

**THE VILLAIN**

Written by

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Based on a true rags to riches (to federal prison) story

*"Capitalism is the astounding belief that the most wickedest of men will do the most wickedest of things for the greatest good of everyone."*

- John Maynard Keynes

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*"Cash rules everything around me. Cream, get the money. Dollar, dollar bill, y'all."*

- Wu-Tang Clan

**EXT. BROOKLYN METROPOLITAN DETENTION CENTER (MDC) - DAY**

**TITLE: 2019**

Guarded watchtowers. Monolithic perimeter fences. Corkscrew concertina wire. All suggestive of the caliber of inmate here.

A tinted Escalade arrives curbside. The rear passenger door opens. An UNIDENTIFIED BLACK MALE, 50, exits, strutting with the poise of a professional and the mien of a maestro. Only a DISTINCTIVE "W" emblazoned across his parka is discernible.

Visitor, not prisoner, he enters the Alcatraz of South Slope.

**INT. VISITOR ENTRANCE - BROOKLYN MDC - DAY**

AN APATHETIC RECEPTIONIST sits behind a plexiglas partition, flanked by TWO CORRECTIONAL OFFICERS, both armed and stoked.

The anonymous man swaggers up. Receptionist barely registers his presence as she BARKS THROUGH the division microphone...

RECEPTIONIST  
Identification.

Man proffers his laminated credentials. Receptionist scans...

RECEPTIONIST (cont'd)  
This isn't a name, it's an acronym.

But just as you become gravely concerned that this is another shitty, gritty, straight-to-video-on-demand prison thriller...

Reveal that the man is actually ROBERT FITZGERALD DIGGS, 50, also known as "RZA". De facto frontman of legendary hip-hop group WU-TANG CLAN, multi-hyphenate rapper, producer, actor, director, Staten Island sage, and undeniable Brooklyn badass.

On his disrespected expression, we FREEZE FRAME...

RZA (V.O.)  
What's up y'all, it's ya boy RZA.

**INT. RECORDING STUDIO - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE**

RZA and the whole WU-TANG CLAN flow to SILKY SMOOTH MELODIES.

RZA (V.O.)  
Aka Bobby Digital, aka the RZA-Rector,  
aka Ruler Zig-Zag-Zig-Allah.

**INT. "C.R.E.A.M." MUSIC VIDEO - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE**

Music video for the WU-TANG CLAN'S iconic single "C.R.E.A.M.".

RZA (V.O.)  
Aka The Abbot of the illest hip-hop  
group of all time...

**INT. MTV VMA STAGE - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE**

The whole WU-TANG CLAN appears on stage, brandishing trophies.

RZA (V.O.)  
The motherfuckin' Wu-Tang Clan!

**INT. VISITOR ENTRANCE - BROOKLYN MDC - BACK TO SCENE**

Returning to the previous scene. We UNFREEZE on Receptionist...

RECEPTIONIST  
Why didn't you just say so Mister RZA?  
My children are big fans of yours!

RZA smirks, sheepish.

RZA (V.O.)  
Wu-Tang is for the children!

RECEPTIONIST  
So, which inmate are you here for?

RZA  
Number 87850-053.

RECEPTIONIST  
(consulting monitor)  
Hmm. 053. White male. Five eight.  
Hundred-ten pounds. Last name --

GUARD (PRE-LAP)  
Shkreli!

**INT. HIGH-SECURITY CELL - BROOKLYN MDC - DAY**

The Hannibal Lecter suite. A recessed alcove renovated into a plexiglass cube. One NEFARIOUS SHADOW lurking in the corner...

GUARD  
Martin Shkreli!

A GUARD PUNCHES a password into an alphanumeric keypad. The cell doors open with a PNEUMATIC HISS -- revealing not the Zodiac killer or Jack The Ripper or Bill Cosby, but instead...

MARTIN SHKRELI, 36, deprived of sleep and sanitization, he squints as harsh fluorescent lighting floods inside his cell. His mottled, pre-pubescent five o'clock shadow and obnoxious grin render his face an ideal bullseye for two clenched fists.

SHKRELI  
The "h" is silent.

GUARD  
Huh?

SHKRELI  
You said "SH-kreli". It's "S-kreli".

Guard scowls with disdain.

GUARD  
You have a visitor, asshole.

RZA (V.O.)  
Gather round folks, cause it's time  
for the true tale of how one man went  
from founding three hedge funds and  
two biotech companies worth half a  
billion to doin' a nickel and change  
hard time, all before his thirty-fifth  
birthday.

**INT. HIGH-SECURITY WING - BROOKLYN MDC - DAY**

Guard escorts Shkreli through gauntlets of SNARLING PRISONERS. These are some mean motherfuckers. Yet he just smiles, amused.

RZA (V.O.)  
You're probably asking, how does the  
legendary RZA -- aka Bobby Steels --  
factor into this cautionary chronicle  
of crime, corruption, and capitalism?

**INT. VISITATION ROOM - BROOKLYN MDC - DAY**

A stark waiting room. RZA sits behind a stainless steel table.

Suddenly, Shkreli shuffles inside, his shackled arms dangling  
impotently like tagliatelle ribbons as he sits opposite RZA.

RZA (V.O.)  
Truth is, I'm here to retrieve  
something that belongs to me. But  
we'll get to that later.

Shkreli stares at RZA, bristling with vague menace.

RZA  
Martin.

SHKRELI  
RZA.

RZA  
Do you know why I'm sitting here right  
now?

SHKRELI  
I have a hunch.

RZA  
A hunch.

SHKRELI  
Yes. An impression predicated on  
intuition rather than fact. Would this  
conversation be easier with Merriam-  
Webster's assistance?

RZA  
C'mon Martin, be real with me.

SHKRELI  
No, you be real with me. How is it  
that I'm the one who ended up on this  
side of the table?

FREEZE FRAME on Shkreli's hostile countenance...

RZA (V.O.)  
I can answer that. But we first gotta  
run it back to the beginning. 'Cause  
in the beginning was the word. I'm  
talking about the one place every rags  
to riches story in America begins --  
motherfuckin' Brooklyn!

MUSIC CUE: "Brooklyn Zoo" by Ol' Dirty Bastard.

**FADE TO:**

**EXT. FULTON PARK - BROOKLYN - DAY**

**TITLE: 1995**

Shkreli, now 12, sits across from his Albanian immigrant  
father, PASHKO SHKRELI, mid-40s, at a concrete chess table...

RZA (V.O.)  
And no, this ain't about Wu-Tang --  
though "Wu-Tang: An American Saga" is  
out on Hulu. Stream now! But seriously  
yo, this joint here's about the rise  
and fall of Martin Shkreli.

Shkreli examines the board, then makes a decision. Just as he  
moves his queen into a precarious position, Pashko interjects.

PASHKO  
*Martin, this is a dangerous move.*

*[Author's Note: Pashko only addresses Shkreli in his native  
tongue of Albanian, while Shkreli always replies in English.]*

SHKRELI  
I know what I'm doing.

PASHKO  
*You must consider risk relative to  
reward. Every action has a consequence.*

SHKRELI  
But I'm trying to win, Dad.

Shkreli contemplates the advice, then finalizes the impetuous  
move anyway. Pashko counters, trapping Shkreli into checkmate.

PASHKO  
*At what cost?*

Shkreli frowns as an ALARM SUDDENLY BLARES on Pashko's watch.

PASHKO (cont'd)  
*Time for work.*  
 (off Shkreli pouting)  
*No whining. You must learn honest trade.*

**EXT. RESIDENTIAL HIGHRISE - MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - DAY**

In custodian uniform, Pashko guides Shkreli to a resplendent residential building. Shkreli admires the opulent structure.

PASHKO  
*No, Martin. We go this way.*

Father and son slip in the EMPLOYEE UTILITY ENTRANCE instead.

**INT. LOBBY - RESIDENTIAL HIGHRISE - DAY**

Pashko mops the carrara marble floor and Shkreli assists him. A FINANCE DOUCHE, late 20s, red-blooded rainmaker and Patrick Bateman's younger, more insufferable brother, spills inside from the elevator bank, WHINING INTO an antiquated cellphone.

FINANCE DOUCHE  
 Paravant just filed their S-1 and  
 First Boston's TMT group couldn't  
 hold my dad's jockstrap. We either  
 lead left, or we walk --

Just as Finance Douche rounds the corner...

Shkreli awkwardly STUMBLES on the marble floor, dropping the soiled mophead and SOAKING FINANCE DOUCHE'S DESIGNER OXFORDS.

FINANCE DOUCHE (cont'd)  
 What the fuck?! These are Ferragamo!

Pashko hears the SUDDEN COMMOTION and hastens over. Shkreli instinctively recoils -- shielding himself behind his father.

Shkreli absorbs Finance Douche's appearance -- the manicured mannerisms -- the slick suit -- the gilded cufflinks -- the swiss watch. And this is when understanding dawns on Shkreli...

*THIS MAN MATTERS.*

PASHKO  
 (heavy accent)  
 We so sorry! We so sorry!

FINANCE DOUCHE  
 Yeah, well I so sorry too! These are  
 two grand, moron. I should invoice you  
 peasants for this.

RZA (V.O.)  
 Ice cold.

Pashko drops on all fours, desperately drying the loafers. His father's powerlessness and inferiority becomes patently obvious to Shkreli, who watches small, panicked and cowering.

FINANCE DOUCHE  
Just get the fuck off.

Finance Douche then continues past, incensed.

FINANCE DOUCHE (cont'd)  
(into phone)  
No, not you. Some pleb just shit on my Ferragamo. No, not literally shit on...

Pashko stands, scarlet with flushed embarrassment. Shkreli searches his face for consolation, but he avoids eye contact.

**INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT**

Suffocatingly crowded as HUMAN SARDINES bounce in rhythm of the F train. Pashko and Shkreli stand in staid quiet, until...

SHKRELI  
Hey, Dad.  
(beat)  
What's a peasant?

Pashko glances at Shkreli. A quiet moment passes.

PASHKO  
*Someone who works hard.*

SHKRELI  
Oh.  
(beat)  
What did that man do for a job?

PASHKO  
*I don't know. Finance. Stocks.*

SHKRELI  
Stocks...

PASHKO  
*Where rich people put their money.*

SHKRELI  
Like Bill Gates.

PASHKO  
*Yes, like Bill Gates.*  
(switching gears)  
*I got you something.*

Pashko offers Shkreli a folded NEW YORK POST FINANCE SECTION. Creased inside is the latest edition SPIDER-MAN COMIC BOOK...

SHKRELI  
Thanks.

But Shkreli eschews Spider-Man for the Post newspaper -- DOW JONES AND NASDAQ MARKET DATA streak across the page. Shkreli drifts closer -- and closer -- and closer -- fully captivated.

RZA (V.O.)  
The young Shkreli never looked back.

**INT. LIBRARY - HUNTER HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT**

**TITLE: 2000**

An upscale high school library. Entirely vacant except for A SLENDER SILHOUETTE creeping under dimmed fluorescent light, indiscriminately shoveling FINANCE TEXTBOOKS into a backpack.

FOOTFALLS suddenly approach. A flashlight knifes thru aisles, belonging to a CORPULENT SECURITY GUARD in low-rent uniform...

SECURITY GUARD  
Hey. How'd you get down here?

His searchlight beam then strikes the figure, illuminating...

Shkreli, now 17, with the mangy body of a mathlete and feral stare like a nocturnal animal sifting through unwanted scrap. His clothes are frayed and threadbare. Several weeks unwashed.

SHKRELI  
I'm studying.

SECURITY GUARD  
But we locked up at midnight. Who let you in?

SHKRELI  
The doors were open. I'm a student.

SECURITY GUARD  
Let's see your card.

SHKRELI  
I left it at home.

Shkreli finishes packing his backpack.

SECURITY GUARD  
You can't take those books.

SHKRELI  
But they're mine.

SECURITY GUARD  
I can see the barcodes.

SHKRELI  
(pointing)  
Oh. He was the one who let me in.

Guard pivots, but finds an empty corridor. He spins around, ready to deliver a dressing down -- but SHKRELI HAS VANISHED.

**INT. STACKS - LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER**

Shkreli camps between subterranean stacks to remain covert. He speedreads finance tomes like a man possessed, consuming information as the growing tower of finished textbooks rises.

MISS ROBBINS (PRE-LAP)  
Martin... Martin... Martin!

**INT. STACKS - LIBRARY - MORNING**

Shkreli snaps awake, swiping away ribbons of drool. A severe librarian, MISS ROBBINS, lingers with her disapproving glare...

MISS ROBBINS  
Did you sleep down here again?

SHKRELI  
No, I studied down here again.

MISS ROBBINS  
Until you fell asleep. That's breaking and entering.

SHKRELI  
I didn't leave, so there was no breaking and entering. Only entering and staying. Besides, I'm a student.

MISS ROBBINS  
Not if you continue to miss class.

SHKRELI  
Class is taught by degenerates and dilettantes who took six years to graduate from Baruch.

MISS ROBBINS  
Baruch is a perfectly respectable institution.

SHKRELI  
Define respectable.

MISS ROBBINS  
Above average.

SHKRELI  
Define average.

MISS ROBBINS  
You.

SHKRELI  
It sounds like we have different definitions of respectable.

Shkreli checks his Timex watch. He reacts -- gathering his belongings -- but Miss Robbins obstructs his exit, seething.

SHKRELI (cont'd)  
Excuse me. Market opens in ten minutes.

MISS ROBBINS  
So you know -- no faculty member took  
six years to graduate college.

SHKRELI  
Then name one thing I can learn from  
them I can't learn from these books.

MISS ROBBINS  
Hm, I dunno -- decency?

SHKRELI  
Oh, that's right! Carnegie and  
Rockefeller credited decency as the  
secret to their billions. Not oil,  
steel or, most importantly, knowledge.

MISS ROBBINS  
Because they're mutually exclusive.

SHKRELI  
Oil and steel?

MISS ROBBINS  
Decency and wealth. Doesn't that  
concern you in the slightest?

SHKRELI  
It concerns me that you think Baruch  
is respectable.

Shkreli shakes and bakes, eluding Miss Robbins. She follows.

MISS ROBBINS  
No! That rich people got that way by  
being assholes.

SHKRELI  
I wouldn't expect someone in your tax  
bracket to understand.

MISS ROBBINS  
Martin, your parents are janitors.  
What bracket are you referring to?

That economic cheapshot stings, but Shkreli quickly recovers.

SHKRELI  
One that accounts for future earnings.

MISS ROBBINS  
Of course. How could I forget.

SHKRELI  
You won't when all this becomes  
"Shkreli Presidential Library".

MISS ROBBINS  
Now you want to be president...

SHKRELI  
Corporate president. Our commander-in-chief only pulls in 450k a year.

MISS ROBBINS  
 "Only". Also, Carnegie wasn't the richest man in oil due to textbooks.

SHKRELI  
 Carnegie made his wealth in steel. Rockefeller was oil. And his father was a hand-loom weaver making minimum wage.

MISS ROBBINS  
 Hand loom -- what?

SHKRELI  
 Hand loom weaver. He spun yarn.

MISS ROBBINS  
 Spinning yarn has nothing to do with anything.

SHKRELI  
 Spinning yarn has everything to do with anything, because spinning yarn isn't a lucrative venture, so Carnegie spent everyday in the library reading textbooks to ensure he would build symphony venues in Midtown, not die penniless in a cotton mill, or worse, as a high school librarian.

MISS ROBBINS  
 And we have Carnegie Hall because of all that, huh.

SHKRELI  
 Well that, and he didn't go to Baruch.

Shkreli enters an elevator. Miss Robbins intercepts the doors.

MISS ROBBINS  
 You're not Dale Carnegie, you're not a genius and you're not special --

SHKRELI  
Andrew Carnegie. Dale Carnegie wrote a series of self-help books in the 1930s. No relation.

MISS ROBBINS  
 -- you're just a high school punk with bad manners and an overactive imagination.

A tense stare-off. Shkreli is steadfast, clinging to that one critical conviction no matter what -- that he is truly special.

SHKRELI  
 But Miss Robbins, manners are a casualty of genius.

The DOORS MERGE before Miss Robbins can reply. Shkreli grins.

**INT. HALLWAY - HUNTER HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

Shkreli streaks through an empty hallway, turning a corner...

And accidentally COLLIDES WITH CHAD, 17, walking patriarchy posterboy and future feminist nightmare. Shkreli's coveted textbooks go sailing across the hall, CRASHING TO THE FLOOR...

CHAD

If it isn't Pee Wee Virgin in k-mart khakis and salvation army sneakers.

Chad's SYCOPHANTS SNICKER like hyenas.

CHAD (cont'd)

These belong to us anyway, what, with our parents funding your tuition.

SHKRELI

C'mon Chad, give them back.

CHAD

Fine. You can have your books. For fifteen pushups.

Shkreli sighs, assuming a prone position. He presses for a repetition, but his linguine arms COLLAPSE FROM OVEREXERTION.

In response, Chad POPS OPEN a locker and tosses his books in.

CHAD (cont'd)

You know the rules, charity case.

Shkreli reluctantly contorts inside and Chad SLAMS IT CLOSED.

**INT. LOCKER - HUNTER HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

Shkreli twists around, fishing a pocket penlight and moleskine notebook from his knapsack. He exhales, then resumes studying.

SHKRELI

Alright. I have three call options with the same expiration dates...

PRE-LAP: The metallic locker door SWIVELING OPEN...

**INT. LOCKER - HUNTER HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT**

Shkreli squints, blinded by the inundation of light just like the opening scene in prison. His vision calibrates, finding...

MAREK BIESTEK, 17, brain of a jock and body of an accountant and Shkreli's one tenuous acquaintance at Hunter High School.

MAREK

Take it you missed market open.

SHKRELI

And close.

MAREK

Sorry, man. Chad's a dick.

SHKRELI

It's okay. He'll be shining my Ferragamo loafers in a few years.

MAREK

Who's Fred Gamo?

SHKRELI

Nevermind.

MAREK

Wanna grab a bite or something?

SHKRELI

No time. Got a job interview tomorrow.

MAREK

Dude, we're seventeen.

Shkreli scurries past, his voice receding as he disappears...

SHKRELI

Which means under current New York child labor laws, I can still work forty-eight hours a week!

#### **EXT. HUNTER HIGH SCHOOL - UPPER EAST SIDE - NIGHT**

Shkreli emerges through double-doors with his head averted...

As adolescent life passes him by -- HIGH SCHOOLERS socialize outside -- some talking, some laughing, some kissing -- all ignoring Shkreli who has been totally forgotten by this world.

From afar, Shkreli sees Chad conversing with GORGEOUS GIRLS. His capped CHAUFFEUR escorts the group into a lavish towncar.

Shkreli sighs with resignation, feeling like the Hunter High School punching bag. He trudges off, boarding the public bus.

#### **INT. PUBLIC BUS - MANHATTAN - NIGHT**

Disgusting and depressing. Surrounded by DEFEATED PASSENGERS, Shkreli clasps his textbooks like an amulet to ward off evil.

After a moment, the THUNDEROUS GROWL OF ITALIAN ENGINEERING interrupts his dejection. He looks through a window to see...

#### **EXT. MANHATTAN - NIGHT**

A FINANCE JACKASS in a LAMBORGHINI REVVING the engine, horses turning hot, impressing the SUPERMODEL in the passenger seat.

**INT. PUBLIC BUS - MANHATTAN - NIGHT**

As the Lamborghini FISHTAILS AWAY, Shkreli focuses on OTHER PASSENGERS -- miserable people crushed like ants beneath the nation's boot -- people who will just never get ahead in life.

Shkreli reflexively hardens, remembering work can be done. He then disembarks from the bus. Decided, dogged and determined.

**EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT**

He strides through a boulevard of broken dreams and broken homes with cracked windows and graffiti-blemished brick. A ruinous area where even cockroaches avoid streets at night.

**INT. SHKRELI FAMILY APARTMENT - BROOKLYN - NIGHT**

Abject poverty personified -- a decaying studio with its one bedroom bifurcated by accordion doors to create "bedrooms" like Shkreli is Charlie Bucket and Pashko is his Grandpa Joe.

Shkreli crashes inside...

**INT. BEDROOM - SHKRELI FAMILY APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Proceeding into his suffocating "bedroom" swathed in comics and Bill Gates posters. One ceiling fan recycles frowsty air and economic anxiety as he immediately begins studying again.

After a beat -- Pashko enters, holding A POORLY WRAPPED GIFT. Shkreli barely acknowledges his existence -- too concentrated.

PASHKO

*Martin, take a break.*

SHKRELI

*Can't. I have an interview.*

PASHKO

*You can at least talk to your father.  
I brought you something.*

Pashko extends the present. Shkreli stops studying to unwrap the gift. He forces a weak smile when he finds another book...

*GEORGE SOROS: THE ALCHEMY OF FINANCE.*

PASHKO (cont'd)

*He is immigrant too and works in  
stocks. You can be just like him.*

SHKRELI

*Thanks. I appreciate it.*

*(moving on)*

*Can I borrow your suit tomorrow?*

*Appearance can be make or break on the  
street.*

PASHKO  
*I told you to stay off the streets.*

SHKRELI  
 Wall Street, Dad.

PASHKO  
*Sure. If you say so. Now go get some  
 fresh air. See your friend Marek.*

SHKRELI  
 No thanks. Friendships are inherently  
 inefficient. They waste time. Wasted  
 time creates distractions. And  
 distractions create impediments.

PASHKO  
*Impediments to what?*

SHKRELI  
 My success.

Pashko considers this point, disturbed. Then turns to leave...

PASHKO  
*Happy birthday, Martin.*

Shkreli offers no gratitude and continues to study, until...

A COCKROACH SKITTERS across the floor, followed by A SECOND COCKROACH. Seconds later and the second one begins DEVOURING the first one. If this could not get any worse -- the light fixture SHORT CIRCUITS -- plunging the bedroom into darkness.

Shkreli sighs. SNAPS his penlight awake. Resumes his reading.

**EXT. CRAMER, BERKOWITZ & CO - MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - DAY**

Sporting Pashko's billowing goodwill suit, Shkreli stands paralyzed, just looking upwards -- in rapt adoration of the monolithic towers. The breathtaking wealth. The opportunity.

