

Lemonade (SP)

by Marco Messina

Part 1

Preparing Lemonade

Chapter 1

The Good Life

Scene: A Sailboat in the Mediterranean

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - DAY

A sleek yacht moves steadily through the clear blue waters. RB (RICHARD BRONSON) is seated comfortably in the cockpit, enjoying the sun and the gentle breeze. The boat is modern, with white sails catching the wind, and a couple of crew members managing the lines with practiced ease.

ON THE YACHT'S DECK

RB, dressed casually, takes a sip from a glass of lemonade as he answers his phone, glancing toward the distant shoreline where small villages cling to the hills.

RB

(phone to his ear)

George, nice to hear from you. Where are you?

RB listens, smiling slightly.

RB

That's nice. We've been there a couple of times. Pretty spot.

The boat rocks gently as it cuts through the water.

RB

Yes, the weather is wonderful, the wind is great, the boat is fast, the crew is great—you know, the usual Sardinian paradise.

He adjusts his sunglasses, still half-focused on the conversation.

RB

We were planning to be here another week, then stop in Paris at Marie's place for two weeks and be home in Santa Barbara before heading to Chile to fly fish Rio Penitente at the end of next month.

RB watches the horizon, listening.

RB

Right, I have to scope out a scene for another project.

He nods slightly.

RB

Well, I think we could change the plans. Are you sure we really need to brainstorm this in person?

RB leans back, thinking.

RB

Can you get MM to join us? He's somewhere in Ecuador or Peru—you know him, always off on some adventure. This time, he's chasing goats somewhere.

RB chuckles lightly.

RB

Right, I guess if he can do it, I'll change plans. That will make me really popular with Marie.

The yacht glides smoothly, wind in its sails.

RB

OK, that would make it more palatable. Yes, Key West would be better than LA; we'll come in straight from Paris. See if MM can meet us there and call me back.

RB

So long, happy sailing.

He ends the call, looking out at the sea.

#

Scene: MM at Chaku de la Vicuna

EXT. HIGH PLAIN OF PERU'S ANDES - DAY

The high plain of the Andes unfolds under a clear, blue sky. MM (MARCO MEKIS) stands in a colorful crowd of villagers, their traditional bowler hats and vibrant shawls fluttering in the breeze. The Chaku de la Vicuna is in full swing—with bells and whistles, locals guide the vicuñas from the hills into a corral, their movements swift and practiced, blending centuries of tradition with the day's excitement. They shear the wild animal and save the wool worth its weight in gold in the luxury markets. After each sheering, the villager kneels, frees the vicuna, joins palms namaste-like and thanks the animal for its gift. That vicuna will be back next year.

MM, wearing rugged travel gear, watches intently. By his side, DM MEKIS (DM), tall and athletic, her blonde hair pulled back, is immersed in the scene. Her eyes move from the bustling crowd to MM, sharing in his awe.

MM's phone rings, breaking the moment. He raises his voice to be heard over the festive noise as he answers.

MM

(speaking loudly into the phone)

Hello.

MM's gaze sweeps across the highland scene—colorful villagers, the spirited vicuñas, and the sharp peaks of the Andes. He's clearly in his element.

MM

Hi George, what's up? (without waiting for a reply) You can't believe where I am. Awesome!

You've got to be here. This is unbelievable.

DM

(smiling, watching the herders)

I told you it would be worth it.

MM

(to DM, nodding)

Absolutely.

MM

(back into the phone)

No, I'm not hunting goats. I'm finally doing the Chaku de la Vicuna—the roundup and shearing of the wild vicuñas. Just like the Incas. (laughs) I've wanted to do this for years. People at their roots, human heritage of centuries repeated today.

MM grins at DM, who's taking photos, capturing the vibrant life around them.

MM

OK, OK, sorry—what's new at your end? How's the project coming?

MM listens, his smile fading slightly as George speaks. DM, sensing a shift, moves closer, her hand resting lightly on his arm.

DARLA

What's going on?

MM

(listening to George, then to DM)

George wants us to meet up earlier than planned.

DM sighs, glancing at the crowd before turning her attention back to MM.

DM

We just got here. We've been planning this trip forever.

MM

(softly)

I know.

MM

(back into the phone)

Come on, George. Dar and I are doing the Chaku this week, then Machu Picchu, Lake Titicaca, hiking Torres del Paine, and sailing from Punta Arenas out to the Pacific, around Cape Horn back to Punta Arenas. We'll round Terra Del Fuego, man! It's tight with winter coming.

He watches DM, who's half-listening while still capturing the festive moments.

MM

OK, OK, I get it. How long will it take, and where do we have to do it? Key West sounds like a hassle. What about Copacabana Palace in Rio? No surprises, easy in and out.

Darla raises an eyebrow, a mix of resignation and support. MM squeezes her hand briefly.

MM

Yeah, we can be there in two weeks after Machu Picchu and Titicaca. We'll delay Torres and the Horn if we have to.

Dar gives him a nod, signaling her agreement despite the shift in plans.

MM

George, I get it. It's work—it's a pain, but someone's got to do it.

He chuckles, sharing a knowing look with DM.

MM

Yes, I know—you're busting your balls for all of us. That's why you're under 40 and we're over 50. (laughing) You'll get to climb Torres one day.

MM ends the call, putting his phone away. He looks at DM, appreciating her unwavering support.

DM

We can always come back, right?

MM

(smiling)

Yeah, we'll be back. This is just the beginning.

They share a moment before turning back to the colorful scene around them, both savoring the last moments of this experience before they move on.

#

Scene: Poolside at the Copacabana Palace in Rio

EXT. COPACABANA PALACE - RIO DE JANEIRO - DAY

The scene opens at the luxurious Copacabana Palace, where the sun beats down on the glistening blue pool. Lounge chairs line the water's edge, shaded by palm trees that sway gently in the ocean breeze. The hum of conversation and the clinking of glasses create a relaxed, yet focused atmosphere.

RB (RICHARD BRONSON) and MM (MARCO MEKIS) sit at a table by the pool, both looking travel-worn but content. George, younger and full of energy, leans back in his chair, a notepad and pen in hand, scribbling down ideas.

RB takes a sip of his drink, eyes on the horizon where the beach meets the bustling city.

GEORGE

Guys, you remember in *The Patent*, your first box office success—the power of the story came from the relentless struggle, the try and try again and again, lest you die. How did you imagine feeling that agonizing sense?

George's question hangs in the air, the sound of splashing water and distant traffic filling the silence. MM glances at RB, both of them lost momentarily in memories.

MM

(leaning back, thoughtful)

George, it came pretty easily when you consider the story. That sense was what all the characters felt, more or less.

RB nods, his gaze fixed on the shimmering pool, lost in thought.

RB

You know, from the start, it was relentless—the struggle to understand the riddle, the scam, the proof, and all that followed. Maybe we should have named it *Relentless*.

MM

(smiling at the thought)

If you remember, in *The Patent*, the story starts with us stumbling across some transactions involving company stock that we couldn't reconcile.

George leans forward, intrigued by the direction of their reflections.

GEORGE

The try-and-try-again part—it's what hooked the audience. That raw persistence. We need that same energy for *Lemonade*.

MM leans back, looking at the bustling hotel pool where guests enjoy their afternoon. The juxtaposition of their past struggles with the calm luxury surrounding them isn't lost on him.

MM

It's all about turning the sour moments into something that works. That's what *Lemonade* is really about, right?

RB chuckles, raising his glass.

RB

Here's to making lemonade out of lemons—again.

George makes a few more notes, his excitement palpable as they continue to brainstorm, their casual banter a mix of reflection and planning. The camera pulls back, showing them as three figures at a table, blending their hard-won experiences into the next story they're about to tell.

Part 2

TTI story

Chapter 2

Discovery

Scene: Downside Risk Bar (DSR) - Night

INT. DOWNSIDE RISK BAR - NIGHT

The Downside Risk Bar, or DSR, is dimly lit, its wood-paneled walls adorned with old photos of race cars and vintage stock tickers. The bar is mostly empty, with just a few regulars scattered around, nursing their drinks under the low-hanging lights. A neon sign flickers near the entrance, casting a faint red glow over the room, giving the place a quiet, nostalgic atmosphere.

RB (RICHARD BRONSON) and MM (MARCO MEKIS) sit at the bar, each nursing a drink. They look exhausted, their faces lined with the weight of what just happened. The mood is heavy but relieved, a strange mix of defeat and the beginnings of something new.

RB glances up at the DSR sign above the bar, a half-smirk crossing his face.

RB

(pointing at the DSR sign)

When we met here the first time, maybe we should've asked how to cover the downside risk.

MM

(staring into his glass)

Yeah. They should have told us to let the thief have his way. But no, we were going to do it right, weren't we?

RB shakes his head, the memories of TTI still fresh. They clink their glasses in a silent toast, not so much celebrating but acknowledging the end of a long, painful chapter.

RB

How the hell did we get to this point, my friend?

MM

You found the garbage, and I felt I had to clean up the kitchen. Doesn't always pay, but sometimes you gotta do what you gotta do.

Malcomb, a writer friend of RB, walks in, noticing them at the bar. He's curious but careful, sensing the intensity of the moment. He approaches with a small smile.

MALCOMB

Mind if I join? I read your synopsis. Sounds like you guys have been through one hell of a ride.

MM

You wouldn't believe a tenth of it.

RB

Yeah, quite the roller coaster. We almost made it to the finish line, then the track fell apart.

Malcomb sits down, intrigued. He orders a drink, his notepad already out, sensing there's a story here.

MALCOMB

Tell me more. Sounds like there's some serious meat on these bones. You guys get your kicks fighting dragons; I get mine telling the world about the dragon slayers.

MM

Or the dead dragon slayers. It's really a sordid, miserable tale of greed and stupidity.

MALCOMB

Oh, so a story about most of the people in the world.

MM chuckles darkly, the bitterness still evident. He glances at RB, who shrugs, half-smiling.

RB

Dragon slayers always have guardian angels. Just feels like ours was a little late or a little off.

MM

In the summer of 2000, it all started to unravel...

The scene fades out as MM begins recounting the events that led them here, setting the stage for *The Patent*. The camera lingers on the bar, a quiet witness to their unfolding story—a place where endings turn into new beginnings.

#

Scene: Marco's Home Office - Night

INT. MARCO'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

The office is dimly lit, cluttered but orderly, with stacks of papers, open books, and a whiteboard filled with notes and diagrams. A desk lamp casts a soft glow, illuminating spreadsheets on a laptop screen. Faint jazz plays in the background, underscoring the tension in the air.

MM (MARCO MEKIS) sits at his desk, scrolling through lines of financial data, his brow furrowed in concentration. The atmosphere is tense, almost heavy, as if the room itself holds the weight of their struggles.

The door creaks open, and RB (RICHARD BRONSON) enters, holding a thick folder of documents. He looks tired but determined, the kind of weariness that comes from long nights and tough decisions.

MM glances up, immediately sensing that something is wrong. RB drops the folder onto the desk with a heavy thud.

MM

(looking up, concerned)

Hey Richard. You've got that look again.

RB

(sighs, setting the folder down)

Marco, I've been going over the books. I'm not going to sugarcoat this—we've got a serious problem.

MM sits up, the weight of the words sinking in. He leans forward, eyes fixed on RB.

MM

(hesitant)

How bad are we talking?

RB

(grimly)

It's worse than we thought. I've found multiple transactions involving Walt selling company stock directly to investors. But the money never made it into TTI's accounts.

MM leans back, rubbing his temples, the realization washing over him like a cold wave.

MM

Wait... are you saying he pocketed the cash?

RB

(nodding)

Exactly. These so-called ‘sales’ weren’t sales at all. Walt’s been playing a shell game. Investors think they bought newly issued stock, but all they did was line Walt’s pockets.

MM’s expression hardens, anger mixed with the sting of betrayal.

MM

Damn it, Walt... I knew he was cutting corners, but this? I should have seen it.

RB

I’ve traced the checks. Investors, including your brother and friends, thought they were putting money into TTI. Not a single cent reached the company. Walt manipulated the records—it all looks legitimate on the surface, but it’s all smoke and mirrors.

MM slams his fist on the desk, frustration boiling over. The soft clatter echoes through the quiet room.

MM

We have to confront him. He’s put everything at risk—our investors, our reputations, everything.

RB

I agree, but it’s not just about confronting him. We need to decide how to bring this to the Board without causing a panic. We’ve got to handle this carefully, especially with Zio and the other directors being so close to Walt.

MM nods slowly, the gravity of the situation sinking in. The faint jazz plays on, incongruous with the storm brewing in the room.

MM

Zio is Walt's best friend. This is going to be a minefield. But it can't stay hidden. I'll talk to Steve Meadow, get his take on the legal implications. We'll need Bryan on our side before we go any further.

RB picks up his folder, leaving MM alone with the spreadsheets and the mounting evidence of betrayal. The camera lingers on MM's tense figure, setting the stage for the battles to come.

#

Scene: Report to Bryan

INT. DENNY'S - DAY

Sunlight streams through the large windows of a local Denny's, casting a warm glow over the worn booths. The diner bustles with morning energy—families, regulars, and the faint sound of sizzling from the kitchen. It's a low-key meeting spot, but today, it's where decisions will be made.

