

THE WOLF OF WALL STREET

by

Terence Winter

Based on the book

by

Jordan Belfort

FIRST DRAFT

FADE IN:

INSERT - TV COMMERCIAL

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

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

WE SEE a charging, snorting BULL.

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

WE SEE a ferocious, growling BEAR.

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

Pretentious CLASSICAL MUSIC kicks in.

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - DAY

Absolute bedlam. 700 drunken STOCKBROKERS, most in their early 20s chant wildly as JORDAN BELFORT, handsome, 30, stands beside a DWARF dressed in tights, cape and helmet.

CONTINUED:

JORDAN

Twenty-five grand to the first
cocksucker to nail a bull's-eye!

The "bull's-eye" is a large dollar sign in the middle of a giant Velcro "dartboard." The Brokers so apeshit as a huge Chinese guy, WALTER CHANG, grabs the Dwarf by his pants and collar. In the crowd, cash flies as side bets are made. Chang winds up, aims for the "dartboard"...

JORDAN (CONT'D)

One. Two. Throw!!

The Brokers cheer, and as the screaming Dwarf takes flight, hurtling TOWARD CAMERA, WE FREEZE FRAME:

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

My name is Jordan Belfort, a former member of the middle class raised by two accountants in a tiny apartment in Bayside, Queens.

EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - DAY

A cherry red Ferrari Testarossa ZOOMS down the expressway, weaving in and out of traffic.

JORDAN (V.O.)

The year I turned 26, I made 50 million dollars as the head of my own brokerage firm -- which really pissed me off because it was two shy of a million a week.

EXT. LONG ISLAND'S NORTH SHORE - NIGHT

A twin-engine Bell Jet helicopter ROARS overheard from Manhattan, whose buildings glow like Oz in the distance.

JORDAN (V.O.)

See that humongous estate down there? That's my house.

The helicopter descends over a huge mansion, passing a sparkling pool, tennis court and waterfall...

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

White silk everywhere. On the bed is NADINE , 24, blonde, gorgeous, a living wet dream in LaPerla lingerie.

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

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

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I know right? Well put your dick
back in your pants, she's mine.

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - GREAT ROOM - DAY

Like a real-life Ralph Lauren as, a smiling Nadine wears
riding gear holding CHANDLER, a gorgeous two-year old, and
CARTER an adorable infant.

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

As he speaks, WE SEE a rapid succession of envy-inspiring
IMAGES -- Jordan's various possessions as he ticks them off.
Nutm just as quickly, the IMAGES change...

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I also gamble like a degenerate,
fuck hookers maybe five times a
week and have nightmares, anxiety
attacks and three different Federal
agencies preparing indict me.

Over the above, WE SEE a whirring roulette wheel; a sweaty
HOOKER riding an unseen MAN; nightmare imagery of a bloody
MAN being chased through the woods by police and barking
bloodhounds.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Oh yeah, and I'm addicted to drugs.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

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.

CO-PILOT
Pull up! Jesus!

Jordan's head bobs as he pulls back on the stick. The helicopter rises sharply, then hovers 20 feet over a driving range.

JORDAN'S POV

Is hazy, double-vision.

BACK TO SCENE

JORDAN
Ya guzza git hazarous doozy pay,
buddy.

Jordan closes one eye --

HIS POV

SHARPENS. Putting pressure on the stick, the helicopter descends slowly... then LURCHES and SLAMS to the ground.

EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - FRONT DOOR - DAY (MORNING)

Sober now, impeccable in suit and tie, Jordan holds a glass of orange juice. He speaks directly TO the CAMERA as he heads for a waiting limousine.

JORDAN
Yes, in my short life I've ingested
enough chemicals to sedate
Guatemala. For a month.

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

He pops two white pills, swigs some juice.

JORDAN
I take quaaludes 'for my back,'
like fifteen to twenty a day. I'm
also addicted to Xanax, Ambien,
pot, cocaine and morphine. I should
really just change my name to Duane
fucking Reade.

EXT. STRATTON OAKMONT III (LONG ISLAND) - DAY

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

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

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

Gadgets, computers, oxblood leather furniture. With the DIN of the brokerage firm bleeding in, Jordan uses a black AMEX card to cut two lines of coke on his desk.

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

He peels a crisp \$100 DOLLAR BILL off a wad, rolls it up.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
It'll also make you betray your
friends, destroy yourself and even
fuck over your own family. Get
hooked and I promise it'll bring
you down.

He SNARFS up one line, then the other.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
I'm not talking about this.

Jordan gestures to the cocaine.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
I'm talking about this.

Jordan unfurls the 100 DOLLAR BILL with a SNAP, then crumbles it into a ball and tosses it into a corner, where it comes to a rest with two dozen others. We're OVER his back as we TRACK HIM OUT of his office and INTO...

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - DAY

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

JORDAN (V.O.)
I wasn't always crazy, but I was
always obsessed with being rich --

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

Nine-year-old Jordan watches TV, wide-eyed as "millionaire" Tony Curtis woos Marilyn Monroe on his yacht in a scene from Some Like It Hot.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
So when I was 23 years old I headed
to the only logical place.

EXT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING (QUEENS) - DAY

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

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

DENISE, 22, pretty, kisses the 23-year-old Jordan goodbye. He
boards the bus wearing a cheap blue suit.

INT. EXPRESS BUS - DAY

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

JORDAN (V.O.)
I'd landed this job as a trainee at
L.F. Rothschild, one of the oldest,
most prestigious firms on Wall
Street.

EXT. WALL STREET - DAY

Jordan joins the sea of Commuters walking to work.

JORDAN (V.O.)
In six short months I'd be a
stockbroker and on the road to
respect.

SCOTT MOLLEN (V.O.)
You are lower than fucking pond
scum.

INT. L.F. ROTHSCHILD - BULLPEN - DAY

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

SCOTT MOLLEN
You got a problem with that?
(reads name tag)
Jordan?

JORDAN
Nope. No problem at all.

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

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

SCOTT MOLLEN (CONT'D)
Just so you k now, last year I made over \$300,000, and the other guy you'll be working for made over a million.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Over a million? I could only imagine what a douche bag the other guy was.

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

MARK HANNA
Jordan? Mark Hanna.
(re: Mollen)
I see you've already met the village asshole.

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

SCOTT MOLLEN
Smile and dial. And don't pick your fucking head up till lunch.

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

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
(yo Broker #3)
Fuckface! I got \$50,000 July 50s!

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

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

SCOTT MOLLEN
Dial the cocksucking phone!

Jordan snaps out of it, starts dialing.

JORDAN (V.O.)
I was hooked within seconds...

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.) (CONT'D)
It was the mainlining adrenaline.

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

CLOSE ON A COKE SPOON

Whose contents disappear up a nostril. PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

INT. TOP OF THE SIXES - DAY

The lunchtime power spot with panoramic of the city. As
Jordan looks on, Mark Hanna snorts another spoonful, then
palms the MAITRE D' a FIFTY.

JORDAN (V.O.)
For the next six months I learned
the art of selling stock.

INT. L.F. ROTHSCHILD - BULLPEN - DAY

As Jordan listens, Mark Hanna speaks into a telephone headset, calm, poised and confident. A SHOESHINE MAN polishes his wing-tips.

JORDAN (V.O.)
And by Fall I passed my Series 7.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

As STRIPPERS grind in the b.g., a drunk Jordan sits with Mark Hanna, Scott Mollen and two dozen other BROKERS and TRAINERS. And as he downs a martini...

JORDAN (V.O.)
Finally it was here.

EXT. WALL STREET - DAY

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

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

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

SUPERIMPOSE: OCTOBER 19TH, 1987

INT. L.F. ROTHSCHILD - BULLPEN - DAY

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

JORDAN (V.O.)
They called it Black Monday. By
four p.m. The market was down 508
points, the biggest one-day drop
since the crash of '29.

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

MARK HANNA
Holy. Fucking. Shit.

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

Still in his suit, a depressed Jordan sits with Denise, his head resting in her lap, the TV news on in the b.g.

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

INT. L.F. ROTHSCCHILD - BULLPEN - DAY

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

JORDAN (V.O.)
My job went with it.

INT. DUNKIN' DONUTS (BAYSIDE, QUEENS) - DAY

Jordan and Denise sit over coffee as she peruses the Sunday New York Times classifieds.

DENISE
Crazy Eddie's is hiring.

JORDAN
Is that what I've come to?

DENISE
You'll get something, baby, I
believe in you.

JORDAN
I'm a stockbroker, Denise. No one's
hiring stockbrokers.

She nods, goes back to the paper. A few beats, then:

DENISE
This place is.

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

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

INT. INVESTOR'S CENTER - DAY

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

JORDAN
I'm looking for the Investor's
Center?

DWAYNE
That's us, hey. Dwayne.

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

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

CHRIS KNIGHT
I'm tellin' you, it's goin' up!...
'Cause I know, okay?!... I have
inside information!

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

JORDAN
Where are your computers?

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

Dwayne slides Jordan what looks like a large telephone book; its pages are literally pink. He explains:

DWAYNE (CONT'D)
Company don't have enough capital
to be listed on NASDAQ, their
shares trade here.
(points to the book)
Like these guy, Aerodyne? They make
radar detectors out of a garbage in
Dubuque. They're about to go under.

JORDAN
(reading the sheets)
Six cents a share? Who buys this
crap?

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

JORDAN
(flipping pages)
The spread on these is huge.

DWAYNE
So's your commission, that's the
point. Fifty percent normally.

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

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

INT. INVESTOR'S CENTER - LATER THAT DAY

Jordan sits poring over research material, making notes.

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

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

JORDAN (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Mr. Fleming, good mornin', Jordan
Belfort with Investor's Center in
New York. You recently responded to
one of our advertisements...

