

**THE WOLF OF WALL STREET**

Written by  
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Based on the book  
by  
Jordan Belfort

1 INSERT - TV COMMERCIAL - DAY 1

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.

1A WE SEE a charging, snorting BULL. 1A

GENE HACKMAN (V.O.)  
Bulls.

1B WE SEE a ferocious, growling BEAR. 1B

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

Pretentious CLASSICAL MUSIC kicks in.

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

1C-1D VARIOUS SHOTS -- a conservative young MAN reviews a stock 1C-1D  
portfolio with a wealthy older COUPLE; a smiling young  
WOMAN sits before a computer talking into a headset.

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

1E WE SEE the Stratton "team" - an ethnically diverse group 1E  
of ACTORS with their handsome, grey-templed "CHAIRMAN".

GENE HACKMAN (V.O.)  
Stratton Oakmont. Stabilty.  
Integrity. Pride.

1F WE SEE a shot of the black glass Stratton Building, and: 1F

2 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - DAY (FEB '95) 2

Absolute bedlam. 300 drunken STOCKBROKERS, most in their early 20s, chant wildly as JORDAN BELFORT, handsome, 30, stands beside a DWARF dressed in tights, cape & helmet.

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

The "bullseye" is a large dollar sign in the middle of a giant velcro "dartboard".

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Watch and learn, people!

The Brokers go apeshit as Jordan grabs the Dwarf by his pants and collar. In the Crowd, cash flies as side bets are made. Jordan winds up, aims for the "dartboard".

JORDAN (CONT'D)

One. Two. Throw!!

The Brokers cheer, and as the screaming Dwarf takes flight, hurtling toward camera, we FREEZE FRAME:

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

My name is Jordan Belfort. No, not him, me. I'm a former member of the middle class raised by two accountants in a tiny apartment in Bayside, Queens.

\*  
\*

3-3B A SERIES OF POLAROIDS -- (1969)

3-3B

Jordan, 7, smiles as he poses behind a lemonade stand, his parents Max and Leah behind him; Jordan, 13, stands holding a styrofoam cooler, selling ices on the beach; Jordan, 18, smiles as he holds an Amway sales brochure.

JORDAN (V.O.)

The year I turned 26, I made 49 million dollars as the head of my own brokerage firm--

4 EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - DAY (FEB '95)

4

A CHERRY RED Ferrari Testarossa ZOOMS down the L.I.E.

JORDAN (V.O.)

--which really pissed me off because it was three shy of a million a week.

The Ferrari weaves in and out of traffic.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Hey, my Ferrari was white, like Don Johnson's in Miami Vice.

We see the same Ferrari, now in WHITE, as it zooms away, a BLONDE head bobbing up and down in Jordan's lap.

5 EXT. LONG ISLAND'S NORTH SHORE - DAY (FEB '95)

5

A twin-engine Bell Jet helicopter descends over a huge mansion, with sparkling pool, tennis court and waterfall.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
See that humongous estate down  
there? That's my house.

6 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY (FEB '95) 6

We see NAOMI, 24, blonde and gorgeous, a living wet dream  
in LaPerla lingerie.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
My wife, Naomi, the Duchess of Bay  
Ridge, Brooklyn, a former model  
and Miller Lite girl.

Naomi licks her lips; she's incredibly, painfully hot.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
Yeah, she was the one blowing me  
in the Ferrari, so put your dick  
back in your pants.

Over the following, WE SEE a quick

7-7C SERIES OF SHOTS 7-7C

All taken from TV; a mansion from *Lifestyles of the Rich  
and Famous*; wealthy PEOPLE applauding at a polo match;  
a yacht sailing crystal blue seas; Robert Wagner and  
Stephanie Powers toasting with champagne on *Hart to Hart*.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
In addition to Naomi and my two  
perfect kids, I own a mansion,  
private jet, six cars, three  
horses, two vacation homes and  
a 170 foot yacht.

8 INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT (FEB '95) 8

Sweaty, wild-eyed and naked, Jordan fucks an HISPANIC  
HOOKER from behind.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
I also gamble like a degenerate,  
drink like a fish, fuck hookers  
maybe five times a week and have  
three different Federal agencies  
looking to indict me.

He dismounts, snorts some coke through a straw, then uses  
it to blow some into her asshole.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
Oh yeah, and I love drugs.

Jordan looks up suddenly, paranoid, as if he's hearing voices.

9 INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT (FEB '95) 9

Jordan, drooling and stoned out of his skull, wears a rumpled custom-made business suit as he mans a set of controls next to his frantic co-pilot, CAPTAIN DAVE.

CAPTAIN DAVE

Pull up! Jesus! We're gonna crash!!

Jordan's head bobs as he pulls back on the stick. The helicopter rises sharply, then levels out, hovering 30 feet above a huge mansion. Down below, through Jordan's hazy, DOUBLE VISIONED POV, we see a sparkling pool, tennis court and waterfall.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Check this out -- despite my completely fucked-up state, I could fly straight while still seeing two of everything.

He closes one eye; his POV sharpens. Putting pressure on the stick, the helicopter descends slowly over the driving range... then LURCHES and SLAMS to the ground.

JORDAN

(to Captain Dave)

Ya guzza git hazarous doozy pay, buddy.

10 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - FRONT DOOR - DAY (FEB '95) 10

Morning. Sober now, impeccable in suit and tie, Jordan heads for the door holding a glass of orange juice.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Yes, on a daily basis I take enough drugs to sedate greater Long Island.

11 EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - CONTINUOUS (FEB '95) 11

He pops two white pills, swigs some juice, then speaks directly to the camera as he heads for a waiting limo.

JORDAN

I take Quaaludes for my back, fifteen to twenty a day.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I use Xanax to stay focused,  
ambien to sleep, pot to mellow  
out, cocaine to wake up and  
morphine because it's awesome.

12 EXT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - LONG ISLAND - DAY (FEB '95) 12

The limo pulls up to the black glass office building.  
Jordan gets out, heads inside through a back door.

JORDAN

But of all the drugs under God's  
blue heaven, there's one that's my  
absolute favorite.

13 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY (FEB '95) 13

Gadgets, computers, oxblood leather furniture. With  
the DIN of the brokerage firm bleeding in, Jordan uses  
a credit card to cut a line of coke on his desk. As he  
peels a crisp \$100 DOLLAR BILL off a wad, rolls it up:

JORDAN

Enough of this shit'll make you  
invincible, able to conquer the  
world and eviscerate your enemies.

He SNARFS up the line, gestures to the cocaine.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I'm not talking about this. I'm  
talking about this.

(Jordan unfurls the  
\$100 with a SNAP)

Money is the oxygen of capitalism  
and I wanna breathe more than any  
other human being alive.

He crumbles it into a ball and tosses it into a corner,  
where it comes to rest with two dozen others. Over his  
back as we TRACK HIM out of his office toward what sounds  
like the ROAR of a mob--

JORDAN (V.O.)

Money doesn't just buy you a  
better life -- better food, better  
cars, better pussy -- it also  
makes you a better person. You  
can give generously to the church  
of your choice or the political  
party. You can save the fucking  
spotted owl with money.

14 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - DAY (FEB '95) 14

Arms akimbo, Jordan stands above the bullpen, a huge open space with tightly packed rows of maple colored desks.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
But most of all, in any country in  
the world, money can buy you love.  
Fuck the Beatles.

His 300 BROKERS, mostly young men with their jackets off, scream wildly. They worship him.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
With that in mind, at the tender  
age of 22, after marrying my  
girlfriend Teresa--

14A SCENES 14A - 18 OMITTED 14A

19 EXT. WALL STREET - DAY (MAY '87) 19

An express bus pull up -- its sign reads "Wall Street"....

JORDAN (V.O.)  
--I headed to the only place that  
befit my high-minded ambitions...

Jordan emerges, kisses TERESA goodbye, then joins a sea of Commuters heading to work.

JERRY FOGEL (PRE-LAP)  
You are lower than fucking pond  
scum.

20 INT. L.F. ROTHSCHILD - BULLPEN - DAY (MAY '87) 20

Computers, telephones everywhere. At their desks, 45 shirt-sleeved BROKERS read their Wall St. Journals, readying for war. Like an eager puppy, Jordan follows broker JERRY FOGEL, 30, thick-lipped and bow-tied...

JERRY FOGEL  
You got a problem with that?  
(reads name tag)  
Jordan?

JORDAN  
Nope. No problem at all.

JERRY FOGEL

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 Fogel's.

JERRY FOGEL (CONT'D)

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

JORDAN (V.O.)

A million dollars? I could only imagine what a douchebag that guy must be.

A manicured hand lands on Jordan's shoulder. It's MARK HANNA, 30s, charismatic, movie-star handsome.

MARK HANNA

Jordan? Mark Hanna.

(re: Fogel)

Good, you've met Jerry. One of the smartest guys in the office. Who's ever sucked a dog's cock out of loneliness.

Fogel's smile turns to a frown. He hands Jordan a stack of 3x5 index cards.

JERRY FOGEL

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

MARK HANNA

Don't mind Jerry, his father raped him as a child. Besides, I'm senior broker here, he's a worthless piker. I heard you pitched stock at your job interview.

JORDAN

Had to do something to stand out.

MARK HANNA

I fuckin' love that! Let's grab lunch later. Windows good with you?

JORDAN

Great. Yeah.



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

MARK HANNA

Let's fuck!!

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

MARK HANNA

(into headset)

Your broker in West Virginia?  
What are 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 money 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--

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

JERRY FOGEL

Dial the cocksucking phone!

Jordan snaps out of it, starts dialing.

JORDAN (V.O.)

I was hooked within seconds.

Mark Hanna 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.)

It was like mainlining adrenaline.

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

21

INT. WINDOWS ON THE WORLD - DAY (MAY '87)

21

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

The lunchtime power spot with panoramic views of the city. At a corner table, a paranoid Jordan looks around as Hanna does another bump of coke. None of the other DINERS seem to notice or care.

MARK HANNA  
(offering the spoon)  
Got enough for one more? Tootski?

JORDAN  
No. Thanks though.

Hanna slips the vial into his pocket as HECTOR, the tuxedoed Maitre'D, approaches.

HECTOR  
Mr. Hanna, what can I bring for you on this glorious afternoon?

Hanna surreptitiously palms Hector a \$100; Jordan notices.

MARK HANNA  
Here's the game plan, Hector. Bring us two Absolut Martinis straight up. 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.

HECTOR  
An excellent strategy, sir.

JORDAN  
Actually, I'm good with 7-Up.

Jordan might as well have farted at the table.

MARK HANNA  
First day on Wall Street, Hector. Give him time.  
(Hector offers menus)  
No thanks, I'm not eating.

Hector heads off.

JORDAN  
You can get high during the day and still function?

MARK HANNA

High is the only way to do this fucking job. Guy who coined the term "three-martini lunch" was a woman. Cocaine and hookers, my friend, the keys to success.

Jordan smiles, not sure if Hanna is kidding.

JORDAN

I gotta say, I'm really excited about being part of your team. I wanna do all I can for our clients and --

MARK HANNA

(reciting an ad)

"Here at L.F. Rothschild, our clients aren't just important, they're family." Just as long as we get our taste first. Remember something, Jordan, your top priority in this job: make us money. If the clients get rich along the way, bully for them. Got a girlfriend?

JORDAN

Wife. She cuts hair.

Mark swallows a comment about that. Gets to business.

MARK HANNA

OK, first rule of Wall Street. Nobody -- and I don't care if you're Warren Buffet or Jimmy Buffet -- nobody knows if a stock's going up, down or fucking sideways, least of all stock brokers. But we have to pretend we know. Make sure you stay relaxed. Nobody wants to buy something from someone who sounds like they haven't gotten laid in a month. Take breaks when you feel stressed, jerk off if you can. You like jerking off, right?

JORDAN

Well... sure.

MARK HANNA

Good, jerking off is key. And I highly recommend cocaine, which will make you dial faster, which is good for me. Churn 'em and burn 'em, baby.

A BUSBOY stops by with a fresh napkin for Mark who thanks him. Then, discreetly as possible, Mark removes a fresh vial of cocaine tucked within and takes a quick snort. Jordan realizes: that's why he palmed the maitre d' \$100.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
For the next six months I learned  
the ways of Wall Street.

22 INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT (OCT '87) 22

As STRIPPERS grind in b.g, Jordan parties with Mark Hanna and dozens of BROKERS and TRAINEES. Jordan sips a martini and studies Mark Hanna, hitting on a STRIPPER.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
That fall I passed my Series 7.  
Finally it was here.

23 INT. ROTHSCHILD BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY (OCT '87) 23

Briefcase in hand, Jordan boards the elevator with a dozen other BROKERS.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
My first day as a stockbroker, a  
future Master of the Universe.

And as the doors close, on screen WE SEE:

**OCTOBER 19th, 1987**

24 INT. L.F. ROTHSCHILD - BULLPEN - DAY (OCT '87) 24

Total chaos. Jordan dials the phone 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  
508 points, the biggest one-day  
drop since the crash of '29.

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

MARK HANNA  
Holy. Fucking. Shit.

And as the Brokers start commiserating with each other...

JORDAN (V.O.)  
L.F. Rothschild, a company that  
had been in business since 1883,  
closed its doors within a month.

25 INT. JORDAN & TERESA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY (DEC '87) 25

Jordan sits at the table perusing the Times classifieds.  
Teresa approaches with two coffees. Sits next to him.

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

JORDAN  
You work too much as it is.

TERESA  
We could pawn my engagement ring.

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

TERESA  
You know that doesn't matter,  
right?

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

JORDAN  
(points to an ad)  
"Nobody Beats the Wiz". I could  
be a stock boy.

TERESA  
You're a stock broker.

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

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

TERESA  
This place is.

26 EXT. STRIP MALL - PARKING LOT - LONG ISLAND - DAY (DEC '87) 26

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

27

INT. INVESTOR'S CENTER - DAY (DEC '87)

27

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 motions Jordan to a seat. Nearby, a Broker in ratty Keds, TOBY WELCH, is screaming into his phone.

TOBY WELCH

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 quotrons?

DWAYNE

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

Dwayne slides Jordan a large thin book; its pages are literally pink. He explains as Jordan flips the pages:

DWAYNE (CONT'D)

Company don't have enough capital  
to be listed on NASDAQ, their  
shares trade here.

(points to the book)

Like these guys, Aerotyne? They  
make radar detectors out of a  
garage in Dubuque.

JORDAN

Six cents a share? Who buys this  
crap?

DWAYNE

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

JORDAN

The spread on these is huge.

DWAYNE

So's your commission, that's the point. Blue chips stocks you get what, one percent? Pink sheets are fifty.

JORDAN

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

DWAYNE

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

28

INT. INVESTOR'S CENTER - (LATER THAT) DAY (DEC '87)

28

As others Brokers bark into phones, Jordan sits, phone cradled in his shoulder, making notes. A few beats, then:

JORDAN

(into phone)

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

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. Typically our firm recommends no more than five stocks per year: this is one of them...

A few more Brokers look over...

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Aerotyne 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 Aerotyne's shares rise  
to only a 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 right,  
you could pay off your mortgage.

Seconds tick by; an eternity, then he starts writing:

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
Four thousand dollars, will  
that be check or money order?...  
Thank you, sir.

Jordan hangs up, scrawls out a "buy" ticket.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Just like that I made two grand.  
The other guys looked at me like  
I'd just discovered fire.

Toby Welch and the other cave-Brokers stare at him.

TOBY WELCH  
How'd you fuckin' do that?

29

INT. INVESTOR'S CENTER - (ANOTHER) DAY (FEB '88)

29

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.

As Jordan continues talking, wrapping up the sale...

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Though I knew I was selling  
garbage, within twelve weeks I  
was making a fortune.

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

JORDAN (V.O.)  
And as a wise man once told me,  
my only responsibility was to  
put meat on the table.

CLOSE ON a 1988 Jaguar, parked outside a diner...



30

INT. KACANDES DINER - BAYSIDE - DAY (JUN '88)

30

Wearing a suit, Jordan sits in a booth reading the Wall Street Journal as a WAITRESS serves the food. DONNIE AZOFF, preppy-looking, 25, with horn-rims and bright white teeth approaches from the takeout counter.

DONNIE

That your Jag in the lot?

JORDAN

Yeah.

DONNIE

Nice ride. Donnie Azoff.

JORDAN

Jordan Belfort.

DONNIE

I've seen it around. We live in the same building. Twelfth floor?

(Jordan nods)

What do you do, bro?

JORDAN

Stock broker.

DONNIE

Kids furniture, me and my brother-in-law. Making any money?

JORDAN

Seventy grand last month.

DONNIE

Get the fuck out. You made seventy grand in one month.

JORDAN

Seventy two actually.

Donnie studies him, isn't sure if he's full of shit.

DONNIE

Tell you what. You show me a pay stub with \$72,000 on it, I'm quitting my job right now and coming to work with you.

As Jordan retrieves his briefcase to find a paystub --

\*

30A

SCENE 30A OMITTED

\*30A

30B

As Jordan hands Donnie his paystub and sure enough, it's north of seventy-two k.

\*30B

\*

DONNIE (CONT'D)

\*

Holy shit.

Jordan watches as Donnie crosses to a pay phone and dials.

JORDAN (V.O.)

And he did quit his job, which I thought was a little weird. I mean I had just met this fucking guy.

A few beats, then into phone:

DONNIE

Yo Paulie, it's Donnie... Yeah, listen, I quit.

Jordan studies Donnie as he continues his conversation...

JORDAN (V.O.)

There were other things about him too, like his phosphorescent white teeth and the fact that he wore horn rims with clear lenses to look more Waspy. He also married his first cousin --

31 SCENE 31 OMITTED

31

32 INT. BAR - DAY (JUN '88)

\* 32

Jordan sits in mid-conversation with Donnie over beers.

DONNIE

No problem, if we have a kid who's a retard, we'll just leave it on the steps of some institution.

And as they continue drinking...

JORDAN (V.O.)

He was also a closet drug fiend. I'd known him less than a week before he talked me into smoking crack.

33 EXT. BACK OF BAR - DAY (JUN '88)

\* 33

Jordan and Donnie get high. Donnie holds a flame under a crack pipe.

