

BRAD

I'm gonna give you a pass.

DONNIE

You're what?

BRAD

I'm gonna give you a pass.

DONNIE

You're gonna give me a pass?

BRAD

Yes. Just gimme the money.

DONNIE

You're gonna give me a pass?

Okay...

(offers the case)

Why don't you stick your pass up
your Slavic cunt's pussy.

That does it. Brad attacks. Donnie throws the case at him, which opens on impact, money spilling out. Brad instinctively tries to contain it... and that's when the POLICE SIRENS start. Here comes the patrol car.

BRAD

Shit!

Donnie bolts. With no time to get to his car, Brad takes off on foot, bleeding briefcase in hand, toward a video store where he stashes his .38 in the return box.

POLICE

Freeze! Don't move!

Brad drops to his knees, briefcase at his feet. From a distance, Donnie peers around a corner to watch him get arrested, knowing he fucked this up.

170E

SCENES 170E - 178 OMITTED

170E

178A

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - DONNIE'S OFFICE - DAY
(LATE SUMMER '95)

178A

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Donnie is seated at his desk, freaking out and trying to figure out what to do. He exits.

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179

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY
(LATE SUMMER '95)

179

With a flourish, Donnie presents a bottle full of ludes.

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