A few of the other Brokers glance over, eavesdropping.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
The reason I'm calling is that an
extremely exciting investment
opportunity crossed my desk today.
(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)
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)
Aerodyne International is a cutting
edge tech firm out of the Midwest,
awaiting imminent patent approval
on a new generation of radar
equipment...

SAME SCENE - LATER

Now all the Brokers listen in rapt attention.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
-- so if Aerodyne'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. It feels like an eternity, then:

JORDAN (CONT'D)
(starts writing)
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.

Chris Knight and the other cave-Brokers stare at him.

CHRIS KNIGHT
How'd you fuckin' do that?

JORDAN (V.O.)
I was a trained pit bull in the
company of lap-dogs. When I opened
my mouth the words just flowed.

INT. INVESTOR'S CENTER - ANOTHER DAY

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

JORDAN (V.O.)
 Perfect sentences, one after the
 other, smooth as silk. My first
 month I cleared thirty-four
 thousand dollars.

INT. BAYSIDE DINER - DAY

Jordan sits with Walter Chang, KENNY, and TODD, who is
 muscular and bald, with a Fu Manchu mustache.

JORDAN (V.O.)
 When they heard how much I was
 making, I easily recruited my
 friends Walter and Kenny, who were
 at the time both pot dealers.

INT. INVESTOR'S CENTER - DAY

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

JORDAN (V.O.)
 Todd took a pass, since he's just
 begun making a fortune selling
 Quaaludes.

EXT. TODD'S HOUSE - BACKYARD GYM - DAY

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

JORDAN (V.O.)
 Every minute I wasn't on the phone
 was a missed opportunity to sell.

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT (BAYSIDE) - DAY

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

JORDAN
 -- this company is on the verge,
 sir. After it hits the newspaper,
 you won't be able to buy in...

Denise kisses him goodbye, heads off to work.

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING (BAYSIDE) - ELEVATOR

Dressed in a suit, Jordan enters the elevator, exchanges nods with neighbor DANNY PORUSH, preppy, 25, with horn-rims and bright white teeth. Silence, then:

DANNY PORUSH
That's your Jag in the lot, right?

JORDAN
Yeah.

DANNY PORUSH
Nice ride. Danny Porush.

JORDAN
(as they shake)
Jordan Belfort.

DANNY PORUSH
What do you do, bro?

JORDAN
Stock broker.

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

JORDAN
Seventy grand last month.

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

JORDAN
Seventy-two actually.

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

Jordan smiles, presses the elevator button to go back up.

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT (BAYSIDE) - KITCHEN - DAY

Jordan shows Danny his check stub.

JORDAN (V.O.)
True to his word, he did quit his
job, which I thought was a little
weird. I mean, I had just met this
fucking guy.

Danny dials Jordan's phone. A few beats, then:

DANNY PORUSH
Yo, Ron, it's Danny... Yeah, I
quit.

Jordan studies Danny as he continues his conversation...

JORDAN (V.O.)
There were other things about him
too, like he married his first
cousin and wore horn rims with
clear lenses to look less Jewish.
He was also a closet drug fiend,
coke being among his favorites.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - STALL - DAY

Alone the stall, Danny opens a vial of coke.

JORDAN (V.O.)
The weird thing was when he'd do
coke, his face would contort into
this bizarre, frozen mask like the
Phantom of the Opera.

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

INT. INVESTOR'S CENTER - DAY

Jordan looks on as Danny works the phone.

JORDAN (V.O.)
On the bright side he was a decent
salesman who picked up the stock
business quickly --

EXT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP - DAY

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

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

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY

Jordan emerges from his private office into the garage area (the bullpen) where a dozen BROKERS make sales calls from the cheap desks spread throughout.

JORDAN (V.O.)
I was 24 years old and never
happier in my life.

EXT. MARINA (LONG ISLAND) - SUNSET

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

DENISE
Omigod. Jordan.

JORDAN
You like it?

DENISE
It's beautiful.

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

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

DENISE
No, no. I love it.

JORDAN
Then what?

The sit in silence. Finally:

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

JORDAN
I'm selling a dream, honey.

DENISE
I know, it just...
(smiles)
(MORE)

DENISE (CONT'D)
Wouldn't you feel much better
selling dreams to rich people, who
can afford to lose the money at
least?

JORDAN
Rich people don't but penny stocks.

DENISE
Why not?

JORDAN (V.O.)
It was a good question, the key
question, actually, one I wrestled
with for months.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY

Jordan stands outside his office, watching his Brokers
working the phones.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Chances are if you were rich, you
were also too smart to be taken in
by some penny stock broker who
sounded like a jerk-off.

A SERIES OF CUTS

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
A Danny Pursh, for example, with
his boiling white teeth and fake
glasses.

DANNY sits yammering into his headset.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Or the blockhead, Kenny Green.

WE SEE KENNY, whose head is rather shaped like a block.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Or the penguin.

PENGUIN, short-armed, thin-nosed and pot-bellied, waddles
back from the men's room.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Walter Chang even, the Depraved
Chinaman with his giant panda head.

WE SEE WALTER CHANG, with his fat face, eyes mere slits in
his chubby cheeks.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Or Andy Cohen, who I called Wigwam
 because --

WE SEE ANDY GOLD, who has the fakest, greasiest toupee this
 side of the Iron Curtain.

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

And as WE PAN the GROUP...

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 But what if they didn't sound like
 jerk-offs? What if they sounded
 smooth, slick, like they knew what
 they were talking about? What if I
 took this bunch of nincompoops
 drilling them in my own image,
 drilling them night and day till
 they sounded like Wall Street
 wizards?

INT. MARRIOTT HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

Jordan writes the word "URGENCY" on the board

JORDAN (CONT'D)

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

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY

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

JORDAN

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

CLIENT (V.O.)

It'll go up?

JORDAN

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

INT. MARRIOTT HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Jordan stands addressing his Brokers.

JORDAN

Then you lower you voice.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY

Jordan pitches the client, his voice lowered.

JORDAN

Believe me, sir, you will not be sorry.

INT. MARRIOTT HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Jordan stands before the Brokers.

JORDAN

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

WALTER CHANG

About to close?

JORDAN

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

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY

Jordan sits at the phone, waiting for a response.

CLIENT (V.O.)

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

INT. MARRIOTT HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Jordan stand before the Brokers.

JORDAN

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

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY

Danny talks on the phone to a Client.

DANNY PORUSH

Let me ask you this, sir -- has 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 (V.O.)

Maybe.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY

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

PENGUIN

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

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY

Even more crowded. More Brokers.

KENNY GREENE

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

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY

More Brokers still...

WALTER CHANG

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

CLIENT #3

Well yeah, in that case I would.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY

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

DANNY PORUSH

So the problem is that I don't have the luxury of a track record.

(MORE)

DANNY PORUSH (CONT'D)
Sir, let me reintroduce myself to
you. My name is Danny Porush --

CUT TO:

WIGWAM
-- Andy Cohen --

CUT TO:

WALTER CHANG
Walter Chang --

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

MARK HANNA

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

CUT TO:

JORDAN

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

CUT TO:

CLIENT #1 (V.O.)

(to Kenny Greene)

All right.

CUT TO:

CLIENT #2 (V.O.)

(to Penguin)

Give me 300 shares.

CUT TO:

CLIENT #3 (V.O.)

(to Mark Hanna)

1200 shares.

CUT TO:

CLIENT #4 (V.O.)

(to Jordan)

I'll take 5000 shares.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT II - BULLPEN - DAY

RING!! The closing bell goes off at 4 p.m. The place goes nuts as Jordan emerges from his office holding a spreadsheet. 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 spreadsheets)

'Month end, March 1991! \$28.7 million in commissionable trades -- all in Pink Sheet stocks!

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. LUXURY CAR LOT (LONG ISLAND) - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JORDAN
That convincing little twat!
(reading)
'The Wolf of Wall Street.'

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

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

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

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT II - BULLPEN - DAY

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

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

MONA AXELROD
The Forbes article. They're
applying for jobs.

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

JOB APPLICANTS
Mr. Belfort! Over here! Sir!

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

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT II - BULLPEN - DAY

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

JORDAN (V.O.)
Half of them had dropped out of
college when they heard about this
crazy fuck on Long Island who'd
make them rich --

EXT. STRATTON OAKMONT II - DAY

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

JORDAN (V.O.)
 -- and they made me rich too.
 Beyond my wildest fucking dreams.

A black stretch limp pulls up outside. The driver, GEORGE, 50s, emerges and opens the door for Jordan. As he passes two Brokers wearing Robin Hood caps:

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

Jordan smiles, keeps on walking.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Unbeknownst to me at the time,
 there was another guy who read the
Forbes article too.

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

FBI SPECIAL AGENT GREGORY COLEMAN, 28, sits at his desk, sipping coffee as he reads Forbes.

JORDAN (V.O.)
 But this one already had a job.

EXT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - DAY

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

JORDAN (V.O.)
 Within a matter of months, we
 quadrupled in size, moved to even
 bigger offices. It was a madhouse,
 a greed-fest, with equal parts
 cocaine, testosterone and body
 fluids.

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

In a stall, two Brokers snort coke, while at the sink, another Broker fucks the Sales Assistant from behind.

JORDAN (V.O.)
I declared the office a fuck-free
zone between the hours of 9 and 7,
but even that didn't help.

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

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
To maintain order, I hired my dad
Max as defacto CFO and head of the
Gestapo.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - KITCHEN - MORNING

MAX BELFORT, 50s, intense, dapper, pours vodka into a
Styrofoam coffee cup. As he lights a cigarette and looks
around, Brokers look the other way, avoiding his gaze.

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.

