

BALL STREET

PILOT: "A SLIGHTLY NICER DRAGON"

Written by

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Directed by

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WHITE Production Draft 1/25/18

SHOWTIME  
POINT GREY  
91 BULLS  
SONY TELEVISION

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1

EXT. WALL STREET - DUSK

1

Open on a PAYPHONE dangling off the hook. FIND a destroyed BUSINESSMAN sitting on the curb nearby, weeping.

CHYRON: **OCTOBER 19, 1987 - AKA "BLACK MONDAY" - WAS THE WORST SINGLE DAY STOCK MARKET CRASH IN THE HISTORY OF WALL STREET.**

Wall Street is a deserted, littered mess, almost post-apocalyptic. Papers and garbage blow past banks of dirty snow. Suddenly, a RED FLASH wipes the frame--

TIGHT SHOTS reveal it's a red Lamborghini Countach creeping through the devastation like a shark.

The STOCK EXCHANGE. The nose of the red Lamborghini rolls into frame... then the doors... then more doors? Strangely, it's a LAMBORGHINI LIMO (license plate: JAMMER).

A roided-out chauffeur, CHAD (40's, African American), gets out. He checks his watch, waiting. He spots a SMUDGE, buffs it meticulously with his handkerchief then smiles, satisfied--

A MAN FALLS FROM THE SKY, SMASHING THE LIMO!

CHAD THE CHAUFFEUR  
(recognizes the body)  
Oh god. No...

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

CHYRON: **TO THIS DAY, NO ONE KNOWS WHAT CAUSED IT. OR WHO...**

2

INT. LAVISH HOTEL SUITE - DAWN

2

A MAN SUDDENLY STARTLES AWAKE WITH A GASP IN TEARS!

CHYRON: **ONE YEAR EARLIER**

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (20's) rubs his back, comforting.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN  
Did you have a nightmare, honey?

He 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 cherry illuminates an opulent hotel suite oddly filled with a lot of personal items (he's been living here awhile): exercise bike covered in clothes, signed Kurtis Blow poster, turntables/big speakers, taxidermy panther, robot butler, etc.

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.

3 INT. SHITTY APARTMENT - DAWN

3

A scrawny kid, BLAIR (late 20's, cheap suit and tie), sits on the edge of his twin bed, shining his shoes. His girlfriend, TIFF (late 20's, Long Island Jewess), rouses beside him.

TIFF

Honey? What are you doing? Your interviews aren't for hours.

BLAIR

This is like the biggest day of my life. I've been up all night practicing my handshake on my foot.

TIFF

Blair, they're gonna love you. Duh! And if they don't... you'll just go work for my dad.

(off his frustrated look)

Kidding! Take a chill pill. You're gonna do great. You're like the smartest guy in the world.

BLAIR

Tiff, we need this. Look around--

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

TIFF

C'mon, it's not that bad.

Tiff opens the drapes, REVEALING A VIEW into a bathroom in the building next door... where a GUY TAKES A SHIT. He waves. Blair waves back. Tiff gives Blair a look.

BLAIR

What? I don't wanna be rude.

4 INT. LAVISH HOTEL SUITE - DAWN

4

The Man gets up, puts on a (way too) short kimono robe, 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... MAURICE "MO" JAMM. But you can call him JAMMER.

JAMMER

Last night meant the world to me.  
...What do I owe you?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

It's usually two grand but we didn't have sex. You just tried to teach me how to scratch, then had me take pictures of you in your Testarossa. For hours.

JAMMER

(counting out cash)  
I need new headshots. The Wall Street Journal keeps using a photo of me at my fattest-- You know what, Annie Leibowitz owes me a solid. She met Susan Sontag during our threesome. Hey, what's the biggest tip you ever got?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

I don't know, eight hundred bucks?

JAMMER

(hands her the ENTIRE WAD)  
Here's five thou. Keep the change.

5 INT. SHITTY APARTMENT - DAWN

5

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.

6 INT. LAVISH HOTEL SUITE - DAWN

6

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

JAMMER

Yo, who gave you that eight hundo tip? Giuliani? Ewing? Lee Roth?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

You did, Jammer. Last week.