**INT. LOBBY - CRAMER, BERKOWITZ & CO - DAY**

Shkreli waits in a lobby. He grins at A BORED RECEPTIONIST, but she is unsettled by his demented stare and glances away.

JIM CRAMER, 45, then EXPLODES THROUGH frosted double-doors...

A mercurial moose in a two-toned shirt and maroon suspenders, Cramer does not converse with employees so much as he vomits vituperation with belligerent excess -- his falsetto squeal sounding like Mickey Mouse after marlboros and a tracheotomy.

CRAMER  
 Shkreli?!

FREEZE FRAME on Cramer's permanently crimson facial features.

RZA (V.O.)  
 Let me answer y'all's burning  
 question. Yes, this is true, and yes,  
 this is the Jim Cramer.

**INT. "MAD MONEY" CNBC STUDIO - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE**

His flagship television program. Cramer gesticulates wildly. His blood pressure skyrockets, BELLOWING "BUY!" "BUY!" "BUY!"

RZA (V.O.)  
 Before Mad Money, my boy Cramer here  
 ran a hedge fund with a half a billie  
 in assets under management. He also  
 did a whole lotta yelling.

**INT. LOBBY - CRAMER, BERKOWITZ & CO - BACK TO SCENE**

UNFREEZE on Cramer. Shkreli straightens to attention, alarmed.

SHKRELI  
 Right now?

CRAMER  
 Tonight, tomorrow, whenever is best  
 for you -- yes, right fuckin' now!

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CRAMER BERKOWITZ & CO - DAY**

An expansive conference room. Cramer sits opposite Shkreli, just staring. Enigmatic. A variety of differences between them; status, class, mores. Cramer has cut his teeth on the street for decades and it irritates him that Shkreli has not.

CRAMER  
 Do I need a starter pistol? Talk, kid!  
 Tell me what makes you different from  
 every Tom, Dick and Harry that walks  
 through those French doors.

SHKRELI  
 (rehearsed)  
 Who is Martin Shkreli? Excellent  
 question. For starters, I'm hard-  
 working, goal-oriented, and -- let me  
 assure you -- tenacious when it comes  
 to accomplishing my objectives. I've  
 read that Cramer, Berkowitz is not  
 only a premier fund with top-of-the-  
 street absolute returns, but also a  
 place that offers a fast-paced,  
 results-oriented environment. A place  
 where investment professionals are  
 willing to deliver stellar returns by  
 any means necessary!

CRAMER  
 (beat)  
 Are you autistic or somethin'?

SHKRELI  
I don't think so.

CRAMER  
(moving on)  
Where were you before this?

SHKRELI  
Hunter.

CRAMER  
Don't know it. How many assets under management?

SHKRELI  
Oh, it's not.

CRAMER  
In New York?

SHKRELI  
A fund.

CRAMER  
Then what the hell is it?

SHKRELI  
The most prestigious public high school in the country.

CRAMER  
Prestigious public school?! Are you the tallest midget too??!

Cramer starts dialing the phone, grumbling with incredulity.

CRAMER (cont'd)  
How did you even get in here?

SHKRELI  
I've come this morning because I'm seeking an analyst position, sir. I'd also be willing to work on the execution desk as a trader.

CRAMER  
Kid, you're not qualified to trade a baseball card, let alone my personal \$500 million book!

SHKRELI  
How about an internship then?

CRAMER  
No.

SHKRELI  
An assistant position?

CRAMER  
No.

SHKRELI  
Have I mentioned I'm goal-oriented?

No response. Desperate -- Shkreli lunges and SMASHES THE DROP CALL BUTTON. Cramer stares at Shkreli, his nostrils flaring -- this is a mythic man unaccustomed to flagrant insubordination.

SHKRELI (cont'd)  
I will mop the floors.

CRAMER  
You don't give up, do you?

SHKRELI  
Never once in my entire life.

Cramer notices A TRADER struggling with an industrial copier.

CRAMER  
On second thought, I may have a position more suited to your skillset.

RZA (V.O.)  
The journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step. Shkreli persisted and got his first job on Wall Street. It wasn't sexy, but it was something.

#### INT. MAILROOM - CRAMER, BERKOWITZ & CO - DAY

Shkreli PRINTING, COPYING, AND BINDING investment memorandums and excel spreadsheets -- mindless and soul-crushing busywork.

RZA (V.O.)  
He was makin' copies...

#### INT. TRADING FLOOR - CRAMER, BERKOWITZ & CO - DAY

Martin absently delivers coffees. He is utterly dazzled by...

EYES SCANNING Bloomberg terminals -- FINGERS DANCING across keyboards -- MOUTHS SPEWING INVECTIVE into headsets -- all coalescing into a malignant machine running on virility and fragile egos in which money is the objective, not the object.

RZA (V.O.)  
And brewin' coffee.

#### INT. TRADING FLOOR - CRAMER, BERKOWITZ & CO - DAY

BRYCE, 30s, an unfathomably pretentious portfolio manager ("PM") and proud of it, intentionally COLLIDES WITH SHKRELI...

BRYCE  
Out of my way coffee bitch!

Shkreli grimaces, dropping to his knees to clean up the mess.

RZA (V.O.)  
 He worked at Cramer, Berkowitz by day,  
 then went to undergrad by night.

**INT. SHKRELI FAMILY APARTMENT - BROOKLYN - NIGHT**

Shkreli brandishes a COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY ENVELOPE like it is a Wonka golden ticket to transcend poverty, but Pashko sighs...

PASHKO  
*Martin, I'm sorry, I really am. But we don't have the money. We're struggling enough as it is.*

Shkreli looks crushed, reality setting in. Story of his life.

RZA (V.O.)  
 Except Shkreli couldn't bankroll any Ivy League joints he was accepted to. So he went to the one place he could afford...

**EXT. BARUCH COLLEGE - GRAMERCY - DAY**

Shkreli begrudgingly stalks through campus -- the prominent "BARUCH COLLEGE - CITY UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK" taunting him.

RZA (V.O.)  
 You know what they say -- as she has planted, so does she harvest. Such is the field of karma.

**INT. SHKRELI FAMILY APARTMENT - BROOKLYN - NIGHT**

Pashko struggles with mountains of unpaid and overdue bills. Shkreli enters, offering him UNCASHED PAYCHECKS from Cramer. Pashko smiles, tears forming at his son's benevolent gesture.

RZA (V.O.)  
 Still, the kid was hooked. Money was money, and he was a fast learner.

**INT. TRADING FLOOR - CRAMER, BERKOWITZ & CO - DAY**

**TITLE: 2003**

Shkreli delivers memos, navigating a fifty cubicle labyrinth. He overhears Bryce talking to a team of ANALYSTS and TRADERS.

RZA (V.O.)  
 Which was a good thing. Cause 'round here, it was eat or get ate.

BRYCE  
 What's our position in Regeneron?

ANALYST  
 Just north of a million shares.

BRYCE

Size up to an even two at 20.50.  
 They're finishing phase three on a  
 weight loss drug, Axokine. Will be a  
 ten bagger when it's said and done.  
 Cramer will flip for it.

Shkreli overhears this, his lips curling into a devious grin.

**EXT. REGENERON PHARMACEUTICALS - MOUNT PLEASANT - NIGHT**

REGENERON PHARMACEUTICALS HEADQUARTERS. A CUSTODIAN jettisons garbage bags into a dumpster adjacent to commercial buildings.

Shkreli SUDDENLY APPEARS INSIDE THE DUMPSTER, wading through trash, driven by the same determination we saw in high school.

*BUT IT IS FIERCER NOW, PERHAPS EVEN DANGEROUS.*

He finds ONE DISCARDED REPORT labeled "AXOKINE CLINICAL TRIAL RESULTS". He skims -- then cracks his signature slanted smile.

RZA (V.O.)

This was Wall Street, y'all. It didn't matter how you make money, only how much you make. Know what I'm sayin'?

**INT. BOARDROOM - CRAMER, BERKOWITZ & CO - DAY**

A boardroom teeming with testosterone and brimming with MALE ANALYSTS, TRADERS, PMs -- you'd grow a beard just being here.

Cramer listens to a PM pontificating about an elaborate chart with the patience of a pitbull packed inside a parakeet cage.

Shkreli quietly distributes research reports to all employees.

PORFOLIO MANAGER

Know it's been holding at 28, but Microsoft's trading below book and still has some room to run.

CRAMER

Microsoft? Microsoft?! Quit sellin' me the hot tech ideas you got while chokin' your boyfriend's chicken. I need innovative! I need unorthodox!

PORFOLIO MANAGER

(retreating)

Well, there's a small cap play --

CRAMER

Why would I give a rat's cunt about small cap? We're not pomaded stock jockeys pushin' pink sheets out a strip mall in Long Island! Christ. At this rate, I wouldn't let you manage an Arby's. Have a seat.

Portfolio Manager sits, humiliated. His tail between his legs.

CRAMER (cont'd)  
 Bryce -- step up to the plate. Hope  
 your girdle's on tight cause I'm not  
 pitchin' underhand today.

Bryce stands, exuding unearned confidence.

BRYCE  
 I'm seeing alpha in Regeneron. Phase  
 III trial data on their new weight  
 loss drug Axokine is promising.

CRAMER  
 How long are you?

BRYCE  
 Just under fifty million.

CRAMER  
 Fine. I'll add fifty to my own book.

SHKRELI  
 I wouldn't do that.

A silence sweeps over the room. All eyes narrowing on Shkreli.

CRAMER  
 And who the fuck might you be?

SHKRELI  
 Martin Shkreli. Your intern. I've  
 worked here for three years.  
 (off confused silence)  
 "Coffee bitch?"  
 (off muttered recognition)  
 I'm confident shorting Regeneron is  
 the best course of action.

BRYCE  
 Is this a joke?

CRAMER  
 Whoa. Show's starting and I don't have  
 my popcorn. Continue coffee bitch.

SHKRELI  
 While it's true initial reports were  
 promising, raw trial data reveals a  
 different narrative. You see, over 70%  
 of patients in the double-blind trial  
 developed monoclonal antibodies that  
 neutralized ciliary neurotrophic  
 proteins, which was the only tangible  
 effect of Axokine. Also, the remaining  
 30% of test subjects -- I'm not  
 finished -- experienced weight loss of a  
 mere 5% relative to placebo. A figure  
 that anyone -- even Bryce -- can  
 recognize as statistically insignificant.

Shkreli steps forward -- spitting syllables like a thompson submachine gun. Yes, he really talks like this, so buckle up.

SHKRELI (cont'd)

In other words, the data does not support a commercially-viable drug. When Regeneron makes their announcement the market will react accordingly. I predict an unprecedented sell-off due to loss in share value. Short.

Irate, Bryce glances at Cramer who is enjoying the spectacle.

BRYCE

You're not seriously gonna listen to Pee Wee Herman over there just cause he talks like an instruction manual?

CRAMER

It sounds like Pee Wee Herman did his research. How is yours?

BRYCE

Good enough.

CRAMER

Good enough isn't good enough for me. So, let's make it interestin'. You keep your long position while Herman and I short fifty million at 20. If you're right, I flex your book up another hundred. If you're wrong, you update your resume.

Bryce considers the perilous offer, his arrogance triumphing.

BRYCE

Done.

Shkreli cracks a devilish smile, but Bryce could strangle him.

#### **INT. TRADING FLOOR - CRAMER, BERKOWITZ & CO - LATER**

Every Cramer, Berkowitz EMPLOYEE watches with bated breath, huddling around the bank of television monitors PLAYING CNBC.

REGENERON CEO (SCREEN)

Our shareholders know how important development of recombinant human CNTF for treatment of obesity is to the core strategy of this company. Which is why it's especially difficult to inform you that phase III trials exhibited minimal efficacy. In response, the FDA has denied approval.

Bryce LAUNCHES HIS STAPLER, SHATTERING ONE TELEVISION SCREEN. He then appraises trading monitors -- frantic and desperate...

#### **ON MONITOR**

A digital ticker tracking the Regeneron stock price FREEFALLS.

**BACK TO TRADING FLOOR**

Shkreli glows with excitement as Bryce pivots to his TRADERS.

BRYCE  
Get me the fuck out of Regeneron now!  
Unwind the entire position!

RANDOM ANALYST  
Oh shit! They're bleeding out! This is  
the biggest sell-off I've ever seen!

Bryce reads the monitors, devastated, crumbling to his knees.

BRYCE  
No... No... Fuck!

CRAMER  
It's over Bryce. You're done. Success  
around here is a zero sum game.

Cramer approaches Shkreli and extends a welcoming handshake.

CRAMER (cont'd)  
Well done, Herman. This is how we  
separate the winners from the losers.  
You have to be willing to do whatever  
it takes to whoever it takes.

Shkreli shakes his hand, euphoric, internalizing the advice.  
He is as happy as we have ever seen him -- intoxicated by an  
unique power he had never experienced until this exact moment.

CRAMER (cont'd)  
Jesus, kid. You got the handshake of a  
teenage girl with polio.

He shrugs off the insult -- too exhilarated to be embarrassed.

RZA (V.O.)  
At the end of the day, Regeneron  
shares lost half their value, and  
Bryce lost his job. Which caused some  
folks to sit up and take notice...

**EXT. CRAMER BERKOWITZ & CO - MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - NIGHT**

Shkreli exits, but his path is impeded by AGENT ADELE DANIELS,  
mid 30s, passionate as she is punctilious, and an SEC OFFICER.

ADELE  
Mister Shkreli?

FREEZE FRAME on Adele.

RZA (V.O.)  
Introducing Agent Adele Daniels. Head  
of the FBI securities task force, and  
grade A, A1 badass.

UNFREEZE on Adele obstructing Shkreli.

ADELE  
Is there some place we could talk?

SHKRELI  
Of course! I was just about to grab a bite at my favorite spot.

**INT. OLIVE GARDEN - TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT**

Shkreli inhales breadsticks as he sits opposite Adele and SEC Officer inside the tourist-infested Olive Garden, surrounded at every turn by MAMMOTH MIDWESTERN MOUTHBREATHERS with their OVOID OFFSPRING devouring discount Italian by the dinnerplate.

*[Author's Note: As someone born and raised in the Midwest, I write the above sentence with nothing but love and affection.]*

RZA (V.O.)  
Believe it. Shkreli had a federal investigation under his belt before he could legally buy booze.

ADELE  
While this isn't an official inquiry, we wanted to ask you a few questions.

SHKRELI  
Wow! The government knows who I am?

Adele and SEC Officer trade glances -- he cannot be serious?

ADELE  
Sort of. You see, the SEC's market monitoring algorithm --

SHKRELI  
MIDAS. Market Information Data Analytics System. I'm familiar.

ADELE  
Right. Well, MIDAS tracked irregular trading patterns coming out of Cramer, Berkowitz recently.

SHKRELI  
That's not a question.

ADELE  
Then here's one -- are you aware of the trade I'm referring to?

SHKRELI  
You'll have to refresh my memory.

ADELE  
Happy to. A fifty million dollar short position in Regeneron just before the clinical trial announcement.

SHKRELI  
Oh, of course. Now, I remember.

ADELE  
Hell of a coincidence, isn't it?

SHKRELI  
And you feel qualified to draw that conclusion.

ADELE  
I'm head of securities fraud task force for the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Who else would be qualified to draw that conclusion?

SHKRELI  
Someone who understands the short merits credit, not scrutiny.

ADELE  
Credit.

SHKRELI  
I don't recall stuttering just now, but yes, credit. Axokine's inherent flaws -- of which there were many -- would have gone unnoticed had I not made the trade.

ADELE  
You do understand why it's hard to accept that two grown men worth a billion dollars allowed a twenty-year-old intern who can't tie his shoelaces to dictate investment decisions?

SHKRELI  
Mozart composed his first symphony at eight. Picasso, his first painting at nine. Byron, his first poem at fifteen.

ADELE  
You recited that anecdote instead of making what point?

SHKRELI  
That perhaps you're underestimating my abilities, Miss Daniels. I plan on becoming the world's greatest Albanian.

ADELE  
Agent Daniels. Also, Mother Theresa was Albanian.

SHKRELI  
And she set a high bar. Just not an insurmountable one.

Adele measures Shkreli, stunned by his unapologetic temerity.

SHKRELI (cont'd)  
 Are we all finished here? I promised  
 my dad I would take the trash out.

Shkreli leaves, skipping away. Adele stares daggers, furious.

RZA (V.O.)  
 Shkreli wasn't no Lady Gaga or Barbara  
 Streisand, but on that night, a star  
 was born. Know what I mean?

**INT. OFFICE SPACE - MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - DAY**

Shkreli enters cramped office space. UTILITY WORKERS WHITTLE  
 the gilded letters -- "ELEA CAPITAL MANAGEMENT" into the wall.

RZA (V.O.)  
 After learning the ropes from crazy  
 Cramer and the funky bunch, Shkreli  
 started his own hedge fund at age 23.  
 With a little bit of capital, and a  
 whole lotta optimism, he blasted off.

**INT. ELEA CAPITAL - MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - DAY**

A primitive array of obsolete computers and monitors. Shkreli  
 furiously keystrokes, concurrently BARKING INTO A TELEPHONE...

SHKRELI  
 Book two thousand Broadcom puts with a  
 20 strike! Make sure it runs through  
 Lehman. Their broker fees are lowest.

RZA (V.O.)  
 And then crashed and burned so bad,  
 his shit made the Hindenburg look like  
 a smooth landing.

**INT. ELEA CAPITAL - MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - NIGHT**

Shkreli sleeps under his threadbare desk -- using copies of  
 American Medical Association journals as improvised pillows.

AN ALERT suddenly appears on a monitor, startling him awake.

**ON MONITOR**

BROADCOM STOCK PRICE SOARS in the after-hours trading market.

**BACK TO SHKRELI**

Shkreli blanches in response, terrified, hemorrhaging capital.

RZA (V.O.)  
 After making a stupid-ass speculative  
 bet, Shkreli lost all investor money  
 and owed Lehman Brothers \$2.3 million.  
 Only problem was, he didn't have two  
 nickels to rub together to make a dime.

Shkreli glances at his monitor, finding...

*\$60 IN AVAILABLE FUNDS.*

RZA (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Lehman sued in federal court. Yet, for  
some reason, fate loves the fearless.

**EXT. LEHMAN BROTHERS - MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE**

Lehman Brothers headquarters -- UNCONDITIONAL PANDEMONIUM as TRADERS and BANKERS flood the exits, personal effects in hand.

RZA (V.O.)  
His losses coincided with the most devastating economic collapse since the Great Depression, forcing Lehman to file for bankruptcy.

**INT. ELEA CAPITAL - MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - DAY**

Shkreli watches the same footage on a television monitor. He drops the phone in disbelief, and a tight smile slowly forms.

RZA (V.O.)  
When the dust finally settled, Shkreli didn't have to pay a cent. So he did what any good entrepreneur does, he brushed the dirt off his shoulders -- shoutout Jigga -- and started again. But this time, he needed help.

**INT. CAPITAL GRILLE - MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - NIGHT**

**TITLE: 2009**

SOCIAL CLIMBERS and STATUS STRIVERS. Marek sits across from Shkreli, enjoying his bloodied steak with pure simian delight.

SHKRELI  
So I'm starting my own fund.

MAREK  
What happened to the old one?

Marek tucks the napkin into his collar like a baby bib, then douses ketchup on his ribeye, managing to spill on his shirt.

SHKRELI  
There's been a transition in investment strategy.

Marek squints, brow furrowing to pass for deep contemplation.

MAREK  
(no idea)  
Yeah, of course, makes sense. But what's this got to do with me?

SHKRELI

I was hoping we could join forces. You have potential, Marek. Truly. Together, we can become big fish in a big pond.

MAREK

But I don't know the first thing about trading.

SHKRELI

Doesn't matter. Anybody can learn.

MAREK

Also, I never thought of myself as a "big fish", per se, but more like a healthy-sized grouper. Or flounder.

SHKRELI

A trained chimp could do the job.

MAREK

I thought you said we were fish.

SHKRELI

It was a metaphor. Also, flounder is a saltwater fish, it could never live in a pond.

MAREK

Flounder, chimp, it just sounds like a lot of responsibility.

SHKRELI

Trust me. If you come aboard, we can helm this ship side-by-side, you know? Find the new frontiers together.

MAREK

Like Christopher Columbus and the Santa Maria!

SHKRELI

The Santa Maria ran aground and was scrapped for spare lumber. So, no.

MAREK

Then his other ship.

SHKRELI

Sure.

MAREK

What's it called?

SHKRELI

Nina I think. It was Spanish.

MAREK

No, the fund.

SHKRELI

MS Capital.

MAREK  
Love it -- but why?

SHKRELI  
MS... Martin Shkreli.

MAREK  
Ohhh. Classic! Pretty sneaky, dude.

Shkreli leans forward, earnest, preparing to close this sale.

SHKRELI  
I'm offering an opportunity, Marek.  
MS Capital isn't just a premier  
investment management firm. I like  
to think of us as Plato's Academy.

MAREK  
Plato...

SHKRELI  
A place where the cross-fertilization  
of profound minds across disciplines  
like art, math, and philosophy enrich  
the insights of all. So the intellectual  
sum exceeds the individual parts.

Marek nods, eager, invigorated by Shkreli's impish confidence.

MAREK  
Hell yeah! Show me the dotted line.

SHKRELI  
Welcome to MS Capital.

MAREK  
One small thing. Any chance we could  
call it MSMB Capital? It's just, my  
parents would go nuts, you know?

Shkreli smiles. He likes having Marek around. His one friend.

SHKRELI  
I'm sure we can work something out.

Marek reaches for an aggressive handshake -- accidentally  
SPILLING HIS MERLOT in the process, staining the tablecloth.

RZA (V.O.)  
Marek wasn't the smoothest cat...

#### INT. ELEA MSMB CAPITAL - MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - DAY

The same office space as Elea. Marek violently CHISELS AWAY  
the original stone lettering -- replacing "ELEA" with "MSMB".

RZA (V.O.)  
But he busted his ass. And even helped  
Shkreli raise dead presidents.

**INT. MSMB CAPITAL - MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - DAY**

Shkreli coaches Marek, dialing numbers with feral intensity.