RB (RICHARD BRONSON) and MM (MARCO MEKIS) sit in a booth near the back, surrounded by documents spread across the table. Both men look weary, their focus sharpened by the task ahead.

BRYAN, 39, athletic, and sharply dressed, enters with the presence of someone used to commanding a room. His movements are confident, his gaze direct. A rising star in the business world, he's used to tough conversations but still carries the optimism of youth.

Bryan slides into the booth with a casual, yet determined air. He sets down his protein shake, glancing between RB and MM, his brow furrowing slightly.

BRYAN

(sitting down)

Alright, guys, you've got my attention. What's going on?

RB, steadying himself, opens a folder filled with documents and pushes it toward Bryan. The seriousness in his eyes is unmistakable.

RB

Thanks for meeting us, Bryan. We've got a situation with TTI, and it's not good.

Bryan leans in, picking up the top page with a practiced ease, his sharp eyes scanning quickly.

BRYAN

(serious, yet measured)

How bad are we talking?

MM, watching Bryan closely, slides another stack of papers forward. The casual atmosphere of the diner contrasts starkly with the gravity of what's being revealed.

MM

Walt's been selling company stock directly to investors, but the money never made it into TTI's accounts. He's been pocketing the funds.

Bryan sits back, considering the information with the calm intensity of a seasoned exec who's seen plenty but still expects people to do right. He flips through the documents, his expression growing more focused.

BRYAN

(calm but intense)

You're saying he's embezzling? How solid is this?

RB nods, reaching for another document. He's thorough, deliberate—no room for doubt.

RB

This isn't just one or two mistakes. It's a pattern. We've traced the checks, matched the numbers. It's all here. Investors thought they were putting their money into TTI, but Walt was running a shell game.

Bryan studies the evidence, each page tightening the noose around the reality of what's happening. He takes a deep breath, his athletic build tense but composed.

BRYAN

(nodding, focused)

This is serious. You've got clear documentation, but if we move forward, we need to be airtight. No room for error.

RB and MM watch as Bryan examines the final pages, his confidence unshaken but clearly recalibrating his strategy.

BRYAN

It's bad, but it's clear. You did the right thing bringing this forward. Walt's not going to go down easy, though.

Bryan stands, a decisive energy about him, and gathers his things. He looks at both men, understanding the weight they've been carrying.

BRYAN

We'll need to handle this carefully. Be ready for a fight.

Bryan exits the diner, his pace quick and purposeful, leaving RB and MM at the table. RB watches him go, then turns to MM, a thoughtful look crossing his face.

RB

You know, I've dealt with Walt before. This isn't new for him. The promises, the lies... it's his MO. Years ago, he pulled this same crap. Got away with it then, too.

MM listens, nodding slowly. The two men sit in silence for a moment, the weight of history hanging between them.

RB

(smiling wryly)

I thought maybe this time would be different. Should've known better.

INT. MM'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

MM sits at his desk, phone pressed to his ear. The office is quiet, the soft hum of his computer the only sound as he waits for Zio to pick up.

MM

(into the phone)

Zio, it's Marco. Just met with Bryan. I need to update you on what we found. I know you've heard some of it, but it's worse than we thought.

The tension lingers, setting the stage for the tough decisions that lie ahead.

#

Scene: Confronting WG

INT. BOARDROOM - TTI OFFICES - DAY

The boardroom is modern and sleek, with a long, polished table surrounded by high-backed chairs. Large windows let in harsh sunlight, casting long shadows across the room. The tension is palpable as MM (MARCO MEKIS) and RB (RICHARD BRONSON) stand by the head of the table, documents in hand. WG (WALT GANDER) sits opposite them, relaxed but with an air of defiance, his eyes flicking between the papers and the two men facing him.

WG, in his mid-50s, with a stocky build and a self-assured grin, leans back in his chair. His casual demeanor feels misplaced, almost smug given the gravity of the situation.

RB clears his throat, breaking the uneasy silence.

RB

(flat, direct)

Walt, we've gone through the books, and there's no way around this. These transactions—selling company stock directly to investors—the money never made it to TTI.

WG glances at the documents briefly, then looks up with a nonchalant smile, as if he's already prepared his defense.

WG

(calmly, almost amused)

The private placements were oversubscribed. I just wanted to give investors the opportunity they were looking for. That's all.

MM steps forward, his voice tight with frustration, trying to keep his composure.

MM

(voice controlled, simmering)

You weren't just giving them opportunities, Walt. You were pocketing the cash. This isn't a misunderstanding; it's theft.

WG shrugs, the smile never leaving his face, as if MM and RB are simply making a fuss over nothing.

WG

(smoothly)

Look, the investors got their stock. No one's been shorted. What does it matter if the money came to me first?

RB steps in, laying out the documents on the table, each one a damning piece of evidence.

RB

(voice firm)

This isn't just about who got what stock, Walt. It's about misappropriating funds, misleading investors, and breaking the law. You manipulated the records, made it look like company sales. But it's all smoke and mirrors.

WG glances down at the papers, then back at them, maintaining his cool facade, though a flicker of irritation crosses his eyes.

WG

(leaning back, dismissive)

So what? A little creative financing never hurt anyone. We're in the business of making things happen, aren't we?

MM slams his hand on the table, the sharp sound cutting through WG's casual attitude.

MM

(angry, leaning in)

This isn't about creative financing. You've put the whole company at risk—our investors, our reputation, everything. You crossed a line.

WG's smile fades slightly, but he keeps his composure, refusing to admit wrongdoing. The room feels smaller, the walls closing in on the weight of their confrontation.

WG

(coolly)

I didn't do anything you wouldn't have done in my position. I did what I thought was best for the company.

RB shakes his head, his frustration barely contained.

RB

(icy)

No, Walt, you did what was best for you. And now, we're left to clean up the mess.

WG's expression finally tightens, the reality of the situation settling in. He pushes back his chair and stands, a flicker of defiance still lingering in his eyes.

WG

(smiling thinly)

You can't prove intent. At worst, it's a misunderstanding. I'll see you in court if you want to push it that far.

WG walks out, leaving the door ajar. MM and RB stand in the boardroom, the evidence spread across the table—a battle half-won, but the war just beginning.

MM

(quietly, to RB)

This isn't over.

RB nods, watching the door swing shut behind WG.

RB

No, it's not.

The camera lingers on the room, where the confrontation hangs heavy, setting the stage for the legal and personal battles that lie ahead.

#

Scene: Announcing the Tragedy

INT. LIVING ROOM - MM'S HOME - EVENING

The living room is warm but subdued, dimly lit by soft lamp light. Family photos line the walls, a quiet testament to happier times. MM (MARCO MEKIS) stands by the large window, looking out at the fading daylight. The atmosphere is heavy with the weight of bad news yet to be fully delivered.

RB (RICHARD BRONSON) sits on the couch, leafing through a stack of papers with a tense expression. DM MEKIS (DM), MM's wife, paces nearby, her concern evident

in every step. Seated across from them are Vern, Char, Al, and a few close family friends—investors who had put their trust, and money, into TTI.

MM turns back to the room, the anxiety on his face barely concealed. He's trying to find the right words, but nothing seems adequate. He takes a deep breath, finally breaking the silence.

MM

(struggling, but steady)

We need to talk about TTI. There's no easy way to say this, but the company's been... embezzled. Funds we thought were safe aren't there anymore. WG was taking the money for himself.

A stunned silence fills the room. Vern and Char exchange worried glances; Al leans forward, his brow furrowed deeply.

DARLA stops pacing, her hands clenching as she absorbs the news. She's heard bits and pieces, but not this directly, and the confirmation hits like a punch.

VERN

(disbelieving, shaken)

You're saying all the money's gone?

MM

(trying to keep his voice level)

Not all of it, but a lot. He was selling stock and pocketing the cash. It's a mess. We're doing everything we can, but it's going to take time to sort through.

RB watches the reactions unfold, bracing for the inevitable fallout. Char wipes away a tear, trying to stay composed, while Al shakes his head slowly, processing the betrayal.

AL

(slowly, searching for words)

So what now? What's the plan?

RB steps in, his tone measured but firm. He's the voice of reason, even as everything crumbles around them.

RB

We're working on it. We've confronted WG, and we're exploring every legal option, but the reality is... it's going to be a fight. We didn't see it coming. We trusted him.

CHAR

(voice breaking)

We all trusted him. We trusted you.

MM flinches, but he understands the pain behind her words. He looks at DM, who's watching him closely, her expression a mix of worry and unwavering support.

MM

I know. And I can't apologize enough. But we're not giving up. We're going to fight to get back as much as we can.

DARLA

(softly, trying to reassure)

We'll find a way.

The group sits in a heavy, collective silence, the weight of the news sinking in. They've been blindsided, and now, they're facing an uncertain future.

MM

(quiet, resolute)

I promise you, we won't stop until we've done everything we can. This isn't the end.

RB nods, backing MM's words, but the tension remains thick in the room. Vern squeezes Char's hand, trying to offer comfort, while Al stares at the floor, lost in thought.

RB

We're in this together. It's going to be hard, but we're going to fight like hell.

The camera lingers on the group, a circle of friends and family united by trust and shaken by betrayal. MM glances out the window again, the light almost gone—another day fading, but the fight just beginning.

#

Scene: Board Meeting 1

INT. BOARDROOM - ZIO'S TECH COMPANY - DAY

The boardroom at Zio's tech company is sleek and corporate, with a long glass table and modern leather chairs. A large screen displays company financials in the background, graphs and numbers silently highlighting the stakes. The room is tense, filled with TTI's key players—MM (MARCO MEKIS), RB (RICHARD BRONSON), Zio, and several other board members. WG (WALT GANDER) sits near the head of the table, his usual confidence tinged with a hint of defensiveness.

MM stands at the front, visibly tense but composed, a stack of papers in hand. The board members watch him closely, some with skepticism, others with concern. WG maintains his calm, leaning back in his chair with an air of detached amusement.

MM

(steady but urgent)

We've got to address what's been happening with TTI's funds. We've uncovered significant discrepancies in the company's financials—money that should be in our accounts isn't there.

WG looks unfazed, giving a slight, dismissive smile as MM speaks.

WG

(smoothly)

This again? I've already explained. The private placements were oversubscribed. I moved quickly to make sure investors got the shares they wanted. No harm, no foul.

MM glances at RB, then back at the room. He spreads out the documents on the table—bank statements, transaction records, undeniable proof of WG's wrongdoing.

RB

(firm, no nonsense)

It's not just a matter of oversubscription, Walt. These transactions weren't authorized, and the funds never made it to the company. You were selling stock and pocketing the proceeds. This isn't just a mix-up.

The room shifts, board members exchanging uneasy glances. Zio looks down, visibly distressed, caught between loyalty and the cold facts before him.

ZIO

(voice strained)

Walt, we trusted you. I trusted you. This doesn't look right.

WG's demeanor shifts slightly, annoyance creeping in, but he keeps up his calm exterior, adjusting his tie as if this were all a minor inconvenience.

WG

(smiling thinly)

Come on, Zio, don't be dramatic. I've been managing the finances in a way that's best for all of us. Investors are happy; the stock's moving. What's the issue?

MM steps closer, his frustration simmering just below the surface.

MM

(voice rising)

The issue is that you've been lying to all of us. You've put the company, our investors, and everything we've worked for at risk. This isn't just about the money—it's about trust.

WG's smile fades, his eyes narrowing as he realizes the board is no longer buying his excuses.

WG

(sitting up, defensive)

Fine. If you want me gone, just say it. I'll consider resigning, but I'm not admitting to anything.

I've done nothing but work my ass off for this company.

Zio looks pained, his voice shaking as he tries to keep the meeting from spiraling further.

ZIO

Walt, no one wants this. But we can't ignore what's happening. We need to take action, and we need you to be honest with us.

WG stands abruptly, pushing his chair back, the sound cutting sharply through the tense silence.

WG

(mocking)

Honest? You think you're all so squeaky clean? I said I'd consider resigning, and that's all you're getting from me.

WG storms out, leaving the door half-open behind him. The boardroom falls into a heavy silence, the gravity of the situation hanging over them.

RB

(to MM, quietly)

This isn't over. He's going to fight us every step of the way.

MM

(nodding, resolute)

Let him. We'll do what we have to.

The camera lingers on the boardroom—papers strewn across the table, uneasy faces around the room. It's clear this is just the beginning of a battle that will test them all.

#

Scene: BOD 2

INT. BOARDROOM - ZIO'S TECH COMPANY - DAY

The boardroom at Zio's tech company is tense and filled with uncertainty. The polished glass table reflects the strained faces of the directors, each grappling with the gravity of the situation. WG (WALT GANDER) sits near the head of the table, arms crossed, his expression defiant. MM (MARCO MEKIS), RB (RICHARD BRONSON), Zio, and other board members are present, the atmosphere heavy with unresolved tension.

MM stands, leaning over the table as he addresses the group. WG watches him with a cool, calculating gaze, ready to challenge every word.

WG

(smirking, interrupting)

I'd like to question whether proper notice was given for this meeting. I'm not even sure it's official.