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

Max sits smoking, watching "Jake and the Fatman" on TV. His
wife, LEAH, does needlepoint. The phone RINGS.

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

Max stomps toward the phone.

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

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

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

MAX
(hangs up phone)
Goddamn fucking halfwit!

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

Max curses a blue streak as he heads back to his chair.

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

Jordan sits talking with Danny, Kenny and Wigwam.

DANNY PORUSH
He's not a midget, he's a fucking
dwarf.

JORDAN
What of he gets hurt?

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

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

JORDAN
You went to law school, what's the
liability of something like this.

WIGWAM
(shrugs)
Get him to sign an agreement.

A quick knock. Mona pokes her head in.

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

JORDAN
Shit. Can you stop him?

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

MAX
Are you insane? \$200 thousand
dollars in one month?!

JORDAN
They're legitimate business expenses.

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

DANNY PORUSH
Technically they're escorts, not --

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

JORDAN
Dad.

MAX
Dad my ass, you're the worst of the lot! Twenty-six thousand for one goddamn dinner?!

JORDAN
First off, it was four people.

MAX
Four or forty, it's too goddamn much!

JORDAN
The wine, okay?...It Was vintage.

MAX
It's obscene, Jordan.

Max walks out. Jordan looks at Danny and shrugs.

JORDAN (V.O.)
It was obscene -- in the real world. But I didn't live there any more.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE (WEST HAMPTON) - DAY

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

BROKER #1
Don Corleone!

BROKER #2
Keyser Soze?

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

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

THE CAMERA PANS the party -- it's insane. GORGEOUS PEOPLE dance, drink, do coke and quaaludes. IN an upstairs loft area, the CAMERA FINDS Jordan playing pool with Kenny and a few other guys including Todd the drug dealer. Jordan tries to focus, lining up a shot:

KENNY GREENE
Easy. Steady now.

Jordan shoots, misses. Kenny laughs.

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

Danny rushes in with Wigwam.

DANNY PORUSH
JB, you gotta see this chick.

JORDAN
We're in the middle of a game.

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

WIGWAM
Seriously, my nuts are about to explode.

The guys all trade looks.

INT. BEACH HOUSE (WEST HAMPTON) - DAY

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

NADINE CARIDI

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

SANDY

Jordan, hey. This is my friend
Nadine.

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

NADINE

Such an awesome house.

JORDAN

You like it? I just bought it.

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

BLAIR

I'm Blair.

Jordan barely acknowledges him. Just then:

MARK HANNA (O.S.)

Oh sweet Jesus!

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

MARIE HANNA

(swatting him)

Mark! What the fuck are you doing?!

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

DENISE

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

JORDAN

So you guys hungry?

NADINE

Actually, I'm starv--

BLAIR

We should really get going.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

You just got here.

Blair shoots an uncomfortable glance toward Mark Hanna.

BLAIR

(to Nadine)

I told Lee we'd stop by.

DENISE

(the bum's rush)

Well it was nice meeting you.

NADINE
You too. Take care.

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

JORDAN (V.O.)
On some level, the day I met Nadine
was the day I truly became the
wolf.

INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

JORDAN (V.O.)
Though I really loved my wife, and
was even still attracted to her,
Nadine made me feel crazy in a way
I'd never felt before.

INT. BEACH HOUSE (WEST HAMPTON) - DAY

WE PAN the GUYS, including Jordan, all staring at Nadine.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Every guy wanted her. So I had to
have her.

INT. SIGN OF THE DOVE (MANHATTAN) - NIGHT

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

JORDAN
Bay Ridge. That's Staten Island?

NADINE
Brooklyn, near the Verrazzano
Bridge. Guinea gulch.

JORDAN
You're Italian

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

JORDAN
That explains it then.

NADINE
What?

JORDAN
(smiles)
You're a Duchess. The Duchess of
Bay Ridge.

Nadine smiles, flags a passing WAITER.

NADINE
Could I have a straw, please?

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

NADINE (CONT'D)
So I was a little surprised you
asked Sandy for my number.

JORDAN
How come?

NADINE
Aren't you married?

JORDAN
Married people can't have friends?

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

NADINE
So I don't stain my teeth.

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

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

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

NADINE (V.O.)
-- then at night I do my designs.

INT. JORDAN'S FERRARI - CONTINUOUS ACTION

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

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

JORDAN
Sounds like something I might
invest in. Venture capital.

NADINE
Well we should definitely keep in
touch, then.

JORDAN
Absolutely.

He pulls over outside her brownstone.

NADINE
That's me.

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

NADINE (CONT'D)
You want some tea?

INT. NADINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

NADINE
Say hi, Rocky.

Nadine waves Rocky's paw. Jordan smiles.

NADINE (CONT'D)
Why don't you light a fire? I'll be
right out.

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

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

Jordan stands, turn around --

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

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I fucked her goddamn brains out.

INT. NADINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rocky yaps incessantly as Jordan pounds away on top of Nadine.

JORDAN (V.O.)
For eleven seconds.

Jordan cums loudly, convulsively.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I --

NADINE
Did you cum?

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

Jordan looks down at her.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
She was like heroin to me, I
couldn't get enough.

And as they start fucking again...

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Of course at that point I hadn't
done heroin yet, but you know what
I mean.

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

Jordan sits at his desk, telephone to his ear.

JORDAN (V.O.)
We became inseparable, talking on
the phone like six hours a day.

INT. NADINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

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

JORDAN (V.O.)
 Every chance we got, we'd sneak off
 to the Plaza, always the
 Presidential Suite, the best, like
 in Pretty Woman.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

Denise smiles at him, touches the necklace.

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

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

INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DUSK

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

JORDAN
 Hey, sweetie, how are you doing?

EXT. BEACH HOUSE (WEST HAMPTON) - DUSK

With several COUPLES in the b.g. enjoying the sunset, Denise
 talk on her cell.

DENISE
 Where are you?

INTERCUT JORDAN AND DENISE.

JORDAN
Stuck in the city. The Broadhurst
IPO.

DENISE
Again?

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

And as she sighs, disappointed...

INT. LIMOUSINE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Giggling like a child, Jordan pours coke from a vial,
creating a little mound atop one of Nadine'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. Nadine
laughs uncontrollably as the limo glides to a stop. The door
opens from outside -- the Doorman?

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

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

EXT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS
ACTION

JORDAN
What are you doing here?

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

The limo takes off.

DENISE
(crying)
I married you when you had nothing!

JORDAN
Denise --

DENISE
Is that the life you want?

A long time, then:

JORDAN
I don't know what to say.

Denise walks off, sobbing. Jordan stands there.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I felt horrible -- but I also let
her walk away. Three days later I
filed for divorce and moved Nadine
into the apartment.

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

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

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

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

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Thank you, Patrick.

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

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Of course not everybody was won
over, particularly my mother.

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

Jordan eats dinner with Max and Leah.

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

JORDAN
What does that have to do with
anything?

LEAH
She's Catholic, Jordan.

JORDAN
So was Denise.

Leah waves him off.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
I love her, Ma.

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

Jordan frowns. His cell phone RINGS.

MAX
Goddammit! In the middle of a
goddamn holiday!

JORDAN
(into phone)
Hello?

INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nadine sits crying, very shaken.

NADINE
I need you to come home.

INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
(LATER)

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

JORDAN
Relax, baby. Here. Take a lude.

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

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Tell me what happened.

NADINE
I was out shopping.

FLASHBACK - EXT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - HALLWAY -
NIGHT

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

NADINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I guess Patrick thought I was at
your parents' for the holiday.

Loud music emanates from within. She opens the door.

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

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

NADINE

Omigod!

INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
(PRESENT)

Jordan sits next to Nadine.

JORDAN

Where were they? In the bedroom?

NADINE

They were right here!

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

NADINE (CONT'D)

It gets worse. After I chased them out, I checked the apartment.

JORDAN (V.O.)

The motherfucker stole fifty grand in cash and jewelry.

INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - LIBRARY - DAY

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

JORDAN

I just want my stuff back, okay?

PATRICK THE BUTLER

I didn't take anything.

DANNY PORUSH

(in his face)

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

Jordan holds Danny off. Turns back to Patrick.

JORDAN

You were high, things got out of control, I get it.

(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Just give me the money, give me the jewelry and we'll forget the whole thing.

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

PATRICK THE BUTLER
I'm telling you the truth.

JORDAN
Patrick I'll ask you one last time.

DANNY PORUSH
You're dead, you piece of shit!

PATRICK THE BUTLER
Jordan, please.

JORDAN
Fine.

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

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It's amazing the kind of loyalty money will buy. I mean Walter almost killed this prick.

INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - BALCONY - DAY

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

JORDAN (V.O.)
I finally called the cops, mainly to save Patrick's life.

INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - FOYER - DAY

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

JORDAN (V.O.)
I gave them each a thousand bucks and told them what Patrick had done. Then they kicked his ass.

As the Cops swat Patrick with their nightsticks:

COP #1
Fuckin' thief, huh?

Piece of shit. COP #2

And as they hustle Patrick out...

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

CLOSE ON A GLOSSY COMPANY PROSPECTUS

PULL BACK to reveal --

INT. TENJIN SUSHI RESTAURANT - NIGHT

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

JORDAN
Ouchie fucking mama!

TODD
What'd I tell you, huh?

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

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

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

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

TODD
You accept ludes as payment?

JORDAN
Interesting. Kenny, check with the
SEC.

KENNY GREENE
Seriously?

DANNY PORUSH
How fucking dumb are you?

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

Jordan turns back to Todd.

JORDAN

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

Todd shakes his head.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

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

KENNY GREENE

To the public.

JORDAN

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

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

TODD

What do they do?

