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INT. WINDOWS ON THE WORLD - DAY (MAY '87)

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CLOSE ON a COKE SPOON whose contents disappear up a nostril. PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

The lunchtime power spot with panoramic views of the city. At a corner table, a paranoid Jordan looks around as Hanna does another bump of coke. None of the other DINERS seem to notice or care.

MARK HANNA  
(offering the spoon)  
Got enough for one more? Tootski?

JORDAN  
No. Thanks though.

Hanna slips the vial into his pocket as HECTOR, the tuxedoed Maitre'D, approaches.

HECTOR  
Mr. Hanna, what can I bring for  
you on this glorious afternoon?

Hanna surreptitiously palms Hector a \$100; Jordan notices.

MARK HANNA  
Here's the game plan, Hector.  
Bring us two Absolut Martinis  
straight up. Precisely seven and  
a half minutes after you deliver  
those you'll bring two more, then  
two more every five minutes until  
one of us passes out.

HECTOR  
An excellent strategy, sir.

JORDAN  
Actually, I'm good with 7-Up.

Jordan might as well have farted at the table.

MARK HANNA  
First day on Wall Street, Hector.  
Give him time.  
(Hector offers menus)  
No thanks, I'm not eating.

Hector heads off.

JORDAN  
You can get high during the day  
and still function?