SHKRELI

Never answer your own phone and make  
me hard to reach. Our product is power.

Shkreli and Marek work potential investors together. Though they have distinct conversations, their dialogue is parallel.

SHKRELI (cont'd)

This is Patrick Bateman, executive  
assistant with MSMB Capital. I have  
Martin Shkreli, CIO, calling.

**INTERCUT:****INT. VARIOUS CORPORATE OFFICES - DAY**

The scene intercuts between different INSTITUTIONAL INVESTORS.

INVESTOR #1

Make it quick.

MAREK

Oh shoot. Mister Shkreli had to hop on  
another call from Cohen.

INVESTOR #2

Steve Cohen?

At this moment, FREEZE on increasingly intrigued INVESTOR #2.

RZA (V.O.)

A name as extra miracle whip as Steve  
Cohen may not ring a bell to you  
dummies, but my mans here was the  
Michael Jordan of fund managers.

**INSERT** picture of corpulent STEVEN A. COHEN, 50s, at a New York Mets baseball game, double-fisting footlong chili dogs.

RZA (V.O.) (cont'd)

That is, if MJ was a Humpty-Dumpty  
looking motherfucker who dropped \$2  
billie on insider trading fines and  
used his employees as human shields  
against criminal charges.

**INSERT** photograph of MATHEW MARTOMA, 30s, heading to prison.

RZA (V.O.) (cont'd)

Let that be a lesson -- always have a  
fall guy in yo crew! But I digress.

UNFREEZE on the various conversations...

SHKRELI

That's the one. Is it okay if Martin  
tries you back?

INVESTOR #3  
Depends on what he's calling about.

MAREK  
Mister Shkreli is completing the initial fundraise for his new flagship, long-short fund covering the biotech sector, and he wanted to ensure that you had right of first refusal.

INVESTOR #4  
Are Cohen's lp's investing?

Shkreli glances at one monitor to see -- AVAILABLE FUNDS: \$0.

SHKRELI  
While we can neither confirm nor deny that information, substantial capital has already been raised.

INVESTOR #1  
And your fee structure?

MAREK  
One and twenty -- double the returns for half the fee!

INVESTOR #2  
What's the catch?

SHKRELI  
No catch. But I can personally attest to Mister Shkreli's abilities. I've heard "wunderkind" tossed around the office on more than one occasion.

INVESTOR #3  
Wunderkind?

MAREK  
A generational stockpicking talent. Makes Dalio look like a day trader!

INVESTOR #4  
Where'd he go to school?

SHKRELI  
Well, he was in Columbia.

INVESTOR #1  
Works for me. Send the prospectus over and put me down for a million.

INVESTOR #2  
Two million.

INVESTOR #3  
Three million.

INVESTOR #4  
Four million.

Shkreli and Marek VIGOROUSLY CELEBRATE as we then SMASH TO...

**INT. BULLPEN - MSMB CAPITAL - DAY**

The once humble office is tastefully expanded, furnished and renovated. TEN ANALYSTS, TRADERS, and PMs work diligently behind intricate arrays of monitors and Bloomberg terminals...

RZA (V.O.)

In a few weeks, Shkreli had over ten million bucks and twenty employees. Not bad for a shrimp from Sheepshead Bay.

Shkreli considers his budding empire, satiated in the moment.

**INT. BOARDROOM - MSMB CAPITAL - DAY**

Shkreli leads an investment committee with ANALYSTS, TRADERS and PMs all senior in age -- he has poached legitimate talent. Despite his stunted stature, he projects strength and command.

SHKRELI

Ladies and gentleman, the markets are the plains of Africa, and we are the lions. Books start at \$5 million. Returns are evaluated bi-monthly. Comp is performance-based. Eat what you kill around here.

PORTFOLIO MANAGER

What about our ethos?

SHKRELI

Ethos...

PORTFOLIO MANAGER

You know, Soros speculated according to his theory of reflexivity. Buffett looks for value plays, underowned stocks with less buyers.

SHKRELI

Fewer buyers.

PORTFOLIO MANAGER

Oh, right.  
(then)  
So?

SHKRELI

What?

PORTFOLIO MANAGER

Our ethos.

SHKRELI

We are the lions. We do not care about the strategies of lambs.

PORFOLIO MANAGER  
But the "lambs" are billionaires.

MAREK  
Are there lambs in Africa?

SHKRELI  
Fine. We're activist investors.  
Identify overvalued biotech equities  
with flawed products. If the public  
coincidentally learns of our existing  
short positions, so be it.

Portfolio Manager processes the implications of this, alarmed.

PORFOLIO MANAGER  
It sounds like short and distort.

SHKRELI  
If you have moral qualms about our  
investment strategy, I'd encourage you  
to seek employment elsewhere.

PORFOLIO MANAGER  
I don't have moral qualms.

SHKRELI  
Good. Because I'll never ask you to do  
anything I wouldn't do myself.

Marek appraises the room and only finds irritated expressions.

RZA (V.O.)  
What did that wannabe men's warehouse  
mannequin mean when he said "short and  
distort"?

#### INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT

Shkreli devours books, clinical reports and academic research.

RZA (V.O.)  
First, Shkreli would identify a small-  
cap biotech company he thought was  
overvalued. Like this one, Mannkind,  
that was developing a new inhaler.

#### INT. BULLPEN - MSMB CAPITAL - DAY

Shkreli trades against MannKind Corporation -- (NASDAQ: MNKD).

RZA (V.O.)  
Then enter a short position in said  
company. Aka, bet against.

#### INT. SHKRELI FAMILY APARTMENT - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Still living in total squalor, Shkreli hammers his keyboard,  
authoring tweets under the genius pseudonym THUGBIOANALYST69.

Truly, that was the user name. Okay, fine. I added the "69".

**@THUGBIOANALYST69: MANNKIND'S AFREZZA INHALER IS TRASH, BRUH!**

RZA (V.O.)

Then anonymously troll every financial forum, message board and Twitter thread to publicly trash said stock. Kinda like shouting "fire" in a crowded theater.

#### **INT. CORNER OFFICE - MSMB CAPITAL - DAY**

A resplendent corner office swathed in Christmas decorations. Shkreli composes AN INTERMINABLE LETTER addressed to the FDA.

RZA (V.O.)

If that didn't work, he'd channel his inner Karen and hit up the FDA via strongly worded letter, begging them not to approve whatever drug that company made.

Shkreli glances at the digital calendar reading DECEMBER 25TH.

RZA (V.O.) (cont'd)

True story. Scrooge over here wrote the FDA on Christmas Day in 2010.

#### **INT. CONFERENCE HALL - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY**

A palatial auditorium swarming with male FINANCE PLUTOCRATS and HEALTHCARE EXECUTIVES attending the annual JP Morgan healthcare conference. For all intents and purposes, it is the healthcare finance equivalent of G5 international summit.

RZA (V.O.)

Then if all that didn't work, Martin used more confrontational methods -- he'd run up on a motherfucker!

Legendary entrepreneur, philanthropist, and MannKind Corp. CEO, ALFRED MANN, 85, finishes DELIVERING HIS KEYNOTE SPEECH.

Shkreli sits front and center, staring at Mann with contempt.

#### **INT. ATRIUM - CONFERENCE HALL - DAY**

Mann saunters through, leveraging a walking cane for support.

SHKRELI (O.S.)

Hey, Mann!

Mann slowly pivots, surprised to find Shkreli standing there.

MANN

There a problem, son?

SHKRELI  
A big one, Dad.

MANN  
Which is?

SHKRELI  
That you don't seem to realize your inhaler is an unmitigated failure, and if you possessed even a modicum of integrity, you'd issue yourself a complete response letter.

A CROWD congregates around them, MURMURING WITH FASCINATION.

MANN  
I don't follow.

SHKRELI  
That doesn't surprise me. So let me be as clear as possible. Every phase three trial failed. Basal insulin doses weren't controlled throughout. Non-inferiority margins dwarfed effect size. And last -- but definitely not least -- you failed to bridge bioequivalence data between two entirely different design inhalers. Did I miss anything?

MANN  
So you're demanding we stop and extend trials, what, another month?

SHKRELI  
Year.

MANN  
Pardon?

SHKRELI  
I'm demanding you stop and extend trials another year.

MANN  
Why on Earth would I agree to that?

SHKRELI  
Because it's preferable to insolvency, an outcome you're all but guaranteed if you don't.

MANN  
Are you threatening me?

SHKRELI  
I'm summarizing possibilities.

MANN  
That imperil my life's work.

SHKRELI

Listen Mann, I'm throwing you a life preserver on the titanic. If you move forward with your failed inhaler, I will have no choice but to let you drown.

Yikes. A tense moment passes, tempers flaring high -- until... Mann drops his cane and LUNGES FOR SHKRELI'S NECK, narrowly whiffing as Shkreli scampers away, reveling in his impudence.

**INT. BULLPEN - MSMB CAPITAL - DAY**

EVERY MSMB EMPLOYEE regards their monitors with astonishment.

**ON MONITOR**

MANKIND CORP'S STOCK PRICE NOSEDIVES to below \$2 per share.

**BACK TO BULLPEN**

Shkreli savors the moment, basking in his unequivocal success.

RZA (V.O.)

After Shkreli's stunt, the FDA denied approval for the inhaler, and MannKind shares lost two-thirds of their value. Which means he was gettin' serious guap. And which also means it's time for a motherfuckin' montage!

MUSIC CUE: "C.R.E.A.M." by Wu-Tang Clan.

**INT. SKYBOX - YANKEE STADIUM - DAY**

Shkreli and Pashko enjoy a Yankee game from inside a private skybox suite. Pashko pats Shkreli on the shoulder, delighted.

**INT. GERSHWIN THEATRE - NIGHT**

Shkreli and Pashko trade warm smiles, watching "WICKED" from a private mezzanine box. Though Pashko may not fundamentally understand the dialogue, he is still excited by the spectacle.

**INT. LE BERNADIN - NIGHT**

Two world-renowned caviar tartare plates are served. Shkreli demonstrates for Pashko how to properly consume the posh dish.

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - BROOKLYN - DAY**

A stylish loft apartment. Shkreli offers his father the keys.

PASHKO

*Martin...*

SHKRELI  
It's for the both of us!

PASHKO  
*You didn't have to do this.*

SHKRELI  
C'mon, Dad. We climbed the mountain!  
Might as well enjoy the view.

PASHKO  
(smiling)  
*I guess it couldn't hurt.*

Shkreli smiles proudly. Unlike his antagonistic professional persona, he is entirely jovial and lighthearted around Pashko.

RZA (V.O.)  
Y'all are prolly dying to know -- was all this sketchy shit legal? Well, yes and no. Like porn, answers were in the eye of the beholder, but Shkreli knew American regulators love the free market as much as they love their ass and titties. But that's not to say every one was a fan of his -- ahem -- tactics.

**INT. NONDESCRIPT OFFICE - WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY**

MELANIE SLOAN, 50s, clobbers her keyboard with righteous fury.

RZA (V.O.)  
Melanie Sloan, executive director for the nonprofit watchdog group: Citizens for Responsibility and Ethics in Washington, aka "CREW", filed a federal complaint accusing Shkreli of --

**INT. FBI OFFICE - TRIBECA - DAY**

A depressing office space reeking of departed dreams and dulled ambitions. Adele marches into her supervisor's office, CONLEY, 40s, flaunting the recently published CREW COMPLAINT.

ADELE  
"A pattern of suspicious behavior in the trading of biotech stocks that warrants a thorough investigation".

CONLEY  
So you want me to -- what -- initiate a formal inquiry to investigate him?

ADELE  
No, I want you to initiate the national guard to throw him in Guantanamo Bay.

CONLEY  
Why? Because some D.C. pencilpusher cried wolf to the DoJ?

ADELE

Yes, that's exactly why. I've been trailing him since high school, and he should be eating mystery meat in striped slacks, not endorsing checks.

CONLEY

Oh Adele, in order to be on a moral crusade, one must first be moral themselves.

ADELE

I'm Mister Rogers compared to this miscreant. At a minimum, we're talking market manipulation and --

CONLEY

Please. Pump the brakes on your bureau boy scout act for just a second.

ADELE

You mean girl scout.

CONLEY

Is there really a difference?

ADELE

Not sure. Never made it past brownies.

CONLEY

Let me guess, problems with authority?

ADELE

And the uniform.

CONLEY

Actually, I'm glad we're talking about this.

ADELE

Uniforms?

CONLEY

Authority.

ADELE

Which can only mean you're promoting me and opening the case on Shkreli.

CONLEY

The opposite. I just received word the Director wants to deprioritize securities fraud.

ADELE

(dry)

Oh Conley, in order to deprioritize something, it first has to be treated like a priority.

CONLEY  
Clever. Apparently they have thought long and hard about this.

ADELE  
And that is a euphemism for --

CONLEY  
"We don't give a shit".

Adele scowls, frustrated.

ADELE  
Just so we're clear, Shkreli's actions were a coordinated effort to undermine investor confidence.

CONLEY  
And just so we're clear, it's not illegal to be right.

Off Adele fuming at the obvious injustices of these systems...

**INT. CORNER OFFICE - MSMB CAPITAL - DAY**

Shkreli searches his name on Google, scrolling the results when Marek suddenly enters, KNOCKING to announce his arrival.

MAREK  
Hey man, do you have a sec to talk?

As Shkreli responds, his eyes never stray from his computer.

SHKRELI  
Multi-tasking affords me an infinite amount of seconds. What's up?

MAREK  
I got you something.

Marek waits patiently for his attention, but it never comes. So he tosses a dogeared copy of Dale (not Andrew) Carnegie's self-help guidebook, *HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE*.

SHKRELI  
Thanks. Really appreciate it.

MAREK  
Thought maybe it could improve your leadership or something.

His veiled criticism jolts Shkreli, who now makes eye contact.

SHKRELI  
Is there a problem with my leadership?

MAREK  
No, no, nothing like that. It's just -- it might help you relate to people. Maybe understand our employees a bit better, you know?

(MORE)

MAREK (cont'd)  
 Bring them in, not cast them out.  
 That's all, man. Nothing too serious.

Shkreli stares blankly, this is a completely foreign concept.

SHKRELI  
 Maybe you're right. I guess sometimes  
 I can forget how to talk to people.  
 (beat, softening)  
 By the way...

Shkreli digs into his drawer and tosses Marek AN INVITATION ADDRESSED TO "THE FOUNDERS OF MSMB CAPITAL". As Marek scans...

SHKRELI (cont'd)  
 I just got named to the Forbes Finance  
 30 Under 30, and they're having a gala  
 tonight. You wanna be my plus one?

Off Marek smiling ear-to-ear...

**INT. CIPRIANI WALL STREET - NIGHT**

The iconic, baronial downtown restaurant. Right now -- it is inundated with BOISTEROUS BLOWHARDS under the age of thirty. The atmosphere is bacchanalian fun -- everyone mingling save Shkreli and Marek, who stand at the margins nursing Budweiser.

MAREK  
 Who knew all those years ago that  
 Martin and Marek would become the most  
 popular guys at the party.

SHKRELI  
 We're not the most popular guys at the  
 party.

MAREK  
 I know. But at least we're at the party!

A complex cocktail of envy, jealousy and insecurity simmers as Shkreli studies the silver spoon crowd drinking and laughing. The wealthy kids from wealthy families at their wealthy event.

SHKRELI  
 Do you ever think about what it would  
 be like to be somebody different?

MAREK  
 What do you mean?

SHKRELI  
 I mean, no matter how many  
 championships I win, they'll never let  
 someone like me into their silver  
 spoon hall of fame.

MAREK  
 Championships?

SHKRELI  
 Another metaphor, Marek.  
 (resigned beat)  
 Nevermind.

Marek inhales hors d'oeuvres into his gullet, still clueless.

MAREK  
 Why'd we come if you hate everybody?

SHKRELI  
 Because it's where I belong.

MAREK  
 Because it's good publicity.

SHKRELI  
 Because my entire life these people  
 pretended like I never existed. Like I  
 was invisible. Well, now it's time for  
 them to notice.

Marek contemplates this conviction, rather unsettled. Then...

CHAD (O.S.)  
 Martin Goddamn Shkreli! From Wal-Mart  
 to Wall Street. How'd you get in here?

Shkreli pivots, finding who else, but fucking Chad, now 23, with another hedge fund blowhard, call him BRAD, 23. Their sculpted jawlines and coiffed flaxen hairstyles draw stark comparisons to Shkreli and Marek's vagabond chic appearances.

CHAD  
 (sees Marek)  
 And you brought your boyfriend Mike  
 with you too.

MAREK  
 Marek.

CHAD  
 Guess you got out of that locker, huh.

Chad slaps Shkreli with condescension, then gestures to Brad.

CHAD (cont'd)  
 This is my boy Brad, by the way. He's  
 over at Bridgewater.

Shkreli and Brad cautiously shake hands, sizing the other up.

SHKRELI  
 Martin Shkreli. MSMB Capital.

BRAD  
 MSMB. Can't say I'm familiar.

CHAD  
 It's a non-profit.

This slight cuts Shkreli like a scythe. His pride is wounded.

SHKRELI  
We're a boutique. We focus on biotech.

BRAD  
(beat, thinking)  
Oh shit! Are you the guy who almost  
fought Alfred Mann?

CHAD  
Yes bro, this is that day trader I  
sent you the Dealbreaker article  
about. I went to high school with him.

BRAD  
You're one crazy little dude.

"Day Trader" -- Chad might as well have just taken a steaming defecation on Shkreli's entire existence. The cycle continues.

SHKRELI  
I have to go.

Shkreli departs, humiliated. Marek follows behind, rudderless.

MAREK  
Brad didn't seem so bad.

SHKRELI  
We're expanding. Triple digits AUM by  
year end.

Off Marek, confused...

RZA (V.O.)  
What was Shkreli's growth strategy?  
Simple -- push his chips to the center  
of the table and bet the tradin'  
equivalent of lightning striking the  
megamillions winner during a shark  
attack.

#### INT. CORNER OFFICE - MSMB CAPITAL - DAY

Shkreli dials the telephone...

SHKRELI  
I want to short eleven million shares  
of Orexigen Therapeutics at 15. Yes, I  
know that's 80% of my book. I didn't  
say it to hear myself talk. Do it!

RZA (V.O.)  
Envy can be blinding, concealing the  
truth until we're forced to see.

#### INT. BULLPEN - MSMB CAPITAL - NIGHT

Everyone departed for the evening except Shkreli. Tears form as he watches the soaring OREXIGEN THERAPEUTICS SHARE PRICE.

SHKRELI

Oh no.

RZA (V.O.)

In five days, he lost all his investors' cheddar and owed Bank of America ten millie on top of that. Shoulda gone with Wu-Tang Financial, diversify yo bonds!

**INT. CORNER OFFICE - MSMB CAPITAL - NIGHT**

Shkreli and Marek nurse more beers in the aftermath, reeling.

Shkreli scrolls through SOCIAL MEDIA PHOTOS on his computer -- CHAD IN IBIZA -- CHAD ON A YACHT -- CHAD IN THE SOUTHHAMPTON. Every photograph is a dagger to his increasingly fragile ego.

MAREK

Don't beat yourself up, man. We had a good run.

SHKRELI

We lost every cent of investor capital.

MAREK

Well, we had a run. Better than most can say. I mean, who knew Orexigen was gonna have those kind of legs.

SHKRELI

Four years on the street, and I'm back to square one.

MAREK

Big deal. You're only 25.

SHKRELI

Keats died at 25.

MAREK

Pretty sure Michael Keaton's like fifty. And still alive.

Marek finishes his beer. Belches. Then knuckles open another.

MAREK (cont'd)

Besides, that's the problem with betting on biotechs. They're too giddy, dude.

(kidding)

Would have probably been easier just to start your own.

Shkreli stops scrolling -- an idea now striking him -- eureka. His gears turn and mind churn -- brain an analytic calculator.

SHKRELI

That's it.

He leaps from his chair, pacing restlessly. Marek does not yet realize it -- but he has forever altered Shkreli's trajectory.

MAREK  
What's "it"?

SHKRELI  
Forbes top earners -- Larry Page, Jeff Bezos, Mike Bloomberg. What do they all have in common?

MAREK  
I dunno. They're Jewish?

SHKRELI  
(no)  
Bezos' birth name is Jorgensen.

MAREK  
They're billionaires?

SHKRELI  
And entrepreneurs. Not investors. This entire time, that's where the real money has been! Creating your own value, not trading someone else's.

(beat)  
You realize what I have to do, right?

MAREK  
Change your last name.

SHKRELI  
No, Marek. Start my own company.

MAREK  
Are you qualified for that?

SHKRELI  
Don't have to be with orphan drugs.

Shkreli furiously rummages through piles of medical journals, retrieving the FDA'S LIST OF ORPHAN DRUGS FOR RARE DISEASES. He identifies TWO DRUGS, then highlights one and shows Marek...

**THIOLA DARAPRIM**

MAREK  
But orphan drugs are unprofitable.

SHKRELI  
The drugs are profitable. Their prices aren't.

FREEZE FRAME on Shkreli...

RZA (V.O.)  
Yeah, yeah, more exposition, I know.  
But y'all dimwitted dunces rather text, tweet and tik-tok than pay attention to this shit, so I got not choice but to elaborate.

(MORE)

RZA (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 After years of studying biotech  
 companies at MSMB, Shkreli discovered  
 the filthy little secret at the heart  
 of the pharma industry.

### AN INTERACTIVE GRAPH

A line graph tracking the PRICE AND VOLUME OF THIOLA -- unit price increases exponentially while volume remains unchanged.

RZA (V.O.)  
 See, there are two ways to drive  
 drug revenue. Price and volume. And  
 since you couldn't force more people  
 to have a rare disease, you could  
 instead acquire the orphan drug that  
 treats the rare disease, and bleed  
 the price dry.

As the price continues to increase...

### VARIOUS PRESCRIPTIONS

Are written for Thiola -- there is no alternative competition.

RZA (V.O.)  
 Even worse, or better if you're Shkreli,  
 there is no generic competition, 'cause  
 the drug wasn't profitable in the first  
 place! We call that shit a monopoly, yo.

### INT. CORNER OFFICE - MSMB CAPITAL - BACK TO SCENE

UNFREEZE as Marek raises an eyebrow. The ramifications clear.