JORDAN

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

DANNY PORUSH

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

TODD

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

JORDAN

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

(taps prospectus)

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

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

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

TODD
(smiles)
Not that I give a shit, but how
illegal is this?

JORDAN
(smiles)
I'm sorry, what is it you do for a
living again?

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

CUT TO:

AN FBI SUBPOENA

Naming Jordan Belfort and Stratton Oakmont, Inc. PULL BACK to
reveal...

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

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

JORDAN
Am I reading this right or is it
bullshit?

LEE SORKIN
(flipping through it)
It's weak, a finishing expedition.

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

Sorkin gives him a look.

LEE SORKIN
Sorry, I didn't hear that.

JORDAN
So what do we do?

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

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

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

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

AGENT COLEMAN
I'm good. Thanks.

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

AGENT COLEMAN (CONT'D)
That you?

JORDAN
(nods)
Fiji. You dive?

AGENT COLEMAN
Not on my salary.

JORDAN
I'd be happy to teach you.
(smiles)
Assuming you're not there arrest me of course.

AGENT COLEMAN
(smiles)
Why would I do that?

Jordan chuckles.

LEE SORKIN
Shall we get down to business?

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

LEE SORKIN
Fair enough.

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

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

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

AGENT COLEMAN
Queens College.

JORDAN
I'm from Bayside.

Coleman looks at him, smiles.

AGENT COLEMAN
So we're neighbors.

And he pulls out a file...

JORDAN
The whole thing was a complete jerk-
off.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - ANOTHER DAY

Jordan exits the kitchen with a cup of coffee.

JORDAN (V.O.)
The SEC sent two lawyers to review
our files, so I set them up in our
conference room.

Jordan passes the conference room, looks in the window -- two
S.E.C. ATTORNEYS, 20s, wear coats as they sit chatting over
documents.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Then I had it bugged and the air
conditioning locked till it felt
like Antarctica in there.

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

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Here they were, looking for a
 smoking gun and I was firing a live
 bazooka off right under their
 noses.

BROKER #1
 Arncliffe National, it's on fire!

BROKER #2
 (voice lowered)
 Believe me, your grandkids will
 thank you.

BROKER #3
 (to Sales Assistant)
 Arncliffe National, ten thousand
 shares!

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

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

INT. BANK - SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT- DAY

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

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

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A HUGE DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING

PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

INT. FOUR SEASONS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

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

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

INT. MIRAGE CASINO - BLACKJACK TABLE - NIGHT

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

DEALER

Dealer busts.

Jordan and the Strattonites SCREAM.

INT. PRIVATE JUMBO JET - NIGHT

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

JORDAN

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

INT. VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

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

JORDAN (V.O.)

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

INT. FASHION SHOW - RUNWAY- NIGHT

A hundred Strattonites sit along the sides of a runway.

JORDAN (V.O.)

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

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

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

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

Now a "NASDAQ" HOOKER slinks down the catwalk.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

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

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

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Not that we didn't fuck them too--
believe me, we did.

INT. MIRAGE HOTEL- SUITE - NIGHT

Wigwam, Kenny, and a few other Strattonites fuck Pink Sheet Hookers.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Halfway through the party a few of
the Pink Sheet pimps became unhappy
and made some threats.

INT. MIRAGE HOTEL- BAR AREA - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

EXT. LAS VEGAS DESERT - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

INT. MIRAGE HOTEL- PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - NIGHT

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

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

INT. MIRAGE HOTEL- PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - THE NEXT DAY

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

JORDAN (V.O.)
Including the cost of refurbishing
the entire 28th floor.

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

Jordan sits across a desk from casino owner Steve Wynn.

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

EXT. BEACH (ANGUILLA) - SUNSET

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

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

EXT. MALLIOUHANA HOTEL (ANGUILLA)- BALLROOM - DAY

Jordan and Nadine waltz, their guests joining in.

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

EXT. MALLIOUHANA HOTEL (ANGUILLA)- BALLROOM - LATER

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

NADINE
 Omigod! Aunt Patricia!

VIDEO POV

Nadine jumps up, hugs her AUNT PATRICIA, 50s, demure, with a British accent. She hugs Nadine, turns to Jordan.

AUNT NADINE (V.O.)
 Jordan dear, how lovely.

EXT. MARINA (ANGUILLA) - DAY

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

JORDAN
 Careful now. You ready?

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

NADINE
 What is this?

JORDAN
 Your wedding present. Check out
 your name.

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

NADINE
 Jordan!

EXT. CARIBBEAN- OPEN OCEAN - DAY

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

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

EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - DAY

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

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

WE SEE the household STAFF lined up outside the house.

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

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

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

SUPERIMPOSE: 18 MONTHS LATER

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

NADINE
 Wake up, you little shit!

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

JORDAN
 The fuck are you doing?

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

JORDAN
 What? No!

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

FLASHBACK- INT. HOTEL ROOM- THE NIGHT BEFORE

A Blue Chip hooker, VENICE, sits astride a stoned Jordan, dripping candle wax on his nipples/

JORDAN
(moaning)
Ohhh. Venice.

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

Back to scene. Nadine holds another full glass.

NADINE
You were calling her name in your sleep!

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

NADINE
Yea, right.

JORDAN
Duchess, come on.

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

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

JORDAN
Fuck. Nadine! Why are you so mad?

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

FLASHBACK- EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE- YARD - NIGHT

The scene from the opening. Jordan crash-lands the helicopter on the driving range. He stumbles toward the house, stoned out of his skull. And as the copter takes off the prop-wash blows him backwards into the house.

NADINE (V.O.)
Does it even matter to you that I
just had that ridiculous driving
range sodded with Bermuda grass?

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Back to scene. Nadine holds another glass of water/

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

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

NADINE
Fuck you!

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

JORDAN
Don't you dare throw that water at
me!

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

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

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

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
My morning ritual. First I'd get
up and fight with Nadine about
whatever I did the night before.

EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE- SAUNA - DAY

Jordan sits wrapped in a towel.

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

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

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

JORDAN (V.O.)
After that I'd assess the damage.

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

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
What kind of maniac abuses Visine?

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE- DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Standing amid hundreds of suits, Jordan knots his tie.

JORDAN (V.O.)
After a quick shower, I'd get
dressed and take my 'back pills.'

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

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

GWYNNE
G'mawnin', I got your medicine.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Two Quaaludes to get me started.

Jordan pops the ludes, heads off.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And after that I'd attempt to make
up with nadine.

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

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

JORDAN
Hey, Channie.

NADINE
(in a little girl voice)
Good morning, Daddy. Where's my
kiss?

Jordan kisses the baby, picks her up.

JORDAN
(playing along)
Does Daddy get to kiss both his
girls?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NADINE
(pouting)
Poor, poor Daddy.

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

JORDAN
 Can Daddy tell Mommy a story?
 (off her nod)
 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.

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

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 Now because he was very security-
 conscious, the Daddy hired two full-
 time guards all around the house.
 And one of those cameras is right
 over Daddy's shoulder.

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

EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - GUARD HOUSE - DAY (MORNING)

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

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

Nadine jumps up as if she's been electrocuted.

NADINE
 You asshole!

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

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

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

Jordan approaches his office, where Danny Porush stands
 outside talking with Jordan's assistant, Mona.

DANNY PORUSH
 There he is.

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

DANNY PORUSH
On his way. Very excited.

Jordan nods, glances out toward the Bullpen.

JORDAN
What the fuck?

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

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

Jordan watches as Danny marches toward the Broker...

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS ACTION

DANNY PORUSH
The fuck you doing?

BOWTIE
(bewildered)
Cleaning my fishbowl.

DANNY PORUSH
Oh.

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

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

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

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

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

DANNY PORUSH (CONT'D)
Now take your bowtie, get your shit
and get the fuck out!

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

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

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

JORDAN
The Cobbler. Ready to get rich?

STEVE MADDEN
Hey, buddy.

And as they AD LIB greetings, settle in at the couch:

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

INSERT - A STEVE MADDEN AD

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

INT. STEVE MADDEN SHOES - DAY

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

JORDAN (V.O.)
The company blew up and I was now
taking it public. But first I had
Steve meet my Brokers.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - DAY

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

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

The place slowly comes to order.

STEVE MADDEN (CONT'D)
For those of you who don't know me,
my name is Steve Madden. I'm --

WALTER CHANG
We know who you are!

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

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

KENNY GREENE
Nice fucking hat!

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

INDIAN BROKER
Move the mike closer.

ANOTHER BROKER
We can't fucking hear you!

He moves the mic; feedback SCREECHES through the bullpen.

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

BROKER #4
Freak!

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...

JORDAN (CONT'D)

It's because this man is a creative genius. This ability Steve has, this gift, it goes beyond being able to spot a hot shoe trend. Steve's power is that he creates trends.

The Brokers listen in rapt attention.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

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

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

JORDAN (CONT'D)

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

Applause; war whoops. Jordan motions for quiet.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I want everybody to look down. See that little black box in front of you? It's called a telephone. Now I'm gonna let you in on a 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 M-16 without a trained Marine to pull the trigger. And in the case of the telephone, it's the action of you, a highly trained Strattonite, a killer who will not take no for an answer! A person who will not hang up the phone until his client either buys or fucking dies!

The Brokers go crazy. Jordan looks around.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

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

(pauses; looks around)

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

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

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!

(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)

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 muu-muu, crammed in next to you with a carload of groceries from the fucking Price Club!

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

JORDAN (CONT'D)

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

The Brokers go absolutely APESHIT.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Are you aware of how much money you're about to make today? How much money your clients are about to make? It is your obligation, your fiduciary duty, to get on the phone the second I'm done and do whatever it takes to get them to buy as much stock in Steve Madden Shoes as they can possibly fucking afford! You have an obligation here, people! To your clients! To this firm! And obligation to yourself, goddammit! You ram this stock down your clients' throats and make them choke on it till they buy 20,000 shares! Be aggressive!

