

BALL STREET

PILOT: "A SLIGHTLY NICER DRAGON"

Written by

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Directed by

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POINT GREY  
91 BULLS  
SONY TELEVISION  
8/12/16

CHYRON: **OCTOBER 19, 1987**

OPEN ON: A pair of HUGE BRONZE BALLS.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL: The balls belong to the iconic CHARGING BULL OF WALL STREET STATUE (yes, it is anatomically correct).

EXT. WALL STREET - DUSK

Wall Street is a deserted, littered mess, like we just missed a riot. Two PUNKS (mohawks, spikey leather jackets) spray-paint an ANARCHY SYMBOL on the Bull.

PUNK 1  
The motherfuckin' revolution is on!

PUNK 2  
These rich assholes got exactly what they deserve.  
(spots something)  
Whoa, check it out...

REVEAL: a WHITE LAMBORGHINI LIMO (license plate: JAMMER) parked behind the Bull. Punk 1 grabs his BASEBALL BAT...

PUNK 1  
Check *this* out...

He SWINGS the bat at the limo when-- a hand CATCHES it!

MAN (O.S.)  
The fuck you think you're doing?

REVEAL: a roided-out chauffeur, CHAD (40, mullet, stache, tan), RIPS the bat free and PUSHES Punk 1 to the concrete!

PUNK 2  
Look around, man, the yuppies lost--

Chad WINDS UP to swing at Punk 2-- who FLINCHES wildly, TRIPS over his buddy, and SLAMS to the ground!

CHAD THE CHAUFFEUR  
Get a job, ass-wipes! You better pray I don't find *one* scratch...

Chad spots a SCRATCH. The Punks are scared as he wipes at it... thankfully it DISAPPEARS. They sigh, relieved.

CHAD THE CHAUFFEUR  
Looks like today's your lucky--

A MAN FALLS FROM THE SKY, SMASHING THE ROOF OF THE LIMO!  
Punk 1 SCREAMS! Punk 2 PUKES! Chad RECOGNIZES the body...

CHAD THE CHAUFFEUR

Oh my god.

PUNK 1

Holy shit, isn't that that dude...?

PAN UP the dead body slowly: expensive shoes... expensive suit... a GREEN-FACED GOLD ROLEX... an EMERALD TIE PIN... but before we reveal the man's identity-- the wind WHIPS a New York Times ONTO HIS FACE! The headline reads, "APOCALYPSE ON WALL STREET! DOW JONES PLUMMETS!"

CHYRON: **OCTOBER 19, 1987 - AKA "BLACK MONDAY" - WAS THE WORST SINGLE DAY STOCK MARKET CRASH IN THE HISTORY OF WALL STREET. TO THIS DAY, NO ONE KNOWS WHAT CAUSED IT.**

**OR WHO...**

FADE TO BLACK.

CHYRON: **ONE YEAR EARLIER**

INT. THE GAUDIEST APARTMENT IN MANHATTAN - DAWN

In a dark bedroom, an out of shape MAN (39) suddenly STARTLES AWAKE WITH A GASP! A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (25) rouses beside him.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Did you have a nightmare, sweetie?

MAN

Yeah.

The Man sits up, lights a smoke. The flame REVEALS a GREEN-FACED GOLD ROLEX on his wrist (yes, the same one we just saw on the man that jumps to his death). With each drag, the cigarette cherry ILLUMINATES the room's OPULENCE...

MAN

I was riding a dragon... and the guy next to me had a slightly nicer dragon... but before I could ask him where he got his, I woke up.

The Woman sits up and rubs his back, comforting him.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

It was just a dream, honey.

INT. THE SHITTIEST APARTMENT IN MANHATTAN - DAWN

A scrawny kid, BLAIR (24, cheap suit and tie), sits on the edge of his twin bed, shining his shoes. His girlfriend, TIFF (24, Long Island Jewess), rouses beside him.

TIFF

Honey? How long have you been up?  
Your interviews aren't for hours.

BLAIR

Couldn't sleep. This is like the  
biggest day of my life.

She sits up and rubs his back, comforting him.

TIFF

Blair, they're gonna totally love  
you. Duh! And if they don't...  
we're through.  
(off his shocked look)  
Kidding! Take a chill pill.  
You're gonna be great. You're like  
the smartest guy in the world.

BLAIR

Thanks Tiff, that's sweet, but...  
we need this. Look at this place--

He moves a Japanese screen to REVEAL A TOILET beside the bed.

TIFF

C'mon, it's not that bad.

Tiff gets up to make coffee, throwing open the drapes to  
REVEAL A DIRECT VIEW into the bathroom window of the building  
next door... where a GUY TAKES A SHIT. The Guy waves.

TIFF

Okay, it's pretty bad.

They both laugh. Blair waves back. Tiff gives Blair a look.

BLAIR

What? I don't wanna be rude.

INT. THE GAUDIEST APARTMENT IN MANHATTAN - DAWN

The Man gets up, nude, and PRESSES a remote control-- a wall  
of drapes OPENS to a 15 MILLION DOLLAR VIEW. The light gives  
us our first good look at him: His DICK is huge, he's RICH as  
fuck, he's ROD JAMINSKI. But you can call him JAMMER.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

(smiles seductively)  
For what it's worth, you've got a  
pretty nice dragon there yourself.

JAMMER

That's sweet.  
(kisses her)  
So, what do I owe you?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Well, it's usually two grand for the night, but we didn't even have sex. You just played me your top ten favorite guitar solos and then had me take pictures of you in your Testarossa for six hours.

JAMMER

I need new headshots. The Wall Street Journal keeps using a photo of me at my fattest.

He grabs a stack of cash, counts out TWO GRAND, then stops--

JAMMER

Hey, what's the biggest tip you ever got?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

I don't know, eight hundred bucks?

JAMMER

Here's five thou. Keep the change.

He hands her the whole stack. She's blown away.

INT. THE SHITTIEST APARTMENT IN MANHATTAN - DAWN

Blair gets up to go, grabbing his briefcase and WALL STREET JOURNAL. On the FRONT PAGE we see a PHOTO of Jammer (at his fattest) beneath the headline, "Wall Street's New Rock Stars"--

TIFF

Wait, Blair. For good luck...

Tiff takes out one of her emerald earrings and affixes it to Blair's tie as an EMERALD TIE PIN (yes, the same one we saw on the man that jumps to his death).

TIFF

Knock 'em dead.

Blair smiles, then kisses her, and bounds out.

INT. THE GAUDIEST APARTMENT IN MANHATTAN - DAWN

Jammer stubs out his smoke, then starts out, but turns back--

JAMMER

Hey, who gave you that eight hundo tip? Trump? Ewing?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

You did, Jammer. Last week.

JAMMER  
 (smiles, proud)  
 Very cool, very cool.

RUN DMC'S "HARD TIMES" IGNITES AS...

-- SPLIT SCREEN: Jammer (perfect \$5000 suit) hits "UP" on his fancy elevator/Blair hits "DOWN" on his shitty elevator.

-- Jammer exits onto the roof and boards his waiting HELICOPTER (the tail reads: JAMMER). LIFTOFF!

-- Blair rides a packed SUBWAY CAR. He YAWNS-- just as an OBESE WOMAN SNEEZES into his mouth! He GAGS!

-- The helicopter lands on a parking garage, where Jammer's LAMBO LIMO and Chad The Chauffeur await (both from the open).

-- WALL STREET. Blair stares at the BULL STATUE in awe. Jammer's limo SCREECHES up (into the same spot the body fell in the open). Jammer gets out like a superfly pimp, then SLAPS the Bull's BALLS for good luck as he walks by.

-- Now Jammer and Blair CLIMB the steps of the MAJESTIC NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, shoulder to shoulder, but a world apart.

