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR

To tell you that we won't be allowing you to graduate until you've paid off your tuition in full.

KICK

ERIN

Okay.
(beat)
Okay!

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR

Your success is so important to us here at the faculty. It's our number one concern.

KICK

ERIN

I'm not--

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR

You won't be able to attend graduation.

ERIN

Right.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR

Does this not concern you?

ERIN

Why should it? I have the money. I'm waiting for a transfer. Then I can write you a check. So there's no problem, at all, really.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR

You can pay?

ERIN

Absolutely. It's just a delay. It's one of those annoying money-bank-things, you know? Like what, are you cutting down trees to print the money?

Instead of laughing, the guidance counselor takes the bite that makes the donut disappear.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR

(chewing)

Your name won't be added to the graduate list until the money clears. In case that's not fully clear, Ms. Brooks.

ERIN

I understand, and that's okay. I'll get my diploma, right? Even if there's, like, another delay?

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR

No.

KICK, KICK, KICK.

ERIN

But maybe like a, um, a paper? That says that I did all of the things, the classes, and the grades. Just-- that I did them?

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR

That's called a diploma.

ERIN

Of course. Okay, well, thank you.

The GUIDANCE COUNSELOR, now donut hands free, reaches for a file and opens it. A BROCHURE displays an image of LONDON.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR
Your internship asked for us to
send over your diploma. They
require it for enrollment in the
program.

ERIN
I know.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR
We will.

ERIN
Thanks.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR
But after payment is processed.

The loudest KICK yet.

INT. UNIVERSITY OFFICE - LOBBY - DAY

A row of baby-faced applicants waiting for their turn to be called. Erin walks out of the office. She smiles at their potential.

ERIN
(to no one in particular)
Everyone has a good idea. Everyone.
But nothing goes as planned.

They look to each other as she heads out the door.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

Erin walks. Backpack on, earphones in. CAMO JACKET to cut out the cold. Down COLLEGE STREET turned CARLTON, to PARLIAMENT past corner store after corner store, across GERRARD where there's a jumpable bridge over the river, towards RIVERDALE PARK. She sings, body synchronized, to UPBEAT MUSIC as she travels by foot across the city.

EXT. RIVERDALE PARK - DUSK

She's at the bottom of the basin swallowed by greenery. She takes her headphones out. The music stops abruptly. Silence. She looks to the empty sky.

ERIN
FUUUUUUCK!!!!

The hills absorb the sound of her scream.

She falls to her knees, crying.

EXT. RIVERDALE PARK - NIGHT

Erin on a bench at the top of the hill. It's dark now, and she's dragged herself up from the bottom. The skyline is illuminated in the distance and there's nothing to do but admire the glow. A guy rolls up on a BIKE. This is OSKAR (22, punk rock). He dismounts the bike and tosses it like trash as he runs towards Erin. He sits beside her and pulls her towards him. She's still crying.

OSKAR

It's okay, it's okay. Shh, shh,
shh.

ERIN

(sobbing through tears)
How am I going to get the money?

OSKAR

Fuck them.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO - BASEMENT - DAY

Erin walks through a basement corridor. Through the classroom doors we see BOXLIKE COMPUTERS, 90's machinery of a future past.

Taped to the wall a black and white xeroxed image of a ROCKET EMOJI and MOON EMOJI with an ARROW. A few classes down, A PIZZA EMOJI with a FLYING BANKNOTE EMOJI, almost there.

A closed door with a sign that reads WELCOME TO THE MOON.

She enters the classroom, trying to go unnoticed. Geeks of all shapes and sizes. Mostly black attire, or logo t-shirts for early crypto companies. LAPTOPS everywhere. PIZZA BOXES stacked high in the back. Paper plates and slices with only a couple of bites taken. Chattering, excitement.

She takes a seat beside an unattended laptop with a CAT STICKER on it, unsure how to exist in this world.

Happily invisible, relaxed, her cell phone RINGS. Everyone stops and looks at her. She waves, nods her head at the same time, wishes to start over, now the center of attention. A girl.

ERIN
(silencing phone)
That was me.

A tall, lanky, BOY with piercing blue eyes approaches her. She pushes herself against the wall in anticipation of the interaction. He picks up the cat sticker laptop.

BOY
(Russian accent)
Sorry, I left this here. Gonna need it.

ERIN
It's good you came back for it because I was planning on stealing it.

He laughs.

BOY
Nothing worth stealing on there.

ERIN
There has to be something.

BOY
Maybe like just some good cat photos.

ERIN
That works.

BOY
Or like, maybe some useless cat coins.

ERIN
I'll take those too. Maybe they'll be worth something one day.

BOY
Doubt it, but worth the HODL.

She's lost now but pretends to know what that means by laughing even harder.

He walks back to the front of the classroom where a student writes PROGRAMMABLE BLOCKCHAIN on the WHITEBOARD.

STUDENT
Cypherpunks, simmer down. We have a real treat for you today. Visiting us all the way from U of Waterloo--

Someone in the crowd BOOS.

STUDENT

I know, I know. But here we have
their finest. Vitalik?

The boy, VITALIK BUTERIN, plugs in his laptop to project on
a screen. A DIAMOND shape appears, underneath it the word
"ETHEREUM".

VITALIK

Hi. Thanks for having me. I'm
excited to share my proposal for a
blockchain with a programming
language that makes it possible to
write any kind of application on
it.

No one reacts.

STUDENT

Before I forget - we have copies of
the white paper at the front if
anyone wants it.

No one gets up.

VITALIK

Thanks. So, essentially, the goal
is to build decentralized
applications. The Bitcoin
blockchain technology can benefit
from other applications besides
money.

Unconvinced, some students start to take notes or start
messaging each other. It all looks the same.

VITALIK

We are calling this the next
internet. Web three.

This gets everyone's attention.

The door slams open and a man, 30's, walks in late and
unapologetic. In a button down shirt and skate shoes, he's
not a student but not an intruder. Erin is confused, Vitalik
goes on. He takes a look at every single person, then
settles on Erin. Unnecessarily, he pulls up a chair.

MAN

(to Erin)

Hey. What did I miss?

ERIN
They're making the new internet.

MAN
I'm Thomas by the way.

ERIN
Cool.

THOMAS
Your name?

ERIN
Why?

THOMAS
I'll have to call you crypto chick.

Erin notices his watch- iced out, obnoxious.

ERIN
You don't even go here.

THOMAS
I used to. Sort of.

Unnecessarily, Erin pushes away her chair a few inches.

ERIN
That's so interesting.

She turns her attention back to Vitalik. Thomas starts to listen, which quickly switches to TEXTING.

The talk ends. As everyone gets up to take a copy of the white paper, Erin exits as fast as she can.

INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Erin, soaked, closes an umbrella at the top of stairs in a small cramped vestibule. She walked in the rain. She climbs down and pushes the door open to a BASEMENT APARTMENT.

A girl, overweight, is cooking in the kitchen. This is AMY. The apartment is out of Urban Outfitters catalogue with the liberty of a dad's credit card and the lack of any personal taste. A DINING TABLE doubles as a desk (for Erin). POLAROIDs are strung on LIGHT STRINGS above the table (Amy's life only).

Amy is cooking nothing short of a chef's meal.

Erin goes to her cupboard- there's nothing in there except no-name protein bars. She grabs one.

ERIN
It's always raining in this city.

AMY
Are you hungry? I made way too much
and I started my diet yesterday!

ERIN
I ate.

Amy might believe her.

Erin walks to the back of the apartment.

Her room is BLANK except a dollar store decal of a HEART shape and DREAM and a MAP OF LONDON on the wall facing her twin bed. A beat up dresser holds a small arrangement of personal items- a hair brush, a mirror, sample size products. Books are piled in a corner.

She picks up a book and joins Amy at the dining table-desk.

ERIN
Have you heard of Bitcoin?

AMY
I love Bjorn.

ERIN
No, bitcoin. The digital money.

AMY
Like a new credit card?

ERIN
Well, not really. But sort of--

AMY
Do I need to get one?

ERIN
I'm not sure yet--

AMY
Okay.

ERIN
It's a cashless payment system.

AMY
Why do we need that?

ERIN

Because if two people want to transact directly with each other they can. You can go to any bank and send money. But you need an account, an identity and permission. But with Bitcoin all you need is a wallet address that you control and you can send money to anyone in the world. All from the privacy of your computer.

AMY

What company runs it?

ERIN

It's a network no one controls.

Amy keeps eating and just stares at her.

ERIN

Anyway, it's a cool idea.

Erin starts reading her book. Amy finishes eating and gets up.

AMY

(from the kitchen)

Hey, Erin?

ERIN

Yeah?

AMY

Don't forget about the rent.

INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Erin drags a cheap WHITEBOARD out from under the bed and props it on the dresser, facing her pillow. With a red marker she writes: 20,000. She looks at it for a long time. Turns off the light. It's still there in the dark.

INT. ROBARTS - RARE BOOK LIBRARY - NIGHT

WIDE ANGLE: The library is empty. It's late. Red carpeted floors - a mix of royalty and bloodbath. At this hour, the only light in is artificial.

Erin sits alone at a long table on the lowest floor - the STACKS are brightly ILLUMINATED above her, reaching to the heavens. She reads, flips a page, stops. She pushes the book away, but doesn't get up.

Here, everything is quiet, everything in its place.

INT. FINANCIAL AID OFFICE - DAY

The office is gothic, oppressive.

Erin is at the edge of her seat. While thousands of students may have come before her, few as desperate.

The FINANCIAL COUNSELOR has a you're-just-a-number and this-is-my-job look on her face.

FINANCIAL COUNSELOR
You don't qualify.

ERIN
It's twenty thousand dollars. I'm just wondering if there's anything else that we can do.

FINANCIAL COUNSELOR
I can't do anything. You're free to do what you want.

ERIN
I'd just really, really, really like to graduate. I worked really hard and it would be a waste if--

FINANCIAL COUNSELOR
If what?

ERIN
If I didn't graduate.

FINANCIAL COUNSELOR
Well you could graduate in the next class, can't you? Nothing wrong with waiting a year. Plenty of students get jobs.

ERIN
I have specific plans-

FINANCIAL COUNSELOR
Change them.

ERIN

They aren't changeable. It's an internship program where when you're done you get a job and it's a very good job at a very reputable financial institution and it pays very well and it will allow me to finally --

FINANCIAL COUNSELOR
It's outside the scope of our conversation what it is you're doing after you graduate.

ERIN
You asked me so-

FINANCIAL COUNSELOR
I didn't.

ERIN
One day I'll be able to finish my sentences.

EXT. FINANCIAL AID OFFICE - DAY

Erin, head down, busts out of the office. She passes Thomas but doesn't notice him. He sees her, picks up his stride, catches up.

THOMAS
What's good?

ERIN
(startled)
How did you know I was here?

Erin keeps walking.

THOMAS
I followed you.

ERIN
No you didn't.

THOMAS
Yes, I did.

Erin lets this sit. This is the first time she's taken a good look at him.

THOMAS
How could I not? I want to get to know you. Crypto chick.

EXT. KING'S COLLEGE CIRCLE - CONTINUOUS

ERIN WALKS ACROSS KING'S COLLEGE CIRCLE, the CLOCK TOWER RINGS. She walks faster.

Erin and Thomas are in the middle of the field. Erin has stopped walking. They face each other. Without warning, she starts to run.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. THOMAS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

An expensive condo in a high rise tower. Glitzy. Glam. Art.

Thomas is in the kitchen fixing a drink on the counter. Erin is on the couch on guard for danger. They keep their distance for now.

THOMAS
You're into crypto?

ERIN
Sort of.

THOMAS
You're into guys who are into crypto?

ERIN
Sort of definitely not.

THOMAS
What year did you buy your first bitcoin?

Erin says nothing. Thomas gets it.