JORDAN (V.O.)

The weird thing was when he'd do crack, his face would contort into this bizarre, frozen mask like the Phantom of the Opera.

Donnie does a hit of crack; his jaw twitches, then his facial muscles contort, locking up like a stroke victim. After a few beats, he hands the pipe to Jordan.

DONNIE

You now, take a hit!

Jordan takes a deep hit and holds it. A beat, then:

JORDAN

Omigod, I fuckin' love you!!

JORDAN (V.O.)

I knew I had to make him my partner.

34 INT. INVESTOR'S CENTER - DAY (SEP '88) 34

Jordan looks on as Donnie works the phone like a madman.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Which turned out to be a great move - Donnie was a fast learner who transitioned into the penny stock business quickly.

35 EXT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP - DAY (SEP '88) 35

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

JORDAN (V.O.)

So within months we started our own firm out of an abandoned auto body shop.

36 INT. KACANDES DINER - DAY (OCT '88) 36

Jordan sits with CHESTER MING, ROBBIE FEINBERG, ALDEN KUPFERBERG ("SEA OTTER") and BRAD, muscular and bald, with a Fu Manchu mustache.

JORDAN (V.O.)

In addition to Donnie, I also recruited my friends Sea Otter, Chester and Robbie, who were at the time all middling pot dealers.

\*  
\*

As a WAITRESS serves cheeseburgers:

JORDAN

--see everyone wants to get rich,  
so you're already half way there  
by the time the call starts.

SEA OTTER

I sold weed once to this Amish  
dude, had one of those beards with  
no mustache?

ROBBIE FEINBERG

So?

SEA OTTER

He only wanted to make furniture.

CHESTER MING

What's that got to do with  
anything?

SEA OTTER

He just said everyone wants to  
get rich.

ROBBIE FEINBERG

(to Jordan)

That's true, you did.

SEA OTTER

Buddhists too, they don't give a  
shit about money either.

CHESTER MING

Man I could sell weed to anybody,  
get a convent full of nuns fucking  
wasted.

And as Brad looks at Jordan and shakes his head:

37

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO BODY SHOP - BULLPEN  
(OCT '88)

37

We see the above guys working the phones.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Brad, the guy I really wanted,  
took a pass, since he'd become the  
Quaalude king of Bayside.

38

EXT. BRAD'S HOUSE - BACKYARD GYM - DAY (OCT '88)

38

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

JORDAN (V.O.)  
They were absolute morons, my  
friends, but like I always said--

39 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO BODY SHOP - BULLPEN - DAY 39  
(OCT '88)

Jordan emerges from his office into the garage area (the bullpen), looking on as Donnie, Chester, Robbie, Sea Otter and four other BROKERS (now including RUGRAT and Toby) make sales calls from the cheap desks.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
Give me them young, hungry and  
stupid and in no time I'll make  
them rich.

40 EXT. MARINA - LONG ISLAND - SUNSET (MAY '89) 40

On lounge chairs at the edge of a dock, bottle of wine nearby, Jordan sits with Teresa. He smiles as she opens a jewelry case -- inside is a diamond tennis bracelet.

TERESA  
Omigod. Jordan.

JORDAN  
You like it?

TERESA  
It's beautiful.

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

JORDAN  
They're small, I know, but the  
stones are really high quality.

TERESA  
No, no. I love it.

JORDAN  
Then what?

They sit in silence. Finally:

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

JORDAN  
In five years the Corleone family  
will be completely legitimate.

TERESA

Why can't you be legitimate now?

JORDAN

It's not illegal, Teresa, technically. I mean they're real stocks, they're just...

TERESA

Never gonna make anybody money.  
(a few beats; then)  
Wouldn't you feel better selling this junk to rich people, who can afford to lose the money at least?

JORDAN

Rich people don't buy penny stocks.

TERESA

Why not?

And on Jordan's look:

JORDAN (V.O.)

Because they're too smart, that's why not.

41 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO BODY SHOP - DAY (AUG '89) 41

CLOSE ON Jordan, brow furrowing as his wheels turn.

JORDAN (V.O.)

I mean what person of any substance would trust this bunch of jerk-offs? Like the Pinhead, Robbie Feinberg.

\*

42 SCENES 42 - 46 OMITTED \* 42

46A INSERT ID PHOTO - TOBY WELCH \*46A

JORDAN (V.O.)

Toby Welch. I mean, look at this fucking Cro-Magnon, I wouldn't trust him to pick up a rock.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(ALT)

\*

JORDAN (V.O.)

Toby Welch. I mean, look at this fucking Cro-Magnon, he couldn't even think without moving his lips.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

46B INSERT ID PHOTO - ROBBIE FEINBERG 46B

JORDAN (V.O.)  
Or the Sea Otter.

46C INSERT ID PHOTO - THE SEA OTTER 46C

JORDAN (V.O.)  
Chester Ming even, the Depraved  
Chinaman, with his giant panda  
head.

46D INSERT ID PHOTO - CHESTER MING 46D

JORDAN (V.O.)  
Or Nicky Koskoff, who I called  
Rugrat because--

46E INSERT ID PHOTO - RUGRAT 46E

JORDAN (V.O.)  
Well, you can probably figure that  
out for yourself.

47 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO BODY SHOP - REAR - NIGHT 47  
(MAR '90)

The camera PUSHES IN on Jordan as he stands before a  
large dry erase board.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
But what if they didn't sound like  
jerk-offs? What if I took this  
bunch of nincompoops and molded  
them in my own image? I  
reinvented the company, gave it a  
new image, a new name. Something  
patrician, blue-blooded, something  
that reeked of tradition and anti-  
semitism.

And as his Brokers settle in to folding chairs--

JORDAN  
Gentlemen, welcome to Stratton  
Oakmont. 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.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

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. 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 --

48

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY

48

Another day. With Stratton Oakmont signage visible in the b.g., Jordan is on speakerphone with a potential CLIENT, the other Brokers listening in.

JORDAN

--and 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.

49

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO BODY SHOP - REAR - NIGHT

49

Jordan stands addressing his Brokers.



JORDAN

Then you lower your voice.

50 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY 50

Jordan pitches the client, his voice lowered.

JORDAN

Believe me, sir, you will not be sorry.

51 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO BODY SHOP - REAR - NIGHT 51

Jordan stands before the Brokers.

JORDAN

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

CHESTER MING

About to close?

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!

52 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY 52

Jordan sits at the phone, waiting for a response.

CLIENT (O.S.)

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

53 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO BODY SHOP - REAR - NIGHT 53

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 trust you, you're a fucking salesman! So what do you say?

54 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY 54

Donnie talks on the phone to a Client.

DONNIE

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 (O.S.)

Maybe.

55 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY 55  
(APR '90)

The place is crowded; now 20 Brokers make up the sales force. Sea Otter pitches a client.

SEA OTTER

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

56 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY 56  
(MAY '90)

Even more crowded, with 30 Brokers.

ROBBIE FEINBERG

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

57 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY 57  
(JUN '90)

More Brokers still - now there's 45.

CHESTER MING

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

CLIENT #3 (O.S.)

Well yeah, in that case I would.

58 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT II - BULLPEN - DAY (NOV '90) 58  
New offices now, a real brokerage firm. The bullpen is large, with 75 Brokers at polished maple desks, sitting before computers talking into headsets.

DONNIE  
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 Donnie Azoff--

58A CUT TO: 58A

RUGRAT  
--Nicky Koskoff-- \*

58B CUT TO: 58B

CHESTER MING  
Chester Ming--

58C CUT TO: 58C

PETER DEBLASIO  
Peter DeBlasio from Stratton Oakmont in New York City--

58D CUT TO: 58D

TOBY WELCH  
--and I plan on being the top broker in my firm this year.

58E CUT TO: 58E

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

58F CUT TO: 58F

KALIL \*

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

58G CUT TO: 58G

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

58H CUT TO: 58H

CHESTER MING

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

58J

CUT TO: 58J

PETER DEBLASIO

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

58K

CUT TO: 58K

JORDAN

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

58L

CUT TO: 58L

CLIENT #1 (O.S.)

(to Robbie Feinberg)  
All right.

58M

CUT TO: 58M

CLIENT #2 (O.S.)

(to Sea Otter)  
Give me 300 shares.

58N

CUT TO: 58N

CLIENT #3 (O.S.)

(to Peter DeBlasio)  
1200 shares.

58P

CUT TO: 58P

CLIENT #4 (O.S.)

(to Jordan)  
I'll take 5000 shares.

59

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT II - BULLPEN - DAY (APR '91)

59

4PM 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 gross commissions - all in Stratton issues. Not bad for penny stocks, huh boys? Not bad for dumpin' penny stocks.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The place goes WILD with applause.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

And to celebrate with a weekly act of debauchery, I have offered our lovely sales assistant Danielle Harrison ten thousand dollars to have her head shaved!

\*

Jordan motions to DANIELLE HARRISON, 19, pretty, sitting in a chair nearby. Behind her, Rugrat uses clippers to shave her thick brown mane. The place goes nuts.

\*

JORDAN (CONT'D)

FYI, Danielle tells me she's using the money for breast implants! Is this a great company or what?!!

More wild applause as Jordan signals across the bullpen to Donnie. We hear the opening strains of "Stars & Stripes Forever" as he opens the door to a

COLLEGE MARCHING BAND

dressed in underwear and hats. The music continues as somersaulting GYMNASTS and BATON-TWIRLERS bring up the rear. As they march through the bullpen to cheers--

FROM THE KITCHEN -- two dozen TUXEDO-CLAD WAITERS emerge carrying trays of champagne and hors d'oeuvres. The music continues as two dozen STRIPPERS bolt in, gyrating among the BROKERS. As Jordan surveys the insanity:

JORDAN (V.O.)

Word spread throughout Wall Street -- I was becoming a legend. Forbes Magazine even called to do a profile on me...

68 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT II - JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY 68  
(SEP '91)

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

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

69 INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING 69  
(OCT '91)

A gorgeous place; city views. As Teresa sits nearby, a distraught Jordan paces, holding the copy of Forbes.

JORDAN  
That conniving little twat!  
(reading)  
"The Wolf of Wall Street".

TERESA  
(on the bright side)  
Your hair looks good.

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

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

70 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT II - BULLPEN - LATER THAT DAY 70

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 JANET, 20s, dressed all in black.

JORDAN  
The hell's all this?

JANET  
The Forbes article. They're applying for jobs.

They spot Jordan, start clamoring, waving their resumes.

JOB APPLICANTS  
Mr. Belfort! Over here! Sir!

JORDAN (V.O.)

Forbes had made me a superstar.  
Every day dozens of money-crazed  
kids beat a path to my door with  
resumes they hadn't even bothered  
to spellcheck.

Jordan crosses through the packed bullpen, where 150  
BROKERS, no older than 22, are crammed elbow to elbow  
talking into phones. Some have pets, which they tend to  
while they work -- iguanas, snakes, turtles, even a  
chimp. Others are getting shoulder rubs by Masseuses  
or being fitted for suits by a TAILOR. Over the above:

JORDAN (V.O.)

If we hired 'em, they dropped out  
of college overnight and blew  
whatever allowance they had on a  
new suit from our in-house tailor.  
The median age of our brokerage  
couldn't get served in the bar  
down the street.

71 INT. FBI BREAK ROOM - DAY (OCT '91) 71

PATRICK DENHAM sits sipping coffee as he reads Forbes.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Not this guy though -- what the  
fuck is he even doing here? He  
read the Forbes article, too, but  
he already had a job.

72 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - DAY (MAR '92) 72

CLOSE ON two BROKERS wrestling while others cheer them  
on. PULL BACK to reveal the place from the opening. 300  
young Brokers and their hot ASSISTANTS work the phones.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Within months, we doubled in size,  
moved to even bigger offices.

Two other Brokers pump themselves up, chest-bumping and  
screaming like football players.

JORDAN (V.O.)

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

73 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - MEN'S ROOM - DAY (MAR '92) 73

In a stall, two Brokers snort coke, while another Broker fucks a Sales Assistant perched on the sink.

JORDAN (V.O.)

I had to declare 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.)

Actually the madness started on our very first day, when one of our brokers, Ben Jenner, christened the elevator by getting a blowjob from a sales assistant.

74 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - LOBBY - DAY (JAN '92) 74

Two dozen Brokers cheer, watching through the rising glass elevator as BEN JENNER, 25, gets a blowjob from a brunette SALES ASSISTANT. \*

JORDAN (V.O.)

Her name was Pam and to her credit, she did have an amazing technique, with this wild twist and jerk motion.

75 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY (FEB '92) 75

As Pam blows Jordan, Donnie fucks her from behind.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Eventually Ben married her, which was pretty amazing considering she blew every guy in the office.

75A INSERT POLAROID - (JUN '92) 75A

A wedding photo of Ben and Pam.

JORDAN (V.O.)

He got depressed and killed himself three years later.



75B INSERT POLAROID - (JUN '95) 75B

A crime scene photo; Ben in his underwear, dead on a bathroom floor, a gun near his head, which oozes blood.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Anyway, in an attempt to maintain order, I hired my dad Max as defacto CFO and head of the Gestapo.

75C INT. JORDAN'S PARENTS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 75C

MAX BELFORT sits smoking, watching a rerun of "The Equalizer" on TV. His wife, LEAH, does needlepoint.

JORDAN (V.O.)

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

The phone RINGS.

MAX

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

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.

Greatly agitated, Max stomps toward the phone.

JORDAN (V.O.)

This was his other persona -- the super polite, ever-gracious Sir Max.

MAX

(into phone)  
Hello?... Yes, Gene, right-ee.  
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 a blue streak as he stomps back to his chair.

76 SCENE 76 OMITTED 76

77 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY 77  
(MAR '92)

Holding a HEADSHOT of the Dwarf from the opening, Jordan sits talking with Donnie, Robbie and Rugrat.

JORDAN

What if he gets hurt?

ROBBIE

He'll be wearing a helmet. Plus they've got, like, superhuman strength anyway.

DONNIE

I did hear you're not supposed to make direct eye contact. If you look at them too long in their eyes they get freaked out - their wires cross.

JORDAN

I think there's a limit to how far we can go... I mean we can throw shit at him and -

DONNIE

They have a lot of feelings.

JORDAN

There's a specific thing that they'll do - You can throw him at a dart board but if you want him to show his cock or -

ROBBIE

Yes, that's what this guy does.

RUGRAT

That's his gift.

ROBBIE

Can we also bowl with him?

RUGRAT

His brother is actually the bowler.

ROBBIE

They strap a skateboard to him and  
throw him down an alley.

RUGRAT

They're ornery, too, the little  
pricks. You gotta be careful.

JORDAN

Get some tranq darts.

DONNIE

A little straitjacket.

JORDAN

What's the liability on something  
like this?

RUGRAT

That's a whole different thing. I  
can get on the phone with some  
people. I can talk to the  
insurance company and tell them  
exactly what we're going to do.  
But I think we go back to the same  
plan - loophole - if we don't  
really consider them people I  
think we are in the clear.

DONNIE

I think we should keep one in the  
office because I think they're  
good luck.

JORDAN

Treat it like the fuckin' thing it  
is. He's coming in. We're paying  
him for something. Treat him with  
respect. And you just shake his  
hand like you don't even think  
anything's wrong.

DONNIE

You just look like something else  
is going on.

RUGRAT

You don't look at his eyes.

DONNIE

Say "thank you for being here".

ROBBIE

You don't turn your back on him.  
It's a sign of disrespect.

DONNIE

If you want a cracker or something  
- I'm gonna have some treats in my  
pocket. I want to be in a strip  
club with you guys. Literally pull  
out a brief case and have a little  
fuckin' guy pop out of there. You  
know how much fuckin' pussy you  
get?

JORDAN

The point is get it out.

DONNIE

Get the jokes out now. Get the  
fuckin' jokes out now.

JORDAN

You're gonna fuck it up. Purge all  
this shit right now.

DONNIE

That's what I'm saying -

JORDAN

When he comes in the room, I want  
him to feel like a human being -

DONNIE

Business. Business. It's fuckin'  
business, bro.

JORDAN

I want him to feel just like a  
normal human being. Cause you know  
- like one of us. One of us.

DONNIE

Like he's an actual human being.  
One of us.

JORDAN

Gobble, gobble we accept you, one  
of us! One of us!

ALL

One of us.

Janet pokes her head in.

JANET

Your dad's coming. With the  
American Express bill.

JORDAN

Can you stop him?

JANET

Fuck you, you stop him.

The guys straighten up and head to desk, settle in. Max blows in past her, waving a 3-inch-thick bill: \*

MAX

\$430,000 dollars in one month!!  
Four-hundred-and-thirty-thousand  
dollars in one month!!

JORDAN

Hello, Father. \*

(Max's expression  
doesn't budge)

They're business expenses. Just relax. \*

The guys titter at "business expenses."

MAX

If you bastards don't wipe those  
smug fucking looks off your faces,  
I swear to God I'm gonna wipe 'em  
off for you!

(back to Jordan)

Are you insane?

ROBBIE \*

Actually, Max, my portion of the  
bill is hardly anything, so I'm on  
the same page as you --

MAX

Shut the fuck up, Feinberg, you  
only have a portion because of my  
son, you worthless twerp!

DONNIE

(chuckles)

Twerp.

MAX

You zip it, too, Azoff, those  
boiling teeth of yours are hurting  
my fucking eyes!

(turning to Jordan)

My own son! From my very loins!  
What do you think this is? \*

JORDAN

Will you calm down --

MAX

You don't think there's any end in  
sight, do you? It's all one giant  
party to you schmendricks!

MAX (CONT'D)  
(holds up AMEX bill)  
\$26,000 for one dinner!!

JORDAN  
Donnie ordered sides.

DONNIE  
Yeah, that was... Sorry.

MAX  
(glowering)  
What is EJ Entertainment? What is  
EJ Entertainment?!

JORDAN  
(restraining a grin)  
You tell me, Dad.

MAX  
It's a goddamn prostitution ring  
is what it is!!

Jordan feigns shock, turns to Donnie: did you know it was  
a prostitution ring?!

DONNIE  
Doesn't the IRS allow for T&A?

MAX  
It's T&E and stop fucking with me!  
What kind of hookers take credit  
cards, anyway?!