Blair stops at the BIG DOUBLE DOORS of the Exchange, in awe, as waves of TRADERS bump/push past him to rush in. Each time the doors CRACK OPEN, we hear a DEAFENING ROAR...

Blair smiles then opens one of the doors and-- Jammer steps through it, tipping Blair a HUNDRED as if he's a doorman.

Blair stares at the bill, dumbfounded, then pockets it. This place really is crazy. He takes a deep breath.

BLAIR  
 Look out, Wall Street. Here I--

WHACK! THE OTHER DOOR SMACKS BLAIR IN THE FACE AS A 300 POUND TRADER BURSTS OUT! BLAIR CRUMPLES TO THE GROUND, LIMP!

SMASH CUT TO:

SMOOTH JAZZ plays as a HOT GIRL (bikini top, jeans) rides a white horse on a DREAMY BEACH. She trots up to us, then smiles directly into camera, sexy.

HOT GIRL  
 Don't just lie there, silly. Let's go for a ride...

REVEAL she's talking to a sunbathing HUNK. He tilts down his shades to check her out. "JORDACHE" splashes on the screen.

BRITISH ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
 Jordache. Jeans for her. And him.

The SCREEN pauses like a shitty VHS. PULL OUT TO REVEAL we're watching a commercial on a TV in:

INT. THE JAMMER GROUP - MORNING

JAMMER

Today's my 39th birthday.  
(taps the TV screen)  
And *that's* what I want.

REVEAL Jammer is addressing his ROWDY TRADERS in the bullpen of his firm as they feast on a breakfast of chili-burgers like animals. In the lily white, blue blood world of Wall Street, these are the outcasts, overlooked by traditional firms due to their ethnicity/gender/education/attitude/etc.

KEITH (30's, fat, a Rolex on both hairy wrists), looks up at the commercial, mouth full:

KEITH

No problemo, Jammerino. You already own three white horses, and I can get a small-titted girl down here by 9:45. Or now, if Dawn's willing to play ball.

The Traders "Ooo" as Keith nods at DAWN (30's, big hair, bigger shoulder pads, biggest balls). She's Jammer's right hand (wo)man, and the only female head trader on the Street.

DAWN

In your dreams, Keith, you fat tub of cooked shit. And in what world are these small?  
(GRABS HER BREASTS)  
Full C's. All me. Never you.

The Traders ROAR! Jammer high-fives her (he loves to watch Dawn kick ass). Keith hates that she's Jammer's number 2.

JAMMER

Guys, I don't want the girl in the commercial. I've had her. Her name's Mariska. She lives in one of those model apartments in Tribeca. I want the company.

KEITH

You wanna get into the shmatta business?

DAWN

They do cut a nice jean. Took three years off my ass. But the designer denim racket's cut-throat.

JAMMER

Listen, no one's denying they sexy up an ass, okay? But that's not what this is about. Jordache is the only company that still does all its manufacturing in Manhattan. Do you know what that means?

KEITH

They're getting killed on their margins cause there's a thousand Mexicans in Guatemala that'll work for a bowl of *flied lice*?

DAWN

I can't tell if that's the most racist thing I've ever heard or just the stupidest.

KEITH

Cause I do everything *to the max!*

JAMMER

It *means* they're the largest real estate holder in New York. The land the warehouses is on is worth twice the company. Which makes them ripe for a takeover--

KEITH

(tries simultaneously)  
--ripe for a takeover! Yes! I knew it. I knew it all along.

JAMMER

Team, once in a lifetime there comes a trade that can define a man. Jordache is that trade. And I am that man. And you are that team.

DAWN

(checking a monitor)  
Uh, Jammer, slight problem: it's impossible. Lehman Brothers owns 30% of Jordache. And I'm pretty sure they'd rather sell their moms on 42nd Street than sell a share of anything to you.

KEITH

I hate those country club dweebs! They think they're so much better than us cause we didn't go to their fancyboy schools. Or any schools in some cases. Fuck, Ronnie's the best bond trader I know, and he's not allowed within a hundred yards of a school.



RONNIE

She said she was sixteen!

DAWN

You gotta stop saying that, Ron.

RONNIE (35, Selleck stache, moussed hair) nods, agreeing.

JAMMER

Hmmm. If only we had someone on our team who was called "The Phil Collins of Trading" *this morning*... Oh yeah, we do. Me.

He holds up the WALL STREET JOURNAL ("Wall Street's New Rock Stars"). Jammer lights a smoke, walks over to admire a WARHOL OF HIMSELF (also smoking). He matches the pose, pensive.

JAMMER

Gang, I was born to a whore. In a toilet. In the back of a now defunct Church's Chicken. But this morning, exactly 39 years later, I woke up in a fifteen million dollar Park Avenue fuckpad after a five thousand dollar Park Avenue fuckathon. My everyday car is a helicopter. My weekend car is a plane. And my plane is fucking wicked. Favorite sushi place? Japan. Favorite sexual position? From behind... *Kathy Ireland*. Yeah, that happens. Guys, twenty minutes ago my *robot butler* brought me caviar for *breakfast*. And I said, "Kyle, I hate caviar, throw that fish jizz out." And he did, because Kyle *understands English*.

(turns back to them)

My mom was a whore, people, and now I run the number nine trading firm on the Street!

(the Traders CHEER LOUDLY)

Yeah! Yay! Hooray! Yes! NO!

He SWEEPS all the food off the table! The Traders go SILENT, SCARED (except Dawn, who's unfazed by Jammer's antics).

JAMMER

Nine!? The ninth guy on the Knicks isn't even a basketball player, he's just an eight foot Yugoslav with a kidney disease they took a flier on. I don't know about you guys, but I'm tired of riding a second-class dragon!

The Traders are confused by that reference.

JAMMER

When it comes to the real money,  
there's the big three, then there's  
a great lake of goddamn shit.  
Morgan Stanley, Goldman Sachs,  
Lehman Brothers. And it's been  
those same blue-blooded nerds at  
the top for a thousand years.  
Well, their time is about to end!  
(the Traders start to clap)  
They still think trading's about  
charts and math, or what Ivy League  
fart-factory your daddy bought your  
MBA from. Well, the only thing my  
dad ever bought me was a bus ticket  
to get the fuck outta here, and I  
haven't done math since I hired my  
first Jew. You know what my MBA is  
in? Rippin' dicks and breakin'  
hearts. And you don't rip a guy's  
dick off with your brain, you rip a  
guy's dick off with your balls!

He points at a "Ball St." street sign as the Traders CHEER!  
Jammer's fucking rolling now and they love it!

JAMMER

Wall Street's changing and I'm the  
proof! It's not about making money  
anymore. It's about *taking* money.  
What goes in your pocket when that  
bell rings comes directly outta  
someone else's ass. One guy gets a  
sweet chalet in Vail, the other guy  
has to tell his daughter Santa  
exploded in the Challenger. Down  
here, it's fuck or get raped. By,  
like, some sort of jungle cat. And  
that's what you guys are: a bunch  
of giant, awesome, rape-cats!  
(the Traders EXPLODE now!)  
We do this Jordache trade right, we  
net six or seven. Hundo. Millie.  
Fuck the big three! We're gonna be  
the big, veiny, purple, mushroom-  
headed ONE! So get out there and  
buy up every single share of  
Jordache you can find!

All the Traders JUMP UP WILDLY!

JAMMER

Now if you'll *excuse-eh-moi me*, I'm  
gonna go make the Lehman Brothers  
sell their mothers! And that  
FUCKING RHYMED!

Everyone GOES CRAZY as Jammer grabs a nearby electric guitar and SMASHES it (like a rock star), then starts to storm out--

KEITH  
Wait! Jammer, hold up.

JAMMER  
Really? I just *rhymed* my walk-off line and smashed my Springsteen-signed Strat. This better be good, Keith.

KEITH  
Sorry. But we all chipped in to get you a little something. Happy birthday, Jam.