Jammer smiles proudly. RUN DMC'S "HARD TIMES" IGNITES AS...

7 EXT. MONTAGE - DAY 7

-- SPLIT SCREEN: Jammer (\$5000 suit) exits a gilded elevator into the GRAND LOBBY as HOTEL STAFF nod/Blair exits his shitty apartment into a FILTHY ALLEY past some DRUGGIES.

-- Jammer walks out to find Chad The Chauffeur and his LAMBO LIMO (from the open). He gives Chad some skin and gets in.

-- Blair stands in a packed SUBWAY CAR. He YAWNS-- just as an OLD MAN SNEEZES into his mouth! He GAGS!

-- Jammer rides in his limo as the bombed-out streets of NYC flash by his window. He parks on WALL STREET (in the same spot the body fell in the open) by Blair, who's staring up at the NYSE in awe. Jammer gets out of his limo like a badass.

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

8 EXT. NYSE - DAY 8

Blair stops at the BIG DOUBLE DOORS as waves of TRADERS bump past him to rush in. Each time the doors CRACK OPEN, we hear a ROAR. Blair smiles, opens the door and-- Jammer walks past, tipping him a HUNDRED like a doorman. Blair's shocked.

BLAIR  
Already up a hundred? 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:

9 EXT. COMMERCIAL - DAY 9

DREAMY R&B plays as a HOT GIRL (bikini top, jeans) beckons us to follow her. REVEAL she's actually beckoning a HUNK she just roller-skated past. He lowers his shades. "JORDACHE. JEANS FOR HER. AND HIM." splashes on screen then pauses like a VHS. PULL OUT TO REVEAL: we're watching a TV commercial in...

10 INT. THE JAMMER GROUP - BULLPEN - MORNING 10

JAMMER  
Today's my 39th birthday.  
And *that's* what I want.

Jammer taps the TV as his TRADERS feast on a chili-burger breakfast like animals. On blue blood Wall Street, these are the outcasts, overlooked due to race/gender/education/attitude. KEITH (50's, Rolex on both wrists), mouth full:

KEITH

No problemo, Jammerino. I can get a blonde B-cup down here by 9:45. Or now if Dawn's willing to play ball.

The Traders "Ooo" as Keith nods at DAWN (40'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

Keith, I'm surprised a ladies man such as yourself doesn't know his cups. These are C's.

(grabs her chest)

And these are B's--

DAWN GRABS KEITH'S TITS. The Traders ROAR! Jammer high-fives her (he loves when Dawn kicks ass). Keith is embarrassed. RONNIE (30's, Selleck stache, moussed hair) points at the TV.

RONNIE

Jam, I can get you the actual girl. Name's Anya. Booked her last week through that new whore store in Soho.

KEITH

Tribeca.

RONNIE

No, Soho. I was just there.

KEITH

No, *try Becca*. She's thorough.

JAMMER

Jesus, enough about the So-ho House. What I *want* is the company.

DAWN

You wanna get into the shmatta business? They do cut a nice jean.

JAMMER

Word. Took three years off my ass. But that's not the point. Jordache still does all its manufacturing in Manhattan. 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*?

JAMMER

It *means* they're the largest real estate holder in New York.

(MORE)

JAMMER (CONT'D)

The land the warehouses is on is worth twice the company. Which makes them ripe for a takeover--

KEITH

--for a takeover! Great minds, Jam!

DAWN

Slight problemo, it's impossible. Lehman Brothers owns 30% of Jordache. And I'm pretty sure they'd rather vote for Mondale than sell a share of anything to you, so...

KEITH

Oof! Those Ivy League flammers think they're so much better than us cause we didn't go to their fancy-boy 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

I was just trying to score.  
(off their groans)  
Score some acid! Ya pricks.

KEITH

But happy birthday, Mo. We all chipped in and... What do you get the guy that has everything, right?

Keith hands Jammer a wrapped gift. Jammer unwraps it to find a BRICK OF COCAINE. Jammer laughs, touched.

