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More Great Plays Available
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Good Mourning, America
by Lucy Wang

8 Actors playing various roles

Synopsis: Good Mourning, America focuses on the immediate aftermath of 9/11 and explores how terror, tragedy and the misappropriation of tragedy stirs a melting pot, adding plenty of spice and a wicked splash of dark comedy. Friendship, hope and American ingenuity on the rebound, with a biting vengeance.

Liberation
by Steve Patterson

5 Males, 4 Females

Synopsis: Set during the heat of the Bosnian conflict, a young Bosnian soldier deserts his company, fleeing with his sister to a Sarajevo newspaper office in hopes of striking a deal. In exchange for safe passage out of Bosnia, he will give eyewitness testimony of his company's participation in the massacres of Muslim men and boys and systematic rapes of Muslim women. But before his testimony can be recorded, the office is surrounded by Serbian infantry. The newspaper editors are given 24 hours to give up the soldier or be stormed by the troops.

*Contains heavy language and violence.

JUNK BONDS

**A Play
By
Lucy Wang**

1994 Winner of Roger L. Stevens Award, Kennedy Center Fund for
New American Plays

1995 Best New Play, Katherine and Lee Chilcote Foundation

CAST OF CHARACTERS

DIANA: Chinese American. Mid to late 20s. Nicknamed D.K. for "Don't Know." Sharp, ambitious, idealistic. New bond trader.

CONNOR: Early 30s. Nicknamed JAMMER. Totally winning. Loves pranks, funniest trader on the desk, most lovable, snappy dresser.

BILL: Late 20s to early 30s. Nicknamed the KING. Head trader, boyish but likable, former bodybuilding champion. Cheap functional dresser, wears tube socks with suits. Not an MBA or Ivy Leaguer. Professes to champion the common man.

JEFFERSON: Early 40s. Nicknamed CUFFLINKS. Most corporate of the traders, obsessed with preserving his youth while privately resenting Wall Street's preoccupation with youth. Can be African-American.

KENT: Early to mid-40s. Ex-Marine, charismatic.

SQUAWK BOX: SQUAWK BOX looks like a normal phone with speakers except that it allows the sales force across the country and overseas to communicate with traders instantaneously. Voice is amplified, sounds like a loud speaker or public address system. SQUAWK BOX is a collection of different voices, male and female, not one person.

HIRO WATANABE: HIRO is pronounced Hero. Early 30s, from Japan. Stylish, but understated.

SCENES

New York, New York. The present. Sets needn't be elaborate or costly.

The HOME for Contemporary Theatre production was performed in the round, with the stage representing a boxing ring, microphone as the squawk box, and a red plexiglass floor to signify blood. The Cleveland Public Theatre production was also performed in the round, but designed as a football stadium. At Capital Rep, the play was performed 3/4 and the set was very stylistic and angular, abstracting elements of a trading floor. In all productions, each character had two phones with twenty-five-foot cords and rolling chairs.

The squawk box is like a public address system. It looks like a regular phone and has speakers for amplification. The squawk box is essential in disseminating information as quickly and efficiently as possible. For example, if a salesperson in London wants a simple bid, she can use the squawk box to call a trader. It's instantaneous and once the trader gives a bid, every Tapir employee in the world knows where that bond is trading at the moment -- if the squawk box speaker is turned on and the volume dial is turned up.

Trading screens look like little TVs.

ACT I: TRUTH

- Scene 1 An office, November.
- Scene 2 Trading Floor, January.
- Scene 3 Trading Floor, February.
- Scene 4 Trading Floor, March.
- Scene 5 Trading Floor, April.
- Scene 6 Ballroom, following week in April.

ACT II: DARE

- Scene 1 Trading Floor, September.
- Scene 2 Trading Floor, October.
- Scene 3 Trading Floor, the next Friday.
- Scene 4 Trading Floor, following February.
- Scene 5 Trading Floor, April.
- Scene 6 Trading Floor, May.

Monologues originally created for the HOME production to serve as filler when trading.

JUNK BONDS was first produced at HOME for Contemporary Theater in New York, New York, October-November 1994, directed by Randy Rollison. Set design by Bradley Wester, Costumes by Pamela Hale, Lights by Brian Aldous, Sound by John Houshmand. The cast was as follows:

DIANA	Julie Oda
CONNOR	Frank Deal
BILL	Chuck Goforth
JEFFERSON	Gary Dean Ruebsamen
KENT	Patrick Quagliano
HIRO	Hikari Takano

JUNK BONDS was featured in the 13th Annual New Plays Festival at Cleveland Public Theater in Cleveland, Ohio, January 1995, and subsequently produced in May 1995. Ray McNiece directed the festival performances, and Sean McConaha directed the full production. Set design by Donald C. Bees, Lights by Dennis Dugan and Joshua Benghiat, Costumes by Inda Blatch-Geib, Makeup Design by Cindy Smith, Sound by Richard Ingraham. Shana Kuchling was the production stage manager and Dale R. Van Neil the technical director. The cast for the production was follows:

DIANA	Sung Yun Cho
CONNOR	Nicolas R. Micozzi
BILL	Allen Branstein
JEFFERSON	Matt Carroll
KENT	David Hansen
HIRO	Hikari Takano

The LORT Premiere of JUNK BONDS was presented by Capital Repertory Company in Albany, New York, April-May 1996, directed by Aimee Michel. Set design by Myung Hee Cho, Costumes by Kaye Voce, Lights by Todd Ritter, Sound by Donna Riley, Choreography by Jamie Stiller. Lori Ann Zepp was the production stage manager. The cast was as follows:

