

THE WOLF OF WALL STREET

Written by

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Based on the book

by

Jordan Belfort

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INSERT - TV COMMERCIAL - DAY

Over jungle sound effects, the CAMERA is low, moving through brush from the POV of a stalking animal. As the brush parts, revealing Wall Street and the New York Stock Exchange, we HEAR the resonant voice of GENE HACKMAN.

GENE HACKMAN (V.O.)
The world of investing can be a
jungle.

WE SEE a charging, snorting BULL.

GENE HACKMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Bulls.

WE SEE a ferocious, growling BEAR.

GENE HACKMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Bears. Danger at every turn.

Pretentious CLASSICAL MUSIC kicks in.

GENE HACKMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That's why we at Stratton Oakmont
pride ourselves on being the best.

VARIOUS SHOTS -- a conservative young MAN reviews a stock portfolio with a wealthy older COUPLE; a smiling young WOMAN sits before a computer talking into a headset.

GENE HACKMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Trained professionals to guide you
through the financial wilderness.

WE SEE the Stratton "team" - a conservative group of ethnically diverse ACTORS surrounding their handsome young chairman, JORDAN BELFORT, 30.

GENE HACKMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Stratton Oakmont. Stability.
Integrity. Pride.

WE SEE a shot of the black glass Stratton Building, and:

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - DAY

Absolute bedlam. 700 drunken STOCKBROKERS, most in their early 20s, chant wildly as Jordan stands beside a DWARF who is dressed in tights, cape & helmet.

JORDAN
Twenty five grand to the first
cocksucker to nail a bullseye!

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The "bullseye" is a large dollar sign in the middle of a giant velcro "dartboard". The Brokers go apeshit as a huge Chinese guy, WALTER CHANG, grabs the Dwarf by his pants and collar. In the Crowd, cash flies as side bets are made. Chang winds up, aims for the dartboard...

JORDAN (CONT'D)
One! Two! Throw!!

The Brokers cheer, and as the screaming Dwarf hurtles toward camera, we FREEZE FRAME on Jordan's laughing face:

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
My name is Jordan Belfort, a former boy scout raised by two accountants in a tiny apartment in Bayside, Queens.

EXT. LONG ISLAND'S NORTH SHORE - NIGHT

A twin-engine Bell Jet helicopter ROARS overhead, descending over a huge mansion, with glistening pool, tennis court and waterfalls.

JORDAN (V.O.)
By age 26, I was on top of the world, making 50 million a year as the head of my own brokerage firm.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - DAY

Arms akimbo like Mussolini, Jordan stands on a platform above the bullpen, an open space the size of a football field. His 700 BROKERS scream wildly. They worship him.

JORDAN (V.O.)
By 32, I was a drug addict, sex addict and white collar felon with three different Federal agencies preparing to indict me.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a disheveled Jordan...

JORDAN (V.O.)
(mystified)
What the fuck happened?

CLICK! A camera FLASHES as he has his mugshot taken. We PUSH IN on his dilated pupils.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

For as long as I remember I was completely obsessed with money.

INT. JORDAN'S PARENTS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

With his PARENTS in the b.g., 7-year-old Jordan watches TV, riveted as "millionaire" Tony Curtis woos Marilyn Monroe on a yacht in a scene from "Some Like it Hot".

JORDAN (V.O.)

By 5th grade I was the scourge of the homeless, collecting more nickel deposit bottles than they did...

EXT. QUEENS ALLEYWAY - RESTAURANT ROW - DAY

A HOMELESS MAN with a small bag of empty bottles rifles a dumpster, to no avail. At the next dumpster, 11-year-old Jordan fills a massive trash bag with empties.

JORDAN (V.O.)

...and by high school I had my own Italian Ice business at Rockaway Beach.

EXT. ROCKAWAY BEACH - DAY

Jordan, now 16, drips with sweat as he trudges across the sand carrying a Styrofoam cooler. He sets the cooler down as CUSTOMERS rush over and line up.

JORDAN (V.O.)

I was so successful I had to hire my friends Walter, Penguin and Todd to come work for me.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Jordan and friends Walter Chang, PENGUIN (short, pot-bellied) and TODD, (lean, muscular) all 16, load coolers with Italian ices from the back of a wholesaler's truck.

JORDAN (V.O.)

I used the money I made to pay for college and after that, for a brief detour to dental school, but that was only to placate my Jewish mother.

INT. BALTIMORE COLLEGE OF DENTISTRY - CLASSROOM - DAY

Jordan, now 22, looks on bored to tears as a PROFESSOR works the jawbone on a set of fake teeth.

JORDAN (V.O.)

I lasted three days and broke her heart.

INT. JORDAN'S PARENTS' APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jordan sits at the table across from his mother LEAH, 50s. In the living room, his father MAX sits smoking as he watches "Jake and the Fatman" on television.

LEAH

So dentistry's not for you. Fine. You want to make money, be an otolaryngologist like Rita's nephew.

JORDAN

I want to be a salesman.

LEAH

Terrific. First in his class and he's Willie Loman.

JORDAN

I'm a people-person, ma.

LEAH

(to Denise)
Otolaryngologists don't deal with people?

The phone RINGS. And from the living room:

MAX

Who the hell has the goddamn gall to call this house on a Tuesday evening! Goddammit!

Max gets up. And as he stomps toward the kitchen phone:

JORDAN (V.O.)

My dad, Max. We called him Mad Max because of his hair-trigger temper, which could be set off by something as innocuous as a ringing telephone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another RING.

MAX
Son of a bitch.

JORDAN (V.O.)
But then the weirdest thing would happen. Though he'd never been near England, he'd pick up the phone and affect an ever-so-slight British accent. This was his other persona -- the super polite, ever-gracious Sir Max.

MAX
(into phone)
Hello?... Yes, Gene, right-eo.
Good-good then... Cheerio.

JORDAN (V.O.)
It was absolutely bizarre. He'd hang up...

MAX
(hangs up phone)
Goddamn fucking halfwit!

JORDAN (V.O.)
And become Mad Max all over again.

Max curses under his breath as he heads back to the TV.

LEAH
You want to weigh in here or not?

MAX
My program, for God's sake.

LEAH
Tell him you've never seen a doctor go hungry.

MAX
He's a married man, Leah. He can make his own decisions.
(then to Jordan)
What do you see yourself selling?

JORDAN (V.O.)
For an ambitious 22-year-old, there was only one logical answer.

EXT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - QUEENS - DAY

An Express Bus pulls up - its sign reads "Wall Street".

JORDAN (V.O.)

It was the height of the bull market of the 1980s and I'd just married Denise, a beautiful Italian girl who cut hair in the neighborhood.

DENISE, 20, pretty, kisses him goodbye. He boards the bus wearing a cheap blue suit.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Her uncle Gene helped me land a trainee job at L.F. Rothschild.

INT. EXPRESS BUS - DAY

Sitting among the other COMMUTERS, Jordan cranes his neck, looking out at the towering buildings of Manhattan.

JORDAN (V.O.)

In only six months I'd be a stock broker, on the road to respect.

PRE-LAP:

SCOTT MOLLEN (O.S.)

You are lower than fucking pond scum.

INT. L.F. ROTHSCHILD - BULLPEN - DAY

A vast space, computers and telephones everywhere. At their desks, 75 shirt-sleeved BROKERS in '80s-era ties and suspenders read their Wall St. Journals, readying for war. Like an eager puppy, Jordan follows broker SCOTT MOLLEN, 30, thick-lipped and bow-tied, across the room.

SCOTT MOLLEN

You got a problem with that?

(reads name tag)

Jordan?

JORDAN

Nope. No problem at all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT MOLLEN

Your job is 'connector', which means you'll be dialing the phone over 500 times a day, trying to 'connect' me with business owners. And till you pass your Series 7, that's all you'll be doing. Sit.

Jordan takes a seat at the desk next to Mollen's.

SCOTT MOLLEN (CONT'D)

Just so you know, last year I made over \$300,000, and the other guy you'll be working for made over a million.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Over a million? I could only imagine what a douchebag the other guy was.

A manicured hand lands on Jordan's shoulder. It's DANNY PORUSH, 27, slick, movie-star handsome with horn rim glasses and blinding white teeth.

DANNY PORUSH

Jordan? Danny Porush.

(re: Mollen)

I see you've already met the village asshole.

Mollen frowns, hands Jordan a stack of 3x5 index cards.

SCOTT MOLLEN

Smile and dial. And don't pick your fucking head up till noon.

DANNY PORUSH

Fuck him, I'm the senior broker here, he's just a worthless piker. Let's grab lunch later.

JORDAN

Great. Yeah.

Porush gives him a wink, looks at the clock on the giant electronic stock ticker encircling the room -- 9:30 a.m.

DANNY PORUSH

Let's fuck!!

RING!!! Absolute pandemonium at the BELL signalling the opening of the stock market. Feet fly off desks;

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Brokers and Connectors dial phones like mad. The CAMERA PUSHES IN on JORDAN, mesmerized as he takes in the ROAR.

BROKER #1

(to Broker #2)

Miniscribe's a fuckin' steal!
Thirty eight bucks a share!

DANNY PORUSH

(into headset)

Your broker in West Virginia?
You buying a coal mine? It's
the 80s, the game is high-tech.

BROKER #2

(to Broker #3)

Fuckface! I got 50,000 July 50s!

JORDAN (V.O.)

You want to know what greed sounds
like? Visit a trading floor on
Wall Street. Fuck this, shit
that. Cock, cunt, asshole.
I couldn't believe how these
guys talked to each other --

Mollen notices Jordan sitting there frozen. He covers
his mouthpiece, kicks the desk violently.

SCOTT MOLLEN

Dial the cocksucking phone!

Jordan snaps out of it, starts dialing.

JORDAN (V.O.)

I was hooked within seconds...

Danny Porush slams down his phone in victory, scrawls
out a "buy" ticket. He places the ticket into a glass
cylinder which he slips into a plastic pneumatic tube.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It was like mainlining adrenaline.

The tube gets WHOOSHED off into the ceiling and we're
suddenly--

CLOSE ON a COKE SPOON whose contents disappear up a
nostril. PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

INT. TOP OF THE SIXES - DAY

The lunchtime power spot with views of the city. Seated
across from Jordan, Danny Porush does another bump, then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY PORUSH
(offering the spoon)
Tootski?

JORDAN
No. Thanks though.

Porush nods, slips the vial into his pocket. As Jordan looks around, LUIS, the tuxedoed Maitre'D, approaches.

LUIS
Mr. Porush, what can I bring for you on this glorious afternoon?

Porush palms the guy a FIFTY -- Jordan notices.

DANNY PORUSH
Here's the game plan, Luis. Bring us two Absolut Martinis, straight up.

(glances at Rolex)
Precisely seven and a half minutes after you deliver those you'll bring two more, then two more every five minutes until one of us passes out.

LUIS
An excellent strategy, sir.

JORDAN
I uh, I'm sorry, I don't really drink. I'll have a 7-Up.

DANNY PORUSH
First day on Wall Street, Luis.

Luis smiles, heads off. A few beats, then:

JORDAN
So you're... allowed to get high during the day?

DANNY PORUSH
How the fuck else could you do this job? Cocaine and hookers, my friend, the keys to success.

Jordan smiles, not sure if Porush is kidding.

JORDAN
I gotta say, I'm really excited about being part of your team.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I mean it's a huge responsibility,
I know, the clients, the--

DANNY PORUSH

Fuck the clients. The only
responsibility you have is to
put meat on the table. Got a
girlfriend?

JORDAN

Wife.

DANNY PORUSH

There you go then. Name of the
game? Move the money from the
client's pocket into your pocket.

JORDAN

But if you can make them a profit
at the same time...

DANNY PORUSH

(chuckles; leans in)
First rule of Wall Street. Nobody
-- and I don't care if you're
Warren Buffet or Jimmy Buffet --
nobody has a clue why a stock goes
up, down or fucking sideways.

A WAITER arrives with the drinks...

DANNY PORUSH (CONT'D)

Churn and burn, baby.

And as they toast, Scott Mollen peers over at them
jealously from behind his menu across the room.

JORDAN (V.O.)

For the next six months I learned
the art of selling stock...

INT. L.F. ROTHSCHILD - BULLPEN - DAY

Jordan listens as Danny speaks into a headset; cool,
poised, confident. A SHOESHINE MAN buffs his wing-tips.

DANNY PORUSH

--Mr. Alpert, Danny Porush, L.F.
Rothschild. The reason for the
call sir, is that an extremely
exciting investment opportunity
crossed my desk this morning--

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - BAYSIDE - NIGHT

Small; sparsely decorated. Jordan sits at the table studying. Denise brings him a cup of tea.

JORDAN (V.O.)

By Fall I passed my Series 7--

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

As STRIPPERS grind nearby, Jordan sits with Danny Porush and a dozen other BROKERS. And as they egg him on, he downs an Absolut Martini, grimacing at the taste...

JORDAN (V.O.)

Finally it was here.

EXT. WALL STREET - DAY

Briefcase in hand, spring in his step, Jordan walks down the street in his best suit amid a sea of other BROKERS.

JORDAN (V.O.)

My first day as a stockbroker--
a future Master of the Universe.

As he enters the Rothschild building, on screen WE SEE:

OCTOBER 19th, 1987

INT. L.F. ROTHSCHILD - BULLPEN - DAY

Total chaos. Jordan sits at his desk stone-faced as all around him Brokers panic, screaming into headsets.

JORDAN (V.O.)

They called it Black Monday.
By four p.m. the market was
down over 500 points, the
biggest one-day drop since
the crash of '29.

The closing bell RINGS; the place goes silent. Brokers look at each other, stunned.

DANNY PORUSH

Holy. Fucking. Shit.

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT - BAYSIDE - FOYER - NIGHT

Jordan enters, shell-shocked. Oblivious to the news, Denise greets him cheerily.

DENISE

How was your first day?! Did you sell a lot of stocks?

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT - BAYSIDE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lights dimmed, still in his suit, Jordan sits on the couch with Denise, her head on his lap.

JORDAN (V.O.)

L.F. Rothschild, a company that had been in business since 1883, closed its doors within a month.

INT. L.F. ROTHSCHILD - BULLPEN - DAY

Empty, devoid of furniture, just phone wires and bright square patches in the carpet where desks used to be.

JORDAN (V.O.)

My job went with it.

INT. HAIR SALON - WAITING AREA - DAY

As Jordan peruses the NY Times classifieds, Denise (in a hairdresser's smock) approaches with two coffees.

DENISE

So I'll take an extra shift, don't worry about it.

JORDAN

You work too much as it is.

She sits down next to him. A few beats, then:

DENISE

We could pawn my engagement ring.

JORDAN

We're not pawning anything. I'm gonna be a millionaire, Denise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DENISE
You know that doesn't matter,
right?

He smiles, kisses her. Together, they peruse the ads.

JORDAN
(points to an ad)
I could sell Hyundai's.

DENISE
You're a professional stock
broker.

JORDAN
No one's hiring brokers right now,
sweetie.

They go back to the ads. After a few beats, she points--

DENISE
This place is.

EXT. STRIP MALL - PARKING LOT - LONG ISLAND - DAY

In a suit, Jordan emerges from an '85 Datsun. He looks around confused, heads toward an unmarked storefront.

INT. INVESTOR'S CENTER - DAY

The antithesis of L.F. Rothschild, with cheap furniture and a dozen misfit "BROKERS" giving loud, obnoxious sales pitches. Jordan enters, a modern man among cave people. DWAYNE, slovenly, 35, with a walrus mustache, looks up.

JORDAN
I'm looking for Investor's Center?

DWAYNE
That's us, hey. Dwayne.

JORDAN
(as they shake hands)
Jordan Belfort, I called earlier.
I was a broker with Rothschild?

Dwayne nods, motions Jordan to a seat. Nearby, a Broker in flip-flops, CHRIS KNIGHT, is screaming into his phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS KNIGHT
I'm tellin' you, this stock is
goin' up!... Cause I know, okay?!
I have inside information!

Jordan looks at him, appalled at what he's hearing.

JORDAN
Where are your computers?

DWAYNE
No computers, we sell off the pink
sheets -- penny stocks.

Dwayne slides Jordan what looks like an oversized phone book; its pages are literally pink. He explains:

DWAYNE (CONT'D)
Company don't have enough capital
to be listed on NASDAQ, their
shares trade here. Ones circled
in red are the stocks we're
pushing.

JORDAN
(reading)
Aerodyne International. Six cents
a share.

DWAYNE
They make radar detectors out of a
garage in Dubuque. They're about
to go under.

JORDAN
(flips the pages)
Who buys this crap?

DWAYNE
Schmucks mostly. Mailmen,
plumbers, people thinking they can
get rich quick. They answer our
ads, Popular Mechanics, Hustler.

JORDAN
These stocks are garbage.

DWAYNE
(a look; then)
You looking for a job or not?

JORDAN
(a beat; then)
Yeah. Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DWAYNE

Commission's fifty percent. Grab yourself a desk and no smoking.

JORDAN

Wait a second. You're telling me if I sell a thousand dollars worth of stock, my commission is five hundred bucks?

DWAYNE

Technically, yeah, but not even the biggest schmuck buys a thousand dollars worth of this shit.

INT. INVESTOR'S CENTER - (LATER THAT) DAY

Jordan sits poring over research material, making notes.

JORDAN (V.O.)

My head was spinning. The average commission on a blue-chip stock, say IBM for example, was like three percent. Fifty percent on every sale was unheard of.

As the other Brokers bark into phones nearby, Jordan takes a lead off a stack, dials the phone. He steels himself, then he starts. Cool, calm, in control:

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Mr. Fleming, good morning, Jordan Belfort with Investor's Center in New York. You recently responded to one of our advertisements...

A few of the other Brokers glance over, eavesdropping.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

The reason I'm calling is that an extremely exciting investment opportunity crossed my desk today. Now typically our firm recommends no more than five stocks per year: this is one of them...

A few more Brokers look over...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Aerodyne International is a cutting edge tech firm out of the Midwest, awaiting imminent patent approval on a new generation of radar equipment...

LATER. Now all the Brokers listen in rapt attention.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

--so if Aerodyne's shares rise to only one dollar -- and our research indicates they could go much, much higher -- your profit on a mere three thousand dollar investment would be upwards of fifty thousand... That's correct, you could pay off your mortgage.

Seconds tick by. Suddenly, Jordan starts writing...

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Four thousand dollars, will that be check or money order?...

Jordan scrawls out a "buy" ticket. Chris Knight and the other Brokers stare at him.

CHRIS KNIGHT

How'd you fuckin' do that?

JORDAN (V.O.)

I was a trained pit bull in the company of lap-dogs.

INT. INVESTOR'S CENTER - (ANOTHER) DAY

Jordan sits at his desk in mid-pitch, totally focused.

JORDAN

It's a rock-solid company, sir, it's the next Microsoft... Six thousand. Terrific.

And as he starts scrawling out a buy ticket...

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I felt really bad lying to people, but within twelve weeks I was making some serious money.

INT. JORDAN'S PARENTS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jordan's mother Leah opens a box with a beautiful diamond necklace - the card reads "From Your Son, the Doctor."

JORDAN (V.O.)
Besides, as a wise man once told
me...

INT. PETER LUGER'S STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

As WAITERS serve sizzling ribeyes, Jordan and Denise share wine with Danny Porush and his wife LISA.

JORDAN (V.O.)
...my only responsibility was to
put meat on the table.

DANNY PORUSH
Get the fuck out. You made ninety
grand in one month?

JORDAN
Ninety four actually.

DANNY PORUSH
Tell you what. You show me a
check stub with \$94,000 on it,
I'm coming to work with you.

Jordan chuckles.

JORDAN (V.O.)
True to his word, he did.

INT. INVESTOR'S CENTER - DAY

Jordan watches Danny work the phone.

JORDAN (V.O.)
He was a great guy, Danny, but the
better I got to know him, he was a
little strange. For starters he
and his wife Lisa were first
cousins...

ON DANNY'S DESK, we see their WEDDING PHOTO -- there is a
familial resemblance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And the horn rims were fake, with
clear lenses -- he only wore them
to make himself look less Jewish.

CLOSE ON -- DANNY'S EYEGLASSES.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Worst of all was since the market
crashed, he blew all his money
doing coke, which had started to
affect his nervous system.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - STALL - DAY

Alone in the stall, Danny opens a vial of coke.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Now whenever he'd do it, his face
would contort into this bizarre,
frozen mask like the Phantom of
the Opera.

Danny does a blast; his jaw twitches, then his facial
muscles contort, locking up like a stroke victim.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
On the bright side he was a loyal
friend and an awesome salesman who
transitioned into the penny stock
business quickly.

INT. INVESTOR'S CENTER - DAY

Jordan and Danny work the phones, side by side.

JORDAN (V.O.)
So quickly that I made him my
minority partner and started my
own firm, Stratton Oakmont.

EXT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO BODY SHOP - DAY

Jordan and Danny pull up to a defunct auto body shop,
which has a "For Lease" sign in the window.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Actually we had no choice.

INT. INVESTOR'S CENTER - DAY

Bustling with activity as Jordan, Danny, Chris Knight and the other Brokers work the phones. Suddenly, a group of FEDS, led by square-jawed FBI AGENT GREGORY COLEMAN, 28, enter the room and spread out.

AGENT COLEMAN

(holding a warrant)

Gentlemen, your attention please.
This property is being seized by
order of the Securities & Exchange
Commission and the FBI.

EXT. SOCIAL CLUB - BROOKLYN - DAY

As a small CROWD looks on, another group of FEDS lead some handcuffed MOB GUYS into waiting sedans.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Investors Center, it turned out,
was being backed by a certain
group of gentlemen with Italian
surnames.

INT. INVESTOR'S CENTER - DAY

As Jordan and the other Brokers clear out their desks:

FBI AGENT #2

Thank you for your cooperation.
You'll receive a subpoena in the
mail if we need you to testify.

Dwayne is led out in cuffs by Agent Coleman, whose eyes meet with Jordan's as he passes by...

JORDAN (V.O.)

And lo, my empire was born.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO BODY SHOP - BULLPEN - DAY

Jordan emerges from his office into the garage area (the bullpen) where Danny and a dozen other BROKERS make sales calls from the cheap desks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN (V.O.)

Within a month we had fifteen employees including my friends Walter and Penguin, who'd both been selling stereos at Crazy Eddie's.

INT. INVESTOR'S CENTER - DAY

Walter and Kenny now work phones at desks near Jordan's.

JORDAN (V.O.)

My friend Todd took a pass, since he'd been making a fortune dealing Quaaludes.

EXT. TODD'S HOUSE - BACKYARD GYM - DAY

Bare-chested, wearing kung fu pants, Todd sells ludes to a couple of HIGH SCHOOL KIDS.

JORDAN (V.O.)

As for me, I became addicted to selling. If I wasn't on the phone I felt like I was losing money.

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT - BAYSIDE - DAY

Now transformed with stereo, large screen TV, black leather furniture. Jordan, in sweats, pitches a customer on a cordless phone as he pours some juice.

JORDAN (V.O.)

I was 24 years old and never happier in my life.

EXT. MARINA - LONG ISLAND - SUNSET

On lounge chairs at the edge of a dock, bottle of wine open nearby, Jordan sits with Denise. He smiles proudly, looking on as she opens a black velvet jewelry case -- inside is a diamond tennis bracelet.

DENISE

Omigod. Jordan.

JORDAN

You like it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DENISE

It's beautiful.

Jordan helps her try it on. She smiles, but he detects a wave of... something.

JORDAN

What? You don't like it, we'll exchange it.

DENISE

No, no. I love it.

JORDAN

Then what?

They sit in silence. Finally:

DENISE

I don't know, it's just -- these stocks, these crappy companies.

JORDAN

In five years the Corleone family will be completely legitimate.

DENISE

I'm serious.

JORDAN

I'm selling a dream, honey. It's not like it's illegal.

DENISE

I know, it's just... Wouldn't you feel better selling dreams to rich people, who can afford to lose the money at least?

JORDAN

Rich people don't buy penny stocks.

DENISE

Why not?

JORDAN (V.O.)

It was a good question, the key question, actually, one I'd been wrestling with for months.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO BODY SHOP - BULLPEN - DAY
Jordan crosses the Bullpen with a large manila envelope.

JORDAN (V.O.)
I'd even purchased leads from Dun
& Bradstreet, a verified list of
investors earning over \$300,000
a year.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP - OFFICE - DAY

Jordan sits at his desk, headset on, the stack of Dun & Bradstreet leads open before him.

JORDAN
Dr. Chase, Jordan Belfort,
Stratton Oakmont Securities.

LATER...

JORDAN (CONT'D)
...so at six cents a share, you'd
be looking at a profit in excess
of a hundred thousand dollars...
Aerodyne International... I
understand. Thanks for your time.

Jordan hangs up, sighs.

DANNY PORUSH (O.S.)
The problem is this--

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Over drinks, Jordan sits at a table with Danny.

DANNY PORUSH
Guy's smart enough to earn three
hundred grand a year, chances are
he's also smart enough not to buy
a penny stock.

JORDAN
It's not just that. Whatever the
stock costs, they never heard of
us, our firm, or the shit-ass
companies we're pitching.

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT - BAYSIDE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

With Denise asleep next to him, Jordan lays awake, eyes wide open as he stares at the ceiling.

JORDAN (V.O.)

It was driving me crazy. There had to be a way to sell penny stocks to rich people, but I just couldn't find it. Finally one night it hit me.

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT - BAYSIDE - LIVING ROOM

Late. Jordan sits alone, half-watching a commercial on TV -- a DAD taking pictures of his son riding a bike:

ANNOUNCER

Would you trust these moments to anyone but Kodak?

JORDAN (V.O.)

Trust.

Jordan's eyes go wide -- a brainstorm.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I picked out a lead, a guy named Spears who owned a trucking company in Minnesota.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO BODY SHOP - OFFICE - DAY

Jordan reads off a lead card, dials the phone.

JORDAN (V.O.)

I called, introduced myself, then sent him some information about Stratton. On my follow-up call a week later I gave him my pitch...

Jordan sits at his desk in mid-pitch.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Eastman Kodak.

As Jordan continues his pitch:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Instead of pitching him a stock
he'd never heard of, I hooked him
with a blue chip, something
everybody'd heard of.

Jordan starts writing in his pad.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
500 shares. Yes, sir. Thank you.

Jordan hangs up, writes out a buy ticket.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Now we had a relationship -- as
far as he was concerned, I was a
legitimate broker repping A-list
companies. Precisely twelve days
later I called him back.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO BODY SHOP - OFFICE - DAY

Jordan sits at his desk, headset on. He dials the phone
and on screen appears:

SEPTEMBER 26th, 1989

JORDAN
Mr. Spears, Jordan Belfort, how
are you today?

EXT. TRUCKING COMPANY PARKING LOT - DAY

Tractor trailers everywhere. MR. SPEARS, burly, 50s,
talks on his cell phone.

MR. SPEARS
Can't complain, how's the weather
up there in New York?

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

JORDAN
I'm staring at a crystal clear
view of the Empire State building.
Mr. Spears, the reason I'm calling
is that a rather unique investment
opportunity crossed my desk this
morning.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Now as we discussed a few weeks ago, I normally recommend only blue chip firms, but I have a micro-cap which our research department feels is poised for explosive growth. Aerodyne International is a cutting edge tech firm out of the Midwest...

Spears signs a Foreman's clipboard.

MR. SPEARS

I'm listenin'.

INT. AUTO BODY SHOP - BULLPEN - DAY

Danny, Walter, Penguin and the other Brokers work the phones. After a few beats, Jordan exits his office.

DANNY PORUSH

--with no downside you're looking at a profit in the six figures.

JORDAN

Danny. Hang up.

Danny ignores him; Jordan leans in, hangs up for him.

DANNY PORUSH

Fuck you doing?! I'm in the middle of a pitch!

JORDAN

Everybody hang up your phones!
Now!

The Brokers do as instructed; all eyes on Jordan.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I just sold two hundred thousand dollars worth of Aerodyne.

The CAMERA PANS the stunned faces:

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I broke the code, I had discovered fire. From that moment on I knew my life would never be the same. The challenge now was to take this group of nincompoops and mold them in my own image, drilling them constantly till they sounded like Wall Street Wizards.

INT. MARRIOT HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The Brokers sit in chairs facing a large dry-erase board. Jordan enters, crosses to the board, marker in hand.

JORDAN

Gentlemen, it's a new day. The clients we've gone after in the past -- they're done. We will now target exclusively the wealthiest one percent of Americans. The methods we've used -- over. Loud, obnoxious sales hype is worthless with these people. In military terms it's like carpet-bombing -- noisy, menacing and only marginally effective. As Stratton brokers you will be laser-guided smart-bombs aimed at high-priority targets. You will establish an initial relationship with your clients selling only blue chip stocks -- then and only then will you attempt to sell the pink sheets, where the real money is. There will be no yelling, there will be no brow-beating. What there will be is cool and calculated logic. Now the key to every sale is this:

Jordan writes the word "URGENCY" on the board.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

No one buys stock unless he thinks it's going up and going up now. You must convince your client to buy before the takeover happens, before the lawsuit is settled, before the patent is granted. If he says I'll think about it and call you back, it's over, you're dead! No one calls back! So you have to create urgency -- they have to know that by the time they read about it in the Wall Street Journal or the Podunk fucking Gazette, it's too late.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY

With Jordan on speakerphone with a potential CLIENT, the other Brokers listen in.

JORDAN

--so once Kodak settles the lawsuit, institutions will be permitted to buy their shares in large blocks again. And when that happens, which is any day now, what do you think will happen to the price of Kodak stock?

CLIENT (O.S.)

It'll go up?

JORDAN

Exactly. Which is why you should pick up 5000 shares today, a \$200,000 investment.

INT. MARRIOT HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Jordan stands addressing his Brokers.

JORDAN

Then you lower your voice.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY

Jordan pitches the client, his voice lowered.

JORDAN

Believe me, sir, you will not be sorry.

INT. MARRIOT HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Jordan stands before the Brokers.

JORDAN

Then you wait. Whoever speaks first loses. At this point, where are we in the sale? Walter?

WALTER CHANG

About to close?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN

No, you sweet and sour douchebag! ...
We're at the beginning of the
beginning! This is where the sale
starts. You as a salesman are
almost hoping he says no so you
can finally do your fucking job!

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY

Jordan sits at the phone, waiting for a response.

CLIENT (O.S.)

I don't know, I don't think so.

INT. MARRIOT HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Jordan stands before the Brokers.

JORDAN

He doesn't know, he needs to
think, he's gotta ask his wife!
The fact is it doesn't matter what
the fuck he says! If he's already
agreed that the stock's going up,
then the only real objection he
has at this point is he doesn't
trust you! And he shouldn't
fucking trust you, you're a
salesman! So what do you say?

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY

Danny talks on the phone to a Client.

DANNY PORUSH

Let me ask you this, sir -- had I
been your broker for the past
three to four years and made you
money on a consistent basis, you
probably wouldn't say you need to
think about it, you'd probably say
pick me up three or four thousand
shares, am I right?

CLIENT #2

Maybe.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY

The place is crowded; more Brokers have joined the sales force. Now Penguin pitches a client.

PENGUIN

Wait a second. You mean to tell me if I put you in Union Carbide at 7 and took you out at 32--

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY

Even more crowded. More Brokers.

KENNY GREENE

If I put you in Texas Instruments at 11 and took you out at 47--

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY

More Brokers still...

WALTER CHANG

--Walmart at 16 and took you out at 95, you wouldn't say Walter pick me up 10,000 shares? C'mon.

CLIENT #3

Well yeah, in that case I would.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT II - BULLPEN - DAY

New offices now, a real brokerage firm. The bullpen is large, with 75 Brokers at polished maple desks, sitting before computers talking into headsets.

DANNY PORUSH

So the problem is that I don't have the luxury of a track record. Sir, let me reintroduce myself to you. My name is Danny Porush--

CUT TO:

WIGWAM

--Andy Cohen--

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTER CHANG
Walter Chang--

CUT TO:

MARK HANNA
Mark Hanna from Stratton Oakmont
in New York--

CUT TO:

CHRIS KNIGHT
--and I plan on being the top
broker in my firm this year.

CUT TO:

PENGUIN
So what about this? We start
small with 500 shares, a cash
outlay of \$20,000.

CUT TO:

INDIAN BROKER
If the stock goes up 10%, will
that make you a rich man? Of
course not.

CUT TO:

CARRIE CHODOSH
If it goes down 10%, will it make
you a poor man? No.

CUT TO:

WALTER CHANG
What this trade will do is serve
as a benchmark for future
business.

CUT TO:

MARK HANNA
The downside is minimal and the
upside is a long-term relationship
with a broker on Wall Street who
will consistently make you money.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JORDAN

Your only regret will be that I
didn't call you six months ago.

CUT TO:

CLIENT #1 (O.S.)

(to Kenny Greene)

All right.

CUT TO:

CLIENT #2 (O.S.)

(to Penguin)

Give me 300 shares.

CUT TO:

CLIENT #3 (O.S.)

(to Mark Hanna)

1200 shares.

CUT TO:

CLIENT #4 (O.S.)

(to Jordan)

I'll take 5000 shares.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT II - BULLPEN - DAY

RING!! The closing bell goes off at 4 p.m. The place goes nuts as Jordan emerges from his office holding a spread sheet. He addresses the crowd of 100 BROKERS, which now includes a dozen WOMEN.

JORDAN

Everybody have a good week?

Applause; war whoops.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I'd like to read you something.

(reads spread sheet)

Month end, March 1991! \$28.7
million in commissionable trades -
all in pink sheet stocks!

As the place goes WILD with applause, Jordan nods across the bullpen to Danny Porush. We hear the opening strains of "Stars & Stripes Forever" as he opens the door to a

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLLEGE MARCHING BAND, dressed only in underwear and hats, somersaulting GYMNASTS, BATON-TWIRLERS and confetti-throwing CLOWNS bringing up the rear. They march through the bullpen to the cheers of the Brokers while--

FROM THE KITCHEN -- two dozen TUXEDO-CLAD WAITERS emerge carrying trays of champagne and hors d'oeuvres.