THOMAS
You could make a lot of money.

ERIN
How do you know I need money?

THOMAS
You walk in the cold--

Thomas stops what he's doing in the kitchen.

THOMAS
And you look like you're running from something.

Erin is embarrassed, looks the other way, doesn't let it show.

THOMAS

I have a job if you're looking for one.

She waits for the punchline.

THOMAS

This is the opportunity of a lifetime. Brokering Bitcoin. If you know what Bitcoin is, you're already half way there.

Thomas hands her a drink, joins her on the couch, sitting close as possible without being on top of her.

ERIN

All I know is what they taught us in economics and whatever from the meetups.

She swallows half of the drink with one sip.

THOMAS

You're lucky. You're right on time. It just became easy for Canadians to buy bitcoin.

Erin looks around at a life she's never had.

ERIN

Is this how you make your money?

THOMAS

I'm a U of T drop out turned art dealer turned bitcoin entrepreneur. Cashed out in my second year selling pieces to rich foreigners. Crypto's my side hustle now.

ERIN

Where'd you grow up?

THOMAS

Down the street.

Erin finishes her drink.

ERIN

I'm not good at math.

Thomas laughs.

THOMAS
You're like Darwin, then.

This is lost on her.

Thomas reaches for his LAPTOP from a mirrored table and flicks it open. He gets even closer to Erin. She's captive.

He calls up a website:

Quadrigacx.com

THOMAS
People want to buy bitcoin--

He loads a PRICE CHART on the screen. We see the price move quickly, up, and then down, candling in a new direction with every refresh.

THOMAS
But the price is too volatile.

Erin watches the price change.

He loads a new page: the three months price history.

THOMAS
If you promise bitcoin at a fixed pre-set price, it's a guaranteed sale, and then a percentage on top for the service. You take their cash, put it in your bank account, buy bitcoin on the exchange, and then send the bitcoin to their wallet.

ERIN
How do you buy it?

Thomas pulls up the login page - new user.

THOMAS
Deposit cash from a bank account into the exchange. I take care of the rest. Because we get a lot of clients, to make things faster, it's best if you use more than one bank account.
(beat)
A few bank accounts.

ERIN
How long does the transfer take?

THOMAS

Ten, fifteen minutes for it to go through. Depending on the block size.

ERIN

How do you know where to send it to?

THOMAS

To their wallet, which is their bitcoin address.

He puts his hand on her lap.

THOMAS

Not their house.

We see a long series of numbers and letters strung together.

THOMAS

Which looks like this. The addresses are anonymous. And so are you.

ERIN

How much do you charge on top?

THOMAS

Eight percent.

ERIN

How much do you keep?

THOMAS

All of it.

She looks at his watch. It sweeps without stopping.

INT. VIETNAMESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Your everyday Vietnamese restaurant. Think Dundas or Spadina street. FLUORESCENT LIGHTING and ILLUMINATED PICTURE WALL MENUS- noodles, fresh summer rolls, etc. Empty, except for two customers at a time, yelling in a foreign language from the kitchen where nothing but GIGANTIC BOWLS OF PHO appear from the back served in mass produced PLASTIC CHINA.

Erin and Oskar sit at a back table. Nothing exists outside of this world.

OSKAR

He sounds sketchy.

ERIN

He's not.

(beat)

And what? Like we've never been sketchy?

OSKAR

Are you sure it's legal?

ERIN

Yeah.

OSKAR

If the university found out about it? Still legal?

ERIN

Yeah.

OSKAR

It's money laundering Erin.

ERIN

You sell weed.

OSKAR

You stole credit cards in grade eight.

ERIN

You were there!

OSKAR

This is not the same.

ERIN

It's legal. For the most part.

OSKAR

You're not a broker. You're taking cash and turning it into crypto without a trace for the person who gave you the money. Why do you think they bother going through him? It's called money laundering.

ERIN

It's called a premium service.

OSKAR

Money laundering!

ERIN

If people want to buy bitcoin and not have the government know, why can't I help with that? The government won't give me aid to graduate. Neither will the university. I'm not doing anything wrong. I'm just helping to create a more free and decentralized world.

The YELLING from the back kitchen increases. Pots and pans banging. The sound of almost ready.

Erin grabs a BIG PLASTIC MENU and passes it to Oskar. Oskar points. Erin looks at it, Oskar counts back from 10.

Erin starts to say the menu column in perfect order- curry vermicelli, tofu...

OSKAR

You missed one.

ERIN

(confident)

No I didn't.

Oskar laughs. Erin takes the menu and hits him on the head with it.

A small Asian woman comes out with the PHO BOWLS.

OSKAR

I'm starving.

ERIN

And I've been hungry my whole life.

EXT. YONGE STREET - NIGHT

LIGHTS FLASH on Yonge street- get your RECORDS, get your GIRLS.

Amy can barely stand. Erin is on a mission.

They stop by the American Apparel window- a SILVER LEOTARD, NEON GREEN TUBE TOP. Erin takes note, drags Amy through the night.

PUNKS with MOHAWKS and PITBULLS are sitting on the sidewalk at an intersection, counting their blessings inside empty Pepsi cups.

PUNK

Spare some change.

Erin keeps walking.

PUNK
Not even 5 cents?

ERIN
Why don't you go back to Barrie or
something?

A DOOR where you don't expect it, wedged between two huge
commercial buildings. Erin is about to step in-

AMY
I want to go home.

She grabs Amy's arm and pushes the door open.

INT. YONGE STREET BUILDING - NIGHT

Erin and Amy are at the bottom of a dark, dirty, pissed on
staircase.

ERIN
We're going home.

AMY
Where are we?

Erin starts climbing.

ERIN
It's upstairs.

AMY
I'm tired.

ERIN
No you're not.

AMY
Let's go home.

ERIN
But this is fun!

Amy starts to turn back, Erin blocks her.

ERIN
Stop it.

Amy gives in.

They get to the FLUORESCENT LIT top floor. A sign on the door reads "SOUVENIRS". Erin pushes the door open slowly, peering through before entering.

It's dark inside the mostly empty room.

ERIN
Hello?

No answer.

ERIN
They should be open.

AMY
There's no one here.

ERIN
I'm not stupid. They're open.

They walk towards the back of the room as silence turns into the low thumping of music coming through the walls. It's hard to see anything.

AMY
Who are we meeting?

ERIN
I lost my ID.

AMY
Just order a new one!

ERIN
I want to be 21, Amy.

AMY
Where are you going?

ERIN
Miami. New York. I haven't decided.

AMY
But you're poor.

A door SLAMS shut. They look around but it's impossible to see where the sound came from.

ERIN
Hello?

MAN (O.S.)
Yes.

ERIN
We lost our IDs.
(beat)
The both of us.

The lights turn on. A MAN, late 40's tattooed biker, walks in. There's a cold metal desk in a corner with a printer. There's nothing on the walls- this could be an interrogation room.

MAN
Sit.

The man points to a chair in front of a white sheet. Erin sits, camera FLASH, blinding, repeated.

ERIN
If we could make a couple,
actually. That would be great.

Erin sits Amy onto the chair. FLASH, smiling.

ERIN
And actually, if we could make them
different names, and birth dates
from different provinces. That
would be even better.

The printer goes off. It's louder than you would expect. It's a brutal mashup between the music creeping in through the walls and the machinery.

ERIN
Thanks.

Erin and Amy just stand there as the IDs get made.

A long silence.

MAN
There's trouble out there.

ERIN
I know.

MAN
It'll find you. And if it don't,
you'll find it.

ERIN
I bet.

MAN
You're looking for it.

EXT. YONGE STREET BUILDING - NIGHT

Erin holds a handful of FAKE IDS. Manitoba, British Columbia, Alberta. Some have her photo, others have Amy's.

A CAR stops.

MAN
You girls need a ride?

AMY
No.

MAN
Come on, get in.

ERIN
She said no.

MAN
I can take you where you need to go.

Erin approaches the car.

ERIN
No, you can't. Because you don't have the first clue where I need to go and there's not a chance that you could take me there. So why don't you keep driving and leave us alone before I start screaming at the top of my lungs?

MAN
You need God, bitch.

Erin laughs.

ERIN
I don't need God. I need a bar.

Erin takes Amy by the arm and they walk into the night.

INT. THOMAS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Erin flashes the IDs like a hand of cards high on the last few hours.

ERIN
I did it.

THOMAS
You did it.

Erin is all smiles when he grabs then kisses her. With the alcohol and the first sign of day break she gives in.

INT. BLUE BANK - DAY

Erin in a long line of daytime bankers. Nervous, looking everywhere.

The teller waves, her turn. Walks up to the counter.

TELLER
Insert your card.

ERIN
I left something.

Erin runs out of the bank at a post-robbery pace. No one watches her go.

EXT. BLUE BANK - CONTINUOUS

SIRENS ring. A drunk college student is vomiting in broad daylight. Her friends hold her up as they continue drinking themselves.

Erin fishes her phone out of her bag. CALLS Thomas.

ERIN
I can't do it.

THOMAS (V.O.)
You can. You just don't want to.

ERIN
I want to disappear.

Erin paces up and down the sidewalk.

THOMAS
If you don't want to do it--

ERIN
I'm here. I have the IDs. I have what I'm going to say. You just never told me if I could go to jail for this and--

THOMAS (V.O.)
I love you.

ERIN
You're crazy and I'm desperate but please don't fuck with me.

Do it. THOMAS (V.O.)

They know. ERIN

How? THOMAS (V.O.)

She looked at me. ERIN

It's a bank, babe. They have to THOMAS (V.O.)
look at you.
(beat)
Do it.

I'm scared. ERIN

Do it. THOMAS

And if they catch on to me? ERIN

There are twenty one million THOMAS
bitcoin but you only get one chance
to change your life.

Erin stops pacing.

No doubt, babe. No doubt you can do THOMAS
it.

She hangs up.

Erin walks down the street and into a SUBWAY STATION.

CUT TO:

INT. BLUE BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Erin is back, but at a new teller.

I want to open an account. ERIN

She hands over identification, copies are made, stamped.

A bank card.

INT. RED BANK - DAY

Erin sits on an armchair in a seated waiting area, faded fake flowers, a placard that reads START BUILDING YOUR DREAM TODAY.

A TELLER comes out, your card will be mailed to you in 2-4 business days.

Fake ID handed back to her.

Erin looks around her as she leaves.

INT. GREEN BANK - DAY

Erin alone in an office clicking and unclicking a FREE PEN.

Looks at CLOCK.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREEN BANK - DAY

Erin stuffs a GREEN BANK CARD in her wallet as she walks away from the bank.

INT. GOLD BANK - DAY

Erin at the counter of a completely empty bank.

ERIN
I'd like to open an account.

Erin hands over an ID.

ERIN
A new account.

The teller takes it.

ERIN
My old bank was charging me. For everything.

Teller types away.

ERIN
My friend told me this was a great bank. I'm really excited.

TELLER
Do you have any other type of ID?

This could break Erin.

ERIN
If it's not gonna work then I--

TELLER
Let me just get my manager to
approve it.

This might kill Erin.

TELLER
What type of account are you trying
to open?

ERIN
What type?

TELLER
Business or personal?

ERIN
Business.

Realizing her mistake-

ERIN
No! Personal! A personal account.

The teller walks to the back, talks to the MANAGER.
A GIRL approaches the teller beside Erin. She turns.
It's AMY.

AMY
Erin!

ERIN
What are you doing here?

AMY
I'm cashing my dad's allowance
check.

ERIN
Well why can't you use the machine?

AMY
There's no line here.

ERIN
Yeah but the machine is closer to
the door.

AMY

Well then I wouldn't have seen you!

Amy's teller is handing her cash. Erin watches it go into her purse.

AMY

Are you almost done? Let's go to Starbucks.

ERIN

I'll just meet you at home.

