

JANET

Fuck you, you stop him.

The guys straighten up and head to desk, settle in. Max blows in past her, waving a 3-inch-thick bill:

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MAX

\$430,000 dollars in one month!!
Four-hundred-and-thirty-thousand
dollars in one month!!

JORDAN

Hello, Father.

*

(Max's expression
doesn't budge)

They're business expenses. Just relax.

*

*

The guys titter at "business expenses."

MAX

If you bastards don't wipe those
smug fucking looks off your faces,
I swear to God I'm gonna wipe 'em
off for you!

(back to Jordan)

Are you insane?

ROBBIE

*

Actually, Max, my portion of the
bill is hardly anything, so I'm on
the same page as you --

MAX

Shut the fuck up, Feinberg, you
only have a portion because of my
son, you worthless twerp!

DONNIE

(chuckles)

Twerp.

MAX

You zip it, too, Azoff, those
boiling teeth of yours are hurting
my fucking eyes!

(turning to Jordan)

My own son! From my very loins!
What do you think this is?

*

JORDAN

Will you calm down --

MAX

You don't think there's any end in
sight, do you? It's all one giant
party to you schmendricks!