DIANA	Yinjin Kim
CONNOR	Edward Tully
BILL	Seth Kanor
JEFFERSON	Russell Andrews
KENT	Luke Reilly
HIRO	Stephen Xavier Lee

The West Coast Premiere of JUNK BONDS was presented by West Coast Ensemble in Los Angeles, California, June 1997, directed by Michael Jung. Set design by Don Gruber and Akeime Mitterlehner, Costumes by Deborah A. Whitcomb, Lights by J. Kent Inasy and Wandi Kunene, Sound by David Mark Peterson and Daniel Pruitt, Choreography by Lynne Oropeza. Russel Starlin was the production stage manager. The cast was as follows:

DIANA	Susan Chuang
CONNOR	Ahmad Enani
BILL	Bryan McMillen
JEFFERSON	Ray Rourke
KENT	Terry Bozeman
HIRO	Stephen Xavier Lee

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This play is dedicated to Tom Halpern whose constant love and unwavering support embolden me to explore and take creative risks.

Heartfelt thanks and appreciation to the Kennedy Center Fund for New American Plays and to the Katherine and Lee Chilcote Foundation for their generous support of my voice and vision.

Many thanks and bear hugs to Randy Rollison for picking JUNK BONDS out of the slush pile, for sharing the vision and nominating my play for an award from the Kennedy Center.

Muchas gracias to Jim Levin for introducing my work to the Katherine and Lee Chilcote Foundation, and bringing my play to life in Ohio, proving to me that you can go home again – all you need is dramatic license.

Another chorus of thanks and praise to Margaret Mancinelli-Cahill for her insights and giving JUNK BONDS its LORT premiere.

Les Hanson also deserves a big round of applause for not letting a little thing like the Northridge earthquake cancel my West Coast premiere. Soon after his theater was restored, he gave JUNK BONDS a warm Southern California welcome.

Last but not least, thanks to Jerry and Carol Halpern, for being there when it counts and rallying the troops.

ACT I

SCENE 1

SETTING: A November morning. Takes place in an office, a board-room, or the trading floor.

AT RISE: Lights fade up, landing us in the middle of a job interview between KENT and DIANA.

KENT: So you want to be a bond trader -

DIANA: More than anything -

KENT: Why?

DIANA: I think it's the only job left where you really win when you're right. Where you get to run your own business with the capital and power of a big, safe, muscular institution.

KENT: What about the money? You must be in it for the precious gold metals. Otherwise, the occupation ain't worth the price -

DIANA: Sure, money's important to live, but I can't trade just for the money.

KENT: Why not? Profit turns you off, makes you feel downright dirty and cheap?

DIANA: No, of course not. Not yet.

KENT: You're one of them closet liberals who wants to tax the light out of day.

DIANA: No. Alright if I must confess, I love money as much as you do.

KENT: No kidding. How much money do you want to make?

DIANA: You mean starting out?

KENT: Whenever.

DIANA: I'm flexible, very flexible.

KENT: Give me a total. What do you hope to earn over your entire lifetime?

DIANA: A lot.

KENT: What's a lot? Give me a round number. A whole round number.

DIANA: One number?

KENT: Be honest. Honesty is an open-door policy.

DIANA: I don't know, say 450 million?

KENT: Is that before or after taxes? With or without early retirement? I bet you expect to make partner too.

DIANA: Naturally.

KENT: You're awfully optimistic, aren't you? I should warn you very, very few people go on to make partner. You might never make it.

DIANA: I understand the odds are against me. But if what you're really saying is it's outright impossible for women to ever become partners, then –

KENT: Hell, no. I was only stressing Tapir's management hierarchy is extremely flat.

DIANA: Well just because I might not hit the bull's eye doesn't mean I won't take dead aim. I mean, as long as I know it's possible, I can hope, right?

KENT: Seems fair enough. Sure, hoard as much hope as you need.

DIANA: We can never get enough hope.

KENT: It's tax-free. Diana, I'm prepared to offer you a starting salary of sixty thousand with a minimum five thousand dollar bonus.

DIANA: I'm hired just like that? Don't you want to check my references? Review my transcript?

KENT: I do have one overriding concern that could be a major deal breaker –

DIANA: I can pass any drug test fair and square –

KENT: Would you say you have a generous sense of humor? A high tolerance for diversity of wit?

DIANA: Believe me, I can laugh at anything –

KENT: Super, just between you and me, I'm afraid the trading floor is too high pressure for the typical woman.

DIANA: Kent, that's so sexist –

KENT: Exactly. I am so relieved you feel the same way I do because as the first female bond trader on our floor, you have to be the perfect example.

DIANA: I'm the first? I feel honored –

KENT: You can't flood my office with tears every time you hear a nasty four-letter word. Or every time one of my guys flirts with you, or commits a faux pas. Pioneers persevere. Think of the Marines.

DIANA: (*Gives the Marine Salute, Latin for "Always Faithful."*)
"Semper Fi."

KENT: It's for your own good. My men wouldn't respect you. Still capable?

DIANA: I've climbed this far –

KENT: Congratulations, when can you start?

DIANA: May I give you my answer in a couple weeks?

KENT: Two weeks! Jesus, a few minutes ago, you told me you wanted to be a bond trader. More than anything else in the world.

DIANA: I do –

KENT: (*Snaps his fingers with rhythm.*) Well, then, hop. Successful bond traders make multimillion dollar decisions in a snap. Hit, lift and hop in seconds.

DIANA: I know, but what about my other job offers?

