

Charley Wheeler's Big Week

FADE UP ON . . .

1. EXT. — BLUE DINER — DAY

A truck passes in front of the camera and we CUT TO . . .

2. INT. — BLUE DINER — DAY

The camera dollies along the length of a greasy diner counter. Between the backs of the customers, we see the SHORT ORDER COOK flipping burgers at a large GRILL behind the counter. He's dressed in an apron, tee shirt, and paper cook's hat, their former whiteness hidden beneath layers of grease. He moves frantically, trying in vain to keep up with the avalanche of orders the waitress shouts at him, only stopping long enough to wipe the sweat off his brow with a greasy hand.

Diner sounds. Dishes clatter. People talk.
The griddle sizzles.

WAITRESS

(strong Boston accent)

Dough well done with a cow to cover.
Three Wimpies, one with wax. Three cups
of Joe. Hound on an island, Georgia pie,
and a black cow to go. Hurry it up, willya,
Chaaaley. We're getting behind hea'.

CHARLEY

(grumbling to himself)

I've only got two hands. What does she
think I am, a magician? Nag, nag, nag. I
don't get any respect around here. All it is,
is work, work, work . . .

NARRATOR (VO)

That's Charley Wheeler behind the
counter. Currently, master of the three
minute burger. Champion of the hash
brown. King of the over easy. Hard to
believe, but six months ago Charley
was in a totally different line of work.

(CONTINUES)

Charley Wheeler's Big Week

NARRATOR (continued)

You wouldn't think it to look at him,
but Charley was a promising marketing
rep. That's right. NASD licensed.
Good clients. Good company.
On the way up.

Trouble was, he made a few mistakes.
Bent a few NASD regulations.
Seven of them to be exact.

Well, if you don't believe me, see for
yourself. Oh, and while you're
watching, see if you can tell *which*
seven regulations Charley broke. Good
luck.

CHARLEY LOOKS OVER HIS SHOULDER AT THE CAMERA,
SMILES, AND WAVES HIS SPATULA.

NARRATOR (VO)

I was talking to *them*, Charley.

HE GOES BACK TO HIS GRUMBLING.

CHARLEY

(to himself, under his breath)

Oh sure. That figures. Why wish me luck?
I'm only a slave. It's work, work, work,
for Charley . . .

CLOSE-UP—EGG BREAKING AND SIZZLING ON THE GRIDDLE.

SUPER the TITLE:

Charley Wheeler's Big Week

DISSOLVE TO . . .

3. INT. — BULLETIN BOARD — DAY

The camera moves in toward a prominently displayed notice:

Charley Wheeler's Big Week

IMPORTANT: Required Compliance Meeting Today.
1:00 PM. ATTENDANCE MANDATORY!

DISSOLVE TO . . .

4. INT. — DINER — DAY

We start on a CLOSE UP of the diner CLOCK. It's 1:10. The camera slowly pulls back and moves down to reveal the counter of the same diner we saw in the opening shot. Seated at the counter, munching a ham sandwich, his head buried in a newspaper is CHARLEY WHEELER. It's almost hard to recognize him. He's clean, well groomed, and wearing an expensive suit.

NARRATOR (VO)

It all started last Monday when Charley was having a leisurely lunch at his favorite bistro.

Oh, the meeting. Well, no one ever accused Charley of being a slave to the rules.

CHARLEY

Oh, Baby! YES! The Giants down by six!
A biig C note for the victor. Can I pick 'em
or what?

(Without removing his head from the paper, he
gestures with his coffee cup.)

Hey, Sweetheart, how about another refill
here?
This is Charley Wheeler's lucky day.

WAITRESS

(Rolls her eyes.)
How about a decent tip?

A WOMAN in business clothes crosses in front of the camera. She takes a seat at the counter near Charley. The waitress puts a glass of water and a place setting in front of her.

WAITRESS

Charley Wheeler's Big Week

(to woman)

Well hello, Stranger. I haven't seen you in a while. What'll it be?

WOMAN

Hiya, Mary. A cheese burger and a cup of coffee, please.

WAITRESS

(shouting to cook)

One Wimpie with wax! A cup of Joe! The good stuff!

(to woman)

So where you been hiding yourself?