AMY

I'll wait!

The teller and manager start walking back towards Erin.

ERIN

It's going to take too long. Just meet me at home.

AMY

No it's fine -- I'll wait.

ERIN

I think I left my hair straightener on.

AMY

Are you serious?

ERIN

Can you go check?

Amy confused, just stands there.

ERIN

Please! Just go check!

Amy leaves.

MANAGER

Do you have any other documentation with your name on it?

Erin pulls out another bank card with her name on it.

They accept it. Account approved.

She walks out of the bank.

ERIN (V.O.)

I accepted and loved that there were all sorts of people in this world. Some did what they had to survive. Others did nothing.

INT. HART HOUSE - RUNNING TRACK - DAY

Erin runs, fucks around on her phone. She BUMPS into RAPH - a nerdy looking boy with a sweatband on. Her phone flies across the track. He runs off to fetch it, but takes his time back, reads her screen. They stand in the middle of the track as he passes it back, other student runners circle them.

ERIN

The 70's called, they want their sweatband back. And my phone.

RAPH

You know about bitcoin?

ERIN

Were you looking at my screen?

Erin waits for confirmation.

ERIN

Who does that?

RAPH

You're reading Bitcoin magazine.

ERIN

And?

RAPH

I know about Bitcoin too.

ERIN

From the meetups?

RAPH

Social gatherings aren't my thing.

They walk the track.

ERIN

When did you get into crypto?

RAPH

Long enough that I probably won't even need my BA.

ERIN
Are you kidding me?

RAPH
I'm on my way.

ERIN
I'm thinking of buying some bitcoin really soon.

RAPH
It's a ride. Some people hodl, some people trade. Some people lose all their money and some kill themselves when things go south.

ERIN
Where are you buying your bitcoin?

RAPH
I use a VPN.

ERIN
From what location?

RAPH
The US. There weren't any Canadian exchanges up until a few months ago.

ERIN
Can they track your location?

RAPH
Impossible.

ERIN
So you think I should use the Canadian exchange?

RAPH
Too new. Wouldn't trust it.

ERIN
What if, like, a person had no other choice than to use the Canadian exchange?

RAPH
They might disappear with your money.

ERIN
Who is they?

RAPH

The people running the exchange.
Google Mt. Gox. You're going to
have to learn your history to get
in this game. Scammers, hackers,
losers, winners. Everyone's a
player.

They walk silently.

RAPH

So, you want to be friends?

ERIN

Sure.

Raph nods- one in.

ERIN

You want your first friend tip?

Raph smiles.

ERIN

Ditch the headband, and the
snooping. They make you look like
an asshole.

They take off running.

INT. THOMAS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's late at night and Erin should be home. Thomas is at his
computer, angled, we can't see the screen. He looks happy.

He puts the computer away and kneels in front of Erin on the
couch, tenderly taking both her hands into his.

THOMAS

You're going to meet with a client
at midnight tomorrow. He's going to
give you thirty thousand dollars.
Store it in your bag. You go home
with it. Sleep. Deposit it in the
morning. Then call me immediately
after.

This is church. His words a prayer.

THOMAS

Make sure no one sees you entering
or leaving.

Erin accepts.

THOMAS
And what else?

ERIN
Don't come here with the money.

He pulls her from the couch onto the floor with him. He positions her between his legs. He places the palm of his hand over her eyes.

THOMAS
The money is already printed.
He extends her hand towards the sky.

THOMAS
You reach your hand out, and you take.
She falls into him. He kisses her head.

ERIN
Sometimes I walk at night. When the lights are on, you can see the inside of these big houses. And I ask myself, could this be me?
She removes his hand, opens her eyes, looks right at him.

ERIN
Could this be me?

INT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

We follow Erin as she walks through a dark, empty lot that's been cleared for the night. She passes through a blindingly bright stairwell, and exits. A lone SUBURBAN SUV.

She stands like David before Goliath. The tinted windows prevent visual trespass. She waits. Nothing. Then, with a leap of faith she PULLS OPEN THE CAR DOOR.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

The backseat. A MAN in a TAN TRENCHCOAT and NEON GREEN TUQUE faces Erin. A DUFFEL BAG in the space between them.

Deafening silence. Zero movement. Erin is stranded in this space and time when -

THE MAN STARTS TO LAUGH. UNCONTROLLABLY. The laughing is so hard it turns to GASPING FOR AIR.

MAN
(still laughing)
You're scared.

ERIN
No, I'm not scared.

MAN
I scared you!

Erin starts to laugh. They both laugh together. Tears now.

MAN
Listen, tell me sweetheart, what's
your prediction? Make my day. Go
ahead, sweetheart. I'm listening.
Make my day.

ERIN
What do you want me to predict?

This riles him up - he is the laughing man.

LAUGHING MAN
You were scared and now you're
funny and I love it!

He calls to the DRIVER at the front whom we notice for the
first time.

LAUGHING MAN
(to driver)
She's great, boss.

ERIN
I should go soon.

LAUGHING MAN
We can drive you home.

DRIVER (O.S.)
It's not problem. It's no time.

This wasn't in the playbook.

ERIN
I'm good. I can walk -- I mean I
have a car waiting.

LAUGHING MAN
You're a good girl.

ERIN
Thanks.

The man hands Erin the duffel bag. She holds it with both hands. Opens it, takes out a piece of paper that displays a bitcoin wallet address, the man nods, she puts it back in the bag.

LAUGHING MAN
We're going to hit \$10,000 one day.
We're going to change the world. To
hell with non-believers.

ERIN
What do they know?

LAUGHING MAN
I'll owe you one. I'll remember you
kid.

He awkwardly gives her a hug.

INT. BANK - DAY

Erin depositing money with a teller. She hasn't slept.

EXT. BANK - DAY

ERIN
(into phone)
What now?

THOMAS (V.O.)
I made you an account on Quadriga.
Fund the account using the money
you just deposited from the bank.
Then send it to the bitcoin wallet
address you were given when you
picked up the cash.
(beat)
As carefully as possible.

ERIN
You've said that already.

THOMAS
There's no reversing the
transaction.

INT. BASEMENT CLASSROOM - DAY

Erin at a computer, carefully typing, character by character, cross check after cross check, the ADDRESS from a piece of paper.

Transaction confirmed.

She sits there, in disbelief with herself and the world.

INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The whiteboard. Erin wipes 20,000 with her sleeve. Writes 17,600. Steps back. It's not nothing.

EXT. CONVOCATION HALL - DAY

Students spill out of the building heading in all different directions. Erin leans against a pillar. She's on the phone, avoiding the chaos.

THOMAS (V.O.)

I have a drop for you. A bar.
You'll go to the back.

ERIN

How many people?

THOMAS

Just the client. Needs it deposited
and sent today. He bought a plane
and the guy only takes bitcoin.
What a dick.

ERIN

How much is it?

THOMAS

I'm not sure.

ERIN

Do I count it?

THOMAS

Don't worry about it.

ERIN

Well what do you mean? I need to
know what I'm picking up.

THOMAS

No doubt.

A beat.

ERIN

I think it should matter- what I
know.

THOMAS

Well I'm teaching you.

ERIN
Well I'm trying to learn.

THOMAS
You don't need to know everything,
Erin. The school of life isn't the
school you know.

There's some fight left in Erin but she leaves it behind her
as she starts to walk away.

ERIN
Okay.

THOMAS
And one last thing, babe. Are you
listening?

ERIN
Yes--

THOMAS
Gustavio is going to be there.

ERIN
With me?

THOMAS
Nearby. To make sure everything is
okay. He's packing so that you're
safe.

ERIN
That freaks me out--

THOMAS
It's for you, babe. What do you
think this is? Everything I'm doing
is for you right now.

INT. ETHIOPIAN BAR - NIGHT

Erin walks through a dark crowded room. We follow her all
the way to the back. A MAN, in a tracksuit, is sitting at
the bar. He pulls up a chair. The bartender serves Erin a
drink. We can't hear any of the words, just the buzz of the
crowd.

We see Erin talking, smiling. A few sips in she's relaxed,
lets herself laugh, then turns to notice GUSTAVIO, 40's,
built, at a table. She notices the faint outline of a pistol
but doesn't let it show.

EXT. ETHIOPIAN BAR - NIGHT

Erin leaves the bar, walks around the corner, where Gustavo waits. They get into his car. SCREAMO music is blasting through the speakers.

GUSTAVIO
How much?

ERIN
(drunk, maybe)
No one told me.

GUSTAVIO
Count it.

ERIN
You want me to count it?

Gustavio nods like, yes, obviously.

GUSTAVIO
Now?

GUSTAVIO
Count.

ERIN
I'm calling Thomas.

GUSTAVIO
Who?
(beat)
Thomas. Thomas. Yes.

Erin is already counting the money. She passes it to him by the thousands.

INT. THOMAS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

3 A.M. Erin wakes up alone in the bed. The sheets on his side are cold.

Through the cracked bedroom door- the KITCHEN. Thomas at the island with the LAUGHING MAN. Stacks of cash between them. A bottle of something brown.

They speak in SPANISH. No subtitles. Thomas is fluent, relaxed, a different man. He writes a WALLET ADDRESS on a napkin and slides it across.

The Laughing Man laughs, quieter than we've heard him. Thomas laughs with him.

Erin backs away from the door and into bed. She pulls the sheets over her head and lies very still.

INT. THOMAS'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Thomas, showered, hands her a coffee. The island is spotless.

ERIN

Where did you go last night?

THOMAS

Couldn't sleep. Watched the charts.

ERIN

I didn't know you spoke Spanish.

THOMAS

I don't.

He kisses her forehead. She drinks the coffee. She's already decided not to know.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Erin is in ASTRONOMY class. The lights go out leaving the faint glow of MacBooks throughout the room.

A CONSTELLATION is projected.

PROFESSOR

Like all organic beings in the universe, stars go through many phases of life. When a star is dying, it turns into a white dwarf, emitting white light until it finally darkens for good.

QUICK CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Well-dressed and dripping in prestige with an oversized designer purse, KENDRA, stops Erin on her way out of class.

KENDRA

Erin! I was hoping I'd run into you!

ERIN

I've been here every week.

KENDRA

I know! But you're such a quick little bitch, I never catch you.

Erin just looks at her.

KENDRA

Anyway, I wanted to talk to you about London. Aren't you excited?

ERIN

As much as you are.

KENDRA

I'm just confused.

ERIN

About?

KENDRA

Well I asked the office to send out the official list of interns so we could start a group chat and you weren't on it. You're all set, aren't you?

ERIN

The list isn't official yet.

KENDRA

I'm just asking because I was actually calling for my boyfriend. He's on the waiting list.

ERIN

That's too bad.

KENDRA

It would be too bad if you couldn't make it.

Erin walks away, then abruptly turns back around.

ERIN

Kendra. If you do anything to fuck up my application, I will stuff your fat fucking face into your stupid fucking bag. And if you think I'm fucking joking, I want you to keep trying. And if you try, give it your best shot.

INT. VIETNAMESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Erin is already seated at their table. Dishes cover the entire surface, waiting for Oskar to join. He walks in with a heavy bike chain around his waist. The streets follow him wherever he goes.

OSKAR

You ordered without me?

ERIN

You wouldn't have let me get everything.

OSKAR

What is all this?

It's more than the usual one soup order. The kitchen staff, from the back, send suspicious stares.

ERIN

I'm high with money to spend.

OSKAR

He's dangerous, Erin.

ERIN

(dismissive)

He's not.

OSKAR

You barely know him. He's some guy off the street. How can you trust him?

ERIN

Because I've trusted that things, one way or another, would work out in my life. I waited until the last minute to realize that they don't. And I'm doing what I can to fail with no regret if failure is all I have.

OSKAR

He could turn on you. And then what?

ERIN

Then I'll have made a mistake but at least it was mine to make.