MAREK  
 Would that be, you know, ethical?

SHKRELI  
 What does that have to do with  
 anything? It's legal.

MAREK  
 But it affects, like, regular people.

This resonates with Shkreli. For a fleeting moment, he looks conflicted, but then glances at his computer -- Chad's smug mug plastered everywhere; this is the justification he needs.

SHKRELI  
 Without money, there is no status.  
 Without status, there is no relevance.  
 And the only punishment worse than  
 death in this country is irrelevance.  
 Do you want to go back to being a  
 punchline?

His delirious conviction is both thrilling and intimidating.

MAREK  
No, man. I guess not.

SHKRELI  
Good. Cause I've spent the last four years trying to get a seat at the table, and I refuse to let my hard work go to waste.

MAREK  
But what about MSMB investors?

SHKRELI  
What about them?

MAREK  
They won't be happy seeing the guy who lost their money make this kinda noise.

SHKRELI  
What are you talking about, Marek? Our investors enjoyed handsome returns.

Off the mischievous gleam in his eyes...

**INT. BOARDROOM - MSMB CAPITAL - DAY**

Every ANALYST, TRADER and PORTFOLIO MANAGER squeezes into the boardroom as Shkreli reads verbatim from his investor letter...

SHKRELI  
I have decided to wind down our hedge fund partnerships with the goal of completing fund liquidation by December 1st, 2012.

A smattering of GASPS. Marek is surprised, but remains silent.

SHKRELI (cont'd)  
Original MSMB investors have nearly doubled their initial capital investment, net of fees. Their limited partnership interests can be redeemed by the fund for cash --

PORTFOLIO MANAGER  
Martin, this isn't the State of the Union, we're sitting right here.

SHKRELI  
-- alternatively, limited partners may ask for a redemption of Retrophin shares, or a combination of Retrophin shares and cash.

PORTFOLIO MANAGER  
Retrophin? What the fuck is Retrophin?

SHKRELI  
My new pharmaceutical venture.

FREEZE on his shiteating grin...

RZA (V.O.)  
So, how did Shkreli pull this off?

**INT. CORNER OFFICE - MSMB CAPITAL - DAY**

Shkreli dials numbers with feverish abandon...

RZA (V.O.)  
He cold called thousands. Executives, investors, researchers. Anybody in the industry with a pulse and a pocketbook.

**INT. OFFICE - SCHERING-PLOUGH - DAY**

Shkreli entices FRED HASSAN, 60s, the CEO of Schering-Plough.

RZA (V.O.)  
Weaseling his way into meetings with big ass whitey whales like Fred Hassan, CEO of Schering-Plough.

**INT. OFFICE - ALLERGAN - DAY**

Similar meeting but with BRENT SAUNDERS, 45, CEO of Allergan.

RZA (V.O.)  
And this stiff here, Brent Saunders, CEO of pharma giant, Allergan.

**INT. ELEA MSMB RETROPHIN - MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - DAY**

Marek REMOVES "MSMB CAPITAL" letters in favor of "RETROPHIN".

RZA (V.O.)  
Courting both as angel investors in his new "cutting-edge" pharmaceutical venture. His words, not mine.

**INT. BOARDROOM - MSMB CAPITAL - BACK TO SCENE**

UNFREEZE on MSMB employees who stare at Shkreli, bewildered.

MSMB ANALYST  
I don't understand. You're a fund manager. Why biotech?

SHKRELI  
I have realized my life's mission. I want to cure many diseases and save children's lives.

RZA (V.O.)  
Bull. Shit.

SHKRELI

Now, if any of you care to invest in my new, mission critical venture, I am happy to discuss in private. If not, consider this the conclusion of our professional relationship as my focus moving forward will be at Retrophin headquarters, which is the same office you are currently occupying, thereby making you trespassers.

Marek looks away, disappointed by his newfound abrasive tone.

RZA (V.O.)

In the blink of an eye, Shkreli had cashed in finance for pharmaceuticals.

MSMB analysts, traders, and PMs slowly dissolve, replaced by...

**INT. BOARDROOM - RETROPHIN - DAY**

**TITLE: 2012**

RETROPHIN EXECUTIVES listening as Shkreli delivers a lecture.

SHKRELI

Which is fueling our acquisition of marketing rights for Tiopronin, trade name Thiola, a drug used to control the rate of cystine precipitation in patients with cystinuria.

STEVEN RICHARDSON, 50s, Chairman, and STEVEN ASELAGE, 50s, COO, polished, professional, regard Shkreli with skepticism.

RICHARDSON

You want to purchase an orphan drug.

SHKRELI

Yes.

RICHARDSON

For kidney stones.

SHKRELI

Yes.

RICHARDSON

And then price gouge --

SHKRELI

Price optimize.

RICHARDSON

-- from \$1.50 per pill to --

SHKRELI

\$30 per pill. Yes. If we're going to jump in the pool, might as well make a splash.

RICHARDSON

Then perhaps a swan dive would be more graceful than a belly flop. In your pricing model, Medicare or employer provided insurance would only cover a fraction. You're still talking about patients coughing up \$50,000 annually.

SHKRELI

Patients will figure a way whether its family, friends, or the federal government. The entire healthcare industry is predicated on that belief.

ASELAGE

Sure, but our entire capital raise was predicated on developing drugs, not acquiring them.

SHKRELI

I have a fiduciary duty to maximize shareholder value. This is an opportunity to do exactly that.

Shkreli defiantly thumbs to the next slide, which FORECASTS EXPONENTIAL EARNINGS GROWTH and makes board members salivate.

SHKRELI (cont'd)

Here is our projected top line growth with the proposed price optimization.

ASELAGE

What about reputational risk?

Sensing a challenge, Shkreli proudly raises the waste basket.

SHKRELI

Reputational concerns can be filed with our complaint department.

RICHARDSON

And regulatory risk?

SHKRELI

Irrelevant. Valeant priced Cuprimine at \$100K per annual therapy. With our new strategy, we'll be closer to \$80K. Remember, we don't have to run faster than the grizzly bear, just faster than the guy next to us.

RICHARDSON

Fine. You may be right.

SHKRELI

Usually am.

Shkreli cracks his lopsided smile. Marek cringes in response.

**INT. CORNER OFFICE - RETROPHIN - DAY**

Marek catches Shkreli entering his office...

MAREK

Hey, Martin.

(Shkreli turns)

I was thinking, maybe, you could  
lighten up a bit. We're all on the  
same team, you know?

SHKRELI

Competition breeds success.

MAREK

What I'm trying to say is -- this  
isn't like war, dude. It's business.

SHKRELI

Business is war without bullets. And  
like any armed conflict not fought on  
land in Indochina, one side wins and  
one side loses.

MAREK

I'm just trying to help, man.

SHKRELI

Only in this case, the winners are  
Forbes list execs while the losers are  
janitors in Brooklyn ghettos.

MAREK

Janitors? What are you talking about?

Shkreli catches himself and goes quiet, but quickly recovers.

SHKRELI

Just trust me, okay? All you have to  
do is sit back and enjoy the show.

GREEBEL (O.S.)

Yeah, enjoy the show.

Marek recoils with surprise...

EVAN GREEBEL, 40s, an unscrupulous lawyer with the rodential  
bearing, slack-jawed swagger, and homespun hairstyle that  
never left Long Island limits, manifests from out of nowhere.

*[Author's Note: I was not born and raised in Long Island.]*

MAREK

Who are you again?

GREEBEL

External counsel.

SHKRELI

He's helping me with a few  
housekeeping items.

Marek studies Greebel with suspicion.

SHKRELI (cont'd)  
Smile, Marek. This is going to be fun.

### AN INTERACTIVE GRAPH

Same graph from before tracking THIOLA SHARE PRICE increasing.

RZA (V.O.)  
Just like at MSMB, Shkreli identified gray areas and exploited 'em.

### INT. BULLPEN - RETROPHIN - DAY

Shkreli overseeing TEN EMPLOYEES.

RZA (V.O.)  
His predatory pricing for Thiola was brash, unapologetic and most importantly -- successful.

### INT. BULLPEN - RETROPHIN - ANOTHER DAY

The office more crowded now. Shkreli leading TWENTY EMPLOYEES.

RZA (V.O.)  
Retrophin hit the ground runnin'.

### INT. BULLPEN - RETROPHIN - ANOTHER DAY

The bullpen is expanded. Shkreli supervising FIFTY EMPLOYEES.

RZA (V.O.)  
They even went public.

### INT. BOARDROOM - RETROPHIN - DAY

Shkreli presents PROJECTED IPO PRICING for THE BOARD MEMBERS.

ASELAGE  
Martin, we're still a nascent business with fewer than a hundred employees.

SHKRELI  
Which is why we'll be incorporating as a shell entity for a reverse merger before listing on the NASDAQ.

This declaration is met with AUDIBLE SURPRISE.

ASELAGE  
You want to trade over the counter?

SHKRELI  
It will provide us with access to capital and liquidity.

ASELAGE  
It will also make us the industry's  
stuttering, special-ed stepchild.

Shkreli reaches for the waste basket again.

SHKRELI  
Again, for your reputational concerns.

RICHARDSON  
Well, I suppose an IPO could be an  
assertion of importance.

SHKRELI  
I'm Martin Shkreli. We're already  
important.

RICHARDSON  
I was supporting your position.

SHKRELI  
I know, but it needed to be said.

Board members exit, GRUMBLING AND MUTTERING with frustration. Marek appears increasingly disconcerted by Shkreli's demeanor.

**INT. BULLPEN - RETROPHIN - DAY**

EXECUTIVES AND RESEARCH PhDs anxiously hawk trading monitors. Shkreli just watches with equanimity. Confident. Unperturbed.

RZA (V.O.)  
Retrophin opened at two bucks a share.

**INT. BULLPEN - RETROPHIN - ANOTHER DAY**

Months later. EXECUTIVES AND RESEARCH PhDs in the exact same position. But on this occasion, they're JOYOUSLY CELEBRATING.

RZA (V.O.)  
Within a few months, it was over  
twenty-one dollars.

**INT. CORNER OFFICE - RETROPHIN - NIGHT**

After hours. Vacant office. Shkreli and Greebel hunch over their computers, whispering conspiratorially to one another.

RZA (V.O.)  
Which Shkreli and Greebel then skimmed off the top to pay back MSMB investors.

GREEBEL  
I have a solution for the MSMB losses.

SHKRELI  
What is it?

GREEBEL

It's underhanded, immoral and potentially illegal.

SHKRELI

You had me at underhanded.

GREEBEL

We can classify payments to MSMB investors as consulting agreements.

SHKRELI

Consulting for what?

GREEBEL

Corporate governance matters?

Shkreli shrugs. Good enough for him.

RZA (V.O.)

Now, was this legal? Fuck nah. But Retrophin was stackin' so much paper that nobody noticed. Well except for...

#### INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A DOCTOR examines his THRASHING MALE PATIENT with cystinuria.

DOCTOR

I can't help you if you're off Thiola. You're putting your kidneys at risk.

PATIENT

It ain't up to me, doc. My insurance hung me out to dry. Won't cover it at the new price point. Fucking help me!

RZA (V.O.)

\$30 per pill may not seem like hella scrilla. But when you need eight pills per day every damn day, that comes out to 80 racks a year. Then again, who cares about the patient when Forbes is knocking at your door?

The doctor's penlight MATCH CUTS TO...

#### INT. FORBES HEADQUARTERS - DAY

FLASH! Shkreli finishes an interview with a FORBES REPORTER, smiling awkwardly for PHOTOGRAPHERS. This is his proverbial mecca. He soaks in all the respect. The adoration. The love.

RZA (V.O.)

Word spread through the industry, and Shkreli was officially the belle of the ball.

**EXT. FULTON PARK - BROOKLYN - DAY**

Shkreli challenges Pashko at the chessboard again. Then, at the exact moment Shkreli counters for his finishing strike...

PASHKO

*Do you remember what I used to tell  
you about risk and reward?*

SHKRELI

*I do. But you know what I've realized?  
Sometimes, risk is the reward.*

Shkreli smiles, self-assured, finalizing the precarious move. Pashko examines the board, realizing his son has finally won.

PASHKO

*Damn. I've taught you too well.*

SHKRELI

*That's actually why I asked you here.  
I got you something. To say thanks  
for all you've done for me.*

Shkreli proffers A SMALL GIFT. Pashko unwraps the package to discover a copy of THE FORBES ARTICLE that profiles Shkreli.

SHKRELI (cont'd)

*I'm famous, Dad!  
(then)  
But there's something else in there.*

Pashko digs deeper, finding A ROLEX.

SHKRELI (cont'd)

*It's a Rolex!*

PASHKO

*I know what it is.*

SHKRELI

*The new oystersteel submariner model.*

PASHKO

*You have already paid my bills and put  
a new roof over my head, Martin. I  
cannot accept this.*

SHKRELI

*It's nothing. Honest. I run my own  
company now.*

PASHKO

*I am proud of you, Martin, but we do  
not measure our individual worth in  
dollars and cents.*

SHKRELI

*I know, but we made it, Dad. We  
finally made it.*

Shkreli and Pashko share affectionate smiles.

RZA (V.O.)  
And made it, he did. Until the wrong  
person started asking the right  
questions.

**INT. CORNER OFFICE - RETROPHIN - DAY**

**TITLE: 2014**

Marek stands opposite Shkreli and Greebel, his arms crossed.

SHKRELI  
What are you trying to say?

MAREK  
I'm not, uh, trying to say anything,  
I'm just telling you I found some  
irregularities.

SHKRELI  
Irregularities.

MAREK  
Yeah.

Marek measures Shkreli for a moment. Shkreli betrays nothing.

SHKRELI  
With?

MAREK  
Retrophin stock. Our cap table lists  
MSMB Capital issuing a loan via  
promissory note in 2012. I don't  
remember that.

SHKRELI  
If you weren't paying attention, that  
doesn't mean it's irregular.

MAREK  
Then what about these consulting  
agreements on monthly OpEx reports?

SHKRELI  
What about them?

Exasperated with his evasive maneuvering...

MAREK  
We don't have consultants!

GREEBEL  
Are you a CPA?

MAREK  
What?

GREEBEL  
Are you a certified public accountant?

MAREK

No...

GREEBEL

Then why are you acting like one?

MAREK

I just thought --

GREEBEL

Oh, good to know you can think.

Greebel erupts into earsplitting, cigarette-scarred LAUGHTER.

SHKRELI

Marek, we appreciate you bringing this to our attention. We'll look into it. On a brighter note, will you be attending the junior employee outing this weekend?

MAREK

What's this weekend?

SHKRELI

Our team building exercise.

Marek notices that his gifted *HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE* is virtually untouched, repurposed as a coffee coaster.

MAREK

I'm busy.

Marek storms out.

RZA (V.O.)

About that "team building" exercise...

### **INT./EXT. PARTY BUS - NEW JERSEY - NIGHT**

Music THUNDERS. JUNIOR RETROPHIN EMPLOYEES stagger over one another in a BACCHANALIAN ORGY OF CELEBRATION AND INDULGENCE.

Meanwhile, the sprinter van passes a highway shield, reading...

**ATLANTIC CITY**

### **INT. BULLPEN - RETROPHIN - NIGHT**

Marek works in solitude when Aselage, Richardson and other BOARD MEMBERS enter. He appears conflicted but not surprised.

RICHARDSON

Hey, Marek. Thanks again.

**INT. TRUMP PLAZA HOTEL - ATLANTIC CITY - NIGHT**

Shkreli escorts his employees through the -- now defunct -- Trump hotel and casino. He is surprised by its decrepit state.

SHKRELI  
(sotto, to himself)  
Didn't realize it was such a shithole.

**INT. BOARDROOM - RETROPHIN - NIGHT**

Every Retrophin BOARD MEMBER has congregated in the boardroom.

**INT. VIC AND ANTHONY'S STEAKHOUSE - ATLANTIC CITY - NIGHT**

Filets all around. Shkreli pays with a RETROPHIN CREDIT CARD.

SHKRELI  
It's on me tonight!

**INT. BOARDROOM - RETROPHIN - NIGHT**

Marek quietly watches from outside as the board takes a vote.

RICHARDSON  
Motion to file?

Every member raises their hand in favor. There is no dissent.

**INT. STRIP CLUB - ATLANTIC CITY - NIGHT**

Junior Retrophin employees guzzle booze like neanderthals in a sweat-slicked cavern of canyon-deep cleavage and disclosed decolletage, divulging as much as the MPAA prudes will allow.

Shkreli nurses overpriced Chianti, staring blankly at nothing.

RZA (V.O.)  
Damn this dude is creeping me out.  
Looks like he's a few fava beans away  
from chowing down on human flesh.

A CLUELESS STRIPPER approaches Shkreli, touching his shoulder.

STRIPPER  
How about a dance, honey?

No response.

STRIPPER (cont'd)  
Honey?

SHKRELI  
Sorry. I was thinking about how much  
angular momentum is being applied when  
your colleague performs that move.

Shkreli indicates ANOTHER STRIPPER maneuvering around a pole.

SHKRELI (cont'd)  
 I could approximate her rotational  
 inertia, but the angular velocity  
 would be a shot in the dark.

STRIPPER  
 I asked you about a dance.

SHKRELI  
 And I taught you about physics.

Stripper scoffs, offended. Shkreli just smiles as she leaves.

**INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - TRUMP PLAZA HOTEL - DAY**

Crack of dawn. Shkreli browses pharmaceutical literature in a Trump-embroidered bathrobe. His phone SHRILLS and he answers.

MAREK (O.S.)  
 Hey.

A bloated silence passes.

SHKRELI  
 Are you going to talk, or --

MAREK (O.S.)  
 They're filing a federal lawsuit.

SHKRELI  
 Who is they?

MAREK (O.S.)  
 The board.

SHKRELI  
 Against us?

MAREK (O.S.)  
 Against you.

SHKRELI  
 They can't do that. This lawsuit is  
 completely false, untrue at best, and  
 defamatory at worst!

MAREK (O.S.)  
 Martin, I haven't said why they're  
 suing you yet.

SHKRELI  
 Please, end the suspense!

MAREK (O.S.)  
 Fraudulent transactions.

An anxious beat passes as Shkreli processes this, apoplectic.

MAREK (O.S.) (cont'd)  
 Oh, and Martin, they're also seeking  
 damages.

SHKRELI  
For how much?

MAREK (O.S.)  
\$65 million. Oh, and Martin, they're  
also holding an emergency board  
meeting to finalize your termination.

SHKRELI  
Termination?! When?!

MAREK (O.S.)  
In two hours.

SHKRELI  
Stall them. I'll be there in one.

MAREK (O.S.)  
Oh, and Martin.

SHKRELI  
What could it possibly be now?!

MAREK (O.S.)  
Check TheStreet.com.

SHKRELI  
Jim Cramer's website?

MAREK (O.S.)  
Yeah.

Shkreli hangs up with frustration.

SHKRELI  
Dumbass.

MAREK (O.S.)  
I'm still on Martin.

Shkreli howls, furious, CATAPULTING HIS PHONE into the wall.

**INT./EXT. BLADE HELICOPTER - NEW YORK - DAY**

Inside the sleek cabin of A CHOPPER SOARING OVER MANHATTAN. Shkreli pulls up a browser tab for TheStreet.com, finding an unflatteringly MAGNIFIED PICTURE of his crooked grin with a headline -- "*MARTIN SHKRELI NAMED WORST BIOTECH CEO OF 2014.*"

A storm rages inside Shkreli. He is ready for scorched earth.

SHKRELI  
These mother --

**INT. BOARDROOM - RETROPHIN - DAY**

Shkreli confronts Richardson, Aselage, and the other BOARD MEMBERS. Marek spectates from afar, peering through a window.

SHKRELI  
Fuckers! Is this in response to my  
price gouge?!

ASELAGE  
So you admit it.

SHKRELI  
Like I said, we have an obligation to  
maximize --

RICHARDSON  
No, Martin. Not because of the price  
gouge. Certain inconsistencies have  
come to our attention.

SHKRELI  
Please. Be less specific.

RICHARDSON  
The board has decided to move in a  
different direction --

SHKRELI  
Something isn't inconsistent just  
because you don't understand it.

RICHARDSON  
-- both in strategy and in leadership.

SHKRELI  
You're pushing me out of my own company.

RICHARDSON  
Not me. Us. It was board consensus.

Richardson offers Shkreli A PEN and DOCUMENTS to be signed.

RICHARDSON (cont'd)  
Now, we've decided to afford you the  
opportunity for resignation before  
taking alternative measures.

SHKRELI  
Over my rotting, defiled corpse.

Everyone winces with muted revulsion.

RICHARDSON  
Martin, you're not hearing us. The  
federal complaint we filed is civil.  
Only civil. Not criminal. Yet.

SHKRELI  
What are you implying?

ASELAGE  
That in the absence of a voluntary  
resignation, we'll open an investigation  
into the consulting agreements that  
mysteriously appeared on our books.

SHKRELI  
Since when do I need your approval to hire a consultant?

ASELAGE  
Since you compensated them in Retrophin stock.

A pregnant pause. Seeking support -- Shkreli glances over to the chair where Marek usually sits -- BUT THE CHAIR IS EMPTY.

RICHARDSON  
Your severance.

Richardson slides THE SEVERANCE PACKAGE over. Shkreli takes a moment to review its content, his eyes widening at the bottom.

SHKRELI  
This is all I get?

RICHARDSON  
This is all you deserve, Martin.

SHKRELI  
(beat)  
It's no secret that my leadership and pricing strategy over the past two years has single-handedly pushed Retrophin to a \$500 million valuation and industry relevancy. You may not like it, you may not like me, but I capitalized on an opportunity in the marketplace that none of you slobbering, slackjawed simpletons were capable of identifying, or you'd have done it yourselves. I've personally made you each ten million dollars in under twenty-four months -- directly funding new Hamptons properties, private aircrafts, and ex-wives' soaring alimony payments. Funny how I didn't adjudicate on what each of you did or didn't deserve, because if I had, that number would have been correlated to the value you've collectively added, which of course, is an unequivocal, categorical, indisputable zero.

Richardson and other Board Members turn ashen, intimidated.