Keith hands Jammer a TEDDY BEAR. Jammer is TOUCHED... then he RIPS the bear's head off, reaches down it's throat, and retrieves a HUGE BAG OF COCAINE.

KEITH  
What do you get the guy that has everything, right?

JAMMER  
(laughs)  
...More coke.

INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, HALLWAY - MORNING

Blair wanders the CHAOTIC halls, lost, and in everyone's way. BUSY MEN PUSH past him like he doesn't exist.

BLAIR  
Oops-- Could you point me towards--  
I have an interview with Morgan Stanley and--

No one cares. He turns to an OLD TRADER (70) on a pay phone.

BLAIR  
Scuse me, sir, seems like I've come down with a bad case of the 'first days'. Do you mind showing me--

OLD TRADER (ON PHONE)  
Hold on a sec, Scotty.  
(to Blair, casual)  
Get cancer.  
(back into phone)  
No no, I just stepped in dogshit.

Flustered, Blair backs around a corner and finally finds... THE NYSE TRADING FLOOR. He heads through the doorway and is instantly engulfed by a RAGING PIT OF PURE CAPITALISM:

Cigar chomping TRADERS SCREAM, GESTURING WILDLY in an alien sign language! YOUNG RUNNERS SPRINT through the frenzied pits, ferrying million dollar slips of paper! Above it all, the MASTERS OF THE UNIVERSE look down from their skyboxes, like Caesars at the Coliseum. Right in front of Blair, a BUYER PUNCHES A SELLER! A crowd forms, chanting "FIGHT!"

Blair watches, scared, as the Buyer PUMMELS the Seller repeatedly. A perfectly coiffed WASP (55, blonde hair, blue eyes, double-breasted suit) leans over to Blair...

WASP

Pretty crazy, right?

BLAIR

It's... horrible, that man is injured. If this is trading I may have picked the wrong career.

WASP

Oh, well... then this is awkward--  
(offers his hand)  
Ty Daverman, Morgan Stanley. We spoke on the phone. Blair, right?

Shocked, Blair shakes his hand and instantly drops into interview mode.

BLAIR

Yes! Blair Shmerman, so great to finally meet you, sir. Now when I said 'may have picked the wrong career' I meant... that as a joke. Joking's kinda my strong suit.

(course correcting)

Obviously, trading's my real strong suit. Laughter has its place - I don't particularly care for it - takes time away from trading, which again is my primary strength.

(awkward beat, then)

And what are my weaknesses, you ask? Smart question. I can think of only three: caring too much, working too hard, and caring too much.

(realizing he fucked up)

And repeating myself. Which makes four weaknesses. Plus miscounting weaknesses makes it five... How do I get out of this?

TY DAVERMAN

Yikes.

Blair is crushed, he blew the interview before it began.

TY DAVERMAN

Luckily, I'm not here to interview you. You're here to interview me.

BLAIR

I am? Well, then I gotta be honest, I am not prepared at all--

TY DAVERMAN

Kid, you're the top recruit on the street this year. Everyone's buzzing about the trading algorithm you developed for your MBA thesis at Wharton. You know, I was a Wharthog myself.

Ty does the Wharthog SNORT. Blair smiles, SNORTS back. Ty puts his arm around him and starts walking...

TY DAVERMAN

You're gonna have your pick of the big three, but trust me, you want to be a Morgan Man. Company car, company driver. Company plane, company captain. Company yacht, company captain--

BLAIR

(attempts a joke)  
Same guy or different guy?

TY DAVERMAN

(beat, then laughs)  
You tell me. And technology? We've got the cutting edge tools that'll help you develop your next genius algorithm. From mobile phones as small as toasters to computers as big as a barn.  
(hands him a MOBILE PHONE)  
Here, consider it a gift.

BLAIR

For serious?

TY DAVERMAN

Now let's leave these lowly animals to fight over the scraps. I wanna show you what the world looks like to a Morgan Man...

They stop at a fancy elevator, it opens. An African American elevator operator, CALVIN (65), greets them as they step in.

INT. FANCY ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

CALVIN  
Good day, Mr. Daverman, sir.

TY DAVERMAN  
Calvin, to the top.

Blair SMILES EXCITED as the doors begin to close, when-- a HAND STOPS them. Jammer enters, talking loudly on his phone:

JAMMER  
Look guy, don't jizz a jizzer.  
Cause I'm the jizz wizard. The  
jizz-ard. Alright, gonna lose you  
in the vator. Jizz you later.  
(hangs up, then to Calvin)  
Yo Cal, can you drop me at 4? How  
you livin'?

CALVIN  
Large and in charge, Jammer.

JAMMER  
How's Loretta?

CALVIN  
Large and in charge, Jammer.

They laugh then go into an ELABORATE HANDSHAKE (they're friends), when Ty clears his throat, prickishly.

TY DAVERMAN  
*Um, Calvin? To the top?*

CALVIN  
Oh, yes sir. Sorry, Mr. Daverman.

Calvin pulls the lever, driving the elevator up. Beat.

JAMMER  
Daverman? You work at Morgan Klan-  
ley, right?

TY DAVERMAN  
No, I'm a VP at Morgan Stanley.

JAMMER  
Oh sorry, I always get your firm  
confused with the Klan because of  
how fucking racist you guys are.  
(elevator DINGS)  
Welp, this is me. Try not to oven  
too many Jews!

Blair is SHOCKED. Jammer LOW-FIVES a smirking Calvin as he exits the elevator. Ty is DISGUSTED by Jammer.

TY DAVERMAN

Animals.

INT. LEHMAN BROTHERS, RECEPTION - LATER

The Lehman reception area is all old money (brown wood, brown leather). A stiff SECRETARY (60) answers a phone:

SECRETARY

Lehman Brothers, may I help you?

Suddenly, Jammer BURSTS into the office, singing Scorpions' "Rock You Like a Hurricane" with his own lyrics.

JAMMER

*Here I am! Fuck you like a hurricane!*

SECRETARY

Oh god. Mr. Jaminski, you can't--

She stands to stop him-- he just KISSES her on the lips, then unceremoniously drops her, and KICKS open two big doors--

INT. LEHMAN BROTHERS, CEO OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JAMMER

*I am Jam! Jammin like a jammicane!*

Jammer does a couple KARATE KICKS. We hear a SIGH. REVEAL TWO MEN looking out over the floor. One turns around.

MAN 1

Hello, Mr. Jaminski.

JAMMER

If it isn't Lenny Lehman.

MAN 1

I'm Larry.

The other Man turns around. They're identical twins. Lehman Brothers is run by super handsome, creepy, possibly inbred, twin brothers, LARRY and LENNY LEHMAN (50, crested blazers).

LENNY LEHMAN

*I'm Lenny. You really can't tell us apart?*

JAMMER

*I always forget: which one of you is a virgin and which one has never gotten laid? Burn!*

He puts up a HIGH-FIVE for Larry-- who leaves him hanging.

JAMMER

It's called a high-five. I know you haven't been asked to join a lot of them in your time, but it's pretty straightforward.

LARRY LEHMAN

I'd never high-five you, Jaminski. I could get investigated for just looking at you. Now *that's* a burn!

Larry and Lenny HIGH-FIVE each other poorly!

LENNY LEHMAN

Chemical burn, Lar! 619 degrees!

JAMMER

(annoyed)  
Ugh, what do you guys want?

LARRY LEHMAN

(confused)  
You came here. What do you want?

JAMMER

To be a pair of Robin Givens' Umbros, but that job's taken. So in the meantime, I'd like your shares of Jordache please.

LARRY LEHMAN

Jordache? The women's jeanery? Len, do we even own any of that?

LENNY LEHMAN

Yeah Lar, we bought a chunk awhile back to offset our capital gains in--

JAMMER

(in a robot nerd voice)  
*And then our computers told our pocket protectors to get a life.*  
Just gimme the fucking shares, we'll go hit Cheetah's Topless, first round of head's on me.