(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Be ferocious! Be telephone fucking
terrorists!

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

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
At 1 p.m. we opened the stock for
sale at \$4.50 a share. By 1:03 it
was over eighteen dollars.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - LATER

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

PENGUIN	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.

INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE - DAY

FLOOR BROKERS scream at each other, selling stock.

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

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

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

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

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

Jordan sits with Danny and Kenny, each holding a champagne glass.

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

Jordan fills the glasses with Dom Perignon.

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

DANNY PORUSH
Not a bad afternoon.

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

JORDAN
Mona, baby. Drink.

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

JORDAN
Who?

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

Curious, Jordan leans over, picks up the phone.

JORDAN
Rick?

INT. FUTURE VIDEO - DAY

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

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

ON JORDAN

JORDAN (V.O.)
The fuck is with this guy?

INT. RAO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

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

BO DIETL
He's a Boy Scout, Bo, he thinks
you're Gordan Gekko.

JORDAN
Jesus Christ.

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

JORDAN
Can you bug him or something, tap
his phone?

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

JORDAN
Well, what should I do?

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

Jordan nods, wheels turning.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Yet.

Bo Dietl keeps eating.

EXT. YACHT NADINE (MARINA, LONG ISLAND) - DAY

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

JORDAN
Greg, hey! Come on up!

Coleman boards the yacht, approaches. Jordan smiles.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Thanks for coming. This is Nicole,
this is Heidi.

AD-LIBBED greetings. Agent Coleman stands there.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Have a seat.

AGENT COLEMAN
You said you wanted to talk
privately.

JORDAN
I do. These are friends of mine.

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

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Give us a minute, okay?

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

AGENT COLEMAN
What is this?

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

Coleman looks around. Jordan motions across the yacht.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Just had her extended so we could
add some room for jet-skis.

AGENT COLEMAN
Listen, I already have a job.

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

AGENT COLEMAN
(stands)
Thanks anyway.

JORDAN

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

(off Coleman's look)

Half million a year. Not including your Christmas bonus.

AGENT COLEMAN

(a few beats; then)

I already said no.

JORDAN

(smiles)

But you were thinking about it.

AGENT COLEMAN

I was considering whether or not to arrest you.

JORDAN

For offering you a job?

Jordan chuckles, sips his wine.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

What's your problem with me, Greg?

AGENT COLEMAN

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

JORDAN

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

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

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Lighten up, will you? It's a fucking joke.

AGENT COLEMAN

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

Jordan sighs. A few beats, then:

JORDAN

You know what I think? Agent Coleman?

(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)

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

AGENT COLEMAN

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

Coleman gets up, walks out. ON Jordan.

JORDAN (V.O.)

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

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

As Nadine looks on, Jordan packs a suitcase.

NADINE

Switzerland? What the fuck is in Switzerland?

JORDAN

Swiss cheese, Nadine, what do you fucking think?

EXT. JFK AIRPORT - NIGHT

Planes take off and land.

JORDAN (V.O.)

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

EXT. JFK AIRPORT - INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - NIGHT

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

JORDAN (V.O.)

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

INT. AIRPORT - FIRST CLASS LOUNGE - NIGHT

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

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

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - DAY

Jordan stands before the Bullpen talking to his Brokers.

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

INT. CANASTEL'S - NIGHT

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

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

INT. DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

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

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

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Jordan is barely conscious as a Hooker rides him.

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

INT. SWISS AIR JET - FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

Jordan boards, slurring, drooling, completely wasted.

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

And as he stumbles toward his seat...

INT. SWISS AIR JET - FIRST CLASS - DAY

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

JORDAN
 Danny. Danny, wake up.

DANNY PORUSH
 Nuuhh?

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

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

JORDAN
 Why?

FLASHBACK

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

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 What could have been an ugly
 international incident was quickly
 squashed by our Swiss banker.

INT. GENEVA AIRPORT - CUSTOMS OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT)

Jordan sits with two CUSTOMS OFFICERS

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

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

EXT. SHOPPING DISTRICT (GENEVA) - DAY

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

INT. UNION BANCAIRE PRIVEE - LOBBY - DAY (MORNING)

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

HANDALI
Andrew, you look terrific.

WIGWAM
(smiles)
Jordan Belfort, Jean=Jacques
Handali.

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

Handali gives Jordan a wink.

INT. UNION BANCAIRE PRIVEE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

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

JORDAN
I'm curious about your bank secrecy
laws.

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

JORDAN
(cutting him off)
Andy. Andrew.
(smiles)
If I wanted your opinion...

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

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Under what circumstances would you
cooperated with our FBI or Justice
Department, for example?

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

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

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

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

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

Handali looks at him, impressed.

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

Handali trails off. Jordan looks at him.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Did I just here what I thought I
heard? He was telling me to use a
rathole.

INT. GENEVA HOTEL - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DAY

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

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

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nadine answers the phone.

NADINE
Hello?

INTERCUT JORDAN AND NADINE

JORDAN
Hey, baby, how's my Duchess?

NADINE
Good, how was the flight?

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

NADINE
For what?

JORDAN
I'm already in Europe, it would be
a sin to have come all this way
without at least saying hello.

INT. LEAR JET - DAY

Jordan sits alone, looking out the window as the plane
descends over London.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Somehow I got through the entire 60
minute flight from Geneva to London
without a single lude --

INT. LONDON TAXI - DAY

Jordan sits in back as the cab drives through the city.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Though she did have a huge rebellious streak, Nadine's Aunt Patricia was a former school teacher and I wanted to be on my bet behavior.

EXT. HYDE PARK - DAY

Cool; late summer. Amidst towering trees and immaculate horse trails, Jordan walks arm-in-arm with Nadine's Aunt Patricia, who wears a plaid jacket and skirt.

AUNT PATRICIA

So, love, when shall we get started on this wonderful adventure?

JORDAN

If possible, I'd like us to go to Switzerland tomorrow so you can open the account. Next month maybe you can fly to New York and we can start moving the cash.

AUNT PATRICIA

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, but again there's a chance one day you'll get a knock at your door. And it won't be Ian Fleming, it'll be Scotland Yard.

AUNT PATRICIA

Risk is what keeps us young.

JORDAN

If that were true, I'd be six.

(off her smile)

I want you to promise you'll spend at least ten thousand pounds per month out of the account, okay?

AUNT PATRICIA

(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.

(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)
How about a bigger apartment so
your grandkids can sleep over?

They walk in silence for awhile. Aunt Patricia notices that Jordan is sweating, fidgety. He's jonesing.

AUNT PATRICIA
Shall we sit?

Jordan nods. They sit on a nearby bench. After a while:

AUNT PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Sometimes I wonder if you let money
get the best of you, dear.
(beat)
Among other substances.

Jordan looks at her, smiles.

JORDAN
It's that obvious, huh?

AUNT PATRICIA
It's chilly, love. You're sweating
bullets.

Jordan nods. A long time, then:

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

AUNT PATRICIA
(laughs)
Oh my.

JORDAN
(smiles)
Why am I telling you this?

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

They sit in silence. Finally:

JORDAN
When I met my first wife, Denise, I
had my own business, a meat and
seafood distributorship. I was
doing really well, then I made a
few mistakes... I lose everything.
We were so broke we'd get down on
our hands and knees, roll up
nickels to buy spaghetti. That's
how poor we were.

(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)

When I'd lost all my money, I thought Denise would leave me. She was young and beautiful and I was a failure. But she stuck with me. I got back on my feet, obviously... and I met Nadine.

His eyes well up.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

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

Patricia pats his hand.

AUNT PATRICIA

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

JORDAN

(smiles)

I know. But I'd also leave the toilet seat up.

AUNT PATRICIA

Well. None of us is perfect.

And over the sound of a bed creaking, WE HEAR --

JORDAN (V.O.)

Stop moving.

INT. BEACH HOUSE (WEST HAMPTON) - BEDROOM - DAY

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

NADINE

(as she squirms)

I'm not comfortable!

Jordan tries to kiss her, but she turns away.

JORDAN

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

(more squirming)

Keep still, I'm almost there.

NADINE

Ow.

JORDAN

C'mon, Nay.

NADINE

My back hurts, now get off!

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

NADINE (CONT'D)

My poor baby! I'm so sorry.

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

NADINE (CONT'D)

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

Jordan stands up, slowly.

JORDAN

Forget it. Todd and Carolyn will be here any minute.

And as he limps towards the bathroom...

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

When I got back home, I realized there was no way Aunt Patricia could smuggle that much cash by herself. So I'd racked my brain to come up with another person with a foreign passport.

INT. BEACH HOUSE (WEST HAMPTON) - BEDROOM - LATER

Jordan looks on as Todd tapes dozens of stacks of cash to his wife CAROLYN, 20s, a blonde Swiss bombshell in panties, bra, and sneakers.

CAROLYN

Ta-had, theese tape eez too focking steeky!

JORDAN (V.O.)

As a successful drug dealer, Todd spent his winters in the South of France, where he met his wife Carolyn, a stripper who was from all places, Switzerland.

CAROLYN

Take eet off already!

TODD

Shut up, bitch.

CAROLYN

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

Todd ignores her, finishes wrapping -- she looks like a cash-covered mummy. He turns to Jordan.

TODD

What do you think?

Jordan looks over at the bed. WE SEE ninety percent of the cash is still there. He turns back to Todd.

JORDAN

Let's take a walk.

Todd nods, starts following Jordan out.

CAROLYN

Cut me out of zees, cocksucker!

Todd ignores her. And as Carolyn continues shrieking...