MM, maintaining his composure, responds calmly.

MM

(steady, assertive)

Notice was given, and this meeting is official. We're here to resolve this, Walt.

WG leans back, smirking slightly, knowing he's already disrupted the formalities. MM glances at RB, sensing the trap WG has set—they're in a meeting where no binding decisions can be made.

MM

(to the room, trying to keep the peace)

Let's avoid getting bogged down in technicalities. We need to focus on the path forward.

The directors exchange uneasy looks. WG's maneuvering has stripped the meeting of its power, turning it into an informal discussion. They all know it, but no one wants to escalate.

ZIO, visibly upset, tries to hold the group together, his voice cracking slightly.

ZIO

We have to address this. TTI needs to be positioned to go public, or we're all in serious trouble.

WG

(shrugs, acting casual)

I may have been careless, but I never intended to do wrong. I was just trying to help—selling my own stock, nothing more. No harm intended.

BOB, one of the directors, leans back, visibly tired of the conflict.

BOB

Let's just sweep this under the rug. We've been through enough. No point dragging this out any longer.

VAL, another director, frowns, clearly conflicted but unwilling to take a hard stance.

VAL

Maybe we should reprimand him and move on. We don't need a full-blown war over this.

BRUCE, indecisive, glances at BRYAN, trying to gauge which way to lean. BRYAN, more decisive, speaks up, his voice firm.

BRYAN

No, that's not enough. This isn't just a slap on the wrist situation. Walt needs to resign.

ZIO, near tears, turns to WG, his voice breaking under the strain.

ZIO

Walt, please... we need you to step down. For the good of the company, for all of us. This can't go on like this.

WG sits in silence for a moment, weighing his options. He looks around the room, seeing the walls closing in. Finally, he stands, his expression hardening.

WG

(sarcastic, defiant)

Fine. I'll consider stepping out, but I'm staying on as a paid consultant. That's the only deal you're getting from me.

MM looks at the other directors, each silently grappling with their next move. The room feels heavy, the air thick with tension. But there's no more room for negotiation.

MM

(calm but firm)

That's not going to work. Walt, you're fired.

WG's face contorts with anger, but he doesn't argue. He grabs his things, pushing past the others as he storms out of the room. The door slams shut behind him, leaving the directors in a stunned silence.

RB

(quietly, to MM)

He's not going to let this go.

MM

(nodding)

I know. But it had to be done.

A FEW DAYS LATER

INT. MM'S OFFICE - DAY

MM reads over the legal papers in disbelief. WG has filed a lawsuit for wrongful termination, claiming a contract that never existed. MM tosses the papers onto his desk, frustration etched across his face.

MM

(to himself, resigned)

And so it begins.

The camera lingers on the papers, the start of another battle in a fight that seems far from over.

#

Scene: Building the Case

INT. BOARDROOM - TTI OFFICES - DAY

The boardroom feels more like a war room these days, with files and documents spread across the table. MM (MARCO MEKIS), RB (RICHARD BRONSON), and Kraut, their legal advisor, sit surrounded by stacks of papers, each one representing another piece of the complicated puzzle that TTI has become. The tension is thick; it's been weeks of reviewing evidence, debating strategies, and finding every possible angle to confront WG (WALT GANDER).

Kraut, a methodical and relentless lawyer, flips through a binder, his face set in concentration.

KRAUT

(flatly, to the group)

We've reviewed the facts. Criminal and civil matters are tangled, and there's a lot here, but proving intent is thin. It's a matter of what sticks in court versus what's just not enough.

WG is not present, but his shadow looms large in every conversation. Proposals to settle have been made and rejected; WG maintains his innocence, claiming that no real stock sale occurred, just misunderstandings.

RB

(sighing, frustrated)

He's playing the long game, Walt knows how to twist the narrative. There's always an excuse, always a way to make himself the victim.

MM glances at the wall where a timeline of WG's actions has been pinned up, a visual reminder of how far this has spiraled.

MM

(quietly)

We're running out of moves. He keeps rejecting settlements because he thinks he can walk away from this clean.

Kraut finally closes the binder, the sound punctuating the room's silence.

KRAUT

Let's file with the Securities Commission. It's a long shot, but it's the next step.

INT. SECURITIES COMMISSION OFFICES - DAY

A few days later, MM, RB, and Kraut sit across from a stone-faced officer at the Securities Commission. Kraut presents the case with precision, laying out every manipulated transaction and document. But the officer's response is blunt and dismissive.

SEC OFFICER

(calculating, almost bored)

We don't take action on this. Accredited investors are on their own. It's not our fight.

The door closes behind them, another dead end.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MM'S HOME - EVENING

Later, MM stands in his living room, facing a small group of family, friends, and early investors—Vern, Joanne, and Auddie among them. The atmosphere is somber; these were the people who believed in TTI's dream from the start. MM tries to muster the right words, but the guilt weighs heavy.

MM

(struggling to find his voice)

I wanted to give you all an update on what's happening with TTI... It's not good. There have been financial missteps, serious ones, and we're fighting to recover, but it's complicated.

Joanne and Auddie exchange worried glances, recalling how they bought into this vision years ago. MM's mind drifts back to 1998 when he first pitched the idea.

FLASHBACK - INT. LIVING ROOM - 1998

The room is filled with excitement as MM presents the Unilight prototype to Vern's friends. WG and his wife, JG, are animated, selling the dream of a revolutionary invention that would be their legacy.

MM

(back to the group)

We had so much hope then—things were simpler.

FLASHBACK - INT. TTI OFFICES - 1999

WG stands confidently before shareholders, boasting about deals in Asia and Arizona. He seems untouchable, a hero in front of the directors, promoting the Unilight's potential.

MM

(voiceover)

We believed we were on the cusp of something great. But everything started to unravel...

INT. MM'S HOME - NIGHT

MM's thoughts snap back to the present. He sees the worry in DM's eyes—she's seen him carry this burden for too long. They've argued, debated, and she's suggested leaving this mess behind, but MM is still here, fighting.

DARLA

(softly, to MM)

We'll figure it out. But this can't keep breaking us.

MM nods, but the weight is still there. He recounts to the group how WG's behavior turned from eccentric to reckless, each bad decision compounding the damage.

INT. BOARDROOM - TTI OFFICES - DAY (WEEKS EARLIER)

RB recalls a tense exchange with Bob, questioning missing funds from a cash deal. Bob's defensiveness escalates, accusing RB of trying to force him out as a ploy to weaken WG's support.

BOB

(angrily)

This is all a setup. You think you can push me off the board? I've got the bylaws on my side!

Bob storms out, leaving RB and MM staring at the mess WG's influence has caused.

RB

(to MM, tired)

This is what we're up against—loyalty to a con man who's tearing everything apart.

INT. BOARDROOM - TTI OFFICES - NIGHT

Kraut reviews all the gathered evidence one last time, knowing it's as solid as it can be without the smoking gun that WG never leaves behind.

KRAUT

(finally, resigned)

We file, we fight, but it's going to be a hard road. The system's built for guys like him.

MM and RB exchange a knowing look, the unspoken realization settling in: this isn't just about justice anymore—it's about finding some way to move forward, no matter what it takes.

The camera pulls back, leaving MM and RB alone in the dimly lit boardroom, surrounded by the remnants of their once-bright vision for TTI.

#

Scene: Looking for Options to Recover

INT. BOARDROOM - TTI OFFICES - NIGHT

The boardroom is dimly lit, with just a few overhead lights casting shadows across the piles of documents and empty coffee cups scattered around. MM (MARCO MEKIS) and RB (RICHARD BRONSON) sit at the table, their expressions weary. The walls seem to close in with the weight of their situation. Legal bills are piling up, cash reserves are dwindling, and every decision feels like a desperate gamble.

RB stares at the financial statements spread before them, a pen tapping restlessly against the table. MM flips through a stack of legal briefs, his face drawn and tired.

RB

(quiet, almost to himself)

We're out of cash, Marco. The legal fees alone are going to bury us if this drags on much longer.

MM nods, eyes focused but distant. They've been running on fumes, and every day seems to bring another challenge, another roadblock.

MM

(exhaling, frustrated)

We need a way out. We can't keep fighting on all these fronts with nothing left in the tank.

MM pushes forward a settlement offer they had drafted, the last-ditch proposal made to WG. It's been marked up, rewritten, and ultimately rejected.

RB glances at the numbers again, the bitterness of wasted effort clear on his face.

RB

(reading through)

The offer was simple—WG keeps a third of his shares, sells another third to the directors to raise cash, and returns the last third to cover the damage. Everyone could've walked away with something.

MM looks at the offer, knowing it was their best shot at finding common ground, but WG's refusal still stings.

MM

(disappointed but resigned)

He refused. Didn't even consider it seriously. We could've all come out ahead, but he's too damn stubborn to see it.

RB leans back, rubbing his temples. The reality of the situation has sunk in, but it doesn't make it any easier to accept.

RB

(voice tight)

It was a fair deal. He would've kept enough to stay afloat, we'd get some cash back into the company, and we'd settle the damage. But no, WG has to play hardball.

MM

(sighs)

This could've been over. We could've moved on. Instead, we're staring down the barrel of more lawsuits, more expenses.

The room feels heavy, the walls bearing down as if they, too, are tired of the endless struggle. MM stares at the offer, a crumpled symbol of what could have been a lifeline.

RB

(hardening his resolve)

He thinks he can win this by bleeding us dry. But he's not going to take us down that easy.

MM nods, but the frustration is still there, knowing that WG's refusal isn't just a tactical move—it's a stubbornness that's costing everyone dearly.

MM

We had a path. We could've salvaged something for everyone. But now... now it's just a damn fight.

The camera lingers on the settlement offer, abandoned on the table. It's a reminder of a missed opportunity, a moment where everything could have turned around but didn't. MM and RB sit in the dim light, contemplating their next move as the weight of their decisions—and WG's—presses down on them.

Chapter 3

War

Scene: War and Proxy Fight

INT. BOARDROOM - TTI OFFICES - DAY

The atmosphere in the boardroom is electric, charged with tension as the Board of Directors gathers for a decisive meeting. MM (MARCO MEKIS), RB (RICHARD BRONSON), and the rest of the board sit around the long table. WG (WALT GANDER) is notably absent, but his presence is felt in every corner of the room. Stacks of legal documents and financial reports are spread out, evidence of the chaos WG has unleashed.

MM stands at the head of the table, his expression resolute. Today, the board is finally taking action.

MM

(to the room, firm)

We've reviewed the evidence, and it's clear. WG has been embezzling company funds. We have no choice but to terminate his position as CEO, cancel all his stock awards, and demand restitution of the stolen funds.

A murmur runs through the room, a mix of agreement and trepidation. The decision is unanimous but heavy, the culmination of months of conflict.

RB

(finalizing the motion)

This isn't just about sending a message. It's about protecting what's left of this company.

The vote is taken, and the resolution passes. MM and RB exchange a brief look—relief mixed with the knowledge that this battle is far from over.

INT. WG'S OFFICE - DAY

WG, sitting behind his desk, reads the termination notice with cold, calculating eyes. He tosses it aside, already plotting his next move. A sneer crosses his face as he picks up the phone.

WG

(into the phone, confidently)

Get the lawyers on this. We're going to sue for breach of contract. They want a fight? They've got one.

WG hangs up, his mind already set on revenge. Despite having no formal employment contract, he intends to turn this into a drawn-out legal war.

INT. WG'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

WG sits in his luxurious living room, surrounded by family members and loyal supporters who've benefited from his gifted stock over the years. He's assembling his troops for a new offensive.

WG

(to the group, with a sense of command)

They've fired me, but we're not done. I'm calling a shareholders' meeting. We've got the votes—family, friends, anyone I've helped along the way. We're going to take back control.

His supporters nod, some excited, others just along for the ride, but all tied to WG's cause by loyalty or greed. WG knows that with their backing, he has a shot at reclaiming his power.

INT. BOARDROOM - TTI OFFICES - DAY

The board is in disarray as news of WG's proxy fight spreads. MM and RB scramble to prepare for what's coming—a battle for the very soul of the company.

MM

(to RB, tense)

He's rallying his supporters. He's calling a shareholders' meeting to vote himself back in as CEO.

RB

(shaking his head)

He's playing dirty, just like always. But we've got to stand firm. This is a power grab, and we can't let him win.

The camera lingers on MM and RB, locked in a fight they thought was nearing its end but is now only heating up. The war for TTI isn't just about the money or the title—it's about control, legacy, and the desperate grasp of a man who refuses to let go.

#

Scene: Preparing for the Special Shareholders Meeting

INT. TTI OFFICES - DAY

The atmosphere in TTI's offices is charged with urgency. MM (MARCO MEKIS) and RB (RICHARD BRONSON) stand by a table cluttered with documents. A notice has just arrived: WG (WALT GANDER) has called a special shareholders meeting. MM holds the notice, his expression grim as he reads the details.

MM

(exasperated)

WG's trying to pull another stunt. He's called a shareholders meeting, but it's all smoke and mirrors.

RB takes the notice, reading it over with a frown.

RB

We need to check the bylaws. This doesn't feel right.

