

Chris: What's this about? Are you okay?

Seth: Uh, I, I need you to sign a sell ticket for a client of mine.

Chris: Fuck Greg, let's fuckin' deal with this...let's talk to Michael.

Seth: Wait, no, wait, wait wait. Chris, I got arrested last night.

Chris: What?

Seth: The F.B.I. arrested me.

Chris: The F.B.I.? Why the fuck would the F.B.I. arrest you?

Seth: Because of my involvement in this firm.

Chris: Your involvement in the firm? What the fuck does that mean?

Seth: C'mon Chris, you know what that means.

Chris: No, I don't know what that means, what does that mean? What the fuck did you tell them?

Seth: No, no...no they knew everything man. No, they had, they had photographs, they had, they had tape recorded conversations, they brought my father in, you know, I mean, there was, Chris, there was nothing I could do!

Chris: What did you do?!

Seth: Chris, Chris! The F.B.I. are going to raid the place in 20 minutes.

Chris: What the fuck are you talking about? Fuck, Seth!

Seth: Oh, c'mon man. C'mon, I asked you for months about shit going down here, and you told me to shut the fuck up, you said get ready to be a millionaire!

Chris: That's right, shut the fuck up, that's all you had to do, didn't you learn anything?

Seth: I learned how to fuck people out of their money. Harry Renard just lost his life savings, and he wasn't a whale, he was just some poor shmuck, and I took him. I did everything that JT Marlin taught me to do, and I made up his mind for him.

Chris: What do you want me to tell you? That's what we do here.

Seth: What, we lie? We're liars.

Chris: Seth, there's...*(pause.)* Who are they coming for?

Seth: They're coming for everybody, everything.

Chris: You know how hard I worked to get where I am?

Seth: Chris, you need to forget about that. It doesn't mean shit. Right now, this moment is what you should be thinking about. What are you going to do in the next fifteen minutes. They're gonna come in here, and they're gonna make sure that we never trade another share of stock for the rest of our lives. But we can do something.

Chris: What's that?

Seth: Harry. My client. I need a senior broker to sign a sell ticket, so that he can take his shares, and dump them on the open market, and make his money back. *(pause.)* Oh c'mon Chris, c'mon, what's the difference? Do one thing right here. Just sign it, please.

(Chris signs the sell ticket.)

Thank you Chris. I'm so sorry.

(Seth exits.)