

EXT. LA STREET - DOWNTOWN BUSINESS DISTRICT - DAY

Furious, Arthur follows Jeff into a high-end downtown food grotto.

JEFF

I can't believe you took a check?! And it's post-dated.

ARTHUR

They're Indonesians, Jeff. They're like the fucking mob!

JEFF

So you'd let a million-five go down the toilet?

Exasperated, Arthur pulls out the Polaroid of Kane and the dildo, pausing in the middle of the food court.

ARTHUR

Are you completely divorced from reality? Look at this picture! How could this be cast from a real penis? It must be twelve inches long.

JEFF

Why do you think they call the Pope, 'Primate of Italy'? Because they're all hung like fucking gorillas, man!

ARTHUR

Even if it exists, we don't know where it is!

JEFF

We'll find it! Think! Clues are everywhere. The basic foundation of American culture is the erection. What is a guitar solo, but worship of the adolescent masturbatory act? A policeman and his baton? Progress in our society is just one big cock ramming itself into the future!

Jeff sees a COUPLE leaving a nearby table and races over.

JEFF

Oh. Lunch.

He grazes for snacks as Arthur stalks over, fuming.

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ARTHUR

What are you going to tell those
bodyguards when they come for the dildo?

JEFF

I'll say, here's your money back. Man, we
have the deposit!

ARTHUR

For four days!

Jeff lays a hand on Arthur's shoulder, speaking as if to a
retard. Arthur drops into a chair, trying to cool down.

JEFF

I have a friend. He's like the Ugandan
Bill Gates. He tells me the price of
Tantalite in that country is ready to
bottom out.

ARTHUR

What's tantalite?!

JEFF

Fuck if I know. They make cantaloupes out
of it—who cares? Point is, simpleton, we
sell short on tantalite, make a fortune
then give back the Indo's deposit.

Arthur refuses to let Jeff get the better of him.

He sips a discarded beer, quietly furious.

JEFF (CONT'D)

You don't know what selling short *is*, do
you?

ARTHUR

You're not getting ahold of that check.

Jeff takes a breadstick to demonstrate, as an annoyed waiter
comes up and grabs his tip off the table.

JEFF

Okay, say this is a blowjob. Now if...
(reading tag)
Roy the waiter promises to sell you this
blowjob for the current rate of a dollar.
But he promises to sell it to you on
Thursday...

ARTHUR

Roy's gonna kick your ass.

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JEFF

Now when Thursday comes, if the price *falls*, and you can walk down Santa Monica and buy your blowjob for ten cents it doesn't matter, because you've promised to give Roy a dollar. He can pay some crackhead to do it for a dime and pocket the difference. *That* is selling short.

The waiter leaves, with a venomous glare as Jeff pulls out a cigarette.