INT. KRAUT'S OFFICE - DAY

Kraut, TTI's sharp and seasoned legal advisor, flips through the company bylaws, his eyes narrowing. The room is filled with the quiet rustle of papers as he reviews each line. He finally looks up, his expression set.

KRAUT

(serious)

This meeting is unauthorized. The bylaws clearly state that WG can't call a meeting like this.

Kraut immediately contacts WG's attorney, challenging the legality of the meeting. The reply comes back swiftly, claiming that their bylaws support the action. MM and RB exchange a glance—something's off.

KRAUT

(scoffing)

The bylaws they're quoting are forgeries. They've been tampered with.

The investigation uncovers that the bylaws used by WG were fraudulent, certified by Boring, a rogue figure in this unfolding drama. Kraut prepares to bring the fight to WG's camp.

INT. BOARDROOM - TTI OFFICES - DAY

MM stands before the BOD, holding up the fraudulent bylaws. His voice is steady but laced with anger.

MM

(presenting evidence)

These bylaws were never adopted. Val certified a meeting that never happened, all at WG's direction. This was orchestrated from the start.

Val, visibly shaken, tries to defend himself but can't hide the guilt.

VAL

(stammering)

I didn't know they were fake. WG told me it was just a formality. I was duped—I never meant any harm.

MM presses on, detailing how the entire scheme was a setup, and Val, though naïve, had become the perfect stooge in WG's plan.

INT. GALLSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Kraut works tirelessly in his cramped office, filing motions to stop WG's unauthorized meeting. His desk is piled with legal briefs and correspondence—evidence of WG's relentless email campaign, stirring up chaos among shareholders.

KRAUT

(determined)

We're going to stop this. I'll see to it that the court blocks this sham.

He drafts a motion, outlining every fraudulent move, preparing for a showdown that will decide the fate of TTI.

INT. DISTRICT COURT - DAY

The courtroom is tense as Kraut presents his case against the fraudulent bylaws. The judge listens intently, taking in every detail of the manipulation. WG's lawyer sits opposite, visibly unnerved as the evidence piles up.

JUDGE

(after a beat)

The meeting is stopped. This was an illegal attempt to seize control.

The judge directs MM to schedule a legitimate shareholders meeting, one already on the books. MM nods, a small but crucial victory won.

INT. MM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Back in his office, MM strategizes with RB, working late into the night. They discuss the company's next steps, knowing they need to shift the balance of power. A new rule is proposed to exclude conflicted directors, blocking WG's daughter and cronies from gaining seats on the board.

RB

(to MM, reviewing papers)

We need votes and cash. We've got to execute as many warrants as possible. Cheap stock might be our only shot at turning this around.

MM

(nodding)

We're hanging on by a thread, but we've got to get control. We win this, or we lose everything.

With every move, they claw back power, inching toward a slim majority. The battle isn't just legal—it's about survival.

EXT. DOWNSIDE RISK BAR (DSR) - NIGHT

MM and RB sit at their familiar spot in the DSR, nursing drinks. MM reflects on how close they've come to losing everything. He recalls a conversation from late '99 when WG had asked to redistribute stock or let him buy some back.

MM

(shaking his head)

If I'd agreed back then, we'd be done. WG would've buried us all.

RB

(sipping his drink)

It's a miracle we've got this far. We just need a little more luck.

The camera lingers on the two men, weary but determined, knowing the fight is far from over. With a slim 52% of the proxies counted, they've won by the skin of their teeth, but the real battle is just beginning.

Scene: Special Shareholders Meeting

INT. HOLIDAY INN HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The room is buzzing with tension. MM (MARCO MEKIS) and RB (RICHARD BRONSON) sit with their supporters on one side, their faces a mix of determination and weariness. Opposite them, WG (WALT GANDER) sits flanked by his allies, including family members and longtime loyalists like Tracy and Dr. F-M. The sides are starkly divided, with each group casting wary glances across the room.

Kraut, MM's lawyer, stands at the front, armed with a stack of documents, a projector, and a steely resolve. He opens with a nod to the audience, then begins clicking through a series of slides, each one more damning than the last. The first shows a series of transactions, each funneled from TTI's accounts into WG's personal coffers.

KRAUT

(calmly, projecting each slide)

Ladies and gentlemen, what you're seeing is a record of unauthorized transfers totaling several hundred thousand dollars, all directed by Mr. Gander. These aren't accidental. They're consistent and deliberate.

WG shifts in his seat, tugging at his tie, while Tracy looks around, uneasy. She hadn't anticipated this level of detail being laid out for all to see.

WG

(trying to maintain composure)

I've done nothing that wasn't within my rights as CEO. Selling my shares? That's not a crime.
Just business.

Kraut moves to the next set of slides—bank statements, line by line, showing more than just stock sales. Personal expenses, transfers to shell accounts, and WG's consulting contracts appear on screen. MM watches with a steady gaze, knowing each slide is further confirmation of the betrayal they've been fighting to expose.

MM

(leaning forward)

Walt, we all saw your “business” decisions. They weren't for TTI. They were for you.

Bryan, one of TTI's more straightforward directors, chimes in, his tone firm.

BRYAN

(cutting in)

These aren't just questionable decisions, Walt. They're theft, plain and simple. And you knew it.

WG stares at Bryan, but says nothing. His supporters, especially Dr. F-M, sit in tense silence, unsure how to respond. Dr. F-M finally speaks, attempting a weak defense.

DR. F-M

(speaking hesitantly)

We can't be certain it was theft. Perhaps it was careless, yes, but malicious? I think Walt was only trying to help.

Kraut clicks to a new slide—a summary of the impact of WG’s “help.” TTI’s dwindling funds, the missed payrolls, and the canceled projects are all outlined, numbers stark and damning against the bright screen.

TRACY

(whispering to Ted, visibly uncomfortable)

I didn’t know it was this bad. He said he was turning things around.

Ted doesn’t respond, his eyes glued to the screen, realizing the extent of what WG has done. Even Bruce, who normally maintains an air of neutrality, looks visibly troubled.

As the final slides roll, WG’s case unravels completely. Kraut turns back to the room, speaking directly to those on the fence.

KRAUT

(clearly and without judgment)

I’ll leave it to you to decide if this was oversight or outright betrayal. But the evidence speaks for itself.

A tense silence follows. The vote is cast, and it’s clear that WG has lost. Tracy and Ted are the first to rise, slipping out of the room without a word. WG sits for a moment longer, visibly shaken, before he too stands, anger barely contained as he storms out, leaving the rest of his followers to gather their things in silence.

MM and RB take a deep breath. Bryan stands, patting them on the shoulder.

BRYAN

(grimly)

It's done. Let's hope that's the last of it.

With WG gone, the room feels lighter, but the battle's toll is evident on everyone's faces. MM and RB take a moment to address the remaining shareholders, reassuring them that they're now on the path to stability.

As the meeting concludes, the room empties slowly, the remaining directors casting final looks at the abandoned projector and papers strewn across the table—a quiet end to a loud and painful chapter. The door closes behind them, leaving behind the ghosts of decisions past.

#

Scene: Pyrrhic Victory

INT. TTI OFFICES - DAY

The mood in TTI's offices is tense, a far cry from the triumph that should have followed their narrow victory at the shareholders meeting. MM (MARCO MEKIS) and RB (RICHARD BRONSON) sit at a conference table strewn with paperwork. The proxy fight is won, but the fallout is just beginning. WG (WALT GANDER) isn't going down without a fight.

RB sifts through legal notices, each one a reminder of WG's refusal to back down. WG has filed a lawsuit for wrongful termination, despite never having an employment contract in place. The suit is designed to cripple the company, creating uncertainty and blocking any new financing opportunities.

RB

(exasperated)

WG's suing us for wrongful termination—without a contract. He's trying to make sure no one touches us with a ten-foot pole. We're already out of cash, and this lawsuit will scare off any potential investors.

MM nods, staring at the financial reports in front of him. TTI's cash reserves are nearly depleted, and WG's legal strategy is working—crippling the company's ability to move forward.

MM

(tiredly)

It's like he's determined to take us all down with him. We won the fight, but now we're trapped, and the Arizona Securities Commission isn't helping. They won't touch this.

INT. SECURITIES COMMISSION OFFICES - DAY

A meeting with the Arizona Securities Commission ends in frustration. MM and Kraut present the case: TTI's funds were diverted to WG instead of the company. The investors got their stock, but that's not the point—the money was supposed to build TTI, not pad WG's accounts.

SEC OFFICER

(confused, dismissive)

From what we see, investors received their shares. There's no evidence they were shorted. This looks more like a corporate dispute than a securities violation.

MM and Kraut leave the office, the refusal echoing in their minds. The Commission misses the crux of it all: investors' money went to WG instead of TTI, and they won't intervene.

INT. TTI OFFICES - STEVE MEADOW'S CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Steve Meadow, TTI's securities attorney, reviews the financial fallout of the private placements. MM and RB sit across from him, the weight of the situation evident on their faces.

STEVE MEADOW

(concerned, flipping through documents)

WG's actions have muddied everything. Any cash still in the private placement trust accounts could be subject to refund demands. Investors could claim they were misled, and we might be forced to give back funds we don't have.

MM and RB exchange a look—there's barely any cash left to operate, let alone deal with potential refunds.

RB

(disheartened)

We're running on fumes here. Not much of a victory, is it?

MM

(somberly)

No, it's not. WG's wrecked the place, and now he's trying to make sure we can't put it back together.

INT. TTI OFFICES - DAY

A small group gathers—Al M, Vern, Al P, and a few loyal investors. Gordon, the persistent salesman, is there too. These are the ones still willing to take a chance on TTI, but the atmosphere is grim. MM lays out the dire financial situation and the need for new funds to keep the company afloat.

MM

(pleading but honest)

It's a long shot, and I won't sugarcoat it. We're hanging by a thread, and WG's lawsuit is making things worse. But if we don't find some cash soon, it's over.

The room is quiet, the reality of the risk sinking in. The few loyal investors nod, not because they're confident but because they still believe in the idea—even when everything else has failed.

VERN

(slowly)

We've come this far. I'm in, but it's got to be the last time.

AL P

(to MM, serious)

We'll back you, but this can't drag on much longer. We need a win.

MM and RB nod, grateful but knowing full well the odds they face. It's a thin lifeline in an ocean of uncertainty.

RB

(quietly to MM)

We won the vote, but we're bleeding out. This has to be the last round.

The camera lingers on MM and RB, surrounded by papers and exhausted investors. The proxy fight was won, but the victory feels hollow—just another battle in a war that's far from over. The next steps are unclear, and with no cash left, the fight to save TTI has only just begun.

#

Scene: Management Change and Rebuilding

INT. TTI OFFICES - DAY

The TTI offices are quiet, almost empty. The once-bustling business now feels hollow, with scattered desks and a skeleton crew trying to keep things afloat. MM (MARCO MEKIS) and RB (RICHARD BRONSON) are in the midst of a chaotic transition, trying to piece together what's left of the company after the proxy fight. They've won control, but the reality of running TTI with no cash and a demoralized staff is hitting hard.

MM sits at his desk, staring at a stack of resignation letters. The proxy fight may have ousted WG, but it's left the company gutted. One by one, the cracks are showing.

RB walks in, tossing a folder on the desk, frustration clear on his face.

RB

(disgusted)

JR's out. WG's son-in-law hasn't closed a single deal since he was hired, and today he showed up two hours late again. We fired him for cause, but he doesn't care.

MM

(sighing)

One less problem, but we're still bleeding from all sides. We're barely keeping the lights on, and now we've got sales to worry about too.

INT. TTI OFFICES - PARKING LOT - DAY

The traffic engineer, one of the last skilled employees still hanging on, quits in a huff, walking out to his car with a laptop under one arm and a Rolodex stuffed with company contacts. MM catches him just before he drives off.

MM

(trying to stay calm)

You can't take that. Those are company contacts—it's not yours to walk away with.

TRAFFIC ENGINEER

(bitterly)

Good luck running this place without anyone who knows what they're doing. You guys are on your own now.

The engineer slams his car door shut and speeds off, leaving MM standing alone in the lot, watching another valuable resource drive away.

INT. TTI OFFICES - ACCOUNTING ROOM - DAY

The office is thrown into chaos again when the secretary quits with no notice. She packs up her things, leaving behind a mess of locked screens and changed passwords. MM and RB stare at the blank monitors, realizing she's locked down the entire accounting system.

RB

(incredulous)

She locked us out of everything. No passwords, no access to the books. We're flying blind.

MM

(grimacing)

It's sabotage. She knew exactly how to hit us where it hurts.

They try different passwords, but nothing works. The company's finances are now locked behind a wall they can't get through, another reminder of how fragile the situation has become.

INT. TTI OFFICES - SALES FLOOR - DAY

Gordon, the ever-loyal but clueless salesman, shows up to help. He's eager but overwhelmed, rifling through outdated brochures and spreadsheets, trying to make sense of what's left of the sales operation.

GORDON

(sheepish)

I'm here to help, but I don't even know what we're selling anymore, or to who.

MM and RB exchange a weary look. Gordon's enthusiasm is a rare bright spot, but it's clear he's in over his head.