SHKRELI (cont'd)  
Nothing was more important to me than my company. So let me take this opportunity to reassure all of you, I have no plans of stopping. In fact, I've only just begun.

Shkreli storms toward the exit, but the lock mechanism gets momentarily snagged and he AWKWARDLY CRASHES INTO THE DOOR.

**INT. CAPITAL GRILLE - MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - NIGHT**

A post-mortem meal. Same restaurant where it all began. Marek and Shkreli fiddle with the remaining vestiges of their meat.

MAREK

So, what are you thinking?

SHKRELI

I'm thinking about several things, Marek. How the kitchen overcooked my strip. How the Knicks are the worst franchise in sports. How a bunch of glorified rounding errors forced me out of my own company.

MAREK

I mean about future opportunities.

SHKRELI

I don't wait for opportunities. I make them. This is no different. We'll be fine.

MAREK

About that.

SHKRELI

About what?

MAREK

About we.

SHKRELI

(beat, interpreting)

You're staying at Retrophin?

Marek can only muster a subtle nod, affirming his suspicions.

SHKRELI (cont'd)

After all I've done for you?

MAREK

I appreciate everything, it's just --

SHKRELI

Just what? Appreciation means nothing without loyalty.

MAREK

You've changed, alright! You weren't like this before.

SHKRELI

I had nothing to lose before.

MAREK

What I'm saying is, this character you're playing has taken over your actual character, dude. Caring more about what's possible than what's responsible.

SHKRELI  
Progress has never waited for consent.

MAREK  
See! What does that even mean? You sound like a fucking comic book villain.

(then)  
You said you were gonna reinvest earnings from the price gouge --

SHKRELI  
Price optimize.

MAREK  
-- to produce better drugs. How many drugs have been developed? How many are in our pipeline?

Only silence ensues. Shkreli is stunned by Marek's sagacity.

MAREK (cont'd)  
It's about maximizing profit, I get that. But at some point, people's lives aren't for sale.

SHKRELI  
This is America. Everything's for sale.

Marek tosses his napkin, shaking his head with disappointment.

MAREK  
It said "to the founders", man.

SHKRELI  
Now you've really lost me.

MAREK  
The Forbes 30 under 30 letter said "to the founders". Our name was MSMB Capital. The two of us were on that list. Together. I was your partner.

Marek stands to leave.

SHKRELI  
Wait!

For an ephemeral second, Shkreli looks remorseful -- like he wants Marek to stay and be his friend -- but it quickly fades.

SHKRELI (cont'd)  
You were my errand boy. And your failure to realize that only reinforces the fact.

Stating this is what then engenders a revelation for Shkreli.

SHKRELI (cont'd)  
You did it. You leaked irregularities to the board. You got me fired. You jeopardized my entire career.

A damning silence passes -- the betrayal stinging both sides.

MAREK  
I had to try.

SHKRELI  
To ruin my reputation?!

MAREK  
You didn't need my help for that.

SHKRELI  
Then what, Marek. Try what?

MAREK  
To save you from yourself.

Marek regards Shkreli, depressed and repelled by what he sees.

MAREK (cont'd)  
Good luck, man.

Shkreli watches Marek leave, his face betraying deep sadness.

We now reveal Adele eavesdropping -- discreetly sitting at a cater-corner table with her face buried beneath an open menu.

**INT. FBI OFFICE - TRIBECA - DAY**

Adele marches inside and tosses a DENSE SEC REPORT at Conley.

CONLEY  
Good morning, Adele.

ADELE  
Ask me what this is.

CONLEY  
No.

ADELE  
Fine. I'll tell you what this is.  
They're suing him in federal court.

CONLEY  
Who is they, and who is him?

ADELE  
Retrophin and Martin Shkreli.

CONLEY  
For the record, I'm less inclined to  
do something when ordered to by a  
subordinate.

ADELE  
Are you even listening?

CONLEY  
Unfortunately.

ADELE

The Retrophin board is alleging he misappropriated shares to pay off investors from his hedge fund that tanked three years prior.

CONLEY

So, they decided to sue him.

ADELE

Yes.

CONLEY

In civil court.

ADELE

Yes.

CONLEY

Not criminal.

ADELE

Yes!

CONLEY

This is the part when you tell me why I'm supposed to care.

ADELE

Come on, Conley.

CONLEY

I'm not allocating scarce resources to a corporate complaint in civil court.

ADELE

This creep's making millions off sick people with no money, and you wanna look the other way?

CONLEY

Enough. You're like a bag lady chasing a feral cat. Move on. Or you'll be reassigned, working mail fraud cases until you have splinters in your ass.

Off Adele glowering...

SHKRELI (PRE-LAP)

I quit.

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - BROOKLYN - DAY**

Shkreli wolfs down eggs, sausage and hash across from Pashko.

SHKRELI

I decided I wasn't benefitting society in the ways I wanted to.

PASHKO  
*I am glad you are taking time off,  
 Martin.*

SHKRELI  
 The board begged me not to leave, but  
 it was time to move on.

PASHKO  
*Perhaps I am to blame. If I could have  
 given you more, you would want less.*

SHKRELI  
 Don't beat yourself up. Pharma was too  
 ruthless. I had to get out.

PASHKO  
*What is this word, "pharma"?*

SHKRELI  
 The pharmaceutical industry.

PASHKO  
*But what about your stocks?*

SHKRELI  
 I told you, I left finance to start my  
 own biotech company.

Pashko studies Shkreli, genuinely baffled.

PASHKO  
*You are still young boy. 31 years old!  
 How are you doing all this?*

SHKRELI  
 I learned something, Dad. Everything  
 in this country, whether it's a pack  
 of gum, a share of stock or, even, say  
 a lifesaving drug, is worth exactly  
 what someone is willing to pay for it.

Though this unsettles Pashko, he avoids digging any further.

PASHKO  
*Your success was very inspiring, but I  
 am pleased to have you home. In fact,  
 I got you something. Like old times.*

Pashko offers A SPIDER-MAN COMIC BOOK. Shkreli dismisses it.

PASHKO (cont'd)  
*What? You don't like it?*

SHKRELI  
 No, I do. It's just, I've gotten into  
 some villain origin stories lately.

Shkreli motions to several LEX LUTHOR COMICS in his bookbag.

PASHKO  
*What about the superheroes?*

SHKRELI  
I'm starting to realize that there are no heroes. Only villains who've won.

Shkreli smiles. Pashko doesn't.

**INT. BEDROOM - LOFT APARTMENT - DAY**

Shkreli huddles behind his laptop, authoring a devious tweet.

**@MARTINSHKRELI: I AM SHORTING RETROPHIN STOCK. THE BOARD IS OVERRUN WITH RETINOUS SIMPLETONS. THEY ALSO OWE ME MAJOR \$\$!**

His attention then shifts to his medical literature -- THE FDA LIST OF ORPHAN DRUGS FOR RARE DISEASES falls from a folder. He sees the other drug he previously identified five years prior...

**DARAPRIM**

A beat as he experiences a revelation...

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - BROOKLYN - DAY**

Shkreli hastily packs his effects, riding high on a new idea.

SHKRELI  
Hey, dad! I'm leaving!

Pashko peeks from the kitchen.

PASHKO  
*Where are you going?*

SHKRELI  
I'm getting a second apartment in the city. Going to be back and forth for the near future.

PASHKO  
Why?

SHKRELI  
I'm starting another biotech company.

Off Pashko's stunned disbelief...

RZA (V.O.)  
God damn. I'm starting to lose count. Faster than you could say "securities fraud", Shkreli started another one -- shout out Khaled. Where most saw an ethical boundary, he saw opportunity.

**INT. VARIOUS CORPORATE OFFICES - DAY**

INTERCUTTING MONTAGE of Shkreli meeting with ELITE INVESTORS.

SHKRELI  
 We're not specialized in one therapeutic area. Our strategy is to acquire orphaned assets abandoned by big pharma for cents on the dollar. Restrict supply to stymie generic competition. Then raise the price.

INVESTOR #1  
 Love it.

INVESTOR #2  
 Sounds good to me.

INVESTOR #3  
 I'm in. But what're you calling this venture?

Shkreli pauses, blindsided by the question. He serendipitously glances through a floor-to-ceiling window, seeing A BILLBOARD...

*FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION: THE IMITATION GAME.*

SHKRELI  
 Turing!

INVESTOR #3  
 Turing?

SHKRELI  
 Yes. Turing Pharmaceuticals. Named after Alan Turing.

Investor #3 shrugs, insouciant. He then extends a handshake.

#### **EXT. SOHO - DAY**

Shkreli scouts corporate real estate.

RZA (V.O.)  
 Despite the controversy at Retrophin, Shkreli raised \$90 million mere months after being unceremoniously shitcanned and accused of fraud.

#### **INT. ELEA MSMB RETROPHIN TURING PHARMACEUTICALS - SOHO - DAY**

Shkreli supervises MAINTENANCE WORKERS installing the name...

**TURING PHARMACEUTICALS**

RZA (V.O.)  
 It was the largest series A for any biotech start-up ever.

**INT. APARTMENT - MURRAY HILL - NIGHT**

Collegiate considering his ballooning net worth -- vinyl floors, ikea furniture, Xbox consoles, and barren walls one Pulp Fiction poster short of the freshman dorm starter pack.

Sporting Yeezy sneakers -- Shkreli clatters away, tweeting...

**@YEEZYSALESMAN69 THANKS FOR THE YEEZY BOOSTS. WE SHOULD MEET.**

RZA (V.O.)

But Shkreli learned from his mistakes. Instead of recruiting legit suits that would keep his ass in check like at Retrophin, he targeted less -- ahem -- sophisticated talent.

**INT. CAPITAL GRILLE - MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - NIGHT**

Shkreli wines and dines AKEEL MITHANI, 27, birdbrained idiot.

RZA (V.O.)

Like this cretinous cat, Akeel Mithani. A 27-year-old, unemployed, part-time online shoe salesman who pawned Shkreli a pair of Yeezy's -- shout out Ye -- on Twitter.

**INT. BOARDROOM - TURING PHARMACEUTICALS - DAY**

**TITLE: 2015**

Similar dynamics to every boardroom Shkreli has led thus far. Only this time, his BOARD OF DIRECTORS could be mistaken for an incoming fraternity cohort -- not professional executives.

The only adults over thirty are Greebel, RONALD TILLES, 40s, Chairman and Shkreli sycophant, and NANCY RETZLAFF, 40s, COO.

SHKRELI

Which is fueling our acquisition of the marketing rights for Pyrimethamine -- trade name Daraprim -- the prescription medication used to treat toxoplasmosis.

RZA (V.O.)

Y'all gettin' Deja Vu? Cause I am.

On this occasion, his controversial pricing strategy is met with near UNANIMOUS APPROVAL rather than fierce resistance. Save for Nancy -- who is the only employee with reservations.

NANCY

An orphan drug.

SHKRELI

Yes.

NANCY  
 For a parasitic infection particularly dangerous to pregnant women, HIV positive patients, and the elderly.

SHKRELI  
 Yes.

NANCY  
 Which you will then price gouge --

SHKRELI  
 Price optimize.

NANCY  
 -- from its original list price at \$13.50 per tablet, to --

RZA (V.O.)  
 Drumroll please...

SHKRELI  
 \$750 per tablet. Yes.

AKEEL  
 I for one, love the idea.

NANCY  
 That's a 5,000% price increase.

SHKRELI  
 5,500%.

NANCY  
 Meaning a full year's treatment is --

SHKRELI  
 Over \$350,000. Yes.  
 (beat, defensive)  
 I won't be criticized for playing the same game as Valeant or Mylan.

FREEZE FRAME on Shkreli.

RZA (V.O.)  
 Let me translate. If you haven't caught on by now, Shkreli was the minnow swimming around in an industry cesspool of corruption and greed. There were bigger, badder sharks in the water. I'm talkin' about some serious Jaws-looking motherfuckers.

**INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE**

MICHAEL PEARSON, 50, testifies before SENATOR MCCASKILL, 60.

RZA (V.O.)  
 Like Michael Pearson, CEO of Valeant, who acquired hundreds of drugs, stripped out R&D, then raised prices by 1,000, 2,000, sometimes 5,000%, on products used by millions.

**INT. AUDITORIUM - MYLAN INVESTOR DAY - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE**

HEATHER BRESCH, 40s, ebullient and polished, presents to an auditorium of RAPACIOUS INVESTORS, holding an EpiPen package.

RZA (V.O.)  
 Or this lady here, Heather Bresch, CEO of Mylan. She raised the price of EpiPen -- a lifesaving drug used by 3.6 million Americans -- by 600%. How does she sleep at night? Her \$18 million salary probably helps.

**INT. BOARDROOM - MYLAN - DAY**

ROBERT COURY, 50s, with Heather at his side, brandishes two middle-fingers to EXECUTIVES, spewing vituperation like venom.

RZA (V.O.)  
 When confronted about this price increase by concerned Mylan employees, Heather's boss, Chairman Robert Coury, raised both middle fingers and told all critics to forcefully copulate with themselves in no uncertain terms. Not playing. I'm quoting.

**INT. CBS NEWS REPORT - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE**

A digital line chart tracking RISING U.S. INSURANCE PREMIUMS.

RZA (V.O.)  
 Like Shkreli, these execs maintained insurers would cover the increased costs. But in reality, guess who was left footing the bill? That's right, you, motherfucker!

**INT. CNBC STUDIO - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE**

MEG TIRRELL presents a daily biotech report for CNBC FINANCE.

MEG TIRRELL  
 Every cent of biopharma industry's earnings growth last year came from drug price increases. Not volume.

RZA (V.O.)  
 Again, this shady shit was 100% legal! The system wasn't failing, yo. It was working exactly how it was s'posed to.

**INT. BOARDROOM - TURING PHARMACEUTICALS - BACK TO SCENE**

UNFREEZE on Nancy, who appears concerned after learning this.

NANCY  
Martin, just because you could,  
doesn't mean you should.

SHKRELI  
Then let's put it to a vote.

Every Board Member but Nancy raises their hand.

SHKRELI (cont'd)  
Seems like I should.

NANCY  
Fine. Let me draft a press release. An  
increase of this magnitude will  
require delicate PR management and a  
strategic rollout on our part.

SHKRELI  
Already done.

NANCY  
Excuse me.

SHKRELI  
I'm going on CNBC first thing.

Nancy stares incredulously, the blood draining from her face.

NANCY  
Oh, Martin.

**INT. CNBC STUDIO - DAY**

BRIAN SULLIVAN and MEG TIRRELL sit inside their media studio.

BRIAN SULLIVAN  
Imagine for a moment popping a pill  
before bed that costs about \$13.50.  
Now, imagine waking up the next  
morning finding out that the price of  
the exact same pill jumped to \$750  
overnight. That is just what happened  
to Daraprim, a drug therapy used to  
treat the parasitic disease called  
Toxoplasmosis in pregnant women and  
patients with compromised immune  
systems. Meg Tirrell talks with the  
man behind the curtain. Meg...

MEG TIRRELL  
Thank you Brian. Martin Shkreli, CEO  
of Turing Pharmaceuticals, joins us  
live from the NASDAQ...

*[Author's Note: Not trying to overcomplicate things, but the interview will intercut across several different locations.]*

The broadcast bifurcates into splitscreen of Meg and Shkreli.

**INT. NASDAQ EXCHANGE FLOOR - DAY**

Shkreli sits patiently, dressed in a tailored Zegna jacket. Nancy waits nervously in the wings, hands clasped in prayer, silently begging Shkreli to behave on a national television.

MEG TIRRELL

Martin, thank you for joining us.

Throughout the interview -- Shkreli offers intermittent and unnerving smiles, unsure how to control his own mobile facial expressions. The broadcast delay only exacerbates this issue.

SHKRELI

The h is silent. It's S-kreli, not Shkreli. But yeah, thanks for having me.

MEG TIRRELL

Noted. Typically, VC financing supports companies that have identified an important market for a drug, rather than raising the price on the current patients who need it to survive.

SHKRELI

I didn't hear a question.

MEG TIRRELL

Why wouldn't you go that route?

SHKRELI

Well, we did raise the largest series A financing in history for a biotech enterprise -- over \$90 million.

MEG TIRRELL

That wasn't what I asked.

**INT. RETROPHIN - MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - DAY**

Marek watches in his office, ashamed.

SHKRELI (SCREEN)

We feel this is the more appropriate market price, which we still consider to be discounted relative to other orphan drugs. Also, we're not the first pharma company to raise prices, and we certainly won't be the last.

MEG TIRRELL (SCREEN)

But you're still maintaining the new price will drive earnings to re-invest in R&D in order to develop a superior therapy to Daraprim.

SHKRELI (SCREEN)

Yes. That's correct.

**INT. NASDAQ EXCHANGE FLOOR - DAY**

Reveal MELISSA LEE, 40, a third CNBC anchor sitting opposite Shkreli in the NASDAQ exchange. She has remained reticent throughout, but her frustration has reached a tipping point...

MELISSA LEE

I just got off the phone with an HIV specialist who told me they don't need a better iteration of this drug. What do you say to that?

Shkreli is being verbally attacked by three separate anchors.

SHKRELI

Nothing. Because it's categorically false. The drug is 62 years old. Recent medical literature indicates that multiple patients have died because of autoimmune encephalitis attributable to Toxoplasmosis.

Nancy deflates, appalled and frustrated in equal measure. He does not realize how poorly he comes across or does not care.

**INT. FITNESS CENTER - FBI OFFICE - DAY**

Adele exercises on a treadmill. The screen switches to CNBC.

MEG TIRRELL (SCREEN)

Martin, I have to ask, doctors have come out saying that you must revise your pricing strategy because patients can't get access to these drugs. Do you feel badly about what's happening?

SHKRELI

No.

Adele loses her footing and NEARLY STUMBLES off the treadmill.

**INT. LOBBY - LUXURY BUILDING - DAY**

Pashko sweeping. He sees the lobby television playing CNBC...

SHKRELI (SCREEN)

In fact, we're dramatically increasing access to patients, Meg. I don't mean to be presumptuous, but I liken myself to Robin Hood.

Pashko drops his broom in disbelief.

**INT. CNBC STUDIO - DAY**

Without preamble, Brian enters the fray, his vexation growing.

BRIAN SULLIVAN  
 When you acquired the domestic rights  
 to Daraprim, did you always plan on  
 raising the price?

SHKRELI  
 Of course.

His shameless, unapologetic demeanor momentarily shocks Brian.

BRIAN SULLIVAN  
 But I assume you are a free markets  
 gentleman.

SHKRELI  
 Sure, whatever that means.

BRIAN SULLIVAN  
 Why do you think the drug was priced  
 at \$13.50 before?

SHKRELI  
 Markets aren't that rational.

BRIAN SULLIVAN  
 Well somebody thought that was the  
 rational price for this drug.

**INT. NASDAQ EXCHANGE FLOOR - DAY**

Shkreli barely contains nervous laughter like he's the Joker.

SHKRELI  
 If an enterprise was selling an Aston  
 Martin for the price of a used  
 Schwinn, and I acquire that company  
 and charge the price of a Toyota, I  
 don't think that should be condemned.  
 In fact, I think it should be praised.

Meg and Brian exchange cynical glances -- he must be joking.

MEG TIRRELL  
 We appreciate you coming, but I got to  
 ask you one more question. In response  
 to all of this negative publicity, are  
 you going to lower the price?

SHKRELI  
 No.

The interview ends, so Shkreli glances at Nancy, gleefully  
 brandishing two thumbs up. She buries her face in her hands.

Milling CNBC TECHNICIANS detach his lavalier microphone and  
 disassemble the set. Shkreli instinctively lends them a hand...

CNBC TECHNICIAN  
 Don't worry about that Mister Shkreli.  
 It's our job. You're the star.

Shkreli stops. An exuberant grin spreads. His eyes sparkling.

SHKRELI  
The star.

NANCY (PRE-LAP)  
A complete and utter disaster!

**INT. ESCALADE - MANHATTAN - DAY**

Nancy furiously operates her phone, weathering the storm, performing damage control. Shkreli flashes a roguish smile.

NANCY  
We can still fix this. I can issue --

SHKRELI  
"Fix this"? Fix what? Everyone's writing about me. Everyone's talking about me. Would you prefer to be just another biotech fading to irrelevance? People can finally see what it is I'm doing here.

NANCY  
That's what I'm afraid of!

SHKRELI  
Nancy, you're hysterical.

NANCY  
Oh my god.

SHKRELI  
What?

NANCY  
The Times released an article about Turing.

SHKRELI  
Print is a dying medium.

NANCY  
Oh my god.

SHKRELI  
What?

NANCY  
Hillary Clinton just tweeted about you.

Nancy displays her smartphone, showing...

**@HILLARYCLINTON: PRICE GOUGING LIKE THIS IN A SPECIALTY DRUG MARKET IS JUST OUTRAGEOUS. I'LL LAY OUT A PLAN TO TAKE IT ON.**

SHKRELI  
 Hillary Clinton is a degenerate in a pantsuit. Her opinion is scarcely relevant.

NANCY  
 Oh my god.

SHKRELI  
 Stop saying 'oh my god'!

NANCY  
 The IBB tumbled 5% in response.  
 Gilead, Amgen, Celgene, all down.

SHKRELI  
 Biotech ETFs are inherently volatile.  
 They'll recover.

NANCY  
 Martin, this is sending shockwaves through the entire industry. You've put a target on your back that might never come off.

Shkreli throws on designer sunglasses.

SHKRELI  
 Then we'll see how good everyone's aim is.

**INT. LATE SHOW WITH STEPHEN COLBERT STUDIO - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE**

STEPHEN COLBERT, 51, delivers a monologue with feigned shock.

STEPHEN COLBERT  
 You guys hear about this one? He's a pharmaceutical CEO who bought the rights to the lifesaving drug Daraprim, then immediately hiked the price from \$13.50 a tablet to \$750 overnight.

A PHOTO OF SHKRELI appears and is greeted by DERISIVE JEERS.

STEPHEN COLBERT (cont'd)  
 Now, now, now, come on. I know that sounds like pure evil...

His voice inflects as if continuing the sentence, but it never arrives. The audience RAPTUROUSLY APPLAUDS in response.

**INT. LATE NIGHT WITH SETH MEYERS STUDIO - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE**

SETH MEYERS, 42, addresses his AUDIENCE with a knowing smile.

