

JORDAN

Exactly, to release the tension.
Sometimes you gotta learn to do
what comes natural in life, huh?

*
*
*

Aunt Emma pulls back slightly.

AUNT EMMA (V.O.)

Is he fucking hitting on me?

He leans in even closer, kisses her, then:

*

AUNT EMMA

Stability, dear. Family.

*

AUNT EMMA (CONT'D)

You take care of my niece, my
love. And I'll take care of
everything over here.

*

(a beat)

Ah, once upon a time...

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*
*

155A

INT. BEACH HOUSE - BEDROOM - SOUTH HAMPTON - DAY
(SUMMER '95)

155A

Jordan fucks Naomi. There's a curious *thunk-thunk-thunk*.

JORDAN (V.O.)

When I got home, I realized there
was no way Aunt Emma could smuggle
that much cash by herself. I
racked my brain for another person
with a foreign passport.

The bed's covered with bundles of cash. Every thrust of
Jordan's, another bundle plummets to the floor -- *thunk*.

156

SCENES 156 - 157 OMITTED

156

158

INT. BEACH HOUSE - SOUTH HAMPTON - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY
(SUMMER '95)

158

With \$20 mil in CASH on the bed, Jordan and a stoned
Donnie watch as Brad tapes stacks of cash to his wife
CHANTALLE, a bombshell in panties, bra and sneakers.

CHANTALLE

Bra-had, theese tape eez focking
steeky!

As Brad keeps taping her up: