



NOW A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE

The True Story of the 26-Year-Old Woman Behind the Most Exclusive, High-Stakes Underground Poker Game in the World

MOLLY'S GAME

THE RIVETING BOOK THAT INSPIRED THE AARON SORKIN FILM

MOLLY BLOOM

Molly Bloom

Molly's Game: The Riveting Book that Inspired the Aaron Sorkin Film

Аннотация

NOW A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE Molly Bloom reveals how she built one of the most exclusive, high-stakes underground poker games in the world – an insider's story of excess and danger, glamour and greed. Molly Bloom formed the most elite high-stakes poker game Hollywood had ever seen – she was its mistress, its lion tamer, its agent, and its oxygen. Everyone wanted in, few were invited to the table. In the late 2000s, Molly Bloom, a twentysomething from Loveland Colorado, ran the highest stakes, most exclusive poker game in existence. Hundreds of millions of dollars were won and lost at her table. Molly's game became the game for those in the know—celebrities, business moguls, and millionaires. Molly staged her games in palatial suites with beautiful views and exquisite amenities. She flew privately, dined at exquisite restaurants, hobnobbed with the heads of Hollywood studios, was courted by handsome leading men, and was privy to the world's most delicious gossip, until it all came crashing down around her and she lost everything. Molly's Game is a behind the scenes look

at Molly's game, the life she created, the life she lost, and what she learned in the process.

Содержание

	6
Copyright	8
Dedication	10
Author's Note	13
Prologue	14
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	16

Molly's **GAME**

From Hollywood's Elite to Wall Street's
Billionaire Boys Club, My High-Stakes Adventure
in the World of Underground Poker



Full title in cursive script, partially visible at the bottom of the page.

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Molly Bloom asserts the moral right to be identified as the
author of this work

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to my mom, Charlene Bloom, who gave me life not once, but twice. Without your fierce love and unwavering support, none of this would have been possible.

Contents

COVER

TITLE PAGE

COPYRIGHT

DEDICATION

AUTHOR'S NOTE

PROLOGUE

Part One: **BEGINNER'S LUCK**

Chapter 1

Chapter 2

Chapter 3

Chapter 4

Chapter 5

Chapter 6

Part Two: **HOLLYWOODING**

Chapter 7

Chapter 8

Chapter 9

Chapter 10

Chapter 11

Chapter 12

Part Three: **PLAYING THE RUSH**

Chapter 13

Chapter 14

Chapter 15

Chapter 16

Chapter 17

Chapter 18

Chapter 19

Part Four: **COOLER**

Chapter 20

Chapter 21

Chapter 22

Chapter 23

Chapter 24

Part Five: **A CHIP AND A CHAIR**

Chapter 25

Chapter 26

Chapter 27

Chapter 28

Part Six: **COLD DECK**

Chapter 29

Chapter 30

Chapter 31

Chapter 32

EPILOGUE

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS
ABOUT THE AUTHOR
ABOUT THE PUBLISHER

Author's Note

The events and experiences that follow are all true. In some places, I've changed the names, identities, and other specifics of individuals in order to protect their privacy and integrity, and especially to protect their right to tell—or not to tell—their own stories if they so chose. The conversations I re-create come from my clear recollections of them, though they are not written to represent word-for-word transcripts. Instead, I've retold them in a way that evokes the real feeling and meaning of what was said, in keeping with the true essence, mood, and spirit of the exchanges.

Prologue

I am standing in my hallway. It's early morning, maybe five o'clock. I'm wearing a sheer white lace nightgown. High-beam, fluorescent light blinds me.

“PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR,” a man's voice yells—he sounds aggressive but emotionless ... I raise my trembling hands and my eyes slowly adjust to the light.

I am facing a wall of uniformed federal agents stacked back as far as I can see. They are armed with assault weapons—machine guns, guns I have only seen in movies are now pointed at me. “Walk toward us, slowly,” the voice commands.

There is a detachment, a lack of humanity in the tone. I realize that they believe I am a threat, the criminal they have been trained to apprehend.

“SLOWER!” the voice warns menacingly. I walk on trembling legs, putting one foot in front of the other. It is the longest walk of my life.

“STAY VERY STILL, NO SUDDEN MOVEMENT,” warns another deep voice.

Fear grips my body, making it hard to breathe; the dark hallway begins to look blurry. I am worried I may pass out. I imagine my white negligee covered in blood, and I force myself to stay conscious.

Finally, I reach the front of the line, and I feel someone grab

me, and push me roughly up against a concrete wall. I feel hands patting me down, running all along my body; then cold steel handcuffs close tightly around my wrists. “I have a dog, her name is Lucy, please don’t hurt her,” I plead.

After what feels like an eternity, a female agent yells, “CLEAR!” The man holding me guides me to my couch. Lucy runs over to me and licks my legs.

It kills me to see her so afraid and I try not to cry.

“Sir,” I say shakily to the man who handcuffed me. “Can you please tell me what’s going on? I think there must be some mistake.”

“You are Molly Bloom, aren’t you?”

I nod my head.

“Then there is no mistake.” He places a piece of paper in front of me. I lean forward, my hands still cuffed tightly behind my back. I can’t get past the first line, in black bold letters.

The United States of America v. Molly Bloom

Part One

Beginner’s Luck (noun)

The supposed phenomenon of a poker novice experiencing a disproportionate frequency of success.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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