KENT: If we're not your first choice, then you don't deserve my hot bid. But if you need more silver, tell you what, I'll throw in an extra 5,000 dollar signing bonus and cover all your moving expenses if you say yes today.

DIANA: Really.

KENT: Fill or kill. Can you handle the pressure?

DIANA: Give me two days –

KENT: Perhaps I've miscalculated, overestimated –

DIANA: Tomorrow?

KENT: I'm taking a tremendous risk hiring you, if you don't pay off –

DIANA: I will, Kent. But considering I'm going to be the one and only female trader, will you guarantee me a trading position in writing?

KENT: Absolutely not a problem.

DIANA: Raise my starting salary to 70 grand and I'll start work a week after graduation.

KENT: It's a done deal. Welcome aboard, Diana. I promise you won't be sorry.

DIANA: Thank you.

BLACK OUT.

END OF SCENE 1

SCENE 2

SETTING: Early morning, January. A large yet claustrophobic trading floor at Tapir Inc. Traders boxed in by high tech: trading screens, two phones apiece, squawk boxes, computers. Taped somewhere prominently is a list divided into 2 columns with names under the headings, "Hung like a Field Mouse" and "Hung like a Tapir." Names on the list should be a mix of topical, well-known national and local newsmakers. JEFFERSON has many bottles of pills and juices on his desk.

AT RISE: Lights fade up to traders talking all at once, using monologues to improvise, glued to fluorescent flickering screens, on the phones and actively trading.

CONNOR: *(Into his phone to a broker.)* Don't needledick me! Fucking brain donor, I'm putting you in the goddamn box! No more trades until I fucking say so! *(Slams phone.)*

BILL: *(Cupping his phone.)* Jammer, that was your 6th phone this week. The King is gonna have to bill you for that one. Company orders.

CONNOR: Fuck you, numb nuts. Take your goddamn Benjy.

CONNOR pulls out a \$100 bill, throws it over to BILL, BILL walks over to CONNOR.

BILL: Get it? I'm going to bill you.

CONNOR: What do you want? You got your title. Your money.

JEFFERSON: Your youth, your future.

BILL: Yeah I know, but I promised Kent the desk would act more corporate.

CONNOR: Go play ball in heavy traffic. Go chase some parked cars.

BILL: That's it. Come on, Cufflinks, it's time to tune the radio.

JEFFERSON: Bill, I'm making a market here. And my name is Jefferson the Third.

BILL: Yo, hark, I said I hate this rap muzak. Much too provocative.

JEFFERSON: And Kent thought you were going to be a superior manager.

JEFFERSON hangs up reluctantly and pins CONNOR's arm behind his back. BILL tweaks and turns CONNOR's nipple like a radio knob. CONNOR struggles. Action of tuning the radio throughout the play is very fast.

BILL: Too much static on this station. Does anyone hear any music?

CONNOR: Where's the assistant trader you promised me?

BILL: Cufflinks, did you hear anything? Quick, find me a golden oldie.

JEFFERSON: It's Jefferson the Third. And no I can't seem to hear a thing. Modulate, Jammer, please, I gotta hop.

BILL: Two things I can't stand -- muzak and talk radio.

CONNOR: Yes wise master, king of all bonds junky and cheesy, you're hung like a tapir, and I, your feudal serf, am hung like a field mouse.

BILL: Finally, a good tune loud and clear.

BILL and JEFFERSON release CONNOR.

JEFFERSON: No offense intended. OK, Jammer? Just following our fearless leader. You know how it is. You got to talk the talk, walk the walk. It's double or nothing. *(Picks up phone and resumes trading.)*

BILL: Hey Jammer, I betcha four dollars Rocky Balboa's a bigger tapir than James Zero Coupon Bond.

CONNOR: Dickless wonders. Field mice. *(Reacting to screen or market news.)* Yikes! Ream me.

JEFFERSON: What's down? You can tell me.

CONNOR: *(Distrustful of JEFFERSON.)* My hair's falling out over this shit. What elixir ya got for old-fashioned hair, Cufflinks?

JEFFERSON: *(Hands CONNOR a bottle.)* Try Horsetail, it's rich in silica. Strengthens fingernails, hair and fractured bones. Also good for the eyes, ear, nose, throat and *-(Points to CONNOR's crotch.)* glandular disorders.

CONNOR: Pegasus is too succulent for me, pal. But nothing's too rich for boy wonder, master of succulent. (*Tosses bottle of pills to BILL.*)

BILL: Cufflinks, why do you bother trying to outlive the King? (*BILL tosses pills to JEFFERSON.*)

JEFFERSON: God helps those who help themselves. And my name's Jefferson the Third.

DIANA ENTERS.

DIANA: Hi, you guys, I'm Diana. Your new mortgage bond trader. Where should I sit? What do I trade?

CONNOR: Somebody come claim your exotic stripper.

DIANA: Oh no, I'm not that much fun.

CONNOR: Too bad, I am.

JEFFERSON: If you're healthy, you're fun.

CONNOR: (*Offers his back for massage.*) Ah, Lotus Blossom, give me the mysteries of the Far East.

DIANA: I'm here to trade bonds. Kent hired me.

CONNOR: Kent who?

DIANA: The managing director. Your boss?

JEFFERSON: No way. Kent knows women are distractions.

BILL: Major distractions.

CONNOR: Kent would have consulted Bill first.

JEFFERSON: Then Bill would've asked for our permission. Right, Bill?

BILL: (*Dodges into his phone.*) Someone need the king?

JEFFERSON: Salesdesk is over there. Women make good salesmen on account of their fair gender and miniskirts.