JAMMER

...More coke. *You guys.*

Jammer starts laying out a really long line of blow.

JAMMER

So, it's impossible, you say? Bet that's what they told Michelangelo when he started painting the Moanin' Lisa. But that didn't stop him, did it?

DAWN

No, but let me stop you, did you say *Moanin' Lisa*? Like she's some kinda X-rated Garbage Pail Kid? It's Mona Lisa. And it's Da Vinci.

Jammer's embarrassed by his lack of book smarts. Beat.

JAMMER

Well... she'll be moanin' when I  
get through with her!  
(the Traders roar)  
Gang, I was born in a toilet and  
left on the steps of a Church... 's  
Chicken. But exactly 39 years later  
I woke up in a fifteen hundred a  
night Park Avenue fuckpad after a  
five thousand dollar Park Avenue  
fuckathon. My *robot butler* brought  
me caviar and the Wall Street  
Journal and I said, "Kyle, caviar's  
wack, throw that fish jizz out."  
And he did, cause Kyle *understands*  
*English*. But you know what that  
Wall Street Journal said? I am the  
Billy Ocean of trading!

The Traders clap as he holds up the WSJ ("New Rock Stars").

JAMMER

I was literally shit into this  
world and now I run the number  
eleven trading firm on the Street!  
(the Traders ROAR)  
Yay! Hooray! NO.

He SWEEPS all the food off the table! Traders go SILENT,  
SCARED (except Dawn, who's unfazed). Jammer does a long line  
of coke under a WARHOL OF HIMSELF (doing a long line of coke).

JAMMER

11!? The eleventh guy on the Knicks  
isn't even a basketball player,  
he's just an 8 foot Serb with a  
kidney disease they took a flier  
on. It's been the same rich-ass,  
bitch-ass Skeletors at the top of  
this shit for a thousand years.  
With their boat clubs and that  
horse hockey thing and fuckin'  
names like Saz and Dunc? Fuck their  
schools, fuck a chart, fuck math.  
This shit is simple. It's not about  
making money. 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 dope chalet in Vail, the  
other guy gets to tell his daughter  
Santa exploded in the Challenger! I  
know who I am. Do you?!  
(Traders ROAR)  
Then get out there and jack every  
share of Jordache you can find  
while I go put the *brother* in  
Lehman Brothers!



The Traders EXPLODE as Jammer grabs a signed electric guitar off the wall, SMASHES it like a rock star, and storms out!

11 INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE - MORNING

11

Lost, Blair wanders THE NYSE TRADING FLOOR. A RAGING PIT OF PURE CAPITALISM: Cigar chomping TRADERS SCREAM, gesticulating in an alien sign language! YOUNG RUNNERS SPRINT through the chaos with million dollar slips of paper! In skyboxes above it all, MASTERS OF THE UNIVERSE rule like Caesars at the Coliseum. Blair approaches a TRADER (70) on a pay phone.

BLAIR

Scoozi, seems like I've come down with a case of the 'first days'. I have an interview at Morgan Stan--

OLD TRADER (ON PHONE)

Hold on a sec, Scotty.

(to Blair, casual)

Get cancer.

(back into phone)

No no, I just stepped in dogshit.

In front of Blair, a BUYER PUNCHES A SELLER! A crowd chants, "FIGHT!" Blair watches the brutal fight, scared. An UBER-WASP (50's, blonde, blue eyes, perfect suit) leans over to him...

WASP

Pretty wild, 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, dropping into interview mode:

BLAIR

Yes! Blair Herman, 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. Well, 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)

(MORE)

BLAIR (CONT'D)

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? I'm Blair's twin?

TY DAVERMAN

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

BLAIR

I am? Well, then I am *not* prepared--

TY DAVERMAN

Kid, you're the top recruit on the street. 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

Look, you're gonna have your pick of the top shops, but you *want* to be a MoStan Man. Company car, company driver. Company plane, company captain. Company yacht--

BLAIR

Company *captain*? And is that the same guy or a different guy?