Jordan takes the bill, starts flipping through it.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
In Stratton parlance, there were  
three kinds of hookers. There  
were blue chips, the top of the  
line. Model material. They were  
priced between \$300 and \$500 and  
made you wear a condom unless you  
gave them a hefty tip, which I  
always did.

77A

A "BLUE CHIP" HOOKER FLOATS THROUGH, SURROUNDED BY  
STRATTON BROKERS.

\*77A  
\*

JORDAN (V.O.)  
Then came NASDAQs, who were  
pretty, but not great, usually  
in the two to three hundred  
dollar range.

77B A "NASDAQ" HOOKER DANCES THROUGH BULLPEN. STRATTON BROKERS WATCH. \*77B \*

JORDAN (V.O.)  
Finally there were pink sheets,  
skanks, the bottom of the barrel.

77C A "PINK SHEET" HOOKER, COVERED IN TATTOOS, IS ON ALL FOURS AS SEA OTTER RIDES HER LIKE A PONY. \*77C \*

JORDAN (V.O.)  
They usually cost a hundred or less, and if you didn't wear a condom, you'd get a penicillin shot the next day and pray your dick didn't fall off.

77D THE ABOVE-MENTIONED "PINK SHEET" HOOKER SITS ON A STOOL, AS SEA OTTER FUCKS HER. \*77D \*

JORDAN (V.O.)  
Not that we didn't fuck them, too.  
Believe me, we did.

Behind him, the other guys wait their turns. \*

77E BACK TO SCENE 77E

Max continues to steam so Jordan ushers Robbie, Rugrat and Donnie out the door.

JORDAN  
Give us a minute, will you, guys?

He closes the door, then stretches a bit, exaggeratedly, letting out a little moan.

MAX  
What's the matter?

JORDAN  
Nothing, just... My back's been killing me. Pain shooting down my leg. Not to worry, it'll pass.

MAX  
What do the doctors say?

JORDAN  
Doctors, what do they know? I'm on like twenty different medications.  
(re: the Amex bill)  
Look, I know it's hard for you to make sense of these expenses, but there's a method here, okay? \*

Max waits to hear it; Jordan gestures to the bullpen \*

MAX

And you have to lead by example,  
is that it?

(Jordan nods)

I'm tellin' ya, kid, one of these  
days... one of these days the  
chickens are gonna come home to  
roost. \*

JORDAN \*

In order to keep these guys  
working, I gotta keep 'em  
spending. I need to keep them  
chasing the dream. You flash some  
cash, they do the same. It keeps  
them motivated. \*

MAX \*

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

JORDAN \*

I could afford to pay them more,  
but then they wouldn't need me as  
much. And as long as they need me  
they'll always fear me. I know it  
sounds crazy. \*

MAX \*

Crazy? This... is obscene. \*

He turns and exits. Jordan watches him go, thinking.

JORDAN (V.O.)

It was obscene -- in the normal  
world. But who wanted to live  
there?

78

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - SOUTH HAMPTON - DAY (JUN '92)

78

Massive, with an Olympic-size pool overlooking the beach.  
Dozens of luxury cars parked outside. On a balcony,  
Jordan is mid-speech, in a bathing suit, addressing the  
Strattonites below, Teresa at his side.

JORDAN (O.C.)

-- so enjoy yourselves, you all  
deserve a celebration. 'Cept for  
Kimmie, she's lazy and she steals. \*

(off laughter, Kimmie

flips him the bird; \*

he blows her a kiss)

But, everybody, keep this in mind.



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

As my friend Donnie Azoff says,  
"If you wanna party with the boys,  
you gotta wake up with the men."  
Monday morning I want you all  
looking razor-sharp. Cuz  
Stratton's got a few things on the  
horizon, things that're gonna take  
it right up into the fucking  
stratosphere!

The Crowd goes nuts. One Broker lets loose a wolf-howl,  
and the crowd toasts Jordan, chanting his name.

CROWD

Jor-dan! Jor-dan! Jor-dan!

As Jordan looks down smiling like a benevolent dictator --

JORDAN (PRE-LAP)

Fuck Merrill Lynch, this way we  
become the underwriters.

ROBBIE (PRE-LAP)

Like an investment bank.

\*

79

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

79

GORGEOUS PEOPLE dance/drink/snort coke. Upstairs, Jordan  
plays pool with Sea Otter, Donnie, Robbie, Toby and  
Rugrat, assigning ludes with every pocketed ball.

JORDAN

Exactly. We do our own IPO's and  
we will print money.

SEA OTTER

Eat like a bird, shit like an  
elephant, baby!

JORDAN

They can take their Harvard asses  
under our desks and suck our  
cocks.

(to Rugrat)

How soon can you get the paperwork  
filed?

RUGRAT

(super-stoned)  
Can't we talk about this Monday?

JORDAN

It's a simple fucking question.

RUGRAT

Except I'm looking at three of you  
right now.

ROBBIE

We've got Arncliffe National,  
they're looking to go public,  
we've got --

DONNIE

(very luded)  
Oh, oh, Steve... Steve...

JORDAN

What?

DONNIE

...Steve... M-m-madden...

Donnie gesticulates wildly. The guys crack up. WE PUSH  
IN ON Donnie, practically drooling, as Jordan gives us a  
quick tutorial on ludes...

79A

QUAALUDE TUTORIAL

\*79A

CUT TO: Extreme close up of guys doing drugs.

\*

JORDAN (V.O.)

The quaalude was first synthesized  
in 1951 by an Indian doctor --  
that's dot Indian, not feathers --  
as a sedative, and was prescribed  
to stressed housewives with sleep  
disorders. Pretty soon someone  
figured out that if you resisted  
the urge to sleep for fifteen  
minutes, you got a pretty kick-ass  
high from it. Didn't take long  
for people to start abusing ludes,  
'course, and in 1982 the U.S.  
Government Schedule One'd them,  
along with the rest of the world.  
Which meant there was only a  
finite amount of these things  
left. No shit, you can't even  
find 'em anymore today. You  
people're all shit outta luck.

79B

BACK TO SCENE

\*79B

JORDAN

(to Donnie)  
What're you saying, buddy?  
(to the others)  
Shhhh... listen to him...

DONNIE

Ssshhhhoes... shhhooeess...

Jordan suspects Donnie may actually be onto something.  
But just then...

SEA OTTER

Holy fuck.

Jordan peers over the balcony where Sea Otter's looking.

NAOMI LAPAGLIA. 22, the hottest blonde ever, has entered the party with her date BLAIR. She smiles, full lips parting over perfect white teeth, a ridiculously short dress barely covering her long tan legs and full breasts.

RUGRAT

My nutsack's about to explode.

ROBBIE

Someone's gotta take that down.

\*

There's no debate who that someone should be. Eyes locked on Naomi, Jordan makes his way downstairs.

WITH NAOMI taking in the party, her eyes flitting to things: art, chandeliers, crystal, etc.

NAOMI (V.O.)

A lotta people would look at me and think: "golddigger, she's out to land the richest husband she can." But you see, I came from nothing. Like, below the poverty line. And when you come from nothing, being rich means never having to go back to that.

Jordan approaches CRISTY, 20s, one of his guests.

CRISTY

Jordan, hey.  
(he smiles; Cristy  
picks up his intent)  
Have you met my friend Naomi?

Jordan takes Naomi's hand, doesn't let go.

JORDAN

Naomi.

NAOMI

You have an awesome house. I don't think I've ever been in a house like this.

JORDAN

You like it? I just got it. I guess it's okay. Six bedrooms, two hot-tubs, one off the master suite overlooking the water. You like to jet-ski?

Naomi's date Blair offers his hand to break them apart. Toby Welch lurks behind him, giving him the evil-eye.

BLAIR

Hi. Blair Hollingsworth.

Jordan barely acknowledges him, focused on Naomi.

Outside, HILDY AZOFF chats with Teresa. Her eyes stray to Jordan chatting up Naomi. Teresa's eyes follow hers and sees them. Ouch. Hildy goes.

JORDAN

You're telling me you've never jet-ski'ed in your life?!

NAOMI

Never.

BLAIR

Y'know, we really should hit it, there's two other parties we're s'posed to get to --

JORDAN

What? You just got here. Stay.

Naomi looks like she'd like to. Hildy approaches, introduces herself, then:

HILDY

Jordan, Teresa needs your help.

JORDAN

With what?

HILDY

I dunno, you'll have to ask your wife what she wants.

Jordan sees: Teresa is watching from afar.

DONNIE(O.S.)

Oh sweet Jesus!

Jordan turns to see a drunk Donnie, cock in hand, jerking off to Naomi. Hildy comes running over.

HILDY

Donnie! What the fuck are you doing?!

During the melee that follows -- Hildy admonishing Donnie, Blair removing Naomi from the party --

JORDAN (V.O.)

The day I met Naomi was the day I truly became the Wolf. Every guy wanted her -- so I had to have her.

-- Jordan watches her go. Naomi shoots a glance back to him and, like that, he's hooked.

80 SCENES 80 - 81 OMITTED 80

82 INT. SIGN OF THE DOVE - MANHATTAN - NIGHT (JUN '92) 82

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

JORDAN

Bay Ridge. That's near Staten Island?

NAOMI

Brooklyn, across the Verrazano Bridge. Guinea gulch. Ever been?

JORDAN

You're Italian?

NAOMI

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

JORDAN

That explains it then.

NAOMI

What?

JORDAN

(smiles)

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

Naomi smiles, flags a passing WAITER.

NAOMI

Could I have a straw please?

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

NAOMI (CONT'D)

So I was a little surprised you asked Cristy for my number.

JORDAN

How come?

NAOMI

Aren't you married?

JORDAN

Married people can't have friends?

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

NAOMI

So I don't stain my teeth.

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

83

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

83

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

NAOMI (O.S.)

--then at night I do my designs.

84

INT. JORDAN'S FERRARI - CONTINUOUS

84

Jordan drives, Naomi next to him.

NAOMI

An entire line of lingerie --  
camisoles, bustiers, panties.

Jordan glances over -- her dress is riding up her thigh.

JORDAN (V.O.)

She designs panties?! Jesus  
fucking Christ!

Naomi smiles.

JORDAN

Sounds like something I might  
invest in. Venture capital.

NAOMI

Well we should definitely keep in touch, then.

JORDAN

Absolutely.

He pulls over outside her brownstone.

NAOMI

That's me.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Think, Jordan, think! How can you get up to her apartment?!

They look at each other. We can almost hear Jordan's heart pounding.

NAOMI

You wanna come up for some tea?

85

INT. NAOMI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

85

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

NAOMI

Say hi, Rocky.

Naomi waves Rocky's paw. Jordan smiles.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

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

Jordan nods, takes in her scent as she walks away.

JORDAN (V.O.)

God, please help me. How can I fuck this girl?

As he crouches by the fireplace, his skypager vibrates. He checks the readout: "Teresa". His face falls as he hits the "silent" button, mind racing with guilt.

JORDAN (V.O.)

That's it, you're leaving. You're going home to your wife.

Jordan stands, turns around -- NAOMI is in the doorway, naked except for high heels.

JORDAN (V.O.)

As you can probably guess, I fucked her goddamn brains out.

86 INT. NAOMI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 86

Rocky yaps incessantly as Jordan pounds away atop Naomi.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
For eleven seconds.

Jordan cums loudly, convulsively.

JORDAN  
I'm sorry, I--

NAOMI  
Did you cum?

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

Jordan looks down at her.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Being inside her... was like your  
cock went to heaven and God  
himself was cupping your balls.

And as they start fucking again...

87 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY 87  
(JUN '92)

Jordan sits at his desk, telephone to his ear.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
I couldn't get enough.

88 INT. NAOMI'S APARTMENT - DAY (JUN '92) 88

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

JORDAN (V.O.)  
Every chance we got, we'd sneak  
off together...

89 INT. LIMOSINE - NIGHT (AUG '92) 89

Giggling like a child, Jordan pours coke from a vial,  
creating a little mound atop one of Naomi's breasts.

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



More giggling, then he snorts the coke off her breast, burying his face in it as he climbs on top of her. Naomi laughs uncontrollably as the limo glides to a stop. The door opens from outside -- the Doorman?

TERESA (O.S.)

Get out of the fucking car.

Jordan looks up, locks eyes with Teresa. He jumps off Naomi, stumbles out, closing the door behind himself.

90

EXT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

90

JORDAN

What are you doing home?

TERESA

That whore from the party?  
How could you do this to me?!

The limo takes off. Teresa starts crying...

JORDAN

I thought you were at the beach house, I--

TERESA

I married you when you had nothing--

JORDAN

Teresa... I don't know what to say.

TERESA

You're like a totally different person.

JORDAN

I'm not. I'm sorry. I made a mistake, okay?

TERESA

Tell me you don't love her.

JORDAN

I...

TERESA

(off his silence)  
Jordan?

Jordan says nothing. Finally, Teresa starts sobbing.

JORDAN (V.O.)

I felt horrible.

Jordan holds her, letting her cry.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
Three days later I filed for  
divorce and moved Naomi into the  
apartment.

91 INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - DUSK 91  
(SEP '92)

Completely remodelled, all new furniture. Jordan and  
Naomi 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.

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

JORDAN  
Thank you, Nicholas.

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

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
He was smart, sophisticated,  
really great. Except for that  
one time...

92 SCENES 92 - 94 OMITTED \* 92

95 INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT \* 95

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

NAOMI  
Omigod!

96 INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 96

Jordan sits across from a very shaken Naomi.

NAOMI  
He must have thought I was at my  
mother's.

JORDAN  
Where were they? In the bedroom?

NAOMI  
They were right here!

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

NAOMI (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.

97

INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - LIBRARY - DAY  
(OCT '92)

97

With Nicholas seated in a chair, Jordan sits across from him. Pacing behind him is Donnie, coked-up, face contorted, frothing with rage. Nearby, giant Chester Ming sits quietly, saying nothing.

JORDAN

I just want my stuff back, okay?

NICHOLAS THE BUTLER

I didn't take anything.

DONNIE

(in his face)

I should kill you, cocksucker!  
You do not fuck with this man!

Jordan holds Donnie off. Turns back to Nicholas.

JORDAN

You were high, things got out of control, I get it. Believe me I do, I have a Phd in debauchery.

NICHOLAS THE BUTLER

I didn't do it.

DONNIE

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

JORDAN

Just give me the money, give me the jewelry, and we'll forget the whole thing.

NICHOLAS THE BUTLER

It's because I'm gay, isn't it?

JORDAN

Nicholas. You could fuck a baby sheep as far as I care, on my brand new fucking sofa. What I won't stand for is being robbed.

NICHOLAS THE BUTLER

I'm telling you the truth.

JORDAN

I'll ask you one last time.

DONNIE

You're dead, you piece of shit!

NICHOLAS THE BUTLER

Jordan, please.

JORDAN

Fine.

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

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

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

Chester starts to hang Nicholas over the balcony by his legs. Jordan stops him.

JORDAN (V.O.)

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

98

INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - FOYER - DAY

98

With the bloodied Nicholas 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 Nicholas had done. Then they kicked his ass.

As the Cops swat Nicholas with their nightsticks:

COP #1

Fuckin' thief, huh?

COP #2

Piece of shit.

And as they hustle Nicholas out...

JORDAN (V.O.)  
Loyalty, like I said. Which was  
the key component to my incredible  
fucking success.

98A EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY (OCT '92) 98A

As Jordan golfs with Donnie, Chester, Robbie, Toby and  
some hookers, Brad pulls up in a golf cart with a cash-  
filled gym bag. \*

JORDAN (V.O.)  
Besides Brad, I had eight other  
'ratholes', close friends who'd  
own stock on paper, but kick the  
profits back to me after I drove  
the price through the roof.

They hug, then Jordan adds the gym bag to several others  
on the back of his golf cart. Donnie tries to befriend  
Brad; Brad isn't interested.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
The SEC knew I was doing something  
shady, but they couldn't figure  
out what the fuck it was.

99 SCENES 99 - 100 OMITTED 99

101 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - (ANOTHER) DAY 101

Jordan, Max and securities lawyer MANNY RISKIN exit the  
kitchen with coffees.

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

FREEZE FRAME - Manny stuffs a cruller into his mouth.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
My securities attorney, Manny  
Riskin. Seven hundred an hour to  
be the voice of doom. \*

BACK TO SCENE

JORDAN  
It's under control. Will you  
relax already?

Just then, Max spots a BROKER break-dancing as three other Brokers look on...

MAX

What the fuck is this imbecile doing?!

Max crosses off, starts screaming at the break-dancing Broker. Jordan keeps walking with Manny.

JORDAN (V.O.)

The SEC sent two lawyers down to review our files, so I set them up in our conference room.

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

JORDAN (V.O.)

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. Manny follows Jordan toward the bullpen, his frenzied Brokers working the phones.

JORDAN (V.O.)

So here they were, looking for a smoking gun while I was firing a bazooka right under their noses. It was our first IPO, and we were driving the stock price to the fucking moon.

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!

Jordan speaks directly to camera as he continues walking through the bullpen.

JORDAN

See an IPO is an initial public offering, the first time a stock is offered for sale to the general population.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

As the firm taking the company public, we set the initial price, then sold those shares back to --  
(stops; then)

You know what, you're probably not following what I'm saying. The question is, "was it legal?" Absolutely not. But we were making more money that we knew what to do with.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

102 SCENE 102 OMITTED 102

102A EXT. BANK - DAY - ESTABLISHING (OCT '92) 102A

103 INT. BANK - SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT - DAY (OCT '92) 103

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

JORDAN (V.O.)

But I figured it out.

\*

CLOSE ON - a huge diamond engagement ring.

NAOMI (O.C.)

Omigod!!

104 INT. FOUR SEASONS RESTAURANT - NIGHT (OCT '92) 104

Jordan is down on one knee, proposing; Naomi hyperventilates as he puts the ring on her finger -- a seven carat, yellow canary diamond in a platinum setting.

JORDAN (V.O.)

I held my bachelor party at the Tangiers in Las Vegas -- one last blowout for the Gods before I settled down for good.

\*

105 SCENE 105 OMITTED 105

106 INT. TRANS CAPITAL AIRLINES - JUMBO JET - NIGHT \*106

Inside a jumbo jet, a wild, mid-air party is in progress.