LARRY LEHMAN

Ew. And what do you want with Jordache? It's a dog. Stock's been going down for years.

JAMMER

No big woop. They cut a nice jean.



LENNY LEHMAN

Eh, we're all Cavaricci's all the time. But okay. Lar, what's a fair price for our block of Jordache?

LARRY LEHMAN

Hmm, it's trading at six, so based on projected future earnings, I'd say... *a million dollars a share.*

They LAUGH/HIGH-FIVE! Jammer SWEEPS everything off their desk!

JAMMER

Can you two please stop fucking each other for five minutes and sell me some goddamn stock!?

LENNY LEHMAN

That's a rumor!

LARRY LEHMAN

We have never fucked!

JAMMER

(shocked)

What? I know. That would be insane if you guys were actually having sex with each other.

LARRY LEHMAN

Exactly! Now scram, Jammer. We're late for our stand-up comedy class.

Larry opens the door for Jammer to leave. Beat.

JAMMER

Eight.

LARRY LEHMAN

Twenty.

JAMMER

Nine and a half.

LARRY LEHMAN

Twenty.

JAMMER

Ten.

LENNY LEHMAN

Twenty-five.

LARRY LEHMAN

Thirty. Ooh, this is fun!

JAMMER

AHHHHH!

Jammer KICKS the wall-- his leg goes THROUGH it (a Japanese paper wall)! He awkwardly struggles to free himself...

JAMMER  
 Damn Jap walls. Can't believe  
 you're borrowing from their  
 aesthetic.  
 (sighs, defeated)  
 Fine. Twenty.

LARRY LEHMAN  
 (surprised)  
 Really? Twenty on 5 million  
 shares? You sure your *petite* firm  
 has that kinda capital?

JAMMER  
 (fronting)  
 I could find that in my couch.

LENNY LEHMAN  
 Great. Then you'll get it to us by  
 the close today or the deal's off.

JAMMER  
 Great. Love that timeframe! If  
 that timeframe was a woman, I'd--

LARRY LEHMAN	LENNY LEHMAN
Nice doing business with--	(a split second late)
	Nice doing business--

They stop, then MOUTH to each other: "One, two, three"--

LARRY/LENNY  
 Nice doing business with you, Mr.  
 Jaminski.

Pissed, Jammer gives them DOUBLE FINGERS and storms out!

INT. NYSE, TRADING FLOOR - LATER

Blair weaves through the busy floor, talking on his new  
 MOBILE PHONE:

BLAIR (ON THE PHONE)  
 Hey Tiff, it's me. Guess what I'm  
 doing right now? Walking! The  
 Morgan guys gave me a mobile phone!  
 ...Yeah, I'm walking *and* talking.  
 Still gettin' the hang of it, but--

He NEARLY slams into someone, but spins away, and keeps on.

BLAIR (ON THE PHONE)  
 Guess what else? Morgan, Lehman,  
 and Goldman *all* made huge offers!  
 More money than we ever dreamed!  
 Go buy yourself something really  
 expensive, okay? We have a lot to  
 celebrate tonight. *A lot...*

Blair pulls an ENGAGEMENT RING from his pocket, admires it,  
 then puts it back as he continues through the crowd...

BLAIR (ON THE PHONE)  
 I love you more, babe. Get ready,  
 cause our lives are about to--

BLAIR SLAMS INTO JAMMER! SLOW-MO: As they COLLIDE HARD, the  
 BIRTHDAY BAG OF COKE in Jammer's jacket BURSTS into a HUGE  
 CLOUD! They CRASH to the ground, COVERED IN COCAINE!

The entire buzzing trading floor FREEZES, SILENT. This never  
 happens. The world has stopped.

Jammer is FLABBERGASTED. Blair stumbles to his feet and tries  
 to help Jammer up. Jammer bristles, gets up on his own.

BLAIR  
 I'm so sorry. Total accident.  
 (re: cocaine)  
 What is this? Parmesan?  
 (recognizing Jammer)  
 You're Rod Jaminski. Rod the  
 Raider. I thought that was you in  
 the elevator. This is so crazy,  
 you're on the front page of the -  
 Sorry, are you okay?

Jammer just GLARES. Everyone watches, SILENT/RAPT (Jammer's  
 temper is legendary). Scary beat. Then... surprisingly,  
 Jammer just laughs it off.

JAMMER  
 Hey, accidents happen, kid. So you  
 know my name, what's yours?

BLAIR  
 Blair.

JAMMER  
 No seriously, what's your name?

BLAIR  
 Blair. It's actually much more  
 common for a man than a woman.  
 Lotta people don't know that. 52%  
 male as of the '85 census.

JAMMER

You don't say?

BLAIR

Yeah, just think about all the famous male Blairs. You got "L.A. Law" heartthrob, Blair Underwood, former Secretary of State of Maryland Blair Lee III, and who can forget British Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Blair Aubyn Stewart-Wilson? The guy was Equerry to her Majesty the Queen.

JAMMER

Wow. You really know your Blairs. Who do you work for?

BLAIR

(a little cocky)  
Between us, I'm fielding multiple offers from the big three right now. I'm kinda hot on the street.

JAMMER

That's so exciting. Lemme write you a quick recommendation letter--  
(turns to the floor)

HEY, EVERYONE! IF ANY OF YOU HIRE BLAIR-FUCKING-BAT-MITZVAH-GIRL'S-NAME HERE, I WILL BE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF EVERY TRADE YOU MAKE UNTIL YOU DIE. WHICH WILL BE SOON BECAUSE YOU'LL GO BANKRUPT AND YOUR WIFE WILL LEAVE YOU AND YOU'LL JUMP OUT A WINDOW. AND THEN I WILL MAKE LOVE TO HER AND POSSIBLY YOUR KIDS DEPENDING ON GENDER AND LOOKS. SERIOUSLY, I AM WILLING TO LOSE A MILLION DOLLARS - A DAY - TO KEEP RACHEL HERE UNEMPLOYED FOR HER ENTIRE LIFE. IS THAT CLEAR!?

Beat. Then the whole floor EXPLODES WITH LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE! Blair is DESTROYED.

SOME TRADERS

*Na-na-na-na, hey-hey-hey, goodbye!*

JAMMER

(glares at Blair)  
Ya just got jammed.

Jammer HIGH-FIVES everyone as a SECURITY GUARD approaches.

SECURITY GUARD

Everything okay here, Mr. Jaminski?

JAMMER

Yes, Officer, except I'm covered in this kid's coke cause he doesn't know how to walk. Or do coke.

BLAIR

Ohhh, it's cocaine. Wait - not my cocaine. I've never done cocaine.

JAMMER

ARE YOU ACCUSING ME OF DOING COKE!? ARE YOU!? CAUSE GUESS WHAT?!

(calms suddenly)

I do do coke. I do do coke all the live long day. It's my second favorite thing. But, you know what my first is? Money. And getting caught with drugs on the floor is a two year suspension, Cheech.

SECURITY GUARD

Okay, Jammer. Let me settle this.

(to the floor)

Did anyone get a good look at whose--

RANDOM TRADER 1

It's the kid's coke. Dropped right out of his pocket.

RANDOM TRADER 2

Total cokehead. Tried to sell me heroin last week.

RANDOM TRADER 3

He's got a gun!

SECURITY GUARD

(to Blair)

Okay, Scarface, party's over--

Security Guard HANDCUFFS Blair and starts DRAGGING him away...

BLAIR

Wait, what - What's happening?

(spots Ty Daverman)

Mr. Daverman! I'll take it! I'll take the job! I thought about it, and I'm definitely a Morgan Man!

TY DAVERMAN

No you're not, Blair. Oh, and by the way, you have a chick's name.

BLAIR

What? No! It's 52% male! I'M A MORGAN MAN!