TY DAVERMAN

Ha! You tell me! And technology? We're on the cutting edge: 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 animals to fight over the scraps. I wanna show you what the world looks like to a MoStan Man...

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

12 INT. FANCY ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

12

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  
Don't jizz a jizzer. I'm the jizz wizard. The Jizz-ard of Oz. Losing 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  
(pulls the elevator lever)  
Oh, yes sir. Sorry, Mr. Daverman.

JAMMER  
Daverman? You work at Morgan Klanley, right?

TY DAVERMAN  
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. 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.

13 INT. LEHMAN BROTHERS OFFICES - LATER

13

It's all WASPY WHITE GUYS. Jammer opens the door. Everyone goes silent. Jammer hums Sugarhill Gang's "Apache". Beat.

SLOW MOTION: the SONG KICKS IN as Jammer makes his way through the office like a badass parting the white sea. Everyone stares. He KICKS open double doors--

14 INT. LEHMAN BROTHERS, CEO OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 14

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

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 handsome, creepy, possibly inbred, twin brothers, LARRY and LENNY LEHMAN (50's, 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, Maurice. I could get investigated for just looking at you. Now *that's* a burn!

Larry and Lenny HIGH-FIVE poorly! Jammer's annoyed.

JAMMER  
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 in the meantime, I'll take your shares of Jordache.

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 do brunch at Cheetah's  
Topless, my treat. Frittatas and  
Free Ta-Tas?

LARRY LEHMAN

Ewww. But why Jordache? It's a dog.

JAMMER

No big woop. They cut a fly jean.

LENNY LEHMAN

Eh, we're all Cavaricci 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! 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  
(sighs)  
Eighteen.

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

JAMMER  
Duh, 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  
Nice doing business with--

LENNY LEHMAN  
(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.  
Jamm.

Pissed, Jammer gives them DOUBLE FINGERS and storms out!

BLAIR (ON THE PHONE)

Tiff, guess what I'm doing? Walking!  
The Morgan guys gave me a mobile  
phone! I'm walking *and* talking.  
Still gettin' the hang of it, but--  
(nearly bumps into someone)  
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)

Get ready, 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. The world's  
stopped. Jammer is AGHAST. 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? Whoa,  
you're Maurice Jamm. Mo the  
Marauder. That was you in the elev--  
sorry, are you okay?

Jammer just GLARES. Everyone watches, SILENT/RAPT (Jammer's  
temper is legendary). But surprisingly, Jammer just laughs.

JAMMER

Hey, accidents happen, kid. 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

Think of 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. 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'LL BE ON THE OTHER  
SIDE OF EVERY TRADE YOU MAKE UNTIL  
YOU DIE. WHICH'LL BE SOON BECAUSE  
YOU'LL GO BANKRUPT AND JUMP OUT A  
WINDOW. THEN I WILL MAKE LOVE TO  
YOUR WIFE AND POSSIBLY YOUR KIDS  
DEPENDING ON GENDER AND LOOKS. I AM  
WILLING TO LOSE A MIL - A DAY - TO  
KEEP RACHEL HERE UNEMPLOYED FOR HER  
ENTIRE LIFE. IS THAT CLEAR!?

Beat. The whole floor EXPLODES WITH LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE!

SOME TRADERS

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

Jammer smirks. Blair is destroyed. A SECURITY GUARD walks up.

SECURITY GUARD

Everything okay here, Mr. Jamm?

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?!

(MORE)



JAMMER (CONT'D)

I do do coke. I do do coke all the live long day. It's my second favorite thing. You know my first? Money. And having drugs on the floor is a two year suspension, Chong.

SECURITY GUARD

I'll settle it. Did anyone see who--

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

(handcuffs Blair)

Okay, Scarface, party's over...

BLAIR

(as he's dragged away)

Wait, what - What's happening?

(spots Ty Daverman)

Mr. Daverman! I'll take it, I'll take the job! I *am* a MoStan Man!

TY DAVERMAN

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

BLAIR

IT'S 52% MAAAAAAAAAAALE!

Jammer HIGH-FIVES everyone wildly, practically crowd-surfing!