JORDAN (V.O.)

A hundred Strattonites flew in with fifty hookers and enough drugs to open a pharmacy.

Various images -- Stratton Brokers drink, do coke, a half-dozen in mid-orgy with Hookers, naked in the aisle as others pour champagne on them.

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

107 PERIOD VEGAS ADS \*107

108 INT. TANGIERS - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DAY \*108

The Tangiers Presidential Suite is a shambles on the level of Hiroshima. A giant crystal chandelier lays shattered on the floor; Jordan asleep in the massive bed, a Blue Chip Hooker on either side of him; other passed-out BODIES lay amid debris and broken, toppled furniture.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
But the wedding was like something  
out of a fairy tale--

109 EXT. OCEAN CLUB - BAHAMAS - SUNSET (DEC '92) 109

Gorgeous; tropical. Hundreds of FAMILY and FRIENDS (Janet, Toby Welch, Peter DeBlasio and Kimmie Belzer) look on as Jordan and Naomi walk up the aisle.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
--with Naomi my Duchess, me her  
handsome Duke and The Bahamas  
Ocean Club our castle.

110 INT. OCEAN CLUB - BAHAMAS - BALLROOM - NIGHT 110

Jordan and Naomi 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.

111 INT. OCEAN CLUB - BAHAMAS - BALLROOM - LATER 111

As Jordan and Naomi mingle with a few Strattonites, videographer BARRY KLEINMAN, 40s, approaches Rugrat and his DATE, ABBY with a video camera:



BARRY KLEINMAN  
I'm Barry Kleinman, filming the  
wedding -- would you like to say  
something to Jordan and Naomi?

RUGRAT / ABBY  
Good luck! We love you!

Across the way, Naomi spots someone through the crowd--

NAOMI  
Omigod! Aunt Emma!

Naomi rushes over, hugs her AUNT EMMA, 50s, demure,  
British. Naomi turns, calls out to Jordan, who is now in  
a huddle with the guys, his back to her.

NAOMI (CONT'D)  
Jordan! Look!

Jordan turns, then crosses to them, smiling.

AUNT EMMA  
Jordan dear, how lovely.

JORDAN  
It's so nice to see you again.

As he leans in to hug her, Aunt Emma spots some white  
powder on the edge of Jordan's nostril. Deftly, she  
wipes it off, smiling.

AUNT EMMA  
Into the donuts, I see.

JORDAN  
Oh, I'm--- uh...

Aunt Emma leans in to his ear.

AUNT EMMA  
I lived through the 60s, my dear.  
Enjoy the day.

And with that, she turns back to Naomi.

112

EXT. BAHAMAS - MARINA - DAY (DEC '92)

112

With Naomi 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.

NAOMI

What is this?

JORDAN

Your wedding present. Check out the name.

She does; it's called "Naomi". As she squeals, hugs him-

JORDAN (V.O.)

For three weeks we sailed the Naomi through the Caribbean--

113 INT. YACHT NAOMI - DAY (DEC '92) 113

The camera PUSHES IN past a white-jacketed STEWARD, who opens the door to the yacht's main salon; next we see the living room, with its full bar and leather couches; then the bedroom, with a king bed and monogrammed sheets.

JORDAN (V.O.)

--eventually taking her home to Long Island, where we'd bought a house.

114 EXT. CARIBBEAN - OPEN OCEAN - DAY (DEC '92 - JAN '93) 114

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

JORDAN (V.O.)

Seven acres on the Gold Coast of Long Island--

115-115K EXT./INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - DAY (APR '93) 115-115K

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

JORDAN (V.O.)

--the most expensive real estate in the world, with maids, cooks, landscapers, you name it.

115L WE SEE the household STAFF lined up outside the house. 115L

JORDAN (V.O.)

We even had two guards who worked in shifts, both named Rocco.

116 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY (FEB '95) 116

Amid billowing piles of white Chinese silk, Jordan sleeps on his back, snoring blissfully.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
It was heaven on earth.

On screen WE SEE:

**18 MONTHS LATER**

Splash! A glass of water hits him in the face.

NAOMI  
Wake up, you bag of shit!

Soaking wet, Jordan sits upright to see Naomi standing over him in a tiny pink chemise, holding an empty glass.

JORDAN  
The fuck are you doing?!

NAOMI  
Who's Venice?

JORDAN  
What?!

NAOMI  
Who is she?! Some little hooker  
you fucked last night?

JORDAN  
What? No! Naomi!

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

117 INT. HOTEL ROOM - THE NIGHT BEFORE (FEB '95) 117

Jordan lies on the ground, hands tied with a lit candle  
up his ass. \*

JORDAN \*

Venice, where are you? \*

VENICE, A Blue Chip Hooker, enters, pulls out a candle  
and straddles him. She drips wax on his back and pulls  
his hair. \*

118 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY (FEB '95) 118

Back to scene. Naomi holds another full glass, rocking  
back and forth on the balls of her feet like a fighter.

NAOMI

You were calling her name in your sleep!

JORDAN

I can explain everything.

NAOMI

Go ahead. More lies from the man who lies for a living!

JORDAN

No, really. Donnie and me, we're investing in a condo development in Venice.

NAOMI

Italy?!

JORDAN

California, baby.

NAOMI

Yeah, right.

JORDAN

Duchess, come on.

NAOMI

Don't 'Duchess' me, you scumbag. You think I don't know what you're up to? You're a father now and you act like an infant!

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

JORDAN

Fuck. Naomi! Why are you so mad?

NAOMI

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

119

EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - YARD - NIGHT (FEB '95)

119

Jordan crash-lands the helicopter on the driving range. He exits, gives Captain Dave a salute, fights his way through the bushes, then stumbles toward the house and falls into the pool, stoned out of his skull. Security floodlights come on and the alarm sounds.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

NAOMI (O.S.)

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

120

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY (FEB '95)

120

Back to scene. Naomi holds another glass of water.

NAOMI

But why should you give a shit? You're not the one who researched the fucking thing and dealt with the fucking golf course people!

JORDAN

You're an aspiring landscape architect?! But what happened to wine connoisseur? Oh wait, that was last month!

NAOMI

Fuck you!

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

NAOMI (CONT'D)

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

(re: his crotch)

And don't think that impresses me much.

Jordan looks down: he has a morning erection.

JORDAN

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

NAOMI

Kiss you?!

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

JORDAN

Where the fuck were you last night?

JORDAN (V.O.)

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

120A INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - STEAM SHOWER - DAY 120A

Jordan stands in the steaming shower.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
Next it was a steam so I could  
sweat out whatever drugs were  
still in my system.

120B INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 120B

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.)  
What kind of maniac abuses eye  
drops?

121 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - DRESSING ROOM - DAY (FEB '95) 121

Fully dressed and standing amid hundreds of suits, Jordan  
pops two white pills, swigs some juice.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
Then I'd get dressed, take my  
"back pills" to get me started,  
then attempt to make up with her.

122 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - SKYLAR'S ROOM - DAY (FEB '95) 122

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

JORDAN  
Hey, Skylar.

NAOMI  
(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?

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

Naomi lays back on her elbows, thighs parted - she's  
wearing no panties. The wind goes out of Jordan.

JORDAN  
C'mon, Nay, please. You know how  
sorry I am. I swear I--

NAOMI  
(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! And Mommy's  
so sick and tired of wearing  
panties, uhhh. In fact she's  
decided to throw them all away.  
(parting her thighs)  
So take a good look. You'll be  
seeing an awful lot of it around  
the house, but no touching.

She licks her lips seductively. Jordan sets Skylar  
aside, starts grovelling.

NAOMI (CONT'D)  
What's wrong, Daddy?

Naomi slips her index finger in her mouth, starts sucking  
it. Jordan can barely speak.

JORDAN  
C'mon, why are you doing this?  
I said I'm sorry.

NAOMI  
(pouting)  
Ohhhh poor, poor Dada. He loves to  
say how wrong he is when he's  
ready to come in his own pants.  
Isn't that right Dada? Mommy loves  
Daddy so, so much and there's  
nothing she wants to do more right  
now than to make love to Daddy all  
day long. Well, I guess it's time  
for Daddy to be taught his first  
lesson.

Naomi runs her fingers over her stomach and on to her inner thigh, then up toward her vagina. Jordan watches transfixed, then a change comes over him...

JORDAN

I wouldn't do that if I were you Mommy. I think Mommy should hear a story before she decides to please herself like that.

Can Daddy tell Mommy a story?

(off her nod)

And does mommy promise to keep her legs spread wide, wide open the whole time?

(she nods dreamily)

Good. 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 the possessions they had, there was one thing that was much more valuable than all the rest combined, and that was their little baby daughter.

Naomi listens, legs still spread, hand on her crotch.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Now because he was very security-conscious, the Daddy hired two full-time guards, big hairy men both named Rocco, and they installed security cameras all around the house. And one of those cameras is right over Daddy's shoulder.

Naomi's eyes widen -- she look toward a Teddy Bear on a shelf. WE SEE that one of the eyes is a pinhole camera.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

So smile, Mommy! You're on Candid Camera!

123 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - GUARD HOUSE - DAY (FEB '95) 123

Mesmerized, ROCCO DAY watches a video screen, on which we see a grainy image of Naomi, hand between her legs.

124 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - SKYLAR'S BEDROOM - DAY (FEB '95) 124

Naomi jumps up as if she's been electrocuted.

NAOMI

You asshole!



As she bolts from the room, Jordan plays with Skylar...

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.

125

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - OUTSIDE JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY  
(FEB '95)

125

Donnie stands talking with Jordan's assistant, Janet.  
Jordan approaches under a head of steam.

DONNIE

There he is.

JORDAN

(a quick hug; then)  
Steve here yet?

DONNIE

On his way. Very excited.

JORDAN

Good. Cuz we have a problem.

He indicates out to the Bullpen. Donnie and Janet look.

JANET

(incredulous)  
Is he wearing a bow tie?

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

JORDAN

He's got nothing better to do on the day of the biggest IPO in this firm's history?!

Jordan watches as Donnie marches toward the Broker in a bowtie...

126

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

126

DONNIE

The fuck you doing?

BROKER IN A BOWTIE

(bewildered)  
Cleaning my fishbowl.

DONNIE

Oh.

Donnie nods, turns to go, but suddenly he turns back and thrusts his arm in the bowl, grabbing for the squirming goldfish. The Broker in a bowtie looks on, horrified.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

On new issue day?! On  
cocksucking, motherfucking  
new issue day?!

Dozen of Brokers and Sales Assistants look over as Donnie snatches up the fish. Holding it by its tail, he jumps up on the desk of the Broker in a bowtie. Now the entire Bullpen looks over. \*

DONNIE (CONT'D)

This is what happens when you fuck  
with your pets on new issue day!

With the flair of a showman, Donnie pops the fish in his mouth, swallowing it whole. The Brokers cheer wildly. Donnie jumps down, gets in the face of the Broker in a bowtie:

DONNIE (CONT'D)

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

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

127

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY  
(FEB '95)

127

Jordan finishes a phone call as Donnie 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  
Donnie's, but I didn't hold that  
against him. Remember those ads,  
those giant-headed girls with bug  
eyes wearing those big clunky  
shoes?

127A

INSERT - a quick series of Steve Madden ads.

127A

JORDAN (V.O.)

He came to me a few years earlier when he was just starting out, so I became a silent partner in his company, buying an 85% stake for only a million bucks.

128 INT. STEVE MADDEN SHOES - DAY 128

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

JORDAN (V.O.)

The company blew up and we were now taking it public. It was the biggest deal we'd ever done and the hottest IPO on Wall Street.

129 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY (FEB '95) 129

Jordan and Donnie sit with Steve Madden in mid-conversation.

DONNIE

--which is why they need to meet you.

JORDAN

You gotta get 'em fired up so they'll push the shit out of this stock.

DONNIE

Let them feel your passion.

130 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - DAY (FEB '95) 130

Bustling with activity. With Jordan and Donnie looking on from 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 --

ONE BROKER

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.

ANOTHER BROKER

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.

KALIL

Move the mike closer.

PETER DEBLASIO

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 like I said 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!

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. Steve's  
power, his gift -- is that he  
creates trends. Artists like  
Steve come along once a century!  
Elvis! Andy Warhol! Giorgio  
Armani! Who knows how high this  
stock could go? The 20s? The  
50s? The 80s?

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  
little secret about this  
telephone -- 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)

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.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

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 to the Crowd. Brokers go nuts, fighting over it like a home-run ball.

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)

You have an obligation here, people! To your clients! To this firm! An obligation to yourself, goddammit! You ram Steve Madden 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.

130A INT. FBI OFFICES - MANHATTAN - DAY 130A

Agent Denham exits the elevator, arriving for work. He strides between cubicles, briefcase in hand. He enters --

130B INT. AGENT DENHAM'S OFFICE - DAY 130B

-- where pinned up on one wall is a massive chart on Stratton's operations: pictures of Jordan, Donnie and others, a hierarchy, a history, an investigation...

131 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - LATER (FEB '95) 131

Total sales frenzy. The CAMERA PANS the 300 Brokers, who work the phones like mad.

SEA OTTER YOUNG BROKER  
--the hottest new issue on Wall Street! --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.

We continue PANNING the frenzied Brokers...

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.

132 SCENES 132 - 133 OMITTED 132

134 INT. JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY (FEB '95) 134

Donnie pours champagne nearby, oblivious to Jordan, who sits at his desk, speaking directly to camera:

JORDAN

Of the two million shares being offered for sale, a million belonged to me, held in phony accounts by my ratholes. Once the price hit the high teens, I--

Jordan abruptly stops. A beat, then:

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Like I said before, who gives a shit? As always, the point is this--

BACK TO SCENE -- Donnie hands Jordan a glass of Dom.

DONNIE

22 million in three fucking hours!

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

JORDAN

Janet, baby. Drink.

JANET

Call for you. Barry Kleinman from Future Video?

JORDAN

Who?

JANET

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

Curious, Jordan leans over, hits the speaker phone:

JORDAN

Barry?



135 INT. FUTURE VIDEO - DAY (FEB '95) 135

Barry Kleinman sits at his desk, talking on the phone.

BARRY KLEINMAN  
Jordan, hey. Listen, I got a  
subpoena. The FBI wants a copy  
of your wedding video.

On Jordan. Uh-oh.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
The F-B-fucking-I?

135A INT. FIRING RANGE - DAY 135A

Wearing goggles and protective headphones, square-jawed  
FBI Agent Patrick Denham takes target practice.

BO DIETL (V.O.)  
Name's Denham, he's an agent in  
the New York office.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
What's his problem?

BO DIETL (V.O.)  
He's a boy scout, thinks you're  
Gordon Gekko.

135B EXT. RAO'S - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING (MAR '95) 135B

136 INT. RAO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT (MAR '95) 136

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

JORDAN  
But my goddamn wedding video?

BO DIETL  
Got your whole inner circle in one  
place, faces and names. He's  
hoping it rattles you, or maybe  
your wife, so that she starts  
nagging you to turn witness.

JORDAN  
(that's laughable)  
What? He wants me to rat on  
myself?

BO DIETL

(shrugs)  
Good news is I made some calls,  
DEA, Justice? No one but him even  
knows who you are.

JORDAN

Can you bug him or something, tap  
his phone?

BO DIETL

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

JORDAN

Maybe I should call him, see what  
he wants.

BO DIETL

No! Anybody does that should be  
your lawyer. What you do is eat  
your dinner, drink your drink, and  
forget about it. Cuz as far as I  
hear he doesn't have shit.

Jordan nods, wheels turning, pretending to do as told.

136A

SCENE 136A OMITTED

136A

137

EXT. BATTERY PARK MARINA - DAY (LATE SPRING '95)

137

As Agent Denham steps into frame, another FED, AGENT  
HUGHES, beside him, both G-man stoic in impenetrably dark  
glasses --

\*

\*

JORDAN (O.S.)

Patrick? Hey! C'mon aboard!

They look up. On the yacht Naomi, Jordan stands waving,  
drinking wine with two Blue Chip HOOKERS in bikinis.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Plank's right down there.

Denham shares a look with his cohort: it's almost a joke,  
this display of wealth before a federal agent. Moments  
later, they step aboard.

AGENT DENHAM

Mr. Belfort, I'm Agent Denham.  
This is Agent Hughes.

JORDAN

Heya! This is Nicole and,  
um...Heidi. Girls, Patrick and...?

AGENT DENHAM

Agents Denham and Hughes. Your  
message said you wanted to speak  
privately.

JORDAN

It did. I do.  
(off Denham's stare)  
Oh, they're just friends.  
(to the girls)  
Give us a minute, okay?

The Hookers head below deck. Jordan shoots Denham a wink--  
check out that ass!

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Can I get a glass? Got wine open  
or any kinda booze. Shrimp and  
lobster're over there if you're  
hungry.

AGENT DENHAM

Bureau forbids us from drinking at  
sea.

Jordan surprised: the guy has a sense of humor.

JORDAN

I have something for you, I just  
gotta find it. Have a seat, will  
ya? Ever been on one of these  
before?

As Jordan rifles through some papers, Denham's eyes scan  
the deck, casually cataloguing everything.

AGENT DENHAM

A boat? Learned to sail when I was  
six.

JORDAN

I mean, one like this. Just had  
her extended to put a chopper on  
the back.

Jordan points out the Bell-Jet helicopter.

AGENT DENHAM

Never been on a boat with a second  
mode of transportation on top of  
it.

Jordan finds the file he's been looking for, offers it.

AGENT DENHAM (CONT'D)

(before he'll accept)

What is this?

JORDAN

Names and addresses of every guest at my wedding. Friends, clients. I even threw in the seating chart. Heard that's why you wanted the video, figured this'd expedite whatever it is you're doing.

(Denham looks: it's indeed a guest list from the wedding)

I wanted to show you I've got nothing to hide. I know you're investigating Stratton but for the life of me I can't figure out why. Sure, my company is unorthodox; what brokerage isn't? Maybe we're a little louder than most but we don't do anything illegal. Talk to the SEC, they'll tell you, they checked us out up and down.

AGENT DENHAM

The SEC's actually a civil regulatory agency. We pursue criminal activity.