ACROSS THE ROOM -- two dozen STRIPPERS bolt in, gyrating wildly among the BROKERS. Jordan surveys the insanity:

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Word spread throughout Wall
 Street -- I was becoming a legend.
 A modern-day Rumpelstiltskin who
 could spin penny stocks into gold.

EXT. LUXURY CAR LOT - LONG ISLAND - DAY

One by one, cars ROAR out of the lot. Jordan in a Ferrari; Danny in a Lamborghini; Walter in a Maserati; Wigwam (Andy Gold) brings up the rear in a convertible Porsche, holding his awful toupee down against the wind.

JORDAN (V.O.)
 Forbes Magazine even called to do
 a profile on me...

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT II - JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jordan finishes up an interview with a female REPORTER. They shake hands, then he smiles for the camera - CLICK!

JORDAN (V.O.)
 A total fucking hatchet job.

INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A gorgeous place; city views. As Denise sits nearby, a pissed-off Jordan paces, holding the copy of Forbes.

JORDAN
 (reading)
 "The Wolf of Wall Street".

DENISE
 (on the bright side)
 The picture's nice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN

(reading)

"Jordan Belfort, a twisted version of Robin Hood who takes from the rich and gives to himself and his merry band of brokers".

DENISE

There's no such thing as bad publicity, sweetie.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT II - BULLPEN - DAY

Bustling with activity. Jordan enters, crosses toward his office. Off to the side of the bullpen, he notices three dozen YOUNG MEN in business suits. He approaches his assistant MONA AXELROD, 20s, dressed all in black.

JORDAN

(re: Young Men)
The hell's all this?

MONA AXELROD

The Forbes article. They're applying for jobs.

Jordan looks over -- they spot him, start clamoring, waving their resumes.

JOB APPLICANTS

Mr. Belfort! Over here! Sir!

JORDAN (V.O.)

Denise was right. Instead of hurting me, Forbes made me a superstar. Every day, dozens of money-crazed kids would beat a path to my door.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT II - BULLPEN - DAY

Packed to the gills. 200 BROKERS, no older than 22, are crammed elbow to elbow.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Half of them had dropped out of college when they heard about this crazy fuck on Long Island who'd make them rich--

EXT. STRATTON OAKMONT II - DAY

Young Brokers in custom suits compare gold watches and expensive cars: Jags, BMWs, Porsches...

JORDAN (V.O.)

--and they made me rich too.
Beyond my wildest dreams.

A black stretch limo pulls up outside. The DRIVER opens the door for Jordan, impeccable in a custom suit. As he passes two Brokers in Robin Hood caps:

YOUNG BROKER #1 YOUNG BROKER #2
All hail the king! We're your merry band!

Jordan smiles proudly, keeps on walking.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Unbeknownst to me at the time,
there was another guy who read
the Forbes article too. But this
one already had a job.

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

FBI Agent Coleman sips coffee as he reads Forbes. Another AGENT walks in. Coleman holds up the article.

AGENT COLEMAN

FBI AGENT #2
(nods)
An extremely ambitious young man.

AGENT COLEMAN
Kind of guy I'd like to get to
know better.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Within months we quadrupled in size, moved to even bigger offices.

EXT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - DAY

The place from the opening. 700 screaming young Brokers and their hot female ASSISTANTS busily work the phones.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN (V.O.)

It was a madhouse, a greed-fest,
with equal parts testosterone,
body fluids and cocaine...

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Richly appointed; oxblood furniture. As Jordan looks on, Danny cuts lines of coke on the glass coffee table. As he hand him a rolled up \$100 bill...

DANNY PORUSH

Do it, Scarface. Come on!

JORDAN (V.O.)

I even succumbed myself, started
living up to my image.

Jordan snorts a blast, then shudders at its impact.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - MEN'S ROOM - DAY

In a stall, a Broker gets a blow-job while at the sink, another Broker fucks a Sales Assistant from behind.

JORDAN (V.O.)

It got so out of hand I declared
the office a fuck-free zone
between the hours of 9 and 7,
but even that didn't help.

Taped to the mirror we see a MEMO -- inside a red circle, two anatomically correct stick figures fuck doggy-style, a red line slashing through them.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

To maintain order, I hired my dad
Max as defacto CFO and head of the
Gestapo.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - KITCHEN - MORNING

"Mad" Max Belfort, dapper in a grey suit, pours coffee into a Styrofoam cup. As he lights a cigarette and scans the room, Brokers look away, avoiding his gaze.

DANNY PORUSH (O.S.)

He's not a midget, he's a fucking
dwarf!

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - JORDAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

Jordan sits talking with Danny, Kenny and Wigwam.

JORDAN
What if he gets hurt?

DANNY PORUSH
So he wears a helmet. They've got
like superhuman strength anyway.

Jordan turns to Wigwam, who's eating a frozen yogurt.

JORDAN
You went to law school, what's the
liability on something like this?

WIGWAM
(shrugs)
Get him to sign an agreement.

A quick knock. Mona pokes her head in.

MONA AXELROD
Your dad's coming. Something
about the American Express bill.

JORDAN
Shit. Can you stop him?

Max blows in waving a 3-inch-thick American Express bill:

MAX
Are you insane?! \$300 thousand
dollars in one month?!

JORDAN
They're legitimate business
expenses.

MAX
EJ Entertainment? It's a goddamn
prostitution ring!

DANNY PORUSH
Technically they're escorts, not--

MAX
Shut your pie-hole, Porush, you're
blinding me with those goddamn
teeth!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN

Dad.

MAX

Dad my ass, you're the worst of the lot!

Jordan looks at the other guys.

JORDAN

Give us a minute, will you?

Danny and the others head out. Jordan closes the door.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I know it's hard for you to make sense of this, but there's a method here, okay? Especially when it comes to the spending.

MAX

Twenty-six thousand dollars for one goddamn dinner?

JORDAN

First off, it was eight people.

MAX

Eight or eighty, it's too goddamn much!

JORDAN

The wine, okay?... It was vintage.

MAX

Since when do you even drink?

Jordan looks at him, then nods his chin toward the plate glass window overlooking the bullpen.

JORDAN

It's important to keep these guys chasing the dream, okay? You flash some cash, it keeps them motivated.

MAX

Pissing money away? That's what motivates you kids?

JORDAN

I know it sounds crazy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAX

Crazy? It's obscene, Jordan.

Max turns and exits. Jordan watches him go.

JORDAN (V.O.)

It was obscene -- in the real world. But I didn't live there any more.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - WEST HAMPTON - DAY

Massive, with an Olympic-size pool overlooking the beach. With luxury cars parked everywhere, a loud party is in progress, young Brokers and bikini-clad GIRLS everywhere. As Jordan and Denise pass by from the outdoor bar, a group of Brokers raise their beers in a toast:

BROKER #1

Don Corleone!

BROKER #2

Keyser Soze!

The Brokers applaud, some dropping to their knees, bowing in supplication as Jordan passes, loving the attention.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - WEST HAMPTON - (LATER THAT) DAY

The CAMERA PANS the party -- it's insane. GORGEOUS PEOPLE dance, drink, do coke and Quaaludes. Upstairs, the CAMERA finds Jordan, who pops a lude, which he washes down with beer. As Kenny and Todd the drug dealer look on, Jordan lines up a shot at the pool table:

KENNY GREENE

Easy. Steady now.

Jordan shoots, misses. Kenny laughs.

JORDAN

Laugh, douche-tard. Soon as that lude kicks in, I'll run this fucking table.

Danny rushes in with Wigwam.

DANNY PORUSH

JB, you gotta see this chick.

JORDAN

We're in the middle of a game.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY PORUSH

I'm telling you. She's a friend
of Sandy, Levitt's cousin.

WIGWAM

Seriously, my nuts are about to
explode.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - WEST HAMPTON - DAY

With Danny and the other guys bringing up the rear,
Jordan walks down the stairs. He slows down, time
seemingly standing still when he sees...

NADINE CARIDI--

22 years old, the hottest blonde ever, there with her
date BLAIR. Perched atop six-inch-heels, Nadine looks up
at Jordan. She smiles, full lips parting over perfect
white teeth, a ridiculously short dress barely covering
her long tan legs and full breasts.

SANDY

Jordan, hey. This is my friend
Nadine.

Jordan takes Nadine's hand, doesn't let go. They lock
eyes as she speaks, with a Brooklyn accent.

NADINE

Such an awesome house.

JORDAN

You like it? I just bought it.

Nadine's date Blair offers his hand to break them apart.

BLAIR

I'm Blair.

Jordan barely acknowledges him. Just then:

MARK HANNA (O.S.)

Oh sweet Jesus!

Jordan turns to see a drunk Mark Hanna, cock in hand,
jerking off to Nadine as he pants exaggeratedly.

MARIE HANNA

(swatting him)

Mark! What the fuck are you
doing?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the group laughs uncomfortably, Denise looks over from the kitchen, where she chats with Danny's wife Lisa. Spotting Nadine, she hustles to Jordan's side, a mama lion protecting her territory.

DENISE

Hi, I'm Denise. Jordan's wife.

JORDAN

So you guys hungry?

NADINE

Actually I'm starv--

BLAIR

We should really get going.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

You just got here.

Blair shoots an uncomfortable glance toward Mark Hanna.

BLAIR

(to Nadine)

I told Lee we'd stop by.

DENISE

(the bum's rush)

Well it was nice meeting you.

NADINE

You too. Take care.

Blair quickly leads Nadine out the door, but just before she's through it, she stops, looks back at Jordan. One last glance, then Blair yanks her out, her hair whipping in the air as she disappears. On Jordan, pole-axed.

JORDAN (V.O.)

On some level, the day I met Nadine was the day I truly became the Wolf. Every guy wanted her -- so I had to have her.

INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jordan lays awake next to Denise who sleeps, arm slung across his chest.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Though I really loved Denise, and was even still attracted to her, Nadine made me crazy in a way I'd never felt before.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - JORDAN'S OFFICE

Jordan sits at his desk; Danny's on the couch.

DANNY PORUSH

You're the king, for God's sake.
You deserve it.

JORDAN

I'm married, Danny.

DANNY PORUSH

Well so am I and guess what? I'd
leave my wife and kids on
Christmas morning for that girl.

JORDAN

You're Jewish.

DANNY PORUSH

Chanukah then. Fucking Kwanzaa.
Bang her once, get it out of your
system.

(off Jordan's look)
If you don't, I will.

INT. SIGN OF THE DOVE - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Romantic; elegant. Over a bottle of '53 Lafite, Jordan
sits in mid conversation with Nadine, who is stunning in
a low-cut black cocktail dress.

JORDAN

Bay Ridge. That's Staten Island?

NADINE

Brooklyn, near the Verrazzano
Bridge. Guinea gulch.

JORDAN

You're Italian?

NADINE

My dad's side. Also Dutch,
German, English -- I'm a mutt.
Actually I have family over there,
in London. My Aunt Patricia.

JORDAN

That explains it then.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE

What?

JORDAN

(smiles)

You're a Duchess. The Duchess of
Bay Ridge.

Nadine smiles, flags a passing WAITER.

NADINE

Could I have a straw please?

The Waiter nods, heads off. A few beats, then:

NADINE (CONT'D)

So I was a little surprised you
asked Sandy for my number. Aren't
you married?

JORDAN

Married people can't have friends?

Nadine smiles. The Waiter brings the straw. She opens it, slips it in her red wine glass. Off Jordan's look:

NADINE

So I don't stain my teeth.

And as she sips the wine seductively through the straw...

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

Jordan's Ferrari makes its way over the bridge, heading back toward Brooklyn.

NADINE (O.S.)

--then at night I do my designs.

INT. JORDAN'S FERRARI - CONTINUOUS

Dress riding up her thigh, Nadine sits next to Jordan, driving him crazy.

NADINE

An entire line of baby clothes --
pajamas, one-sies, bibs.

JORDAN

Sounds like something I might
invest in. Venture capital.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE

Well we should definitely keep in touch, then.

JORDAN

Absolutely.

He pulls over outside her brownstone. They look at each other. We can almost hear Jordan's heart pounding.

NADINE

You want some tea?

INT. NADINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A small, cozy apartment. Nadine enters, Jordan close behind. She picks up Rocky, her yapping Maltese.

NADINE

Say hi, Rocky.

Nadine waves Rocky's paw. Jordan smiles.

NADINE (CONT'D)

Why don't you light a fire? I'll be right out.

Jordan nods, takes in her scent as she walks away. As he crouches by the fireplace, his cell phone vibrates. He checks the readout: "Denise". His face falls as he hits the "silent" button, mind racing with guilt.

JORDAN (V.O.)

What the fuck are you doing?!
You're leaving, that's it.
You're going home to your wife.

Jordan stands, turns around --

NADINE is in the doorway, naked except for high heels.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I fucked her goddamn brains out.

INT. NADINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rocky yaps incessantly as Jordan pounds away at Nadine.

JORDAN (V.O.)

For eleven seconds.

Jordan cums loudly, convulsively.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I--

NADINE

Did you cum?

JORDAN

(nods; gasping)
Yeah, but I'm still hard.

Jordan looks down at her.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

She was like heroin to me,
I couldn't get enough. Of course
at that point I hadn't done heroin
yet, but you know what I mean.

And as they start fucking again...

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jordan sits at his desk, telephone to his ear.

JORDAN (V.O.)

We became inseparable, talking on
the phone like six hours a day.

INT. NADINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

CLOSE ON Nadine, who talks on the phone, smiling. We
PULL BACK to see the apartment is packed with flowers.

JORDAN (V.O.)

One weekend we snuck off together
to Puerto Rico.

EXT. BEACH - PUERTO RICO - DAY

Jordan and Nadine run along the beach; they laugh
hysterically as he tackles her into an oncoming wave.

JORDAN (V.O.)

It was the most fun I ever had.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jordan and Nadine sit in the massive tub, champagne,
flowers and candles everywhere. He slips a diamond
necklace around her neck; they begin kissing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN (V.O.)
Of course the happier I felt, the
guiltier I became and the more I
rationalized...

INT. JORDAN'S PARENTS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jordan and Denise visit with Max and Leah, who admires a
similar diamond necklace around Denise's neck.

JORDAN (V.O.)
I worked hard, I gave to charity,
Denise wanted for nothing.

Denise smiles at him, touches the necklace.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
All powerful men had mistresses.

Jordan glances toward the TV, where on screen Orson
Welles courts Dorothy Comingore in "Citizen Kane".

INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DUSK

Standing before the mirror, Jordan dresses to go out,
phone cradled in his shoulder.

JORDAN
Hey sweetie, how you doing?

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - WEST HAMPTON - DUSK

With several COUPLES in the background enjoying the
sunset, Denise talks on her cell.

DENISE
Where are you?

INTERCUT JORDAN AND DENISE

JORDAN
Stuck in the city. The Broadhurst
IPO.

DENISE
Again?

JORDAN
It's business baby, I'll be out
tomorrow. Say hi for me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And as she sighs, disappointed...

INT. LIMOSINE - (LATER THAT) NIGHT

Giggling like a child, Jordan pours vodka into a shot glass squeezed between Nadine's cleavage.

JORDAN
Hold still, don't move.
(to the Driver)
Watch the potholes!

More giggling, then he wraps his mouth around the glass, tilting his head back to drink. That done, he spits out the empty glass, burying his face in her breasts as he climbs atop her. Nadine laughs as the limo glides to a stop. The door opens from outside -- the Doorman?

DENISE (O.S.)
Get out of the fucking car.

Jordan looks up, locks eyes with Denise. He jumps off Nadine, stumbles out, closing the door behind him.

EXT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

JORDAN
What are you doing here? DENISE
That whore from the party?
How could you do this to
me?!

The limo takes off. Denise starts crying...

DENISE
I married you when you had
nothing!

JORDAN
Denise--

DENISE
Is that the life you want?

JORDAN
I don't know what to say.

Denise walks off, sobbing. Jordan stands there.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I felt horrible -- but I also let
her walk away.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Three days later I filed for divorce and moved Nadine into the apartment.

INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - DAY

Completely remodelled, all new furniture. Jordan and Nadine sit at the table, set for a candle-light dinner.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Say what you will, but the Duchess did have style. She brought in a decorator, feng shui'd the place-- she even hired a gay butler.

PATRICK THE BUTLER, 40s, enters with hot towels on a silver tray.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Thank you, Patrick.

Jordan takes a towel, wipes his face. Nadine smiles.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Of course not everybody was won over, particularly my mother.

INT. JORDAN'S PARENTS' APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Jordan eats dinner with Max and Leah.

LEAH

She is not welcome in my home. Especially on Rosh Hashanah.

JORDAN

What does that have to do with anything?

LEAH

She's Catholic, Jordan.

JORDAN

So was Denise.

Leah waves him off.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I love her, ma.

LEAH

Then marry her. Oh that's right, you're already married.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jordan frowns. His cell phone RINGS.