CONNOR: Such pleasant personalities. Friendly smiles. Hot legs. What do you think, Bill?

BILL: Pretty for an Oriental.

DIANA: I'm Asian American.

BILL: Now don't get delirious, every woman at Tapir is a looker.

CONNOR: Good looks makes us rich crooks.

JEFFERSON: We are the fixed income department.

DIANA: (*Timidly.*) I can be mean if I really have to.

BILL: Miss, do you know you're talking to a fearsome bodybuilder?

JEFFERSON: Show her your muscles, Bill.

BILL flexes, Diana laughs, Connor sees trades flashing.

CONNOR: (*Dives into the phone to a broker.*) Talk to me about that trade. Is that Semen Brothers buying all the dwarf eights? What d'ya mean it's confidential? You want out of the penalty box or what? (*Slams the phone.*)

BILL: Miss, do you want to become him? A human earthquake?

DIANA: If that's what it takes.

BILL: Are you one of those women who hates their father? Who constantly needs to prove something to men to overcompensate for this feeling that no matter what you do, you're just not good enough?

DIANA: Of course not.

BILL: Then give me your father's phone number. We wanna ask him a few questions.

DIANA: What for? (*Softer.*) You can't, he doesn't speak English.

CONNOR: I bet a Lincoln Gloria Steinem hated her father.

BILL: I bet a Washington she has hairy armpits.

CONNOR: One dollar won't even buy you a new pair of tube socks, King Kong.

BILL: Fill or kill, Jammer.

CONNOR: Miz, show us your armpits. Unbutton your shirt.

DIANA: Are you serious?

JEFFERSON: Whoa boys, settle down. We ask politely. Please unbutton your shirt.

KENT ENTERS as THEY surround DIANA.

KENT: So glad you've charmed the Stooges so quickly, Diana. Did my man Bill explain the ideology behind Tapir Inc.?

BILL: Kent, we were just introducing ourselves.

KENT: Show her our mascot, Bill.

JEFFERSON: Have you ever seen a tapir up close?

CONNOR: You got to have big fuzzy balls.

BILL: (*Shows DIANA photo.*) My hammer, my self. Look at what's touching the ground. It's his manliness.

DIANA: Oh my God. Is this for real?

BILL: You can go pet him at the Bronx Zoo. Better scurry over there, tapirs are endangered species.

KENT: Was this what you expected? Now do you see our bottom line?

DIANA: Maybe I should have been a lawyer.

JEFFERSON: Boring. You'd hate yourself.

KENT: If you need anything, I'm certain Bill will take good care of you. Plus my office is always open. I mean it, Diana, please don't hesitate.

DIANA: Actually, Kent, I could use a chair.

KENT: Bill, really, you promised if I made you head trader, you'd gang-bang the mighty buck.

BILL: Yes, sir, bang bang shebang.

KENT: Mr. Bodybuilder swore he'd flex those big fresh muscles, bench-press and bully –

BILL: Kent, you promised to give me more time –

KENT: Time? Prisoners serve time.

BILL: OK, OK, you win, just like we planned –

JEFFERSON: Planned?!

CONNOR: Figures he's a traitor. Performance pays.

BILL: -- she'll rotate on the desk somewhere.

KENT: Somewhere?

BILL: OK, somewhere between Jefferson and Connor.

CONNOR/JEFFERSON: What?

KENT: Splendid, everything's settled. Bill, find this good woman of Szechwan a chair. With my help, Bill, you'll make partner yet.

BILL: Appreciate ya' Kent.

KENT: Hang tough, Diana. My office is over there if you want to talk, ask questions, shoot the shit.

DIANA: Thanks. I'd like very much to pick your brain.

KENT: Anytime. But later. Meantime, everybody keep banging. Gotta hop.

KENT EXITS.

BILL: You won yourself a parking spot, but that's it.

DIANA: You think Kent pays me to babysit?

JEFFERSON: Maybe but I'd go ask him.

DIANA: (*Bluffing.*) Alright, I will.

CONNOR: Don't even think about tattling. Don't you fucking dare.

BILL: You'd be better off joining the IRA. The fucking army. In times of woe, remember, the IRA needs you!

DIANA: Then again, patience is a virtue.

JEFFERSON: Yeah so I've heard.

CONNOR: Now and then, some smart ass claims a trader made a trade at a certain price, a price no trader in his right mind would ever agree to, you know what I mean. Never ever.

DIANA: Of course. Buy low, sell high.

JEFFERSON: Either a trader knows a trade or he doesn't.

CONNOR: The trader doesn't know the trade. Not in a million years. He D.K.'s it.

BILL: That's right. This whole desk doesn't know you, do we, guys? We D.K. you. D.K.!

DIANA: You guys, the trend's your friend.

BILL: Wanna bet? D.K.!

CONNOR: D.K.!

JEFFERSON: D.K.!

BILL: We all D.K. you!

DIANA: If you'll excuse me, I'll be right back with my chair. Relax, guys, I promise you're gonna love me.

DIANA EXITS.

CONNOR: King Midas needs a tune-up real bad.

JEFFERSON: *(To BILL.)* Tell me, Stalin, has the fat lady sung yet?

BILL: C'mon, I was going to tell you guys about Miz Bruce Lee. Later – today. It isn't easy when you care about you guys as much as I do.

JEFFERSON: *(Rummages through his things.)* Those dials look awfully greasy. Squeaky too. *(Pulls out a pair of pliers, opens and closes.)* Will pliers do?

BILL: I know, let's call her dad and ask if he has ping pong balls.