MM

(to Gordon, kindly but direct)

We're glad you're here, but we need to figure this out. Start with the basics—who's still buying, what contracts are still active. We'll go from there.

Gordon nods, trying his best to dive in, but it's clear the road ahead is rough.

INT. TTI OFFICES - MM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The office is dim, lit only by the glow of MM's computer. MM and RB sit, exhausted, but still pushing forward. The company is hanging on by a thread, and every step feels like it's uphill.

RB

(quietly)

This is what we fought for—control of a sinking ship. But we have to make it work. There's no other choice.

MM

(nodding, resolute)

We knew it wouldn't be easy. We just have to keep moving. This was the whole point—to get back in the driver's seat. We've just got to steer this thing in the right direction.

The camera lingers on MM and RB, surrounded by papers, empty desks, and the quiet hum of an office that's barely alive. It's a stark reminder of the uphill battle ahead, but they're determined to keep going. The proxy fight gave them control, but rebuilding TTI is a different fight entirely—a test of resilience, grit, and sheer will to survive.

————— another draft —————

Scene: Management Change and Rebuilding

INT. TTI OFFICES - DAY

The TTI offices are a shell of their former selves. Desks sit empty, and the air is heavy with the aftermath of a long, bitter battle. MM (MARCO MEKIS) and RB (RICHARD BRONSON) are now in charge, but with most of the staff gone, they're left to pick up the pieces of a company barely hanging on.

MM flips through a pile of paperwork, including JR's termination notice. JR, WG's inexperienced son-in-law, had been Sales Manager in title only—spending his days playing computer games and wandering off for long lunches. He was fired for cause, but the damage to morale and momentum remains.

INT. TTI OFFICES - SALES FLOOR - DAY

MM and RB walk through the sales floor, now almost entirely deserted. The young traffic engineer, who once had promise, has quit in frustration. He'd tried to leave with a company laptop and the Rolodex containing all their vital contacts, but MM intercepted him in the parking lot.

FLASHBACK - EXT. TTI PARKING LOT - DAY

The young engineer glares at MM, who stands in front of him, blocking his path. Reluctantly, he tosses the laptop back to MM, muttering curses as he walks away, leaving behind any hope of salvaging their professional relationship.

INT. TTI OFFICES - ADMIN AREA - DAY

The secretary's desk sits vacant, a quiet reminder of her sudden departure. Her abrupt exit came with a final act of defiance—she changed the passwords to the entire accounting system, locking MM and RB out of their own financial records. Her alliance with WG had been apparent over long lunches and quiet conversations, but they hadn't anticipated this level of sabotage.

RB

(shaking his head)

We're locked out of everything. She knew exactly how to hit us where it hurts.

MM

(steeling himself)

We'll get through it. We have to. If we can unlock the systems, we'll be able to move forward.

INT. TTI OFFICES - SALES ROOM - DAY

Gordon, a loyal investor, has volunteered to help with sales. He's determined and optimistic, even if he has little idea what he's actually selling or to whom. With no technical background, he's overwhelmed but eager, flipping through brochures and sales pitches like they hold the secrets to the universe.

GORDON

(focused, hopeful)

I'm not sure what half of this means, but I'm here to help. We've still got a shot, right?

MM pats him on the shoulder, appreciating the effort. Gordon's earnestness is all they have left, and it's clear he's willing to work for free—driven by the same hope that had once fueled the company.

MM

(reassuringly)

That's right, Gordon. We still have a shot. Just keep reaching out. We'll figure it out as we go.

Gordon nods, his perseverance unwavering, even as he faces the daunting task of selling a product he barely understands.

INT. TTI OFFICES - MM'S OFFICE - DAY

MM and RB settle into MM's office, both looking over the scattered remnants of TTI's operations. It's clear that rebuilding will take everything they've got, and more.

RB

(weary, but resolved)

This wasn't what we planned for, but we're here. We fought for this. Now, we have to make it work.

MM

(nodding, determined)

We've come too far to back down now. It's time to rebuild, one piece at a time.

They sit in silence for a moment, absorbing the weight of the task ahead. They've won the proxy fight, but the battle to restore TTI has only just begun.

#

Scene: Biz Dev Struggles

INT. TTI OFFICES - ACCOUNTING ROOM - DAY

The TTI offices are quiet, with MM (MARCO MEKIS) and RB (RICHARD BRONSON) working methodically to unlock the accounting systems that had been locked down during the company's turbulent transition. Slowly, passwords are cracked, and access is restored. As they dig deeper, they uncover a trove of old proposals to Departments of Transportation and crucial points of contact—leads that might just keep TTI alive.

MM scans through the recovered documents, his eyes lighting up as he finds a promising lead—a project with Mexico City's Traffic Department. With his multicultural

background and international experience, MM recognizes an opportunity others might miss.

MM

(excited, looking up)

This could be something. Mexico City's rolling out a new traffic network, and I think we can get in.

RB glances over, hopeful but cautious. MM's linguistic skills—Italian, French, English, and Spanish—give him a unique edge, and it's time to put them to use.

INT. MEXICO CITY TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT - DAY

MM arrives in Mexico City, his Spanish polished and ready. He's been taking lessons to fine-tune his skills, but his confidence comes from years of self-study and immersion in languages. To help navigate the complexities of Mexico's political and business landscape, he hires Alberto, a high-powered consultant with deep connections to city politics and government agencies.

MM and Alberto enter a bustling conference room filled with Mexico City Traffic Department executives. They're proud of their advanced traffic system, set to debut during President Fox's inauguration. MM, with Alberto by his side, presents TTI's technology. He's smooth and confident, drawing on his multicultural background to connect.

MM

(in Spanish, confidently)

Nos encantaría ser parte de este proyecto. Creemos que nuestra tecnología puede complementar y mejorar su red.

The executives are intrigued, impressed by MM's seamless communication and his ability to understand the nuances of their goals. Multiple meetings follow, each one moving them closer to securing a foothold in Mexico City's ambitious plans.

EXT. CHAPULTEPEC CITY PARK - DAY

With a rare day off, MM and DM (DARLA MEKIS) explore Chapultepec Park, a welcome respite from the chaos they've left behind. They stroll through the lush greenery, stopping to admire the Museum of Anthropology's vast collections. It's a quiet moment of peace, a reminder that there's still a world beyond the business struggles consuming their lives.

DM

(smiling as she takes in the sights)

This city is incredible. I had no idea it would be like this.

MM nods, feeling the weight of the last few months lifting, if only for a day.

INT. HIGH-END MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

That evening, MM and DM join Alberto and his wife, Johana, at an upscale Mexican restaurant. The setting is elegant, with soft lighting, beautifully plated dishes, and the gentle, melodic strains of a harpist playing in the background.

The food is a revelation—sophisticated and flavorful, showcasing the best of Mexican cuisine. The evening is filled with laughter, conversation, and a sense of normalcy that MM and DM haven't felt in a long time.

ALBERTO

(raising a glass)

Salud. To new opportunities and to seeing Mexico in a new light.

MM clinks glasses with Alberto, a small smile crossing his face. For the first time in months, there's a sense of deliverance—a break from the relentless grind of saving TTI.

MM

(to Alberto, gratefully)

Gracias, amigo. This trip... it's been a reminder of why we keep fighting.

DM nods, sharing a look with MM. The music, the food, and the company have created a moment of respite—a glimpse of the life they're working so hard to reclaim.

The camera lingers on the group, enjoying the meal and the moment—a brief escape from the pressures of the past months and a reminder that even amid chaos, there are still moments of beauty and hope.

————— another draft —————

Scene: Biz Development Struggles

INT. TTI OFFICES - ACCOUNTING ROOM - DAY

The TTI office feels abandoned, with only MM (MARCO MEKIS) and RB (RICHARD BRONSON) still putting in the hours. They've managed to crack the accounting system, bit by bit, unearthing old proposals and contact lists buried in encrypted files. Each discovery is a small victory, but they're reminders of how much was lost during WG's reign.

MM pulls out a dusty proposal to the Mexico City Traffic Department. His background in international finance and languages—Italian from childhood, French from his grandmother, Spanish learned for the pleasure of it—offers him a unique advantage.

MM

(holding the document up)

This could be our ticket. Mexico City's launching a new network, and they might just need what we have.

RB looks over, a glimmer of hope breaking through his fatigue. He's seen MM pull off miracles before, and this lead is their best shot yet.

INT. MEXICO CITY TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT - DAY

MM arrives in Mexico City, Alberto, his high-powered local consultant, at his side. Alberto's connections open doors, and MM's Spanish flows smoothly, honed by weeks of last-minute practice. They enter a large conference room, where city officials proudly describe the advanced traffic system they're implementing for President Fox's inauguration.

MM

(confident, in Spanish)

Nos encantaría ser parte de su proyecto. Nuestra tecnología podría complementar su red.

The officials nod, intrigued. A series of follow-up meetings ensues, each one bringing TTI a step closer to securing a deal. MM leans on his multilingual skills, bridging cultural gaps as he navigates the politics of a complex city government.

EXT. CHAPULTEPEC CITY PARK - DAY

On a rare day off, MM and DM (DARLA MEKIS) stroll through the expansive Chapultepec Park, their minds far from the stresses back home. They wander into the Museum of Anthropology, admiring ancient artifacts and grand exhibits that span centuries. It's a much-needed moment of peace—a reminder of life beyond TTI.

DM

(taking in the sights)

This city's incredible. I never imagined it like this.

MM smiles, letting the weight of recent months slip away, if only for a moment.

INT. UPSCALE MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

That evening, MM and DM join Alberto and his wife Johana for a luxurious dinner. The restaurant is elegant, with soft lighting and a harpist playing nearby. Plates of modern Mexican cuisine arrive, each dish an artful combination of flavors.

ALBERTO

(raising his glass)

Salud. To new beginnings and discovering the beauty of Mexico.

MM clinks his glass, feeling a sense of gratitude. For the first time in a long while, he isn't thinking about WG, or TTI's struggles. There's just good food, good friends, and a reminder that maybe, just maybe, there's a future beyond the chaos they've endured.

INT. TTI OFFICES - NIGHT

Back in the quiet of the TTI offices, MM reflects on the trip. The meetings went well, but they're still far from a secured contract. Yet, the experience has reignited something—a reminder of why he keeps fighting. He sits in the dim light, a small smile on his face, ready to tackle whatever's next.

MM

(whispering to himself)

We're not done yet.

#

Scene: Facing Financial Reality

INT. TTI OFFICES - MM'S OFFICE - DAY

The TTI office feels more like a battleground than a place of business. Papers are scattered across MM's desk, most of them bills and letters from lawyers. The cash reserves have dried up, and every day feels like another round of fighting just to keep the doors open. MM (MARCO MEKIS) and RB (RICHARD BRONSON) sit at the table, facing the harsh reality of their situation.

RB looks at the latest financial reports, his face grim. WG's (WALT GANDER) lawsuits have locked up any chance of new funding, and without cash, TTI's survival is on a razor's edge.

RB

(sighing)

We're out of options. Every investor we talk to gets spooked by the lawsuits. Nobody wants to touch this mess.

MM nods, rubbing his temples as he stares at a list of potential investors, names crossed out one by one.

MM

(exhausted)

WG's got us boxed in. Every time we think we've found a way forward, he shuts it down. We've tried everyone—Mike S, Rod, all those guys promising deals, but none of them come through.

INT. TTI OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The room is filled with the hum of quiet conversations and the buzz of fluorescent lights. MM and RB meet with a succession of potential investors—Mike S, Rod, and others. Each one promises to bring in funding, each one with a slick pitch about leveraging Other People's Money (OPM) to save TTI. But they all have the same hidden agenda: a brokerage fee and no real commitment.

Mike S sits across from MM and RB, his confidence almost theatrical. He lays out a convoluted plan to bring in OPM, but it's clear that his interest is more in collecting his cut than helping the company.

MIKE S

(leaning back, smoothly)

It's all about positioning. We bring in outside funds, restructure a bit, and everybody wins. I'll just need a small fee upfront to get things rolling.

MM and RB exchange a knowing look—they've heard it all before.

RB

(firmly)

We're not looking to pay upfront fees. We need real investors, not more middlemen.

Mike S frowns, his polished demeanor cracking slightly. He leaves, another in a long line of failed leads.

INT. TTI OFFICES - LOBBY - DAY

MM meets with Rod, another potential savior, pacing as he listens to Rod's latest pitch. The promises sound good—OPM, restructuring, a quick turnaround—but the pattern is clear. They all want something for nothing, riding the coattails of TTI's desperation.

ROD

(casual, pitching hard)

Look, Marco, we just need to package this right. Investors love a comeback story. We get the right narrative, and the money flows.

MM stops pacing, his patience worn thin.

MM

(flatly)

We've heard it all before, Rod. If you've got real money, bring it. Otherwise, we're done.

Rod shrugs, offers a final handshake, and exits, leaving MM standing in the empty lobby, frustration boiling over.

INT. TTI OFFICES - MM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Back in his office, MM slumps in his chair, staring at the list of potential investors, now mostly crossed out. The hope that each meeting had promised has turned to disillusionment, one after another. The reality is sinking in: TTI is running out of time.