OSKAR

You're going to turn out like my dad.

ERIN

Well that's better than nothing.

Oskar re-adjusts his position. She went too far.

Erin puts down her chopsticks. They fall completely silent.

ERIN
I'm sorry. I'm sorry... I- I didn't
mean to...

Erin stops trying. There's no fix. They raise their bowls simultaneously.

INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

LATE 2000's ELECTRO music pulses through the apartment. A half eaten dinner on the table beside Erin's textbooks. Erin and Amy are in their separate bedrooms.

ERIN'S ROOM

Erin is writing a PRIVATE KEY ADDRESS on a small piece of paper, then another.

AMY'S ROOM

Amy is looking through her packed closet.

ERIN'S ROOM

Erin hides the papers throughout her room.

AMY'S ROOM

Amy takes a shot of vodka.

ERIN'S ROOM

Erin walks towards the bathroom.

AMY'S ROOM

Amy walks towards the bathroom.

BATHROOM

Erin and Amy meet in the bathroom and share the MIRROR as they get ready for the night.

AMY
Come out, please? You don't need to
study. It's Friday night!

ERIN
I'm meeting with a friend.

AMY
Meet them tomorrow!

ERIN
He's leaving tomorrow.

AMY
To where?

ERIN
Mexico.
(beat)
He's a foreign exchange student.

AMY
Bring him! It'll be fun.

ERIN
His English is bad.

AMY
So is yours.

ERIN
I'm working on it. And on a bunch
of other stuff I need done by
Monday.

AMY
Wasted youth, wasted you.

Erin takes a RED LIPSTICK from the bathroom counter and
writes SO WHAT? on the mirror.

AMY
You're crazy! Stop it woman!

ERIN
So what?

Amy is used to this. They continue getting ready. The music
follows us into-

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Amy and Erin walk together down their street. They split
ways at the corner.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Amy walks down a busy street alone, then into-

INT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Twenty-something's having a party, empty liquor bottles, and the carelessness of somebody else's house. Everybody seems to know each other and everybody piles their coat on the living room couch.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Erin, wrapped tight in her camo coat, walks down a desolate street alone, then into-

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A man in his late 60's opens his car TRUNK.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOUSE PARTY- NIGHT

Amy stands in a circle with a group of girls her age.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Inside the trunk, a SUITCASE. He opens it and pulls out a mix of US and CANADIAN currency tied in YELLOW PLASTIC BANDS. Erin watches.

MAN

What are you waiting for? Hurry.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Amy and the girls pour vodka shots and down them in unison. The tiny cups are tossed and we move towards the kitchen-

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Erin stuffs the stacks into her backpack. She finishes and the man leaves without a word. Erin is left behind as he drives off.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

The entire party is crowded around a young black guy with palm tree dreadlocks who is about to perform. His crew is set up at the front with him- one guy handles the audio set up. There's a hot tub behind him. It's filled with foam and girls in bikinis.

GIRL 1
I knew him before he got famous.

GIRL 2
My friend's girlfriend used to be
his roommate.

One girl takes her bikini top off, then the next.

ABEL
Turn out the lights, turn out the
lights. Let's get some girls to the
front.

He starts to sing "Live For" and the whole room goes quiet watching him perform. He turns his attention to the girls in the hot tub and we TURN UP on the sound of his voice.

ABEL
Spend whatever come in, fuck an
income
Me and my niggas we ain't never
going broke
And you, have to
Do it all just to know where it
gets you
Living dreams we can never afford
Now we sitting in the back saying
This the shit that I live for
This the shit that I live for

INT. PUBLIC BATHROOM - NIGHT

HARSH FLUORESCENT LIGHTS illuminate a tiled public bathroom. Last cleaning - maybe never. Erin locks the door behind her. She opens her backpack and looks at the money with some quick accounting. The sight of satisfaction. Looks at herself in the mirror, calls Thomas.

ERIN
He wanted to deposit more! Twice as
much as he initially said he would!

THOMAS
That's a bigger cut for you babe.

ERIN
I know. I fucking know!

THOMAS
What do you say?

ERIN
Thank you.

THOMAS
You had no idea what an exchange was. You'd never bought bitcoin. You had no plan. And now you're killing it. Thanks to who?

Erin hesitates, gives in.

ERIN
You.

THOMAS
You should let me take care of you.

ERIN
I can take care of myself.

THOMAS
No doubt, babe. No doubt. You have it all figured out.

INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The whiteboard: 17,600 becomes 14,000. Erin caps the marker with her teeth.

INT. BLUE BANK - DAY

It's early. The bank is empty. Erin hands over the bundles of mixed cash to a TELLER - middle aged, lifelong employee. She takes the money to the back while Erin waits. She comes back with a MANAGER - early 20's, visibly too young to be in any position of power.

MANAGER
Hi. I'm Connor.

His name badge says CARL.

MANAGER
I'm going to be assisting you today! Can you just provide us with a copy of your ID? It's for your safety!

ERIN
I'm not making a withdrawal.

MANAGER
It's just policy.

He looks at the bundles.

MANAGER
When it comes to this type of
money.

ERIN
Sure.

Erin fishes for her ID. Hands it to him. He examines it
without looking.

MANAGER
And do you have proof of address to
match what's on the ID?

ERIN
I just moved.

MANAGER
From where?

ERIN
Alaska.

MANAGER
Alaska? My sister lives in Alaska!
What part?

ERIN
The part no one goes to.

MANAGER
Where's that?

ERIN
If your sister lived there, you
would know.

She smiles. He hands her back the ID.

MANAGER
We can't accept this ID.

ERIN
This is the ID I used to open the
account. You have to accept it.

MANAGER
I can't. Bank policy.

ERIN
Can I talk to the manager?

MANAGER
I am the manager.

ERIN
No, like, the actual manager.

MANAGER
I am the manager.

ERIN
I mean the manager, manager.

MANAGER
That's me.

He pushes the money back to her.

ERIN
Thank you, Carl.

Erin slams her body against the bank doors to exit and doesn't look back.

EXT. BLUE BANK - DAY

Erin walks away from the bank. Her bag, still full, a ball and chain. On the phone -

ERIN
What the fuck!

THOMAS (V.O.)
(calm)
Just don't go back there ever again.

EXT. KING'S COLLEGE CIRCLE - DAY

ERIN WALKS ACROSS KING'S COLLEGE CIRCLE, the CLOCK TOWER RINGS. She walks faster.

INT. ART GALLERY OF ONTARIO - DAY

A BATTLE SCENE FROM A EUROPEAN 18TH CENTURY PAINTING. Erin stands in the middle of the gallery observing the conflict on canvas. Peaceful, quiet. Then, her PHONE RINGS. She silences it. Again, it rings.

ERIN
(whispered)
Hello?

WOMAN (V.O.)
(British accent)
Am I speaking to Erin?

ERIN
Yes, can I call you back?

WOMAN (V.O.)
I'm calling from the Finance the
Future program.

Panicked, she searches for the EXIT.

ERIN
Hi.

WOMAN
Your guidance counselor told us
you're not on the graduate track.
Can you confirm that?

ERIN
I am on track!

TYPING from the other line. The line cracks from a bad
connection.

WOMAN
Not...on...track- okay. Got it.
We'll be releasing your spot.

ERIN
No I said on track! On track!

WOMAN
I'm sorry I'm having a really hard
time hearing you but I noted the
update.

She CIRCLES the gallery for a way out.

ERIN
I said I am on track and I am
graduating and I am coming. I. Am.
COMING!

These last words are a SCREAM. They ECHO in the room.

WOMAN
I'll update your profile.
(beat)
Are you okay?

ERIN

Yes. Thank you. I am fine. I am great. Thank you so much.

She finds a CORNER to FALL into. PAINTINGS from places far away and make-believe.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The hour after work. Erin walking in the opposite direction of MEN IN SUITS.

INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Erin KNOCKS on Amy's bedroom door.

ERIN

Amy?

AMY (O.S.)

Come in.

INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - AMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amy's bedroom is a mess. Clothes are everywhere. There's every single thing you could ever possibly need in this room. She's watching a movie in bed with a tray of anti-diet desserts.

ERIN

I have the rent money.

(beat)

I'm sorry it's late. Again.

AMY

You paid already.

ERIN

I did?

AMY

Thomas came by earlier today and dropped it off for you. He said you told him to.

ERIN

Right. Well, did he say anything else?

AMY

I don't remember. You paid three months.

ERIN

I knew, I -- I just forgot.

Amy doesn't look up.

AMY

I'm happy for you.

ERIN

Why?

AMY

Because you found someone that you
can trust.

INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Erin PATS DARK DYE over her neon green streak. It FADES TO
BLACK.

INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The lights are out. Erin sits on her bed, illuminated by her
laptop. Oskar sits on the floor at the foot of the bed. He
smokes weed, exhales deeply, engulfed by a cloud of smoke.

OSKAR

We were going to run away together.

INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Erin asleep with her computer.

INT. CLASSROOM - THAT SAME MOMENT

Erin's empty seat.

INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Erin wakes up. Studies the Bitcoin charts immediately with
no plans to pull away.

On the whiteboard behind her: 9,000.

INT. TRAVEL AGENCY - DAY

A TRAVEL AGENCY that should be out of business. Everything
but the map is outdated. The TRAVEL AGENT works her keyboard
with confidence while Erin waits nervously for a price
confirmation. This is her first time in a place like this.

TRAVEL AGENT

We have ONE seat left for our very
best travel deal!

(beat)
But you need to book now.

ERIN
Right now?

TRAVEL AGENT
Deal of the day. Tomorrow could be different. If you don't mind paying more then you could always wait.

ERIN
I don't want to wait.

TRAVEL AGENT
We'll need a credit card to make the reservation.

Erin didn't think of this.

ERIN
I only have cash.

Erin pulls out her bag from underneath the seat.

ERIN
Whatever bills you want.

TRAVEL AGENT
Someone's been saving up their babysitting money! How exciting!

INT. CRYPTO MEETUP - UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO - DAY

Everyone is celebrating a new Bitcoin all time high. Beers are passed and clinked. Erin is socializing up at the front. She's no longer an outsider. Thomas shows up, kisses Erin.

ERIN (V.O.)
All my dreams were coming true. And for that I had no one to thank but him.

A PROJECTOR displays the price charts. The price just keeps pumping.

Thomas takes Erin's hand and leads her to a corner.

THOMAS
I got you something. It's not an ATH or anything, but I thought you might like it.

He pulls out a box - A SKATING RINK OF AN ENGAGEMENT RING.

ERIN
No!

THOMAS
Yes.

ERIN
(backing out)
No, no, no, no. You cannot do that!

THOMAS
(getting closer)
Can't make you happy?

ERIN
Thomas.

THOMAS
(taking her hand)
Look at me.

Erin looks away.

THOMAS
Fucking look at me.

ERIN
I don't know you. I know you think
we know each other but there are
things that I--

Erin looks at the charts, distracted by the volatility.

THOMAS
We're unstoppable.

A NEW ATH hits by a margin. The celebration explodes.

ERIN
YES!

THOMAS
You see? What did I tell you babe?
It's only up from here.

Erin looks at him, then turns back to the charts, then looks
at him again. This is her yes.

INT. VIETNAMESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

FROM THE STREET, we see Erin and Oskar inside the restaurant seated at their table. No food, just cold tea. Erin is in a dress that she could not have afforded on her own. She proudly extends her hand and shows off the diamond. It quickly turns into an argument. Erin starts to cry. Oskar walks out. She's left alone at the table.

INT. THOMAS'S APARTMENT - DAY

Erin and Thomas are both on their computers. The place looks like a girl has been living in it. WHITE ROSES overflow from a vase on the counter.

Erin JUMPS.

ERIN
(whispered)
Fuck. Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

THOMAS
What's wrong?