INT. BLAIR AND TIFF'S SHITTY APARTMENT - LATER

Tiff, surrounded by tons of SHOPPING BAGS, cuts the tags off expensive items. Blair enters (coat still covered in coke).

TIFF  
*How rich are we!?*

She runs and JUMPS into his arms! He STRUGGLES to hold her.

TIFF  
 Your phone cut out, who'd you pick?  
 Goldman? Wait, no, Lehman! Wait,  
 no, Morgan! They're all so rad!

BLAIR  
 (sets her down)  
 Totally... it was *literally*  
 impossible to pick one.

TIFF  
 Oh. My. Gawd. Bidding war!

She JUMPS into his arms again-- it TOPPLES them to the ground HARD! She kisses him all over, unbuckling his belt...

TIFF  
*My wittle Milken. My baby Boesky.*  
 Are we talkin house money or summer  
 house money? Cause I looked at a  
 place today - now it's definitely  
 crazy, but it's not insane--

BLAIR  
 Babe--

TIFF  
 It's Saddam Hussein's condo for  
 when he's in New York. Total gut  
 job, but the light is amazing--

BLAIR  
 Babe, quick question: do you  
 remember those short stories I  
 wrote in college?

TIFF  
 What? Um, I guess? Wasn't there  
 one about a guy that hated his car  
 and then he woke up and he *was* his  
 car? That one was pretty weird.

BLAIR  
 "Instant Carma". Thanks. Well...  
 drum roll please... I think I'm  
 gonna give up the Wall Street thing  
 and become a short story writer!

She SLAPS his face! They're both STUNNED.

BLAIR

Did - did you just slap me?

TIFF

Sorry. I don't know what happened.  
I just reacted. To your... *joke?*

BLAIR

I wasn't joking. You just said  
yourself that story was brilliant.

TIFF

What? I said it was *pretty weird*.  
And I was lying. It was horrible.  
Now what's going on? Wall Street's  
your dream. Please tell me this is  
some kinda shit metaphor like that  
shit car story.

BLAIR

Wow, really goin' after that story  
with both barrels. Listen, it's no  
big deal... but I didn't get any of  
the jobs and I never will.

She tries to SLAP him again-- he CATCHES her hand!

TIFF

Sorry, must be some type of fight  
or flight thing...

BLAIR

Look, it was all going great, then  
I sorta bumped into... Darth Vader.  
And Vader kicked me off Wall Street  
forever. And then I got charged  
with cocaine possession.

TIFF

Is that what all this is?  
(SNIFFS his jacket, then  
SNIFFS it again harder)  
Yep, cocaine. God, what an asshole.

BLAIR

I know, can you believe that guy?  
It's like, who died and made him--

TIFF

No, you, you're the asshole. What  
about all our plans? How're we  
gonna live?! You know what?  
That's it, you're gonna go work for  
my dad.

BLAIR

Whoa, no, we talked about this. I need to make it on my own--

TIFF

Then go! Make it! On your own!  
Oh, what's that? You tried, but instead you caught a cocaine rap?!

BLAIR

Tiff, when God closes a door, he--

Tiff GRABS Blair's dick HARD! It hurts.

TIFF

What is this thing!? Does it work?  
Or is it a vagina?

BLAIR

Whoa, Tiff, language.

TIFF

(SNIFFS his jacket hard)  
I'm dating a success, Blair! Not a goddamn shit story writer who moonlights as a waitress. So if this is in fact a dick, and if you ever wanna put it in me again, then go back down there and take back your dream! Now tell me, is this a dick or a vagina?

BLAIR

C'mon, Tiff, we both know it's a--

TIFF

DO YOU HAVE A DICK OR A VAGINA!?

BLAIR

I HAVE A PENIS!

She releases his dick, then SLAPS his ass HARD!

BLAIR

YEAH! But should we have sex real quick or - I am jazzed up right now.  
(off her look)  
You're right. Dream, then sex, then maybe some FUCKING TCBY!

Blair STORMS OUT ready to attack!

INT. THE JAMMER GROUP, BULLPEN - LATER

Jammer's Traders feast on MOUNTAINS of messy Mexican food.



KEITH

You know what we should get tomorrow? Thai. Thai hookers.

JAMMER

(strolls in)  
Yo yo, Jam-ites! What's the haps? Where we at on the 'Dache?

DAWN

We've acquired 16% through our shell companies but the price is climbing. It's getting expensive.

JAMMER

Well, then I've got good news and better news. Good news: Don Henley is confirmed for my Bitchin' B-day Blowout tonight. Who's ready for some "Dirty Laundry" live!?  
(they all CHEER)  
Gonna be the party of the fuckin' 80's! But the better news is, I got the Lehman block of Jordache!

They all CHEER/HIGH-FIVE! Dawn pulls Jammer aside, concerned.

DAWN

What'd you pay?

JAMMER

Dawn, it's kinda rude to ask someone what they paid for something--

DAWN

(stern)  
What'd you pay?

JAMMER

(mumbles reluctantly)  
Twenty.

DAWN

*Twenty!?* It's at six and a half. We don't have that kinda cash.

JAMMER

So I'll borrow it.

DAWN

Rod, you're risking *everything*.

That gives Jammer pause. He respects her. Beat. Then--

JAMMER

Dawn, have you seen Top Gun?

DAWN

Uh, yeah, you made me see it three times. Opening night. Remember?

JAMMER

(smiles seductively)  
All I remember is the rest of that night. Ahhh, the good old days.

DAWN

(cutting)  
They weren't that good.

That stings Jammer. These two have a complicated history.

JAMMER

Whatever. The point is, if Mav and Goose didn't risk everything, where would they be now?

DAWN

Goose would probably still be alive?

JAMMER

We don't know that! He was very careless! Did you even see the film? Mav warned him to watch the canopy. It was Goose's own damn--

Suddenly, Blair BURSTS through the door AMPED OUT OF HIS MIND!

BLAIR

BET YOU DIDN'T THINK YOU'D SEE THIS ME AGAIN! ...THIS GUY! ME!

Everyone looks over, confused.

JAMMER

Oh hey, I'm glad you're here.

BLAIR

...You are?

JAMMER

Yeah, we've been waiting for you. I'll have a tuna on white. No carrots. And a Crystal Pepsi.

DAWN

Bear claw and a pack of Reds.

KEITH

Ditto, but make the Reds a case of High Life and the bear claw a Barely Legal.

BLAIR

What? No, I'm not a-- Wait, you want porno for lunch?

KEITH

Yeah, cause I enjoy the articles-- SO I CAN JERK OFF, BUTTHEAD! Jesus fuck, we need a new delivery guy.

BLAIR

I'm not a delivery guy.

DAWN

No shit, champ, you're bad at this.

KEITH

You really should think about switching careers. I've got a friend in HR at *suck my fuuuuuuucking shlong!*

JAMMER

(laughs hard)

I gotta admit, when the K-man's on, the K-man's on. You earned this, you maniac--

Jammer offers Keith a HIGH-FIVE. Keith SLAPS it, giddy, all he wants in life is Jammer's approval.

BLAIR

Listen to me! I am not, nor have I ever been, your delivery guy. I'm the guy from the *floor...?* With the *cocaine...?*

JAMMER

*Oh riiight.*  
(into the INTERCOM:)  
Coke guy's here!

RONNIE

Ooh, I'll take two 8-balls and do you have that new thing everyone's talking about: cracked? Crack?

KEITH

I'll take two cracks!

An Indian trader, RAVI (Adidas jumpsuit, turban), leans in:

RAVI

How many ludes can you get by dusk?

BLAIR

What? None! I'm Blair Shmerman. *Blair-bat-mitzvah-girl's-name...?*

JAMMER  
You're the kid who ruined my suit.

BLAIR  
You're the guy who ruined my life!

JAMMER  
Suit's worth more. Bijan.

