

JORDAN (V.O.)

As long as they knew I'd buy the shares back at the top of the market, they'd drive the price up as high as I fucking wanted.

132 SCENES 132 - 133 OMITTED 132

134 INT. JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY (FEB '95) 134

Donnie pours champagne nearby, oblivious to Jordan, who sits at his desk, speaking directly to camera:

JORDAN

Of the two million shares being offered for sale, a million belonged to me, held in phony accounts by my ratholes. Once the price hit the high teens, I--

Jordan abruptly stops. A beat, then:

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Like I said before, who gives a shit? As always, the point is this--

BACK TO SCENE -- Donnie hands Jordan a glass of Dom.

DONNIE

22 million in three fucking hours!

They toast, then each pop ludes, which they wash down with champagne. A quick knock; Janet pops her head in.

JORDAN

Janet, baby. Drink.

JANET

Call for you. Barry Kleinman from Future Video?

JORDAN

Who?

JANET

He filmed your wedding. He says it's urgent.

Curious, Jordan leans over, hits the speaker phone:

JORDAN

Barry?