RB enters, closing the door quietly behind him. They've run this cycle too many times—each meeting a glimmer of hope, each outcome another dead end.

RB

(sitting down, tired)

We can't keep doing this. We need real money, not more empty promises. WG's lawsuits have us cornered, and these guys are just circling, looking for scraps.

MM

(quietly, resolute)

We have to find another way. I don't know how, but we can't give up. Not yet.

RB nods, but the weight of their situation is palpable. There are no easy answers left, just the relentless grind of trying to keep a sinking ship afloat. The camera lingers on MM and RB, two men fighting against the tide, with nothing left to lose but the dream they refuse to abandon.

Chapter 4

TTI backstory

Scene Description: MM , How Did You Get Into This Mess?

DOWNSIDE RISK BAR (DSR) - NIGHT

The Downside Risk Bar is dimly lit, its walls lined with memorabilia and faded photos that tell stories of countless deals and dreams, many of which never quite panned out. MM and RB sit at the bar, nursing their drinks, exhausted but still clinging to a sense of purpose. It's late, and the bar is nearly empty, with only a few patrons scattered at tables. The hum of quiet conversation and the soft clink of glasses fill the air.

RB

(staring into his glass, lost in thought)

“MM , I’ve got to ask... How did you get into this mess? I mean, you had a good thing going before TTI. What brought you to this point?”

MM

(leaning back, exhaling deeply, his eyes fixed on the bartop as if replaying the past)

“That’s a long story, buddy. One I didn’t see unfolding the way it did.”

RB

“We’ve got time. I’m curious, honestly. You were doing well—consulting, trading stocks, living the good life. What made you dive into this madness?”

MM

“It started back when I was running Water Reclamation Technology - WRT, a company I owned with Gordon. I needed a water testing lab to validate our water reclamation technology, and that’s when I first met WG . He was running a chain of water testing labs started by the father of his friend Val. We got to know each other as tech guys each trying to make things work in our little corners of the world.”

RB

“That’s how it always starts, isn’t it? A simple connection, then suddenly you’re knee-deep.”

MM

“Exactly. After WRT, I was hunting for new opportunities, and WG came knocking. He showed me the Unilight—a supposedly revolutionary traffic signal that could help color-blind drivers, save electricity and conquer the world. He said it was his invention. Turns out it wasn’t—it was someone else’s idea that WG had snapped up and filed a patent on. That was his MO: take credit, cut corners, make deals that looked better than the were. Anyway, I took the bait, worked on the project, prototyped it, and found that the original design had a fatal flaw—color-blind drivers

couldn't tell the difference between red and green signals, stop and go. It was dead on arrival. But after months of work, I couldn't let it go. I spent weeks searching for a fix, something no one had done before. Eventually, I figured it out—a white border around the stop signal. Simple, but effective. We filed a new patent in my name, and suddenly WG and I were joined at the hip. We thought we had something real.”

(MM pauses, taking a sip of his drink, lost in the memory of his early hopes and ambitions.)

MM (CONT'D)

“I got caught up in it. While he was working at the labs with pay I worked for free, incorporated Traffic Tech Integrators (TTI), prototyped the Unilight, found a manufacturer, started contacting DOTs, and things were looking up. Then one day WG wanted to be CEO, he said he was the original inventor. I never thought that two chefs in the kitchen can be successful, so I went back to IT consulting. For a while it looked like WG was making great progress and he was, but we needed funding. We sold shares in TTI to friends and family, mostly mine. He brought in directors on the BOD that promised investments but mostly did not.”

RB

“Let me guess—WG started making big promises, and things looked better on paper than they really were.”

MM

“He was a master at that. First shareholder meetings were like a circus act. WG painted this vision of success—contracts with ADOT, progress in Asia, glowing reviews at trade shows.

Investors were thrilled. More money was raised. But unknown to me, behind the scenes, it was a mess. Cash flow problems, overselling promises, and WG 's insatiable need to be the hero."

RB

(shaking his head, knowing all too well how it goes)

"And you couldn't just stand by and watch."

MM

"I did not know. I was working hard at Platinum and on my investments. After I retired I went to Europe and was far away although I went looking for leads there too. When I came back, and had time on my hands, WG asked me to help with the IPO. I thought it was way too early but he wanted a publicly traded stock. I went along because it could be liquidity for all the investors. By the time you came on board, things were already slipping. We were scrambling for funding, and WG was cooking up schemes to keep the lights on. When we found out he'd been selling stock on the side, it was like being hit by a truck. Suddenly, the picture clicked—he'd been playing us all from the start."

RB

"So why didn't you walk away then?"

MM

"I wish I had, but I felt responsible—for the investors, for my friends and family who'd put their trust in us. WG may have been the conman, but I was the one who brought them all to the table. I couldn't just abandon them."

(MM leans forward, staring into his drink, the weight of his decisions etched on his face.)

MM (CONT'D)

“And every time I thought about quitting, I’d remember those early days when we thought we were building something great. I guess I just kept hoping we could get back to that.”

RB

“It’s a hell of a price to pay.”

MM

“Yeah, it was. And that’s not all of it”

RB

“what do you mean not all of it?”

MM

“The part unknown is that, as you do know, during the last months the dot.com industry has lost its bottom”

RB

“Don’t I know. I lost a fortune”

MM

“Ditto. Unable to mind my investments while fighting WG, I lost much of my nest egg. I was highly leveraged because I thought that with a portfolio of over 100 companies, I had diversification to protect me from downside risk (looking sarcastically at the DSR sign over the

bar). Well, last Christmas-eve alone I got a margin call for \$100,000. One of many over the months. I just did not have time to mind my portfolio in any meaningful way. Not fun, brutal. Easy come, easy go.”

RB

“A hell of a price you paid”

MM

“Yep, and the worst of it is that if I had bought out of the deal all my friends and family straight out of my pocket, they would have been whole and I would have been well ahead of where I am. That option, before the Dot-com market crash, never occurred to me. I was just too focused on what was right and that dream of the business opportunity that we all had.”

(a long pause)

MM (Cont.)

“So here we are. Still fighting, still trying to turn this mess into something that matters. That’s all we can do now. I am grateful for your help fighting the windmills.”

(They sit in silence, the bar’s quiet hum filling the space between them. It’s clear that MM’s journey is far from over, and RB’s question lingers—how does anyone find their way back from this kind of mess? The scene fades with both men deep in thought, facing the long road ahead.)

Messina / Lemonade (SP) / 86

END SCENE

Chapter 5

Recovery

Scene: Chasing Contracts

INT. TTI OFFICES - DAY

The camera fades back to the TTI offices, cluttered and busy as MM (MARCO MEKIS) scans through a stack of brochures and trade show plans. Despite the company's struggles, he's still chasing every lead, determined to turn things around. The room buzzes with quiet activity, each task a small step in the uphill battle to keep the business alive.

MM is on the phone with Mitsubishi Light Rail in Singapore Malaysia. He nods disappointed. The signals on trial there have exceeded expectations, but a big volume order will have to wait for a budget to be proposed, approved, and funded. It will be good business in eighteen to twenty-four months.

EXT. ELKO MINING SHOW - NEVADA - DAY

MM stands amidst the bustle of the Elko Mining Show, surrounded by heavy machinery, prospectors, and the latest mining tech. He's there to sell, but opportunities are scarce. Still, he's pushing TTI's products to anyone who will listen. During a meeting with Barrick's management, an unexpected opportunity arises—a visit to the Goldstrike open pit mine, one of the world's largest gold mines.

EXT. GOLDSTRIKE MINE - DAY

MM is awestruck as he descends into the 2000-foot-deep pit, dwarfed by the massive scale of the operation. He meets with the Chief Geologist, a world-class expert whose perspective stretches across eons like others talk about weeks and months. They discuss the complex process of how gold formed millions of years ago and how it's extracted today.

CHIEF GEOLOGIST

(with a calm, almost philosophical tone)

Gold has been here long before us, created in the stars, rained on our planet over eons, buried deep under pressure and time. Our job is to figure out its secrets, layer by layer.

MM watches a blast unfold, rock exploding with controlled force. Enormous excavators and trucks haul the broken earth, transporting it to the processing site. It's an eye-opening experience—a glimpse into an ancient world of geology and modern industry colliding. For a moment, MM is lost in the scale and history of it all, feeling the weight of time and ambition.

MM

(fade to the image of the scene below as MM speaks)

“You know, this reminds me of my visit with DM last year in Italy at the marble quarries near Carrara in Appennine Mountains. There, marble is cut with new, ingenious machines but in the same process as in ancient Roman times. Then, it was for statues and temples in Rome, today, it is for export worldwide for high-end countertops and the lobbies of high-status commercial buildings. From my vintage point then, the marble blocks looked like Lego blocks on trucks moving down the mountain as slowly as your trucks do now.”

INT. FINLAND TUNNEL PROJECT SITE - DAY

In the age of the internet and globalization described in *The World is Flat*, MM finds a lead to a mine in Finland. By emails and videoconferences, he incoverts a possible use of TTI’s signals in the hundreds of miles of underground tunnels of the company. The Finland Tunnel project takes root. The test is successful—traffic signals working as promised in harsh conditions—but enthusiasm doesn’t translate into meaningful sales. The team’s hopes for a foothold in Europe dim as the project moves forward without further contracts.

EXT. NASCAR TRACK - PHOENIX, AZ - DAY

TTI’s equipment is deployed at the Phoenix 500 NASCAR event for ADOT’s temporary traffic management system. The signals works as planned and the perennially disastrous traffic jams of past years are avoided. It’s a high-profile opportunity, but it doon becomes clear that exposure isn’t enough. Despite the flashy setting, no major deals come through.

EXT. INTERSECTION - CITY OF GLENDALE - DAY

The City of Glendale installs a TTI signal at 59th Ave and Glenn Drive, a notoriously dangerous intersection, a small but significant win. MM watches as traffic flows a bit smoother, safer, thanks to their technology. But one light isn't enough to change the company's fortunes. It's a modest success, isolated and insufficient.

INT. SCOTTSDALE TRAFFIC MANAGEMENT - DAY

Meetings with Scottsdale's Traffic Department stretch on, filled with presentations, studies, and hopeful discussions. But in the end, it's all talk. MM leaves yet another meeting empty-handed, frustrated by the bureaucracy that leads nowhere.

INT. TTI OFFICES - SALES FLOOR - DAY

Bob, one of the few remaining salesmen, cracks a niche market for garage door signals in auto shops. It's a small but steady trickle of sales—helpful, but not the breakthrough MM and RB were hoping for. The signals are selling, but volumes are low, and growth is slow.

BOB

(excited, showing MM the latest sales)

Hey, we're getting traction in the auto shops. It's not huge, but it's something.

MM pats Bob on the back, appreciating the win, no matter how small.

MM

(grateful)

You are doing great Bob. Every little bit helps, Bob. Keep pushing.

The camera pulls back, showing MM standing in the middle of the office, surrounded by half-finished projects, missed opportunities, and a handful of small victories. Chasing contracts has become a daily grind—full of promise, rarely delivering the big break they desperately need. But for MM, each attempt is a reminder of why he’s still in the fight, determined to find that one chance that will make it all worth it.

Chapter 6

Hopeless

Scene: Impossible Private Financing

INT. TTI OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The conference room at TTI has become a revolving door of potential investors. MM (MARCO MEKIS) and RB (RICHARD BRONSON) sit at the long table, reviewing pitch decks and financial projections, trying to keep the company afloat. The atmosphere is tense—every meeting feels like another roll of the dice.

One by one, investors come and go, each one promising hope but delivering nothing concrete.

INT. TTI OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Peter B, a smooth-talking investor dressed in designer suits, leans back in his chair, exuding confidence. He's the latest in a string of potential backers, all showing up with grand plans and big talk. MM and RB sit across from him, hopeful but wary.

PETER B

(smiling confidently)

I've got a few big players interested. We just need to structure the deal right, and we can bring in some serious cash. I've seen this before—big returns, low risk. We're talking OPM, the best way to play the game.

MM and RB exchange a glance. They've heard this line before.

MM

(flatly)

We're not looking for someone to just play with other people's money. We need serious, committed investors.

Peter B's smile wavers, his confidence thin when pressed. He makes a few more promises but offers nothing solid. When he leaves, the room feels emptier than before.

INT. TTI OFFICES - LOBBY - DAY

Tony S, another flashy investor, arrives with his entourage, acting like a big spender. He's got the look of someone who's used to playing high stakes, but MM and RB have learned to see past the surface. They've been here too many times.

TONY S

(gesturing grandly)

This is exactly the kind of turnaround story my partners are looking for. We just need to align the right pieces—our contacts, smart money, and we'll have you up and running in no time.

RB nods politely, but his patience is wearing thin.

RB

(firmly)

We've heard it all before, Tony. What we need is commitment, not just talk. Can you bring the money, or is this another fishing expedition?

Tony S shifts uncomfortably, dodging the question. The meeting drags on, but it's clear he's another player without skin in the game, another empty promise.