JORDAN

That's what I'm saying. You guys take on real crime. Which is why I'm so curious: what do you think we did?

The reason Jordan asked him here, Denham realizes.

AGENT DENHAM

I can't discuss ongoing investigations.

JORDAN

I understand.

AGENT DENHAM

Though, to be frank, this case kinda got dumped on my desk. Some higher-up felt your shop needed looking into after all that press, fell on me to do the looking.

JORDAN

You know who you should be looking at? Goldman, Lehman Brothers, Merrill.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

What those guys're up to with collateralized debt obligations? This internet stock bullshit? C'mon. If you want, I'll walk you through exactly --

AGENT DENHAM

-- that'd be great. And if there's anything you can give me just to close out your file, get it off my desk--

JORDAN

-- sure, get you back to the real criminals --

AGENT DENHAM

-- then we could both profit from this little sit-down.

Jordan sizes him up: what did Denham mean by "profit"?

JORDAN

You sure you don't want anything to drink? Water for your pal?

(Denham demurs)

Rumor is your started out in finance. Even got your broker's license before you joined the bureau.

AGENT DENHAM

Who told you that?

JORDAN

(searches his memory)

Jeez, who was it...?

(comes up short)

Ever regret it? Giving up the money-crazed, pin-striped life? Ever think where you'd be if you'd stuck with it?

AGENT DENHAM

When I'm riding the subway home, sweating my balls off, in a suit I've worn three days, sure.

JORDAN

Whattaya pull in working at the bureau, if you don't mind me asking. 50-60K a year?

AGENT DENHAM

Just about. We get a free handgun out of it, though, that doesn't suck.

JORDAN

S'crazy, the world we live in, the jobs with real value, the ones we should appreciate -- firefighters, teachers, FBI agents -- those are the ones we pay the least.

AGENT DENHAM

Way of the world.

JORDAN

That's one thing I like about what I do, the opportunity to make that right. Take this kid we had interning last year. Didn't want to be a broker, wanted to be an environmental scientist or something, he had a student loan debts up to his eyeballs. Anyway, his mom gets sick, all they can afford is third-rate care. Some of us got together, made an investment on his behalf and -- boom -- overnight everything changes, she's seeing the best doctors in the country. Sadly, didn't work out, she passed but still: having the power to do that makes all the other bullshit worth while.

(as Denham considers that)

See, it's all about proper guidance, Pat. Knowing someone with the right relationships, who's discreet. I can change a life almost every day.

They measure each other.

AGENT DENHAM

How much that intern make off your deal?

JORDAN

North of half a million.

Denham summons Agent Hughes over. To Jordan:

AGENT DENHAM

Can you say that again, what you told me?

(Jordan declines with a smile; to Agent Hughes)

I believe Mr. Belfort just tried to bribe a federal officer.

JORDAN

What? I was making conversation.

AGENT DENHAM

Sounds like that to me, Jordan.

JORDAN

...no, no, no...

AGENT DENHAM

...sounded like that...

JORDAN

...no, to constitute a bribe, don't I have to make an explicit offer of money for services? With an exact dollar figure attached? All I said was "north" of half a million. According to the U.S. Criminal Code, that dog won't hunt, Pat.

(then)

Heard you were a straight arrow. That you wouldn't bend the rules other agents might. He was right.

AGENT DENHAM

You did a background check on me?

JORDAN

Figured you were looking into me, was only fair. Plus you sail on a yacht fit for a Bond villain, sometimes you gotta act the part.

AGENT DENHAM

This is why you invited me down to your yacht? With a couple hookers on it --

JORDAN

-- those are friends --

AGENT DENHAM

-- to get a sense of the guy who was coming after you?

Jordan puts his hands up: "you got me."

JORDAN

Thanks for coming down. Now get off my boat.

AGENT DENHAM

You know, most of the Wall Street jackasses I bust, they were born to the life.

AGENT DENHAM (CONT'D)

Their father was a douchebag before them, and his father before that. But you, you got this way all on your own. Good for you, Jordan.

(as he starts to go)

Thank you for having us. I'm absolutely certain we'll see each other again.

(before he does)

You know, this is about the nicest boat I've ever been on. Just think what a hero I'll be in the office when the bureau seizes it.

Jordan watches him go, temper flaring: he can't let Denham get the final word. He calls after them:

JORDAN

Hey, Denham! I'm gonna eat a claw of lobster now as I get my cock sucked by Heidi down below. You have a super ride home on the subway thinking about that!

\*

As he watches them pull away, seething --

JORDAN (V.O.)

He was a numbers guy, a follow-the-fucking-money'er. He wasn't gonna come at me through my guys, looking for a weak link and a quick kill. He was gonna come at me like an accountant would, the way Ness got Capone, through my books. Which meant? It was ass-covering time.

138 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY (SUMMER '95) 138

As Naomi looks on, 5 months pregnant, Jordan packs a suitcase.

NAOMI

Switzerland? What the fuck is in Switzerland?

JORDAN

Swiss cheese, Naomi, what do you fucking think?

139 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (SUMMER '95) \*139

Jordan sits talking with Rugrat and Donnie.



JORDAN (V.O.)  
Rugrat set up a meeting with a  
Swiss Banker he knew from law  
school who could launder our  
money, but it wasn't till noon  
the next day.

Jordan glances at his watch, washes down a few ludes.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
I knew if I timed my lude intake  
right, I'd sleep through the  
entire overnight flight.

140 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - DAY (SUMMER '95) 140

Jordan stands before the Bullpen talking to his Brokers.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
At four p.m. I popped a few ludes,  
which started kicking in by the  
time I finished our sales meeting.  
This was the tingle phase.

141 INT. CANASTEL'S - NIGHT (SUMMER '95) 141

Over dinner, a visibly high Jordan ravenously digs into  
his food as Donnie and four Blue Chip Hookers look on.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
By dinner I popped a few more on  
top of some cocktails and an  
valium or two. The slur phase.

142 INT. DANCE CLUB - NIGHT (SUMMER '95) 142

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

JORDAN (V.O.)  
By eight thirty I'd done a few  
more and pretty much lost my motor  
skills. This was the drool phase.

143 INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT (SUMMER '95) 143

Jordan is barely conscious as a Hooker rides him.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
And by ten I didn't know who or  
what I was doing -- the amnesia  
phase. We boarded the plane just  
before midnight.

144 INT. ZURICH AIRLINES - FIRST CLASS - NIGHT (SUMMER '95) \*144  
Jordan boards, slurring, drooling, completely wasted.

JORDAN  
(to a Stewardess)  
Sweetheart! Look at you!

And as he hugs her, then stumbles toward his seat...

145 INT. ZURICH AIRLINES - FIRST CLASS - DAY (SUMMER '95) \*145  
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 Donnie, mouth agape, asleep next to him.

JORDAN  
Donnie. Donnie, wake up.

DONNIE  
Nuuhh?

JORDAN  
Untie me, shitbag. You think this  
is funny?

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

JORDAN  
Why?

146 FLASHBACK -- 146

As PASSENGERS scream, Jordan wildly humps a STEWARDESS,  
the CAPTAIN struggling to restrain him.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
This was fucking great. I hadn't  
laundered a dime yet and already  
I was under arrest.

147 INT. ZURICH AIRLINES - FIRST CLASS - DAY (SUMMER '95) \*147  
A pensive Jordan sits, mind racing.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
Worse yet was the plastic baggie  
of ludes that Donnie'd stuffed up  
his ass.

Jordan trades looks with Donnie, who shifts uncomfortably.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
But before he could even get a hemorrhoid--

147A INT. GENEVA AIRPORT - CUSTOMS OFFICE - DAY 147A

Jordan sits with two CUSTOMS OFFICERS. \*

JORDAN (V.O.) \*  
--the whole thing was quashed by \*  
our friend the Swiss banker. 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. \*

148 EXT. GENEVA - SHOPPING DISTRICT - DAY (SUMMER '95) 148

A limo pulls up at an office building. Jordan emerges with Rugrat and Donnie. \*

149 INT. BANQUE REAL DE GENEVE - LOBBY - DAY (SUMMER '95) 149

JEAN-JACQUES SAUREL greets them. 30s, suave. The lobby is ultra-modernist.

SAUREL  
Jordan Belfort! At last!  
Nicholas has told me so much.

RUGRAT  
Jordan, Jean-Jacques Saurel.

JORDAN  
Nice to make your acquaintance.  
This is some lobby you got.

SAUREL  
Ah, yes. We gave our designer an unlimited budget and he exceeded it. Come! You must tell me all about your adventure with the stewardess over coffee!

They disappear upstairs.

150 SCENE 150 OMITTED 150

151

INT. BANQUE REAL DE GENEVE - SAUREL'S OFFICE - DAY

151

Jordan, Rugrat and Donnie drink coffee with Saurel and one other SWISS BANKER. It's an impressive office, with an enormous fish tank.

\*

DONNIE

We have a joke in America.  
"Heaven is a place where the police are Brits, the chefs are Italian, the car mechanics are German, the prostitutes are French and the bankers are Swiss." I never got it 'til now -- look at those fucking fish! Come here, little guy...

SAUREL

Yes, we have the same joke here. Only sometimes the English are chauffeurs and the chefs are French. The Germans, alas, are always mechanics; no one wants to grant them more authority than that.

Polite laughter. Jordan, not as impressed by the fish, cuts straight to the point:

JORDAN

I'm curious about your bank secrecy laws.

SAUREL

Excusez-moi, Jordan, Swiss custom requires ten minutes of idle chit-chat before business can be discussed.

(a smile)

Of course, let's get "down to it."  
What would you like to know?

JORDAN

Under what circumstances would you be obligated to cooperate with an FBI or U.S. Justice Department investigation?

SAUREL

*Ca depend.*

JORDAN

*Ca depend? Ca depend on what?*

SAUREL

Whether America plans to invade  
Switzerland in the coming months.

RUGRAT

Want me to see if tanks are  
rolling down the Rue de la Croix?

More chuckles. Through Jordan's forced smile:

JORDAN (V.O.)

What I'm asking, you Swiss dick,  
is are you going to fuck me over.

SAUREL (V.O.)

I understand perfectly, you  
American shitheel.

Saurel smiles.

SAUREL

The only way the Banque Real de  
Geneve would cooperate with a  
foreign legal body is if the crime  
being pursued also happened to be  
a crime in Switzerland. But there  
are very few Swiss laws pertaining  
to your "rumored" improprieties.  
Which is why Mr. Azoff's joke is  
most appropriate: from a financial  
standpoint you are now in heaven,  
and we welcome you. If the U.S.  
Justice Department or FBI or SEC  
or IRS sent us a subpoena, it  
would become *papier-toilette*. We  
would wipe our ass with it.

Everyone's impressed. Except Jordan.

JORDAN

Unless it was an investigation  
into stock fraud -- which is a  
crime in Switzerland. Then you'd  
have to cooperate.

SAUREL

(now he's impressed)  
Yes, we would. Assuming the  
account is under your name.  
However, if it were in the name of  
a nominee of yours...

They take each other in.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
Was that yodeling I just heard or  
did you just say what I thought  
you said?

SAUREL (V.O.)  
Yes! Yes!

As the meeting wraps up with handshakes, Jordan's V.O.  
overwhelms Saurel's V.O..

JORDAN (V.O.)  
He was telling me to use a  
rathole. Problem was: sneaking a  
U.S. rathole into Switzerland was  
a chance I couldn't take. What I  
needed was somebody with a  
European passport.

152 SCENES 152 - 153 OMITTED 152

154 EXT. LONDON FLAT - DAY (SUMMER '95) 154

Naomi's Aunt Emma answers the door.

AUNT EMMA  
Jordan?

JORDAN  
(big smile, sweating)  
Surprise.

155 EXT. HYDE PARK - DAY (SUMMER '95) 155

Amid towering trees and horse trails, a noticeably  
twitchy Jordan walks arm-in-arm with Aunt Emma.

AUNT EMMA  
So tell me about this plan of  
yours.

JORDAN  
I'd like us to go to Switzerland  
tomorrow so you can open an  
account. I'll fund it, and I'll  
pay you really well for your  
trouble.

AUNT EMMA  
Oh my.

JORDAN

Next month maybe you can fly to New York and we can start moving the cash.

AUNT EMMA

Moving the cash.

(smiles)

I feel like a character in an Ian Fleming novel. It's all quite racy, isn't it?

JORDAN

It is, and it's illegal too. Of course if you ever got in trouble, I'd come forward in two seconds, say I duped you, but even still.

AUNT EMMA

Risk is what keeps us young, isn't it darling?

JORDAN

I like that attitude. Promise me you'll spend at least ten thousand pounds per month out of the account, okay?

\*

AUNT EMMA

(chuckles)

I wouldn't even know how. I really do have everything I need.

JORDAN

But I bet you don't have everything you want. How about a bigger apartment so your grandkids can sleep over?

Aunt Emma notices that Jordan is sweating, fidgety. He's jonesing.

AUNT EMMA

Shall we sit?

JORDAN

Sure, that'd be great.

They sit on a nearby bench. After a while:

AUNT EMMA

Sometimes I wonder if you let money get the best of you, dear.

(beat)

Among other substances.

JORDAN  
It's that obvious, huh?

AUNT EMMA  
It's the height of summer and  
you've got the chills. \*  
\*

JORDAN  
I'm a drug addict, Emma. Coke,  
pills, you name it, whatever you  
got. Sex addict too. \*  
\*  
\*

AUNT EMMA  
(laughs)  
Well there are worse things to be  
addicted to than sex.

JORDAN  
(chuckles; then)  
Why did I just tell you that? \*

AUNT EMMA  
(playful)  
Because I'm very easy to talk to.

Jordan looks at her. A few beats, then:

JORDAN  
As a matter of fact you are. My  
job, you know, it's tough. I mean  
I'm not complaining, it's just the  
stress. All these people depending  
on me. Millions of dollars at  
stake every day. I sometimes feel  
I've bitten off more than I can  
chew. \*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

AUNT EMMA  
You're a man with large appetites.

Jordan looks at her and smiles:

JORDAN (V.O.)  
Is she fucking hitting on me?

JORDAN  
I agree. I put it on myself. It's  
hard to control the anxiety, you  
know? It's hard to learn to relax. \*  
\*  
\*

AUNT EMMA  
To release the tension.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
She is hitting on me! Holy shit!

Jordan leans in closer, casually slips an arm around her.



JORDAN

Exactly, to release the tension. \*  
Sometimes you gotta learn to do \*  
what comes natural in life, huh? \*

Aunt Emma pulls back slightly.

AUNT EMMA (V.O.)

Is he fucking hitting on me?

He leans in even closer, kisses her, then: \*

AUNT EMMA

Stability, dear. Family. \*

AUNT EMMA (CONT'D)

You take care of my niece, my \*  
love. And I'll take care of \*  
everything over here. \*

(a beat)

Ah, once upon a time... \*

155A INT. BEACH HOUSE - BEDROOM - SOUTH HAMPTON - DAY 155A  
(SUMMER '95)

Jordan fucks Naomi. There's a curious *thunk-thunk-thunk*.

JORDAN (V.O.)

When I got home, I realized there  
was no way Aunt Emma could smuggle  
that much cash by herself. I  
racked my brain for another person  
with a foreign passport.

The bed's covered with bundles of cash. Every thrust of  
Jordan's, another bundle plummets to the floor -- *thunk*.

156 SCENES 156 - 157 OMITTED 156

158 INT. BEACH HOUSE - SOUTH HAMPTON - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY 158  
(SUMMER '95)

With \$20 mil in CASH on the bed, Jordan and a stoned  
Donnie watch as Brad tapes stacks of cash to his wife  
CHANTALLE, a bombshell in panties, bra and sneakers.

CHANTALLE

Bra-had, theese tape eez focking  
steeky!

As Brad keeps taping her up:

JORDAN (V.O.)

As a successful drug dealer, Brad spent his winters in the South of France, which is where he met his wife Chantalle, a stripper of Slovenian origin but born in, of all places, Switzerland.

CHANTALLE

Take eet off, Bra-had! Eet erts!

BRAD

Shut up, bitch.

CHANTALLE

You beetch, you focking douche-a-bag-a!

Donnie can't help but start laughing at this.

DONNIE

Take eet off! Take eet off!

Brad seethes at this but keeps taping...

159

INT. BEACH HOUSE - SOUTH HAMPTON - BEDROOM - LATER  
(SUMMER '95)

159

Chantalle is completely taped up, a cash-covered mummy. Jordan looks on with Brad, Donnie and now Naomi. 90% of the cash is still on the bed.

JORDAN

Well, this is fucked.

NAOMI

It's gonna take her like fifty trips.

BRAD

We'll get her parents to tape up too. They got Swiss passports. Plus her brother and his wife. Five people, six-seven trips?

JORDAN

How much'll they want for it?

BRAD

I dunno, not much. Fuck, they'd probably do it just for the miles.

DONNIE

What about my money?

BRAD

What?

DONNIE

My money. I got a few mil of my own I wanna move. I'll call you, you can come pick it up.

BRAD

(takes offense to  
Donnie's  
presumption)  
You'll "call" me.

DONNIE

(what part don't you  
understand?)  
And you can come "pick it up."

Brad asks Jordan if they can speak in private.

MOMENTS LATER, IN PRIVATE: Jordan joins Brad.

JORDAN

What's wrong?

BRAD

Don't make me deal with this fucknut, okay?

JORDAN

Donnie? He's just high is all.

BRAD

I dunno if he's stupid or a junkie but he's a loose fuckin' cannon. I don't trust him and I don't want him around me.

JORDAN

Jesus. I thought he was your best customer.

BRAD

I only sell to him cuz he's your friend.

JORDAN

Can you just do one trip for him?

Brad stews. It's asking a lot.

BRAD

I'll meet him but I won't pick up. I have a limit of how much of that douchebag I can take.

DONNIE

I can hear you, motherfucker!

Donnie emerges from where he's been eavesdropping.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

I'm a douchebag?!! Well, whose fucking idea was it made us all this money?!! Who fucking knew Steve Madden?!! This douchebag!! So go fuck yourself a little!

Brad slaps Donnie so hard across the face he goes down.

JORDAN (V.O.)

