

JORDAN (CONT'D)
(Hands Donnie his phone) Call the
sonovabitch! Hold on a second.

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BACK AT STRATTON...

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RUGRAT
I'm looking at the screen and huge
chunks of Steve Madden are being
sold. We're not doing it so it's
gotta be Steve. He's the only
person who owns that many shares.

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ON THE BOAT...

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Jordan cups the phone, looks to Donnie who shrugs.

DONNIE
He's not picking up.

JORDAN
Your fucking friend is trying to
fuck me. And you know where he's
trying to fuck me? Up the ass.
(back to Rugrat)
I need some time to think.

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Jordan thinks, snorts a line to think better.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Even though I owned 85% of Steve-
Cocksucker-Madden-fucking-Shoes,
the shares were in his fucking
name. Motherfucker knew I was in
trouble with the Feds and was
trying to take advantage.

He gets back on the phone with Rugrat.

JORDAN
Tell all the brokers to sell.
Drive the price down. Steve will
go cockless when he watches me
turn his company into a penny
stock.
(he hangs up)
Sonovacunt!
(yelling below deck)
Captain Ted!! Start 'er up, we
gotta go home!

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The sight of Naomi and Hildy returning from their trip
ashore stops him. Because Naomi's weeping, Hildy
consoling her.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
What the fuck?! What happened?