MAX

Goddammit! In the middle of a goddamn holiday?!

JORDAN

(into phone)
Hello?

INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nadine sits crying, very shaken.

NADINE

I need you to come home.

INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Later. Jordan sits on the couch next to Nadine, who is still very shaken.

JORDAN

Relax, baby. Here. Take a lude.

Nadine takes a lude, sips some wine. Composes herself.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Tell me what happened.

NADINE

I was out shopping.

EXT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Arms full of Bergdorf Goodman shopping bags, Nadine emerges from the elevator, approaches the apartment door.

NADINE (V.O.)

I guess Patrick thought I was at your parents' for the holiday.

Loud music emanates from within. She opens the door.

INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A GAY ORGY is in progress, a dozen naked MEN, including Patrick, in various sexual positions about the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE
Omigod!

INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jordan sits next to Nadine.

JORDAN
Where were they? In the bedroom?

NADINE
They were right here!

A beat, then Jordan realizes. He jumps off the couch like it's on fire.

NADINE (CONT'D)
It gets worse. After I chased them out, I checked the apartment.

JORDAN (V.O.)
The motherfucker stole fifty grand in cash and jewelry.

INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - LIBRARY - DAY

With Patrick seated in a leather chair, Jordan sits across from him. Pacing behind him is Danny Porush, coked-up, face contorted, frothing with rage. Nearby, giant Walter Chang sits quietly, saying nothing.

JORDAN
I just want my stuff back, okay?

PATRICK THE BUTLER
I didn't take anything.

DANNY PORUSH
(in his face)
I should kill you, cocksucker!
You do not fuck with this man!

Jordan holds Danny off. Turns back to Patrick.

JORDAN
You were high, things got out of control, I get it. Just give me the money, give me the jewelry, and we'll forget the whole thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY PORUSH

I'll knock your fuckin' teeth out,
motherfucker!

PATRICK THE BUTLER

I'm telling you the truth.

JORDAN

Patrick. I'll ask you one last
time.

DANNY PORUSH

You're dead, you piece of shit!

PATRICK THE BUTLER

Jordan, please.

JORDAN

Fine.

Jordan nods to Walter. Without a word, he crosses to Patrick and BAMMM!! Patrick's nose splits open like a ripe plum, blood spurting everywhere. Tough-guy Danny takes one look, then SPEWS vomit into a garbage pail. And as Walter pummels Patrick's face into chopped meat...

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It's amazing the kind of loyalty
money will buy. I mean Walter
almost killed this prick.

INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - BALCONY - DAY

Walter starts to hang Patrick over the balcony by his legs. Jordan stops him.

JORDAN (V.O.)

I finally called the cops, mainly
to save Patrick's life.

INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - FOYER - DAY

With the bloodied Patrick in the background, Jordan talks to two NYPD COPS, handing them each a wad of cash.

JORDAN (V.O.)

I gave them each a thousand bucks
and told them what Patrick had
done. Then they kicked his ass.

As the Cops swat Patrick with their nightsticks:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COP #1 Fuckin' thief, huh?
COP #2 Piece of shit.

And as they hustle Patrick out...

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Loyalty. Like I said.

CLOSE ON a glossy company prospectus. PULL BACK to reveal--

INT. TENJIN SUSHI RESTAURANT - NIGHT

At a corner table, Jordan uses the prospectus to snort a line of coke. Todd the Drug Dealer looks on.

JORDAN
Ouchie fucking mama!

TODD
What'd I tell you, huh?

Jordan rubs his gums; Todd slides him a bag of pills.

TODD (CONT'D)
Ludes, for later. Can't live on Mars all the time.

Danny and Kenny enter; we see the place is packed with Stratton Brokers. Ad-libbed greetings, Mafia hugs all around, then they sit. Jordan turns to Todd.

JORDAN
So business. I'd like you to open an account at Stratton.

TODD
You accept ludes as payment?

JORDAN
Interesting. Kenny, check with the SEC.

KENNY GREENE
Seriously?

DANNY PORUSH
How fucking dumb are you?

KENNY GREENE
I'm high, OK? I wasn't focusing.

Jordan turns back to Todd.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN

Anyway, here's the deal. You know what an IPO is?

Todd shakes his head.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

It's an initial public offering, like when a company first issues their stock for sale--

KENNY GREENE

To the public.

JORDAN

When a company does that, they use a firm like ours to handle the deal. Like these guys, Arncliffe National.

Jordan holds up the prospectus, dusts the coke off it.

TODD

What do they do?

JORDAN

Doesn't matter. Point is, not only do we set the initial sale price, but we also decide who gets to buy the initial shares. So as a VIP client of the firm, I decide to sell you 50,000 shares at the pre-IPO price of one dollar.

DANNY PORUSH

Then we set the price to the public at five dollars, for example.

TODD

So right from jump, my fifty grand is worth two fifty.

JORDAN

It gets better. You've seen our bullpen, those hundreds of savages working those phones? Those are my foot soldiers. So when the time comes, which stock do you think I'm gonna have them ramming up their client's asses?

(taps prospectus)

Arncliffe National. Now the stock goes from five to twenty five.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DANNY PORUSH

That's when you sell, cashing out
at a million and a quarter.

JORDAN

You keep the quarter, kick the
mil back to me under the table.

TODD

Not that I give a shit, but how
illegal is this?

JORDAN

I'm sorry, what is it you do for a
living again?

And as they all laugh, the CAMERA PANS the room, finally
finding FBI AGENT COLEMAN and another MAN discreetly
having dinner at a corner table.

CUT TO:

An FBI SUBPOENA, naming Jordan Belfort and Stratton
Oakmont, Inc. PULL BACK to reveal...

INT. LEE SORKIN'S OFFICE - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Securities lawyer LEE SORKIN, 40s, sits reviewing the
subpoena as Jordan sits across from him looking on.

JORDAN

Am I reading this right or is it
bullshit?

LEE SORKIN

(flipping through it)
It's weak, a fishing expedition.

JORDAN

Trading records from four years
ago? I hadn't even learned to
break the law four years ago.

Sorkin gives him a look.

LEE SORKIN

Sorry, I didn't hear that.

JORDAN

So what do we do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE SORKIN

(shrugs)
Talk to them, see what they want.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jordan and Sorkin meet with FBI Agent Coleman, who wears a cheap brown suit. Handshakes all around. As they enter:

JORDAN

Coffee? Tea? You hungry?
We have a full kitchen.

AGENT COLEMAN

I'm good. Thanks.

As Coleman sits and opens his briefcase, he spots a framed PHOTO of Jordan scuba diving.

AGENT COLEMAN (CONT'D)

That you?

JORDAN

(nods)
Fiji. You dive?

AGENT COLEMAN

Not on my salary.

JORDAN

I'd be happy to teach you.
(smiles)
Assuming you're not here to arrest
me, of course.
(to Lee Sorkin)
Last time I saw this guy, he had
my old boss in handcuffs.

AGENT COLEMAN

Good memory.

JORDAN

(smiles)
Like a steel trap.

LEE SORKIN

Shall we get down to business?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT COLEMAN

Sure. In conjunction with the Enforcement Division of the SEC, I'm conducting a routine probe of the trading patterns of micro-cap firms, mainly as they relate to short-selling in proprietary accounts.

LEE SORKIN

Fair enough.

JORDAN

No offense, but don't most FBI Agents go after serial killers, bank robbers?

AGENT COLEMAN

Some of us do, but we also have a corporate fraud division. I started out as an accountant.

JORDAN

No shit. My parents are CPAs. Where'd you go to school?

AGENT COLEMAN

Queens College.

JORDAN

I'm from Bayside.

AGENT COLEMAN

So we're neighbors.

Jordan smiles. And as Coleman pulls out a file...

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - (ANOTHER) DAY

Jordan and Max exit the kitchen with coffees.

MAX

I'm telling you -- piss on the SECs leg, you'll end up with your tits in a ringer.

JORDAN

It's under control. Will you relax already?

Max spots something across the bullpen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

What's this idiot doing?

Max heads off. Jordan keeps walking.

JORDAN (V.O.)

The whole thing was a jerk-off.
The SEC sent two lawyers to review
our files, so I set them up in our
conference room.

Jordan passes the conference room, looks in the window--
two S.E.C. ATTORNEYS wear coats as they review documents.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Then I had it bugged and the air
conditioning locked till it felt
like Antarctica in there.

One of the SEC Attorneys blows into his hands for warmth.
Jordan continues toward the bullpen, his frenzied Brokers
working the phones.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Here they were, looking for a
smoking gun and I was firing a
live bazooka off right under
their noses.

BROKER #1

Arncliffe National, it's on fire!

BROKER #2

(voice lowered)
Believe me, your grandkids will
thank you.

BROKER #3

(to Sales Assistant)
Arncliffe National, ten thousand
shares!

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

As Jordan plays golf with three FRIENDS, Todd pulls up in
a golf cart, hands Jordan a cash-filled gym bag.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Besides Todd, I had eight other
'ratholes' -- loyal friends who'd
buy stock and kick the profits
back to me.

(CONTINUED)

They hug, then Jordan adds the gym bag to a stack of others on the back of his golf cart.

INT. BANK - SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT - DAY

Alone in a private room, Jordan unloads a small suitcase filled with stacks and stacks of hundred dollar bills.

JORDAN (V.O.)
I was making so much money I
barely knew what to do with it.
But I figured it out.

CLOSE ON - a huge diamond engagement ring. PULL BACK
to REVEAL...

INT. FOUR SEASONS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jordan is down on one knee, proposing; Nadine shrieks as he puts the ring on her finger.

JORDAN (V.O.)
I held my bachelor party at the
Mirage in Las Vegas, which at the
time was the place to be.

INT. MIRAGE CASINO - BLACKJACK TABLE - NIGHT

As a group of Strattonites cheer him on, Jordan plays blackjack, all seven hands at \$10,000 a pop.

DEALER
Dealer busts.

Jordan and the Strattonites SCREAM.

INT. PRIVATE JUMBO JET - NIGHT

A wild, mid-air party is in progress; Stratton Brokers drink, do drugs and fuck Hookers in the aisle.

JORDAN (V.O.)
A hundred Strattonites flew in for
the weekend with fifty hookers and
enough drugs to open a pharmacy.

EXT. VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

A convoy of limos pull over at a curb. Like flies to honey, dozens of HOOKERS flock over, get in the cars.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Once in town, we rounded up another thirty girls and even had a few more flown in from L.A.

INT. FASHION SHOW - RUNWAY - NIGHT

A hundred Strattonites sit along the sides of a runway.

JORDAN (V.O.)

In Stratton parlance, there were three kinds of hookers. There were blue chips, the top of the line. Model material.

A "BLUE CHIP" HOOKER struts out; she's stunning.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Then came NASDAQs, who were pretty, but not great.

Now a "NASDAQ" HOOKER slinks down the catwalk.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Finally there were pink sheets, skanks, the bottom of the barrel.

A "PINK SHEET" HOOKER struts out. She looks used-up and walks with a slight limp.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Not that we didn't fuck them too -- believe me, we did.

INT. MIRAGE HOTEL - SUITE - NIGHT

Danny, Wigwam, Kenny and a few other Strattonites fuck pink sheet Hookers.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Halfway through the party a few of the pink sheet pimps became unhappy and made some threats.

INT. MIRAGE HOTEL - BAR AREA - NIGHT

Three PIMPS in full pimp regalia get in Kenny Greene's face as a few of their Hookers look on.

JORDAN (V.O.)
But we were prepared for threats.

At the end of the bar, six BEEFY GUYS sit at a table.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'd brought along a half dozen
New York cops as security and once
they got there, they hooked up
with the Vegas cops.

EXT. LAS VEGAS DESERT - NIGHT

With the lights of the city glistening in the distance, three Vegas POLICE CARS speed through the darkness.

JORDAN (V.O.)
So I hired a few of them, too.

Barely slowing down, the Police Car doors open. One by one, the beaten and disheveled Pimps are thrown out, rolling to stops on the asphalt. And as the last Police Car pulls away, a pimp hat is tossed out the window.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We were left alone after that.

INT. MIRAGE HOTEL - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - NIGHT

Sodom & Gomorrah, overlooking the Strip. MUSIC blasting, the room is packed with PEOPLE, dancing, fucking, doing every drug imaginable. Jordan is at the epicenter, dancing with four HOOKERS...

JORDAN (V.O.)
All told, the bachelor party cost
me almost two million dollars.

INT. MIRAGE HOTEL - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - (THE NEXT) DAY

The suite is a shambles on the level of Hiroshima. Jordan awakens in the massive bed, a blue chip Hooker on either side of him. He heads to the bathroom, stepping over debris, broken furniture and passed-out BODIES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN (V.O.)

Including the cost of refurbishing
the entire 28th floor.

INT. MIRAGE HOTEL & CASINO - STEVE WYNN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jordan sits across a desk from casino owner STEVE WYNN.

JORDAN (V.O.)

On the bright side I got to
meet Steve Wynn, who personally
presented me with the bill and
even flew to Anguilla for the
wedding.

EXT. ANGUILLA - BEACH - SUNSET

A gorgeous tropical setting. With hundreds of FAMILY and
FRIENDS looking on, (including Steve Wynn) Jordan and
Nadine stand under a chuppah, set up on the beach.

JORDAN (V.O.)

It was like something out of a
fairy tale, with Nadine my Duchess
and me her handsome Duke...

EXT. MALLIOUHANA HOTEL - ANGUILLA - BALLROOM - DAY

Jordan and Nadine waltz, their Guests joining in.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Of course after that bachelor
party, the Duke needed a few
penicillin shots so he could
safely consummate the marriage.

EXT. MALLIOUHANA HOTEL - ANGUILA - BALLROOM - LATER

As videographer RICK BURSTEIN captures it all on film,
Jordan and Nadine sit at the dais, greeting their Guests
from a receiving line. Nadine looks up--

NADINE

Omigod! Aunt Patricia!

VIDEO POV -- Nadine jumps up, hugs her AUNT PATRICIA,
50s, demure, British. She hugs Nadine, turns to Jordan.

AUNT PATRICIA

Jordan dear, how lovely.

EXT. ANGUILLA - MARINA - DAY

With Nadine wearing a blindfold, Jordan leads her to the end of a long dock, expensive yachts moored everywhere.

JORDAN

Careful now. You ready?

Jordan removes her blindfold -- there, towering above the others, is a stunning, 120 foot yacht.

NADINE

What is this?

JORDAN

Your wedding present. Check out the name.

She does. It's called "Nadine". She squeals, hugs him.

NADINE

Jordan!

EXT. CARIBBEAN - OPEN OCEAN - DAY

The Nadine sails the calm waters, Jordan and Nadine popping ludes, sunbathing blissfully on the deck.

JORDAN (V.O.)

For three weeks we sailed the Nadine through the Caribbean, eventually taking her home to Long Island, where we'd bought a house.

EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - DAY

Various shots -- the massive house; the glistening pool; waterfall; fountains; tennis court; driving range; gazebo; gym; sauna; library; media room.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Two acres on the Gold Coast, the most expensive real estate in the world, with maids, cooks, landscapers, you name it.

WE SEE the household STAFF lined up outside the house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We even had two guards who worked
in shifts, both named Rocco. It
was heaven on earth.

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Amid billowing piles of white Chinese silk, Jordan sleeps
on his back, snoring blissfully. On screen WE SEE:

18 MONTHS LATER

Suddenly... Splash! A glass of water hits Jordan in the
face.

NADINE
Wake up, you little shit!

Soaking wet, Jordan sits bolt upright to see Nadine
standing over him, empty glass in hand.

JORDAN
The fuck are you doing?!

NADINE
Who's Venice, some little hooker
you fucked last night?

JORDAN
What? No!

And as Nadine storms off for a re-fill...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - THE NIGHT BEFORE

A blue chip hooker, VENICE, sits astride a stoned Jordan,
dripping candle wax on his nipples.

JORDAN
(moaning)
Ohhh. Venice.

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Back to scene. Nadine holds another full glass.

NADINE
You were calling her name in your
sleep!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN

No! Fuck. Danny and me, we're investing in a condo development in Venice, California.

NADINE

Yeah, right.

JORDAN

Duchess, come on.

NADINE

Don't 'Duchess' me. You think I don't know what you're up to?

Splash! She nails him again, crosses for more water.

JORDAN

Fuck, Nadine! Why are you so mad?

NADINE

Where do you want me to start? How about you flying in here on your stupid helicopter at three in the morning waking up Chandler?!

EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - YARD - NIGHT

The shot from the opening. A Bell-Jet helicopter descends over the property.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Jordan, stoned out of his skull, mans a set of controls next to his frantic CO-PILOT. Jordan's POV is hazy, double-vision. He closes one eye; his POV sharpens. Putting pressure on the stick, the helicopter descends slowly... then LURCHES and SLAMS to the ground.

JORDAN

(to Co-Pilot)
Ya guzza git hazarous doozy pay,
buddy.

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Nadine holds another glass of water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE

Does it even matter to you that I just had that ridiculous driving range sodded with Bermuda grass?!

JORDAN

So now you're an aspiring landscape architect. What happened to wine connoisseur? Oh wait, that was last month.

