

77B

A "NASDAQ" HOOKER DANCES THROUGH BULLPEN. STRATTON  
BROKERS WATCH.

\*77B

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JORDAN (V.O.)

Finally there were pink sheets,  
skanks, the bottom of the barrel.

77C

A "PINK SHEET" HOOKER, COVERED IN TATTOOS, IS ON ALL  
FOURS AS SEA OTTER RIDES HER LIKE A PONY.

\*77C

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JORDAN (V.O.)

They usually cost a hundred or  
less, and if you didn't wear a  
condom, you'd get a penicillin  
shot the next day and pray your  
dick didn't fall off.

77D

THE ABOVE-MENTIONED "PINK SHEET" HOOKER SITS ON A STOOL,  
AS SEA OTTER FUCKS HER.

\*77D

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JORDAN (V.O.)

Not that we didn't fuck them, too.  
Believe me, we did.

Behind him, the other guys wait their turns.

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77E

BACK TO SCENE

77E

Max continues to steam so Jordan ushers Robbie, Rugrat  
and Donnie out the door.

JORDAN

Give us a minute, will you, guys?

He closes the door, then stretches a bit, exaggeratedly,  
letting out a little moan.

MAX

What's the matter?

JORDAN

Nothing, just... My back's been  
killing me. Pain shooting down my  
leg. Not to worry, it'll pass.

MAX

What do the doctors say?

JORDAN

Doctors, what do they know? I'm on  
like twenty different medications.

(re: the Amex bill)

Look, I know it's hard for you to  
make sense of these expenses, but  
there's a method here, okay?

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