

09/10/08 12:43pm
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Deanna

Coleman: Hey Tom. Ah, no.

Tom

Petters: What?

Coleman: No, I'm not on the phone.

Petters: Okay. Are ya with Bob?

Coleman: Um, no, Bob left. He had a conference call, I can...call him back in here.

Petters: No, I just haven't...Uh, I, I just, ah, I'm...I have...Henry on the phone, they wanna work out the agreements and start writing up the letters. They're gonna charge us money next week, ten million dollars, to do all this shit. And then they're gonna loan us some money, and, um, fuck, I don't know. Frank's callin', bitchin', "I have deadlines, I need to talk to Tom right away." So. I don't know what to say to him. Ya know, the same old bullshit.

Coleman: I know.

Petters: So he did say that we didn't need to, ah...have PO's if we had a letter from Fortress.

Coleman: Right. That's what he said. If we had that letter from Fortress.

Petters: Today...do they want it?

Coleman: Um, I'm, yeah, I'm...

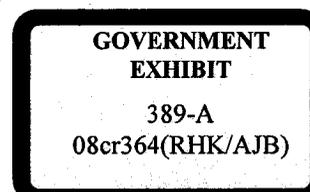
Petters: cuz there's no frickin'...

Coleman: ...guessing it's today...

Petters: ...way I can get it today.

Coleman: ...that he wants it.

Petters: But, is that what he said?



Coleman: Ya know I, I don't recall, I don't think...

Petters: Okay.

Coleman: ...he said today, but, I guess I'm just assuming it's today, because I know they...

Petters: Okay.

Coleman: ...had some notes that are reachin' a hundred and eighty...two days, or a hundred and eighty...

Petters: Yeah.

Coleman: ...three days.

Petters: I gotcha. I'm sure he wants it yesterday, but anyway. Ah...Just don't want these fuckin' auditors coming in here. Feel like goin' out and...and gettin' drunk and gamble and...die.

Coleman: Should we just take off for Vegas? Huh.

Petters: Fuck! You know I got Fortress on the other line. I gotta go to this meeting downstairs, but I'll call ya back, I'll call Henry. And Henry's on the other line right now, 'kay?

Coleman: Okay. Just call me back.

Petters: Okay. I will. Bye bye.

Coleman: Bye.