

Steve clears his throat, looks over at Jordan -- he's terrified. Jordan motions for him to calm down.

STEVE MADDEN

I uh, I'd like to start by telling you about my background in the shoe industry.

ANOTHER BROKER

Nice fucking hat!

STEVE MADDEN

I uh... first started working in the shoe industry, in a shoe store. When I was sixteen, my friends were out chasing girls, but I was learning about women's shoes.

KALIL

Move the mike closer.

PETER DEBLASIO

We can't fucking hear you!

*

He moves the mic; feedback SCREECHES through the bullpen.

STEVE MADDEN (CONT'D)

Sorry... Anyway, my first job was at a shoe store like I said where I worked in the stockroom. You know, I can honestly say I've been a lover of women's shoes since I was twelve--

BROKER #4

Freak!

STEVE MADDEN

No. Heh-heh. Not like that. I mean somehow I became fascinated with the endless design possibilities for women's shoes--

BROKER #5

Queer!

BROKER #6

Get a fucking life!

Boos, hisses. Steve looks at Jordan, who motions for him to speed up. He grabs a shoe from one of the boxes.

STEVE MADDEN (CONT'D)

This shoe -- the Mary Lou -- is the one that really put me on the map. It's a black patent leather variation of the Mary Jane, but--

SPLAT! A half-eaten grapefruit lands at Steve's feet. In a flash, Jordan rushes over, grabs the mic--