

Boiler Room

INT. STAIRWELL. DAY

Seth waits nervously. Chris barges in.

Chris: What's this about? You okay?

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

Chris: Fuck Greg! Let's fucking deal with this prick, right now, and get it over with-

Seth: Wait- wait! Wait... Chris, I got arrested last night.

Chris: What?

Seth: The FBI arrested me.

Chris: The FBI? Why the fuck would the FBI arrest you?

Seth: Because of my involvement in the firm.

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

Seth: Come on, 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- They knew everything. No- they had photographs. They had tape recorded conversations. They brought my father in, you know? Chris, there was nothing I could do.

Chris: What did you do?

Seth: Chris, the FBI is going to raid the place in twenty minutes.

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

Seth: Come on, man- I asked you for months about shit going down here and you told me to shut the fuck and 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 Benard just lost his life's savings and he wasn't a whale. He was just some poor schmuck and I took him. I did everything that JT Marlin told 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: We lie. We're liars.

Chris: Seth, there's... Who are they coming for?

Seth: They're coming for everyone. They're coming for everything.

Chris: You know how hard I worked?

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 going to come in here and they're going to make sure that we never trade another share of stock again. But we can do something.

Chris: What's that?

Seth: Harry, my client. I need a senior broker to sign the sell ticket so he can take his share and dump them on the open market and make his money back... oh, come on, Chris. Come on, what's the difference? Do one thing right here. Just sign it please.

He signs.

Seth: Thank you, Chris... I'm sorry.