

TR - BILLIONS

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

AMANDA stands behind the desk as MATTHEW enters.

AMANDA

It's nearly noon and here I sit,
sans the contracts I asked for
around 9:00. Where have you been?

MATTHEW

I've been working. It's a difficult
thing, hiding fraud.

AMANDA

Bury the numbers and pretend you're
surprised if they catch you. Not
that difficult.

MATTHEW

It's difficult- for other reasons.

AMANDA

Feeling the guilt of the consumer
consuming leftover failure? Come
on. Anybody who buys a sub-prime
mortgage is already a drug addict.

MATTHEW (ROLLS HIS EYES)

Right. They're gluttons for
punishment. Riff-raff. Slovenly.

AMANDA

Who do you think you're protecting?

MATTHEW

People who want a chance at the
American Dream.

AMANDA

The American Dream is a sad little
nightmare constructed by peasants
in order to feel like they have a
chance in hell. And they don't.

MATTHEW

Not with people like us around. You
say it's Darwinism at its finest.
The natural order of things. But we
fuck people for the fuck of it.

AMANDA

So you think you can give up the
Lexus and start taking the bus?

MATTHEW

I think you're gonna have to write
your shitty contracts yourself.