WOMAN

(groans) Ohhhh, you don't want to know. I've been helping my boss with this new stock offering, Whiplash and Trembly. You know, those new air bags—very popular. Anyway, *we've been going absolutely nuts*. The stock's coming out next week and it's very hot. I tell you, it's a mad house up there, Mary. Be thankful you don't work for Burns Securities.

ANGLE ON CHARLEY.

An eerie GREEN LIGHT emanates from his face and eyes. He's suddenly become the TERMINATOR. With the mechanical purposefulness of a robot, accompanied by electronic beeping and whirring sounds, he turns his head toward the unsuspecting business woman.

NARRATOR (VO)

It seems this Monday a pearl dropped in Charley's lap.

ANGLE ON BUSINESS WOMAN.

Charley's POV—GREEN DIGITIZED IMAGE, like a computer screen. Matching Charley's head turn and accompanied by whirring machine sounds, the camera pans and then zooms in to a close-up of the woman's face. Overlaid on the screen are Terminator style graphics: \$\$\$\$ appear along the bottom of the screen, the woman's words appear in computer style letters as she says them: NEW STOCK OFFERING, WHIPLASH AND TREMBLY, NEXT WEEK, BURNS

Charley Wheeler's Big Week

SECURITIES. We cut to replays of the key sections. In between each section, there is a brief fast forward.

WOMAN

(slight computer effect)

New stock offering, Whiplash and Trembly.

Coming out next week.

Burns Securities.

NARRATOR (VO)

And old Charley was never one to let a good pearl go to waste.

ANGLE ON CHARLEY.

Charley turns his head back to face the camera. The green light fades away. He drops the paper, stares into the camera, and a Cheshire cat grin spreads across his face—on second thought and after noticing that second row of teeth, maybe it's more of a shark's grin.

CASH REGISTER RINGS.

DISSOLVE TO . . .

5. EXT. — OFFICE BUILDING — DAY
Camera tilts up and zooms in toward an upper floor window.
6. INT. — OFFICE HALLWAY — DAY
The camera moves toward an OFFICE DOOR. The SIGN on the door reads:
AAA Financial Services.
7. INT. — OFFICE — DAY
A large, two person office. BRAD CONNORS, Charley's co-worker, sits on one side doing paperwork.

NARRATOR (VO)

Oh yeah, that's me, Brad Connors. I'm part of this story too. If I didn't

Charley Wheeler's Big Week

mention it before, Charley's a friend of mine.

CHARLEY ENTERS THE OFFICE.

He's constantly moving, a high-strung bundle of energy. He sits on the edge of Brad's desk and picks up a sheet of paper Brad is trying to write on.

CHARLEY

Hey, Connors, still got your nose to the grindstone I see. If you keep on being such a good boy, I may just have to let you work for me when you grow up.
(pulling Brad's tie)

BRAD IS OBVIOUSLY ANNOYED.

NARRATOR (VO)

Maybe *friend* is too strong a word.
How about *co-worker*?

BRAD TURNS TO FACE CHARLEY.

BRAD

Where were you? You missed the Compliance meeting.

CHARLEY SITS AND PUTS HIS FEET UP ON THE DESK.

CHARLEY

Excu-u-use me. While the rest of you sheep were sitting on your duffs at that meeting, I was out trying to make a living.

Besides, I know all that stuff cold.

BRAD TURNS AWAY AND ROLLS HIS EYES.

NARRATOR (VO)

Would you settle for member of the same species?

Charley Wheeler's Big Week

BRAD
(turning back to Charley)
Tell that to Mr. Hardcastle.

CHARLEY
You bet I will. Where is Hardcastle?

8. INT. — HALLWAY — DAY
BLACK AND WHITE. The dark, shadowy, chiaroscuro look of old horror films. Tilted at a DUTCH ANGLE, the camera moves along the floor following HARDCASTLE'S FEET as he walks thunderously toward the office.

TENSE, PSYCHO MUSIC.

9. INT. — OFFICE — DAY

LOW ANGLE — HARDCASTLE
WIDE ANGLE LENS. Hardcastle, lit eerily from below, enters the doorway. Smoke billows from behind him.

OMINOUS MUSIC STING.