16

INT. BLAIR AND TIFF'S SHITTY APARTMENT - LATER

16

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 JUMPS into his arms, TOPPLING them to the ground! She kisses him, unbuckling his belt, when she notices his coat...

TIFF

What's all this?

BLAIR

Cocaine. But I can explain--

TIFF

No explanation necessary, babe!  
Let's celebrate! Now just tell me--  
(SNIFFS his coat)  
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 bones are amazing--

BLAIR

Hey, speaking of jobs... I didn't  
get any of them. Well, I did, but  
then someone took them from me.  
Forever. And I can never go back--

She SLAPS his face! They're both STUNNED.

TIFF

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

BLAIR

I wasn't joking. But this is a good  
thing. We don't need money to be--

She SLAPS him again! Then instantly feels bad.

TIFF

Must be some sorta fight or flight  
thing. But it's okay. This is okay--  
(SNIFFS the coat hard)  
You'll just go work for my dad--

BLAIR

Babe, I wanna make it on my own--

TIFF

I'M DATING A SUCCESS, BLAIR!  
(SNIFFS the coat harder)  
The only question is, is it gonna  
be you, or is it gonna be Nat Hayes  
who's been trying to get his  
fingers in me since camp?! Someone  
took your job? Take it back!

BLAIR

Yeah... you're right. This doesn't  
have to be over.

(MORE)

BLAIR (CONT'D)

All I gotta do is lay low for a year, maybe two, let the existing gatekeepers die off--

She tries to SLAP again-- he catches it. She grabs his dick!

TIFF

What is this thing!? A dick or a vagina!?

BLAIR

Whoa, Tiff, language--

TIFF

Blair, if this is in fact a dick, and if you ever wanna put it in me again, you better go down there and get your dream back! So tell me, is it a dick or a vagina!?

BLAIR

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

TIFF

DO YOU HAVE A DICK OR A PUSSY!?

BLAIR

I HAVE A PENIS!

(jumps up, then)

But should we have sex real quick or - I am jazzed up right now. No, you're right. Job, then sex, then maybe some FUCKING TCBY!

Blair STORMS OUT ready to attack!

17

INT. THE JAMMER GROUP, BULLPEN - LATER

17

Jammer's Traders feast on MOUNTAINS of messy Mexican food. Keith looks up from reading the newspaper--

KEITH

Should we be going long on condoms? This AIDS is really catching on.

RONNIE

If Nancy Reagan ain't worried about it, neither am I.

DAWN

Spoken like a future AIDS patient.

RONNIE

I'd rather die than wear a condom.

Dawn sighs at all she has to put up with. Jammer strolls in.

JAMMER

Yo, Jam-ites! Where we at on Dache?

DAWN

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

JAMMER

Then I've got good news and better news: Don Henley is confirmed for my bitchin' B-day blowout tonight!  
(they all CHEER)  
I haven't really listened to him, but his album's number one and so's my party so it kinda just made sense. But the better news is... I got the Lehman block of Jordache!

They all CELEBRATE! Jammer smirks at Dawn, gloating.

DAWN

What'd you pay?

JAMMER

It's kinda rude to ask someone what they paid for something--  
(off her look, mumbles)  
Eighteen.

DAWN

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

JAMMER

So I'll borrow it.

DAWN

Mo, you're risking *everything*.

JAMMER

(beat, grins wild-eyed)  
That's the best part. I mean, have you seen Top Gun?

DAWN

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

JAMMER

All I remember is the rest of that night... Ahhh, the good old days.

DAWN

They weren't that good.

That stings Jammer. These two have a complicated history.

JAMMER

Point is, if Mav and Goose didn't risk it all, where would they be?

DAWN

Goose would probably still be alive?

JAMMER

We don't know that! Goose was very careless! Mav warned him to watch the canopy--

BLAIR

(bursting through the door)  
BET YOU DIDN'T THINK YOU'D SEE THIS ME AGAIN! ...THIS GUY! ME!

JAMMER

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

BLAIR

...You are?

JAMMER

Yeah, I'll have a tuna on white. No carrots. And a Crystal Pepsi.