SETH MEYERS  
 Turing Pharmaceuticals CEO, Martin Shkreli, gouged the price on an HIV medication by nearly 5,000%.  
 (MORE)

SETH MEYERS (cont'd)

Some are even referring to him as the most hated man in America.

(beat)

Meaning nobody is happier than the dentist who killed Cecil The Lion.

Met with a SMATTERING OF CHUCKLES as an unflattering snapshot of Shkreli replaces the BALD DENTIST who assassinated a lion.

**EXT. TRUMP CAMPAIGN - SOUTH CAROLINA - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE**

REPORTERS swarm DONALD TRUMP, 69, at a campaign conference.

REPORTER

Donald, do you have anything to say about Martin Shkreli, the pharma CEO who raised drug prices 5,000%?

DONALD TRUMP

You want to know the truth? I'll tell you the truth. He looks like a spoiled brat to me. But that guy is nothing. He's a zero. He's nothing. He ought to be ashamed of himself.

The above is a direct quote. We slowly zoom out to reveal...

**INT. SHKRELI APARTMENT - MURRAY HILL - NIGHT**

Shkreli sits in the dark, forming a chiaroscuro portrait. He watches these interviews with perverse satisfaction -- then keeps rewinding, entranced by the images of himself onscreen.

SETH MEYERS (COMPUTER)

Turing Pharmaceuticals CEO, Martin Shkreli...

Another rewind...

SETH MEYERS (COMPUTER) (cont'd)

Turing Pharmaceuticals CEO, Martin Shkreli...

One more rewind...

SETH MEYERS (COMPUTER) (cont'd)

CEO, Martin Shkreli...

Shkreli allows the negative publicity to wash over him. Tears begin welling, soul stirred with giddy gratification because...

*HE FINALLY MATTERS.*

Shkreli googles his name to find a frenetic MULTIMEDIA BLITZ.

VARIOUS REPORTERS (COMPUTER)

Is Martin Shkreli the most hated man in America? / Most hated man in the country! / Hated! / Loathed! / Despised! / Virgin!

Screens on screens of DIGITAL OUTRAGE. COMMENTS, REACTIONS, VIDEOS, posts flashing as he introduces his twitter account...

**HOW DO YOU SLEEP AT NIGHT @MARTINSHKRELI?!**

**WOULDN'T THAT BE IRONIC IF @MARTINSHKRELI GOT AIDS?**

**I HOPE YOU DIE @MARTINSHKRELI!**

**FUCK @MARTINSHKRELI, AND HIS PEE WEE HERMAN LOOKING ASS!**

RZA (V.O.)

Faced with a crisis in conscience, Shkreli didn't just want to be heard. He wanted to be heard of. So he gave the American public something they so desperately wanted since the crash of 2008.

(beat)  
A villain.

Shkreli glances at his EMINEM POSTER, overcome by a sinister darkness. He then pummels the keyboard with perverted purpose.

**@MARTINSHKRELI: IT SEEMS LIKE THE MEDIA POINTS A FINGER AT ME. SO I POINT ONE BACK AT 'EM, BUT NOT THE INDEX OR PINKIE.**

Shkreli finishes sending and casually leans back, content -- meaning it is now time for a goddamn GRANDILOQUENT MONTAGE...

MUSIC CUE: "The Way I Am" by Eminem.

#### **INT. ELEVEN MADISON PARK - GRAMERCY - NIGHT**

A LIVERIED WAITER delivers a bottle of wine to Shkreli. He fishes his smartphone from his pocket to SNAP A PHOTOGRAPH.

**@MARTINSHKRELI: 1982 LAFITE-ROTHSCHILD. \$9K. GET ON MY LEVEL.**

#### **INT./EXT. BLADE HELICOPTER - SOUTHHAMPTON - DAY**

Shkreli glides over THE HAMPTONS. See? Affluence is great! Again -- he PHOTOGRAPHS THE SKYLINE to compose a fresh tweet.

**@MARTINSHKRELI: HELICOPTER TO HAMPTONS. SOUND OFF. WHO IS MAD?**

#### **EXT. MURRAY HILL - MANHATTAN - NIGHT**

Shkreli swaggers down third avenue, drawing acute attention. PEOPLE either wave enthusiastically or SHOUT EXPLETIVES in a uniquely capricious reception only Pharma Bro could attract.

PASSERBY  
Yo Shkreli! You the man! Lock her up!

He authors a new tweet, thrilled with his newfound celebrity.

**@MARTINSHKRELI: GETTING RECOGNIZED IN THE STREET BY FANS LOL. BEING A MILLIONAIRE CELEBRITY ISN'T AS BAD AS THEY SAY IT IS.**

**INT. LIBRARY - HUNTER HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

MAINTENANCE WORKERS install "THE MARTIN SHKRELI LIBRARY FOR CHILDREN" plaque, stylishly inscribed in brazen brass letters.

SNAP! Photographers capture Shkreli posing with a \$1,000,000 check endorsed to Hunter, surrounded by SCHOOL ADMINISTRATORS.

Not missing the opportunity for self-promotion, Shkreli SNAPS A SELFIE with the oversized check, then authors another tweet.

**@MARTINSHKRELI: JUST DONATED A COOL MILLION TO HUNTER HIGH SCHOOL. DIDN'T EVEN TECHNICALLY FINISH HERE, EITHER. LOLOLOL.**

Miss Robbins watches from inside a THRONC OF FACULTY MEMBERS.

As the applause finally fades, she and Shkreli meet eyelines. So he casually winks -- offering the patented "JORDAN SHRUG".

**EXT. 10AK NIGHTCLUB - CHELSEA - NIGHT**

Chad and his SUPPORTING SYBARITES complain to the DOORWOMAN...

CHAD

Yo, what the hell?! I bought a table!

DOORWOMAN

Sorry sir, but all prior reservations have been canceled tonight. Someone has rented out the entire club.

CHAD

Who could possibly do that?!

At that exact moment -- in epic and extravagant SLOW MOTION, Shkreli waltzes up to the posh nightclub, his TWO IMPOSING BODYGUARDS clearing the path, FACEPALMING CHAD INTO OBLIVION.

**@MARTINSHKRELI: ABSOLUTELY ADORE WHEN MY BODYGUARDS DISPOSE OF THE UNWASHED MASSES FOR ME. MAKES LIFE THAT MUCH EASIER.**

**INT. TURING PHARMACEUTICALS - SOHO - DAY**

Shkreli emerges through the office doors...

Into tidal waves of FEVERISH APPLAUSE AND EXALTATION, almost knocking him backward. Shkreli grins, basking in the worship.

RZA (V.O.)

Shkreli's notoriety snowballed until the media blessed his alter ego with one helluva nickname.

As EMPLOYEES open their mouths to CHANT HIS NICKNAME, CUT TO...

CONLEY (PRE-LAP)

"Pharma bro"?

**INT. FBI OFFICE - TRIBECA - DAY**

A paused image of Shkreli's repugnant grin during the CNBC interview. Reveal Adele and Conley watching on a monitor...

ADELE

At least that's the name every major media outlet is running with.

CONLEY

Still isn't criminal.

ADELE

Today it's \$750. Tomorrow? Few months from now? Who knows. There's no ceiling.

CONLEY

A moral argument, not a legal one.

ADELE

Exactly. I'm not saying the price gouge is how we bag him. I'm saying it's why we bag him.

CONLEY

Make your way to the point, Adele.

ADELE

How long have I been whispering in your ear about Shkreli?

CONLEY

Dunno. Once a year for the last ten.

ADELE

And the statute of limitations on securities fraud is...

Recognition dawns on Conley...

CONLEY

Five years after the crime occurred. You wanna go through his receipts?

ADELE

Bingo. The DA needs a slam dunk, right? Big headlines that change minds. Well, look no further. I can deliver you the most hated man in America on a silver fucking platter.

FREEZE on Conley as he contemplates her argument, persuaded.

RZA (V.O.)

Believe it. Shkreli wasn't investigated 'cause of the federal complaints, the Retrophin ponzi scheme, the lying at MSMB, or because he raised a drug price 5,500%.

(MORE)

RZA (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 But instead because he was on some Lex  
 Luthor shit, flexing on anybody and  
 everybody, making it impossible for  
 the feds to not go after him.

UNFREEZE on Conley.

CONLEY  
 Contact the SEC. I'll call the DA.

**INT. PER SE - COLUMBUS CIRCLE - NIGHT**

Nicest restaurant in Manhattan. Shkreli dines in solitude. A WOMAN dressed in casual clothes aggressively approaches him.

ANGRY WOMAN  
 Martin Shkreli?

SHKRELI  
 Yes.

ANGRY WOMAN  
 You're the guy who raised the price of  
 Daraprim 5,000%.

Shkreli brightens, delusional enough to believe she is a fan.

SHKRELI  
 That's correct.

Without hesitation, she SPITS INTO HIS MULARD DUCK FOIE GRAS.

ANGRY WOMAN  
 My newborn has Toxoplasmosis. Now we  
 can't afford it. Congratulations,  
 you've delivered her a death sentence.

Shkreli appears stunned -- almost a trace of regret. Almost.  
 And off the subtle evidence of our supervillain's compassion...

PROTESTER (PRE-LAP)  
 Fuck you Martin Shkreli!

**EXT. TURING PHARMACEUTICALS - SOHO - DAY**

A DOZEN LAVENDER-HAIRED PROTESTERS picket outside Turing HQ,  
 DUMPING CAT LITTER into boxes painted with SHKRELI'S FEATURES.

PROTESTERS  
 Say no to Pharma greed! Say no to  
 Martin Shkreli!

**INT. BOARDROOM - TURING PHARMACEUTICALS - DAY**

Shkreli peers through the window, pensive as Nancy approaches.

SHKRELI  
 How do you think they all got the day  
 off of work?

NANCY  
Want me to call security?

SHKRELI  
No, it's okay. 'Qu'ils mangent de la brioche'. Do you know what that means?

Nancy ignores his question...

NANCY  
We need to talk, Martin.

SHKRELI  
'Let them eat cake'. Though the direct translation is 'let them eat brioche'.

NANCY  
Turing is at an inflection point in its life cycle.

SHKRELI  
The phrase was attributed to Marie Antoinette, but there's no record of her actually saying it.

NANCY  
We can weather this PR scandal as long as we keep our heads down and stay in the shadows. Maintain a low profile.

SHKRELI  
She got an unfair reputation.

NANCY  
Martin! Are you listening to me?!

SHKRELI  
Head down. Shadows. Low profile.

NANCY  
Good. So we understand each other.

Shkreli faces her for the first time, granting his undivided.

SHKRELI  
Yes.

#### **INT. APARTMENT - MURRAY HILL - NIGHT**

Shkreli knowingly navigates the auction website PADDLE8.COM.

#### **ON MONITOR**

SHKRELI BID: +\$2,000,000

#### **BACK TO SHKRELI**

Shkreli waits, apprehensive...

#### **ON MONITOR**

CONGRATULATIONS MISTER MARTIN SHKRELI! PENDING RECEIPT AND SELLER CONFIRMATION, YOU ARE NOW THE PROUD OWNER OF WU-TANG CLAN'S SEMINAL DOUBLE-ALBUM -- "ONCE UPON A TIME IN SHAOLIN".

**BACK TO SHKRELI**

Shkreli cracks a euphoric smile.

RZA (V.O.)

Y'all ever get that sinking feeling in your stomach when you know you've done something wrong? Something bad? Something irreversible? Yeah, me too.

MUSIC CUE: "Wu-Tang Clan Nuthing ta F' Wit" by Wu-Tang Clan.

**EXT. JEMAA EL-FNAA - MARRAKESH, MOROCCO - DAY**

A bustling labyrinth of SNAKE CHARMERS, SPICE MERCHANTS and CLUTTERED STOREFRONTS. Then, a group appears in the distance as RZA navigates the serpentine sidestreets of Marrakesh with the iconic hip-hop collective, WU-TANG CLAN, following behind.

RZA (V.O.)

Five years ago, I got sick and tired of the devaluation of music as an art form. I wanted to create an album that would restore the medium and immortalize the Wu. Like a Renaissance sculpture or Egyptian scepter, yo.

**INT. RECORDING STUDIO - MARRAKESH, MOROCCO - DAY**

RZA and CILVARINGZ operate the mixing consoles -- BLARING BELLICOSE RHYTHMS as each member takes their turns RAPPING...

RZA (V.O.)

I rounded up the crew Magnificent Seven-style and went to Morocco to record our masterpiece. We put blood, sweat and tears into this thing, man.

**INT. ROYAL MANSOUR HOTEL - MARRAKESH, MOROCCO - DAY**

Breathtakingly opulent. RZA and the British-Moroccan artist, YAHYA, place the solitary album copy into a gorgeously hand-carved, nickel-plated container, emblazoned with a large "W".

RZA (V.O.)

The catch was, there was only one copy. This was gonna be our Mona Lisa. Create value through exclusivity. The goal was to revolutionize how music was consumed and monetized.

**INT. VAULT - ROYAL MANSOUR HOTEL - DAY**

RZA and Yahya carefully store the album in A FORTIFIED VAULT.

RZA (V.O.)  
 Like any renowned piece of art, we  
 commissioned it to art collectors,  
 dealers, and critics, before auctioning  
 it in partnership with Paddle8. Which  
 is how I wound up here.

**INT. PADDLE8 AUCTION HOUSE - MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - DAY**

PADDLE8 auctioneer and co-founder, ALEXANDER GILKES, mid 30s, escorts RZA inside a boardroom with sweeping panoramic views.

RZA (V.O.)  
 With Martin Shkreli.

GILKES  
 Mister RZA, we're pleased to introduce  
 Martin Shkreli. Winning bidder of Once  
 Upon A Time in Shaolin.

Shkreli is already present, facing away, lounging equably in a ludicrously oversized chair like a third rate Bond Villain.

SHKRELI  
 RZA.

Shkreli theatrically swivels around like a minute Machiavelli and reaches for a handshake. RZA hesitates, then reciprocates.

RZA  
 Pleasure to meet you Mister Shkreli.  
 As the buyer of the Wu-Tang Clan's  
 Once Upon A Time In Shaolin, you've  
 assumed a great responsibility.

SHKRELI  
 Of course. Hip-hop is very near and dear to my heart. It was the music that reflected my life growing up -- roaches and rats, you know?. I have nothing but respect.

RZA  
 No doubt. But consider this album like you would a Picasso or Van Gogh -- you know, as a priceless piece of art.

SHKRELI  
 Well, not exactly. It did have a price -- two million dollars. But yeah, I understand what you're saying.

RZA  
 You sure? Because what you just said makes me think you don't understand.

SHKRELI  
 Nah. Absolutely. It's all good.

GILKES  
 Hey, how about a picture?

RZA (V.O.)  
No! Don't do it RZA!

Shkreli drapes a genial arm around RZA as he forces a smile.  
Gilkes SNAPS A PICTURE, commemorating the momentous occasion.

RZA (V.O.) (cont'd)  
The deed was done. Unfortunately, not  
everyone in the Wu understood that I  
had no control over who the buyer was.

### TMZ VIDEO

A belligerent TMZ REPORTER accosts GHOSTFACE KILLAH, mid 40s, the prominent Wu-Tang Clan rapper, in the middle of a street.

TMZ REPORTER (O.S.)  
Ghost! Ghost!

GHOSTFACE KILLAH  
What up man?

TMZ REPORTER (O.S.)  
What do you have to say about that  
CEO, Martin Shkreli, who bought your  
album for two million dollars?

GHOSTFACE KILLAH  
Yeah, that shithead, fake ass super-  
villain. Pedophile Pee Wee Herman  
looking dude.

One of Ghostface Killah's CRONIES pipes up...

CRONY  
Isn't Pee Wee Herman already a  
pedophile?

GHOSTFACE KILLAH  
(beat)  
Then that Pee Wee Herman looking dude.

TMZ REPORTER (O.S.)  
Are you okay with him buying the album?

GHOSTFACE KILLAH  
It's outta my hands, but he should  
release the album to the people. Give  
it to the people!

Steadily zoom out to reveal...

### INT. APARTMENT - MURRAY HILL - DAY

Shkreli viewing the TMZ VIDEO. Irate, he DIALS A PHONE NUMBER.

### INT. TMZ STUDIO - DAY

HARVEY LEVIN, 60s, gossips with TMZ EMPLOYEES in the bullpen.

HARVEY LEVIN

Did you guys see the video pharma bro made in response to Ghostface Killah calling him a shithead? Take a look. It's, uh, something.

**TMZ VIDEO**

Glorified hostage footage -- dim fluorescent light irradiates Shkreli with a nauseating glow. And yes this is actually real. Watch here: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1I9jywQ4cgc&t=2s>.

Shkreli sips an overpriced glass of Cabernet -- flanked by MASKED HENCHMAN -- ostensibly here for intimidation purposes.

SHKRELI

Hey, Ghostface Killah -- actually, Dennis -- I'm going to call you by your government name. You're not a Ghostface Killah. In fact, most people don't ever beef with me. You know why?

HENCHMAN

They ain't stupid!

SHKRELI

Exactly. Nobody's that dumb. But I feel sorry for you. You're an old man that's trying reclaim his spotlight.

Shkreli thumbs a speaker, PLAYING ONCE UPON A TIME IN SHAOLIN.

SHKRELI (cont'd)

If you ever try something like this again, I'm going to erase you from Once Upon A Time in Shaolin solely because I can. You will be done.

HENCHMAN

You'll be a ghost for real mofo!

As the clownshow continues, WE SEAMLESSLY TRANSITION BACK TO...

**INT. APARTMENT - MURRAY HILL - SAME**

Behind the scenes, where Shkreli speaks into a webcam monitor.

SHKRELI

You will send me a written apology from the heart. I expect contrition, and I expect quality.

Shkreli adjusts his outsized blazer, milking the quiet moment.

SHKRELI (cont'd)

You think you're the only tough guy in New York City, Dennis? Don't ever fucking mention my name again.

Shkreli presses STOP RECORDING.

SHKRELI (cont'd)  
 And... Cut. Not bad, but I think we  
 can do better. Little more menacing.

One of the Henchman unmasks -- perspiring heavily underneath.

HENCHMAN  
 Hey Martin, I gotta run. My UCB team  
 has rehearsal in an hour.

SHKRELI  
 That will ruin continuity.

HENCHMAN  
 Can't you just use that take?

Shkreli nods, disappointed. He pays Henchman A HUNDRED BUCKS.

RZA (V.O.)  
 This is just sad, man.

**INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - BROOKLYN - DAY**

A full congregation of SEC DIRECTORS, FBI AGENTS, POLITICAL OFFICIALS and U.S. ATTORNEYS with a particular emphasis on...

ROBERT CAPERS, 40s, fairly jocular with an intellectual edge and U.S. Attorney for the Eastern District of New York, sits with MARY JO WHITE, 60s, former U.S. attorney, diminutive in stature, imposing in intellect. Chairwoman of the entire SEC.

At the front, Adele leads a sophisticated knowledge transfer.

ADELE  
 Ignored, unregulated, and un-fucking-believable because they treat diseases too rare to turn a profit, orphan drugs are -- for all intents and purposes -- the Wild Wild West of the pharmaceutical industry.

Adele cycles through INTRICATE NETWORKS OF COMPANIES, TRADES, AND PRESCRIPTION DRUGS, funneling toward a PICTURE OF SHKRELI.

ADELE (cont'd)  
 Enter Martin Shkreli, who started running around like Billy The Kid.  
 (flipping slides)  
 2012 with Retrophin -- raised Thiola 2,000%. 2015 with Turing -- gouged Daraprim 5,000%. By 2018, he'll have Americans dropping six figures for a Flintstones gummy.

Most listeners frown, disturbed with her attack on capitalism.

ASSISTANT U.S. ATTORNEY  
 Or, he was merely smart enough to identify an opportunity.

ADELE

An opportunity that only exists because -- unlike every other civilized country in the world -- the U.S. controls neither pricing nor market supply for generic competition.

SPINELESS POLITICIAN #1

Because that would be an insidious incursion into the enterprise economy.

SPINELESS POLITICIAN #2

And textbook government overreach.

ADELE

The same overreach that bailed out Bear Stearns and AIG and distributed two billion in bonus compensation to the perpetrators?

SPINELESS POLITICIAN #1

Seven years ago. And not relevant.

SPINELESS POLITICIAN #2

Especially considering regulation is a nonstarter. Federal interference would inhibit innovation and slash margins.

ADELE

We wouldn't want slashed margins funding nonsense like healthcare.

SPINELESS POLITICIAN #1

Sorry, but if I wanted a sanctimonious lecture about the virtues of sophomoric idealism, I'd turn on Rachel Maddow. Or go to Europe. What is your point?

ADELE

That Shkreli is not the exception. I know its AG territory, but we should be looking into Valeant, Mylan --

ASSISTANT U.S. ATTORNEY

Agent Daniels, at the end of the day, we all answer to the same man and it's no secret that the country said 'yes, we can' because these pharma execs, who fancy the free market more than their families, said 'yes, you may'.

SPINELESS POLITICIAN #1

For this reason, we feel it's more effective to concentrate our resources on Shkreli and Shkreli only.

SPINELESS POLITICIAN #2

You know, to preserve the nation's trust in its institutions.

ADELE  
 What's that old saying again? If the system is broke, don't fix it?

ASSISTANT U.S. ATTORNEY  
 It's just not the story the public needs to hear at this moment in time.

ADELE  
 What story would you prefer they hear?  
 The Very Hungry Caterpillar?!

SPINELESS POLITICIAN #1  
 I would encourage you to move on,  
 Agent Daniels.

ADELE  
 (pivoting, frustrated)  
 Before exploiting pregnant women and HIV patients, Shkreli had a career on Wall Street. It wasn't illustrious, and it wasn't legal.

MARY JO WHITE  
 If his behavior is egregious as you say it is, why wasn't he flagged already?

ADELE  
 He was. In 2003, 2010, 2011, and 2012. If you had paid attention, you would have seen the breadcrumbs collecting dust on your desk.

The room quiets. Adele capitalizes, commanding the spotlight.