HARDCASTLE
(dripping sarcasm)
Ahhh, Mr. Wheeler. So nice of you to grace us with your presence. It was sorely missed at the *one o'clock compliance meeting*.

(letting his anger loose)
Does the word *mandatory* mean anything to you!!?

CHARLEY.
Looking down on Charley through the wide angle lens, he looks small, vulnerable, and terrified. Hardcastle's immense shadow falls across the room. Momentarily taken aback, for a few seconds he actually doesn't know what to say.

CHARLEY
Oh . . . ah . . . Mr. Hardcastle.
(SFX—teeth chattering)

NARRATOR (VO)

Charley Wheeler's Big Week

Fortunately, Charley was blessed with the proverbial silver tongue. Even if there was a slight hissssss to it.

The scene fades back to COLOR. Charley quickly regains his aplomb and turns on the charm. Changing like a chameleon to fit the occasion, he makes lying a fine art. Think of Eddie Haskell in the old "Leave It To Beaver" show.

Leaping from his chair, Charley pounces on Hardcastle. Touching him at every possible opportunity, throwing a friendly arm around his shoulder, and never letting him get a word in, he hustles Hardcastle out of the office and back down the hallway.

CHARLEY

Just the man I was looking for—I'm *really* sorry about missing the meeting —believe me no one wanted to be there more than I did—Brad here was good enough to fill me in on what I missed —you're not going to believe this, Sir, but just as I was on my way to the office(footsteps) . . . I got a call from the hospital (ambulance siren) . . . it's my grandmother they tell me . . . she was hit by a car. (car crash)
Can you believe it? Of all the lousy luck; it would have to happen on the day of the Compliance meeting.

HE'S SO GOOD WE ALMOST BELIEVE HIM.

NARRATOR (VO)

See what I mean.

HARDCASTLE

(conciliatory)

I'm sorry to hear that, Charley. What are you doing back so soon? Shouldn't you still be at the hospital?

CHARLEY

It's OK . . . She's much better now . . .
It was a small car.

STEAM GUSHES FROM HARDCASTLE'S EARS.

Charley Wheeler's Big Week

NARRATOR (VO)

Well, nobody's perfect.

H

IS OBJECTIVE WON, CHARLEY HEADS BACK TO HIS OFFICE.

BRAD

picking up his papers and leaving the office)

You sure told him.

CHARLEY

calling after him)

Baaaaaaa.

CLOSE-UP PHONE

Charley dials a number.

NARRATOR (VO)

Charley never discussed his clients. He wouldn't make his calls until I left the office.

HIGH OVERHEAD SHOT—CHARLEY

Looking down on Charley. He looks around making certain no can hear.

CHARLEY

Hi, George, this is Charley Wheeler. I called you earlier about that new stock issue on Whiplash and Trembly. What did you find out? Twenty a share. Only a *thousand* shares left? (whistles)

(thinks a moment)

George, this is your lucky day. I'm not only going to open an account with you, but I'd like all thousand shares. That's right. Can you do that? Great. OK, I'll have a check to you before the end of the week. It's Charles Wheeler. W-h-e-e-l-e-r. Zero four one, three three, one one eight. July thirtieth, nineteen fifty-seven.

Charley Wheeler's Big Week

207 Maverick Street, Boston, Mass.
02116. Occupation?
(he's caught off guard by the question)
You need to know that?

(CONTINUES)

CHARLEY (continues)

OK, I'm . . . a . . .

(sound of toilet flushing)

. . . a plumbing contractor. I'm an
independent plumbing contractor. That's
right.

Yes, and it's a pleasure doing business with
you too, George.

CHARLEY HANGS UP

CHARLEY

(to himself)

Where am I going to get twenty grand by
the end of the week?

BRAD ENTERS THE OFFICE, WHISTLING THE SEVEN DWARF'S SONG—Whistle
While You Work.

CHARLEY

Hey, Brad, my good buddy, have I got a
deal for you. For a *paltry* twenty thousand
dollars, I'm going to make Brad Connors a
very wealthy man.

BRAD

Does this by any chance involve selling my
soul?

CHARLEY

OK. How about putting five thou into an
investment partnership? It's a sure thing.

BRAD

Why do I suddenly get the feeling you've
missed one too many compliance
meetings?