JEFFERSON: Like we need a snoozer.

CONNOR and JEFFERSON advance towards BILL.

BILL: You can't touch management! Eat cake.

CONNOR and JEFFERSON tune BILL's radio.

CONNOR: Way out of alignment.

BILL: I got a crisp Ulysses that says overhead is Miz Sai-gone in two months. I'll give two to one odds.

CONNOR: A hundred bucks says I pork her by year-end too.

JEFFERSON: You mean poke her with your pine nuts.

SQUAWK BOX: Bill? Bill? I got 50 Ginnie Mae tens to go.

CONNOR and JEFFERSON release BILL and resume trading. BILL rushes to pick up squawk box, gets shaving cream on him.

BILL: Who needs the King? Pick me up on the inside. *(Hangs up squawk box phone and wipes his face.)* Fucking A. You guys are fucking lucky I'm such a regular guy. For that, Jammer, all bets are off.

CONNOR: Chicken gizzard.

JEFFERSON: Watch your position, Jammer. Five Gnome seven-and-halves getting lifted at 92 --

CONNOR: Yahoo, I'm whippersnapping major cash flow!

JEFFERSON: You robber baron, that seems like an awfully high price to pay.

CONNOR: Pure gravy. Twenty bucks says long bond closes down from yesterday.

JEFFERSON: Ten bucks, couple pieces of tropical fruit, and you're on.

CONNOR: *(Takes a bite out of a cheeseburger.)* Taste my profit. Mushroom gravy.

JEFFERSON: Cut it out, Jammer, don't you know you're supposed to eat bran muffins at this hour?

CONNOR: Need the protein to quiet a hangover.

JEFFERSON: You're making me ravenous. *(Pops a pill.)*

CONNOR: *(Recited like a rhyme.)* The bubble bunch. When I'm not eating breakfast, I'm eating lunch.

BLACKOUT.

END OF SCENE 2

SCENE 3

SETTING: Trading floor, February.

AT RISE: DIANA is sandwiched between JEFFERSON and CONNOR, wearing a suit with a bowtie. CONNOR slams his phone and bumps into DIANA.

DIANA: So, Jefferson, how did you decide to sell 50 million bonds at 97-30?

CONNOR: Something rotten has come between us, Cufflinks, and it ain't Denmark.

JEFFERSON: *(Hands DIANA a bottle.)* Here, D.K., have some Gota Kola, it's a memory herb. Stimulates circulation to the brain, increases learning ability.

DIANA: You can't ignore me forever.

JEFFERSON: Wanna bet?

CONNOR: *(Picks up phone, talks to a broker.)* Midget 8, 93 bid 94 ask. You know what I'm up to, right? *(He's daring someone to pick the right price, a 1 point spread = \$1,000 difference, which must be multiplied by the millions traded.)*

SQUAWK BOX: Jammer, bid five million mobile home ten-and-a-quarters.

CONNOR: Gotta hop. Walking brain donor calling. *(Hangs up phone with broker, picks up squawk box phone.)* Jammer, here, what zip code do these mobile homes reside in?

SQUAWK BOX: The beautiful Sooner State where you just can't say no.

CONNOR: (*Cupping phone.*) When was the last natural disaster to strike Oklahoma? Jefferson, you're from Texas, what do you know about dust bowls?

JEFFERSON: For your information, Jammer, all cowboys don't look alike.

CONNOR: Would you quit your strapping bronco stories? Just call weather service and ask about the tornado watch.

DIANA gets an idea and surreptitiously calls around.

JEFFERSON: Shit, Jammer, I'm too busy at the rodeo.

CONNOR: Be a bollweevil. (*Into Squawk Box phone.*) Your wife was pretty fucking insatiable last night, Cufflinks. Not healthy for you to work so much. I bid a whopping 93.

JEFFERSON gives CONNOR the finger.

SQUAWK BOX: These are ten-and-a quarters, Jammer.

CONNOR: (*Into squawk box phone.*) Hey, bed-wetter, you're as worthless as the mobile home paper you peddle. Tornadoes love trailer parks. One act of God, I lose, the bonds are cashed in at par. You get your beefy fat commission either way.

SQUAWK BOX: Go fuck yourself, midget. At 93 you skin my customer alive.

DIANA tries to get CONNOR's attention.

CONNOR: (*Into squawk box phone.*) Eat me, scrotum. (*Connor slams squawk box.*)

KENT (*V.O. over squawk box*): Bill? Is everything under control?

BILL: Jammer, stifle it. The whole country can hear you.

SQUAWK BOX -- LONDON OFFICE: London hears you loud and clear.

SQUAWK BOX -- TOKYO OFFICE: Tokyo hears you too.

JEFFERSON: (*Taps CONNOR.*) Jammer, Andy just called on my phone, someone's lifting your offer for Midget eights.

CONNOR: Shit. That wasn't a real market. (*Into phone to broker.*) You were supposed to protect me, scumbucket! I quoted you a market wide as a diesel truck. What do you mean you had to take a leak?

(Slams JEFFERSON's phone.)

KENT: *(Into squawk box.)* Bill, what's all this banging going on? Pick me up on the inside. *(Into phone to BILL.)* Order Jammer to give Don a decent bid on those mobile homes.

BILL: Aye aye, boss. *(To CONNOR.)* Jammer, upgrade Don's bid or he'll sic Kent on us.

JEFFERSON: On you, Bill. We're always covering for you.

CONNOR: Yeah, when am I gonna get some real help around here?

DIANA: Jammer, I got a –

CONNOR: D.K.!