NADINE

Fuck you!

Nadine winds up with the water glass. Jordan stands tall, puffs himself up, arms flexed at his sides.

JORDAN

Don't you dare throw that water at me!

NADINE

Stop flexing your arms, you look like a fucking imbecile.

JORDAN

(as he unflexes)
I wasn't flexing my arms.
(changing tacks)
You're just lucky to have a husband who's in such great shape.
Now get over here and kiss me!

Splash! She nails him one last time, then storms out. He stands there dripping wet.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

My morning ritual. First I'd get up and fight with Nadine about whatever I did the night before.

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - SAUNA - DAY

Jordan sits in the sauna wrapped in a towel.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Next it was a sauna so I could sweat out whatever drugs were still in my system.

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jordan looks at himself in the mirror. His eyes are bloodshot - he looks like shit.

JORDAN (V.O.)

After that I'd assess the damage.

Jordan looks at a Visine bottle - "Recommended Dosage - Two Drops". He squirts six drops in each eye.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

What kind of maniac abuses Visine?

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Standing amid hundreds of suits, Jordan knots his tie.

JORDAN (V.O.)

After a quick shower, I'd get dressed and take my 'back pills'.

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Jordan's cheery Southern maid, GWYNNE, 50s, enters with orange juice and pills on a tray.

GWYNNE

G'mawnin', I got your medicine.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Two Quaaludes to get me started.

Jordan pops the ludes, heads off.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And after that I'd attempt to make up with Nadine.

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - CHANDLER'S ROOM - DAY

Jordan enters the tiny pink wonderland. On the fluffy pink carpet is Nadine, now in a minidress hiked above her hips, Manolo Blahniks showing polished red toes. Between her legs sits CHANDLER, their 5-month-old daughter.

JORDAN

Hey, Channie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE

(little girl voice)

Good morning Daddy. Where's my kiss?

Jordan kisses the baby, picks her up.

JORDAN

(playing along)

Does Daddy get to kiss both his girls?

NADINE

Ohhh, no! Daddy doesn't even get to touch Mommy for a very, very long time.

Nadine lays back on her elbows, thighs parted, panties barely covering her crotch. Jordan squirms.

JORDAN

C'mon, Nay, you know how sorry I am. I swear I--

NADINE

(cutting him off)

Daddy shouldn't waste his time. And from now on it's going to be nothing but short, short skirts around the house!

Curling her leg inward, Nadine slips the six-inch heel of her shoe underneath her panties, which she pulls aside. She licks her lips seductively. Jordan stares at her.

NADINE (CONT'D)

What's wrong, Daddy?

Nadine slips her thumb in her mouth, starts sucking it.

JORDAN

C'mon, I said I'm sorry.

NADINE

(pouting)

Poor, poor Daddy.

Nadine runs her hand over her stomach and into her panties. Jordan watches. A few beats, then:

JORDAN

Can Daddy tell mommy a story?

(off her nod)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Once upon a time there was a great big mansion in Long Island and the people who lived there had lots and lots of money. But of all their possessions, there was one thing that was much more valuable than all the rest combined, and that was their little daughter.

Nadine looks at him, legs still spread, hand in panties.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Now because he was very security-conscious, the Daddy hired two full-time guards who installed hidden cameras all around the house. And one of those cameras is right over Daddy's shoulder.

Nadine looks up toward a Teddy Bear on a shelf. WE SEE that one of the eyes is a pinhole camera.

EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - GUARD HOUSE - DAY

Mesmerized, ROCCO DAY watches a video screen, on which we see a grainy image of Nadine, hand down her panties.

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - CHANDLER'S BEDROOM - DAY

Nadine jumps up as if she's been electrocuted.

NADINE

You asshole!

And as she bolts from the room, slipping on her heels...

JORDAN (V.O.)

The good thing about living with a world-class ballbreaker is they make all the other ballbreakers in your life a little easier to take.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - OUTSIDE JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON -- Danny Porush, who stands talking with Jordan's assistant, Mona. Jordan approaches.

DANNY PORUSH

There he is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN
(a quick hug; then)
Steve here yet?

DANNY PORUSH
On his way. Very excited.

Jordan nods, glances out toward the Bullpen.

JORDAN
What the fuck?

In the Bullpen WE SEE a young Stratton Broker in a bowtie cleaning a small goldfish bowl on his desk.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Of all days. Tell him to bathe
his goldfish on his own time.

Jordan watches as Danny marches toward the Broker...

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

DANNY PORUSH
The fuck you doing?

BOWTIE
(bewildered)
Cleaning my fishbowl.

DANNY PORUSH
Oh.

Danny nods, turns to go, but suddenly he turns back and thrusts his arm in the bowl, grabbing for the squirming goldfish. Bowtie looks on, horrified.

DANNY PORUSH (CONT'D)
On new issue day?! On
cocksucking, motherfucking
new issue day?!

Dozen of Brokers and Sales Assistants look over as Danny snatches up the fish. Holding it by its tail, he jumps up on Bowtie's desk. Now the entire Bullpen looks over.

DANNY PORUSH (CONT'D)
This is what happens when you fuck
with your pets on new issue day!

With the flair of a showman, Danny pops the fish in his mouth, swallowing it whole. The Brokers cheer wildly. Danny jumps down, gets in Bowtie's face:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY PORUSH (CONT'D)

Now take your bowtie, get your
shit and get the fuck out!

Bowtie is stunned. And as Danny storms off, we PUSH IN on Jordan, watching from across the room.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jordan finishes a phone call as Danny enters with STEVE MADDEN, 30s, dressed in wrinkled navy blazer, cargo pants and T-shirt, a baseball cap over his scraggly, thinning hair. Jordan smiles, crosses to greet him.

JORDAN

The Cobbler. Ready to get rich?

STEVE MADDEN

Hey buddy.

And as they ad lib greetings, settle in at the couch:

JORDAN (V.O.)

Steve Madden, the shoe designer, was a childhood friend of Danny's. You've seen the ads, those giant-headed girls with bug eyes wearing those big clunky shoes?

INSERT - a Steve Madden ad.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He came to me a few years earlier when he was just starting out, so I became a silent partner in his company, buying a 50 percent stake for only half a million bucks.

INT. STEVE MADDEN SHOES - DAY

WE SEE various stores, all packed with teenage GIRLS buying shoes and boots.

JORDAN (V.O.)

The company blew up and I was now taking it public. But first I had Steve meet my Brokers.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - DAY

Bustling with activity. With Jordan and Danny nearby, Steve Madden approaches a microphone on the raised platform, in his hands several shoe boxes.

STEVE MADDEN

(into mic)
Uhhh... excuse me...

The place slowly comes to order.

STEVE MADDEN (CONT'D)

For those of you who don't know
me, my name is Steve Madden. I'm --

WALTER CHANG

We know who you are!

Steve clears his throat, looks over at Jordan -- he's terrified. Jordan motions for him to calm down.

STEVE MADDEN

I uh, I'd like to start by telling
you about my background in the
shoe industry.

KENNY GREENE

Nice fucking hat!

STEVE MADDEN

I uh... first started working in
the shoe industry, in a shoe
store. When I was sixteen, my
friends were out chasing girls,
but I was learning about women's
shoes.

INDIAN BROKER
Move the mike closer.

ANOTHER BROKER
We can't fucking hear you!

He moves the mic; feedback SCREECHES through the bullpen.

STEVE MADDEN (CONT'D)

Sorry... Anyway, my first job
was at a shoe store where I worked
in the stockroom. You know, I can
honestly say I've been a lover of
women's shoes since I was twelve--

BROKER #4

Freak!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE MADDEN

No. Heh-heh. Not like that.
I mean somehow I became fascinated
with the endless design
possibilities for women's shoes--

BROKER #5

Queer!

BROKER #6

Get a fucking life!

Boos, hisses. Steve looks at Jordan, who motions for him to speed up. He grabs a shoe from one of the boxes.

STEVE MADDEN (CONT'D)

This shoe -- the Mary Lou -- is
the one that really put me on the
map. It's a black patent leather
variation of the Mary Jane, but--

SPLAT! A half-eaten grapefruit lands at Steve's feet.
In a flash, Jordan rushes over, grabs the mic--

JORDAN

All right, let's hear it for Steve
Madden and the wonderful Mary Lou!

Huge applause, with stomping feet; howling, etc.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Okay, now that you got that out
of your system, I want you to know
why Steve is so completely off the
fucking wall... It's because this
man is a creative genius. This
ability Steve has, this gift, it
goes beyond being able to spot a
hot shoe trend. Steve's power is
that he creates trends.

The Brokers listen in rapt attention.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

People like Steve come along once
a decade! Coco Chanel! Yves
St. Laurent! Gianni Versace! Who
knows how high this stock could
go? The 20s? The 50s? The 80s?

Whistling; a few "Hoo-ha's!"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Steve Madden is the hottest company in the women's shoe industry today with orders going through the roof at every department store in America!

Applause; war whoops.. Jordan motions for quiet.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I want everybody to look down. See that little black box in front of you? It's called a telephone. Now I'm gonna let you in on a secret -- it won't dial itself! That's right -- until you take some action, it's nothing more than a worthless hunk of plastic, like a loaded M16 without a trained Marine to pull the trigger. And in the case of the telephone, it's the action of you, a highly trained Strattonite, a killer who will not take no for an answer! A person who will not hang up the phone until his client either buys or fucking dies!

The Brokers go crazy. Jordan looks around.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

All you have to do is pick up that phone and speak the words I've taught you and it will make you richer than the most powerful CEO in the country. And I don't care if you graduated from Harvard or Bumfuck University or never got past fourth fucking grade! That phone is the great equalizer!

(pause; looks around)

There is no nobility in poverty. I've been rich, and I've been poor and I choose rich every time. At least as a rich man, when I have to face my problems, I show up in the back of a limo wearing a \$2000 suit and \$40,000 gold watch!

Jordan takes off his GOLD WATCH, flings it into the Crowd. Brokers go nuts, fighting over it like a home-run ball.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JORDAN (CONT'D)

And if anyone here thinks I'm crazy, get the fuck out and get a job at McDonald's, because that's where you fucking belong! But before you depart this room full of winners, I want you to take a good look at the person next to you, because one day in the not-so-distant future, you'll be sitting at a red light in your beat-up old Pinto, and that person's gonna pull up in a brand new Porsche, with their gorgeous young wife at their side. And who will you be next to? Some ugly beast with three days of razor-stubble in a sleeveless moo-moo, crammed in next to you with a carload of groceries from the fucking Price Club!

He scans the Brokers; they're on the edge of their seats.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

So you listen to me and listen carefully. Are you behind on your credit card bills? Good. Pick up the phone and start dialing. Is your landlord threatening to evict you? Good. Pick up the phone and start dialing. Does your girlfriend think you're a fucking loser? Pick up the phone and start fucking dialing! I want you to deal with your problems by becoming rich! I want you to go out and spend money! Leverage yourself, back yourself into a corner, let the consequences of failure become so fucking unthinkable that you'll have no choice but to do whatever it takes to win!

The Brokers go absolutely APESHIT.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Are you aware how much money you're about to make today? How much money your clients are about to make?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JORDAN (CONT'D)

It is your obligation, your fiduciary duty, to get on the phone the second I'm done and do whatever it takes to get them to buy as much stock in Steve Madden Shoes as they can possibly fucking afford! You have an obligation here, people! To your clients! To this firm! An obligation to yourself, godammit! You ram this stock down your clients' throats and make them choke on it till they buy 20,000 shares! Be aggressive! Be ferocious! Be telephone fucking terrorists!!

Before Jordan is even finished, the Brokers GO BERSERK, some already dialing their phones.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

At 1 p.m. we opened the stock for sale at \$4.50 a share. By 1:03 it was over eighteen dollars.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - LATER

Total sales frenzy. The CAMERA PANS the 700 Brokers, who work the phones like mad.

PENGUIN

--the hottest new issue on Wall Street!

YOUNG BROKER

--up two dollars while I'm talking to you!

And as we continue PANNING the room...

JORDAN (V.O.)

Of course I couldn't have done this without help. I'd leaked the word on Wall Street that Stratton was a buyer up until twenty. So not only were we pushing Madden, all the big firms were too.

INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE - DAY

FLOOR BROKERS scream at each other, selling stock.

JORDAN (V.O.)

As long as they knew I'd buy the shares back at the top of the market, they'd drive the price up as high as I fucking wanted.

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

A group of grey-haired EXECUTIVES sit around a large conference table.

JORDAN (V.O.)
All the big firms do it,
especially with their own new
issues -- and anyone who tells you
they don't is a fucking liar.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jordan sits with Danny, each holding a champagne glass.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Of the two million shares being
offered for sale, a million
belonged to me, held in phony
accounts by my ratholes.

Jordan fills the glasses with Dom Perignon.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
22 million in three hours.

DANNY PORUSH
Not a bad afternoon.

They toast, then each pop ludes, which they wash down
with champagne. A quick knock; Mona pops her head in.

JORDAN
Mona, baby. Drink.

MONA AXELROD
Call for you. Rick Burstein from
Future Video?

JORDAN
Who?

MONA AXELROD
He filmed your wedding. He says
it's urgent.

Curious, Jordan leans over, hits the speaker.

JORDAN
Rick?

INT. FUTURE VIDEO - DAY

Rick Burstein sits at his desk, talking on the phone.

RICK BURSTEIN

Jordan, hey. Listen, some FBI
guy came by today, named Coleman?
He was looking for a copy of your
wedding video.

On Jordan.

JORDAN (V.O.)

The fuck is with this guy?

INT. RAO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The East Harlem institution. Jordan sits across a table
over pasta with private investigator BO DIETL, 40s.

BO DIETL

He's a boy scout, Bo, he thinks
you're Gordon Gekko.

JORDAN

Jesus Christ.

BO DIETL

Good news is he's the only one.
I made some calls, FBI, Justice?
No one but him even knows who you
are. They all got bigger fish.

JORDAN

Can you bug him or something, tap
his phone?

BO DIETL

Whoa, Bo, relax. First off,
you don't fuck with these guys,
not that way. Secondly, I got a
P.I. license, you know?

JORDAN

Well what should I do?

BO DIETL

Have a drink. Far as I hear, he
doesn't have shit.

Jordan nods, wheels turning. Bo Dietl keeps eating.

EXT. YACHT NADINE - MARINA - LONG ISLAND - DAY

Over wine, Jordan sits at a table on the yacht's deck, laughing with two blue chip HOOKERS in bikinis. After a few beats, Agent Coleman, wearing a suit, approaches from the dock. Jordan stands, yells down to greet him.

JORDAN

Greg, hey! Come on up!

Coleman boards the yacht, approaches. Jordan smiles.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Thanks for coming. This is
Nicole, this is Heidi.

Ad-libbed greetings. Agent Coleman stands there.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Have a seat.

AGENT COLEMAN

You said you wanted to talk
privately.

JORDAN

I do. These are friends of mine.

Coleman stares at him blankly; Jordan turns to the girls.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Give us a minute, okay?

The Hookers get up, head below deck. Coleman sits.

AGENT COLEMAN

What is this?

JORDAN

(smiles)
Well it was a recruitment
strategy. Obviously you've never
been wooed for a job on Wall
Street before.

Coleman looks around. Jordan motions across the yacht.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Just had her extended so we could
add some room for jet-skis.

AGENT COLEMAN

Listen, I already have a job.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN

I'm aware of that. But I also remembered you said you started out as an accountant and it turns out we're looking for someone in our compliance department.

AGENT COLEMAN

(stands)
Thanks anyway.

JORDAN

What do you make a year? Thirty grand? Forty? I've got kids working for me who give out more than that in tips.

(off Coleman's look)
Half million a year. Not including your Christmas bonus.

AGENT COLEMAN

(a few beats; then)
I already said no.

JORDAN

(smiles)
But you were thinking about it.

AGENT COLEMAN

I was considering whether or not to arrest you.

JORDAN

For offering you a job?

Jordan chuckles, sips his wine.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

What's your problem with me, Greg?

AGENT COLEMAN

Agent Coleman. And your problem's not with me, it's with the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

JORDAN

Let me ask you a question, and be honest. Did you ever jerk off to a picture of J. Edgar Hoover?

Coleman looks at him, doesn't even crack a smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Lighten up, will you? It's a
fucking joke.

AGENT COLEMAN
I agreed to meet with you because
I was under the impression you had
something you wanted to discuss.

Jordan sighs. A few beats, then:

JORDAN
You know what I think? I think
you're pissed off cause after all
those years of college you drive a
Nissan Sentra, you live in a
shitty fucking apartment and to
you, TGI Fridays is 'going out to
dinner'.

AGENT COLEMAN
You know what I think? I think
if you had nothing to hide, you
wouldn't be trying to buy me off.

Coleman gets up, walks out. On Jordan.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Of all the corrupt cops in the
world, I had somehow gotten the
undivided attention of Joe fucking
Friday. Clearly, it was ass-
covering time.

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

As Nadine looks on, Jordan packs a suitcase.

NADINE
Switzerland? What the fuck is in
Switzerland?