Charley Wheeler's Big Week

CHARLEY

Look, Buddy, have I ever steered you wrong?

BRAD

Only when you've steered me wrong.

CHARLEY

Suit yourself, Pal. Think small.
It's your loss.

(picking up Brad's arm and looking at his watch)

Oh, hey, it's four o'clock. I've got an appointment. Got to run.

CHARLEY DUCKS OUT OF FRAME.

Accompanied by a WHOOOOSHing sound effect.

DOORWAY

A fan blows a stack of papers out the door creating Charley's backdraft.

NARRATOR (VO)

At least he was busy. Like a finely tuned Swiss clock, every day at four on the dot Charley left the office for an appointment. You could set your watch by him.

10.
DAY

EXT. — SMALL INDUSTRIAL BUILDING —

SFX phone ringing.

11. INT. — RECEPTIONIST DESK — DAY
The sign above her desk reads:

CDs R Us

RECEPTIONIST.

In between chewing gum and filing her nails, she also answers the phone with a thick New York/Long Island accent.

Charley Wheeler's Big Week

RECEPTIONIST

Hello, CDs R Us, we make investing fun.
How can I help you? Yes, Mr. Wheeler is
one of our account executives.

JUST THEN, CHARLEY WALKS IN THE DOOR AND UP TO THE DESK.

CHARLEY

Hiya, Mabel. Any messages?

RECEPTIONIST

(covering the phone)

It's a Mr. Benish for you. And take these.
(handing him a stack of messages)
(to Mr. Benish)

Mr. Wheeler will be right with you.

12. INT. — OFFICE — DAY

Smaller than the one in AAA Financial Services. The camera pans across the office and picks up Charley in mid-conversation on the phone with Mr. Benish.

CHARLEY

No, it's not a Certificate of Deposit. It's an investment partnership in a brand new stock offering. Yes, I know you don't usually invest in this type of thing, Mr. Benish, but frankly, given the current rate of return on CDs, this is really the way to go. Yes, it's very secure. It's a private placement. I'm in it myself. That's right. It's a \$5,000 investment. Make the check out to me, Charles Wheeler. That's right, W-h-e-e-l-e-r.
(SFX—cash register)

MONTAGE

Swish pan between scenes of Charley hustling his investment partnership deal in different settings.

SWISH PAN TO . . .

Charley Wheeler's Big Week

13. INT. — OFFICE AT AAA FINANCIAL SERVICES — DAY

CHARLEY

(on phone)

Yes, it's an investment partnership in a new stock offering.

SWISH PAN TO . . .

14. EXT. — PAY PHONE — DAY

Shooting through the glass, looking up at Charley on the phone.

CHARLEY

That's right, five thousand dollars.

SWISH PAN TO . . .

15. INT. — DINER — DAY

Charley selling the WAITRESS.

CHARLEY

It can't miss. It's a once in a life time opportunity.

SWISH PAN TO . . .

16. INT. — OFFICE AT CDs R US — DAY

CHARLEY ON THE PHONE

CHARLEY

Make the check out to Charles Wheeler.
W-h-e-e-l-e-r.
(SFX cash register)

NARRATOR (VO)

Like I said, Charley was a busy man.

SWISH PAN TO . . .

17. OFFICE AT AAA FINANCIAL SERVICES.

Wide shot of Charley on the phone. We can see the doorway of the office behind him.

CHARLEY

Yes, that's right. It's a new investment partnership.
(carefully enunciating partnership—a little too loudly)

Charley Wheeler's Big Week

WHILE CHARLEY IS TALKING ON THE PHONE, HARDCASTLE ENTERS THE OFFICE DOORWAY. STARING AT SOME PAPERS, HE DOESN'T NOTICE CHARLEY'S ON THE PHONE.

HARDCASTLE

Charley, could you take a look at . . . Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know you were on the phone.

SURPRISED BY HIS MANAGER'S SUDDEN APPEARANCE AND HOPING HE HASN'T OVERHEARD HIS CONVERSATION, CHARLEY QUICKLY COVERS UP THE PHONE.