ERIN
Nothing.

THOMAS
Are you sure? Let me look.

Erin slams her laptop shut. Slides over to Thomas and wraps her arms around him.

ERIN
Don't you know I would tell you if
there was something wrong?

INT. RAPH'S DORM ROOM - DAY

A nerd's paradise. Endless video game dreams. The blinds are drawn. Walls have been replaced with shelves of VIDEO GAMES for every system, ACTION FIGURES and FAKE GUNS. Two huge COMPUTER MONITORS sit side by side on a desk with a GAMER CHAIR. A poster reads IN BTC WE TRUST. There's a HOLE punched in the wall, Erin looks at it but pretends not to notice.

Raph is playing on the biggest TV available on the market.

ERIN
(panicked)
You need to help me.

Raph is pressing violently against his controller.

ERIN
I fucked up!

Silence.

ERIN
Why don't you ever answer your
phone?

Raph keeps playing.

ERIN
I was googling it and I think we
can retrieve the funds but I'm not
sure.

No answer.

ERIN
Are you listening to me?

Silence.

ERIN
I did something wrong.

No answer.

ERIN
Raph?

Erin moves to stand in front of him, blocking the screen. He
tilts his head for a better view, laser focused on the game.

ERIN
Raph? Fucking look at me for a
second!

Keeps playing.

ERIN
Are you listening to me?

RAPH
Uh huh.

ERIN
I sent Bitcoin to a Litecoin
wallet.

RAPH
Huh.

ERIN
Raph please for one second pay
attention to me!

RAPH
I'm listening.

ERIN
It won't take long. I just need you
to help me retrieve it. I looked it
up, I know there's a way of doing
it with some type of command on the
exchange.

Silence, then-

Raph SLAMS his controller on the floor.

RAPH
You see what you made me do?

ERIN
I didn't do anything!

RAPH
I just lost because of you!

A long pause. They just stand there. Music starts playing
from the TV.

Raph walks over to his desk and sits in his throne. Erin
sits on the floor beside him.

Raph's screens are ACTIVE CHARTS of BUY and SELL orders. He
starts typing away.

RAPH
How many times have I told you the
two rules.

ERIN
I know, I know! But can we please
just focus on my problem right now?

RAPH
What are the rules?

ERIN
Not your keys, not your coins.

RAPH
And?

ERIN
(whispering, painfully)
Always triple check that the
withdrawal address is right.

RAPH
Yes!

ERIN
What? Is it going to work for sure?

RAPH
No, my trade went through.

ERIN
How much are you making?

RAPH
Three thousand a week.

This gives Erin pause.

RAPH
Alright, let's work on it.

Erin logs into the exchange. It's clear Raph knows what he's
doing.

ERIN
Thank you thank you thank you! I
owe you.

RAPH
This is why girls shouldn't be
trusted with their own wallets.

ERIN
You're right.

RAPH
I can't wait to cash out and get a
girlfriend.

ERIN
Any girl you like, Raph. Pick her
up in your Lambo, take her through
the Wendy's drive-thru. High class
baller like you.

They both laugh.

INT. GOLD BANK - DAY

Erin is in line. She gets called up.

ERIN
Deposit.

BANK TELLER
Cash or check.

ERIN
Cash.

She takes bundles of cash out of her bag. Heavy, stacked, objectionable. The customers beside her stare. She smiles back.

The TELLER passes her a slip. She writes down the amount-\$65,000. Passes it back. He looks at the slip then at his computer. He's reading something off his screen and it's probably not good.

BANK TELLER
We can't accept a deposit of
\$65,000.

ERIN
Why not?

BANK TELLER
It's over your daily limit.

ERIN
Okay, well, change the daily limit.
Problem solved.

BANK TELLER
It's a federal regulation. We can't
bypass it.

ERIN
I'll just take my business
elsewhere.

BANK TELLER
It's every bank, miss.

Erin has no response as she repacks the money. She makes eye contact with the security camera on the way out.

EXT. GOLD BANK - DAY

Erin is walking away from the bank. A HOMELESS MAN, visibly blind, is selling PENS on the street. She opens her bag and gives him a \$100 bill. She calls Thomas. He picks up.

ERIN
There's a limit. A daily limit.

THOMAS

On what?

ERIN

You know that right? I assume you know that. But you sent me with \$65,000 presumably so I could go fuck myself in public.

THOMAS

You need to calm down babe.
Alright?

(beat)

Alright what happened.

ERIN

I can't get rid of it.

THOMAS

You're going to make a few trips. Just stagger the deposits and there's no problem. No doubt babe you can do it.

ERIN

I don't want to stagger them.

THOMAS

You have to.

She stops walking.

ERIN

Let's split it. You deposit half and I deposit half.

THOMAS

I can't do that.

ERIN

Why not? Just this one time. Come meet me at the bank.

THOMAS

My bank accounts aren't set up.

ERIN

Try setting them up.

THOMAS

It won't work.

ERIN
Maybe, but at least you'd be trying
to help me.

Silence.

ERIN
Isn't this what you want?

THOMAS
No doubt.

EXT. RIVERDALE PARK - DUSK

Erin watches the sunset over the city from the top of the hill. She gets a phone call from Oskar. She doesn't pick up. The sky turns black.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A fancy restaurant. Maybe Chinese. White glove service in a dim atmosphere. Erin and Thomas at an isolated table. Martinis and dumplings. Erin, in party dress, is the youngest person there. Thomas is on his phone.

THOMAS
Let me wash my hands.

He gets up leaving the phone behind as he heads to the washroom. Erin doesn't realize until it rings. She ignores it. Then messages pop up. She can't help but look.

Text: Call me back. We need an update brother. They are asking over the border. Things need to move faster.

Thomas comes up from behind her. She tosses the phone back on the table nearly missing the martini.

ERIN
You missed a call.

THOMAS
They can wait.

He takes her hand and kisses it.

INT. THOMAS'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Erin, back from dinner, undressing. Stripped down to her bra and underwear. The DOORBELL RINGS. The sound of a man's voice. She presses her ear against the door.

MAN
I called. You don't pick up.

THOMAS

I was at dinner with my girl.
You're impatient. When have I ever
let you down?

MAN

You've moved less than ten percent,
Ghazini. I should have gone with
another guy.

Erin pushes herself up harder to listen. GHAZINI?

THOMAS

If you think a dude in on a
misdemeanor without five hundred
bucks to his name for bail from
Rikers is a better bet, make him
your guy, but don't call me when
you need help.

She locks the bedroom door and dashes to the closet. She
flips through coats until she hits the one Thomas wore that
night, maniacally plunging her hands from pocket to pocket.
She finds his WALLET. She flips it open, hands shaking. A
CALIFORNIA STATE ID - OMER GHAZINI. She finds credit cards.
OMER GHAZINI, OMER GHAZINI, OMER GHAZINI. She runs to his
drawer. Socks fly in the air as she looks to the bottom - A
PASSPORT. OMER GHAZINI.

A DOOR SLAMS outside.

THOMAS tries to open the bedroom door. It's locked.

THOMAS

Erin?

She tries to put everything back in its place.

THOMAS

Erin! Open the door!

ERIN

One second!

THOMAS

Come here and open the door!

ERIN

Give me a second!

THOMAS

I SAID OPEN THE FUCKING DOOR ERIN!

The door SWINGS open from his body weight. She's on the floor. He stands above her. Total silence then-

ERIN

Omer.

Before he can respond-

ERIN

I didn't know U of T had a campus
in California.

He yanks the ID out of her hand.

OMER

I didn't know I couldn't trust you
to mind your business when you're
alone.

ERIN

Who are you?

OMER

The person you prayed for.

ERIN

Who was that?

OMER

I had a business in the US that
failed. Bad people and debt
followed me. Changing my name
changed how much risk I could take.
I was keeping you safe by not
telling you.

ERIN

I want you to know I don't believe
you. And that when I prayed, it
wasn't to the devil.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Erin, back in her party dress, walks back to her apartment.
The streets are empty. Omer pulls up to her in his car.

OMER

Get in.

ERIN

Why should I?

OMER

This isn't worth...

He gestures in the air with his hand -

OMER
All of this...

Erin keeps walking without looking at him.

OMER
Sweetheart. Baby doll. Get in, get
in, get in. We have places to go.
The truth is just one version of
things.

Erin stops walking to shoot him a sharp look.

INT. OMER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Omer is taking a shower. Erin is on her computer.

On her computer screen, we see her type Omer Ghazini. She
clicks on a California State Report. Erin stares at a
California Department of Correction Inmate Report. It says:

OMER GHAZINI 8-26-2011 TO 10-3-2013 CONVICTED OF FRAUD,
IDENTITY THEFT, MONEY LAUNDERING.

ERIN (V.O.)
To tell someone that I would love
them for the rest of my life,
truly, universally,
unconditionally...would be a lie.

Omer is out of the shower. She throws the computer at him,
then the ring back at him.

ERIN
Do not, do not, DO NOT EVER GIVE
THIS BACK TO ME, EVER!

He pushes her against the wall, the frame freezes. He might
hit her, but we don't see it.

ERIN (V.O.)
Some things aren't meant to last.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Erin is studying. A single other student shares the space.
Erin picks up a new book and starts to read. Two hands drop
onto her shoulders. She gasps, then turns around-

ERIN
How did you know I was here?

OMER
I pay for your phone.

She closes the book. It's louder than you'd expect.

OMER
And you forgot something at home.

He passes her an envelope. Her next job.

ERIN
I didn't forget it, I was going to
get it later.

OMER
Well I brought it to you now.

ERIN
You could have just called.

OMER
You could have just taken it with
you.

ERIN
Call next time.

OMER
Don't forget next time.

She pushes her chair back, still louder than you'd expect.
They walk out together alone.

INT. RED BANK - DAY

There's a promotion happening in the lobby. Sign up for some
miles and get a free cookie. Erin, in her camo jacket,
passes by it.

The TELLER is overdressed. THICK GLASSES you can't really
see through, and maybe him neither. Small talk about the
weather, late April snow.

ERIN
In 1816 Canada had no summer. They
called it the year without a
summer.

The TELLER laughs, like a lot.

TELLER
This is why we love our student
clients. You learn something every
day!

ERIN
That tuition doesn't pay itself.

TELLER
Now it looks here the account has
been shut down.

ERIN
What do you mean?

TELLER
Due to suspicious activity--

ERIN
That doesn't make sense.

TELLER
Citing AML concerns.

TELLER
We mailed notices - two notices -
to the address we have on file.

ERIN
I didn't get any notices. This
can't be right. It's ridiculous
that you would shut down my account
without telling me.

TELLER
If you can confirm your birthday I
can confirm the mailing address.

ERIN
(without a beat)
December 4 1993.

TELLER
That's incorrect.

ERIN
November 6 1993.

TELLER
No.

ERIN
July 21st 1992.

The teller just shakes his head. She's lost track of all the
lies.

ERIN

What if I just open a new account?
That should solve it.

TELLER

You can re-apply for an account in
six months.

ERIN

I'll be far away by then.

She storms through the lobby, looks at the sad display on
her way out--

ERIN

And FUCK YOUR FIAT!

INT. OMER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Omer is carefully counting and organizing money on a coffee
table. Erin, in her camo jacket still, sits beside him on
the couch. This is the most defeated we've seen her, and
it's starting to leave its mark.

OMER

If you didn't dress like that maybe
they wouldn't be shutting down your
accounts.

ERIN

What are you talking about?

OMER

You look like trash.

A pause. Then abruptly Erin rushes over to a MIRRORED closet
and starts ripping clothes off hangers. Everything tumbles
from the inside out.

ERIN

You're right Omer! Let me find
something better. Let me start over
again. Let me look. Let's
see...what trash do you like best?