BLAIR  
SHUT THE FUCK UP WITH YOUR SHITTY  
LINES THAT DON'T MAKE SENSE!

Everyone goes QUIET, surprised by the kid's balls.

BLAIR  
Yeah, you don't scare me. I've  
been up against worse my whole  
life. I worked two jobs to put  
myself through college, and three  
to get my MBA, and I *still* had  
enough time to develop an algorithm  
that, when back-tested, beat every  
house on the street. Including  
yours. You're just an uneducated  
animal. So I'm here to warn you.  
I'm gonna use this 'cocaine  
possession with intent to  
distribute' charge as motivation to  
become the biggest swinging dick on  
Wall Street. Now you can either go  
downstairs and undo the shit you  
took on my career, or I'm gonna be  
on the other side of every trade  
you make for the rest of your life!

The Traders are SHOCKED. No one ever yells at Jammer.

RONNIE  
Call an ambulance.

Beat. Then Jammer just lights a smoke, and smiles.

JAMMER  
What kinda car you drive, kid?

BLAIR  
What? Oh, I get it, I drive a  
Honda and you drive a Porsche.  
Congrats.

JAMMER  
No. I hate Germans and I don't  
drive shit. I get driven. In a  
Lamborghini Limousine. AKA a Lambo  
limo. AKA a Limbo.

BLAIR

So you get none of the speed of a Lamborghini and none of the comfort of a limousine?

JAMMER

But it costs twice as much as both. Obviously, you're not a car guy.

He stands up QUICKLY-- Blair FLINCHES. Jammer smiles.

JAMMER

So you're the kid with the fucking algorithm? Jesus I'm tired of hearing about this thing. Every nerd on the floor won't shut up about it. Well, what do you say, wanna take her for a spin?

BLAIR

What?

JAMMER

I'll put 50 K in an account. You double it by the close, you get a job. You don't, I get your car.

BLAIR

Really? Wait, but why would you want a shitty Honda?

JAMMER

I don't want a shitty Honda. I want your shitty Honda.

BLAIR

Wow. Uh... ok. You're on.

JAMMER

Great. Dawn'll set you up.  
 (winks at Dawn)  
 Don't let her hot bod fool you, she's got the biggest balls on Ball Street.  
 (Dawn rolls her eyes)  
 Now if you'll excuse me, I have to go borrow an ungodly amount of money for a trade that poets will write songs about.  
 (extends palm to Keith)  
 Keith, mousse me.

Keith foams Jammer's open hand with MOUSSE from a can.

BLAIR

But, Mr. Jaminski, I'm not allowed to trade. I'm under investigation for cocaine, remember?

Everyone LAUGHS HARD.

JAMMER

Who isn't? The Mayor of D.C. free bases. Alright, kid, good luck, but you're about to learn something they can't teach in a classroom...

Jammer slicks back his hair with the mousse like a badass...

JAMMER

The only algorithm a real trader needs is *THE ALGORITHM OF THE NIGHT!*

Jammer marches out as Debarge's "Rhythm of the Night" **IGNITES** our **AWESOME MONTAGE** (in the style of a kickass 80's movie):

-- Chad lifts the LIMBO door up as Jammer jumps in.

-- Dawn sits Blair down to a desk. Blair puts the algorithm (a big FLOPPY DISK labeled "THE FORCE") into the computer, then cracks his knuckles, confident.

DAWN

Just do your best, kid. And don't worry about these guys. They're not as bad as they seem.  
(jumps up on a chair)  
ALRIGHT DICKWADS, I GOT 10 G THIS SPAZZ GOES BUST IN AN HOUR!

Blair's taken aback as all the Traders PULL OUT CASH AND TOSS BETS like a cockfight! Keith whispers in Blair's ear:

KEITH

Can't wait to watch you crash and burn, pretty boy. *To the max!*

-- Jammer plays RACQUETBALL with a SHEIK (70, robes). They struggle to play around the Sheik's scary BODYGUARDS who stand in the corners of the small court. In the even smaller sauna, Jammer sits sandwiched between Bodyguards as the Sheik cuts him a CHECK for a loan.

-- Blair talks into his phone, executing the trades that his algorithm suggests, as we see his ACCOUNT TICK UP TO \$61,231. Keith ushers a STRIPPER into the office and has her push her TITS into Blair's face to distract him.

RAVI

4 thou says the kid's already hard!

Dawn reaches into Blair's lap. His eyes LIGHT UP. Dawn NODS to the Traders. They EXPLODE and THROW MONEY back and forth!

-- Jammer enters an UNDERGROUND CLUB where SINISTER RUSSIANS (one has an eye-patch) drink vodka, as they compete for who can stab a knife between their fingers on the table fastest. EYE-PATCH hands Jammer a stack of BEARER BONDS. They slam vodka to close the deal. Then Jammer grabs the knife to try their game... and stabs his hand immediately.

-- Blair types furiously as the ACCOUNT TICKS UP TO \$72,987. Traders LAUGH, Blair's confused... when he notices Ronnie's DICK ON HIS SHOULDER! He shakes it off, trying to focus.

-- At a COLOMBIAN DRUG DEALER'S YACHT PARTY, DEBARGE plays "Rhythm of the Night" live as BIKINI GIRLS dance with THUGS. As the synth solo kicks in, we REVEAL it's Jammer on keytar. He NAILS it! LATER, the Dealer gives Jammer a duffel of CASH.

-- Blair's ACCOUNT TICKS UP TO \$91,998. The Traders all get quiet now, IMPRESSED. Blair eyes the BATHROOM DOOR, he needs to go. One last click of the computer, then he sprints for it. He enters the bathroom to find-- Keith and Chad The Chauffeur KISSING PASSIONATELY (KEITH AND CHAD ARE SECRETLY A COUPLE). Blair, shocked, bolts out before they see him.

-- In a WAREHOUSE, a bloodthirsty CROWD cheers on FIGHTERS in an underground martial arts tournament. FIGHTER 1 gets FIGHTER 2 in a headlock, then looks up to a JAPANESE TRIAD BOSS (also with an eye-patch)... the Boss puts out his thumb to decide Fighter 2's fate when-- Jammer walks up with LOAN PAPERS. Annoyed, Triad Boss puts on glasses and checks the papers as Fighter 2 awaits his fate (incredulous). Triad Boss signs the papers then pours DIAMONDS into Jammer's hand. As Jammer exits, the Boss turns his thumb... down!

-- Blair SWEATS through his shirt as his ACCOUNT TICKS UP to \$96,779. Impressed, Dawn SMILES at Blair. Blair BLUSHES (he likes her). Then Dawn checks the CLOCK: 3:57 PM.

DAWN

Three minutes! Kid's got a shot!

Furious, Keith THROWS a chair! Blair's account TICKS DOWN to \$87,278... then UP TO \$99,165! Everyone's eyes widen, when-- it SUDDENLY PLUMMETS TO \$51,343... \$33,897-- Blair frantically types, panicked-- \$22,882... then \$0.84 as the BELL RINGS!

BLAIR

FUCK! Why did it do that?

The SONG FADES to **END THE MONTAGE**. Traders CHEER and BOO as they settle their bets. Keith approaches a DISTRAUGHT Blair.

KEITH

School's out, sucka!  
(laughs, then to Dawn)  
Pay up, airhead.

Keith's giddy as Dawn reluctantly hands him cash (a rare win for him over Dawn). Keith FRENCH KISSES the Stripper in celebration (he always overcompensates, deep in the closet).

KEITH

Yeah! Now who wants to hit  
Cheetahs Topless? Boobs, right?!

The Traders CHEER as they all head out...

KEITH

I love em too!  
(whispers to Stripper)  
You guys still doing that all day  
breakfast special?

STRIPPER

Oh yeah, "Frittatas and Free Ta-Tas"  
runs through November.

Keith pumps his fist as they all exit. Blair turns to Dawn.