CHARLEY

(LOUD—pretending he's still talking to the person on the phone)
Parsnips! That's terrible!
(turning to face his manager)
It's my grandmother. The hospital is feeding her parsnips. She hates them.
(shoving the phone in the drawer and slamming it)

HARDCASTLE

I hope she's feeling better. I didn't mean to interrupt, but we're thinking of selling this real estate partnership. When you get a chance, take a look at the fees the General Partner is charging. They seem out of line.

CHARLEY

Sure . . . uh . . . no problem.

HARDCASTLE LEAVES.

CHARLEY PICKS UP AND SCANS THE DOCUMENT.

CHARLEY

Hmmm . . . fees to General Partner.
(whistles) That is a lot.

NARRATOR (VO)

Charley Wheeler's Big Week

A man of action, Charley never left a stone unturned—or a stomach.

HEARING THE ANGRY SOUNDS COMING FROM HIS DESK DRAWER, CHARLEY PULLS THE PHONE FROM HIS DRAWER AND CREATES A SIMULATED BAD CONNECTION BY CRUMBLING A PIECE OF PAPER AGAINST THE MOUTH PIECE.

CHARLEY

Hello! Can you hear me!!?
(crumbling more paper against the phone)
I'm sorry. Something must have happened to the phone. Can you hear me now?
Good. Now, about that partnership—did I explain that it's a *limited* partnership and *I'm* the General Partner? That's right.
Fees? Oh no, the fees should be just about *right*.

NARRATOR (VO)

Good old Charley, he just keeps going and going.

DISSOLVE TO . . .

CLOSE-UP — PARTNERSHIP DOCUMENT

Under General Partner we see the name—Charles P. Wheeler.

THE SAME OFFICE

Wide angle lens. Close-up on Charley, big grin on his face, as he opens an envelope and pulls out a check.

NARRATOR (VO)

The money was rolling in.

DISSOLVE TO . . .

17.

Brad walks by Charley exiting an expensive car.

EXT. — PARKI

CHARLEY

Charley Wheeler's Big Week

Man, I had this baby cranked up to one fifty on the interstate. There's nothing like it.

BRAD

A Ferrari? Wheww, Charlie that's big bucks. What happened to the Hyundai?

NARRATOR (VO)

For a while there, it all seemed to be working.

WIDE SHOT OF BUILDING

LOUD SCREAM.

From off-screen, we hear Hardcastle yell. The building trembles as if hit by an earthquake registering 8.5 on the Richter Scale.

HARDCASTLE (OS)

WHEEELERRR!!!!

NARRATOR (VO)

For a while.

18. INT. — AAA FINANCIAL SERVICES OFFICE — DAY

HARDCASTLE ENTERS THE OFFICE.
He's holding a partnership document.

HARDCASTLE

(dripping sarcasm)

Mr. Wheeler, so glad you could join us.

CHARLEY

Hi, Ed. Come into my office. Cigar?

offering a cigar)

They're Cuban.

HARDCASTLE

very stiffly—enunciating each word)

No—thank—you.

CHARLEY

Charley Wheeler's Big Week

What can I do you for?

HARDCASTLE IS BARELY RESTRAINING HIS RAGE.

HARDCASTLE

One of my clients just sent me a copy of a very interesting new limited partnership. I'd like you to take a look at it.

CHARLEY ISN'T CATCHING ON YET.

CHARLEY

No problemo.

FOCUS ON CHARLEY AS HARDCASTLE TALKS.

HARDCASTLE

I found it extremely enlightening. It seems the General Partner on this particular partnership is a certain Charles P. Wheeler.

CHARLEY CHOKES ON HIS CIGAR.

HARDCASTLE

It also seems he works IN THIS VERY SAME OFFICE!

CHARLEY BEGINS SQUIRMING. HE BACKS HIS CHAIR UP, TRYING TO ESCAPE. BUT HARDCASTLE IS BARING DOWN ON HIM.
SFX — THUNDER.

HARDCASTLE

Lets see you explain *this*, Wheeler. I can't wait to hear the story this time. Perhaps your dear grandmother forced you to do it. You've really done it this
(CONTINUED)

HARDCASTLE (continues)
time, Wheeler. Do you know what this means? Do you know what the NASD rules are on something like this? You've really put your foot in it this time, Wheeler. You're not going to squirm out of this one .
..

CUT TO . . .