ADELE (cont'd)  
 The SEC complaint against him by his former employer, Retrophin, alleges he misappropriated shares and cash for personal use to pay off the schmucks he swindled at MSMB years before.

ROBERT CAPERS  
 What were the estimated damages?

ADELE  
 Damages?

ROBERT CAPERS  
 How much money did the victims lose?

ADELE  
 They didn't.

MARY JO WHITE  
 Come again.

ADELE  
 The investors incurred an estimated IRR of 25% over three years.

Met with DISGRUNTLED MUTTERING, but Capers remains intrigued.

MARY JO WHITE  
So, the "victims" doubled their money.

ROBERT CAPERS  
It's difficult enough to prosecute real financial crimes as criminal.

ADELE  
This is real! If you committed fraud and made money, you still committed fraud to make that money.

ROBERT CAPERS  
Okay, fine. These allegations are three, four years old. Why now?

Adele smiles, waiting for this. Clicks to the CNBC INTERVIEW.

ADELE  
Because of this.

SHKRELI (SCREEN)  
I don't mean to be presumptuous, but I liken myself to Robin Hood.

ADELE  
And this.

Adele swaps out the CNBC interview for his INCENDIARY TWEETS.

ADELE (cont'd)  
And this.

Adele replaces the tweetstorms with the DISASTROUS TMZ VIDEO.

SHKRELI (SCREEN)  
You think you're the only tough guy in New York City, Dennis? Don't ever fucking mention my name again.

Adele pauses her presentation. Everyone is stunned by Shkreli.

MARY JO WHITE  
This clown is a CEO?

ROBERT CAPERS  
He's either a sociopath or a genius.

ADELE  
He'd argue there isn't a difference.

ROBERT CAPERS  
What do you need?

ADELE  
Subpoenas and surveillance.

After a moment, Capers nods.

ROBERT CAPERS  
 I'm eager to see how he does drinking  
 toilet wine for the next decade.

**INT. CONFERENCE HALL - FORBES HEALTHCARE SUMMIT - DAY**

Inside a sweeping conference hall swarming with INDUSTRY PROFESSIONALS for the annual Forbes healthcare summit. A stately, formal emcee, MATTHEW HERPER, 40s, sits opposite Shkreli, who dressed for the occasion in a hoodie and jeans.

SHKRELI  
 How did I get to this level at such a young age? Ambition, persistence, and stunningly good looks.

Shkreli chuckles feverishly. Nobody else even cracks a smile.

HERPER  
 And luck?

SHKRELI  
 Shallow men believe in luck and circumstance. Strong men believe in cause and effect.

HERPER  
 Alright then. Before we finish, I have to address the elephant in the room.

SHKRELI  
 Yes, I am single.

HERPER  
 Pricing.

SHKRELI  
 What about pricing.

HERPER  
 If you could rewind the clock, would you have done anything differently with regards to Daraprim?

SHKRELI  
 Yeah.

Shkreli senses cold audience stares, but cannot help himself.

SHKRELI (cont'd)  
 I would have raised the price higher.

MET WITH COLLECTIVE GASPS, startled by his unwavering bravado.

HERPER  
 Why?

SHKRELI

Why? Drug prices are inelastic and pricing power is the most cherished weapon of choice in the capital arsenal. I could have -- and should have -- raised list price to the end of the theoretical profit curve to maximize shareholder value. As far as I'm concerned, my morality impeded my executive duty. I could explain more, but it seems a remedial economics lesson would be more appropriate.

HERPER

Then what's your response to critics who maintain this is opportunistic?

SHKRELI

We tend to vilify what we can't understand, Matthew.

HERPER

On that note, we will open it up for questions.

STEVE MILLER, 40, sly CMO for EXPRESS SCRIPTS -- a pharmacy benefit management organization -- raises a contentious hand.

STEVE MILLER

Steve Miller with Express Scripts. We supported Daraprim at \$13.50, but we don't support it at \$750 --

SHKRELI

You don't support it?

STEVE MILLER

Correct.

SHKRELI

Do you exclude it?

STEVE MILLER

Well, no.

SHKRELI

If a licensed medical professional writes a prescription for Daraprim, you're still accepting it?

STEVE MILLER

Yes.

SHKRELI

So, you do support it.

STEVE MILLER

Well --

SHKRELI

Thank you for your business.

Shkreli broods with biblical wrath. Burning hot with fire and brimstone and innumerable more pretentious biblical metaphors.

HERPER

Well... That concludes our session.

The cameras stop recording.

SHKRELI

I'm not done.

Shkreli swipes the microphone, feeling the weight of the room. Herper girds his loins, preparing for this imminent monologue.

SHKRELI (cont'd)

Since the pilgrims proclaimed plymouth rock, we have lived in a capitalist society, founded on capitalist systems, governed by capitalist law. When the camera rolls and the spotlight shines, you all whimper and you whine, flying your hammer and sickle flags, insisting I'm the bad actor in an otherwise righteous industry. Yet how come there is that one elusive, slippery, vital word that nobody has said out loud?

(beat)

Stop.

Shkreli revels in the immorality, relishing every second. This is his moment. The point of no return and he fucking loves it.

SHKRELI (cont'd)

How many insurers have lowered patient copays? Who are the researchers asking for less R&D funding? Where are the drug manufacturers requesting shorter FDA exclusivity periods?

(beat, off silence)

No? Perhaps, it's because you know the truth as well as I do. That there is no patient. There is no provider. There is no enterprise. There is no drug. There is only the immense, insidious, indisputable, inexorable bottom line. Profit or loss. Positive or negative. Black or red. That is the twofold truth of America today. That is the binary order of our reality today. Eons of evolution driven by primitive compulsions for profit, power and prosperity. So make no mistake, the unforgivable sins you accuse me of transgressing in the light, you're just as guilty of perpetrating in the dark. After all, we are merely symptoms, not causes, of this diseased institution, and the modern appetite for virtue signaling is nothing but a pampered society satiated to the edge of gluttony.

(MORE)

SHKRELI (cont'd)

You need a martyr to sacrifice to the socialist gods? Fine. I can handle that. But don't feign innocence and proselytize purity. It makes you look like amateurs.

This is the point in Hollywood movies when the protagonist finishes his inspirational speech to applause and thunderous cheers. But this is not Rudy. This is Martin Fucking Shkreli.

There is only BEWILDERED SILENCE as he looks into the crowd, his maniacal expression glistening under the blinding light.

HERPER

I guess... That's lunch.

**INT. ATRIUM - CONFERENCE HALL - DAY**

Shkreli traipses from the auditorium, alienated. He notices the INDUSTRY MEMBERS pointing and whispering at his expense.

ADELE (O.S.)

Was that your TED talk?

Shkreli turns, finding Adele waiting for him in plainclothes.

ADELE

Little rough around the edges. But if your target audience is Gordon Gekko and Darth Vader, it's a winner.

SHKRELI

That's the curse of success. It turns you into an asshole.

ADELE

No, Martin. You were already an asshole.

SHKRELI

It's been awhile, Miss Daniels.

ADELE

Agent Daniels.

SHKRELI

Still saving the world?

ADELE

As long as you're still undermining it.

SHKRELI

Didn't realize you were a healthcare professional.

ADELE

Me? No. I'm just your number one fan.

SHKRELI

Surveillance of an American citizen in the absence of a warrant is a felony.

ADELE  
You're right.

Shkreli absorbs the implications as Adele offers a handshake.

ADELE (cont'd)  
AIDS patients and pregnant women.  
Congrats on making money off tragedy.

SHKRELI  
That's the American way.

Shkreli spurns her handshake, continuing forward, impervious.

**INT. APARTMENT - MURRAY HILL - NIGHT**

Shkreli nurses Chianti, enjoying his monologue on YouTube.

His gaze is unblinking, the facade of sanity showing serious signs of strain as he drifts closer to the screen -- inches away now -- leaning closer and closer and closer -- until he reaches orgasmic levels of ecstasy at THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE.

**INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - BROOKLYN - DAY**

Adele and Conley converse with Capers in his Brooklyn office.

ADELE  
We subpoenaed Retrophin and cross-referenced emails with the complaint they filed against him last year.

Adele offers Capers COLLECTIONS OF RETROPHIN EMAIL PRINTOUTS.

ADELE (cont'd)  
As I predicted, the emails revealed a conspiracy to defraud investors and more. After losing \$10 million worth of investor money at MSMB Capital, he doubled down and started Retrophin.

CONLEY  
Where he took them public, siphoning cash to pay off the prior MSMB debts.

ROBERT CAPERS  
Still not airtight. Any co-conspirators we can flip?

ADELE  
One. Evan Greebel. External counsel and Shkreli's personal Tom Hagen.

ROBERT CAPERS  
Go see Greebel. If he cooperates, perp-walk Shkreli in front of every camera you can find.

RZA (V.O.)  
Oh, shit. Twelve coming!

Off her glorious, beaming smile...

PASHKO (PRE-LAP)  
*Your move Martin.*

**EXT. FULTON PARK - BROOKLYN - DAY**

Pashko and Shkreli at the chessboard, looking like complete strangers rather than father and son. Shkreli is preoccupied, mindlessly scrolling through virulent tweetstorms against him.

PASHKO  
*Martin.*

SHKRELI  
*What?!*

PASHKO  
*It's your move.*

SHKRELI  
*I don't want to play anymore.*

Shkreli tips his king, surrendering. Pashko reacts, surprised.

SHKRELI (cont'd)  
*Here, I got you something. It's 20K.  
 Spend it wherever.*

Shkreli absently proffers ANOTHER GIFT, but it is unwrapped this time. Pashko opens the box, finds MUSTARD-STRAPPED CASH.

PASHKO  
*Is this what you think I want?*

SHKRELI  
*I think it's what you need.*

PASHKO  
*What is going on with you?*

SHKRELI  
*Nothing. I'm fine.*

PASHKO  
 (beat, reluctant)  
*There are articles. I know you think I  
 can't read American newspaper, but I  
 read them. 5,000%! It isn't right,  
 Martin. What will people think?*

SHKRELI  
*I'm successful because I've never  
 considered that question.*

PASHKO  
*But what if I needed this medicine?  
 Then what? You let me die?*

SHKRELI  
You have to be willing to do whatever  
it takes to whoever it takes.

Pashko doesn't recognize the stranger sitting across from him.

PASHKO  
*Martin, look at me. Do you like who  
you are? Because nobody else seems to.*

SHKRELI  
My objective isn't to be liked. It's to  
win. Besides, I'd rather be hated for  
who I am, than loved for who I am not.

PASHKO  
*But you are hated for who you are not.  
This isn't you.*

Shkreli deliberates this, defiant.

SHKRELI  
I have to go run my company.

PASHKO  
*When will I see you again?*

SHKRELI  
Don't know. You can schedule something  
with my assistant.

Shkreli leaves without goodbye. Pashko stares ahead, wounded.

#### **INT. BAR - MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - NIGHT**

A sordid watering hole brimming with many unsavory characters. Greebel pursues BORDERLINE BARBAIT -- until Adele and Conley suddenly surround him with their badges prominently displayed.

RZA (V.O.)  
In the blink of an eye, the Feds  
flipped Greebel like a flapjack.

#### **INT. VIP ROOM - BAR - NIGHT**

Adele and Conley sit across from Greebel who is manic and traumatized, absently downing his whiskey as self-medication, BABBLING THE DOOMED "INNOCENT UNTIL PROVEN GUILTY" MONOLOGUE.

GREEBEL  
Martin who? Retrophin? I would never --  
this is an outrage -- who do you --

ADELE  
Seriously? We have time-stamped,  
authenticated emails.

CONLEY  
And lying to a federal agent is a  
separate crime.

ADELE  
So now the name of the game for you is  
cooperation.

Greebel polishes off his whiskey. Then sleeves his wet mouth.

GREEBEL  
Okay, okay. What do you need?

ADELE  
Not what. Who.

Greebel nods with understanding, sweating like a stuck piglet.

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MURRAY HILL - DAY**

CARAVANS OF BLACK SUBURBANS descend on a residential building. Adele, Conley, and OTHER AGENTS climb from the passenger seat.

**INT. LOBBY - APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

SECURITY tries to waylay the entrance as Adele waltzes inside.

SECURITY  
This is a private residence. You can't  
walk in here. I'll call the police!

Adele brandishes her federal badge, not even breaking stride.

ADELE  
No need.

**INT. ELEVATOR - APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

Adele, Conley, and SEVERAL AGENTS crowd inside the elevator. Adele flamboyantly CHAMBER CHECKS her service-issue weapon.

CONLEY  
Is that really necessary for an 110  
pound twerp?

ADELE  
A girl can dream.

**INT. APARTMENT - MURRAY HILL - DAY**

Shkreli engages with VARIOUS CRITICS VIA LIVESTREAM, looking cadaverous -- probably from arguing online through the night.

SHKRELI  
No, you imbecile! Not in your dreams  
could you comprehend the inhibition  
mechanism between pyrimethamine and  
plasmoidal dihydrofolate reductase!

ONLINE CRITIC (O.S.)  
Comprehend this, fuckstick!

Shkreli freezes, jolting alert.

SHKRELI

Wait. Shut up moron. Do you hear that?

He MUTES THE LIVESTREAM, eyes narrowing, listening -- when...

Adele and HER SUPPORT SQUAD BOOT THROUGH THE APARTMENT DOOR WITH A CONTROLLED BLAST -- HINGES EXPLODE AND WOOD SPLINTERS.

SHKRELI (cont'd)

You!

ADELE

Me!

Shkreli scrambles, reeling backward, but Adele MANHANDLES HIM INTO SUBMISSION -- proficiently binding his hands. CONLEY AND TEAM THEN FILTER INSIDE behind, nearly decimating the coveted Once Upon A Time In Shaolin album during their violent breach.

RZA (V.O.)

Be careful!

ADELE

Martin Shkreli, you're under arrest on eight counts of securities fraud.

SHKRELI

I'm getting an attorney. I'll be out in two hours.

ADELE

Marie Antoinette had attorneys. She got the guillotine.

Point taken.

ADELE (cont'd)

Let's go Pee Wee Herman.

#### **INT. SUBURBAN - MANHATTAN - DAY**

Adele sits beside Shkreli in the back, tightening his cuffs.

SHKRELI

Congratulations Agent Daniels. You did it.

ADELE

Please, call me Adele.

Shkreli almost smiles.

SHKRELI

You ever consider why you hate me so much? Maybe it's because there's more of me in you than you care to admit.

ADELE  
Everybody wants to be rich, Martin.  
Nobody wants the repercussions.

Shkreli glances out the window, starting to appear completely vulnerable for the first time since he was an insecure child.

**INT. CENTRAL BOOKING - BROOKLYN - DAY**

SNAP! Cameras capture A HIDEOUS MUGSHOT OF SHKRELI in a grey hooded sweatshirt. He shuffles, pivoting for a profile view.

**INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - BROOKLYN - DAY**

Shkreli stands defiantly in front of the HONORABLE KIYO MATSUMOTO, 60s, sophisticated, as she peruses the indictment.

JUDGE MATSUMOTO  
Three counts conspiracy to commit securities fraud. Two counts securities fraud. Three counts conspiracy to commit wire fraud.  
(then)  
Bail is set at five million dollars.

She tosses Shkreli a withering glare and SMASHES HER GAVEL.

RZA (V.O.)  
Damn! Five sticks flat. Shkreli needed a lawyer, and he needed one fast.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - BRAFMAN & ASSOCIATES - DAY**

Shkreli enters an antiseptic conference room, greeted by his attorney, BENJAMIN BRAFMAN, 60s. Pugnacious and pocket-sized, Dan Devito would tower over this vertically-challenged hobbit.

FREEZE on Brafman...

RZA (V.O.)  
So he hired Benjamin Brafman.  
Notorious criminal defense attorney to the disgraced stars, including...

**INSERT** mugshot of MICHAEL JACKSON...

RZA (V.O.) (cont'd)  
The king of pop.

**INSERT** mugshot of SHAWN "JAY-Z" CARTER...

RZA (V.O.) (cont'd)  
I always forget Jay stabbed a dude.

**INSERT** mugshot of SEAN "DIDDY" COMBS...

RZA (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Diddy.

**INSERT** mugshot of HARVEY WEINSTEIN...

RZA (V.O.) (cont'd)  
And Harvey motherfuckin' Weinstein.

UNFREEZE on Brafman leafing through THE VOLUMINOUS INDICTMENT.

SHKRELI  
Thanks for meeting with me on such  
short notice, Ben.

BRAFMAN  
Friends call me Brafman.

SHKRELI  
Sorry. Brafman.

BRAFMAN  
Ben. We're not friends yet.  
(then, re: indictment)  
This is -- well -- it's not good, kid.  
It's actually bad. Let's talk assets.

SHKRELI  
My e-trade account has north of 45  
million. Bail was a farce.

BRAFMAN  
Not bail. Legal fees. Fighting this  
thing is gonna hurt your wallet.

SHKRELI  
Doesn't matter. I'm insured by Turing.

BRAFMAN  
Not anymore you're not.

Off Shkreli reacting, baffled...

SHKRELI (PRE-LAP)  
You're firing me?!

**INT. BOARDROOM - TURING PHARMACEUTICALS - NIGHT**

Shkreli is a nuclear reactor in meltdown, going motherfucking  
megaton opposite Nancy, Ron Tilles, Akeel Mithani, AND OTHERS.

NANCY  
Not firing. Terminating your  
employment contract.

SHKRELI  
Please. Explain the difference.

No more point in equivocating...

NANCY  
There isn't one. I was trying to be  
diplomatic.

SHKRELI

This is a grave injustice. My fans will be furious.

NANCY

Martin you were CEO of a privately-held biotech company. You're not supposed to have fans.

Shkreli glances around the room, seeking support. Ron Tilles and Akeel Mithani evade eye contact, staring straight ahead.

SHKRELI

This is because of the price hike, isn't it? You were always out to --

NANCY

No, it's because you were arrested by the FBI twenty-four hours ago on seven counts of securities fraud.

SHKRELI

Eight counts.

RON TILLES

Why would that be something you correct?

NANCY

You have more criminal charges than Turing does products.

SHKRELI

What about my equity?

NANCY

Your 40% controlling stake in voting shares remains. For now.

Nancy intervenes as Shkreli opens his mouth to hurl invective.

NANCY (cont'd)

Go home, Martin. Just, go home.

#### **INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - BRAFMAN & ASSOCIATES - DAY**

Brafman and a CADRE OF LAWYERS discuss strategy with Shkreli.

BRAFMAN

Alright, kid. We're gonna launch an aggressive defense. But be aware, this is a good news, bad news situation.

SHKRELI

(no shit)

That's your expert opinion.

BRAFMAN

Bad news is that the evidence leaves little doubt of wrongdoing.

(MORE)

BRAFMAN (cont'd)  
 Even worse, if this were the court of  
 public opinion, you'd be getting the  
 electric chair in Times Square.

SHKRELI  
 A media strategy, not a legal one.

BRAFMAN  
 Unless your name is O.J. Simpson,  
 there isn't a distinction.

SHKRELI  
 What's the good news?

BRAFMAN  
 Your "victims" made money.

SHKRELI  
 Exactly! So the DA is just punishing  
 me because I'm successful.

BRAFMAN  
 No, they're punishing you because  
 you're a jackass.

SHKRELI  
 Are those mutually exclusive?

BRAFMAN  
 That's what I'm talking about. Kid,  
 I've represented murderers, rapists,  
 raping murderers and murderous  
 rapists. All of them had better  
 reputations than you. Please, I beg,  
 lay low. Volunteer at a soup kitchen,  
 or adopt a kitten or something.

This scolding sobers Shkreli.

BRAFMAN (cont'd)  
 Oh, one last thing. You've been  
 subpoenaed.

SHKRELI  
 By who?

**INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY**

GENERAL AUDIENCES and POLITICAL DIGNITARIES squeeze inside an intimate hearing room. Shkreli sits at a table with Brafman perched behind him like a mafia consigliere as they both face...

The stern, unamused CONGRESSMEN AND CONGRESSWOMEN comprising the U.S. HOUSE COMMITTEE ON OVERSIGHT AND GOVERNMENT REFORM. JASON CHAFFETZ, 40s, Republican Representative from Utah and the Oversight Committee Chairman, initiates the interrogation.

JASON CHAFFETZ  
 Mister Shkreli, what do you say to that single, pregnant woman who has AIDS, but no income and needs Daraprim to survive. What do you say to her?

Shkreli leans toward the mic, maintaining an affable facade.

SHKRELI  
 On the advice of counsel, I invoke my fifth amendment privilege against self-incrimination and respectfully decline to answer your question.

JASON CHAFFETZ  
 Do you think you've done anything wrong?

SHKRELI  
 On the advice of counsel, I invoke my fifth amendment privilege against self-incrimination and respectfully decline to answer your question.

CAROLINA CONGRESSMAN TREY GOWDY, 40s, now joins the skirmish.

TREY GOWDY  
 Is it pronounced "S-kreli"?

SHKRELI  
 Yes.

TREY GOWDY  
 See! You can answer a question! I just wanted to make sure you understand that not all of your answers are going to subject you to incrimination.

Shkreli searches the room -- the audience -- the cameras -- the attention. After a moment, he smiles with condescension.

SHKRELI  
 I intend to follow the advice of my counsel. Not yours.

MARYLAND CONGRESSMAN ELIJAH CUMMINGS, 60s, finally interjects.

ELIJAH CUMMINGS  
 Mister Shkreli, since we finally have you in front of the committee, let me say this. I want to ask -- no, plead -- with you to use any remaining influence you have over your former company, Turing Pharmaceuticals, to pressure them to lower the price of Daraprim.

Shkreli nods sardonically, features pantomiming indifference.

ELIJAH CUMMINGS (cont'd)  
 I know you're smiling, but I'm very serious, sir. People's lives are at stake because of the price increases you imposed. You are in a unique position.  
 (MORE)

ELIJAH CUMMINGS (cont'd)

You have a spotlight. You have a platform. You can use this attention to come clean. To right your wrongs. To become one of the most effective patient advocates in the country. The way I see it, you can go down in history as the poster boy for greedy drug company executives, or you can change the system. I truly believe -- are you listening?

SHKRELI

(no)

Yes.

ELIJAH CUMMINGS

I truly believe, Mister Shkreli, that you can become a force for tremendous good. May god bless you.