BLAIR

Wow, you... bet on me to win? For  
what it's worth, thanks.

DAWN

I actually bet you'd lose it all.  
That last 84 cents cost me 5 grand.  
(beat, smiles at him)  
Too bad you won't be sticking  
around. You're kinda cute. But  
you're a dogshit trader.

Dawn walks away. Blair puts his face down, DESTROYED.

INT. LEHMAN BROTHERS, CEO'S OFFICE - LATER

Jammer KICKS the Lehman's doors open again, singing (to the tune of "Rock You Like A Hurricane" again):

JAMMER

*Jam I am! Jam your world upside  
downicane! Whatup, Brotherfuckers?*

LARRY/LENNY

Rumor!

REVEAL: Larry and Lenny (Speedos) sit under TANNING LIGHTS while getting mani-pedi's from 8 KOREAN GIRLS (one per limb).

JAMMER

Uch, barf! I can see your groins.

LARRY LEHMAN

Made you look!



JAMMER

(slams down some papers)  
Bam! That's a buy order for all  
your Jordache. Read it and die!

LENNY LEHMAN

(surprised/impressed)  
You actually got the money? How  
did you raise 100 million dollars  
in four hours?

JAMMER

Cause I'm the Jammer, that's how.  
Did I interact with some legit  
villains today? In a word: *you*  
*know it!* We're talkin' multiple  
eye-patches. Cause I'm willing to  
go to places you silver spoons  
wouldn't go in your goddamn  
nightmares. Cause guys like me  
don't get nightmares. I *am* the  
nightmare. Now sign this before  
(re: the Korean Girls)  
I call the INS. Or child services.

Larry and Lenny look at each other...

LARRY LEHMAN

Len, as much as I'd love to deny  
Mr. Jaminski something he desires,  
remember what Daddy always said...

LARRY/LENNY

"Never walk away from a dollar that  
makes cents."

The Lehman's nod, then each grab a pen...

JAMMER

That Daddy sounds like a wise...  
(as soon as they sign)  
Shithead! Boom baby! I'm a genius!  
How does it feel to get jammed by  
the Jammer, you Doublemint fucks?!

Jammer grabs the contract and LAMBADAS with it.

LENNY LEHMAN

Wait a sec, Lar. I think I know  
what Jammer's up to...

LARRY LEHMAN

You don't think he's trying...

LARRY/LENNY

(suddenly cutting)  
The Jordache Play.

Jammer STOPS COLD, mid-Lambada.

LENNY LEHMAN

Yeah, we know you've been buying up all the outstanding shares with your off-shore shell companies.

JAMMER

I don't have any off-shore shell--

LENNY LEHMAN

Really? You don't own...

(reading a report)

"Donkey Dong Industries" or "Foot Long Beefstick Supply Company" or "Jammer's Huge Cock Corp: A Dickvision of Jam's Monster Meat Plow and Fertilizer"?

JAMMER

Nope. But whoever does is very well informed.

(off their eye rolls)

Fine. You know what? Maybe I am making the Jordache Play. But you can't stop me now. With your 30%, plus what I've already got, I'm at a hundred and-- wait, that can't be right. Bottom line: by tomorrow I'll be at 51% and richer than both you fucks fucked together. Eureka!

LARRY LEHMAN

No, you won't. You'll get to 49%, it'll cost you everything, and then you'll learn what everyone who tries the Jordache Play learns... it's Wall Street's white whale.

LENNY LEHMAN

In 1861, Jordache Jeans, or as it was known at the time, Jordache Amalgamated Slave Holdings, decided to stop selling slaves and start making pants... for slaves. Eventually, slavery went out of fashion, but ironically those pants became very fashionable for non-slaves. And the company took off.

LARRY LEHMAN

Ever since, their warehouses have made them a target for hostile takeovers. Richer men than you have tried, but the Jordache play has left them all broke, insane, suicidal, or worse...

LARRY/LENNY  
 ...*Middle class.*

Jammer goes white, totally freaked out.

LENNY LEHMAN  
 Even our Grandfather, Leonitis  
 Lehman, fell prey to the siren song  
 of lady Jordache. His failed  
 attempt triggered the '29 crash.

LARRY LEHMAN  
 He died that day of a broken heart.  
 And neck. If I'm being honest, his  
 entire body basically exploded when  
 he jumped in front of that train.

LENNY LEHMAN  
 You see, the Jordache family owns  
 51% of the stock, hidden in  
 countless shells within shells that  
 would take a million Jew lawyers a  
 million Jew years to Jew out. And  
 they keep it a well-guarded secret  
 so that anyone attempting a  
 takeover gets burned.

LARRY LEHMAN  
 And those who get burned keep the  
 secret themselves, in the desperate  
 hope they can dump their shares on  
 the next sucker. And here we are  
 again. So unless your last name is  
 actually Jordache, good luck  
 unloading the most toxic stock in  
 the history of Wall Street.

They LAUGH maniacally! The Korean Girls JOIN IN! Everything  
 goes into SLOW SWIRLY MOTION for Jammer as he SPINS OUT...

KOREAN GIRL  
 I hope you like beards, cause you  
 about to be homeless!

LENNY LEHMAN  
 Looks like your balls finally wrote  
 a check your brain couldn't cash.  
 You had a decent run, Rod, but it  
 was only a matter of time before  
 you went bust.

LARRY LEHMAN  
 Face it, guys like you don't belong  
 down here.

That cuts Jammer to the core. Lenny puts his wet drink down  
 on top of the photo of Jammer on the Wall Street Journal  
 front page ("Wall Street's New Rock Stars").

LENNY LEHMAN

Hey, Lar, I've got a good one for ya: Where do all these new "rock star traders" go out after a big trade with the Lehmans?  
(grins)  
A window!

They laugh hard then high-five each other and the Koreans!

LARRY LEHMAN

Those comedy classes practically pay for themselves!

JAMMER

(reeling, defensive)  
Actually, where I go out... is to any restaurant in town. Cause I can get a table anywhere!  
(running out)  
You hear me? Anywherrrrrrre!

INT. THE JAMMER GROUP - LATER

The offices are empty, everyone's left for the night. Jammer shuffles in, SPENT. He loosens his tie, pours a tall glass of LOUIS XIII. It's exhausting being The Jammer. Dawn enters, now in a HOT DRESS, HAIR DOWN. She's TRANSFORMED from 'one of the guys' to ALL WOMAN. Jammer stares.

JAMMER

Wow. Look at you...

DAWN

(blushing, then)  
Had to look hot for your party.  
So, how'd it go with the Lehmans?

JAMMER

(covering)  
Exactly as planned.

DAWN

Good. Hey, sorry I was hard on you.  
I just... want you to be okay.

JAMMER

(sincere)  
Thanks.

It's a WARM MOMENT. Is there still something between them...? Suddenly, Dawn's boyfriend, SPENCER (25, so handsome, blue blood rich kid, tuxedo), enters, pats Dawn's ass.

SPENCER

Dawny, you ready? Oh, hey Rod.

DAWN

Jammer, you remember Spence.

JAMMER

(quickly back in character)  
Yeah, the jerk-off guy. How's the jizz biz?

SPENCER

It's called stud-farming. And you know I don't personally masturbate the horses, right? My family owns--

JAMMER

Tell it to the judge.

SPENCER

Right. So, thanks for the invite tonight. I can't believe you got Don Henley to play your birthday.

JAMMER

Yeah, he's a friend of a friend of a guy I paid a shitload of money to. Gonna be wall-to-wall celebs. Piscopo's emcee-ing. He does an amazing me.

DAWN

(nostalgic)  
I remember when your birthday was just a bottle of Night Train and a bucket of Church's Chicken.

JAMMER

Yeah. Well... fuck those days.

SPENCER

Babe, remind me to pull Don aside tonight. I bet if I throw enough cash at him, he'll get the Eagles back together for our wedding. Wouldn't that be primo?