Charley Wheeler's Big Week

19. CLOSE-UP — CHARLEY'S DESK

Our narrator, Brad, closes the cigar box and drops it in a moving box with the name WHEELER written on the side. The camera pulls back to show Brad packing up Charley's belongings. Brad delivers the narration to camera.

NARRATOR

So that was the end of Charley's big week. You already know the rest of the story.

If you weren't sleeping in the back of the room, you should have been able to spot Charley's seven Compliance problems.

SHOUTING

In the DOORWAY behind Brad, we see Charley, rolling in his chair, pursued by a shouting Hardcastle. Brad turns to see what the commotion is. When they move out sight, he turns back to camera.

NARRATOR

Now's your chance to show how much you know—hopefully more than Charley. When the video fades to black, turn off the video player and talk about the specific regulations. Then turn the video back on and see if you were right.

FADE TO BLACK.

strangled cry from Charley.

A

VIDEO SECTION II

EXERPTS FROM THE PROGRAM.

SLOW PULL BACK AND UP.

The camera very slowly pulls back, pedestaling up, showing more and more of the scene below—Charley desperately trying to make excuses while the manager berates him. We can't hear their voices, but, through their actions, we can clearly see

Charley Wheeler's Big Week

Hardcastle's anger and Charley's desperate pleading. We end the scene looking down on Hardcastle throttling Charley.

NARRATOR

I know he deserves it, but you almost have to pity the guy.

(laughs) Naahh.

So how'd you do? Did you get all seven? I know I promised to show you what they were, so lets take a look at how old Charley got himself into this jam.

1. (Failure to Attend Annual Compliance meeting)

LOW ANGLE — HARDCASTLE

For these lines only, the lighting changes and becomes black and white, like an old horror movie. We are looking up at Hardcastle who is lit harshly from below.

OMINOUS MUSIC STING.

HARDCASTLE

(dripping sarcasm)

Ahhh, Mr. Wheeler. So nice of you to grace us with your presence. It was sorely missed at the *one o'clock compliance meeting*.

(letting his anger loose)

Does the word *mandatory* mean anything to you!!?

FREEZE ON CHARLEY'S FACE AND TYPE OVER GRAPHIC:

Failure To Attend Compliance Meeting

NARRATOR (VO)

If you missed this one, please see our video on spatula and grill techniques. Yes, mandatory does mean you have to attend.

WHIP PAN TO NEXT SECTION

2. (Hot Issues)

WOMAN AT DINER.

Charley Wheeler's Big Week

WOMAN

I've been helping my boss with this new stock offering, Whiplash and Trembly. You know, those new air bags—very popular. Anyway, *we've been going absolutely nuts*. The stock's coming out next week and it's very hot.

ANGLE ON CHARLEY.

FREEZE ON CHARLEY AND TYPE OVER GRAPHIC: **Hot Issues**

NARRATOR (VO)

She even says it. How's that for a hint. You can't purchase hot issues. NASD penalties for this are quick and automatic.

WHIP PAN TO NEXT SCENE

3. (Insider Trading)

ANGLE ON BUSINESS WOMAN.

Accompanied by whirring machine sounds, the camera zooms in to a close-up of the woman's face. Overlaid on the screen are Terminator type graphics: \$\$\$\$ appear along the bottom of the screen, the words she speaks appear, in computer style letters, as she says them: NEW STOCK OFFERING, WHIPLASH AND TREMBLY, NEXT WEEK, BURNS SECURITIES. The camera cuts to replays of the key sections. In between each piece, there is a brief fast forward.

WOMAN

(slight computer effect)
New stock offering, Whiplash and Trembly.
Coming out next week.
Burns Securities.

FREEZE ON CHARLEY'S FACE. GRAPHIC TYPES ACROSS:

Insider Information

NARRATOR (VO)

Does the name Ivan Boesky ring any bells? The NASD says you can't act on any information not available to the general public. There are strict fines for this—even jail sentences.

WHIP PAN TO

Charley Wheeler's Big Week

4. (Trading for Own Account)

CHARLEY ON THE PHONE.