INT. TTI OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The room is quiet, the day's meetings over. MM and RB sit surrounded by stacks of notes and investor pitch sheets—ideas that go nowhere. Each investor they've met with—Peter B, Tony S, and countless others—has come in with flashy proposals, but none of them have delivered. Everyone's playing with Other People's Money, but no one is willing to commit.

MM pushes a stack of papers aside, frustration etched on his face.

MM

(exhausted)

They act like they've got all the answers, but it's all OPM. No one's putting their own money on the line. It's a circus.

RB leans back, rubbing his eyes. The endless cycle of pitches and false hope is taking its toll.

RB

(bitterly)

They just want to earn a fee, get their cut, and walk away. We need real money, real partners—not just big talkers with empty pockets.

MM nods, feeling the weight of every failed meeting. The promise of private financing has become a mirage—close enough to chase, but impossible to grasp.

MM

(quietly)

We'll keep looking, but we're running out of time. This whole thing's starting to feel like chasing shadows.

The camera pulls back, showing the conference room filled with remnants of each failed attempt—a testament to the uphill battle of securing the lifeline TTI so desperately needs. Despite the setbacks, MM and RB remain determined, knowing they have to keep pushing forward, no matter how impossible it seems.

Scene: Public TTI

INT. TTI OFFICES - MM'S OFFICE - DAY

MM (MARCO MEKIS) and RB (RICHARD BRONSON) sit in MM's office, surrounded by papers and spreadsheets. The company's financial situation is dire, and every traditional funding route has hit a wall. WG's lingering influence continues to haunt potential investors, leaving MM and RB to search for a new strategy.

RB flips through a stack of financial reports, deep in thought. He looks up, an idea forming.

RB

(cautiously)

You know, we keep hitting the same roadblock with every investor. WG's mess is scaring them off. But what if we cleaned it up and took TTI public? A publicly traded stock could be seen as a fresh start.

MM considers the idea, weighing the risks and potential. It's a bold move, but one that could break them free from WG's shadow.

MM and RB have both been involved with public companies before. They know it is no easy path.

MM

“I remember NSC. I had a BOD open to creative deals, with market makers always asking for credible news or otherwise, and I was in continuous search for financing deals. It was hell RB. You’ve been in your own versions of that hall. Do we need another rounding of that Cape Horn?”

RB

“After an audit, with honest reporting and transparency, we **may** interest legitimate investors. Also, WG still has some TTI stock hidden away in family and friends’ pockets. He would benefit from a publicly traded stock, so he may stop being an obstacle to all we try to do. A trading stock may be attractive to investors as **a** fast path to liquidity”

MM

(nodding slowly)

I hear you: It’s risky, but it could work. Presenting TTI as a clean, audited deal might be enough to bring investors back to the table. And having a trading stock could offer them a quick path to liquidity—something they’re all hungry for. Oh, and WG, out of greed, might stop harassing us. Let’s get the BOD to agree and let’s give it a shot.

INT. TTI OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The process of taking TTI public begins, and it’s anything but easy. MM and RB dive into the grueling work of preparing the company for an IPO. Auditors comb through every

financial record, scrutinizing every detail. The atmosphere is tense—every mistake, and every discrepancy is magnified under the microscope of a public offering.

RB, being the CFO takes the lead, and proves to be invaluable. He navigates the complexities of the financial audits with a steady hand, ensuring the numbers are solid and defensible. MM watches, grateful to have a partner he can trust and who understands the financial maze.

RB

(determined, pointing to a report)

We need to get these numbers tight. The market makers won't tolerate anything less than perfect.

We're going to make this deal bulletproof.

MM works alongside RB, but memories of his past haunt him. Market makers and their relentless demands bring back flashes of the hell he went through at NSC, a time when every decision was scrutinized and second-guessed. The pressure is mounting, but MM knows this is their best shot.

MM

(to RB, weary but focused)

I've been down this road before, and it's not easy. But if we can get TTI listed, it's our way out.

Investors want liquidity, and a trading stock gives them that. We just have to get through this.

INT. TTI OFFICES - BOARDROOM - NIGHT

Late nights become the norm as MM and RB work tirelessly, presenting TTI to a new audience: market makers and institutional investors. Every meeting feels like a test, every presentation another hurdle. But RB shines, proving to be a great CFO—methodical, clear, and convincing. His financial acumen becomes the backbone of their pitch, winning over skeptics one by one.

MARKET MAKER

(to MM and RB, flipping through the prospectus)

You've got a clean audit and a strong pitch, and if you can maintain transparency, there's a market for this. Liquidity is key—investors will like that they can trade out when they need to.

MM listens, the words both encouraging and familiar. He knows this is only the beginning of another battle—one that involves constant vigilance and endless scrutiny. But for the first time in a long time, there's a sense that they might pull it off.

MM

(to RB, after the meeting)

We're on the right track. We can give the investors what they want—a way to get in and out quickly. But we've got to keep it tight. No more room for mistakes.

RB nods, knowing the road ahead will be long and filled with challenges, but also knowing they're finally steering TTI toward stability.

RB

(looking ahead)

We've got this, MM. One step at a time.

The camera pulls back, showing MM and RB surrounded by files and flickering screens, battling against the odds but slowly moving forward. Turning TTI public is no easy feat, but it's a chance to redefine the company, away from WG's legacy and toward a future that finally feels within reach.

Add a scene of first trading day? A feeling of success and hope

Chapter 7

Deliverance

Scene: No Traction

INT. TTI OFFICES - DAY

The office feels subdued, weighed down by the slow grind of day-to-day operations. MM (MARCO MEKIS) and RB (RICHARD BRONSON) sit surrounded by stacks of SEC filings and compliance reports. Despite all the efforts to take TTI public, the promised momentum hasn't materialized.

MM scrolls through the latest stock updates on his screen—flat lines and uninspired trading volumes. The stock is publicly traded now, but investor interest is lukewarm at best.

MM

(frustrated)

We've got a trading stock, but no traction. Investors are still skeptical. They don't see a reason to get in.

RB looks over from his desk, eyes tired from yet another round of SEC reporting. Instead of driving sales, much of their time is consumed by the bureaucratic grind of staying compliant.

RB

(resigned)

Thanks to the Sarbanes =Oxley regulations spawned from the dot-com crash, we're spending half our time on SEC reports and disclosures. It's like running in place. There's no news, no momentum, nothing to move the needle on the stock price. With the stock price not moving, investors have little motivation to get involved with private funding deals.

INT. TTI OFFICES - SALES FLOOR - DAY

The sales team is scattered, their energy drained by endless meetings with bureaucrats and proposals that seem to go nowhere. MM paces the room, phone in hand, trying to chase down leads from public agencies. Contracts that once seemed promising are stuck in endless loops of red tape and budget reviews.

MM watches as the City of Scottsdale's latest traffic study proposal sits on a desk, unmoving. The agency meetings go on, but decisions are slow, and no one seems willing to commit.

MM

(to Bob, Gordon, and Ryan the young sales intern, trying to rally)

Keep pushing guys. These deals aren't going to close themselves, but we've got to stay on them.

But the team's faces say it all—they're running on empty, with little progress to show for their efforts.

INT. TTI OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A strategy meeting with MM and RB is underway. Charts of delayed projects and stagnant sales numbers cover the whiteboard. Despite the public listing, the company's finances remain tight, strangling their ability to move forward at the pace needed to grow.

RB

(pointing at a stalled project)

Large sales from public agencies are crawling. Everything's delayed, and we're burning cash just trying to keep things moving.

MM nods, rubbing his temples. The reality of being a publicly traded company is hitting harder than expected.

MM

We thought going public would open doors, but it's just another set of hurdles. And with every quarter, the pressure from investors grows. Investors and promoters all want the same thing: big sales and quick. That's not how DOTs and public agencies move. The potential may be huge but the pace getting there is glacial. Not good for a public company startup.

RB

And without big wins, we've got nothing to report. It's like treading water.

MM looks at the board, the projects, the plans—all moving too slowly to impact the bottom line. The promise of liquidity and market enthusiasm has fizzled in the face of bureaucratic delays and cautious investors.

INT. TTI OFFICES - MM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

It's late, and MM sits alone in his office, staring at the financial reports. The initial excitement of going public has faded, replaced by the grueling day-to-day reality of trying to run a company with no room for error. Every decision feels like a gamble, every delay a missed opportunity.

MM

(to himself, weary but determined)

We've got to find a way to turn this around. This can't be all there is.

The camera lingers on MM, alone with his thoughts and the weight of the company on his shoulders. Despite the public listing, TTI is still struggling to find its footing, and MM knows that time is running out.

#

Scene: Selling the Shell

INT. TTI OFFICES - MM'S OFFICE - DAY

The atmosphere in TTI's office is heavy, the walls echoing the weight of a long, hard-fought battle that's now coming to an end. MM (MARCO MEKIS) and RB (RICHARD BRONSON) sit at MM's desk, surrounded by files and empty coffee cups. The company's last asset, the stock-trading corporate shell, is their only lifeline. Selling it could bring in some cash, but it's a far cry from the vision they once had.

MM flips through a stack of documents, his thoughts drifting back to his time as CEO of N-gate Sciences Corp (NSC), a tech company that had gone public through a process known as a “reverse merger into a shell.” It was a financial maneuver that had seen success stories in the 1980s and 90s, with big names like Occidental Petroleum under Armand Hammer, Turner Broadcasting led by Ted Turner, Tandy Corporation's Radio Shack, and Warren Buffett's Berkshire Hathaway. But it was also a process that had been exploited by less scrupulous executives, filling the penny stock market with empty shells trading on little more than hope and hype—a world infamously portrayed in *The Wolf of Wall Street*.

MM

(reflectively)

I've seen the good and the bad of this game. At NSC, taking the company public through a shell opened doors, but it's a double-edged sword. For the right buyer, it's a fast track to liquidity. But this market's full of shysters looking for a quick score.

RB looks up, understanding the stakes. They need to find the right buyer—a serious business with real intentions. Otherwise, they're just handing over TTI's last asset to another manipulator.

RB

(agreeing)

We've got to be careful. This isn't just about getting cash—it's about finding someone who will actually use the shell for something meaningful.

INT. TTI OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

RB starts the hunt, diving into the murky waters of the shell market. He makes call after call, pitching the shell to anyone who seems like they might have the right mix of a credible business, ambition and cash. Each meeting feels like a gamble—some buyers are serious, but many are just playing games, looking to make a quick buck off someone else's failed dreams.

RB sits across from a potential buyer, going through yet another presentation. The buyer listens, nods, and then backs out, offering empty promises and no real commitment. RB grits his teeth, knowing that finding the right deal is going to take more than just persistence. It takes luck and they have been mighty short of that for years now.

INT. TTI OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

It's late, and RB is on his third call of the evening, pitching to DeAllen—a sharp, no-nonsense investor with a credible medical technology business. This isn't another slick talker with a get-rich-quick scheme; DeAllen has real cash and a genuine need for a public vehicle.

RB lays out the potential, and for the first time, he gets the response he's been waiting for. DeAllen sees the shell as a way to fast-track his company's growth, bypassing the long, expensive process of a traditional IPO.

DEALLEN

(over the phone)

This fits perfectly with what we're trying to do. Let's get the deal done. I've got the cash ready.

RB hangs up, a sense of relief washing over him. He's finally found a buyer who sees the shell not as a quick flip but as a platform for serious business.

INT. TTI OFFICES - MM'S OFFICE - DAY

RB enters MM's office, holding the signed agreement. MM looks up, and for the first time in a while, there's a flicker of hope.

RB

(smiling slightly)

We did it. DeAllen's legit—real business, real money. The shell's sold.

MM takes the agreement, nodding as he reads it over. It's not the victory they'd dreamed of, but it's a welcome end to their journey, a chance to close the chapter on TTI returning a few dollars to their shareholders.

MM

(quietly)

It's not what we wanted, but it's a clean deal. We found the right buyer, and it'll help get something back to our investors.

RB

(sitting down, relieved)

It's been a hell of a road, but we did what we could with the few breaks we got.

The camera pulls back, capturing MM and RB surrounded by the remnants of a long, arduous quest. They've faced every challenge, and though it's not the triumph they envisioned, they've navigated through the pitfalls of the shell market and made the best of a difficult situation. The sale of the shell is a bittersweet end, but it's also a new beginning—an opportunity for someone else to carry forward what TTI couldn't.

#

Scene: Closing Shop

INT. TTI OFFICES - DAY

It's the end of the line. MM (MARCO MEKIS) and RB (RICHARD BRONSON) move through the nearly empty TTI offices, the once-busy space now quiet and stripped bare. They've come to the final task—closing the doors for good. The office is filled with the echoes of what once was, each empty desk a reminder of the years spent fighting to keep the company alive.

MM and RB work silently, boxing up files, sorting through what little remains. The task is mechanical but heavy with unspoken emotions. They've sold the furniture for pennies on the dollar, settled the last bills, and scraped together what little cash was left to return to their investors.

RB

(setting down a box)

Time to turn off the lights, Marco.

MM nods, looking around at the bare walls and scattered memories. It's more than just an office they're closing—it's the end of a quest that once held so much promise.