**INT. ESCALADE - BROOKLYN - DAY**

Brafman barks strategy at Shkreli, who is glued to his phone.

BRAFMAN

Alright, we're somehow going to have to portray you as flawed but sympathetic -- do I have your attention?!

SHKRELI

Absolutely not. I'm busy.

**@MARTINSHKRELI: JUST OUT OF HOUSE OVERSIGHT COMMITTEE. HARD TO ACCEPT THESE IMBECILES REPRESENT PEOPLE IN OUR GOVERNMENT.**

Brafman deflates. His job impossible.

RZA (V.O.)

While Shkreli was busy trollin', jury selection was steady rollin'.

**INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - BROOKLYN - DAY**

Judge Matsumoto, Ben Brafman, and the government prosecution ASSISTANT U.S. ATTORNEY KARTHIK SRINIVASAN, preside over a chamber populated with over THREE-HUNDRED PROSPECTIVE JURORS.

JUDGE MATSUMOTO

In the indictment, the defendant is Martin Shkreli. At times, this will be tedious and I ask you, please, to bear with us. If, in the course of this questioning process, you do think that because of some experience you have had in your life or because of something you have heard or read that you could not be fair and impartial --

PROSPECTIVE JUROR #40 prematurely raises her hand, impatient.

Yes ma'am? JUDGE MATSUMOTO (cont'd)

PROSPECTIVE JUROR #40  
I am going to be quite honest. There is no way I would be impartial. It's his face. I just know he's guilty.

Brafman shakes his head, mortified -- a portent of the future. The following montage cuts rapidly between PROSPECTIVE JURORS.

PROSPECTIVE JUROR #1  
I'm aware of the defendant, and I hate him. He's a greedy little man.

PROSPECTIVE JUROR #10  
Only thing I'd be impartial about is  
what prison this guy goes to.

PROSPECTIVE JUROR #97  
Just looking at him kind of twists my stomach, to be honest. It's like a funhouse Pee Wee Herman.

Brafman tosses his hands with exasperation. He has given up.

RZA (V.O.)  
This actually happened. Don't believe me? Look that shit up. I told y'all, Wu-Tang ain't nothin' to fuck with!

**EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - BROOKLYN - DAY**

**TITLE:** 2017

A BLACK LIMOUSINE arrives curbside...

Shkreli steps from the backseat, eyes hidden behind designer sunglasses. MEDIA FLASH BULBS ERUPT as he casually ascends courthouse steps, negotiating through REPORTERS AND CAMERAMEN.

BRAFMAN (PRE-LAP)  
Born to working-class immigrants who fled war-torn Eastern Europe, Martin Shkreli used work-ethic and intellect to claw his way out of poverty, becoming both a Wall Street and pharmaceutical success story before the age of thirty. He is the living, breathing American Dream, ladies and gentleman.

**INT. COURTROOM - FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY**

It is standing room only for a three ring circus inundated by every JOURNALIST, REPORTER, and LAWYER in the tri-state area.

Pashko sits in the second row -- sandwiched between ambitious LAW STUDENTS. Elsewhere, Marek squeezes into a distant bench and Adele settles in the front pew, sporting a sadistic smile.

Brafman finishes delivering his opening statements to A JURY.

BRAFMAN

I urge you all to look at Mister Shkreli. Look at that face. His former employees will confirm under oath they made fun of him behind his back. Wondered aloud if he was autistic. Referred to him as Rain Man, from the Dustin Hoffman movie. But none of that matters ladies and gentleman, because, as Lady Gaga says, he was born this way.

The courtroom stifles LAUGHTER. And yes, you're reading this correctly -- it is almost verbatim from the trial transcripts.

Shkreli shows little reaction, but detests the public mockery. Detests even more he cannot respond to each and every critic.

BRAFMAN (cont'd)

This isn't just about Martin Shkreli. This is about the United States of America. If you want a country where we condemn an innocent individual for making his "victims" millions of dollars, then go ahead -- find Martin Shkreli guilty. But if you want a nation predicated on merit, where the tireless and the intelligent are not reprimanded, but rewarded -- you will find Mister Shkreli, completely, unequivocally, 100% innocent. So, in the words of Lady Gaga, don't listen to the government's hundred reasons to convict Mister Shkreli, listen to the one good reason to find him not guilty.

RZA (V.O.)

On god, Brafman referenced Rain Man, name-dropped Dustin Hoffman and quoted Gaga twice in his opening statement, turning a federal criminal prosecution into some Ringling Brothers shit.

Brafman returns to the defense table, confident in his speech.

**INT. COURTROOM - FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY**

Days have passed. US Attorney Karthik cross-examines Aselage.

KARTHIK  
Did you have any interactions with the defendant after his termination?

ASELAGE  
Yes. I had a phone conversation.

KARTHIK  
What did the defendant say to you in that phone conversation?

ASELAGE  
He told me that the board would regret their actions. Also, that my family and I would suffer the consequences.

AUDIBLE INDIGNATION echoes through the courtroom in response.

KARTHIK  
Did the defendant take other actions with respect to Retrophin's offices?

ASELAGE  
Yes. He broke into the office.

BRAFMAN  
Objection to the form of the question!

KARTHIK  
Would you prefer an alternative verb?

BRAFMAN  
It misrepresents the circumstances.

JUDGE MATSUMOTO  
Sustained, I guess. The witness can start over with his response.

ASELAGE  
Um, the defendant, er, mysteriously entered the office despite having his access revoked, and proceeded to, uh, permanently borrow files from a server that no longer belonged to him.

Shkreli remains impassive, but Pashko glances down, ashamed.

#### **INT. VIEWING ROOM - FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY**

An extended lunch intermission. Shkreli intentionally corrals REPORTERS within earshot of the full FEDERAL PROSECUTION TEAM.

REPORTER  
How do you feel the trial is going so far, Martin?

SHKRELI  
The government insists on blaming me for everything. Blame me for capitalism. Blame me for EpiPen.

REPORTER  
So... You're not worried?

SHKRELI  
Absolutely not. I'm going up against a junior varsity team.

The prosecutors stop chewing, incredulous.

RZA (V.O.)  
Took two whole days for the judge to issue a gag order on Shkreli. Longer than I would've thought. Then again, Shkreli was never one for optics.

**INT. COURTROOM - FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY**

End of the trial as Karthik broadcasts his closing arguments.

KARTHIK  
The devastating evidence from the last four weeks has exposed Martin Shkreli for who he really is -- a con man who stole millions of dollars.

Shkreli mindlessly twirls his hair, reading a paperback novel.

RZA (V.O.)  
Shit you not, Shkreli read a book during closing arguments.

KARTHIK  
We are confident that you will return the only verdict that is supported by in the case. And that is a verdict of guilty on all charges. Thank you.

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - BROOKLYN - NIGHT**

Shkreli eats dinner with Pashko -- quiet, tense, and awkward.

SHKRELI  
Juries rarely convict financial crimes.

PASHKO  
*That's promising.*

SHKRELI  
They'll see through this conspiracy.

PASHKO  
*Conspiracy? You chose to become this public enemy, Martin.*

SHKRELI  
I didn't choose anything. Liberals are mad, so the government needs a martyr. You think I'm the only one doing this?

PASHKO

*No, but you are the one on trial.*

SHKRELI

*What's that supposed to mean?*

PASHKO

*It means it is time to consider reality.*

SHKRELI

*And what reality is that?*

PASHKO

*That you made mistakes.*

SHKRELI

*Mistakes? This entire shitshow is because the U.S. Attorney was just appointed. He wants to pound his chest, make a name for himself by coming after me because I made money.*

PASHKO

*The world is not against you.*

SHKRELI

*No, just my own father.*

PASHKO

*Nothing can change how I feel about my son. But you don't have be this way.*

SHKRELI

*What -- successful? I guess that would be a first for this family.*

PASHKO

*Is this really what you think? Money, money, money, and everyone else is disposable? This is not American dream, this is American nightmare. And now you own everything, but have nothing.*

SHKRELI

*What was I supposed to think growing up like I did, Dad?*

PASHKO

*I did the best I could with what I had.*

SHKRELI

*Really? Shared bedrooms. No electricity. Cockroaches. That was your best?*

Pashko frowns, humiliated.

PASHKO

*Martin.*

Shkreli broods, infuriated. The seconds passing like minutes.

SHKRELI  
 That man was right, you know.  
 (beat)  
 You are a peasant.

PASHKO  
*You don't mean that.*

SHKRELI  
 It's the truth. You're a janitor from  
 Albania. You're lower than a peasant.

This ultimate betrayal rattles Pashko. For the first time in this film, he addresses Shkreli in BROKEN, ACCENTED ENGLISH...

PASHKO  
 You look down on me. On your family.  
 But we make honest living. And you end  
 up here. With nothing. With no one.  
 Why Martin? Why you become villain  
 like this?

After an interminable beat of father-son eye contact passes...

SHKRELI  
 I was trying to win.

PASHKO  
*At what cost?*

Pashko leaves -- Shkreli is more alone than he has ever been.

**INT. COURTROOM - FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY**

PACKED HOUSE for the return of a verdict. Shkreli searches THE CROWD, but Pashko is absent. This quietly devastates him.

THE FOREMAN stands...

FOREMAN  
 On counts one through five, conspiracy  
 to commit securities fraud and  
 conspiracy to commit wire fraud, we  
 find the defendant not guilty.

Brafman cracks a knowing grin. Shkreli brightens, optimistic.

JUDGE MATSUMOTO  
 And counts six through eight,  
 securities fraud in connection with  
 MSMB Capital and Retrophin stock?

FOREMAN  
 We find the defendant... Guilty.

For a transitory, ephemeral moment -- Shkreli appears shaken.

**EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - BROOKLYN - DAY**

Brafman muscles Shkreli through MEDIA BEDLAM into A TOWNCAR.

**INT. TOWNCAR - FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY**

Brafman kneads his temples as REPORTERS PUMMEL the car window.

BRAFMAN

The first two counts carry up to twenty years, kid. The third count up to five. Sentencing is at the end of the month. The next few weeks are crucial for your image. Lay low, get some rest, and whatever you do, Martin, don't go online.

No response from Shkreli.

**INT. APARTMENT - MURRAY HILL - NIGHT**

Shkreli sits in the dark. His eyes are vacant and lifeless -- months since he last shaved and weeks since he last showered.

He glances at his computer, losing all self-restraint, until...

**INT. APARTMENT - MURRAY HILL - MOMENTS LATER**

Shkreli LIVESTREAMS, interfacing with FANS AND CRITICS alike.

SHKRELI

Am I afraid to go to jail? Hell no. My sentence will be close to nil, and if I do go, it will be at Club Fed. Xbox, tennis, the works. These prisons are like country clubs.

ONLINE FAN (O.S.)

What do you think about Hillary's new book? Lock her up!

SHKRELI

Wait -- she has a new book?

His eyes turn obsidian as he logs onto Facebook, interested.

**INT. COURTROOM - FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY**

Shkreli and Brafman stand opposite Judge Matsumoto, penitent.

JUDGE MATSUMOTO

"Will pay \$5,000 per hair obtained from Hillary Clinton on her book tour". Seriously, Mister Shkreli?

BRAFMAN

Your honor, I acknowledge there are times when I want to punch my client in the face, and there are times I want to comfort him. But this was a momentary lapse in judgement. Stupid doesn't make you violent.

JUDGE MATSUMOTO

No, it just makes you stupid. May I ask why Facebook? I thought Twitter was your client's weapon of choice.

BRAFMAN

(sighing)

Twitter, um, suspended my client's account, your honor.

JUDGE MATSUMOTO

The reason being?

BRAFMAN

For, uh, perceived harassment of a female journalist.

Judge Matsumoto shakes her head, appalled.

JUDGE MATSUMOTO

This was a solicitation to assault in exchange for money. Mister Shkreli, do you have anything to say for yourself?

Shkreli steps forward, emotional -- legitimate tears falling.

SHKRELI

Yes, your honor. I'd like to clarify that there was no conspiracy to take down Martin Shkreli. I took down Martin Shkreli with my actions.

BRAFMAN

See? My client has demonstrated great remorse. For this reason, the defense requests eighteen months.

JUDGE MATSUMOTO

Then how do you explain his behavior since conviction?

BRAFMAN

A symptom of stress.

JUDGE MATSUMOTO

Headache is a symptom of stress. Putting a bounty on Hillary Clinton's hair isn't.

For a moment, Judge Matsumoto considers Shkreli with contempt.

JUDGE MATSUMOTO (cont'd)

It is the judgement of this court that the defendant be committed to custody of the United States Bureau of Prisons for a term of eighty-four months.

Off her THUNDEROUS GAVEL BANG...

**INT. HALLWAY - FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY**

BAILIFFS bulldoze Shkreli and Brafman through the corridor. Shkreli's expression has already mutated to pure indignation.

SHKRELI

You told me crying would work!

RZA (V.O.)

That's some Ed Norton, Primal Fear shit.

**INT. PRISON BUS - NEW JERSEY - DAY**

Shkreli stares plaintively, riding in the backseat all alone.

RZA (V.O.)

Somehow, this story ain't over yet.

**EXT. FORT DIX FCI - NEW JERSEY - DAY**

A bus arrives at an AUSTERE FEDERAL CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION.

RZA (V.O.)

Despite being sent to Fort Dix minimum security federal prison, Shkreli still retained majority shareholder status in Turing Pharmaceuticals.

**INT. CAFETERIA - FORT DIX FCI - DAY**

Shkreli exchanges knowing nods with AN INMATE serving mystery meat. Buried inside the vague, ambiguous mass -- A CELLPHONE.

RZA (V.O.)

There, he decided to smuggle contraband in order to run his former company. From federal prison.

**INT. PRISON CELL - FORT DIX FCI - NIGHT**

Shkreli surreptitiously BARKS STRATEGY into THE BURNER PHONE.

SHKRELI

We have to rebrand!

**INT. TURING PHARMACEUTICALS PHOENIXUS AG - SOHO - NIGHT**

On the phone, Akeel extracts stainless steel letters spelling "TURING PHARMACEUTICALS", replacing them with "PHOENIXUS AG".

RZA (V.O.)

Influencing board decisions and changing the name to Phoenixus AG -- stupid fuckin' name by the way -- until he was inevitably pinched.

**INT. PRISON CELL - FORT DIX FCI - DAY**

Shkreli helplessly spectates as CORRECTIONS OFFICERS dismantle his prison cell. ONE INTREPID OFFICER reaches an outstretched hand fist-deep in the toilet, retrieving the contraband phone.

RZA (V.O.)

He was then sent to Brooklyn MDC until the courts could determine a higher security prison for his transfer. Which finally takes us back here.

**INT. VISITATION ROOM - BROOKLYN MDC - DAY**

**TITLE: 2019**

We finally return to the opening conversation at Brooklyn MDC.

RZA

That's how.

Shkreli peers out the window, distracted.

RZA (cont'd)

Martin, I'm not here to dog on you. I'm here to ask you -- man to man -- to release Once Upon A Time In Shaolin to the people. Wu-Tang is about the people. We always have been. You got a chance to do somethin' good here.

SHKRELI

Do you smile at strangers?

RZA

Do I smile at -- what?

SHKRELI

When you are walking down the street and you pass a stranger and you look into their eyes, do you smile at them?

RZA

Yeah, I guess I try to be friendly.

SHKRELI

Maybe I don't see any reason to. Maybe when I look around, people are nothing but obstacles to me, standing in the way of my success. And no matter how much or how well I know somebody, I'm always disgusted by what I find. Maybe the problem isn't with me, maybe it's with everybody else.

RZA measures Shkreli, unnerved.

SHKRELI (cont'd)

Besides, I couldn't release the album even if I wanted to.

RZA  
What are you saying?

SHKRELI  
It's been seized by the federal  
government. There is nothing I can do.

RZA  
The forfeiture was only \$7 million.  
You claimed to have six times that in  
your brokerage account.

Shkreli shrugs, smiling, truly embracing his villain persona.

RZA (cont'd)  
Okay, but even if you don't have the  
cheddar, the Judge said no assets  
would be seized until you appealed.

SHKRELI  
Correct.

A heavy beat. RZA now understands the implication, devastated.

RZA  
You exhausted all your appeals...

SHKRELI  
Oops.

FREEZE FRAME on RZA reeling emotionally.

RZA (V.O.)  
Thirty years ago, the old RZA woulda  
slapped the shit out of this punk  
motherfucka. But I'm a changed man.  
Wiser. More patient.

UNFREEZE on RZA disbelieving but maturely restraining himself.

RZA  
Why do you want people to hate you,  
man?

SHKRELI  
Because. It's better than the  
alternative.

RZA  
Which is?

SHKRELI  
Indifference.

RZA  
You know, Martin, I'm gonna tell you  
something. Life is tough, man. But  
it's tougher when you're all alone.

RZA departs, leaving Shkreli in complete, absolute solitude.

RZA (V.O.)  
 Darkness consumed Martin Shkreli until  
 the absence of light devastated him.  
 Aren't y'all satisfied? This is the  
 twist ending you've been waiting for.

**INT. DIALYSIS CLINIC - DAY**

The Male Patient with cystinuria now requires kidney dialysis.

RZA (V.O.)  
 Martin Shkreli wasn't the villain of  
 this story. He was merely a cog in a  
 massive, malignant, mendacious machine.

**INT. MATERNITY WARD - HOSPITAL - DAY**

Angry Woman -- who spat in Shkreli's dinner -- cradles her  
 CHILD AFFLICTED WITH TOXOPLASMOSIS. She opens a medical bill...

**\$360,000**

RZA (V.O.)  
 Bet you didn't see that one coming.

**INT. DISTRICT COURTHOUSES - VARIOUS**

Staccato montage of countless class action lawsuits piling up  
 against -- MYLAN, GILEAD, NOVO NORDISK, ELI LILLY, AND SANOFI.

RZA (V.O.)  
 So remember y'all, if there's one  
 lesson from this epic fable of America,  
 ambition and avarice, it's that Shkreli  
 is the symptom, not the cause.

**INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - VARIOUS**

Another quick montage of DOZENS OF PHARMACEUTICAL EXECUTIVES  
 defending their indefensible drug price increases, different  
 offenders from above as the list is endless and discouraging.

RZA (V.O.)  
 There are more Martin Shkreli's in the  
 world, and there will continue to be  
 more Martin Shkreli's.

**EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY**

THOUSANDS OF ACTIVIST MEN AND WOMEN flood into the streets,  
 stampeding with picket signs, protesting the ACA repeal bill.

RZA (V.O.)  
 Which means it's up to ordinary  
 brothers and sisters to demand change.  
 (MORE)

RZA (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 The ability exists in each and every one of us. The people. At the end of the day, that's what it's all about. The people.

**EXT. BROOKLYN METROPOLITAN DETENTION CENTER (MDC) - DAY**

RZA steps outside, taking in the fresh air. He tosses his hood over his head, then clammers inside the idling Escalade.

RZA (V.O.)  
 RZA out. Wu-Tang Forever. Peace!

MUSIC CUE: "Bring the Ruckus" by Wu-Tang Clan.

**INT. ALLENWOOD MEDIUM FCI - PENNSYLVANIA - DAY**

THREE CORRECTIONAL OFFICERS escort Shkreli away in handcuffs.

***TITLE: In 2019, Shkreli was transferred to a medium security federal correctional institute in -- Allenwood, Pennsylvania.***

**EXT. RECREATION AREA - ALLENWOOD MEDIUM FCI - DAY**

Shkreli attempts pushups, arms trembling like in high school.

***TITLE: Since his transfer, Shkreli has maintained a rigorous workout regimen. He can now perform fifteen pushups. Almost.***

**INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - ALLENWOOD MEDIUM FCI - NIGHT**

Inside a suffocating prison cell, Shkreli sits in isolation.

***TITLE: The final appeal of his securities fraud conviction escalated to the Supreme Court, where it was denied. He is still scheduled to be released from prison in September 2023.***

A moment, then...

***TITLE: During the 2020 COVID-19 pandemic, Shkreli requested a furlough to assist in research on a vaccine, asserting that he is one of a few executives experienced in all aspects of drug development -- even referring to himself as a citizen scientist. Judge Matsumoto denied the request as "delusional".***

**INT. PHOENIXUS AG - SOHO - DAY**

Akeel struggles, stutters and stammers through a presentation.

***TITLE: While serving his prison sentence, Shkreli used his shareholder influence to fire interim CEO Ron Tilles. The former online shoe salesman and current board member, Akeel Mithani, declined to identify any succeeding chief executive.***

**INT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - NEW YORK - DAY**

ATTORNEYS and FTC OFFICIALS deliver presentations on Shkreli.

***TITLE: In January 2020, the FTC and Attorney General filed a complaint against both Phoenixus AG and Shkreli -- alleging an anticompetitive scheme to preserve a monopoly on Daraprim.***

**INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - DAY**

A FEDERAL OFFICIAL offers the sleek, glimmering ONCE UPON A TIME IN SHAOLIN Wu-Tang album to MEN OBFUSCATED IN SILHOUETTE.

***TITLE: After seizing Once Upon A Time In Shaolin, the federal government sold the album for \$4 million to PleasrDAO, a collective of non-fungible token owners, in order to cover the remaining balance of Shkreli's criminal asset forfeiture.***

**INT. YMCA - BROOKLYN - DAY**

RZA smiles, handing an oversized check to SEVERAL CHILDREN.

***TITLE: After Shkreli's practices came to light, RZA donated album sale proceeds to a range of causes, including cancer research and creative programs for disadvantaged youth. Wu-Tang's music has always inspired positivity and always will.***

**INT. R&D DIVISION - PHEONIXUS AG - DAY**

An abandoned research and development facility. It is empty.

***TITLE: Despite Shkreli's claims of reinvesting earnings from the Daraprim price gouge into research and development to invent a superior therapy, Turing / Phoenixus AG has yet to initiate FDA trials or file a new patent since its inception.***

**INT. MANUFACTURING PLANT - PHOENIXUS AG - DAY**

DARAPRIM PACKAGES streak across screen into a continuous blur.

***TITLE: Today -- the price of Daraprim remains \$750 per tablet.***

**SMASH TO BLACK.**