DAWN

Bear claw and a pack of Yves Saint Laurent 100's.

KEITH

Ditto, but make the 100's 151 rum and the bear claw a Barely Legal.

BLAIR

What? No-- you want porno for lunch?

KEITH

Yeah, I enjoy the articles-- SO I CAN JERK OFF, YA FLAMER! 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 should think about switching careers. I've got a friend in HR at *suck my fuuuuuuucking shlong!*

JAMMER

Gotta admit, when the K-man's on, the K-man's on. You earned this--

Jammer laughs/offers Keith a HIGH-FIVE. He slaps it, giddy.

BLAIR

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

Ooo, 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 Herman. *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!  
(everyone goes quiet)  
You don't scare me. I'm white  
fucking trash! 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 your chop shop. 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.

(MORE)

BLAIR (CONT'D)

So you can either go downstairs and  
untake the dump 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. Jammer just does a rail, lights a smoke and smiles.

JAMMER

What kinda car you drive, kid?

BLAIR

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

JAMMER

No, 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.

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

JAMMER

So you're the kid with the fucking  
algorithm? Every nerd on the floor  
is stroking out over this thing.  
Wanna take her for a spin?

BLAIR

Wait, what?

JAMMER

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

BLAIR

Why would you want a shitty Honda?

JAMMER

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

BLAIR

Wow. Uh... okay. Yeah, you're on.

JAMMER

Great. Dawn'll set you up. Don't let the taters fool you, she's got the biggest balls on Ball Street.

(Dawn rolls her eyes)

Now if you'll *excuse-eh-moi me*, I gotta go borrow a shitload of money. Chad, juice me.

Chad instantly holds up a CUSTOM FACE-GUARD over Jammer's face and sprays his hair with Jheri Curl juice.

BLAIR

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

Everyone LAUGHS HARD.

JAMMER

Who isn't? I free-base with the Mayor of D.C. Good luck, kid, but you're about to learn something they can't teach in school... 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):

18

INT. MONTAGE

18

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

-- Dawn sits Blair at a desk. Blair puts the algorithm (a FLOPPY DISK labeled "THE FORCE") into a computer and cracks his knuckles, confident-- when Keith whispers in his ear:

KEITH

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

DAWN

Don't worry about these guys, kid. They're not as bad as they seem.

(jumps up on a chair)

10 G's THIS SPAZZ PUKES IN AN HOUR!

Blair's shocked as Traders TOSS CASH BETS like a cockfight!

-- Jammer and Chad enter a BANK VAULT ROOM where a COLOMBIAN DRUG DEALER sits with BODYGUARDS with Uzis. It's scary. Dealer nods, the Bodyguards drop duffels of cash at Jammer's feet.



-- Blair talks into his phone, executing trades his algorithm suggests, as his ACCOUNT TICKS UP TO \$71,231. Keith has a STRIPPER push her TITS into Blair's face to distract him.

KEITH

4 thou says Michael J. Fag is  
already hard!

Keith reaches into Blair's lap... Blair's eyes POP... Keith NODS to the Traders. They EXPLODE/THROW MONEY back and forth!

-- Jammer and Chad pass two STRIPPERS (on lunch break) as they head into a STRIP CLUB OFFICE full of RUSSIAN MOBSTERS (one also in an eye-patch). EYE-PATCH GUY hands Jammer BEARER BONDS. To seal the deal, Eye-Patch grabs vodka from a fridge, casually revealing a SHIVERING MAN inside, in briefs, pleading for his life. Jammer's freaked as they slam shots.

-- Blair types furiously as Traders LAUGH. He's confused... until he notices Ronnie's DICK ON HIS SHOULDER! He shakes it off, trying to focus as his ACCOUNT TICKS UP TO \$91,998. The Traders get quiet, IMPRESSED.