JORDAN
Swiss cheese, Nadine, what do you
fucking think?

EXT. JFK AIRPORT - NIGHT

Planes take off and land.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN (V.O.)

The night flight from New York to Geneva takes 7 1/2 hours, which factoring in the time difference worked out perfectly.

EXT. JFK AIRPORT - INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - NIGHT

A limo pulls up. Jordan emerges with Danny and Wigwam.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Wigwam had set up a meeting with a Swiss Banker he knew from law school, but it wasn't till noon the next day.

INT. AIRPORT - FIRST CLASS LOUNGE - NIGHT

Over cocktails, Jordan sits with Danny and Wigwam. As he pops a few ludes...

JORDAN (V.O.)

I knew if I timed my evening lude intake right, I'd sleep through the entire flight. Generally my schedule was as follows--

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - DAY

Jordan stands before the Bullpen talking to his Brokers.

JORDAN (V.O.)

At four p.m., just at the close of the market, I'd pop a few ludes, which would just start kicking in by the time I finished my afternoon sales meeting. This was the tingle phase.

INT. CANASTEL'S - NIGHT

Over dinner and drinks, a visibly high Jordan sits at a table with Danny and four blue chip Hookers.

JORDAN (V.O.)

By dinner I'd pop a few more, usually on top of some cocktails and maybe a joint and a Xanax or two. The slur phase.

INT. DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

On the crowded dance floor, Jordan gets knocked around like a marionette, saliva strung from his mouth.

JORDAN (V.O.)

By ten I'd done a few more and would pretty much lose my motor skills, which made it difficult for me to keep my mouth open. This was the drool phase.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Jordan is barely conscious as a Hooker rides him.

JORDAN (V.O.)

And by midnight I didn't know who or what I was doing -- the amnesia phase. We boarded the plane at midnight.

INT. SWISS AIR JET - FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

Jordan boards, slurring, drooling, completely wasted.

JORDAN

(to a Stewardess)
Sweetheart! Look at you!

And as he stumbles toward his seat...

INT. SWISS AIR JET - FIRST CLASS - DAY

Quiet; morning sunlight bleeds through the window. Jordan's eyes flicker open. He yawns, looks around, tries to get up; he can't move. He looks down, sees six seat belts restraining his arms and legs. Jordan looks over at Danny, mouth agape, asleep next to him.

JORDAN

Danny. Danny, wake up.

DANNY PORUSH

Nuuuh?

JORDAN

Untie me, shitbag. You think this is funny?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY PORUSH

I didn't tie you, the captain did.
He almost Tasered you.

JORDAN

Why?

FLASHBACK -- as PASSENGERS scream, Jordan wildly humps a STEWARDESS, the CAPTAIN struggling to restrain him.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

What could have been an ugly
international incident was
quickly squashed by our
Swiss banker.

INT. GENEVA AIRPORT - CUSTOMS OFFICE - DAY

Jordan sits with two CUSTOMS OFFICERS.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Which was lucky for me, since so
far I'd been able to keep Agent
Fuckface unaware of the trip.

Another CUSTOMS OFFICER enters, whispers something to the others. They shake Jordan's hand and he leaves.

EXT. GENEVA - SHOPPING DISTRICT - DAY

A limo pulls over before a ornate 19th century building. Jordan emerges with Danny and Wigwam.

INT. UNION BANCAIRE PRIVEE - LOBBY - DAY

Massive, with giant marble pillars. As they enter, they are greeted by JEAN-JACQUES HANDALI, 30s, suave, model good-looks. He greets Wigwam with a hug, cheek kisses.

HANDALI

Andrew, you look terrific.

WIGWAM

(smiles)

Jordan Belfort, Jean-Jacques
Handali.

HANDALI

Mr. Belfort! You must tell me all
about your adventure with the
stewardess, over coffee!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Handali gives Jordan a wink.

INT. UNION BANCAIRE PRIVEE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Jordan, Danny and Wigwam sit at a long conference table with Handali and three other SWISS BANKERS.

JORDAN

I'm curious about your bank
secrecy laws.

WIGWAM

See that's the great thing about
doing business in Switz--

JORDAN

(cutting him off)

Andy. Andrew.

(smiles)

If I wanted your opinion...

Jordan looks at Handali, who nods for him to continue.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Under what circumstances would you
cooperate with our FBI or Justice
Department, for example?

HANDALI

The only way we would cooperate
is if the alleged crime is also a
crime in Switzerland. But here,
there are very few laws pertaining
to white-collar crimes.

JORDAN

And other branches of our
government? The IRS? Securities
& Exchange Commission?

SWISS BANKER

Those are civil regulatory bodies
which we do not even recognize
under Swiss law.

HANDALI

Even were your SEC to send us
a subpoena, we would simply
disregard it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN

(thinks; then)

But if they then turned it over to the Justice Department for an investigation into stock fraud-- which is a crime in Switzerland-- then you'd have to cooperate.

Handali looks at him, impressed.

HANDALI

True. Assuming the account is under your name. If it were a nominee of yours, however...

Handali trails off. Jordan looks at him.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Did I just hear what I thought I heard? He was telling me to use a rathole.

INT. GENEVA HOTEL - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DAY

Jordan dials the phone. As we hear it RING...

JORDAN (V.O.)

But sneaking a U.S. rathole into Switzerland was a chance I couldn't take. What I needed was somebody with a European passport.

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nadine answers the phone.

NADINE

Hello?

INTERCUT JORDAN AND NADINE

JORDAN

Hey baby, how's my Duchess?

NADINE

Good, how was the flight?

JORDAN

Uneventful, the way I like it. Listen, can you give me Aunt Patricia's number?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JORDAN

I'm a drug addict, Patricia. Drug
addict, sex addict, alcoholic.

AUNT PATRICIA

(laughs)
Oh my.

JORDAN

I'm sorry, I don't know why I'm
telling you all this.

AUNT PATRICIA

I suspect it's because you need to
tell someone.

They sit in silence. Finally:

JORDAN

When I met my first wife, Denise,
I'd just finished school, I didn't
even have a job. We were so broke
we'd get down on our hands and
knees, roll up nickels to buy
spaghetti. That's how poor we
were. Eventually I got a job on
Wall Street, then the market
crashed. I had nothing, I didn't
even have a future. I was sure
Denise would leave me. She was
young and beautiful and I felt
like a failure. But she stuck
with me. I got back on my feet,
obviously... and I met Nadine.

His eyes well up.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I've tried a million ways to
justify it, what I did, but... and
I love Nadine, I really do, and
Chandler, my God. But the fact is
I had a woman who adored me, and
not for my money -- a really good
woman -- and I destroyed her.

Patricia pats his hand.

AUNT PATRICIA

You're not the first man who's
ever had an affair, Jordan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JORDAN

Affairs. Drugs. International
money laundering now.

(smiles)

It's like you keep drawing these
lines in the sand and before you
know it you're up to your neck in
water.

EXT. BEACH - WEST HAMPTON - DAY

Over the sound of the waves crashing, WE HEAR--

JORDAN (O.S.)

Stop moving!

INT. BEACH HOUSE - WEST HAMPTON - BEDROOM - DAY

Safari-themed with animal rugs and ceiling fans. On the
king size bed, Jordan lays atop Nadine, fucking her.

NADINE

(as she squirms)

I'm not comfortable!

Jordan tries to kiss her, but she turns away.

JORDAN

C'mon, I've been a perfect husband
for over two weeks!

(more squirming)

Keep still, I'm almost there.

NADINE

My back hurts, now get off!

Suddenly, Nadine pushes up against Jordan's shoulders,
lifting him off and hurling him over the side of the bed.
With a huge THUD, he crashes on his back on the bleached
wood floor. Nadine pokes her head over the side.

NADINE (CONT'D)

My poor baby! I'm so sorry.

WE SEE that the bed is lined with stacks and stacks of
cash, \$20 million in hundreds wrapped in \$10,000 bundles.

NADINE (CONT'D)

The money was digging into my
shoulder. Come back to bed,
I'll make it all better.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN

I'll talk to him, don't worry
about it.

TODD

Please, huh, this is serious shit.
I don't wanna be dealing with a
slurring idiot.

EXT. STARR BOGGS' RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Slurring like an idiot, Jordan sits at an outdoor table
with Nadine, her MOTHER and Aunt Patricia.

JORDAN

(slurring)
Zorvish.

A WAITER looks at him quizzically.

NADINE

He'll have the swordfish.
(to her mother)
Poor baby, he works so hard.
He's exhausted.

The Women nod in agreement, politely sipping their wine
as Jordan sits there nodding off.

INT. GENEVA AIRPORT - DAY

Wheeling a small carry-on suitcase, Aunt Patricia smiles
at a CUSTOMS AGENT, who waves her through.

JORDAN (V.O.)

The next day, Aunt Patricia flew
to Geneva, two million in cash in
her carry-on. Phase one.

INT. UNION BANCAIRE PRIVEE - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

As Aunt Patricia looks on, Jean-Jacques Handali finishes
counting the cash and gives her a receipt.

JORDAN (V.O.)

But before phase two could start,
Todd needed to hook up with Danny
and collect his money.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - YACHT NADINE - DAY

Along with friends DAVID and CRISTY, Jordan and Nadine sit on the now 170-foot yacht, which has again been lengthened, this time to include a Bell Jet helicopter. Jordan has his arm around Nadine, hand on her belly.

JORDAN

The great thing's if she goes into labor while we're at sea, all we need to do is jump in the copter.

NADINE

Like I'd let you fly me anywhere.

From the top deck, CAPTAIN PETE calls down to Jordan.

CAPTAIN PETE

Boss, you got a call.

As Jordan heads into the galley:

CRISTY

Do you know what you're having?

NADINE

A boy. We're so excited.

Jordan picks up the phone.

JORDAN

Hello?

EXT. COURT HOUSE - LONG ISLAND - DAY

Todd's wife Carolyn stands at a pay phone.

CAROLYN

Jordan! Ta-had eez in jail!

INTERCUT JORDAN AND CAROLYN

JORDAN

What? What happened?

EXT. STRIP MALL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Todd sits in his Range Rover listening to the radio.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN (V.O.)

What happened was I forgot to talk
to Danny.

He looks out his window, then:

TODD

(under his breath)

Motherfucker.

A Rolls Royce swerves into the lot, Danny at the wheel, luded out of his mind. He emerges, briefcase in hand.

DANNY PORUSH

(slurring)

Fu Manchu! Kung fu!

Danny starts doing spastic karate moves. Todd gets out of the Range Rover, looks around, paranoid.

TODD

I should kill you, you fuckin'
idiot.

ACROSS THE LOT -- through a bank window, a SECURITY GUARD watches the exchange, which looks like a drug deal in progress. He takes out a cell phone, starts dialing.

DANNY PORUSH

S'matter? It's all good.

TODD

Gimme the fuckin' briefcase.

Todd grabs the briefcase. Just then, SIRENS.

DANNY PORUSH

Shit.

Danny jumps back in the Rolls and swerves off, careening out of the lot. With no time to get back in the Range Rover, Todd bolts with the briefcase toward a video store, where he pops his .38 revolver in the return box. And as POLICE screech up and draw their guns:

POLICE

Freeze! Don't move!

Todd drops to his knees, hands clasped behind his head, the million dollar briefcase at his feet.

INT. YACHT NADINE - DAY

Back to scene. Jordan speaks on the phone with Carolyn.

JORDAN

When was the last time you spoke
to Todd?

CAROLYN

I no speak to him. His lawyer
calls and tells me zees. Ta-had
tell him to get bail money and
then Ta-had say I must leave to
Switzerland tonight, before zees
become problem.

JORDAN

Good. Great. That's right.

CAROLYN

I book teekit already for my
parents and my brozzer.

JORDAN

And you have the specifics, you
know where you're going?

CAROLYN

Meester Handali, yes. I have
phone number and I know street.

JORDAN

Okay, be careful. And tell Todd
he has nothing to worry about.

CAROLYN

Thank you Jordan, Ta-had love
you. He will kill himself
before he hurt you.

Jordan hangs up.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Todd killing himself wasn't what I
was worried about--

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Todd does dips off the cot in his cell, his face etched
with determination.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN (V.O.)

It was Todd killing Danny, who'd somehow gotten away scot-free.

EXT. JAIL - DAY

Todd is released from jail, greeted by Jordan, Danny and three blue-chip HOOKERS.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Stand-up to the end, though, he did 30 days for contempt because he wouldn't rat Danny out.

Todd grabs Danny in a playful headlock. And as they happily pile into a limo and pull off...

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They never found the gun, either, so they finally had to let him go because they couldn't charge him with anything.

INT. GENEVA AIRPORT - CUSTOMS - DAY

Looking like any family on vacation, Carolyn, her PARENTS, her BROTHER and his WIFE pass through Customs.

JORDAN (V.O.)

In the meantime, Carolyn and her relatives made six trips to Switzerland, smuggling the rest of the \$20 million without a single hiccup.

INT. UNION BANCAIRE PRIVEE - PRIVATE ROOM

Cash-filled suitcase on the table, Carolyn laughs with Handali; nearby, Aunt Patricia fills out a deposit slip.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Celebration time.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - DAY

Jordan and a very excited Danny cross the bullpen, heading toward Jordan's office.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY PORUSH

Check it out, I got this client, a retired pharmacist? He's got twenty real Lemmons that've been locked inside his safe for almost fifteen years.

JORDAN

You fucking serious?

CLOSE ON -- a Lemmon 714 Quaalude; pure white, with trademark ridged edges.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The Lemmon 714 was the Holy Grail of Quaaludes, outlawed since the '80s and three times as powerful as anything available today.

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BATHROOM - DAY

Jordan enters, strips off his suit and tie.

JORDAN (V.O.)

For a Quaalude addict, this was a like finding a Hank Aaron rookie card at a garage sale.

Naked now, he rummages through the drawers, comes up with a box marked "Fleet Enema".

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Admittedly at \$500 a pill, this was one expensive garage. But what the fuck, I was rich -- so I cleared my schedule and rid my body of anything that could fuck with my high.

Jordan squats. And as he gives himself an enema...

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Massive, with a wet bar, media center and full gym. Giddy as kids on Christmas, Jordan and Danny sit on the couch, the bottle of Lemmons before them.

JORDAN

Start with one, see how it goes?

DANNY PORUSH

My guy says one's all we'll need.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Danny hands Jordan a Lemmon.

DANNY PORUSH (CONT'D)
Salut'.

Excited, they each pop a lude, toast with hot sake'...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - BASEMENT - LATER

Bored, Jordan and Danny sit on the couch watching "Family Matters" on TV.

JORDAN
You feeling anything?

DANNY PORUSH
Nope.
(glances at watch)
Thirty five minutes.

JORDAN
Maybe we've built up a tolerance
all these years?

Danny shrugs. They each pop one more...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - BASEMENT - LATER

With Danny running on the treadmill, Jordan pumps away on an exercise bike nearby. They're both sweating.

DANNY PORUSH
This is bullshit, man. My fucking metabolism's pumping and I don't feel shit.

JORDAN
They're old, maybe they lost their potency.

Danny crosses, picks up the bottle. Reads the label.

DANNY PORUSH
January '81. They're fucking duds.

He shakes out more pills, two more apiece. As they pop them, a very pregnant Nadine descends the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE

What are you two retards doing?

JORDAN

Nothing. Working out.

NADINE

(a look; then)
Bo Dietl's on the phone.

Nadine heads back upstairs. Jordan picks up the phone.

JORDAN

Bo, hey, what's up?

INT. BO DIETL'S CADILLAC - NIGHT

Bo Dietl talks on his cell phone.

BO DIETL

I need to talk to you, but not on
this phone.

INTERCUT JORDAN AND BO

JORDAN

Why, what's--

BO DIETL

Leave the house, call me back
from a pay phone, you hear me?

EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Jordan pulls his Lamborghini out of the driveway.

JORDAN (V.O.)

The Brookville Country Club was a
WASP stronghold, a straight shot
down the road from my house.

EXT. BROOKVILLE COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

Jordan pulls up, exits the car in sweats, flip-flops and
a T-shirt. He hustles up a staircase into...

INT. BROOKVILLE COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

Jordan stands at a pay phone. WE HEAR it ringing, then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BO DIETL (O.S.)
Jordan?

JORDAN
Yeah, I'm at a pay phone.

INT. BO DIETL'S CADILLAC - NIGHT

Bo talks on his cell.

BO DIETL
All right, listen to me. This guy
Coleman, he's got your phones
tapped, all of them.

INTERCUT JORDAN AND BO

JORDAN
Fuck!

BO DIETL
Did you try to bribe this fuckin'
guy?

JORDAN
No! I didn't try to bribe anybody.

BO DIETL
What? I couldn't understand you.
Say it again?

JORDAN
I zay I zint ty zoo bibe azybuzzy!

BO DIETL
Are you fucking high?

Jordan can't respond. Phone still to his ear, his
eyelids droop. Drool spills from his slackened jaw.

JORDAN (V.O.)
After fifteen years in storage,
the Lemmons had developed a
delayed fuse.

