

*SCENE 8*

(Trading floor. Joey, Steve, Rafael, Andy and Jerry are at their desks.)

STEVE

You should have seen him it was beautiful, he ate 600 McNuggets in 10 minutes.

ANDY

(Answering phone) Trading . . .

JERRY

That all?

ANDY

(Puts call on hold - to floor) Who's got Faranno?

STEVE

He was sick after.

JERRY

(To ANDY) Me. Tell him I'll call him back.

ANDY

(On telephone) He's off the desk. You got it.

JERRY

(To STEVE) I could do 1000 no problem.

ANDY

(To Jerry) Call him back quick.

JERRY

What did he win?

STEVE

2500.

RAFAEL

(Looking at ticker) Shit. The market's dropping like a fucking stone.

STEVE

(To Jerry) Call Farrano.

JERRY

I'll bet this desk 3000 I can do 1000 McNuggets in 10 minutes.

RAFAEL

(Answering phone) Trading . . .

JOEY

You're sick.

RAFAEL

(Into phone) Yeah.

JOEY

That's a hundred a minute.

RAFAEL

(Into phone) Not possible.

JOEY

3 bucks a McNugget.

JERRY

Good going genius.

RAFAEL

(Into phone) Not possible.

ANDY

Who's going to count them?

RAFAEL

(Into phone) Not possible.

JOEY

Yeah. I've got work to do. I don't want to spend my day counting McNuggets going down your gullet.

(Lauren enters and sits at her desk. Listens to her messages. Andy disengages from the guys while Lauren is at her desk.)

RAFAEL

(Into phone) Right. (Hangs up phone and puts head in hands.)

JERRY

You don't know your McDonalds' products do you? There are 10 McNuggets in every order. We get 100 orders.

JOEY

That's a sick amount of McNuggets.

ANDY

(Answering phone) Trading

RAFAEL

That stuff is shit.

ANDY

(Puts call on hold to Jerry again) It's Faranno again.

STEVE

Who's going to pay for that?

JERRY

(To ANDY – does finger circle in the air) Back. (To desk) 100 orders at 4.59.

ANDY

(On phone) Not yet.

JERRY

I'll consider it an investment.

ANDY

(On phone) You got it.

JERRY

I win you pay me my investment plus 3 grand. You pansies on?

JOEY

Yeah. I want to see you sick on something besides martinis.

JERRY

OK. What about you losers? Rafi?

STEVE

Let's get this clear – you are paying us 3000 a piece if you don't eat 1000 McNuggets in 10 minutes and we give you 3000 grand total if you do.

LAUREN

(Listening to messages.) What the fuck?

JERRY

No I am paying you three guys a 1000 each if I don't eat 1000 McNuggets

JOEY

3 bucks a McNuggut.

JERRY

and you guys together are paying me 3 grand plus my \$459.00 investment if I do.

STEVE

Where's the risk? Where's the leverage?

JOEY

There isn't any.

STEVE

We don't do anything without leverage. We don't do even deals.

JERRY

The risk is my fucking cholesterol level.

STEVE

Hey! Wait a minute.

JERRY

(Talking over Steve) Take it or leave it.

STEVE

I just remembered. There is an easier way to make money. Call Farrano!

(RAFAEL gets out the baseball bat he keeps under this desk and starts pacing with it over his shoulder.)

JERRY

I hate Farrano! He's supposed to be Italian but he lives in Mississippi and has a drawl. There's something wrong with that! You're just afraid of losing money the honest way.

LAUREN

(To Andy) Why didn't you tell me my daughter's school called? (She exits abruptly.)

JERRY

I mean I'm giving you guys a break. The other guy ate 600 McNuggets for 2500. That's 4.16 a hairball. I'm doing this at a discount. What the fuck? Forget about it!

JOEY

We'll take it. When? What time?

JERRY

After close.

ANDY

I'll go for the McNuggets.

JERRY

Deal.

JOEY

(To Rafael) What's eating you?

RAFAEL

It's not what's eating me it's the losses we're eating. Look at the ticker.

JOEY

Yeah. (Seeing something) Oooo.

RAFAEL

That call I just got?

JOEY

Yeah?

RAFAEL

A little warning. Shorties.

JOEY

That's encouraging news.

RAFAEL

You don't believe your fucking eyes? Rumors out we're not getting our repos. Look at our insurance rate for today. Look at the ticker.

JOEY

(Optimistically) Isn't that nice? Futures can't go any lower.

RAFAEL

We could be locked out of trades!

JOEY

(Looking at his computer) Wouldn't that be novel? Kind of reminds you of when the lights go out doesn't it? Oooooo. (To RAFAEL) Cheer up. Tomorrow's Friday. Saturday the stock can't go down!

RAFAEL

You fucking flip asshole. This discussion is over. I am not continuing this discussion.

JOEY

I think our esteemed colleague has a weak stomach when it comes to talk of McNuggets. Methinks perhaps he should eat something other than his losses.

(Marco enters to go to Fedex box.)

JOEY

Hey Marco! Is the market going up or down today?

MARCO

Up then down.

JOEY

(To rest of the trading desk) See! See!

(Lights dim and corporate memo appears on TVs and on computer screens. Voice over:)

To: All Employees  
From: Jonathan K. Krohl  
Re: A healthy reminder

Dear Colleagues,

We do not listen to rumors. We listen to facts. The fact is that this firm is as strong as it has ever been. The major ratings agencies confirm this with continued positive ratings. (See attached link.) This is a direct result of your hard work and dedication. We know that each one of our 13,000 employees is firm minded and not easily swayed by rumors and innuendo. Keep your minds on the job at hand. All else is noise.

Johnny

PS Please feel free to forward attached link to your clients.