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

159A SCENES 159A - B OMITTED 159A

160 INT. GENEVA AIRPORT - DAY (SUMMER '95) 160

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

JORDAN (V.O.)

Which in the big picture was a drop in the Swiss bucket --

TIME CUT:

160aA On another day, Chantalle and her family (PARENTS, BROTHER, his WIFE) pass through Customs, "on vacation." 160aA

JORDAN (V.O.)

-- because the following month, over the course of six round-trips, Chantalle and her family smuggled in over twenty million without even a hiccup.

160A INT. BANQUE REAL DE GENEVE - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY (SUMMER '95) 160A

With a cash-filled suitcase on the table, Chantalle remembers a last fold of cash hidden inside her skirt's lining. She laughs with Saurel.

161 SCENES 161 - 170C OMITTED 161

170D

EXT. STRIP MALL - PARKING LOT - LONG ISLAND - DAY  
(LATE SUMMER '95)

170D

Brad waits by his Range Rover as Donnie's Rolls careens into the lot. He emerges, briefcase in hand.

DONNIE

Fu Manchu! Kung fu!

Donnie starts doing spastic karate moves. Is he high? Sure looks like it. Brad looks pissed, and Donnie starts laughing. Actually he's dead sober.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

I'm just fucking with you, man.  
Jesus, the look on your face.

(Brad isn't laughing)

Hey, sorry if I got outta line the other day, I was just, that was the drugs talking...

BRAD

S'cool, just... gimme the case.

DONNIE

(he doesn't)

You know, I always kinda regretted you didn't come to work with us at Stratton. It'd be so cool having you around, man.

BRAD

(growing impatient)

Yeah, well...

DONNIE

You'd be one of us, we'd go out-partying together, you wouldn't have to dress like a mall rat guinea prison bitch all the time.

Donnie grins, obviously still smarting from Brad's slap. Brad just wants to take the money and be done.

BRAD

Give me the money.

A DISTANCE AWAY, a COP in a patrol car notices Brad gesturing to Donnie for his briefcase. He nudges his partner: check this out.

DONNIE

Can I come over and help tape this to your wife? "Eez so focking steeky! Take eet off, Bra-hod!"

Brad composes himself, lest he kill the guy.

BRAD

I'm gonna give you a pass.

DONNIE

You're what?

BRAD

I'm gonna give you a pass.

DONNIE

You're gonna give me a pass?

BRAD

Yes. Just gimme the money.

DONNIE

You're gonna give me a pass?

Okay...

(offers the case)

Why don't you stick your pass up  
your Slavic cunt's pussy.

That does it. Brad attacks. Donnie throws the case at him, which opens on impact, money spilling out. Brad instinctively tries to contain it... and that's when the POLICE SIRENS start. Here comes the patrol car.

BRAD

Shit!

Donnie bolts. With no time to get to his car, Brad takes off on foot, bleeding briefcase in hand, toward a video store where he stashes his .38 in the return box.

POLICE

Freeze! Don't move!

Brad drops to his knees, briefcase at his feet. From a distance, Donnie peers around a corner to watch him get arrested, knowing he fucked this up.

170E SCENES 170E - 178 OMITTED 170E

178A INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - DONNIE'S OFFICE - DAY 178A  
(LATE SUMMER '95) \*

Donnie is seated at his desk, freaking out and trying to figure out what to do. He exits. \*

179 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY 179  
(LATE SUMMER '95)

With a flourish, Donnie presents a bottle full of ludes. \*

DONNIE

Jord, do I have a surprise for you. Twenty real lemons! A retired pharmacist friend of mine's been sitting on these the last 15 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. For a Quaalude addict, it was like finding a 1952 Chateau Margaux.

CLOSE ON -- Donnie gauging Jordan's excitement, waiting for the right moment to admit his fuck-up.

DONNIE(V.O.)

I'd been saving these for a special occasion, like a birthday or celebrating our money being out of the country. Instead I thought I'd better use 'em to help break the news about Brad.

180

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BATHROOM - DAY (LATE SUMMER '95)

180

In his underwear, Jordan kneels over the toilet, sticking his fingers down his throat to make himself vomit.

JORDAN (V.O.)

That night I cleared my schedule and rid my body of anything that could fuck with my high. It was celebration time.

He takes a box off the counter marked "Active Enema". He squats and administers it...

181

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - BASEMENT - NIGHT (LATE SUMMER '95)

181

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

JORDAN

Start with one, see how it goes?

DONNIE

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

182

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - BASEMENT - LATER (LATE SUMMER '95)

182

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

JORDAN

You feeling anything?

DONNIE

Nope.  
(glances at watch)  
Thirty five minutes.

JORDAN

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

Donnie shrugs; they pop another, wash it down with sake'.

DISSOLVE TO:

183

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - BASEMENT - LATER (LATE SUMMER '95)

183

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

DONNIE

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

JORDAN

They're old, maybe they lost their  
potency.

Donnie leans over, picks up the bottle. Reads the label.

DONNIE

January '81. They're fucking  
duds.

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

NAOMI

What are you two retards doing?



JORDAN  
Nothing. Working out.

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

Naomi heads back upstairs. Jordan picks up the phone.

JORDAN  
Bo, hey, what's up?

184 INT. BO DIETL'S CADILLAC - NIGHT (LATE SUMMER '95) 184

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?

185 EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - NIGHT (LATE SUMMER '95) 185

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.

186 EXT. BROOKVILLE COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT (LATE SUMMER '95) 186

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

187 INT. BROOKVILLE COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT (LATE SUMMER '95) 187

Jordan stands at a pay phone, receiver to his ear.  
WE HEAR it ringing, then:

BO DIETL (O.S.)  
Jordan?

JORDAN

Yeah, I'm at a pay phone. What's going on?

INTERCUT:

188

INT. BO DIETL'S CADILLAC - NIGHT (LATE SUMMER '95)

188

Bo talks on his cell.

BO DIETL

Your buddy Brad's in jail.

JORDAN

Oh, Jesus Christ! What did he do?

\*

BO DIETL

I dunno yet, they arrested him in a shopping mall in Long Island this morning, I'm finding out. But listen to me. More important than that. The guy Denham I told you about, the Fed? He's got your phones tapped, I'm pretty sure. Home and office.

\*

\*

\*

JORDAN

Donnie, that piece of shit. I'm gonna kill him! That fat prick mother fucker!

\*

\*

\*

\*

BO DIETL

But, listen to me. Do me a favor, please do not talk on the phone.

\*

\*

\*

JORDAN

Fuck!

BO DIETL

Did you try to bribe this fuckin' guy?

JORDAN

What? No! I didn't try to bribe anybody!

BO DIETL

Jordan? I couldn't understand you. Say that 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.)  
It took 90 minutes for the little fuckers to kick in, but once they did -- pow! 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.)  
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.)  
(over phone)  
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 lays there for a while, then:

JORDAN (V.O.)  
C'mon, stand up!

He rolls onto all fours, lifts a hand, topples over.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
Okay, walking is off the list of options. All right, what else is there?  
(a brainstorm)  
I can crawl, like Skylar!

Slowly, Jordan begins crawling like an infant to the top of the staircase.

189

EXT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT (LATE SUMMER '95)

189

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.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
Fuck! The kid makes it look so easy!

An icy wind blows through his T-shirt.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
Think, you motherfucker, think!  
(a few beats; then)  
Wait, I've got it!

Jordan slowly curls himself into a ball.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
I can roll!

Forcing himself over the edge, Jordan 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.

190

INT. JORDAN'S LAMBORGHINI - NIGHT (LATE SUMMER '95)

190

Ignition on, Jordan sits hunched over, chin resting on the steering wheel. Just then, the car phone RINGS. With great effort, he pushes the speaker phone button:

JORDAN  
...ello?

NAOMI (O.S.)  
Omigod! Jordan, where are you?!

JORDAN  
Whazz a marra?

NAOMI (O.S.)  
It's Donnie, he's totally out of control! He's on the other line with some Swiss guy!

Jordan's face reads horror.

JORDAN  
Whaa?! No!!

NAOMI (O.S.)  
I can't understand you! Just get  
home, hurry!

Naomi clicks off. And as Jordan puts the car in gear...

JORDAN (V.O.)  
They say God protects drunks and  
babies. I was praying the same  
held true for drug addicts.

191 EXT. HEGEMAN'S ROAD - NIGHT (LATE SUMMER '95) 191

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

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

192 EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - NIGHT (LATE SUMMER 95) 192

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.

193 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT (LATE SUMMER '95) 193

CLOSE ON the TV, where a POPEYE cartoon is playing.  
PULL BACK to reveal Skylar watching. As Jordan staggers  
in, Naomi approaches...

JORDAN  
Where Zonnie?!

NAOMI  
In the kitchen.

194 SCENE 194 OMITTED 194

195 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 195

Phone to his ear and at least as stoned as Jordan, Donnie  
stands at the counter. \*

DONNIE  
(into phone)  
--zee money, I wazza move izz to  
Zwizzyland...

195A

INT. SAUREL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT  
(LATE SUMMER '95)

195A

Having been just woken up, Jean-Jacques Saurel sits up in bed, phone to his ear, a perplexed look on his face.

SAUREL

What language are you speaking,  
Mr. Azoff?

196

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS  
(LATE SUMMER '95)

196

With Naomi looking on, Jordan staggers toward Donnie like a drunk Frankenstein.

JORDAN

Ge ozza zone! Ge ozza iz!!

DONNIE

Waz? Iz zoggin oo anzali!

JORDAN

GE OZZA ZONE!!

With all the strength he can muster, Jordan RIPS the phone from the wall, throwing it skittering across the floor with a CLANG.

NAOMI

What the fuck are you doing?!

DONNIE

Wazza fuh is wrong wizzz oooo?!!

I wuzz awwing to!!

(Jordan grabs him)

Wazza mazzer?! Wazza yoo razy?!!

Skylar looks on from the next room, crying as Jordan tries to shake some sense into Donnie. Naomi crosses to Skylar and rushes her out of the room.

\*  
\*

JORDAN

Zee vone!! He nah zuppose zoo  
dalk on zee vone!!

DONNIE

Wuzz?!!

JORDAN

ZE NAH ZUPPOSE ZOO DALK ON ZEE  
VONE!! WUZZ AAZZEN TOZAY WIZ  
ZOD?!

DONNIE

WUZZ?!

JORDAN  
WUZZ ZOD IN ZAW?!

DONNIE  
WUZZ?!

Fuck it. Jordan releases Donnie. Donnie crawls into the dining room and starts shoving ham into his mouth in an effort to sober up. Just then, we HEAR a horrible GAGGING sound. Donnie holds his throat as he falls backward choking, taking out the entire glass kitchen table with a tremendous CRASH! Naomi rushes back in. \*

NAOMI  
Omigod, he's choking! Jordan, do something!!

Just then, WE HEAR the triumphant Popeye FANFARE -- Jordan looks to the TV, where POPEYE pours a can of spinach down his gullet. Instantly, his chest and arm muscles swell to five times their size.

Jordan goes to get his coke. He snarfs up two fat spoonfuls and -- like that -- his chest swells and he takes a deep breath and he dashes back to the rescue...

Jordan rushes back to Donnie, who is now blue.

NAOMI (CONT'D)  
He's not breathing!

Jordan places his fingers over Donnie's artery. Nothing.

NAOMI (CONT'D)  
Save him!

Jordan kneels, starts furiously pumping Donnie's chest, breathing air into his lungs in rhythmic bursts.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
This stupid sonovabitch! All Donnie ever did was fuck me up and now I had to save his life 'cause I took a CPR class when the baby was learning to swim. Just for the record, I want it noted: not for a second did I even think about letting him choke to death, even though it would've saved me an awful lot of headaches.

Donnie still isn't breathing. Jordan flips him over, tries the Heimlich -- we hear a CRUNCH as he breaks Donnie's ribs. He flips him back over, but he's almost completely blue.

JORDAN  
He won't come back!

NAOMI  
Don't let him die! He has children!

One last try. Jordan takes a massive breath, blowing as hard as he can into Donnie's lungs. Donnie's stomach distends like a balloon, then suddenly a chunk of ham projects from his mouth and into Jordan's face. Donnie coughs, vomiting. And as he starts breathing again, Jordan exits and passes out on the living room couch. \*

FADE TO BLACK.

BROOKVILLE POLICE #1 (V.O.)  
Jordan Belfort?

196A INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - FAMILY ROOM - DAY 196A  
(LATE SUMMER '95)

Jordan opens his eyes. Through his HAZY POV, we see Violet, the maid standing over him with two OLD BROOKVILLE POLICE OFFICERS as Naomi attends to Donnie in the background.

JORDAN  
Yes?

BROOKVILLE POLICE #1  
Sir, we need to ask you some questions.

197 SCENES 197 - 199 OMITTED 197

200 EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - NIGHT (LATE SUMMER '95) 200

Jordan exits the house with the Police Officers. The Lamborghini is TOTALLED, an absolute wreck.

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

201 EXT. HEGEMAN'S ROAD - NIGHT (LATE SUMMER '95) 201

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

JORDAN (V.O.)  
It was an absolute miracle I wasn't killed, and an even bigger miracle I hadn't killed anyone.



201A INT. POLICE STATION - DAY (LATE SUMMER '95) 201A

A MAN steps up to get his mug shot taken, but it's Brad, not Jordan. FLASH. Turn to the side. FLASH.

JORDAN (V.O.)

But they couldn't arrest me, the cops had no proof I'd been behind the wheel. Meanwhile, Brad did a few months in jail for contempt because he wouldn't rat Donnie out. They never found his gun, though, so they finally had to let him go.

\*  
\*

202 SCENES 202 - 202A OMITTED 202

202B EXT. HORSE FARM - LONG ISLAND - DAY (OCT '95) 202B

Jordan watches an INSTRUCTOR lead Skylar on a pony. Nearby Naomi holds newborn PARKER. Manny Riskin and Max stand beside Jordan.

MANNY RISKIN

You're a lucky guy, Jordan. Legally I've never seen anyone slip a noose the way you do. Christ, you're lucky to be alive much less not in jail.

JORDAN

I don't believe in luck.

MANNY RISKIN

That's what all lucky people say. It's time, Jordan. Let me make a deal with SEC. Before your luck runs out.

Skylar waves from the pony and Jordan waves back.

JORDAN

What kind of terms?

MANNY RISKIN

You plead guilty to a handful of securities violations -- stock manipulation, high pressure sales tactics, ticky-tack shit like that. You pay a few million dollars in fines and in exchange the SEC fucks off for all time.

JORDAN

And Stratton? What happens there?

MANNY RISKIN

You'd have to walk away. Let Donnie take over.

(that one hurts)

Now the FBI's a different animal. They can still pursue you for criminal wrongdoing. But with you on the sidelines, my guess is your best friend Agent Denham'll be left standing around with his dick in his hand.

Jordan digests that.

MAX

You beat them, Jordan. You won. Sail into the sunset with your wife and kids while you can.

MANNY RISKIN

God knows you'll never have to work again.

As Jordan looks at his picture-perfect family, WE HEAR THE ROAR OF A CROWD...

202C

SCENES 202C - 202D OMITTED

202C

202E

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - DAY  
(SPRING '96)

202E

The troops ROAR as Jordan takes center stage.

JORDAN

I'm sure many of you have been hearing rumors lately, about me, about the future of this firm, and that's what I'd like to talk to you about today.

(a few beats, then)

Five years ago when I started Stratton with Donnie Azoff, I knew the day would eventually come when I'd be moving on. It's truly with a heavy heart that I tell you that day is here.

The place erupts in a chorus of "No!", "Don't go!", etc. Jordan raises his hand for quiet.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Thank you for that and for your years of incredible loyalty and admiration.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

The point is though, that under Donnie's leadership, along with Robbie Feinberg and Nicky Koskoff moving into key management positions, this place is gonna be better than ever!

A smattering of applause. Jordan notices a few Brokers gravely shaking their heads.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

And the fact that I'm gone won't stop me from giving Donnie advice, not that he needs any--

DONNIE

(jumping in)

Why would anyone in their right mind not follow JB's advice?

Donnie looks petrified; he's used to being an offensive tackle, not the quarterback.

JORDAN

Before I go, there's something I want to remind you all, and that's this -- Stratton Oakmont is bigger than any one person, even me. Especially me. You guys are Stratton, each and every one of you, and that is why it's sure to remain the best brokerage firm in the fucking world!

Thunderous applause spreads through the boardroom, all 300 Brokers on their feet. WE PUSH IN on Jordan.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

See, the very idea of Stratton is that when you come here and step into this bullpen for the first time, you start your life anew. You have a place here and no one can take that away from you! Stratton Oakmont is America! Give me your tired and poor! The very moment you walk through that door and pledge your loyalty to this firm, you become part of a family, you become a Strattonite! It doesn't matter who you are, it doesn't matter where you're from! Whether your family came over on the Mayflower or on a fucking inner tube from Haiti!

More applause. Jordan scans the young faces -- they worship him. In the crowd he finds KIMMIE BELZER, 30s.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Everybody here knows Kimmie Belzer, right?

Hoots and hollers... He raises his hand for quiet.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

In case any of you weren't aware of it, Kimmie was one of Stratton's first brokers, one of the original twenty. Now when most of you met Kimmie, you met her the way she is today -- a beautiful woman who drives a brand new Mercedes, a woman who lives in the finest condo complex on Long Island. A woman who wears \$3000 Armani suits, who spends her winters in the Bahamas and her summers in the Hamptons!

Wild applause.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

But that's not the Kimmie I met. The Kimmie I met was broke, a single mom on the balls of her ass. Three months behind on her rent with an eight year old son! She came to me for a job and when I hired her she asked for a \$5000 dollar advance so she could pay his tuition. And what did I do, Kimmie?

KIMMIE

You wrote me a check for \$25,000!

JORDAN

Because I believed in you, like I believe in each and every one of you!

KIMMIE

I love you, Jordan!

As the Brokers go berserk, Jordan stands basking in the adoration. He looks at Donnie, turns back to the Crowd, looks out at the faces. A change has come over him. He stands there, thinking. An eternity, then:

JORDAN

You know for years I've been telling you guys not to take no for an answer, to keep pushing, to not hang up the phone till you get what you want. This deal I'm about to sign, barring me from the securities industry, barring me from Stratton, my home... What the fuck is that? I'll tell you what it is, it's me being a hypocrite. It's me taking no for an answer, it's them selling me, not the other way around! Fuck it, I'm not leaving!