-- In a WAREHOUSE, headlights illuminate TWO MEN fighting as a CROWD bets/cheers. FIGHTER 1 gets FIGHTER 2 in a headlock, then looks to a JAPANESE TRIAD BOSS (eye-patch) to decide the man's fate-- Jammer walks up with LOAN PAPERS. Boss puts on glasses and reads as Fighter 2 awaits his fate, incredulous. Boss writes Jammer a CHECK. As Jammer and Chad exit, the Boss turns to the Fighter 1 and... gives him a thumbs down!

-- Blair SWEATS through his shirt as his ACCOUNT TICKS ALL THE WAY UP to \$97,779. Impressed, Dawn SMILES. Blair BLUSHES (he likes her). Then Dawn checks the CLOCK: 3:57 PM.

DAWN

Three minutes! Kid's got a shot!

Keith THROWS a chair! It TICKS DOWN to \$87,278, then UP TO \$99,165! Everyone holds their breath-- it SUDDENLY PLUMMETS. Blair types frantically as THE BELL RINGS! Final total: \$0.84.

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.

19

INT. JAMMER GROUP - DAY

19

KEITH

School's out, sucka!  
(laughs, then to Dawn)  
Pay up, airhead. Now who wants to  
hit Cheetahs Topless? First round  
of head's on me!

Dawn reluctantly pays up (a rare win for Keith over her).  
Keith pumps his fist as everyone exits. 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 cute, but you're a  
shit trader.

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

20

INT. LEHMAN BROTHERS, CEO'S OFFICE - LATER

20

Jammer KICKS the Lehman's doors open again.

JAMMER

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

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

You got the money? How'd you raise  
90 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, bros. Now sign this before  
I call the INS. Or child services.

He points at the Korean Girls. Beat. Larry looks at Lenny...

LARRY LEHMAN

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

LARRY/LENNY

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

JAMMER

(as they sign the contract)  
That Daddy sounds like a wise...  
(the moment they finish)  
Shmuck! 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

*The Jordache Play.*

They grin at him evilly. Jammer STOPS COLD, mid-Lambada.

JAMMER

Congrats. *Too bad* ya figured it out  
*two* signatures *too* late. With your  
30%, plus what I've already got,  
I'm at a hundred and-- that can't  
be right. Bottom line: by tomorrow  
I'll be at 51% and richer than both  
you fucks fucked together! Ya dig?

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 takeovers. 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.

Jammer's totally freaked out.

LENNY LEHMAN

You see, the Jordache family owns 51% of the stock, hidden in shell companies within shell companies that would take a million Jew lawyers a million Jew years to Jew out. 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.

(pours himself a drink)

You had a decent run, but guys like you don't belong down here.

LENNY LEHMAN

I hope you like beards, cause you're about to be homeless!

Everyone laughs (even the Koreans). That cuts Jammer to the core. Larry puts his wet drink on top of the photo of Jammer on the Wall Street Journal ("Wall Street's New Rock Stars").

LARRY LEHMAN

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

LENNY LEHMAN

Ha! Those comedy classes practically pay for themselves!

They laugh, high-fiving the Koreans! Jammer just storms out!

21 INT. THE JAMMER GROUP - BULLPEN - LATER

21

Alone in the empty bullpen, Dawn (hot dress, hair down) applies lipstick in her compact when Keith and Chad and some other traders pass by her on their way out, oblivious.

KEITH

This is gonna be the party of the fuckin' 80's! "Come on Eileen"? More like cum on every girl I see!

CHAD

I'm gonna make Danceteria look like the end of Ghostbusters!

Dawn sighs (this fucking place). Behind her, Jammer steps out of his office, swigging a bottle of LOUIS XIII, totally destroyed (he's sweat through his suit coat). He spots Dawn, then watches her apply her make-up for a beat, smitten.

JAMMER

Wow.

DAWN

(notices him, blushes)  
Had to come correct for your party.  
So, how'd it go with the Lehmans?

JAMMER

Uh... exactly as planned. Shall we?

Jammer offers his arm like a gentleman. She takes it and they stroll out, arm in arm. In this moment, they've dropped their armor, both exhausted at having to be The Man all the time.

DAWN

Sorry I was hard on you. I just...  
want you to be okay.

JAMMER

(sincere)  
I know.

