

JORDAN (O.C.) (CONT'D)

As my friend Donnie Azoff says,  
"If you wanna party with the boys,  
you gotta wake up with the men."  
Monday morning I want you all  
looking razor-sharp. Cuz  
Stratton's got a few things on the  
horizon, things that're gonna take  
it right up into the fucking  
stratosphere!

The Crowd goes nuts. One Broker lets loose a wolf-howl,  
and the crowd toasts Jordan, chanting his name.

CROWD

Jor-dan! Jor-dan! Jor-dan!

As Jordan looks down smiling like a benevolent dictator --

JORDAN (PRE-LAP)

Fuck Merrill Lynch, this way we  
become the underwriters.

ROBBIE (PRE-LAP)

Like an investment bank.

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INT. BEACH HOUSE - SOUTH HAMPTON - (LATER THAT) DAY

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GORGEOUS PEOPLE dance/drink/snort coke. Upstairs, Jordan  
plays pool with Sea Otter, Donnie, Robbie, Toby and  
Rugrat, assigning ludes with every pocketed ball.

JORDAN

Exactly. We do our own IPO's and  
we will print money.

SEA OTTER

Eat like a bird, shit like an  
elephant, baby!

JORDAN

They can take their Harvard asses  
under our desks and suck our  
cocks.

(to Rugrat)

How soon can you get the paperwork  
filed?

RUGRAT

(super-stoned)

Can't we talk about this Monday?

JORDAN

It's a simple fucking question.