CHARLEY

George, this is your lucky day. I'm not only going to open an account with you, but I'd like all thousand shares. That's right. Can you do that? Great. OK, I'll have a check to you before the end of the week. It's Charles Wheeler. W-h-e-e-l-e-r. Zero four one, three three, one one eight. July thirtieth, nineteen fifty seven. 207 Maverick Street. Boston, Mass. 02116. Occupation?
(he's caught off guard by the question)

FREEZE ON CHARLEY'S FACE. GRAPHIC TYPES ACROSS:

Trading For Your Own Account

NARRATOR (VO)

Why was Charley thrown when he was asked his occupation? Because, as a marketing representative, you have to tell your firm if you open a trading account with another brokerage firm. And that brokerage firm needs to know you're NASD registered.

WHIP PAN TO

5. (Outside Business Activities)

RECEPTIONIST DESK.

The sign above her desk reads: **CDs R Us**

RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST

Hello, CDs R Us, we make investing fun. How can I help you? Yes, Mr. Wheeler is one of our account executives.

JUST THEN, CHARLEY WALKS IN THE DOOR AND UP TO THE DESK.

CHARLEY

Hiya, Mabel. Any messages?

FREEZE ON CHARLEY'S FACE. TYPE OVER GRAPHICS:

Outside Business Activity

Charley Wheeler's Big Week

NARRATOR (VO)

Sure, we can admire Charley's ambition. But you have to notify your broker dealer of any employment or business activity outside of your position as a representative of that broker dealer. If you earn any additional money—other than passive investment income—you must notify your Compliance Officer.

WHIP PAN TO

6. (Misuse of Customer Funds)

OFFICE OF CDs R Us.

Charley in mid-conversation on the phone with Mr. Benish.

CHARLEY

It's a \$5,000 investment. Make the check out to me, Charles Wheeler. That's right, W-h-e-e-l-e-r.

FREEZE ON CHARLEY'S FACE AND TYPE OVER GRAPHICS:

Misuse of Customer Funds

NARRATOR (VO)

Ouch, Charley. That's a cardinal rule in this business. You can't accept checks made out to you from your customer.

WHIP PAN TO

7. (Acting As General Partner)

CHARLEY CREATES A SIMULATED BAD CONNECTION BY CRUMBLING A PIECE OF PAPER AGAINST THE MOUTH PIECE OF THE PHONE.

CHARLEY

Something must have happened to the phone. Can you hear me now? Good. Now, about that limited partnership—did I explain that *I'm* the General Partner? That's right. Fees? Oh no. The fees should be just about *right*.

FREEZE ON CHARLEY'S FACE AND TYPE OVER GRAPHIC:

Charley Wheeler's Big Week

Private Securities Offering

NARRATOR (VO)

Just about right for who? Charley created his own private securities offering without getting permission from his firm and you saw where that got him.

NARRATOR, BRAD, PACKING UP CHARLEY'S THINGS.

NARRATOR

So there you have it. The seven rules that Charley ignored. As a registered representative, you must live up to the professional obligations and standards set by the securities industry.

BRAD FINDS A COMPLIANCE MANUAL BURIED UNDER A STACK OF MAGAZINES ON CHARLEY'S DESK. HE PAUSES, SHAKING HIS HEAD AT THE IRONY, AND SHOWS IT TO CAMERA.

NARRATOR

So learn your company's policies and the industry regulations. And don't be like Charley. Think about the consequences.

USIC UP.

M

BRAD PICKS UP THE BOX HE HAS BEEN PACKING AND LEAVES THE ROOM. THE CAMERA MOVES IN TOWARDS CHARLEY'S EMPTY CHAIR

AND SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO . . .

A CLOSE-UP OF A FRIED EGG SIZZLING ON THE GRIDDLE.

FADE TO BLACK.

Charley Wheeler's Big Week

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Directory: D:\WritingCD\scripts
Template: C:\WINDOWS\Application Data\Microsoft\Templates\Normal.dot
Title:
Subject:
Author: Anthony Friedmann
Keywords:
Comments:
Creation Date: 11/2/00 3:49 PM
Change Number: 1
Last Saved On:
Last Saved By:
Total Editing Time: 1 Minute
Last Printed On: 11/2/00 3:49 PM
As of Last Complete Printing
Number of Pages:24
Number of Words: 3,713 (approx.)
Number of Characters: 21,168 (approx.)