

EXT. ABANDONED OFFICE - SAME

Folding chairs and card tables, with FBI AGENTS, a TECH GUY, Connerty sitting there as Dan Margolis walks into the room.

MARGOLIS

Did you hear it okay?

Margolis unclips a pen from his shirt pocket under his hoodie and puts it and a Blackberry on the table.

CONNERTY

Yeah, we heard you get jack-shit clear as a bell.

DANZIG'S VOICE (PRE-LAP)

...I just lost my mojo somewhere along the line.

START

INT. SHRINK'S OFFICE - DAY

Big windows, water view, nice rug, high-end furnishings. Pictures of a couple KIDS on her desk.

Matt Danzig, the young Portfolio Manager, sits there somewhat miserably.

DANZIG

It's fucking gone. And you're Mrs. Mojo, so I booked the appointment...

WENDY

That's Dr. Mojo.

He sits across from WENDY RHODES, a psychiatrist.

She has a tablet and stylus in her hands and radiates high intellect, is highly focused and even under the professional demeanor, highly attractive.

DANZIG

Right. I hear it happens to guys my age, facing down forty. Maybe I'm depressed. Maybe I should try some Prozac, Effexor--something.

WENDY

Uh huh. We'll get to that. First, I want you to know that even though I work here, you have full doctor-patient confidentiality.

(MORE)

**Long scene
so do in two
parts.**

WENDY (CONT'D)

Unless you plan to kill somebody,
you can say what you want in here
and by law I can't tell
anyone...(he nods) Now. Have you
been eating, sleeping, exercising?

DANZIG

Yeah, more or less. Maybe not so
much with the sleeping.

WENDY

And things with your wife?

DANZIG

Okay. Mostly.

WENDY

Sex?

DANZIG

Normal. I've been married ten
years, so...

WENDY

So down to just once a day.

They trade smiles.

WENDY

So it's really just the book.

DANZIG

I'm down four percent. Year to
date. I'm down. I'm fucked.

She puts down the tablet, leans forward.

WENDY

You don't need meds. You're just
listening to the wrong voice...

Danzig perks up at this.

WENDY

You're all tuned in to the one
yelling at you over the loudspeaker
that you're fucking stupid and
you're not gonna hit your numbers.
You're ignoring the quiet one
inside telling you where the Alpha
is. That's the voice that got you
here. And it's the one that's still
talking if you're willing to
listen...

Danzig is nodding now.

WENDY

What's that voice telling you?

DANZIG

That even though I stiffed a few,
that I'm...pretty damn good.

WENDY

Uh uh. What'd you take down last
year?

DANZIG

Seven point two million.

The number itself seems to pump him up.

WENDY

So what's it saying?

DANZIG

That I'm awesome.

WENDY

There you go. And what does it have
to say back to that loud critical
voice?

DANZIG

It's saying Fuck You.

WENDY

Good. Now we can pick through your
childhood, beat by beat, to find
out why you feel you don't deserve
to make your bonus. Or, you can
listen to the right voice. I want
you to go back to your Bloomberg
and cut bait on your losers--you
know the ones. The ones you've been
defending, hoping they will come
around but you secretly know never
will. And I want you to just
commit, that you are in it for the
long haul. That you will succeed.
And once you do that, the new
ideas, the winners, will present
themselves. Because you are a
winner.

She's got him totally tuned in now.

WENDY

You're playing for the Yankees here. And there's a reason for that. Did the Yankees make a mistake signing you? No, they did not. The Yankees don't make mistakes. So get out there and do what needs to be done...

Danzig's fists are clenched, he's on the edge of his seat, ready to rock.

WENDY

We have to stop here.

Danzig pops up out of his chair and goes for a High-Five, which Wendy meets.

DANZIG

Dr. Fucking Mojo.

He exits. She trails after him to the door and we see that hers isn't a free-standing practice, but is actually housed inside...

INT. AXE CAPITAL - LATER **END**

Where she's the on-staff performance coach. The pretty young RECEPTIONISTS across the way smile as she ushers in her next polo-shirt wearing PATIENT.

INT. LIBRARY, US ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - LATER

Chuck enters. It's an imposing setting for a meeting. Law books, case studies, hundred year old leather chairs.

Two men await him. They stand as he enters. One, SKIP WOLKOWSKA is mid-50s, a little sheepish despite a ten-thousand dollar suit and haircut to match. The other is his short, bald ATTORNEY.

Then a third man, OLDER, facing the other way, stands.

Chuck's eyes immediately go to the Older Man, who is late 60s and hasn't had a sheepish moment in his life.

OLDER MAN

Thank you for agreeing to see us.

CHUCK

What the fuck are you doing here, dad, trying to get me disbarred?