Jordan smiles, thrusts his hands in the air --

JORDAN (CONT'D)

THE SHOW GOES ON!!

The place goes absolutely INSANE. And as Donnie and Max trade looks, TECHNO MUSIC BLASTS taking us to...

202Ea EXT. YACHT NAOMI - AFT DECK - DAY (SPRING '96) 202Ea

It's celebration time. DOZENS of Strattonites party, drinking/dancing/snorting, Jordan at the center of it.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Of course, the troops weren't the only ones who were thrilled.

\*  
\*

202F INT. DENHAM'S OFFICE - DAY (SPRING '96) 202F

Agent Denham hears the news over the phone. A smile touches his lips: his case goes on...

202Fa EXT. YACHT NAOMI - AFT DECK (SPRING '96) 202Fa

The party continues as Brad comes aboard. He's welcomed and showered with lapdancers.

\*  
\*

JORDAN (V.O.)

I apologized to Brad and promised him he'd never have to deal with Donnie again. Even offered to pay him for his time in the can. But he said no, he was out. Sad thing was, he was dead two years later. Massive heart attack while sitting on the john.

\*  
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\*

202G SCENE 202G OMITTED 202G

202H INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY 202H  
(SPRING '96)

Janet enters Jordan's office, leaves a stack of legal papers on his desk.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
Within days, subpoenas started flying. They were burying me in paper --

202Ha INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - DAY (SPRING '96) 202Ha

Donnie pisses on a subpoena, to applause.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
-- notices to produce documents, depositions. Donnie couldn't drink water fast enough.

202J INT. S.E.C. - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (SPRING '96) 202J

As Manny Riskin looks on, Jordan sits across from the three SEC Attorneys and a COURT REPORTER.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
They interrogated everybody, it went on for months. It was total fucking harassment...

202K-Q A SERIES OF CUTS -- (SPRING '96) 202K-Q

Various Stratton Brokers are deposed: Robbie; Rugrat, Peter DeBlasio, Sea Otter; Chester Ming.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
... but not a single Strattonite cracked. Donnie and I were given strict instructions not to leave the country...

202R SCENES 202R - 207 OMITTED 202R

208 EXT. YACHT NAOMI - AFT DECK - DAY (SUMMER '96) 208

JORDAN (V.O.)  
...so we took our wives to Italy. Each of us had a couple of million we needed to deposit anyway --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ON A DUFFEL BAG FULL OF MONEY just resting on deck.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
-- this seemed the most civilized way to transport it overseas.

ON ANOTHER BAG, this one brimming with bottles of pills, bags of pot, vials of coke. Jordan and Donnie cut up lines as a HOSTESS serves Bloody Marys.

HOSTESS  
Can I get you anything else, gentlemen?

JORDAN  
I have a rare condition that requires me to drink one of these every fifteen minutes. If you could set your egg timer, I'd appreciate it.

She goes. The blow is ready for inhaling. Jordan and Donnie are doing a "you first, no, you first" routine with a rolled up \$100 when a CELL rings. Donnie grabs it.

DONNIE  
Rugrat! Bongiorno, my bald eagle!

208A SCENES 208A - 208B OMITTED 208A

208C INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - OFFICE - DAY (SUMMER '96) 208C

RUGRAT  
We may have a problem. Your friend, Steve Madden, he's unloading shares. \*

208D EXT. YACHT NAOMI - DAY (SUMMER '96) 208D

Donnie reacts as Rugrat expounds.

DONNIE  
What?! You're fucking kidding?! \*

RUGRAT  
No. I wish I was. \*

DONNIE  
(to Jordan)  
Rugrat says Steve Madden's unloading shares. \*

JORDAN  
What?! (Grabs Donnie's phone)  
Rugrat, what the fuck? \*

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
(Hands Donnie his phone) Call the  
sonovabitch! Hold on a second.

\*  
\*

BACK AT STRATTON...

\*

RUGRAT  
I'm looking at the screen and huge  
chunks of Steve Madden are being  
sold. We're not doing it so it's  
gotta be Steve. He's the only  
person who owns that many shares.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ON THE BOAT...

\*

Jordan cups the phone, looks to Donnie who shrugs.

DONNIE  
He's not picking up.

JORDAN  
Your fucking friend is trying to  
fuck me. And you know where he's  
trying to fuck me? Up the ass.  
(back to Rugrat)  
I need some time to think.

\*

Jordan thinks, snorts a line to think better.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
Even though I owned 85% of Steve-  
Cocksucker-Madden-fucking-Shoes,  
the shares were in his fucking  
name. Motherfucker knew I was in  
trouble with the Feds and was  
trying to take advantage.

He gets back on the phone with Rugrat.

JORDAN  
Tell all the brokers to sell.  
Drive the price down. Steve will  
go cockless when he watches me  
turn his company into a penny  
stock.  
(he hangs up)  
Sonovacunt!  
(yelling below deck)  
Captain Ted!! Start 'er up, we  
gotta go home!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The sight of Naomi and Hildy returning from their trip  
ashore stops him. Because Naomi's weeping, Hildy  
consoling her.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
What the fuck?! What happened?



NAOMI

I got a call from cousin Betty.  
Aunt Emma's dead.

Off Jordan's reaction as Naomi weeps and laments the dearly departed: "she was so young, so healthy" etc. --

JORDAN (V.O.)

Fucking heart attack. Boom-snap,  
she was gone. Shuffled off her  
mortal coil and twenty million  
dollars in a Swiss bank account.

208E

INT. BANQUE REAL DE GENEVE - SAUREL'S OFFICE - DAY  
(SUMMER '96)

208E

Jean-Jacques Saurel sits at his desk, calmly smoking as he talks on the phone.

SAUREL

It is terrible. Your aunt was  
such an elegant, attractive woman.  
My condolences to you and your  
family. You must be --

208F

INTERCUT JORDAN ON THE BOAT AND SAUREL IN GENEVA

208F

JORDAN

(no time for it)  
Thanks but where does this leave  
us in regard to her account? It  
goes into probate or what?

SAUREL

Not to worry, Jordan. Your aunt,  
before she died, signed a document  
naming you as her successor.

JORDAN

She did?!

SAUREL

(a sly grin)  
Well. Not as of yet.

And as they continue talking, Jordan pulls out a nautical map of the Italian coastline:

JORDAN (V.O.)

I gotta say, these Swiss were  
sneaky motherfuckers. Within  
minutes he made arrangements to  
set me up with a forger, the best  
document specialist in Geneva.

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

Thing was: I had to get there in three business days to co-sign on the account.

Jordan goes rapid-fire. He yells: \*

JORDAN

Captain Ted! Change of plan! \*

We're going to Monaco. \*

NAOMI

Monaco, now? \*

JORDAN

Yes, babe. We're going to Monaco \*

so then we can go to Switzerland. \*

HILDY

But her aunt just died, we can't go to --

JORDAN

I realize that but we have to go \*

to Switzerland. \*

DONNIE

What about -- \*

JORDAN

(way ahead of him) \*

-- keep calling, when the fuck picks up, set a meet with him in three business days. \*

NAOMI

We gotta go to London. \*

JORDAN

Why?!

NAOMI

The funeral.

JORDAN

Honey, I loved your Aunt Emma more \*

than anyone in the world, but \*

she's still gonna be dead in two \*

days. She's not going anywhere. \*

Captain Ted Beecham emerges from below.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Captain Ted, we've gotta get to \*

Monaco.

CAPTAIN TED

Monaco? \*

Monaco? \*

JORDAN

Then we drive to Switzerland so they don't stamp our passports. Take care of business. Drive back to Monaco, fly to London for the funeral, fly back to New York to be there in three business days - That's the fuckin' plan.

CAPTAIN TED

I'm getting reports of some weather out there. Might run into some chop.

JORDAN

The boat's 170 feet long. She can handle a little chop.

HILDY

We're not going anywhere until he says it's safe.

DONNIE

Chop is fine.

JORDAN

Is it safe?

CAPTAIN TED

If we take it slow...

JORDAN

We can do it?

CAPTAIN TED

Chop is chop. Some chop - it can be uncomfortable.

JORDAN

Well, that's fine.

CAPTAIN TED

Anything is possible. I mean we'll have to batten down the hatches just to be safe. Could be a few broken dishes.

JORDAN

A few broken dishes. Isn't that great? Let's go to Monaco -

Jordan, Captain Ted and Donnie rush down stairs. As the ENGINE starts...

209 EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - NIGHT (SUMMER '96) 209

The perfect storm. As the Naomi tips at a 45-degree angle, a thick wall of gray water comes rising over her side, slamming onto the bridge with a thunderous CRASH.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
Well talk about your shitty  
vacations...

Six Jet Skis plummet off the deck into the raging sea.

210 INT. YACHT NAOMI - BRIDGE - NIGHT (SUMMER '96) 210

Donnie and Naomi stand on the bridge where Captain Ted Beecham holds the ship's wheel with both hands, the radio blaring in the background. Jordan enters. \*

JORDAN \*

What the fuck is going on? \*

CAPTAIN TED \*

Jet skis just went overboard. \*

RADIO VOICE \*

Gale warning! Gale warning! \*

CAPTAIN TED

The waves are twenty feet and building!

JORDAN

Can't you turn us around?!

CAPTAIN TED

We'll get broad-sided and tip over!

RADIO VOICE

Gale warning! Gale warning!

Naomi turns to Jordan, furious with him.

NAOMI \*

You happy now, you piece of shit? \*

We're gonna drown.

JORDAN \*

I'm a master diver. We will not drown, I promise you. I got you, baby. \*

(realizing she's probably right; to Donnie) \*

The ludes! \*

DONNIE

What?

JORDAN

Get the fucking ludes!

DONNIE

They're below deck! There's like three feet of water down there!

JORDAN

I can't die fucking sober!

As Donnie heads off --

NAOMI

What is he crazy? Where's he going? Donnie!

210A INT. BELOW DECKS - CONTINUOUS ~~2~~10A

Donnie retrieves the ludes.

210B INT. YACHT NAOMI - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS ~~2~~10B

Captain Ted stares through his binoculars.

CAPTAIN TED

Jesus Christ!

TIME CUT TO:

Donnie returns with ludes - feeds to Jordan and then himself.

JORDAN

What's happening?!

CAPTAIN TED

Rogue wave!

Jordan grabs Naomi. All at once the boat dips down at an impossibly steep angle, until it's pointing almost straight down. Captain Ted 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 beneath the water, its helicopter RIPPING from the deck and crashing into the sea.

CAPTAIN TED (CONT'D)

(into radio)

Mayday! This is Captain Ted  
Beecham aboard the Yacht Naomi!  
This is a Mayday!

CAPTAIN TED (CONT'D)

We are going down at the head  
fifty miles off the coast of Rome  
and we require immediate  
assistance!

211 INT. ITALIAN NAVAL DESTROYER - BELOW DECK - NIGHT \*211  
(SUMMER '96)

Off to the side, Jordan watches as Naomi, their Friends,  
and the yacht's Crew Members dance to blaring techno  
music. A small group of Italian SAILORS cheer them on.

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.

Jordan watches as the dancing continues, then casually  
glances out a porthole, where WE SEE the distant lights  
of a PLANE making its way across the night sky. After a  
few beats, the plane EXPLODES, a tiny flash of light.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Did you see that? That was the  
plane I sent for to come get us.  
I shit you not, it exploded when  
a seagull flew into the engine,  
three people killed. You want a  
sign from God, well after all this  
I finally got the message. I had  
to make some fucking changes.

FADE OUT.

212 SCENES 212 - 214 OMITTED \*212

**24 MONTHS LATER**

215 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (SUMMER '98) \*215

Jordan, looking healthier than we've seen him thus far, \*  
sits on the couch; stacks of paperwork on the coffee \*  
table. After a few beats, Naomi enters from the kitchen. \*

NAOMI \*  
Dinner's ready. \*

JORDAN \*

I gotta finish these balance \*  
sheets, babe. \*

NAOMI

Well, it's there. So the kids are gonna start.

\*  
\*  
\*

Naomi exits. Jordan goes back to work. Looks up at TV. Watches for a bit.

\*  
\*

JORDAN (V.O.)

What's the single most important skill in life you can ever master?

\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

215A

THE INFOMERCIAL.

215A

*Shot on 90's-era video, an ad intended for late-night local tv. The defining idea here is that while the commercial may be amateurish, Jordan isn't; he's an excellent salesman even if the ad is cut-rate.*

*WE START WITH FLASHES OF THE SEMINAR: Jordan in front of a dry erase board, lecturing a small audience.*

JORDAN

*At the essence of every personal interaction, of every business transaction, of every effective human communication is PERSUASION... once you learn to control the linguistic encounter, you will be SHOCKED at what will happen... you are a person worth listening to, and taking it one step higher than that, you are someone who can help them achieve their goals...*

215B

JORDAN ON THE GROUNDS OF HIS ESTATE, addressing us.

215B

JORDAN (CONT'D)

*Do you dream of being financially independent but struggle every month just to pay your bills? Would you like to own a home like this one someday but can barely afford to pay your rent?*

\*

*(ZOOM IN ON HIM)*

*My name is Jordan Belfort and there's no secret to wealth creation. No matter who you are, where you came from, you too can become financially independent in just a matter of months. All you need is a strategy.*

\*

*(NEW ANGLE; he enters from same side as previous shot)*

JORDAN (CONT'D)

The first action you have to take is to DECIDE to be wealthy. When I was 24 years old, I made a DECISION not to just survive but to THRIVE. I started my own stock brokerage firm, developing a SYSTEM OF SELLING that within a year made me a multi-millionaire.

\*

215C-G

A SNAPSHOT OF JORDAN'S CHILDHOOD HOME, then OF HIS CURRENT ESTATE, FOLLOWED BY EXAMPLES OF WEALTH: his sportscars, Naomi in a bikini, stock footage of a jet...

215C-G

JORDAN (V.O.)

From these humble middle-class beginnings, I now live here...with my beautiful wife and kids...living the lifestyle of our dreams...

215H

THE SEMINAR. Jordan high-fives attendees.

215H

JORDAN (V.O.)

Now I'm passing along the secrets to my success in my 90-minute free seminar, "Jordan Belfort's Straight Line Persuasion."

215J

FIRST TESTIMONIAL. A MAN holds a framed check.

215J

MAN

I have here in my hand, framed, is a check for twenty-seven thousand four hundred and thirty-seven dollars and sixty-three cents that I netted from one deal after attending Jordan Belfort's, um, Straight Line Persuasion seminar.

215K

JORDAN, on a yacht with NAOMI and some MODELS.

215K

JORDAN

There's nobody stopping you from making millions. There is nobody holding you back from financial freedom.

(to Naomi)

Thank You Sweet Heart.

(back to camera)

Don't just sit at home or the life of your dreams will sail right past you.

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\*

215L

TESTIMONIAL #2. A COUPLE in a kitschy living room.

215L



HUSBAND

*Thanks to the Straight Line System, we could afford this home and now we're living the lives of our dreams.*

215M A HELICOPTER descends to a helipad. 215M

JORDAN (V.O.)

*I've changed all these people's lives and I can change yours, too!*

*It touches down and Jordan jumps out to address us --*

JORDAN

*So come to my seminar!! The life of your dreams is only a decision away --*

*-- and BAM! gets clothes-lined by Agent Denham.*

216 SCENES 216 - 217 OMITTED 216

218 INT. CENTRAL BOOKING - QUEENS - NIGHT (SEP '98) 218

CLOSE ON JORDAN'S HANDS, at last in cuffs. PAN UP TO HIM, looking none-too-pleased.

JORDAN (V.O.)

*This one takes the cake. It was Rugrat, he'd been busted down in Miami, and guess who the fuck with?*

219 EXT. MIAMI RESTAURANT - NIGHT (SEP '98) 219

Jean-Jacques Saurel is handcuffed by Feds as Rugrat 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.*

220 INT. MIAMI FBI OFFICE - NIGHT (SEP '98) 220

CLICK! Saurel gets his mug shot taken.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
Even more ironic was he'd gotten himself indicted on charges that had nothing to fucking do with me.

221 EXT. MIAMI MANSION - NIGHT (SEP '98) 221

ROCKY AOKI, 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 Aoki, the founder of Benihana.

221A INSERT BENI HANA COMMERCIAL -- 221A

A smiling Rocky Aoki looks on as a HIBACHI CHEF expertly dices shrimp on a sizzling grill.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
Beni-fucking-hana! Why would God be so cruel as to choose a chain of fucking Hibachi Restaurants to bring me down?

222 INT. SAUREL'S BEDROOM - DAY (OCT '95) 222

Saurel lays on the bed, smoking.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
Long story short was Saurel ratted me out, but not before he ratted out Chantalle, who it turns out he'd been fucking every time she went to Switzerland!

Chantalle emerges from the bathroom naked. Laughing, she runs and jumps in bed with Saurel.

223 INT. FEDERAL COURT - QUEENS - DAY (SEP '98) 223

With his criminal attorney NOLAN DRAGER, 40s, 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.

HON. SAMANTHA STOGEL  
(leafing through a subpoena)  
One count engaging in conspiracy to commit securities fraud. Two counts securities fraud. One count engaging in conspiracy to commit money laundering. Twenty-one counts money laundering. One count obstruction of justice.  
(gives Jordan a withering glare)  
Bail is set at ten million dollars.

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The Judge bangs the gavel.

223A US ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - MOVED TO 226A \*23A

223B INT. FEDERAL COURT LOBBY - DAY \*23B

Jordan walks with Nolan Drager, who flips through the subpoena.

\*  
\*

NOLAN DRAGER  
This is...well, it's not good. It's pretty bad actually. How much money do you have, Jordan?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JORDAN  
I can make bail.

\*  
\*

NOLAN DRAGER  
I don't mean the ten million, I mean for legal fees. Cuz if you want to fight this thing, it's gonna be expensive. Like, sell-everything-you-own-expensive.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

224 EXT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY (SEP '98) \*224

Jordan exits the building. He's fucked and he knows it. He sees beautiful Naomi waiting for him beside a limosine; life isn't totally hopeless. He approaches.