EXT. BEACH (WEST HAMPTON) - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Jordan and Todd emerge from the house, start walking along the beach.

JORDAN

This isn't gonna work, it'll take thirty trips.

TODD

You know I'd do it in a second, bro, but I'm on like ten different watch lists with the drug shit.

JORDAN

Maybe I should fly it over in the Gulfstream. Last time they didn't even stamp my passport.

TODD
 It's too risky. I'll have Carolyn's
 parents bring some over, her
 brother and his wife too. Five
 people, six, seven trips apiece,
 they'll be done in no time.

JORDAN
 You're sure they'd do it?

TODD
 Her relatives? For a free trip to
 Switzerland?

JORDAN
 All right. Danny's got a million of
 his own, but he won't have it 'til
 the end of next week. I'll be away,
 s give him a call and make plans to
 hook up.

TODD
 I have fuckin' dealing with Danny.
 Too many ludes during the day.

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

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

EXT. STARR BOGG'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

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

JORDAN
 (slurring)
 All ave zorvish.

A WAITER looks at him quizzically.

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

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

INT. GENEVA AIRPORT - DAY

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

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

INT. UNION BANCAIRE PRIVEE - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY (MORNING)

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

JORDAN (V.O.)
But before phase two could start, Todd needed to hook up with Danny and collect his money.

EXT. YACHT NADINE (OPEN OCEAN) - DAY

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

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

NADINE
Like I'd let you fly me anywhere.

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

CAPTAIN PETE
Boss, you got a call.

As Jordan heads into the galley:

CRISTY
Do you know what you're having?

NADINE
A boy. We're so excited.

Jordan picks up the phone.

JORDAN
Hello?

EXT. COURT HOUSE (LONG ISLAND) - DAY (MORNING)

Todd's wife Carolyn stands at a pay phone.

CAROLYN
Jordan! Ta-had eez in jail!

INTERCUT JORDAN AND CAROLYN.

JORDAN
What? What happened?

FLASHBACK - EXT. STRIP MALL - PARKING LOT - DAY (MORNING)

Todd sits in his Range Rover listening to the radio.

JORDAN (V.O.)
What happened was I forgot to talk
to Danny.

He looks out his window, then:

TODD
(under his breath)
Motherfucker.

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

DANNY PORUSH
(slurring)
Fu Manchu! Kung fu!

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

TODD
I should kill you, you fuckin'
idiot.

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

DANNY PORUSH
S'matter? It's all good.

TODD
Gimme the fuckin' briefcase.

Todd grabs the briefcase. Just then, SIRENS.

DANNY PORUSH
Shit.

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

POLICE
Freeze! Don't move!

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

INT. YACHT NADINE - BACK TO SCENE - DAY (PRESENT)

Jordan speaks on the phone with Carolyn.

JORDAN
When was the last time you spoke to Todd?

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

JORDAN
Good. Great. That's right.

CAROLYN
I book teekit already for my parents and my brozzer.

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

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

JORDAN
All right, be careful. And let Todd know he has nothing to worry about. Everything will be taken care of.

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

Jordan hangs up.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Todd killing himself wasn't what I
was worried about.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

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

JORDAN (V.O.)
It was Todd killing Danny, who'd
somehow gotten away scot-free.

EXT. JAIL - DAY

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

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

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

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They never found the gun, either,
so they finally had to let him go
because they couldn't charge him
with anything.

INT. GENEVA AIRPORT - CUSTOMS - DAY (MORNING)

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

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

INTR. UNION BANCAIRE PRIVEE - PRIVATE ROOM

With a cash-filled suitcase on the table, Carolyn laughs with Jean-Jacques Handali; Aunt Patricia fills out a deposit slip.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Celebration time.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - DAY

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

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

JORDAN
You fucking serious?

CLOSE ON A LEMMON 714 QUAALUDE

Pure white, with trademark ridged edges.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The Lemmon 714 was the Holy Grail of Quaaludes, outlawed since the '80s and three times as powerful as anything available today.

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BATHROOM - DAY

Jordan enters, strips off his suit and tie.

JORDAN (V.O.)
For a Quaalude addict, this was like finding a Hand Aaron rookie card at a garage sale.

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

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

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

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

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

JORDAN
Start with one, see how it goes?

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

Danny hands Jordan a Lemmon.

DANNY PORUSH (CONT'D)
Salut.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - BASEMENT - LATER

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

JORDAN
You feeling anything?

DANNY PORUSH
Nope
(glances)
Thirty-five minutes.

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

Danny shrugs. They each pop one more...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - BASEMENT - LATER

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

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

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

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

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

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

NADINE
What are you two retards doing?

JORDAN
Nothing. Working out.

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

Nadine heads back upstairs. Jordan picks up the phone.

JORDAN
Bo, hey, what's up?

INT. BO DIETL'S CADILLAC - NIGHT

Bo Dietl talks on his cell phone.

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

INTERCUT JORDAN AND BO.

JORDAN
Why, what's --

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

EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Jordan pulls his Lamborghini out of the driveway.

JORDAN (V.O.)
The Brockville Country Club was a
WASP stronghold, a straight shot
down the road from my house.

EXT. BROOKVILLE COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

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

INT. BROOKVILLE COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

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

BO DIETL (O.S.)
Jordan?

JORDAN
Yeah, I'm at a pay phone.

INT. BO DIETL'S CADILLAC - NIGHT

Bo talks on his cell.

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

INTERCUT JORDAN AND BO.

JORDAN
Fuck!

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

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

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

JORDAN
I zay I zint ty zoo bibe azybuzzy!

BO DIETL
Are you fucking high?

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

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

JORDAN'S POV

Is HAZY as he stares at his own reflection in the pay phone.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 It took 90 minutes for the little fuckers to kick in, but once they did -- wow! I had skipped the tingle phase and went straight to the drool phase.

JORDAN'S POV - ANOTHER ANGLE

The phone gets FURTHER AND FURTHER AWAY.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Actually, I'd discovered a new phase: the cerebral palsy phase.

BACK TO SCENE

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

BO DIETL (V.O.)
 (over phone)
 Jordan! Jordan! Do no get behind the wheel! Just tell me where you're at, I'll send Rocco!

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

THE LAMBORGHINI

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

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

INT. JORDAN'S LAMBORGHINI - NIGHT

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

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

EXT. HEGEMAN'S ROAD - NIGHT

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

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

EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Jordan pulls up in the Lamborghini, shuts the ignition.

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

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

JORDAN
Whaa? Ow come?

As they lead him out:

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

JORDAN
No! You goz zee raw guy!

EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - NIGHT

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

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

FLASHBACK - EXT. HEGEMAN'S ROAD - NIGHT

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

INT. OLD BROOKVILLE POLICE STATION - CELL - NIGHT

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

FAT TROOPER

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

JORDAN

You mean I'm not hallucinating now?

FAT TROOPER

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

JORDAN

What are you talking about?

FAT TROOPER

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

Jordan slumps in his seat.

JORDAN (V.O.)

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

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

JUDGE STEVENS (OLD MAN)

Is this Jordan Belfort?

FAT TROOPER

Yeah?

He flashed his credentials.

JUDGE STEVENS

Justice Warren Stevens. I'm here to arraign him.

Jordan stands; the Judge gives him a wink.

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

JORDAN
Yeah. Absolutely. Your Honor.

JUDGE STEVENS
(to Fat Trooper)
He please not guilty to whatever
he's being charged with and I'm
releasing him on his own
recognizance.
(to Jordan)
Call Joe to find out when your
court date is.

The Judge turns on his heel and walks out.

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

EXT. OLD BROOKEVILLE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Jordan exits, jumps into a waiting Lincoln Continental.

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

INT. JOE FAHMIGHETTI'S LINCOLN - NIGHT

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

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

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

JORDAN
For cocaine?

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

EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Jordan exits Fahmighetti's Lincoln. He stands alone, looking at the totalled Lamborghini.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Joe did squash it, but even
still... It was an absolute miracle
I wasn't killed, I mean what the
fuck was I doing? I really needed
to make some changes.

INSERT - TV

An episode of 'Gilligan's Island.'

THURSTON HOWELL and LOVIE hide behind some bushes as a crazy MAN in a pilot's cap stands besides an old prop plane.

THURSTON HOWELL (V.O.)
Every man has his price. If he
rescues us, I'll promise him one of
our oil wells.

LOVIE (V.O.)
Thurston, you'd give him one of our
oil wells?

THURSTON HOWELL (V.O.)
I didn't say give, I said promise.
Don't you worry about the old Wolf
of Wall Street.

PULL BACK to reveal...

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MEDIA ROOM - DAY

Jordan lies on the couch watching TV impassively, with nadine, Chandler, and newborn CARTER on the floor nearby.

JORDAN (V.O.)
For the first time in years I had
stopped getting high. With a fully-
functioning brain, I decided to cut
a deal with the S.E.C., Heading
Agent Coleman off at the pass.

INT. LEE SORKIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Weeks later. Jordan is clear-eyed and healthy-looking. He sits across from securities lawyer Lee Sorkin, who finishes up a phone call. As Sorkin hangs up:

JORDAN

Well?

LEE SORKIN

With no admission of wrongdoing on your part, you'll pay a 3 million dollar fine for various nonspecific securities violations.

JORDAN

What does 'nonspecific' mean?

LEE SORKIN

It means they know you've done something, they just can't prove it yet.

JORDAN

And the fine, the \$3 million?
That'll make Coleman go away?

LEE SORKIN

Complete immunity for any and all transgressions committed up to this point. Though he insists you be barred from the securities industry for life.

Jordan looks at him.

JORDAN

What happens to Stratton?

LEE SORKIN

Danny takes over, I dunno.

