

He stares at him, slightly spooked. Robert spots Harper on the walkway, vaping, stressed.

15 **INT. PIERPOINT. FOYER - LUNCH**
(HARPER, ROBERT)

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Harper and Robert stand on the walkway, having to moderate the volume of their voice. Harper is ripping her Juul and blowing the cloud of vape into her jacket. There's an awkward charge - residue of what happened the night before. They're both trying their best to ignore it.

ROBERT

Why don't you just tell Eric?

HARPER

We've had two of the best P&L days of the year. I can't put my hand up and say I've wiped it out.

ROBERT

What can it *really* represent of the forty-eight hour take? What like-less than ten percent?

HARPER

I don't generate anywhere near enough yet to offset it. Why did you make me stay up all night?

ROBERT

I didn't make you do anything!

Harper gets short with him:

HARPER

Everything's a joke, isn't it?

ROBERT

What's a joke? What are we talking about?

Harper's silent, not acknowledging the elephant in the room.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

You're overthinking it. You're his project. You're allowed to make one mistake.

HARPER

No, no, actually I'm not. I'm not allowed to make mistakes. People like you are allowed to make mistakes.

ROBERT

What the fuck does that mean?

Harper doesn't want to spell out an answer.

HARPER
Mistakes are a privilege.

ROBERT
Well the loss is still
hypothetical. In the book? It's
live, right?

HARPER
Yes. So?

Robert
It's not crystallized. Surely it
can still swing to the upside or
downside?

Harper thinks on this for the moment.

HARPER
If the NFP's under 100k at 1:30
this afternoon...

ROBERT
That's a fucking...punt.

HARPER
There'll be less chance of Fed rate
hike, which is bad for the dollar.
Sterling surges against dollar. My
loss is totally offset.

ROBERT
Tell Eric. You're not thinking
properly. Don't our previews say
it's going to be a 150k beat?

HARPER
(snapping)
You don't know what the fuck you're
talking about. Why don't you stick
to whatever it is you're good at.
Let me just- I'll be fine.

Robert's shocked by how tough she's being. Robert lowers his
voice:

ROBERT
If you wanna fucking talk about
last night, talk about it.
Otherwise let's just put a pin in
it.

Harper finishes her Red Bull, chucks it, walks off.

HARPER
Dude, please.