Jammer's stunned (he didn't know she was getting married). Dawn blushes (she wasn't ready to tell him). Spencer smiles (he knows what he just did). Jammer tries to play it cool.

JAMMER

Oh, you guys are getting hitched? Congrats, you're a lucky guy.  
(pointedly to Dawn)  
But so am I. I got my own Dawn. Rae Dawn Chong. She's my date tonight. I'm gonna show *her* The Color Purple.

DAWN  
 (shakes her head)  
 Alright, Jammer. See you there.

Dawn and Spencer walk out. Jammer watches her go, so sad. Filled with regret, he downs his whole glass of Louis XIII.

EXT. NYSE, FRONT STEPS - DUSK

Blair sits on the steps, DESTROYED, staring at the ENGAGEMENT RING he bought for Tiff. Jammer approaches, WORN OUT. Blair QUICKLY hides the ringbox.

JAMMER  
 Guess your algorithm works a little different against real traders, huh? Here's a tip: computers don't make trades. Men do.

BLAIR  
 (annoyed)  
 Thanks.

JAMMER  
 Hey, if it makes you feel any better, I just mortgaged my entire life on a crazy fucking longshot.

BLAIR  
 It doesn't.

Blair stands and starts off--

JAMMER  
 You really love her?

BLAIR  
 Who?

JAMMER  
 The girl you bought that ring for.

BLAIR  
 What do you care?

JAMMER  
 (softens, reflective)  
 Kid, lemme give you a real tip: if you love her, never let her go.

BLAIR  
 I have no choice! How can I propose now? I'm a failure.  
 (emotional)  
 I've got nothing.

Jammer sighs, he feels bad for Blair. Beat. Jammer relents.

JAMMER  
Go propose, okay? And I'll see you  
in the morning.

BLAIR  
Wait, what? Really?

JAMMER  
With the Honda. I'll see you in  
the morning with the Honda. A  
bet's a bet. Kidding!  
(gets sincere)  
Look, you weren't that bad today.

BLAIR  
I lost you \$49,999 and 16 cents.

JAMMER  
What is that, three robot butlers?  
C'mon. You've got balls, kid. No  
one's yelled at the Jammer since  
1973. And when you said you put  
yourself through school, I suddenly  
realized you're not one of them...  
you're one of us.  
(Blair is moved)  
So what do you say, Mr. MBA? Or  
are you too good to work with a  
bunch of uneducated animals?

BLAIR  
No! I mean, yes! I mean, thank  
you. You won't regret this, sir!

Blair goes to hug him-- Jammer KNEES him in the balls hard!

JAMMER  
No touching.

BLAIR  
(in pain)  
Of course. Sorry, see you  
tomorrow, bright and early. What  
time do you guys start? 7:30?

JAMMER  
What're we, teachers? We start at  
dawn.  
(starts down the steps)  
Oh, and remember one thing, kid...  
the Honda. Gonna need that Honda.

BLAIR  
I thought you said you were kidding--

JAMMER  
 What're we, girlfriends? Gimme the  
 fuckin' Honda, I'll use it as a  
 bathroom. And next time, I'm  
 coming for that sweet tie pin.

Blair looks down at his EMERALD TIE PIN, emotional.

BLAIR  
 I'd never bet this.

JAMMER  
 (beat, smiles)  
 Everything has a price.

Jammer turns and disappears into his waiting Limbo, as Don  
 Henley's "New York Minute" BEGINS...

MUSIC  
*In a New York minute, everything  
 can change...*

INT. SUBWAY - LATER

Blair holds a dozen roses on the subway, smiling, giddy.

INT. JAMMER'S LIMBO - LATER

The Limbo pulls up outside THE PALLADIUM. It's a CRAZY  
 PARTY: a banner reads, "Happy Birthday Jammer!"; MOBS of New  
 York elite line up around the block; FLASHBULBS erupt as  
 Eddie Murphy (red leather suit) arrives; etc.

CHAD THE CHAUFFEUR  
 You ready, sir? ...Sir?

Jammer stares out the tinted window, distracted... by Dawn  
 and Spencer kissing under a streetlight, so in love. It hits  
 Jammer hard.

JAMMER  
 You know what, I'm tired. Let's go  
 home.

CHAD THE CHAUFFEUR  
 But... Right away, Mr. Jaminski.

The white Limbo drives off into the dark night. Dawn notices  
 it go, sadly.

INT. BLAIR'S APARTMENT - LATER

Blair bounds in! Tiff approaches him, apologetic.



TIFF

Blair, I... I'm so sorry I spazzed out on you. I'm a bitch, okay? I love you. We'll make it work.

BLAIR

I don't accept your apology.  
 (Tiff's crushed, then)  
 Because spazzing out was the best thing you've ever done... on me. You kicked my ass today and it was exactly what I needed. What we needed.

Blair proudly shows her his new TRADING BADGE.

TIFF

Shut up!

THEN BLAIR GETS DOWN ON ONE KNEE AND PULLS OUT THE RING!

TIFF

SHUT UP!

BLAIR

Tiff, will you promise to kick my ass every day for the rest of our lives?

TIFF

Yes! YES! I FUCKING LOVE YOU!

She BURSTS into tears! They KISS! Blair is SO HAPPY!

INT. JAMMER'S APARTMENT - LATER

Jammer sadly enters his empty apartment with a bottle of NIGHT TRAIN and a bucket of CHURCH'S CHICKEN. He sits down, heavy, and sticks a CANDLE into a fried chicken breast. Jammer lights the candle then CLOSES HIS EYES TO MAKE A WISH...

INT. BLAIR'S APARTMENT - LATER

Blair POPS a bottle of champagne! The doorbell RINGS!

TIFF

Ooo! That must be my parents!

Blair opens the door to-- TIFF'S PARENTS (50's).

TIFF'S PARENTS

Congratulations!

TIFF

Daddy! Mommy! Can you believe it!?

Tiff HUGS her parents! Blair puts out a hand to her dad.

BLAIR  
I promise I'll take care of her  
forever... Mr. Jordache.

HENRI JORDACHE  
Call me Henri. No, call me Dad.  
Welcome to the Jordache family, son!

HENRI JORDACHE HUGS BLAIR! Yes, Tiff's dad is CEO of Jordache Jeans. Tiff is heiress to the Jordache fortune.

MUSIC  
*In a New York minute, things can  
get pretty strange...*

INT. JAMMER'S APARTMENT - LATER

Jammer BLOWS out the candle, then SMILES WOLFISHLY. HE PLANNED THE ENTIRE THING! He dumps coke on the table...

JAMMER  
Happy birthday to me.

He drops his head to snort the blow. REVEAL: the coke is on a SURVEILLANCE PHOTO of HENRI JORDACHE cutting the ribbon at a recent Jordache store opening, flanked by his WIFE, TIFF, and BLAIR. Blair is circled in red and labeled: "Boyfriend?"

CUT TO QUICK FLASHBACK:

-- On the TRADING FLOOR, Blair walks as he talks to Tiff on his mobile (as we saw earlier). REVEAL Jammer clocking Blair from afar. Jammer OPENS the big bag of coke in his breast pocket, then PURPOSEFULLY CHARGES FULL SPEED INTO BLAIR!

CUT BACK TO THE PRESENT:

Jammer SNORTS THE BLOW as he sits up, smiling WILD-EYED. He has brilliantly put himself within arms reach of the "ungettable" family shares he'll need for the Jordache Play.

MUSIC  
*In a New York minute, everything  
can change...*

Jammer HIGH-FIVES his ROBOT BUTLER as we CUT TO BLACK.

CHYRON: **365 DAYS UNTIL BLACK MONDAY**

Then the "365" ticks down like an alarm clock to--

CHYRON: **364 DAYS UNTIL BLACK MONDAY...**

END OF SHOW