JEFFERSON: Ask Kent. He knows how to bang. None of this fucking bullshit.

BILL: You want your radio tuned, Cufflinks?

DIANA: *(Into squawk box.)* Don, upgrade Jammer's bid to one-oh-one and seven-eighths.

DON: *(V.O. squawk box)* Done. Sold ya five, woman.

CONNOR: Who said you could trade my position? *(Grabs DIANA.)*

DIANA: Jammer, I already sold the bonds at one-oh-two and an eighth. Pretty good for crap. Aren't you going to thank me for locking in a quarter profit?

CONNOR: *(Releases Diana)* You got big tits for an Asian girl.

DIANA: And you got such a big mouth for such a small dick.

JEFFERSON: Ouch! She just called you numb nuts.

DIANA: Now are we gonna trade or what?

JEFFERSON: *(Into squawk box phone, weight to approximate actress' weight.)* Salesfarce, the mortgage desk is pleased to announce the arrival of a new baby tapir. Female, approximately 110 pounds, 6 ounces, black hair, answers to the name D.K.

BILL: Jammer, I found you a devoted slave. Show the king some gratitude.

CONNOR: The test ain't over. What's the average life of my paper?

Q and A are fired very quickly.

DIANA: Five-to-seven years.

CONNOR: Durable goods up or down tomorrow?

DIANA: Down is my prediction.

CONNOR: Shape of yield curve? (*Outlines shape of his kind of woman.*)

DIANA: (*Concedes the uphill road ahead.*) Steep. Very steep.

CONNOR: Explain negative convexity.

DIANA: It's what happens when I put in my contacts backwards.

JEFFERSON: Witty.

CONNOR: Nitwit, I call the jokes around here.

DIANA: It's the problem of adverse changes in duration for a mortgage-backed security, relative to the move in interest rates, which happen to be rising. (*Acknowledging Connor's increased interest in her.*)

JEFFERSON: Impressive.

CONNOR: Let's get one thing straight, yellowtail. You freshly grated MBAs all think you're hot shit but you're nothing but cold diarrhea.

DIANA: I understand I have to eat cold shit.

CONNOR: Exactly. With a smile.

DIANA: It's just temporary. Like temporary insanity. It comes but it goes.

CONNOR: Jefferson, tell D.K. what you started at.

JEFFERSON: Lousy 21 grand. Bill started at 26. Just because we didn't have MBAs.

BILL: And went to public schools.

JEFFERSON: How much they paying you?

DIANA: Can't tell, company policy, page 12.

BILL: She makes 70 peanuts.

CONNOR: (*Shows her W-2 stub.*) Chump change, pal.

DIANA: Seven hundred fifty thousand dollars? Wow, some bonus.

JEFFERSON: That doesn't include his high falutin' salary.

CONNOR: Bill took home 13 million dollars last year and he still dresses like a used car salesman.

BILL: Jammer! I represent the common man. Someone has to. And I don't need no fucking Harvard MBA to succeed either.

CONNOR: Common man nothing, jealous quantoid, facts are facts. You fell short so they rejected you.

DIANA: *(To CONNOR, surprised.)* You have an MBA? From Harvard?

CONNOR: You know, my parents ask me that very same question. *(Beat.)* I've set my sights on a world record profit for my product. And a 14 million dollar bonus.

BILL: *(Feeling threatened.)* Dream on, Jammer. Kings always outrank pawns. *(To DIANA.)* In every language.

JEFFERSON: Don't forget about me, guys. I work here, too, you know. Lot longer than you two field mice.

BILL: Jefferson took home a cool million dollar bonus.

JEFFERSON: One million dollars is a tidy sum. Show your seasoned trader some fucking respect.

CONNOR: Jump as high as you can before gravity kicks in and kills you. Are you a pouncer?

DIANA: A panther. 13 million dollars...Bill, show me the way.

BILL: Fuck me.

JEFFERSON: Look at D.K. lick her chops like some rabid raccoon.

CONNOR: Now what do you think of your 70 G's?

DIANA: Stale bread crumbs.

CONNOR: You're overhead. We have to deduct you from our profits. So overhead listens, never speaks unless asked. Overhead fetches coffee, orders lunch, places bets. Overhead makes copies, write tickets. *(Drops a pen, bends over to pick it up.)* Now do you still like my butt? *(Flirting begins.)*

DIANA: I'll manage.

CONNOR: I'm a leg man myself.

DIANA: *(Shows off her legs.)* I shave.

CONNOR: Just so we understand each other.

CONNOR tries to touch her legs, she pulls away.

DIANA: We have to maintain industry standards.

CONNOR: (*Grabs the list of "Hung like" and shows DIANA.*) You see this list? Scribble your name under "Hung like a Field Mouse."

DIANA: How do you know Ronald Reagan and James Bond are hung like tapirs?

CONNOR: Some truths are self-evident.

DIANA: That explains Margaret Thatcher.

CONNOR: You can aspire to join her.

DIANA: What about Hillary Rodham Clinton? She sure can trade.

CONNOR: No fucking way. Circumstantial evidence. Anyone would look like a tapir next to corn-fed Bill. Ready, guys? (*Cues the other guys to imitate President Bill Clinton.*) Special report, we interrupt this program to give you this special report.

CONNOR, BILL, JEFFERSON: "I feel your pain. I feel your pain."

DIANA: (*Smiling.*) Yes, sir. There you go, Jammer.

CONNOR: (*Grabs list.*) You wrote in "Don't Know"? Clever. But where's my fucking lunch, Don't Know?

DIANA: What do you want?