JORDAN  
Nay, thank God. I'm so glad you're here.

They embrace. He can't see her expression: she'd rather be anywhere else.

225 SCENE 225 OMITTED 225

226

EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - POOL AREA - DAY (SEP '98)

226

ON SKYLAR AND PARKER, playing with a NANNY and Rocky the dog. Jordan watches them, sitting by his pool, drinking an O'Douls, weighing his options.

Donnie pops into the yard, in "Uncle Donnie" mode.

DONNIE

Hey, everybody! How're the  
happiest people in Long Island?  
Hi, Rocky!!

(joining Jordan)  
Hate that fucking dog.

JORDAN

Tell me about it. It's getting  
old, starting to shit inside the  
house again.

Jordan offers Donnie an O'Douls; Donnie declines.

DONNIE

How you doing, brother? How was  
the food in jail?

JORDAN

Lobster Newburg sucked. They gave  
me some jewelry though.

He shows off the electronic bracelet around his ankle.

DONNIE

Wonder if they got one in my size.  
Fuckin' Rugrat, that wig-wearin'  
hump. Tell you one thing: I'm  
never eating at Benihana's again.  
Where's Naomi?

JORDAN

Inside. Pissed.

Donnie sees Naomi in a window. He waves but she barely registers him.

DONNIE

What's up her ass?

JORDAN

Had to mortgage the home to make  
bail. Probably gonna hafta sell  
it to pay my lawyers. If we fight  
this thing.

Donnie weighs that.

DONNIE

The Feds say anything about coming after the rest of us?

Jordan thinks, then shakes his head no.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

You know, we're all behind you. Everyone at the office.

(he removes an envelope, hands it to Jordan)

We bought back your mortgage. All the founding partners threw in a million apiece. Figured none of us would have it if it weren't for you.

Jordan's profoundly touched. Donnie squeezes his shoulder. A real moment of friendship.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

You gotta fight this thing, baby.

Jordan nods.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Like I said, loyalty meant a lot to me. Without your friends and family standing behind you, you're fucked.

226A

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (SEP '98)

226A \*

Jordan sits with Nolan Drager across from FBI Agent Denham, U.S. Attorney LUCAS SOLOMON, 50s, and Assistant U.S. Attorney ROCHELLE APPLEBAUM, 30s, humorless.

\* \* \*

LUCAS SOLOMON

There's a term we have around here, we don't like to use it often, only when circumstances dictate. It's called a "Grenada." Inspired by our government's invasion in 1983 of the island nation of only 90,000 people, basically it stands for any case we get which is pretty much unlose-able. We could show up late and drunk to court, fuck up left-right-and-center and still we'd win. Mr. Belfort, you, sir, are a "Grenada."

\* \* \* \* \*

ROCHELLE APPLEBAUM \*  
You're looking at real prison \*  
time. Money laundering gets you \*  
as much as 20 years. Case \*  
couldn't be stronger if we'd have \*  
caught you with your cash in your \*  
mattress. \*

Solomon pushes a box full of evidence across the table. \*  
Jordan eyeballs Denham. \*

LUCAS SOLOMON \*  
Read the discovery. \*

JORDAN \*  
That your life's work in the box? \*

AGENT DENHAM \*  
Jordan, you rotting in jail til \*  
your kids're outta college isn't \*  
our ambition here. You weren't \*  
the only one involved in all this. \*  
We think those folks deserve their \*  
day in court too. \*

NOLAN DRAGER \*  
Why do I get the sense there's an \*  
offer in the air? If so, let's \*  
put it on the table. \*

LUCAS SOLOMON \*  
Full cooperation. A comprehensive \*  
list of all coconspirators \*  
spanning the last seven years and \*  
he agrees to wear a wire. \*

JORDAN \*  
You want me to rat? \*

LUCAS SOLOMON \*  
We want your cooperation in -- \*

AGENT DENHAM \*  
Yes. We want you to rat. \*

227 SCENES 227 - 229 OMITTED 227

230 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT (SEP '98) 230

JORDAN \*  
How was Christy's party? \*

NAOMI \*  
It was fine. \*

JORDAN

Baby, I talked to the lawyers again today. I have some really great news. As it turns out you're totally off the hook.

NAOMI

I know that already.

JORDAN

You never did anything wrong anyway, right? At the end of the day all they really want is for me to cooperate - that's it. See, apparently, I know so much about what's going on in the stock market that I could save the government years of heartache. But it get's even better... You see, if I cooperate I'll only have to serve four short years and any fine I'd have to pay wouldn't be due til after I serve my sentence. We'll still have plenty of money left over. The only thing that I was kind of upset about was the fact that I might have to give them information about my friends.

NAOMI

Like you said, "There's no friends on Wall Street".

JORDAN

But there's a silver lining to that too... It turns out that all of 'em are probably gonna cooperate too. So in the end, that won't really be a factor.

NAOMI

Well, that's really good news, honey. I'm really happy for you.

JORDAN

No, it's good for both of us, Nay.

NAOMI

Yeah, yeah.

JORDAN

Make love to me baby. Make love to me nice and slow.

NAOMI

No Jordan. Stop!

230A

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

230A

TIME CUT: Jordan is fucking Naomi. It's the best he's felt in days. While he's lost in it, she's lost interest, going through the motions perfunctorily.

JORDAN

I love you, Nay. I love you so much. I've loved you from the first time I saw you.

NAOMI

Fuck you.

That stops him.

JORDAN

What?

NAOMI

I fucking hate you.

JORDAN

What are you talking about?

NAOMI

You don't give a shit about how I feel. All you care about is yourself.

JORDAN

That's not true. What do you mean?

NAOMI

You wanna fuck me? Fine. Fuck me hard like it's the last time.

JORDAN

Hold still. Why are you moving like that?

NAOMI

Go ahead, fuck me!

JORDAN

What are you doing baby?

NAOMI

Cum for me. Cum for me, baby. Like it's the last time.

JORDAN

You want me to cum, baby?

NAOMI

Yeah, cum for me baby, cum!



After a beat... He cums. Jordan rolls off Naomi. They lie in uncomfortable silence. \*

NAOMI (CONT'D) \*

Jordan, that was the last time. I want a divorce. \*

JORDAN \*

What are you talking about? \*

NAOMI \*

I want a divorce. \*

JORDAN \*

What? What are you talking about? \*

Now? After we just made love? \*

NAOMI \*

And I wanted to puke. \*

Naomi gets up. \*

NAOMI (CONT'D) \*

I don't love you anymore Jordan. I haven't for a long time. \*

JORDAN \*

You don't love me? Isn't that convenient. Now, you don't love me? Now while I'm under federal indictment with a fucking bracelet around my ankle? Now, all of a sudden, you decide you don't love me? \*

NAOMI \*

Yes, that's right. \*

JORDAN \*

What kind of a person are you? \*

NAOMI \*

You married me. This is how it's gonna be. Listen Jordan. I'm taking custody of the kids. If you agree to the divorce right now, I will allow you visitation. Don't try to fight it. It will save us both a lot of money and I have a feeling you're gonna need it. \*

Naomi exits to the dressing room. Jordan gets up, follows after her. \*

JORDAN \*

I've got news for you. You're not taking my kids. \*

NAOMI

I already spoke to my lawyer. He said even if you don't get convicted I can still get custody.

JORDAN

My lawyers are more powerful than yours. You're not taking my kids! You vicious cunt!

Naomi slaps Jordan. Jordan hits her back and exits.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Fuck you! You're not taking my kids. You fucking bitch!

CUT TO:

230B

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

230B

Jordan grabs a pair of scissors and starts slashing the couch. He retrieves a stash of coke from the couch lining. Naomi enters the hallway as Jordan snorts coke.

NAOMI

Look at yourself Jordan. You're sick, you're a sick man.

JORDAN

You're not taking my kids.

NAOMI

You think I'd let my kids near you? Look at you. You know what my lawyers said? You're going to jail for twenty years. Twenty fucking years, Jordan. You'll be lucky if you ever see them again.

JORDAN

Oh yeah? You don't think I'm gonna see my kids again? Oh yeah?

Jordan heads towards Skylar's room. She tries to stop Jordan. He knocks her to the ground.

Jordan charges towards Skylar's room.

Jordan exiting Skylar's room with Skylar crying in his arms. Naomi starts to pull herself up from off the floor as Jordan races toward the stairs.

NAOMI

Put her down Jordan! Put her down!

Jordan and Skylar descend the stairs. Naomi pulls herself together and follows. \*

230C INT. / EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT 230C

Jordan races through the garage door, slamming and locking it behind him. \*

NAOMI (CONT'D) Violet, Violet! Help me! He's got Skylar! Get the key! \*

Jordan putting Skylar in the car. \*

Naomi and Violet desperately try to open the garage door. \*

Naomi races into the garage. Jordan gets in the drivers seat, locks the doors and starts the engine. \*

Naomi begs him to stop. Violet presses the garage door button. Naomi grabs a tool and smashes the driver side window. \*

Jordan sees the door closing - he thinks "fuck it" - slams into reverse, crashing through the garage door. Car continues in reverse, crashing into a concrete pillar. \*

Naomi and Violet rush to the car, pull Skylar out and bring her inside the house. Jordan sits as blood rushes down his face. \*

LUCAS SOLOMAN (V.O.) Paragraph 1. The defendant shall plead guilty to all counts of the indictment currently pending against him in the United States District Court for the Eastern District of New York. \*

230D SCENES 230D - 230E OMITTED 230D

230F INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 230F

OFF A "COOPERATION AGREEMENT," we find -- \*

-- Nolan Drager, Lucas Solomon, Rochelle Applebaum and Agent Denham all back at the conference table, reading copies of the same contract. Lucas does so aloud: \*

LUCAS SOLOMON Paragraph 2. The defendant shall provide information regarding all criminal activities of the defendant and others from June 1st, 1990, onwards. Paragraph 3. \*

LUCAS SOLOMON (CONT'D)

The defendant shall participate in undercover activities pursuant to the instructions of the FBI, including wearing a recording device, also known as a 'wire', in conjunction with the investigation of securities fraud. Paragraph 4. The defendant must not commit, or attempt to commit, any further crimes. \*

Jordan's here, too, looking miserable. He stops Lucas. \*

JORDAN

Lemme just sign the fucking thing. \*

He signs the fucking thing. \*

230G

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

230G

Jordan sits alone, finishes writing a long list of names on a yellow legal pad.

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 the list was Donnie's.

And as Jordan heaves a huge sigh, we're suddenly...

231

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY (OCT '98)

231

Agent Denham tapes a recorder to Jordan's inner thigh, runs a microphone wire up his chest. Agent Hughes watches. \*

AGENT DENHAM

Talk normally, breathe normally, within five minutes you'll forget you even have it on.

Jordan nods, buttons up his shirt.

232

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - DAY (OCT '98)

232

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.

As Robbie and Chester Ming look on, Jordan forces a smile as he approaches Donnie, who gives him a hug.

233

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

233

Jordan and Donnie sit at the coffee table over takeout sushi.

JORDAN

The trial won't be for months, so obviously I'll be counting on you to pick up the slack.

DONNIE

Whatever you need, bro. You know that.

Jordan reaches in his jacket for 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 Donnie's eye, pushes the PAPER over in front of him.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

The Steve Madden deal, did he ever come through on that?

Donnie looks down at the paper, reads Jordan's writing:

**"DON'T INCRIMINATE YOURSELF. I'M WEARING A WIRE."**

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Remember he was supposed to kick back like four mil from that one account?

DONNIE

Uh... tell you the truth I was so fucked up, I don't really remember anything about that.

Donnie slips the paper in his jacket, gives Jordan a look -- "Thank you." Jordan nods.

JORDAN

Well if you talk to him, let me know. You want the last yellowtail?

DONNIE

Why not?

JORDAN (V.O.)

And thus began my career as a government cooperator. I was a rat...

234 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY (NOV '98) 234  
Jordan lays alone, asleep in bed. We hear the DOORBELL.  
JORDAN (V.O.)  
But I wasn't losing any sleep  
over it.  
After a few beats, Violet knocks, enters. Jordan stirs.  
VIOLET  
I'm sorry, Mr. Jordan. You got a  
visitor.

235 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - FOYER - DAY (NOV '98) 235  
Jordan descends the stairs in sweats and T-shirt. Agents \*  
Denham and Hughes are waiting. \*

AGENT DENHAM  
I need you to get dressed.  
JORDAN  
Why? What's going on?  
AGENT DENHAM  
You're going to jail.  
Agent Denham holds up the slip of yellow paper that  
Jordan gave to Donnie. And on Jordan's look...  
JORDAN (V.O.)  
Donnie Azoff, my partner. My best  
friend.

235A EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - DAY 235A  
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.) \*  
After months of legal wrangling, \*  
I was finally sentenced to prison. \*

WE SEE Jordan's various cars -- Porsche, Mercedes, \*  
Ferrari, BMW -- loaded onto a large transport vehicle. \*

235B INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - DAY 235B  
Jordan stands addressing his 700 Brokers. WE SEE the \*  
eager young FACES, hanging on his every word. \*

JORDAN (V.O.) \*  
I gave up everyone, and in return \*  
got three years in some hellhole \*  
in Nevada I'd never even heard of. \*  
Like Mad Max'd said, the \*  
chickens'd come home to roost. \*  
Whatever the fuck that means. \*

236 INT. FEDERAL COURTROOM - QUEENS - DAY (MAR '99) \*236

Sentencing. Jordan's mother is there, tears in her eyes. \*

NOLAN DRAGER \*  
I hope your Honor would agree that \*  
Mr. Belfort has distinguished \*  
himself in terms of his \*  
cooperation in this white collar \*  
fraud. Mr. Belfort has helped the \*  
government win convictions over \*  
two dozen serious offenders and \*  
helped them recover millions of \*  
dollars to be made available for \*  
restitution to the victims. \*

HON. RAYMOND SAMITZ \*  
The sentence of the court shall be \*  
48 months in Federal Prison. \*  
(pause) \*  
Please remand the defendant. \*

Max rolls his eyes: Jordan's so guilty it hurts. As \*  
Jordan is led away by GUARDS... \*

236A INT. STRATTON OAKMONT - DAY \*236A

Donnie sits in his office, hears something -- a small \*  
army of FBI AGENTS, led by Agents Denham and Hughes, \*  
arrest half the office: Sea Otter, Robbie, Kimmie, etc.. \*  
As the FBI cleans house, Donnie sits on his couch. \*

237 SCENES 237 - 244 OMITTED \*237

245 INT. SUBWAY - DAY (MAR '99) 245

CLOSE ON DENHAM, reading a New York Times article on  
Jordan's sentencing. He looks satisfied with his  
accomplishment, until he looks up...

... and realizes he's right where Jordan said he'd be:  
commuting home on the subway, like any other piker.

246 INT. PRISON VAN - DAY (MAR '99) 246

Jordan rides in back, stares out the window, thinking about all he's done. The van stops as it arrives at the PRISON GATE.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
I'm not ashamed to admit, when we arrived to prison, I was absolutely terrified...

GUARD (O.S.)  
Belfort! Fuckin' move!

Jordan leaps to his feet.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
I needn't have been.

247 EXT. MINIMUM C PRISON - DAY (SPRING 2000) 247

A tennis ball hits pavement and WE PAN UP TO JORDAN, in prison fatigues but playing doubles with three other PRISONERS, all white middle-aged EXECUTIVE TYPES.

JORDAN  
Sorry, just out. What is that, forty-thirty?

As the game continues, Jordan serving, the CAMERA PULLS UP TO SEE THE WHOLE PRISON YARD: one group of inmates does Tai Chi while another has formed a book club.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
For a brief, fleeting moment, I'd forgotten I was rich and lived in America.

BLACK OUT.

248 INT. HOTEL BANQUET HALL - EARLY 2000'S - DAY \*248

CLOSE ON A MOVIE SCREEN: DIFFERENT INTERVIEWS... \*

AFRICAN KID \*  
I watch him speak and what he says \*  
is motivational about life. He \*  
tells about life and how you can \*  
be more rich. \*

CHINESE KID \*  
He is going to teach us how to be \*  
successful, how to set our goals. \*



INDIAN KID \*

I will build my future by using \*  
Jordan Belfort as my mentor. \*

MEXICAN KID \*

Choosing what is good from him and \*  
being a millionaire. \*

Two hundred people attend Jordan's "Straight Line \*  
Persuasion" seminar, watching a massive screen (on which \*  
these KIDS have appeared). \*

ON-SCREEN: THE "JB" LOGO APPEARS, FOLLOWED BY CLIPS OF \*  
JORDAN giving seminars in different locations (see \*  
addendum below), edited in with footage of looming \*  
economic uncertainties. \*

Then: a MAN WITH A MIC steps out... \*

MAN WITH A MIC \*

Ladies and gentlemen, please join \*  
me in welcoming to Auckland, New \*  
Zealand... Mr. Jordan Belfort! \*

BIG APPLAUSE as Jordan takes the stage, waving. This \*  
might go on a while. If so, there COULD be TITLES: \*

*Jordan Belfort spent 22 months in federal prison \*  
and paid \$100,000,000 in fines. \**

THEN: \*

*His cellmate was, no fucking joke, Tommy Chong. \**

THEN: \*

*Since his release, he's become a multi-millionaire again \*  
as a motivational speaker. \**

When the applause finally dies down... \*

...Jordan doesn't speak. Instead he walks down to the \*  
front row of his audience, studying faces. He picks one. \*  
Takes a pen from his coat and offers it to him. \*

JORDAN \*

Sell me this pen. \*

The Kiwi, embarrassed, takes a moment, then: \*

KIWI IN AUDIENCE \*

Well, it's a good pen, it's a \*  
ballpoint -- \*

Jordan takes the pen back with a smile. Hands it to the \*  
next person. \*

JORDAN

Sell me this pen.

\*  
\*

As the next person tries...

\*

WE RAKE ALONGSIDE HIS AUDIENCE, transfixed, desperate for  
Jordan's knowledge, desperate to be molded, to be rich...

\*  
\*

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

Sell me this pen...Sell me this  
pen... Sell me this pen...Sell me  
this pen...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FADE OUT.

\*  
\*