(beat)

You beat them, Jordan, you won.
Sail off into the sunset with your wife and kids. God knows you'll never have to work again.

JORDAN (V.O.)

The lifetime ban was bad enough,
but leaving Stratton would be like
abdicating my throne.

EXT. OLD BROOKEVILLE EQUESTRIAN CENTER - DAY

Jordan holds Carter, watching as Nadine leads Chandler around on a pony.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Even still, I knew it was time.

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

Jordan sits on his couch drinking Evian, with Danny, Kenny, Wigwam, and Max nearby.

DANNY PORUSH
You know you'll be welcome anytime,
bro.
(motions around)
My office will be your office.

JORDAN
Your office will be my old office
is what you mean.

They all laugh.

DANNY PORUSH
Lot of good times in this place.

KENNY GREENE
They're not over yet.

Jordan smiles, nods.

WIGWAM
How about the troops, JB?

JORDAN
I'll make the announcement right
after the close.

Hugs all around. Danny, Kenny, and Wigwam exit. Jordan sits there with Max, who pats his leg.

MAX
It's a smart move, son.

EXT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - DAY

4:02 p.m. As the Brokers applaud, Jordan takes center stage. Danny, Kenny, and Wigwam look on from nearby.

JORDAN
Thank you. 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.

He looks out at the crowd.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 Five years ago when I started
 Stratton with Danny Porush, 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. The point is though,
 that under Danny's leadership,
 along with Kenny Greene and Andy
 Cohen 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 Danny advice,
 not that he needs any --

DANNY PORUSH
 (jumping in)
 Why would anyone in their right
 mind not follow JB's advice?

Wild applause; Jordan starts feeding off their electricity.

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 700
 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.
 (MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)

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!

More applause. Jordan scans the young faces -- they worship him. In the crowd he finds CARRIE CHODOSH, 30s.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Everybody here knows Carrie Chodosh, right?

Hoots and hollers. He raises his hand for quiet.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

In case any of you weren't aware of it, Carrie was one of Stratton's first brokers, one of the original twenty. Now when most of you met Carrie, 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 Chanel suits, who spends her winters in the Bahamas and her summers in the Hamptons!

Wild Applause.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

But that's not the Carrie I met. The Carrie 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, Carrie?

CARRIE CHODOSH

You wrote me a check for \$25,000!

JORDAN

Because I believed in you, like I believe in each and every one of you!

CARRIE CHODOSH

I love you, Jordan!

As the Brokers go berserk, Jordan stands basking in the adoration. He looks at Danny, 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 the 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, its 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.

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

I couldn't give it up. The cult, the power, the chance to play God, to actually be God to some people.

INT. S.E.C. - HALLWAY - DAY

THROUGH a conference room window, WE SEE Jordan's lawyer lee Sorkin at a table with Agent Coleman and three S.E.C. ATTORNEYS. As Sorkin finishes talking, Coleman angrily SLAMS the table with his hand, then storms out.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Of course, not everyone was thrilled with my decision.

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

Mona Axelrod 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 -- notices to produce documents, depositions...

INT. S.E.C. - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

As Lee Sorkin looks on, Agent Coleman sits with the three S.E.C. Attorneys and a COURT REPORTER.

JORDAN (V.O.)
 They interrogated everybody, it
 went on for months, it was total
 fucking harassment...

A SERIES OF CUTS

Various Stratton Brokers are deposed: Kenny, Wigwam, Mark
 Hanna, Penguin, Walter Chang.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ...but not a single Strattonite
 cracked.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE (WEST HAMPTON) - POOL AREA - DAY

THROUGH a VIDEO CAMERA POV we see a small party in progress,
 a dozen Strattonites and their wives. The CAMERA PANS,
 FINDING Mark Hanna and his wife floating on a raft, sharing a
 joint.

JORDAN (O.S.)
 Smile!

They wave; the CAMERA PANS to find Wigwam flipping steaks at
 the barbecue, Kenny looking on with a beer.

JORDAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Flip your wig while you're at it.

Wigwam mouths "Fuck you;" Kenny pops a lude. The CAMERA keeps
 PANNING, finding a coked-out Danny, face contorted as he puts
 on sunblock, wolfing a burger. Danny looks INTO CAMERA, holds
 out eh sunblock.

DANNY PORUSH
 Help me out, I missed a spot.

He pulls down his bathing suit, flashing his bare ass.

JORDAN (O.S.)
 Nice. Even whiter than your
 choppers.

Danny runs and dives into the pool. Jordan shuts the video
 camera and from --

ANOTHER ANGLE

We see him plop on a lounge chair with a Coke. After a beat,
 Nadine approaches, sits him.

NADINE
 I can't fucking take this.

JORDAN
What's the matter?

NADINE
Lisa. She's drunk off her ass,
passed out on Chandler's bed.

JORDAN
You wouldn't drink if you were
married to Danny?

NADINE
It's not funny. You've been doing
great, I don't want you around this
shit.

JORDAN
He's my friend, Nay, what do you
want me to do?

Nadine nods, holds her tongue. Just then, from the pool:

DANNY PORUSH
JB, come on in!

Nadine looks at Danny, splashing around like an idiot, his
coke-face twisted like a pretzel.

NADINE
Great. He's got the Quasimodo
going.

JORDAN
(to Danny)
Finish your burger so you can come
down a little.

DANNY PORUSH
Down? I only go up, baby! Come on,
let's race.

JORDAN
(to Nadine)
Let me shut him up.

Jordan gets up, heads for the pool. Nadine frowns.

INT. POOL - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Jordan jumps in, treads water next to Danny.

DANNY PORUSH
Four laps. Ten grand.

JORDAN
Twenty

DANNY PORUSH
Go!

Danny kicks off the side, starts swimming. Jordan kicks off after him, arms and legs pumping as he quickly catches up. One lap, then two.

UNDERWATER POV

They're neck and neck on the third lap, but as they kick off for the final push...

ON THE SURFACE --

It's Jordan by a mile. Reaching the end of the pool, he rests his arms over the edge, breathing heavily. After a beat he turns to see --

DANNY

Laying on his side on the bottom of the pool.

JORDAN
Fuck.

UNDERWATER POV

Jordan dives to the bottom; Danny isn't moving. He grabs him, yanks him to the surface, throws him over the side. He's not moving.

NADINE
Omigod!

JORDAN
Call an ambulance!

Frantic, Jordan places his fingers under Danny's carotid artery. Nothing. Lisa comes running from the house.

LISA
Don't let my husband die!

The crowd gathers around Jordan, hunched over Danny.

MARIE HANNA
Somebody do something!

JORDAN (V.O.)
I really wanted to, I even knew CPR...but what if I didn't save him?

(MORE)

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He was a major liability, a pain in my balls, the man who more than anyone was responsible for my raging drug and prostitute habit. Not to mention he could put me in jail till the next millennium if he chose to...

NADINE
 Jordan, fucking do something!

Jordan snaps out of it, starts furiously pumping Danny's chest, then breathing air into his lungs in rhythmic bursts. Danny doesn't move.

Jordan flips him over, tries the Heimlich maneuver -- we hear a CRUNCH as he breaks Danny's ribs. He flips him back over, but he's almost completely blue.

JORDAN
 He won't come back!

LISA
 (screaming)
 My children! Don't stop!

Jordan takes a massive breath, blowing as hard as he can into Danny's lungs. Danny's stomach distends like a balloon, then suddenly a chunk of cheeseburger projects from his mouth and into Jordan's face. Danny coughs, vomiting. And as he starts breathing again...

INT. WEST HAMPTON HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Alive and resting comfortably, Danny lays on a gurney, with Jordan, Lisa, and Kenny at his side.

JORDAN (V.O.)
 I was feeling pretty good about myself, great actually. I was a hero. Aside from a few broken ribs, Danny was fine.

LISA
 Can I get you something, baby?

Danny moans. Just then, Nadine enters, hanging up her cell phone. She's crying.

JORDAN
 What's wrong?

NADINE
 Aunt Patricia's dead.

What? JORDAN LISA
The one from England?

NADINE (CONT'D)
She had a heart attack.
(to Jordan)
I gotta call my mom.

Nadine walks out crying. Jordan stands there, looking like he's been gut-punched.

JORDAN (V.O.)
She thought she was sad? Twenty
million in cash, all in a Swiss
account under a dead woman's name.

His eyes dart around, mind racing.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I thought fast and did the only
sensible thing.

On a tray near Danny, Jordan spots a loaded syringe, whose label says "MORPHINE." Quickly, he slips the syringe into his windbreaker, then leaves the room.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Hyperventilating, Jordan slips into a stall. He sits on the bowl, takes the syringe from his pocket. Hiking up his shorts, he jams the needle in his thigh, pushes down on the plunger. After a few seconds, his jaw slackens...

INT. VIDEO ARCADE - THE NEXT DAY

Wearing sunglasses and a baseball hat, Jordan stands at a pay phone. He finishes dialing...

JORDAN (V.O.)
As soon as I was able, I called
Switzerland and told Handali what
was going on.

INT. UNION BANCAIRE PRIVEE - HANDALI'S OFFICE - DAY (MORNING)

Jean-Jacques Handali sits at his desk, smoking as he talks on the phone.

HANDALI
That is terrible. My condolences to
you and your family.

INTERCUT JORDAN AND HANDALI.

JORDAN
Thanks, yeah, but where does this
leave us in regard to the account?

HANDALI
Your aunt, before she dies, she
signs papers, relinquishing the
account to another nominee.

JORDAN
She did?!

HANDALI
(smiles)
Well. Not as of yet.

JORDAN (V.O.)
I gotta say, these Swiss are some
sneaky motherfuckers. Within
minutes he made arrangements to set
me up with a forger, the best
document specialist in Geneva.