EXT. TTI OFFICES - LOADING DOCK - DAY

Outside, MM and RB toss the last of the product prototypes into a dumpster. The early versions of the Unilight, the countless iterations, all end up in the trash. The bin fills with discarded ideas and broken dreams, each one a sad memento of battles won but a war ultimately lost.

MM stands by the dumpster, staring at the prototypes piled inside. The hard work, the sleepless nights, the small victories—they're all here, reduced to scrap. He takes a deep breath and turns away, knowing there's nothing left to save.

EXT. TTI PARKING LOT - DAY

MM walks to his car, opens the trunk. He carefully places the last Unilight demonstration unit inside—the same one he lugged to every pitch and every test site: the ATTSA conference,

Mexico City, the NASCAR Phoenix 500, the City of Glendale, the Elko Mining Show. This unit has seen it all, each dent and scratch a reminder of the relentless pursuit of a dream that never quite came true.

MM

(softly, to himself)

Someday, maybe I'll tell the grandkids how I tried to change the world and failed. Not the first time, and probably not the last.

He closes the trunk, giving the demonstration unit a final pat, a silent acknowledgment of all it represented—hope, ambition, and the stubborn belief that something great was within reach.

INT. TTI OFFICES - MM'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is almost empty now, just a few scattered papers left behind. RB sits on the edge of a desk, thumbing through the last of the accounting files. They've settled everything they can, but the financial toll is brutal. RB's been paid only a fraction of the salary he's accrued for months, and MM, despite his own sacrifices, has taken nothing.

RB

(quietly)

I've barely seen a dime. But it's more than you got.

MM shrugs, accepting the reality. He couldn't bring himself to draw a salary when so many investors—his family, his friends—had lost nearly everything.

MM

(looking down)

I couldn't face them. I couldn't take a cent when they were left with almost nothing. It was never about the money, but it's hard to explain that now.

RB stands, giving MM a reassuring pat on the back. They've done everything they could, and while the end isn't what they hoped for, they know they've fought every battle with integrity.

RB

For what it's worth, we gave it our best shot. That's all anyone can ask.

MM nods, shutting the last drawer and turning off the lights. The office goes dark, the door clicks shut, and with it, the final chapter of TTI is closed. They walk out together, leaving behind the empty office and the dreams that once filled it.

The camera lingers on the closed door, a silent testament to a journey of ambition, sacrifice, and hard lessons learned. MM and RB walk away, not with the victory they wanted, but with the quiet knowledge that they never gave up, even when the odds were impossible

#

Scene: The Patent

INT. DOWNSIDE RISK BAR (DSR) - NIGHT

It's a few weeks after the final curtain on TTI, and the DSR Bar has become a familiar haunt for MM (MARCO MEKIS) and RB (RICHARD BRONSON). They sit in their usual spot, beers in hand, sifting through the wreckage of the past few years. Both are grappling with the reality of starting over, comparing notes on job prospects, and trying to find a way back to some semblance of normalcy.

MM takes a sip of his drink, staring into the amber liquid as if it holds the answers.

MM

(half-smiling, tired)

Well, I've got a couple of leads, but nothing solid. Hard to get back on the horse after five years of hell.

RB nods, sharing the same uncertainty. Their conversations often drift back to TTI—a mix of war stories, small victories, and painful losses. Tonight is no different.

RB

(sighing)

Same here. I've got a few calls out, but nothing's biting. We just have to keep going. But damn, it's hard not to keep rehashing all this.

They continue talking, recounting the highs and lows of their journey, hoping for a bit of catharsis. Unbeknownst to them, Malcomb, a writer sitting at a nearby table, has been listening in. He leans over, intrigued by what he's overheard.

MALCOMB

(leaning in)

Guys, excuse me. I could not help but overhear you. I am a writer. I write adventure novels about dreamers fighting against impossible odds. Maybe you two are that kind of fighters. From what I heard, I think there's a story here.

MM and RB glance at each other, slightly surprised but curious. They nod, and over the course of several meetings, they unravel the tale of TTI for Malcomb—how it all began with a bold idea, the patent that sparked a company, the battle with WG, and the relentless pursuit that ended in a bittersweet close.

INT. DSR BAR - LATER MEETINGS

Malcomb listens intently, scribbling notes as MM and RB recount every twist and turn. The story unfolds—full of ambition, betrayal, resilience, and a hard-won understanding of what it means to give everything to a dream.

MALCOMB

(enthusiastic)

This isn't just a story about business. It's about human struggle, passion, and the cost of chasing something great. I think I can make something of this.

MONTAGE - THE MAKING OF "THE PATENT"

Malcomb's story, titled **"The Patent,"** quickly garners attention in the industry. Scenes flash of meetings with producers, script revisions, and the casting of characters based on MM and RB. The film captures the essence of their journey—the highs of invention, the lows of betrayal and financial ruin, and the unbreakable spirit that carried them through.

INT. MOVIE PREMIERE - NIGHT

The lights dim in a packed theater as the movie rolls, the audience captivated by the story of TTI brought to life on the big screen. The film resonates, finding success not just as a business drama but as a deeply human tale. MM and RB sit in the audience, watching the story they lived unfold before them—a surreal mix of pride and closure.

**EXT. ON A PINK SAND BEACH ON THE ISLAND OF ELEUTHERA, THE
BAHAMAS - DAY**

The movie's success brings newfound fortune. MM and RB, no longer burdened by their financial woes, stand on a sunlit beach, surfboards in hand. They've found a new lease on life, free to enjoy the present without the weight of the past.

RB

(grinning, looking at the waves)

Who would've thought we'd end up here, huh?

MM laughs, the sound light and free, as if all the stress has finally washed away.

MM

(smiling)

We went through hell, but we made it out the other side of the wave tunnel. Who knew a story could be our way out?

They run toward the water, ready to play, leaving behind the shadows of TTI. Their wives DM and BB sip on glasses of Pink of Eleuthra sitting on the pink sand, their snorkeling gear still wet nearby. The camera lingers on the horizon, the sun setting as they paddle out, riding the waves into a brighter future

Part 3

Lemonade

Chapter 8

Scene Description: The Making of Lemonade

DOWNSIDE RISK BAR (DSR) - NIGHT

The familiar bar is bustling with a lively atmosphere. MM and RB are at their usual spot, surrounded by a small group of friends and well-wishers celebrating their success. The buzz around *The Patent* has not only restored their financial freedom but has also rekindled their sense of purpose. Sitting across from them is George, the producer who turned their story into a box office hit. Tonight, the conversation is about what's next.

GEORGE

(leaning back, a playful smile on his face)

"So, the buzz is that *The Patent* is doing gangbusters—critics love it, audiences love it, and you two are getting the recognition you deserve. But I keep hearing there's more to the story."

MM

(smiling, swirling his drink)

"You know us, George. We never did anything the easy way. *The Patent* was the first act. There's always a sequel, and this one is called *Lemonade*."

RB

"It's about what happened after the dust settled. How we picked up the pieces, fought through the aftermath, and started over. We took the bitter, and we made something out of it. *Lemonade*."

GEORGE

"I love it already. The comeback after the fall. People eat that up—especially when it's real, and you two are nothing if not real. But this isn't just a story of redemption. It's about resilience, and that's a narrative that sells."

Scene Transition: Planning Lemonade

MM 'S OFFICE - DAY

MM and RB sit with Malcomb in MM's home office, which has become a creative war room. Storyboards, timelines, and character arcs for *Lemonade* cover the walls, along with photos and memories of TTI's journey. They're deep in discussion, shaping the sequel that goes beyond just business.

MALCOMB

"We're going to lean into the personal this time. The Patent showed the world the battle with TTI and WALT, but *Lemonade* is about what came after—how you rebuilt, not just in business, but in life. It's about finding purpose again."

MM

"It's not just about getting back on our feet. It's about making sense of everything we went through, and turning it into something meaningful. We didn't just survive—we transformed."

RB

"And it wasn't just about us. The people who stuck with us, the lessons we learned, the mistakes we made—we've got to show all of that. *Lemonade* is the whole picture, not just the victory lap."

(They map out key scenes—MM and RB navigating new ventures, struggling with the fallout from TTI, and finding moments of hope and inspiration that lead them to rebuild their lives in unexpected ways.)

Scene Transition: Filming Lemonade

MOVIE SET - DAY

The set is buzzing with activity. Actors playing younger versions of MM and RB are filming pivotal scenes from the aftermath of TTI's closure—starting over, facing financial uncertainty, and gradually finding new directions. MM, RB, Malcomb, and George watch from behind the camera, seeing their experiences come to life once again.

GEORGE

"This is powerful stuff. People saw the rise and fall in *The Patent*, but *Lemonade* is going to show them that the story didn't end there. It's about how you kept moving, kept fighting, and found a new way forward."

MM

"Yeah, and it's about embracing the messiness of it all. We weren't perfect, but we never stopped trying. That's what *Lemonade* is—taking the hits and making something sweet out of it."

RB

"And that's what people need to see. That failure isn't the end. It's just another chapter. And sometimes, the next chapter is the best one yet."

(The cameras roll as a climactic scene is filmed: MM and RB, portrayed by actors, sitting at the Downside Risk Bar, reflecting on their journey, and toasting to the future. It's a full-circle moment that captures the essence of resilience and reinvention.)

Scene Transition: Premiere of Lemonade

MOVIE PREMIERE - NIGHT

The premiere of *Lemonade* is electric. The red carpet is packed, and the marquee shines brightly with the film's title. MM , RB, Malcomb, and George walk the carpet, greeted by cheers and flashing cameras. It's a celebration not just of a movie, but of the journey that inspired it.

REPORTER

"MM , RB—this is your second big movie in just a few years. How does it feel seeing your story continue on the big screen?"

MM

"It feels incredible. *The Patent* was about what we went through, but *Lemonade* is about what we became. It's a story of turning the worst moments into the best lessons."

RB

"We wanted to show that there's always a way forward. Even when you think you're done, there's always another chapter. That's what *Lemonade* is about—finding hope in the aftermath."

(The lights dim, and the audience watches as Lemonade unfolds. The film captures not just the struggle, but the joy of rebuilding, the power of persistence, and the spirit of turning setbacks into something greater. As the credits roll, the audience erupts in applause, moved by the raw honesty and resilience portrayed on screen.)

This could be the end but does not tie back to the opening g scene

THIS IS AN ALTERNATIVE TO THREAD THROUGH

Scene: Making Lemonade

INT. DSR BAR - NIGHT

MM (MM MEKIS) and RB (RB BRONSON) are back at the Downside Risk Bar, their usual spot in the dimly lit corner. They've weathered the storm of TTI's collapse, found unexpected success with the movie *The Patent*, and now sit with Malcomb, the writer who captured their story. They're in a better place, but the drive to keep moving forward hasn't faded.

MALCOMB

(smiling)

You know, *The Patent* turned out great, but there's another story here—one about making lemonade out of lemons. People connect with that. It's about resilience. We should tell that side, too.

MM and RB exchange a glance, the idea sparking something in both of them.

RB

(nodding)

The struggle, the setbacks—it's relatable. Not just the high stakes but the real stuff, the everyday fight to keep going.

MALCOMB

(excited)

Exactly. It's worth doing another movie. And George is eager to repeat the trick—he thinks there's more to tell.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS LOCATIONS

Malcomb writes furiously, sketching out scenes that dive deeper into the personal stories of MM and RB—their resilience, the small wins amid the losses, and the relentless drive that kept them pushing forward. George, the producer who brought *The Patent* to life, is back on board and ready to turn the new script into another film. He sees the potential in a narrative that digs deeper into the human side of their journey.

Scenes flash between various locations: George’s bustling production office, Malcomb’s cluttered writer’s room, and MM and RB’s familiar haunts where stories are relived and retold. Each place adds another layer to the unfolding narrative.

#

Closing Scene

EXT. POOLSIDE - COPACABANA PALACE, RIO DE JANEIRO - DAY

The sun is shining bright over the poolside at the luxurious Copacabana Palace in Rio. MM (MARCO MEKIS) and RB (RICHARD BRONSON) relax on sun loungers, enjoying the ocean breeze. George, the producer who turned their stories into successful films, sits with them, soaking in the vibrant energy of Rio.

George leans back, looking at MM and RB with a mix of admiration and curiosity. He’s seen the movies bring their stories to life, but there’s one question that’s been on his mind.

GEORGE

(smiling, genuinely curious)

Guys, I have to ask you: how did you dream up *The Patent* and now *Lemonade*?

MM takes a moment, looking out at the shimmering pool. He smiles, knowing the truth is far simpler than any script.

MM

(calmly, with a knowing smile)

We didn't dream it up. We lived it.

RB chuckles, nodding in agreement. He glances around at the opulent surroundings, a world away from the struggles they endured, yet still carrying the scars of their journey.

RB

(smiling, reflective)

Yeah, to hell and back.

RB waves over a nearby waiter.

RB

(to the waiter)

Three lemonades, please.

The waiter nods and heads off as MM, RB, and George sit back, sharing a moment of triumph, camaraderie, and the sweet taste of turning life's bitter moments into something worthwhile.

The camera pulls back, capturing the three men in the warm glow of the Rio sun, laughing and reminiscing—proof that even the toughest battles can end in a toast to survival.

FADE OUT