Is there still something there? They lock eyes-- which is why they don't notice Keith and Chad KISSING in an office as they pass (THEY'RE A CLOSET COUPLE). Dawn and Jammer walk out to find Dawn's husband, SPENCER (30's, handsome, blue blood).

SPENCER

Dawny, you ready? Hey Maurice.

JAMMER

(back into character)  
'Sup Spence? How's the jizz biz?

Dawn sighs. She loves the real Jammer, not the guy who talks like every other scumbag on Wall Street.

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

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

I remember when your birthday was sneaking Peppermint Schnapps into milkshakes at Church's Chicken.

JAMMER

Yeah. Well... fuck those days.

SPENCER

Babe, remind me to pull Don aside tonight. I bet if I throw real cash at him, he'll reunite the Eagles for our anniversary party. Wouldn't that be primo? Maurice, can you believe it's been 5 years since this lil' princess chose me?

He pulls Dawn close to rub it in Jammer's face (he meant "chose me over you")-- Dawn pulls away, annoyed to be a pawn.

JAMMER

You're a lucky guy. 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 rolls her eyes and walks out with Spencer. Jammer watches her go. Filled with regret, he swigs his Louis XIII.

22

EXT. NYSE, FRONT STEPS - NIGHT

22

Blair sits, DESTROYED, staring at Tiff's ENGAGEMENT RING. 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

(stands to go, annoyed)  
Thanks.

JAMMER

(softens)  
Kid, lemme give you a real tip: if you love her, the bitch you bought that ring for... never let her go.

BLAIR

I have no choice! How can I propose now? I'm a failure. I have nothing.

Blair's emotional. Jammer feels bad. Beat. Jammer relents.

JAMMER

Jesus, just 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. Just playin'! Look, you weren't that bad today.

BLAIR

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

JAMMER

What's that, three robot butlers? You've got balls, kid. No one's yelled at the Jammer since 1973. And when I heard you actually *worked* to get here, I realized you're not one of them, you're one of us. So what do you say, Mr. MBA? Or are you too good for us?

BLAIR

Yes! I mean, no! I mean, thank you!

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

JAMMER

No touching. But remember one thing... the Honda. Gonna need that Honda.

BLAIR

I thought you said you were playin'--

JAMMER

But when I said *that* I was playin'.  
Gimme the fuckin' Honda, I'll use  
it as a bathroom. And next time,  
I'm coming for that dope tie pin.

Blair looks down at his EMERALD TIE PIN, emotional.

BLAIR

I'd never bet this.

JAMMER

Everything's got a price.

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

MUSIC

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

23 INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT 23

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

24 INT. JAMMER'S LIMBO - NIGHT 24

The Limbo pulls up to a CRAZY PARTY at DANCETERIA: a banner  
reads, "Happy Birthday Jam!"; MOBS of NYC elite; FLASHES  
erupt as Eddie Murphy (red leather suit) arrives; etc.

CHAD THE CHAUFFEUR

You ready, boss? ...Boss?

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

JAMMER

I'm tired. Let's go home.

CHAD THE CHAUFFEUR

But... You got it, Mo.

The Limbo drives into the dark night. Dawn sees it go, sad.

25 INT. BLAIR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 25

Blair enters. Tiff approaches, apologetic, feeling bad when--  
Blair just pulls out his TRADING BADGE and shows it to her  
proudly.... and then he DROPS TO ONE KNEE AND PULLS OUT THE  
RING! Tiff instantly bursts into tears... THEN TACKLES HIM!



26 INT. JAMMER'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT 26

Jammer drunkenly enters his empty apartment sipping a Church's Chicken milkshake and holding an empty bottle of Peppermint Schnapps. He sits, heavy, sticks a CANDLE into the bottle and lights it. HE CLOSES HIS EYES TO MAKE A WISH...

27 INT. BLAIR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 27

Blair POPS a bottle of champagne! The doorbell RINGS. Blair opens the door to-- TIFF'S PARENTS (50's) smiling wide.

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...*

28 INT. JAMMER'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT 28

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.

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... "364".