CONNOR: Bacon cheeseburger rare, cheese fries and a coke. You fly, I buy.

DIANA: (*Picks up phone.*) Where do you want to order from?

JEFFERSON: (*Hands DIANA a menu.*) Order from Harry's. Get me an organic vegetable plate and fresh squeezed orange juice.

BILL: Hey, nobody asked me. I want spaghetti with meatballs, garlic bread and an iced cappuccino with cinnamon sprinkles. (*Throws CONNOR a package of tube socks.*) Jammer, catch. That oughta more than cover my share.

CONNOR: Bed-wetter.

DIANA: (*Into phone.*) Harry's? I'd like to order take-out...yes, yes, and a tuna fish salad and iced tea.

BILL: Tuna fish! Jammer, Cufflinks, it's time to tune her radio. Tune the radio.

JEFFERSON: Bill, really, she's a chick fillet.

BILL: *(Retrieves crumpled memo.)* Didn't you read the latest memo on sexual harassment? As of yesterday, Tapir does not discriminate.

DIANA: *(Into phone.)* Fifteen minutes? That'll be fine. *(Hangs up.)*

BILL: My stereo receiver is in desperate need of some fine tuning.

CONNOR and JEFFERSON grab DIANA.

DIANA: If you let me go, I'll treat.

BILL's hand gets dangerously close to DIANA's breast, but does not touch.

BILL: I'm not used to these big knobs. Knobs you can really hold onto. Girls are so much fun.

CONNOR: The electrical impulses.

JEFFERSON: Simply shocking.

DIANA: Let me go! I'll scream.

BILL: Muffle her.

JEFFERSON covers DIANA's mouth. BILL retrieves scissors.

JEFFERSON: Shut your eyes, pretend it's a quick nightmare.

BILL twists her bowtie like a radio knob, his ear against her chest.

BILL: I'm turning, turning, but I can't hear any music. Complete cacophony.

DIANA: *(Speaking with her mouth covered.)* Animal.

BILL: *(Snips off her bowtie, DIANA is released.)* This is the sissy method of tuning radios. Gotcha didn't we?

DIANA: Misogynist.

BILL: You wanted to be a trader.

CONNOR: We did you a favor. It's an ugly bowtie.

JEFFERSON: Women think bowties make them men.

CONNOR goes through DIANA's briefcase, picks up a book. DIANA tries to stop CONNOR.

DIANA: What are you doing?

JEFFERSON: The trading floor is no place for secrets.

BILL: Women who perspire to be men have problems with intimacy.

CONNOR: "To be or not to be..." (*Beat.*) Willie Shakespeare, too creamy, clogs the arteries.

CONNOR throws book in the trash.

DIANA: I'm gonna get you back. All of you.

CONNOR: Yes! Can't wait. I'll help you outwit them.

BILL: You mad, D.K.? You gonna cry? Gonna quit?

JEFFERSON: Go shopping? Try a new diet?

DIANA: Hell no. I'm not afraid of you.

BILL: Guess she doesn't like us any more.

JEFFERSON: Maybe we better check her pulse.

BILL: This is why it's no fun to have a woman on your team. Can't take a fucking prank.

CONNOR: I'm starving. Where's my fucking lunch?

DIANA: I'm going!

CONNOR: (*Hands DIANA a cigar.*) A Cuban cigar for your troubles.

JEFFERSON: Aw D.K., we're really a bunch of nice –

BILL: Hungry –

JEFFERSON: Carnivores.

CONNOR: The kind you take home to mom and dad.

BILL: Tapirs.

The MEN growl as DIANA EXITS. FADE OUT.

END OF SCENE 3

SCENE 4

SETTING: Trading floor, March, around 5:30 PM.

AT RISE: End of a highly profitable trading day. DIANA, BILL, JEFFERSON and CONNOR are ecstatic.

JEFFERSON: We sure banged the buck today. I'm going to purchase me a Mercedes convertible.

BILL: Buttfucking incredible. I'm up 200 grand on the day. Time for hot chicks and ouzo. How's bayou, Jammer? Shall we summer again in Southampton?

CONNOR: Slam festival. D.K., we're fucking awesome.

BILL: Show us how we whippersnapper major cash flow. Please, Jammer.

CONNOR: For the King of Fixed Income. (*Bangs his groin against the back of a chair or desk, or against wall.*) Was it as good for you as it was for me?

DIANA: You guys are so barbaric.

JEFFERSON: What are you going to buy, D.K.?

DIANA: I need so much that I don't know where to start.

CONNOR: Yup, she wants to slam dunk like us.

BILL passes out cigars, hesitates briefly before giving one to DIANA.

BILL: Reward yourself with the black market.

CONNOR: No one else will.

BILL: D.K., give yours to your boyfriend, or your whatchacallit, "domestic partner."

DIANA: What do you mean?

BILL: You got a pork chop?

DIANA: I date a bay of pigs.

BILL: How come I never meet your alleged pork chops?

DIANA: Simple, they wouldn't like you.

BILL: That's what I mean.

CONNOR: All the heavy hitters inhale.

DIANA: Show me how to smoke.

CONNOR clips off the end and lights the cigar for her.

CONNOR: Look at her suck on it. Snowpea can't wait to get cancer.

JEFFERSON: D.K., remember to bring me some ginseng and those funky Chinese herbs that preserve youth, increase potency and prolong life.

DIANA: Then why do you smoke?

JEFFERSON: The key is to always cover yourself. When I drink alcohol, I order a cocktail with fruit juice. This way I break even.

SQUAWK BOX: Mortgage desk, please extinguish your cigars immediately. Tapir is a smoke-free environment.