JORDAN'S POV -- is hazy as he stares at his own
reflection in the pay phone.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It took 90 minutes for the little
fuckers to kick in, but once they
did -- wow!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I had skipped the tingle phase and
went straight to the drool phase.

JORDAN'S POV -- the phone gets further and further away.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Actually I'd discovered a new
phase: the cerebral palsy phase.

BAMMM!! Jordan hits the floor with a thud, crashed out
on his back. From the dangling phone, we hear:

BO DIETL (O.S.)

Jordan! Jordan! Do not get behind
the wheel! Just tell me where
you're at, I'll send Rocco!

Jordan lolls his head toward the phone, tries to reach
for it; he can't. He rolls onto all fours, lifts a hand,
topples over. With walking out of the question, he
crawls like an infant to the top of the staircase.

THE LAMBORGHINI

is parked at the bottom, twenty steps down. He starts to
crawl down the stairs, stops. Tries again. Can't figure
out how to do it. With an icy wind blowing through his
T-shirt, Jordan thinks, slowly curls himself into a ball.

Forcing himself over the edge, he begins to descend the
steps, one at a time. Thump. Thump. Then faster. Thump-
Thump-Thump. Faster still. He loses control, takes all
the steps at once. Thump-Thump-Thump-Thump-Thump-Thump.
He lands with a crash on the asphalt, drags himself up
and into the Lamborghini.

INT. JORDAN'S LAMBORGHINI - NIGHT

Ignition on, Jordan sits hunched over, chin resting on
the steering wheel.

JORDAN (V.O.)

They say God protects drunks and
babies. I was praying the same
held true for drug addicts.

EXT. HEGEMAN'S ROAD - NIGHT

Peering over the wheel like an old lady, Jordan slowly
maneuvers the Lamborghini down the dark road.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN (V.O.)
I was less than a mile from home
and drove slower than shit.

EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Jordan pulls up in the Lamborghini, shuts the ignition.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Somehow I made it alive, not a
scratch on me or the car.

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jordan crawls into bed. And as soon as he falls asleep:

STATE TROOPER #1 (O.S.)
Mr. Belfort, wake up.

Jordan's eyes pop open. Nadine is standing there beside
two STATE TROOPERS.

STATE TROOPER #2
Sir, you need to come with us.

JORDAN
Whaa? Ow come?

As they lead him out:

STATE TROOPER #1
Were you driving your car, sir?

JORDAN
No! You goz zee raw guy!

EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Jordan exits the house, held upright by the Troopers.
The Lamborghini is TOTALLED, an absolute wreck.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Maybe I hadn't made it home okay.

EXT. HEGEMAN'S ROAD - NIGHT

FLASHBACK. Nodding out, Jordan drives the Lamborghini
like a maniac, careening off parked cars and trees.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLICK! The image from the opening. A disheveled Jordan has his mug-shot taken.

INT. OLD BROOKVILLE POLICE STATION - CELL - NIGHT

Now sober, Jordan sits on a metal cot, a FAT TROOPER at a desk outside the cell.

FAT TROOPER

In case you're wondering, you tested positive for methaqualone, cocaine, benzodiazepines, amphetamines and opiates. What's the matter, you don't like hallucinogens?

JORDAN

You mean I'm not hallucinating now?

FAT TROOPER

Funny. You're gonna kill 'em over at Central Booking.

JORDAN

What do you mean?

FAT TROOPER

It's after midnight, pal. You're gettin' transferred to county, they'll arraign you in the morning.

Jordan slumps in his seat.

JORDAN (V.O.)

This was fucking great. I'd started the night with an enema bottle up my ass -- who knew how I'd end it?

A crazy-looking OLD MAN enters, raincoat over his pajamas and slippers. He approaches the Trooper.

JUDGE STEVENS

Is this Jordan Belfort?

FAT TROOPER

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE STEVENS
 (flashes credentials)
 Justice Warren Stevens. I'm here
 to arraign him.

Jordan stands; the Judge gives him a wink.

JUDGE STEVENS (CONT'D)
 I assume you're willing to waive
 your right to counsel?

JORDAN
 Yeah. Absolutely. Your honor.

JUDGE STEVENS
 (to Fat Trooper)
 He pleads not guilty to whatever
 he's being charged with and I'm
 releasing him on his own
 recognizance.

(to Jordan)
 Call Joe to find out when your
 court date is.

The Judge turns on his slippered heel and walks out.

JORDAN (V.O.)
 Joe Fahmighetti, my criminal
 lawyer, the Clarence Darrow of
 Mineola.

EXT. OLD BROOKVILLE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Jordan exits, jumps into a waiting Lincoln Continental.

JOE FAHMIGHETTI (O.S.)
 Fuck you worried about? They
 didn't catch you in the car,
 did they?

INT. JOE FAHMIGHETTI'S LINCOLN - NIGHT

JOE FAHMIGHETTI, 50s, coiffed, in a silk suit and pinky
 ring, drives with Jordan sitting next to him.

JORDAN
 No, but what about all the drugs
 in my system?

JOE FAHMIGHETTI
 You got a bad back, we'll get you
 some prescriptions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN

For cocaine?

JOE FAHMIGHETTI

I'll squash it, will you fuckin'
relax?

EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Jordan exits Fahmighetti's Lincoln. He stands alone,
looking at the totalled Lamborghini.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Joe did squash it, but even
still... It was an absolute
miracle I wasn't killed, I mean
what the fuck was I doing?
I really needed to make some
changes.

INSERT TV - an episode of "Gilligan's Island".

THURSTON HOWELL and LOVIE hide behind bushes as a crazy
MAN in a pilot's cap stands next to an old prop plane.

THURSTON HOWELL

Every man has his price. If he
rescues us, I'll promise him one
of our oil wells.

LOVIE

Thurston, you'd give him one of
our oil wells?!

THURSTON HOWELL

I didn't say give, I said promise.
Don't you worry about the old Wolf
of Wall Street.

PULL BACK to reveal...

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MEDIA ROOM - DAY

Jordan lays on the couch watching TV impassively, with
Nadine, Chandler and newborn CARTER on the floor nearby.

JORDAN (V.O.)

For the first time in years I
had stopped getting high.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

With a fully-functioning brain, I decided to cut a deal with the S.E.C., heading Agent Coleman off at the pass.

INT. LEE SORKIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Weeks later. Jordan is clear-eyed and healthy looking. He sits across from securities lawyer Lee Sorkin, who finishes up a phone call. As Sorkin hangs up:

JORDAN

Well?

LEE SORKIN

With no admission of wrongdoing on your part, you'll pay a \$3 million dollar fine for various nonspecific securities violations.

JORDAN

What does 'nonspecific' mean?

LEE SORKIN

It means they know you've done something, they just can't prove it yet.

JORDAN

And the fine, the \$3 million? That'll make Coleman go away?

LEE SORKIN

Complete immunity for any and all transgressions committed up to this point. Though he insists you be barred from the securities industry for life.

JORDAN

What happens to Stratton?

LEE SORKIN

Danny takes over, I dunno.

(beat)

You beat them, Jordan, you won. Sail off into the sunset with your wife and kids. God knows you'll never have to work again.

JORDAN (V.O.)

The lifetime ban was bad enough, but leaving Stratton would be like abdicating my throne.

EXT. OLD BROOKVILLE EQUESTRIAN CENTER - DAY

Jordan holds Carter, watching as Nadine leads Chandler around on a pony.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Even still, I knew it was time.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jordan sits on his couch drinking Evian, with Danny, Kenny, Wigwam and Max nearby.

DANNY PORUSH
You know you'll be welcome
anytime, bro.
(motions around)
My office will be your office.

JORDAN
Your office will be my old office
is what you mean.

They all laugh.

DANNY PORUSH
Lot of good times in this place.

KENNY GREENE
And they're not over yet.

Jordan smiles, nods.

WIGWAM
How about the troops, JB?

JORDAN
I'll make the announcement right
after the close.

Hugs all around. Danny, Kenny and Wigwam exit. Jordan sits there with Max, who puts his arm around him.

MAX
It's the right move, son. I'm
proud of you.

Jordan nods. His eyes well up with tears.

EXT. WEST HAMPTON - BEACH HOUSE - POOL AREA - DAY

Through a VIDEO CAMERA POV we see a small party in progress, a dozen Strattonites and their Wives. The CAMERA PANS, finding Mark Hanna and his Wife floating on a raft, sharing a joint.

JORDAN

Smile!

They wave; the CAMERA PANS to find Wigwam flipping steaks at the barbecue, Kenny looking on with a beer.

JORDAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Flip your wig while you're at it.

Wigwam mouths "Fuck you"; Kenny pops a lude. The CAMERA keeps PANNING, finding a coked-out Danny, face contorted as he puts on sunblock, wolfing a burger. Danny looks into camera, holds out the sunblock.

DANNY PORUSH

Help me out, I missed a spot.

He pulls down his bathing suit, flashing his bare ass.

JORDAN (O.S.)

Nice. Even whiter than your choppers.

Danny runs and dives in the pool. Jordan shuts the video camera, and from

ANOTHER ANGLE -- we see him plop on a lounge chair with a 7-Up. After a beat, Nadine approaches, sits with him.

NADINE

I can't fucking take this.

JORDAN

What's the matter?

NADINE

Lisa. She's drunk off her ass, passed out on Chandler's bed.

JORDAN

You wouldn't drink if you were married to Danny?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE

It's not funny. You've been doing great, I don't want you around this shit.

JORDAN

He's my best friend, Nay, what do you want me to do?

Nadine nods, hold her tongue. Just then, from the pool:

DANNY PORUSH

JB, come on in!

Nadine looks at Danny, splashing around like an idiot, his coke-face twisted like a pretzel.

NADINE

Great. He's got the Quasimodo going.

JORDAN

(to Danny)
Finish your burger so you can come down a little.

DANNY PORUSH

Down? I only go up, baby! Come on, let's race.

JORDAN

(to Nadine)
Let me shut him up.

Jordan gets up, heads for the pool. Nadine frowns.

INT. POOL - CONTINUOUS

Jordan jumps in, treads water next to Danny.

DANNY PORUSH

Four laps. Ten grand.

JORDAN

Twenty.

DANNY PORUSH

Go!

Danny kicks off the side, starts swimming. Jordan kicks off after him, arms and legs pumping as he quickly catches up. One lap, then two.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UNDERWATER POV -- they're neck and neck on the third lap, but as they kick off for the final push...

ON THE SURFACE -- it's Jordan by a mile. Reaching the end of the pool, he rests his arms over the edge, breathing heavily. After a beat, he turns to see

DANNY

laying on his side on the bottom of the pool.

JORDAN

Fuck.

UNDERWATER POV -- Jordan dives to the bottom; Danny isn't moving. He grabs him, yanks him to the surface, throws him over the side. He's still not moving.

NADINE

Omigod!

JORDAN

Call an ambulance!

Frantic, Jordan places his fingers over Danny's carotid artery. Nothing. Lisa comes running from the house.

LISA

Don't let my husband die!

The Crowd gathers around Jordan, hunched over Danny.

MARIE HANNA

Somebody do something!

JORDAN (V.O.)

I really wanted to, I even knew CPR... but what if I didn't save him? He was a major liability, a pain in my balls, the man who more than anyone was responsible for my raging drug and prostitute habit. Not to mention he could put me in jail till the next millennium if he ever chose to...

NADINE

Jordan, fucking do something!

Jordan snaps out of it, starts furiously pumping Danny's chest, then breathing air into his lungs in rhythmic bursts. Danny doesn't move.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jordan flips him over, tries the Heimlich maneuver -- we hear a CRUNCH as he breaks Danny's ribs. He flips him back over, but he's almost completely blue.

JORDAN
He won't come back!

LISA
(screaming)
My children! Don't stop!

Jordan takes a massive breath, blowing as hard as he can into Danny's lungs. Danny's stomach distends like a balloon, then suddenly a chunk of cheeseburger projects from his mouth and into Jordan's face. Danny coughs, vomiting. And as he starts breathing again...

INT. WEST HAMPTON HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Alive and resting comfortably, Danny lays on a gurney, with Jordan, Lisa and Kenny at his side.

JORDAN (V.O.)
I was feeling pretty good about myself, great actually. I was a hero. Aside from a few broken ribs, Danny was fine.

LISA
Can I get you something, baby?

Danny moans. Just then, Nadine enters, hanging up her cell phone. She's crying.

JORDAN
What's wrong?

NADINE
Aunt Patricia's dead.

JORDAN
What? LISA
The one from England?

NADINE (CONT'D)
She had a heart attack.
(to Jordan)
I gotta call my mom.

Nadine walks out, crying. Jordan stands there, looking like he's been gut-punched.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN (V.O.)
 Well talk about your shitty
 vacations...

Six Jet Skis plummet off the deck into the raging sea.

INT. YACHT NADINE - MAIN SALON - CONTINUOUS

Wearing life-jackets, the entire group sits holding hands, huddled in a tight circle. CRASH! Another wave hits the boat, smashing out a window above their heads. They all scream. The FIRST MATE comes downstairs.

FIRST MATE
 The diving platform just ripped
 off!

JORDAN
 (to Nadine)
 I'm going up!

Jordan stands, starts clawing his way upstairs in the raging storm. Nadine follows.

INT. YACHT NADINE - BRIDGE - DAY

Holding hands with Nadine, Jordan makes his way to the bridge, where Captain Pete holds the ship's wheel with both hands, the radio blaring in the background.

RADIO VOICE
 Gale warning! Gale warning!

JORDAN
 What's going on?!

CAPTAIN PETE
 The waves are twenty feet and
 building!

JORDAN
 Can't you turn us around?!

CAPTAIN PETE
 We'll get broad-sided and tip
 over!

RADIO VOICE
 Gale warning! Gale warning!

Captain Pete holds binoculars, looks out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN PETE

Hold on!

Jordan grabs Nadine. All at once the boat dips down at an impossibly steep angle, until it's pointing almost straight down. Captain Pete jams the throttle and the boat jerks forward, rising up the face of a giant rogue wave, which curls over the top of the bridge and...

KABOOM! -- Blackness. Slowly, painfully, the boat pops up from underneath the water, its helicopter RIPPING from the deck and crashing into the sea.

CAPTAIN PETE (CONT'D)

Everybody okay?!

Jordan nods; Captain Pete grabs the radio.

CAPTAIN PETE (CONT'D)

Mayday! This is Captain Peter Elliot aboard the Yacht Nadine! This is a Mayday! We are going down at the head fifty miles off the coast of Rome and we require immediate assistance!

INT. YACHT NADINE - LATER

With the storm still raging, an enormous Italian military chopper hovers 100 feet above the Nadine, now barely afloat. One by one, the Passengers are hoisted up by a NAVY COMMANDO. And as Jordan is hoisted...

JORDAN (V.O.)

The nice thing about getting rescued by Italians is that the first thing they do is feed you and make you drink red wine. Then they make you dance.

INT. ITALIAN NAVAL DESTROYER - BELOW DECK - NIGHT

Alone, off to the side, a sober Jordan watches as Nadine, their Friends, and the yacht's Crew Members dance. A small group of Italian SAILORS cheer them on.

JORDAN (V.O.)

The sinking of the yacht -- it was the perfect metaphor for my stupid, arrogant, money-grubbing existence, which almost cost the lives of 19 innocent people.

INT. JORDAN'S GULFSTREAM JET - DAY

Jordan stares out the window, Nadine and the others seated nearby.

JORDAN (V.O.)

We flew home the next day, not an inch closer to straightening out my problems in Switzerland, but I swear I didn't give a shit.

EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - DAY

A limo pulls up. Jordan emerges with Nadine, swoops up Chandler in his arms as Max & Leah approach with Carter.

JORDAN (V.O.)

As soon as I saw my kids, I knew nothing else mattered -- I also knew I'd never do drugs again.

EIGHTEEN MONTHS LATER

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Jordan, looking healthier than we've seen him thus far, sits at his desk working at his computer. After a few beats, the phone RINGS. He checks the number, answers.

JORDAN

Danny, hey. What's up?

INT. DANNY'S ROLLS ROYCE - NIGHT

Danny drives, slurring slightly as he talks on his cell phone.

DANNY PORUSH

You talk to Wigwam?

INTERCUT JORDAN AND DANNY

JORDAN

Couple days ago, why?

DANNY PORUSH

The Kellard IPO. I left him three fucking messages.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN
He's in Florida.

DANNY PORUSH
I know. They don't have phones in
fucking Florida?

Jordan looks up, sees Nadine in his doorway with Chandler.

JORDAN
I gotta go, I'll talk to you
later.

Jordan hangs up, smiles.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Hello, ladies.

NADINE
Did you tell someone she could get
the new Rugrats video?

JORDAN
(smiles)
I don't recall saying that.

CHANDLER
You did, you promised!

Jordan looks at Nadine, scrunches his face -- "No I
didn't."

CHANDLER (CONT'D)
You did! You did!

JORDAN
All right, fine. You're a born
salesperson. You gonna work for
daddy some day?

CHANDLER
No!

JORDAN
Good. You're a genius, too.

EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Jordan buckles Chandler into her car seat, then gets
behind the wheel of his convertible Mercedes. He pulls
out, makes a turn onto the cul-de-sac, where a

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAY OLDSMOBILE

is idling. As he passes, an OLDER MAN pokes his head out. Jordan slows down.

OLDER MAN

Excuse me, is this Cryder Lane?

JORDAN

No, it's Pin Oak Court.

Just then, Jordan notices SOMEONE approaching from the passenger side.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They were kidnapping Channie...

Panicking, he guns the accelerator, but another SEDAN blocks him. As he slams on the brakes, a female FBI AGENT appears beside him, flashing a badge.

FBI AGENT

It's okay, Jordan. Don't pull away.

JORDAN

What do you want?

FBI AGENT

Why don't you take your daughter back in the house?

Jordan looks at her, realizes what's happening.

JORDAN

Thank you.

Jordan turns the car around, turns to Chandler.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

No Blockbuster, baby. Daddy has to talk to these people.

CHANDLER

Blockbuster, no! You promised!

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

With Chandler out of sight, Nadine is on the phone, frantically talking to Jordan's lawyer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE

They're here now, they're
arresting him!

As Jordan is handcuffed by the Female Agent, WE SEE a squad of twenty other FBI AGENTS ransacking the house. Agent Coleman enters.

JORDAN

Agent Coleman, good evening.

AGENT COLEMAN

(smiles)
Call me Greg.

Jordan smiles.

JORDAN

What exactly am I being arrested
for... Greg?

INT. CENTRAL BOOKING - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Jordan is fingerprinted.

JORDAN (V.O.)

This one takes the cake. It was Wigwam, he'd been busted down in Miami, and guess who the fuck with?

EXT. MIAMI RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jean-Jacques Handali is handcuffed as Wigwam looks on crying, handcuffed nearby.

JORDAN (V.O.)

What were the odds? There had to be ten thousand Swiss bankers in Geneva and I choose the one dumb enough to get himself arrested on U.S. soil.

INT. MIAMI CENTRAL BOOKING - NIGHT

Click! Handali has his mug shot taken.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Even more ironic was he'd gotten himself indicted on a completely unrelated charge.

EXT. MIAMI MANSION - NIGHT

ROCKY AIOKI, Japanese, 50s, is led out in handcuffs by a MAN in an FBI windbreaker.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Something about laundering drug money through offshore boat racing and a guy named Rocky Aioki, the founder of Benihana.

WE SEE a smiling Rocky Aioki in better days, standing before one of his famous chain restaurants.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Beni-fucking-hana! Why would God be so cruel as to choose a chain of fucking Hibachi Restaurants to bring me down?

INT. GENEVA HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Handali lays on the bed, smoking.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Long story short was Handali ratted me out, but not before he ratted out Carolyn, who it turns out he'd been fucking every time she went to Switzerland!

Carolyn emerges from the bathroom naked. Laughing, she runs and jumps in bed with Handali.

INT. FEDERAL COURT - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

With his attorney LEE SORKIN next to him, Jordan stands before a JUDGE, being arraigned.

JORDAN (V.O.)

I was indicted for money laundering, securities fraud and an endless list of other shit.

JUDGE

Bail is set at ten million dollars.

The Judge bangs the gavel.

EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Jordan exits the courthouse, spots Nadine waiting for him outside a parked limosine. As he approaches:

JORDAN

Nay, thank God.

NADINE

Don't touch me.

JORDAN

What?

NADINE

I want a divorce.

Jordan stares at her in disbelief.

JORDAN

What are you talking about?

NADINE

I can't be with you anymore.

JORDAN

Nadine, come on. Baby. It's gonna be okay. We have more than enough money.

She looks at him like he's pathetic.

NADINE

Just get in the car.

INT. LIMOSINE - CONTINUOUS

Nadine gets in. Jordan follows. The Driver pulls out.

JORDAN

Let me get this straight.
Now you want a divorce? Now that I'm under indictment, with an electronic fucking bracelet around my ankle?!

NADINE

I don't love you, Jordan.
I haven't for a long time.

They stare at each other. Jordan speaks first.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN

What kind of person are you?

An eternity, then she turns away, looks out the window.

NADINE

You married me.

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - FOYER - NIGHT

Jordan and Nadine enter in silence. As she crosses off toward the kitchen, he heads toward...

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Chandler and Carter play on the floor. After a few beats, Chandler looks up, spots Jordan standing there.

CHANDLER

Daddy!

Jordan approaches smiling, tears in his eyes. He gets on the floor with them, hugs them both.

JORDAN

Hey baby, how are my Thumbkins?

CHANDLER

Gwynne let us make brownies.

JORDAN

That's nice, were they good?

CHANDLER

Why are you crying?

JORDAN

I'm happy to see you guys, that's all.

CHANDLER

Are you crying because you have to pay people back the money?

JORDAN

What?

CHANDLER

Mommy says you stole money.

Jordan is shell-shocked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN

No, honey. Um... that's not
really true... Why don't you go
play with your Barbies, sweetie?

Chandler nods. Jordan darkens.

CLOSE ON -- a fireplace, dry pine logs stacked amongst cedar kindling. PULL BACK to reveal...

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jordan presses a stainless steel button on the limestone mantle and... WHOOSH! A fire blazes, logs crackling. He sits on a white silk Ottoman, stares into the flames. After a few beats, Nadine enters; he doesn't look up.

NADINE

I thought I heard something.
Why the fire?

JORDAN

I was cold.

NADINE

Little early in the season, don't
you think?

Jordan turns to look at her.

JORDAN

Are you out of your fucking mind?

NADINE

What are you talk--

JORDAN

You told our five year old
daughter I stole money from
people?!

NADINE

No, I-- What's the difference,
they're gonna find out sooner or
later!

JORDAN

But you had to make sure it was
sooner.

NADINE

I can't take this anymore, Jordan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN

Take what? The mansion you live in? The BMW you drive? The millions of dollars in clothes and fucking jewelry you wear?!

NADINE

I can't take you!

JORDAN

You took me fine till I was arrested! Two nights ago we were having sex right on that bed--

NADINE

And I wanted to fucking puke!

Jordan stops. Looks at her.

JORDAN

You vicious cunt, I should slit your throat.

NADINE

Go ahead.

JORDAN

Take off your ring.

NADINE

What?

JORDAN

Take off that fucking wedding ring!

Nadine looks down, yanks the diamond wedding band from her finger. She throws it in his face. Jordan stares at her, then crosses the room, grabbing a large Chinese jewelry box from her dresser.

NADINE

What are you doing?

Jordan doesn't respond. He crosses back toward the fireplace, tosses the jewelry box inside, its contents spilling into the roaring fire.

NADINE (CONT'D)

No!

As her pearls, diamonds and gold chains burn, Nadine lunges toward the fireplace, tries to reach the button to stop it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As Jordan restrains her, she slaps and scratches at him like a wildcat. He shoves her back; she comes at him again and...

CRACK!! Jordan slaps her across the face, knocking her clean off her feet. She looks up at him from the floor.

NADINE (CONT'D)
I want you out of my house.

JORDAN
Your house? This is my house,
Nadine!

NADINE
We'll see.

Jordan stares at her, then walks out.

EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - POOL AREA - DAY

Jordan sits alone in the yard, staring out at the water.

JORDAN (V.O.)
So there you have it. The drugs,
the hookers, the countless fucking
arguments, that was all just fine.
It wasn't till the gravy train
derailed that the Duchess couldn't
take it anymore.

From off screen, we HEAR a sliding glass door open.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Thank God I had my friends.

Jordan looks over, sees Gwynne admitting Danny Porush into the yard. He approaches, gives Jordan a hug.

DANNY PORUSH
How you doing, brother?

Jordan half shrugs; Danny sits next to him.

DANNY PORUSH (CONT'D)
That wig-wearin' hump, eh?

JORDAN
Stupid fuck.

DANNY PORUSH
Well I'll tell you one thing. I'm
never eating at Benihana's again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jordan laughs.

DANNY PORUSH (CONT'D)
What are we gonna do, bro? What's
the game plan?

JORDAN
Fight it, whatever. Go to trial.

DANNY PORUSH
You know I'm behind you a hundred
percent. We all are.

JORDAN
The important thing's Stratton.
How's morale?

DANNY PORUSH
Good. Great. They all know
it's bullshit. You'll beat these
fuckers, JB.

Jordan's cell phone RINGS; he checks the number, answers.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Lee, hey.

INT. LEE SORKIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jordan's attorney Lee Sorkin sits at his desk.

LEE SORKIN
Listen, I got a call from the
Eastern District. They want us
to come in tomorrow.

INTERCUT JORDAN AND SORKIN

JORDAN
What for?

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Wearing a suit and tie, Jordan sits with Lee Sorkin
across a table from FBI Agent Coleman, U.S. Attorney
JOEL WEINER, 50s, and Assistant U.S. Attorney MICHELLE
ADELMAN, 30s, humorless, with frizzy hair and glasses.

JOEL WEINER
We've discussed the case
internally, weighed our various
strategies.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOEL WEINER (CONT'D)

Obviously the evidence against
your client is overwhelming.

MICHELLE ADELMAN

You're looking at twenty years,
Jordan.

JORDAN

Yeah, I saw the article in the
Wall Street Journal.

AGENT COLEMAN

But you rotting in a jail cell
till your kids are out of
college isn't really what
we're interested in.

LEE SORKIN

Why do I get the sense there's an
offer in the air?

JOEL WEINER

Would you like to hear it?

LEE SORKIN

I'm all ears.

JOEL WEINER

Full cooperation. He provides
us a comprehensive list of all
coconspirators spanning the last
seven years and also agrees to
wear a wire.

JORDAN

You want me to rat, that's the
offer?

AGENT COLEMAN

That's not what we call it.

JORDAN

Really? What do you call it?

Sorkin waves Jordan off.

LEE SORKIN

What does he get?

JOEL WEINER

No guarantees, of course, but as
you know, come sentencing time, a
strongly-worded letter from me in
his favor can work wonders.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JORDAN
(to Sorkin)
Fuck this. Come on.

Jordan stands up, heads for the door.

MICHELLE ADELMAN
Jordan?

He stops, turns back.

MICHELLE ADELMAN (CONT'D)
Just so you know, we'll be
indicting your wife tomorrow
morning.

JORDAN
For what, shopping? Nadine
doesn't know a fucking thing.

MICHELLE ADELMAN
Nadine? We haven't even gotten to
her yet. Excuse me, your ex-wife.
(reading file)
Denise Lombardo.

JORDAN
(stunned)
What?

MICHELLE ADELMAN
We have a witness who can place
her in a room with you while you
were counting cash.

FLASHBACK -- in the bedroom of Jordan's old Manhattan
apartment, Jordan loads stacks of bills into a lock-box
as Denise, Wigwam and his Wife look on.

JOEL WEINER
Cooperate and she walks. It's
your call, Jordan.

Jordan looks at them, sits back down.

JORDAN (V.O.)
It wasn't even a choice.

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Jordan sits alone, finishes writing a long list of names
on a yellow legal pad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

134.

JORDAN (V.O.)
For the next six hours, I came up
with a list. Friends, enemies,
business associates, anybody who'd
ever known me or taken so much as
a stock tip. The first name on it
was Danny's.

Jordan sits there, heaves a huge sigh.

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

Agent Coleman tapes a recorder to Jordan's inner thigh,
runs a microphone wire up his chest.

AGENT COLEMAN
Talk normally, breathe normally,
within five minutes you'll forget
you even have it on.

Jordan nods, buttons up his shirt.

AGENT COLEMAN (CONT'D)
And remember -- get him to talk
about the Steve Madden deal.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - DAY

Wearing a suit and tie, Jordan walks in to the bullpen,
where the Brokers spot him, giving him a standing
ovation. He forces a smile, waves to the crowd.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Words can't describe what an
absolute piece of shit I felt
like. I wanted to cry.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jordan sits laughing with Danny, Kenny, and Walter Chang.

JORDAN
--so I'm in the holding cell,
sitting there like 'Public Enemy',
right? You're like waiting for
somebody to ask you what you're in
for, but nobody fucking does.

They all laugh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY PORUSH

We almost had Mona bake you a cake
with a file in it.

More laughter. Jordan glances at his watch, turns to
Danny.

JORDAN

You hungry?

DANNY PORUSH

Feel like sushi?

JORDAN

Sure.

And as they get up to leave:

KENNY GREENE

Great to have you back, J.B.

INT. TENJIN SUSHI RESTAURANT - DAY

Jordan and Danny sit at a table over sushi.

JORDAN

The trial won't be for months,
so obviously I'll be counting on
you to pick up the slack.

DANNY PORUSH

Whatever you need, bro. You know
that.

Jordan reaches into his jacket. Takes out a yellow slip
of PAPER.

JORDAN

And you know how much that means
to me. Hey, you know what I
wanted to ask you?

Jordan catches Danny's eye, pushes the PAPER over in
front of him.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

The Steve Madden deal, did we ever
get paid on that?

Danny looks down at the paper, reads Jordan's writing:

"DON'T INCRIMINATE YOURSELF. I'M WEARING A WIRE."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Remember he was supposed to kick
back like four mil from that one
account?

DANNY PORUSH
Uh... tell you the truth I was so
fucked up, I don't really remember
anything about that.

Danny slips the paper in his jacket, gives Jordan a
look -- "Thank you." Jordan nods.

JORDAN
Well if you talk to him, let me
know. Should we get more
yellowtail?

DANNY PORUSH
Why not?

JORDAN (V.O.)
Thus began my career as a
government cooperator. I was a
rat... except I wasn't a rat.

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Jordan lays alone, asleep in bed. We hear the DOORBELL.

JORDAN (V.O.)
It was the only way I could sleep
at night.

After a few beats, Gwynne knocks and enters. Jordan
stirs, sits up.

GWYNNE
I'm sorry, Mr. Belfort. You got a
visitor.

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - FOYER - DAY

Jordan descends the stairs in sweats and T-shirt. Agent
Coleman is waiting.

AGENT COLEMAN
I need you to get dressed.

JORDAN
Why? What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT COLEMAN
You're going to jail.

Agent Coleman holds up the slip of yellow paper that Jordan gave to Danny. And on Jordan's look...

JORDAN (V.O.)
Danny Porush, my partner. My best friend.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - GREAT ROOM - DAY

Jordan uses a black AMEX card to cut two lines of coke on an elaborate onyx table. He speaks directly to camera...

JORDAN
Of all my addictions, there was one above all that ultimately brought me down.

He peels a crisp \$100 DOLLAR BILL off a wad, rolls it up. It looks as if he's about to SNARF up a line, but...

JORDAN (CONT'D)
I'm not talking about this.

Jordan gestures to the cocaine, then sweeps it off the table...

JORDAN (CONT'D)
I'm talking about this.

Jordan unfurls the \$100 DOLLAR BILL with a SNAP...

EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - DAY

A tractor-trailer is parked out front as a group of MOVERS carry out paintings and antique furniture under the supervision of several FBI Agents in windbreakers.

JORDAN (V.O.)
But much as I worshipped money, when I consider all I lost, I never once think about my possessions.

WE SEE Jordan's various cars -- Porsche, Mercedes, Ferrari, BMW -- loaded onto a large transport vehicle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
What I really lost was an opportunity, a chance to make a difference. I was born with a gift to persuade people, to lead.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - DAY

Jordan stands addressing his 700 Brokers. WE SEE the eager young FACES, hanging on his every word.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Hundreds of kids, our best and brightest, came looking to me for guidance. Brilliant kids who could've been out curing cancer, saving the fucking planet. And what did I teach them? How to get bling.

INT. FEDERAL COURTROOM - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

With Max and Leah looking on from the front row, Jordan stands before a JUDGE.

JORDAN (V.O.)
After months of legal wrangling, I was finally sentenced to prison.

Jordan faces his parents; he's got tears in his eyes. So do they.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I deserved it.

EXT. NADINE'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

Nadine looks on as Jordan hugs Chandler and Carter tightly. He exchanges looks with her, then gets in a waiting government SUV.

JORDAN (V.O.)
I got three years in some hell-hole in Nevada I'd never heard of.

INT. PRISON VAN - DAY

Jordan rides in back, stares out the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN (V.O.)
I'm not ashamed to admit that I
was terrified...

CLOSE ON JORDAN -- he's sweating, face red, almost
completely out of breath.

VOICE (O.S.)
Belfort! Fuckin' move!

JORDAN (V.O.)
It turned out I needn't have been.

PULL BACK to reveal...

EXT. CAMP NELLIS MINIMUM SECURITY PRISON - DAY

Jordan is playing doubles tennis with three other
Prisoners, all white, middle-aged EXECUTIVE types.

JORDAN
(out of breath)
Sorry, it was on the line.

EXECUTIVE
We'll get 'em next time.

As the game continues, the CAMERA PULLS BACK -- WE SEE
the prison from a HIGH ANGLE. A group of Prisoners do
Tai Chi on a manicured lawn, while others drink Arnold
Palmers, reading beneath the shade of a tree.

JORDAN (V.O.)
For a brief, fleeting moment,
I'd forgotten I was rich -- and I
lived in a place where everything
was for sale.

And as Jordan serves the ball, we...

FADE OUT.

THE END