The room is getting trashed-

ERIN

I'll get dressed again. Maybe I should be someone new. Someone different, for you, and the banks, and the institution of higher learning, and every asshole that looks at me and thinks that I'm fucking nobody. Maybe then it would all work for me!

By this point, she's crying. By this point, it's almost a handicap.

ERIN
You'd know ALL about starting all over again.

We see her REFLECTION, mascara streaked face, and reflected behind her we see Omer unaffected. He just keeps counting. She leans up against the mirror for support then turns around and knocks all of the money off the table.

She throws the money in the air - it RAINS.

OMER
I JUST COUNTED ALL OF THAT!

ERIN
I WILL BURN THIS SHIT! I WILL BURN ALL OF IT!

OMER
You stupid bitch.

ERIN
I am leaving! I am going to London!
And you will never find me again!

He grabs her.

OMER
You need me.

ERIN
There's love and there's evil in this world. The only difference is luck.

INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Erin sitting on the edge of the bathtub. Her phone rings - she picks up.

WOMAN (V.O.)
(British accent)
Erin we're cutting you from the
program if your school can't
confirm you're graduating.

ERIN
Please don't do that.

WOMAN
There's a waitlist of students who
have complied with the requirements
and we need to be fair to them.

ERIN
I'm doing what I can.

WOMAN
You signed an agreement certifying
you would be a graduate by the
program start date.

ERIN
I will be.

WOMAN
I'm noting that we spoke in your
file.

ERIN
Thanks.

Erin hangs up.

Amy knocks from the outside.

AMY
Erin? Erin let me in.

ERIN
I'm fine!

AMY
I know you're fine but I haven't
seen you in so long and it's like
there's a stranger in my bathroom.

EXT. PHILOSOPHER'S WALK - DAY

Erin is sitting alone on a park bench. The almost bloom of
dead trees.

Nearby, FOREIGN STUDENTS take professional graduation photos. A BRASS BAND from the university music school is playing.

A MAN, in sunglasses, walks up to the bench and sits beside Erin. He takes the sunglasses off - we've seen him before inside the SUV. It's the LAUGHING MAN. They share the space in silence for a few moments. He moves in closer to her.

LAUGHING MAN

You've been charging too much. The market is getting more competitive. You're not the only option in Toronto anymore.

ERIN

I don't know what to tell you.

LAUGHING MAN

Lower your price.

ERIN

I don't make those decisions.

LAUGHING MAN

When you take the risk, sweetheart, you have to be the one to make the decisions. Why wouldn't you?

ERIN

Because I want to be standing over there, taking graduation photos with a camera that costs my monthly rent so I can put them on my wall and tell people I actually did something special one time and it won't just have been money laundering bitcoin for a drug cartel.

LAUGHING MAN

I need you to lower it to 8%. That's the going rate.

Erin looks at him confused.

ERIN

I'm charging 5%.

LAUGHING MAN

You're charging 10%.

The man starts to laugh that uncontrollable laugh. Some people stare as they walk past.

ERIN

You've been paying 10%?

Abruptly, he stops laughing.

LAUGHING MAN

You're a sweet girl. He's going to kill me if I make this clear to you.

ERIN

What are you saying?

LAUGHING MAN

Omer charges 10%, sweetheart. I don't know what your arrangement with him is, and it's none of my business, but it's a cruel world. You know that.

ERIN

I charge 8% now.

LAUGHING MAN

What a good girl.

ERIN

And you go through me from now on.

INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Erin's cell phone won't stop ringing. It's Omer. On repeat. She turns her phone off and walks away from it.

AMY

Are you okay?

ERIN

It's over. Don't ever bring him up again.

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - DAY

A SCHOOL ADMINISTRATOR is taking notes at her desk. This is the first time we've seen Erin with any confidence in any school setting.

ERIN

Omer Ghazini is not a student at this school. I'm requesting that he not be allowed on campus or at campus related activities.

The school administrator continues to write her report without looking up.

SCHOOL ADMINISTRATOR
Do you know him?

ERIN
No.

After some thought -

ERIN
But I don't feel safe around him.

The school administrator passes her the report. Erin signs it and hands it back.

INT. PUBLIC BATHROOM - DAY

Erin stands in front of the mirror, hair neatly pulled back, under harsh flickering fluorescent lights. The song C'MON C'MON by the Von Bondies is playing.

ERIN
(into mirror)
I am calm, I am confident, I am
powerful.
I am calm, I am confident, I am
powerful.
I am calm, I am confident, I am
powerful.

With the MUSIC UP it carries us into-

INT. GOLD BANK - DAY

Erin hands money over to the TELLER. The teller counts it, brings it to the back, comes back, passes her a receipt.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Erin busts out of the bank and walks home.

The vocals from the Von Bondies song come in--

VON BONDIES
IS IT SAFE TO SAY, C'MON, C'MON
WAS IT RIGHT TO LEAVE C'MON, C'MON,
WILL I NEVER LEARN C'MON, C'MON
C'MON, C'MON, C'MON, C'MON

INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Erin's online banking is loading on her screen. She clicks on the account balance - there's no sign of the deposit she's just made. She refreshes. Nothing. She takes her bank card out of her wallet, calls the number on the back.

ERIN
I'm calling because I made a
deposit earlier today and it's--
(refreshes again)
it's not showing up.

BANK AGENT
A deposit isn't posting. Is that
correct ma'am?

ERIN
Yes.

BANK AGENT
Hold one moment while I pull up the
account information.

Loud key strokes from the other line.

ERIN
If there's a problem I can go back
to the bank.

BANK AGENT
Ma'am, this account has been
frozen.

ERIN
Okay. How do I unfreeze it?

BANK AGENT
Any suspected activity such as
terrorist financing -

ERIN
I'm not financing terrorism!

BANK AGENT
Money laundering--

ERIN
What if I undo the deposit? I can
go back right now.

BANK AGENT
(reading off a script)

This account has been frozen by the authority of the federal government. Access to the funds is granted only upon completion of the investigation and only upon finding of no illicit activity. Is there anything else I can help you with today?

Erin hangs up. Amy walks into the bedroom holding two mimosas.

AMY

Erin?

Erin looks like she might be sick.

AMY

I made you something. I thought we could celebrate your last week of classes.

Erin takes the drink. One step closer to forgetting her failures.

ERIN

A lot of things are my fault but this was not for nothing and this was not a waste and this is going to work.

They raise their glasses.

ERIN

Or who am I?

INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Erin stands in front of the whiteboard, marker in hand. 9,000. The deposit is gone, frozen in some federal vault. She crosses it out and writes 15,000. Then, underneath, smaller: DON'T.

INT. RAPH'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Raph is playing a VIOLENT VIDEO GAME. There are empty PIZZA and unwrapped ACTION FIGURINE boxes all over the floor. No space for walking. BLACKOUT CURTAINS keep out the light and time of day.

Erin, careful not to block his screen, leans in towards him from behind his gaming chair.

ERIN

Do you know if there's a way to
send bitcoin without going through
an exchange?

RAPH

(distracted)

What?

ERIN

Do you know, if there's a way, like
another way, to send bitcoin to
someone without having it first go
through the exchange?

RAPH

What?

ERIN

Raph are you listening?

RAPH

I don't get what you're asking me.

He smashes the buttons on his controller.

ERIN

I'm asking if-

Game over.

RAPH

You can use a Bitcoin ATM. But the
fees are high and the volume is
low. You can use a web wallet, but
you would need to fund it using
money so you're going to have to go
through a bank first to do that. I
don't know what you're doing Erin,
but my guess is that your problem
isn't with the exchange, it's with
the banks. And unless you have a
shitload of bitcoin sitting
somewhere that I don't know about,
the only way you're going to be
able to send it to someone is going
to require going through a bank
first.

Raph walks over to his desk, pushes around some papers, and
finds a pill bottle. He opens it and takes an ORANGE PILL.

ERIN

Are you sick? What is that?

RAPH
Gotta stay up.

ERIN
You're taking Adderall? Why? Finals
aren't for another couple weeks.

RAPH
I'm trading. I can't miss a dip in
price. I set the alerts but they
won't wake me up.

ERIN
So you stay up all night?

RAPH
Essentially.

He walks over to his WHITEBOARD. Markered in are three
columns- "Bought", "Sold", and "Total". Under each column is
an accounting of his earnings. He plugs in new numbers and
circles the total.

RAPH
It's like buying back at a
discount.

ERIN
So you're just trading back and
forth?

RAPH
Yes.

Raph, at his desk with his back turned, is fixing something
we can't see.

ERIN
And you're making a lot of money?

RAPH
You could try.

ERIN
It's too risky.

We see what Raph has been doing - crushing a gigantic line
of Adderall. He snorts it in one take, then, sniffing -

RAPH
You miss a hundred percent of the
shots you don't take.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

The Quadriga exchange website login page is up on Erin's screen. She types in her password-

The password and username do not match.

She enters the password again, very carefully.

The password and username do not match.

Again, but this time, with complete panic.

The password and username do not match.

She hits recover password.

This password was last changed 21 hours ago.

She picks up her cell phone and calls Omer. He picks up on the first ring.

ERIN
(into phone)
You fucking asshole.

A pause.

ERIN
(into phone and into the
world)
YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE!

OMER (V.O.)
You were just stupid enough to
think a stranger would help you.

To Erin, death by a million cuts.

ERIN
Nothing is real to you.
(beat)
Not even me.

OMER
You're just like me, Erin. Just
another criminal trying to game the
system.

ERIN
I broke the rules because I had to!
You broke the rules because you
thought it made you a bigger man!

OMER
You're a victim.

ERIN

No. You're the victim of a world that was more or less designed to pick you out as a winner and you didn't even know it.

OMER

No doubt Erin you'd think it's all by design. You're so stupid. It's all a game that you didn't figure out how to play. And you lost.

ERIN

The world is not your playground!

OMER

The world is not my playground. It's your mind that is.

ERIN

Fine. Steal a few thousand dollars from me. Keep all of it. You win.

Erin gets up and walks towards a window.

ERIN

I don't need you. I never did. You needed me.

(beat)

I DON'T FUCKING NEED YOU!

OMER

The cartels will never work with you.

The sound of a dial tone and we -

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ETHIOPIAN BAR - NIGHT

Erin is at the bar where we first saw her, with the man we first saw her there with- this is JAIME. A coffee ceremony is taking place in the background. Men crowd around for their share.

ERIN

I have people that can do it. Students who need money. I know where to find them. I know you don't owe me anything. But I want to work for you. And I promise I'll work hard. You can trust me. I can get ten students - ten accounts - in the next three days. Each student will open one account. They will each do two separate nine thousand dollar deposits. That's eighteen thousand each - a hundred and eighty thousand total. In less than a week.

Jaime watches the coffee being poured. Erin is begging for his attention.

ERIN

Five days. I'll get it done in five days.

Jaime DROPS an OLIVE into a MARTINI. Erin drains an entire glass of water without stopping.

He hands her a suitcase that is exposed at his feet.

A fight breaks out at the front, Erin pushes her way out onto the street.

INT. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE - NIGHT

The study hall has been converted into a RAVE. The theme is ALIENS. Images of SPACE are projected behind a DJ. STUDENTS are dressed in shiny silver American Apparel leotards and tights or neon spandex.

A couple dozen students crowd the dance floor. A tired bouncer in a tight black t-shirt is standing by a rope meant to keep students out. He turns his back for a second and students rush past him.

We move down the hall to a wooden office that looks like it belongs to someone important and clearly not supposed to be accessible. The girls are smoking cigarettes and the guys are rolling joints.

Erin blows smoke out a window while Amy pours vodka into a can of Crush Cream Soda.

ERIN

It's not that I don't think professors shouldn't have nice offices. It's just that I think tuition is too high.

AMY
The fashion certificate program I'm taking next fall is virtual. No one gets an office.

ERIN
That's how it should be.