EVERYONE extinguishes cigars.

DIANA: *(Relieved.)* Great cigar, but the law's the law.

BILL: I make 13 million dollars. Those alfalfa sprouts have no respect.

CONNOR: Let's brand those cows. Tune some radios.

BILL: *(Retrieves extinguished cigars.)* And we will. Tonight. We'll takeover our city. Start off with three-pound steaks and lobsters, couple bottles of Amarone. Play a few rounds of Truth or Dare. Pick up some hot chick fillets with front row basketball tickets.

JEFFERSON: Can't pull an all-nighter. Turns you into a raisin overnight. Raisins are boxed and shelved. Besides I want to see my wife and kid.

BILL: Cufflinks here is pussywhipped.

JEFFERSON: Hey, every time you guys take a leak, you're shaking hands with the unemployed. We'll see who comes in grinning double-wide tomorrow.

BILL: Let's split.

CONNOR: I haven't finished checking my trades.

BILL: The King demands we storm the city.

DIANA: I'll go out with you.

BILL: Why are you here at my firm? Why don't you go back wherever you came from? Why me?

DIANA: I'm from America.

CONNOR: *(Wiping and blowing his trading ledger.)* Shit! Market bounced all over the place, but no fucking way I sold bonds this cheap.

(Shows DIANA.)

DIANA: Simple. Wrong handle. D.K. it.

CONNOR: I already OK'd it, on tape twice.

JEFFERSON: Quantos, amigo?

CONNOR: Sixty grand I'll have to swallow in a single gulp.

BILL: Damn it, Jammer, you constipate me.

CONNOR: See this brown spot? What I think happened here is D.K. spilled some coffee on my ledger but I OK'd it because I trusted her numbers.

DIANA: Impossible. I never forage on or over your ledger. Ask Jefferson.

JEFFERSON: Oh no, as far as I'm concerned, you both exceed the recommended daily allowance for caffeine.

CONNOR: Snowpea, I'm not blaming you, Heaven knows we need our double espresso. It's not like Kent's going to fire us over 60 K.

BILL: That's why you can't trade with a chick fillet. Sooner or later she sends you up in flames. *(To DIANA.)* Fucking Beatrice.

DIANA: *(Feels persecuted, sighs, grabs CONNOR's ledger, picks up phone, calls a broker.)* We got a problem with your fingerprints on it. Know that trade for 58 million dwarf nines? Wrong handle, it's 97 not 96. Why did Jammer OK the trade? Probably isn't used to my writing yet.

JEFFERSON: She's becoming one of us. Kafka's metamorphosis. One big giant cockroach coming up.

DIANA: *(Into phone.)* We're supposed to protect Jammer, not gouge him, you brain-dead beat off. Name's D.K. and I D.K. you. Sixty grand is a lot to digest, but you can't exploit a fucking trainee. That's unethical. No we won't split the difference. You can't talk to Jammer 'cuz you're in the goddamned box. Well, fuck you too.

CONNOR: Good with details. Very diplomatic. I think I'll keep her.

DIANA: *(Still into phone.)* How much did you make in commissions off us last year, you bloodsucking leech? And your bonus? Of course we'll throw you some juicy T-bone steaks tomorrow. You're welcome. One more thing. Call us a couple limos for the whole night, fully stocked. Sure, join us if you want to play. *(Hangs up, EVERY-ONE is still watching her.)* Do I look like your mother? C'mon, guys, tidy up!

BILL: You shouldn't pick up our bad habits. Makes you unfeminine. Beastly. Really, what would your pork chop say?

DIANA: We're tapirs first.

CONNOR: You were great, partner.

DIANA: I'm still trembling. Do you think I was too harsh?

JEFFERSON: (*Holds up and offers teabag.*) Hawthorne tea unjangles the nerves.

DIANA: I need a cigar. For later. (*CONNOR gives DIANA a cigar.*) You have to bang to win, right?

CONNOR: (*Extends a hand that shakes.*) You'll get used to the shaking. Movers shake. First thing tomorrow we'll transfer your name to Hung Like a Tapir. Iron Maggie could use a female comrade.

BILL: Don't you miss being a woman? You one of them Lesbos?

DIANA: Bill, I understand your terror. Once upon a time there was a husband and a wife who lived the life of luxury in China. But when kid number two arrives and it's a girl, they're supposed to fucking kill her. Instead they trade their lives, servants and all, wholesale for America. For what? To become manual laborers in some stinking rubber factory. When I see their hands -- red, raw and ugly -- I wish we had never melted in this fucking country. So you see, Bill, I am that flash of horror you wear so well.

JEFFERSON: Wow, that's gotta be tough.

CONNOR: My trainee's fucking intense.

BILL: OK, she's in. But you have to open your own doors.

DIANA: (*Picks up phone because turret is flashing.*) Yeah? Car 124 in five minutes. Thanks. (*Hangs up.*) We ready to hop, guys?

BILL: Almost.

JEFFERSON: Let's not get too sauced guys. Sales of single family homes comes out tomorrow.

CONNOR: I betcha a buck sales went up by at least 10 percent.

JEFFERSON: One dollar? You're so long on the American dream.

CONNOR: You heard my woman. The American dream is a soaking wet dream. But then you wake up and everything dries instantly. Everyday you wake up in a scorching desert.

BILL: Horatio Fellatio.

CONNOR: (*Hands out brochures to BILL and JEFFERSON.*) That's why I say we purchase an ostrich farm together.

BILL: Oh no, not this pitch again. Roast it, Jammer.