Amy looks around the room.

AMY
Isn't that Kendra over there?

ERIN
Great.

Erin flicks her cigarette out the window. Kendra looks at Erin from across the room.

ERIN
Pretend you can't see her.

AMY
She saw us.

ERIN
It doesn't matter.

AMY
Why is she such a bitch?

ERIN
Because nothing bad has ever happened to her.

AMY
I'm sorry.

ERIN
Let's get out of here.

Erin and Amy are making their way to the door when Kendra intercepts them.

KENDRA
Erin!
(to Amy)
And who is this?

AMY

We've met.

KENDRA

Do you go here?

ERIN

She's my guest and we were just leaving.

Erin takes a step forward and Kendra blocks her.

KENDRA

I just really wanted to apologize for stressing you out the other day. I didn't mean to upset you and I wanted to tell you that I'm really sorry.

ERIN

Thanks.

Erin reluctantly smiles at Kendra and takes Amy's hand so they can continue on their exit. When there's some distance between Erin and Kendra we can hear over the music-

KENDRA

Tick tock.

Both Amy and Erin hear it. Erin stops in her path. Amy looks at Erin like let's just fucking go. Erin, with a determined stride, keeps going.

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Erin is posting a FLYER that reads:

NEED MONEY FAST?

Broker Bitcoin!

MEETING WEDNESDAY 4/20

COMPUTER SCIENCE LAB

Bring your laptop!!! FREE PIZZA.

Erin walks through the ST. GEORGE ARCHES. She posts flyer after flyer as she walks towards the RINGING CLOCKTOWER.

INT. COMPUTER SCIENCE LAB - BASEMENT - DAY

Erin is at a work station. On her monitor we can see that she's logged into Quadriga. Nine students, mostly innocent-faced freshmen, are sitting in a semicircle in front of her. No crypto geeks, no excited banter. The tenth student walks in and Erin stands up.

An innocent looking Indian student, ADEEL, raises his hand.

ADEEL

Can I ask a question?

ERIN

I haven't even started yet.

ADEEL

Is this a permanent position?

ERIN

I haven't decided yet.

ADEEL

I'm available permanently.

ERIN

This is the opportunity of a lifetime. If you know what Bitcoin is, congratulations. If you don't, well don't worry about it, but for your own benefit at some point in life you should figure it out.

A STUDENT, in a 7-Eleven uniform, is taking notes.

ERIN

Don't write this down.

He slaps his pen down.

ERIN

I'm going to give you cash. You will deposit it into your bank account. I'm going to open you an account on a website called Quadriga. I will give you the login information. You will transfer the money I gave you from your bank account to your Quadriga account. After that you will get paid for your work. You will repeat this three times over the course of three weeks. Strictly three weeks.
(beat)

I'm going to make copies of your ID
and proof of address so that I can
open your accounts.

(beat)
And for security reasons.

ADEEL
I'm always on time.

ERIN
Timing is everything. And so is
trust. I trust that you will be on
time and you can trust that if
anything goes wrong, I know where
you go to school and I know how to
find you.
(beat)
So, questions?

Everyone nods no.

INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Erin is working at the dining table. Cue cards are spread out. She transcribes from the computer screen. She writes individual login information for Quadriga on each card. When she's done, she flips the card, revealing a copy of a STUDENT ID.

EXT. RED BANK - DAY

One of the students we saw in the computer science lab goes into the bank. Erin keeps watch from across the street.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

A plain dorm room. The student from the red bank on a laptop copying information from a cue card.

EXT. GOLD BANK - DAY

Erin does her best to look casual standing outside. The student in the 7-Eleven uniform exits.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

The student in the 7-Eleven uniform retrieves a cue card from a backpack and gets to work.

EXT. BLUE BANK - DAY

Erin sits on the sidewalk, smoking a cigarette, with her back turned to the bank.

Adeel, smiling, steps out.

INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Erin has multiple tabs open on her screen. Each window is Quadriga. We see money deposited in one account after another.

ERIN
About fucking time.

We see her BUY BITCOIN, then click the WITHDRAW tab. She pauses on it, closes her laptop, gets up, and out of frame.

ERIN (O.S.)
I did. Yes. It's bought. It's there.

The sound of water running.

ERIN (O.S.)
I'm sending it in the morning. Yes.
You'll have it.

INT. RAPH'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Raph hasn't left his computer since the last time we saw him. Where a video game is usually playing, the Bitcoin price chart is displayed.

ERIN
I think we're going to see a dip tonight. A nice big dip.

RAPH
What's it to you?

ERIN
I'm trying something new.

RAPH
It's all new.

ERIN
Well extra new for me then.

RAPH
Remember when we thought we were going to get office jobs and then work for the rest of our lives in shitty nine to five jobs just so that we could pay for school?

ERIN
I'm still getting a job. In
finance.

RAPH
Don't bother. This is next
generation finance.

ERIN
No one understands it.

RAPH
It's the future.

ERIN
It's complicated.

RAPH
And how is that different from the
rest of life?

ERIN
Well in life, if you make a
mistake, you get a do-over. The
blockchain will swallow you whole
and never spit anything back out.

RAPH
That's the price of equal access
and it's worth every cent.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Erin searching for a book in the stacks. The LIBRARIAN, from
across the room, zones in and speed walks to her. Erin,
pretending not to notice, turns the corner. Her phone rings,
it's JAIME. She picks up.

JAIME
Erin I need my bitcoin right now.

ERIN
I sent it!

JAIME
We checked our wallet this morning.
There's no transfer. You were
supposed to send the bitcoin this
morning.

ERIN
Really? I sent it last night. Are
you sure you're looking in the
right wallet?

The librarian has caught up to her.

LIBRARIAN

The library is closed now. You have to leave.

Erin, without looking at her, keeps searching the stacks.

JAIME

You tell me, muñeca.

LIBRARIAN

The library is closed for the night. Please take your things and leave.

ERIN

I'm not home right now, but I will be tomorrow. And I can tell you what address I sent it to.

JAIME

If there's a problem, maybe we should talk in person.

LIBRARIAN

THE LIBRARY IS CLOSED!

ERIN

I'm just working with a lot of new clients, and I'm not carrying everyone's information with me.

JAIME

The problem with lying is that when the truth comes out, it doesn't matter what the truth is anymore.

ERIN

I'll check the address.

Erin turns and is face to face with the librarian.

ERIN

(to librarian)

I'm gone, I'm gone.

At the last second, Erin finds the book she's been looking for: Halsbury's Laws of Canada - Banking and Finance.

INT. CHINESE MINING CENTER - DAY

CHINESE MINERS around a computer. Quick keyboard commands. Everyone stares at the price of Bitcoin shooting up.

MINER

Sell.

INT. RAPH'S DORM ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Raph hasn't slept yet. Crushed up lines of Adderall are splattered on his desk. The Bitcoin charts are up on both his computer screens.

RAPH

Holy shit.

INT. OMER'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Omer makes a call.

OMER

(into phone)

What the fuck is going on this morning?

INT. COMPUTER SCIENCE LAB - EARLY MORNING

Half a dozen students, up from a hackathon, are crowded around one computer screen. They look at each other in disbelief.

INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Erin is sound asleep. Her phone keeps ringing. It's Raph.

INT. CHINESE MINING CENTER - NIGHT

Miners click SELL.

INT. RAPH'S DORM ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Raph clicks SELL.

INT. OMER'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Omer clicks SELL.

INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Erin jolts awake from her phone ringing. Eyes still shut, she silences the call. Fully awake after a moment, she opens her text messages, finds a message from Raph: Wake up! Bitcoin to the moon!!!

She dashes to the living room, tripping and falling over the couch. She loads the exchange page up on her computer screen. The price of Bitcoin is now higher than the price she said she would sell to Jaime.

She calls Raph.

ERIN
What the fuck just happened? I
thought the price was going to dip!

RAPH (V.O.)
China did a thing.

ERIN
Nobody told me that this was
controlled by China!

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Erin, at a desk, is glued to her computer. Praying. Pacing. Pale. After hours, she falls asleep. A loud PRICE ALERT wakes her up. The price of Bitcoin has DROPPED. Her buy order is FILLED.

INT. RAPH'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Raph is passed out on the floor. Erin lies down next to him. They are both in bad shape. She pokes him. He opens his eyes.

ERIN
Never again.

EXT. DORM BUILDING - DAY

Erin is walking out of the dorm building. Her phone rings. She looks at the caller ID: it says UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

ERIN
Fuck, fuck, fuck.

Answers phone.

ERIN
Hi!

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR (V.O.)
Erin you're late.

ERIN
I'm almost-

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR (V.O.)
Erin I can't add you to the list.

ERIN

You can because I'm getting you your money. I'm making a payment by Friday. You'll have all the money by Friday. And Friday is not too late. Friday is just on time.

INT. COMPUTER SCIENCE LAB - DAY

Erin is standing at a desk on a computer. The students she hired stagger into the room one by one to collect their pay.

On the computer screen, we're seeing her change the login information to the Quadriga accounts she created for them.

After everyone leaves, there's one student, ADEEL, left in the room.

ADEEL

I know you said this job would be over after this. But I'm looking for more work.

ERIN

Well, it is.

ADEEL

I got fired from my regular job after my mom passed away for missing too many days. I was wondering if you knew of anyone else hiring or if you could recommend me. I'd do anything.

Erin logs out and starts to head out to the hall. Adeel picks up his bag and follows her out. They walk through a basement hallway.

ERIN

There's one more drop. It's going to be a bigger deposit than the last three you did. But you need to understand that after this, that's it.

Adeel lights up as if he's been touched by an angel.

ADEEL

Thank you! You're the best, Erin.

Erin nods and smiles, because now, Erin is in control.

INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Erin crosses off 15K on the whiteboard and writes 8K. She makes a call on her phone. It goes to voicemail. There's a faint tremor in her voice.

ERIN
(into phone)
Hey, listen, I'm sorry about the delay last time. Some of my accounts got messed up. I was frozen out by the banks. But we're all good now. It's fixed. I need a favor. I need to combine a couple deposits. I know you don't like doing that. But I need to move quickly.

She waits- nothing. She heads out into the living room to sit at her computer.

A text message back: 100K. It's yours. Wednesday 12pm science center.

She writes 100K on the whiteboard beside the 8K. Circles it twice.

She pushes her computer out of the way, making space for the future.

INT. VIETNAMESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Erin alone at an empty table.

EXT. RIVERDALE PARK - NIGHT

Erin on a bench at the top of the hill. She takes her phone out of her bag, puts it away. Takes it out again, puts it away. Takes it out, and calls Oskar. It goes to voicemail.

ERIN
(into phone)
You're the only person that knows I'd rather be dead than lost in this world. You were afraid for my life while I was afraid of failing at life. But if you're going to resent me, do it because I've been a bad friend, not a bad person. Tomorrow I make my biggest drop at the science center. Pray for me and know that I love you.

EXT. RIVERDALE PARK - NIGHT

Oskar, smoking a cigarette, pushes his bike as he climbs up the dark hill. The bike is beat up and broken. A heavy chain around his neck- wrapped around twice.

EXT. RIVERDALE PARK - NIGHT

Erin, using her key, etches FIND SATOSHI into the bench. She gets up, and starts the long walk home.

EXT. RIVERDALE PARK - NIGHT

Oskar sits on the bench Erin left moments ago. The park LIGHTS FLICKER.

EXT. KING'S COLLEGE CIRCLE - DAY

First sign of SPRING - students sprawled out across the lawn in small groups of twos and threes waiting for class to start. The clocktower rings. Everyone gets up and rushes into the buildings.

Erin moves past it all- a determined stride as she dips UNDERGROUND INTO THE SUBWAY.

EXT. ONTARIO SCIENCE CENTER - DAY

Everyone is out today. The parking lot is crowded with HAPPY CHILDREN, STROLLERS and BALLOONS. Erin is checking license plates.

Her phone rings. The caller I.D. says UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR (O.S.)
Erin you're late.

ERIN
I bought my robe. And I have to
tell you...
(beat)
It fits like a fucking glove.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR (O.S.)
Miss Brooks, if you think-

Erin hangs up, smiles, and keeps checking license plates narrowly walking into people as they make their way into the science center.

ERIN (V.O.)
I couldn't remember a time where
I'd ever been so close to what I
wanted.

Erin sends a text message to "Jaime", she types "I can't find the car."

Erin receives a text message, "I'm not there."

Erin: "What do you mean? You're just late?"

No immediate response. Erin speed types: " I came all the way here for you. I never come here. Are you cancelling? What is happening? Did you go with someone else? I will beat their rates just let me know but please come."

Jaime: "Boss is there. Go to North East corner."

Erin: "Is everything okay?"

Jaime: "They're waiting. You're late."

INT. ESCALADE - DAY

TWO MEN, the SAME TWO MEN WE SAW IN MEXICO IN THE PRE-CREDIT SEQUENCE, sit facing a dolled up WOMAN with perfectly straight hair and long acrylic nails. Erin, beside her, looks homeless.

WOMAN

I'm going to translate.

ERIN

Nice to meet you.

MAN 1

Miss Canada, finalmente.

WOMAN

They are happy to finally meet you, Miss Canada.

ERIN

It's more important than you could know.

MAN 1

Esto es mucho dinero. ¿Estás segura de que puedes moverlo?

WOMAN

This is a lot of money. Are you sure you can move it?

ERIN

I have a network of students on standby right now. People I trust. I've set it all up. Deposit today. Sent today.

MAN 1

Sabemos dónde vives. De qué manera vuelves a casa. Dónde estudias. No nos gustan los mentirosos. No nos gusta la falta de respeto. Si haces exactamente lo que dices que harás, no tendrás nada de qué preocuparte, pero que sepas que hemos matado gente por menos.

Erin turns to the woman eager for the translation.

WOMAN

Don't be late again.

ERIN

I'll try my best.

MAN 2

Failure is not an option.

Erin nods, okay, of course, steps out of the Escalade and back into the world.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. COMPUTER LAB - DAY

Every computer is turned on and playing the same screensaver: digital rain. Adeel, waiting, stares into a screen.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CONVOCATION HALL - DAY

Graduation ceremony rehearsals. Photographers set up on stage. Flowers are carried in. A banner reads CONGRATULATIONS CLASS OF 2014.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. SCIENCE CENTER - DAY

Erin tries to find her way out of the parking lot while using her phone. It rings- it's Adeel.

ADEEL (V.O.)
I'm here. Just wanted to let you
know. No rush or anything just
letting you know it's all good.

ERIN
You're early! You're getting a
bonus. This is it. Wait for me
right there I'm on my way.

ANOTHER CALL comes through.

ERIN
Gotta go, see you in a sec.

She SWAPS lines.

ERIN
Amy. Dearest roommate-

AMY
You forgot your keys again!

ERIN
Where are you going?

AMY
Muskoka. My family cottage.
Remember? I left your keys in the
mailbox.

ERIN
Let's celebrate when you're back.
(distracted looking down at
her screen while she walks)
And, and...we can go shopping!

AMY
What are we celebrating?

ERIN
Fucking everything!

Erin, sucked into her screen, steps out onto the SIDEWALK.
She's looking down when a HAND grabs her by the neck, and
pulls her into a CADILLAC.

A MAN IN A BLACK SKI MASK HOLDS HER DOWN IN THE BACK WHILE
ANOTHER MAN IN A NEON GREEN SKI MASK SITS IN THE DRIVER'S
SEAT. We briefly see something SILVER on the floor of the
Cadillac. The DRIVER is focused on the road and doesn't turn
around.

BLACK SKI MASK
Give us the money.

Erin struggles to get out. We hear the clicking and clicking of doors locking each time Erin reaches to unlock the passenger door.

ERIN
No! Please!

BLACK SKI MASK
Don't fight. Just don't fight.

Erin, kicking the door, screaming, cradling the bag as tightly as possible-

ERIN
You don't understand! It's not my money! I owe this money to somebody else! Please understand! Please!

BLACK SKI MASK
I understand-

He PINS one of her arms down, then the other, until the bag comes loose. He GRABS the bag, tosses it to the front where it's received by the driver.

ERIN
I'm begging you! I can give you a thousand dollars! How about a thousand dollars and this never happened? I won't tell anyone!

BLACK SKI MASK
Get out and go home.

ERIN
NO! GIVE MY BAG BACK!

He PUSHES her out of the car, she FIGHTS to stay inside. He overpowers her. As the car door closes we hear-

DRIVER
GO HOME!

They drive off.

Erin, silently distraught, walks back into the science center parking lot, through the crowd, towards where the Escalade was parked. The sound of CHILDREN LAUGHING. A FAMILY asks her to take a photo. She TAKES THE PHOTO. She keeps searching. CU of her face, then we pull out, fading her to just a person lost in the crowd.

INT. SCIENCE CENTER - BATHROOM - DAY

Erin, hands shaking, makes a call.

ERIN
(into phone)
They're going to kill me. I'm...I'm
dead.
(beat)
Okay... okay. I'll be at my
apartment. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.
I'm sorry.

She calls OSKAR.

ERIN
(into phone)
Please answer. Pick up. I need you.
Someone - two guys - just robbed
me. And I don't know what I'm going
to do. I don't even want to leave
anymore. I want to stay home! I
want to start over! Call me!

INT. TAXI - DAY

Erin is wiped of any discernible emotion. We hear police
sirens in the distance.

TAXI DRIVER
They got stuff for kids your age in
there?

ERIN
Yeah.

TAXI DRIVER
What d'you learn?

ERIN
Everything is an experiment and
it's never too late to fix your
mistakes.

INT. OMER'S APARTMENT - DAY

OMER
(into phone)
She was robbed. What did I tell
you? No doubt this is a mess. I'm
going there right now. Sí. Voy
ahora.

He grabs a PISTOL from the counter and marches out the door.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Erin shuts the door. She straightens out her room - randomly aligning items on her dresser like it might fix something. A small heart shaped mirror, a preserved rose, a hair brush.

In this room, there's hope still.

THE DOOR SLAMS OPEN.

OMER PUSHES ERIN ONTO THE BED. HE TEARS THE LONDON POSTER OFF THE WALL RIPPING IT IN HALF.

OMER wipes the dresser clean - everything crashes down, everything breaks.

He rips the WHITEBOARD off the dresser and cracks it over his knee.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. STREET - DAY

A MAN IN A NEON GREEN SKI MASK SWINGS A BAG OVER HIS SHOULDER. He gets on a BIKE and removes the ski mask- it's Oskar.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Erin's phone rings from across the room.

OMER
I should kill you.

The phone keeps ringing.

OMER
I could kill you.

Erin crawls to the back of the bed into the wall.

OMER
You could die on vacation. An illness. An accident. The body never exhumed.

One continuous endless phone ring that will not let up. Omer stands over her.

OMER
WHOEVER IS CALLING YOU WON'T BE
ABLE TO SAVE YOU. NO ONE IS GOING
TO SAVE YOU!

We hear the front door pushed open, Erin! Erin!

Oskar, breathless, frantically busts into the room with his PHONE to his ear, drops the phone to the floor, swings the MONEY BAG around from his back to his chest before noticing OMER's GUN POINTED at him.

Erin jumps off the bed catching Omer off guard. He turns to her, Oskar kicks him from behind, he falls, loses the grip to his gun.

Erin snatches the gun. We zoom in on Erin with her arm extended ready to fire. We stay here a beat. She SHOTS.

Omer drops. Shoulder. He's on the floor holding it, blood between his fingers. Not dying. Not getting up.

Oskar is already at the door.

OSKAR
We have to go. Erin. Now.

Erin doesn't move. She crosses to Omer, takes the PHONE out of his jacket. Scrolls to the last call. Dials.

ERIN
(to Omer)
Who did you call before you came
here?

Omer says nothing. Erin puts it on speaker.

INT. ESCALADE - DAY

Parked somewhere with a view of nothing. MAN 1 answers. The dolled up WOMAN beside him.

MAN 1
Sí.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

ERIN
It's Miss Canada. Your money is
here. All of it. Your guy tried to
take it from me.

Silence on the line. Then the WOMAN'S voice.

WOMAN (V.O.)
Where is he?

ERIN
On my floor.
(beat)
Come get both.

The line goes dead. Oskar stares at her.

OSKAR
What did you just do?

ERIN
I made a trade.

EXT. ERIN'S STREET - DUSK

The Escalade pulls up as the sky goes dark. MAN 1 and MAN 2 walk Omer up out of the basement apartment between them, easy, like he's drunk. He doesn't look at Erin. The Woman waits by the car.

Man 2 sets the MONEY BAG on the hood and counts. It takes a while. No one speaks. Somewhere a dog barks.

Man 1 peels off a stack and holds it out to Erin. Eight percent. She takes it.

He says something to her in Spanish. Quiet. Not subtitled.

ERIN
(to the Woman)
What did he say?

WOMAN
He said you're on time.

Doors close. The Escalade drives off. Omer's face in the back window, then nothing.

INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Erin and Oskar on the floor among the wreckage. The torn LONDON poster. The cracked whiteboard against the wall. Erin picks up the marker, wipes off what's left of the numbers and writes: 0.

OSKAR
We were going to run away together.

ERIN
You should have.

He puts his head on her shoulder. She lets him.

INT. UNIVERSITY OFFICE - DAY

The same messy office. The same globe. The GUIDANCE COUNSELOR is halfway through a JELLY DONUT when Erin drops a FAT ENVELOPE on the desk.

The counselor wipes her fingers on her skirt and counts. Slowly. Licks a thumb. Counts again.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR
Your name will be added to the list.

ERIN
I know.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR
There's been an inquiry. From a bank. About some of our students. First years.

ERIN
I'm a fourth year.

The counselor looks at her for a long moment, then goes back to the donut.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR
Congratulations, Ms. Brooks.

Outside, no soccer ball. Just quiet.

CUT TO BLACK.

We stay on black. A beat, then another.

OVER BLACK we hear through a microphone echo:

MAN
Kevin Bracken, Hamza Chekroun,
Elliot Coombe, Ellen Joyce, Lori
Kufner

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. CONVOCATION HALL - DAY

Graduation. The DEAN is on stage reading from a podium.

DEAN
Erin Brooks.

Erin is UP ON STAGE. She walks across, shakes the Dean's hand, takes her diploma, and looks up to the packed levels of the hall.

Hundreds of faces like dots. Slow CU onto Oskar who is clapping. Erin smiles at him, looks down below her at the other students, then walks off.

A few rows down, ADEEL. Not clapping. Just watching her.

INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Empty.

INT. PLANE - DAY

View of CLOUDS through a window.

INT. SECURITY CHECK POINT - NIGHT

A BLACK UNTAGGED BAG is SCANNED by an absent minded SECURITY GUARD. The SCAN reveals BRICK SHAPED OBJECTS.

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - NIGHT

Erin stands before a CUSTOMS OFFICER. He swipes her passport.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
Reason for your entry?

ERIN
Internship.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
Anything to declare?

ERIN
No. Nothing.

He STAMPS her passport.

She rolls the BLACK SUITCASE behind her.

The cash is safe.

END CREDITS play over black over the sound of a professor-like voice reading Satoshi Nakamoto's 2008 Whitepaper.

POST CREDITS:

EXT. STREET - DAY

A DOOR swings open to a TAXI. A man's leg steps out onto cobbled streets of LONDON. His HAND pushes the taxi door closed - on his wrist a DIAMOND WATCH.

DROP