INT. ROLAND SCHAEER'S OFFICE (GENEVA) - DAY

ROLAND SCHAEER, 40s, rotund, cherubic, wears jeweler's glasses
as he painstakingly forges a signature.

JORDAN (V.O.)
For a small fee, this guy could
make it look like you were one of
the original signers of the
Declaration.

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Jordan and Nadine pack suitcases.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Now all I had to do was get over
there.

EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - DA

Jordan and Nadine wave goodbye to the kids, who stand with
Nadine's parents, Max and Leah on the front steps. As the
limo pulls away...

JORDAN (V.O.)
Flying was out of the question,
since Coleman had me watched almost
24 hours a day now.

They pass an unmarked FBI van. Jordan flips them the bird.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 So I made arrangements for a month-long vacation, where we'd leisurely sail the Nadine to Europe.

EXT. THE YACHT NADINE - DAY

Blue skies, smooth sailing. On a deck aboard the 170-foot yacht, Jordan dances with Nadine, a joint in his mouth, bottle of chianti in his hand. Nearby, Danny, Mark, Hanna, Kenny, and Todd party with their wives.

EXT. PORTO CIVITAVECCHIA (ITALY) - MARINA - NIGHT

The Nadine is docked. Luded-out, slurring slightly, Jordan sits on deck, sunning himself with the guys. A pretty HOSTESS serves him a Bloody Mary.

HOSTESS
 Can I get you anything else?

JORDAN
 Actually yes. I have a rare condition that requires me to drink one of these every fifteen minutes, so if you could set your egg timer, I'd appreciate it.

The Hostess smiles, heading off as Nadine and the rest of the wives board with shopping bags.

NADINE
 You waited for us. Nice.

MARK HANNA
 Why are we still here anyway?

JORDAN
 Yo, Pete, what's the hold-up?

Captain Pete emerges from below.

CAPTAIN PETE
 I'm getting reports of some chop up ahead. Storm popped up out of nowhere.

NADINE
 I don't want to get seasick.

JORDAN
The boat's 170 feet long, Nay. She
can handle a little chop.

DANNY PORUSH
Seasickness is a state of mind
anyway.

CAPTAIN PETE
We probably should wait 'til it
dies down a bit.

JORDAN
C'mon, you fucking kidding?

NADINE
We're not going anywhere till he
says it's safe.

Jordan ignores her, turns to Captain Pete.

JORDAN
What's the worst-case scenario?

CAPTAIN PETE
We take it slow, batten down the
hatches. Few broken dishes.

JORDAN
(smiling)
Is it just me, or does that sound
fucking awesome?

NADINE
Jordan.

JORDAN
(off her look)
I have an appointment in
Switzerland, Nay. Remember?

Nadine storms below deck with the other wives.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
(smiles)
Trim the topsails, swabbie!

And as they all laugh...

CUT TO:

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - DAY

The perfect storm. As the Nadine 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.

INT. YACHT NADINE - MAIN SALON - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Wearing life jackets, the entire group sits holding hands, huddled in a tight circle. CRASH!

Another wave hits the boat, smashing out a window above their heads. They all scream. The FIRST MATE comes downstairs.

FIRST MATE
The diving platform just ripped
off!

JORDAN
(to Nadine)
I'm going up!

Jordan stands, starts clawing his way upstairs in the raging storm. Nadine follows.

INT. YACHT NADINE - BRIDGE - DAY

Holding hands with Nadine, Jordan makes his way to the bridge, where Captain Pete holds the ship's wheel with both hands, the radio blaring in the b.g.

RADIO (V.O.)
Gale warning! Gale warning!

JORDAN
What's going on?!

CAPTAIN PETE
The waves are twenty feet and
building!

JORDAN
Can't you turn us around?!

CAPTAIN PETE
We'll get broad-sided and tip over!

RADIO (V.O.)
Gale warning! Gale warning!

Captain Pete holds binoculars, looks out.

CAPTAIN PETE
Hold on!

Jordan grabs Nadine. All at once the boat dips down at an impossibly steep angle, until its pointing almost straight down. Captain Pete jams the throttle and the boat jerks forward, rising up the face of a giant rogue wave, which curls over the top of the bridge and...

KABOOM! -- Blackness. Slowly, painfully, the boat pops up from underneath the water, its helicopter RIPPING from the deck and crashing into the sea.

CAPTAIN PETE (CONT'D)
Everybody okay?!

Jordan nods; Captain Pete grabs the radio.

CAPTAIN PETE (CONT'D)
Mayday! This is Captain Peter Elliot aboard the yacht Nadine! This is a Mayday! We are going down at the head fifty miles off the coast of Rome and we require immediate assistance!

INT. YACHT NADINE - LATER

With the storm still raging, an enormous Italian military chopper hovers 100 feet above the Nadine, now barely afloat. One by one, the passengers are hoisted up by a NAVY COMMANDO. And as Jordan is hoisted...

JORDAN (V.O.)
The nice thing about getting rescued by Italians is that the first thing they do is feed you and make you drink red wine. Then they make you dance.

INT. ITALIAN NAVAL DESTROYER - BELOW DECK - NIGHT

Alone, off to the side, a sober Jordan watches as Nadine, their friends, and the yacht's crew members dance. A small group of Italian SAILORS cheer them on.

JORDAN (V.O.)
The sinking of the yacht -- it was
the perfect metaphor for my stupid,
arrogant, money-grubbing existence,
which almost cost the lives of 19
innocent people.

INT. JORDAN'S GULFSTREAM JET - DAY

Jordan stares out the window, Nadine and the others seated nearby.

JORDAN (V.O.)
We flew home the next day, not an
inch closer to straightening out my
problems in Switzerland, but I
swear I didn't give a shit.

EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - DAY

A limo pulls up. Jordan emerges with Nadine, swoops up
Chandler in his arms as Max and Leah approach with Carter.

JORDAN (V.O.)
As soon as I saw my kids, I knew
nothing else mattered -- I also
knew I'd never do drugs again.

SUPERIMPOSE: EIGHTEEN MONTHS LATER

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Jordan, looking healthier than we've seen him thus far, sits
at his desk working at his computer. After a few beats, the
phone RINGS. He checks the number, answers.

JORDAN
Danny, hey. What's up?

INT. DANNY'S ROLLS ROYCE - NIGHT

Danny drives, slurring slightly as he talks on his cell
phone.

DANNY PORUSH
You talk to Wigwam?

INTERCUT JORDAN AND DANNY

JORDAN
Couple days ago, why?

DANNY PORUSH
The Kellard IPO. I left him three
fucking messages.

JORDAN
He's in Florida.

DANNY PORUSH
I know. They don't have phones in
fucking Florida?

Jordan looks up, sees Nadine in his doorway with Chandler.

JORDAN
I gotta go, I'll talk to you later.

Jordan hangs up, smiles.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Hello, ladies.

NADINE
(smiling)
Did you tell someone she could get
the new Rugrats video?

JORDAN
(smiles)
I don't recall saying that.

CHANDLER
You did, you promised!

Jordan looks at Nadine, scrunches his face -- "No I didn't."

CHANDLER (CONT'D)
You did! You did!

JORDAN
(to Chandler)
All right, fine. You're a born
salesperson. You gonna work for
Daddy some day?

CHANDLER
No!

JORDAN
Good. You're a genius, too.

EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Jordan buckles Chandler into her car seat, then gets behind
the wheel of his convertible Mercedes. He pulls out, makes a
turn onto the cul-de-sac, where a --

GRAY OLDSMOBILE

Is idling. As he passes, an OLDER MAN pokes his head out. Jordan slows down.

OLDER MAN
Excuse me, is this Cryder Lane?

JORDAN
No, it's Pin Oak Court.

Just then, Jordan notices SOMEONE approaching from the passenger side.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They were kidnapping Channie...

Panicking, he guns the accelerator, but another SEDAN blocks him. As he slams on the brakes, a female FBI AGENT appears beside him, flashing a badge.

FBI AGENT
It's okay, Jordan. Don't pull away.

JORDAN
What do you want?

FBI AGENT
Why don't you take your daughter back in the house?

Jordan looks at her, realizes what's happening.

JORDAN
Thank you.

Jordan turns the car around, turns to Chandler.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
No Blockbuster, baby. Daddy has to talk to these people.

CHANDLER
Blockbuster, no! You promised!

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

With Chandler out of sight, Nadine is on the phone, frantically talking to Jordan's lawyer.

NADINE
They're here now, they're arresting him!

As Jordan is handcuffed by the Female Agent, WE SEE a squad of twenty other FBI AGENTS ransacking the house. Agent Coleman enters.

JORDAN
Agent Coleman, good evening.

AGENT COLEMAN
(smiles)
Call me Greg.

Jordan smiles.

JORDAN
What exactly am I being arrested
for... Greg?

INT. CENTRAL BOOKING (NEW YORK CITY) - NIGHT

CLICK! Jordan gets his mug shot taken.

JORDAN (V.O.)
This one takes the cake. It was
Wigwam, he'd been busted down in
Miami, and guess who the fuck with?

FLASHBACK - EXT. MIAMI RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jean-Jacques Handali is handcuffed as Wigwam looks on crying,
handcuffed nearby.

JORDAN (V.O.)
What were the odds? There had to be
ten thousand Swiss bankers in
Geneva and I choose the one dumb
enough to get himself arrested on
U.S. Soil.

INT. MIAMI CENTRAL BOOKING - NIGHT

Handali is fingerprinted.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Even more ironic was he'd gotten
himself indicted on a completely
unrelated charge.

EXT. MIAMI MANSION - NIGHT

ROCKY AIOKI, Japanese, 50s, is led out in handcuffs by a MAN
in an FBI Windbreaker.

JORDAN (V.O.)
 Something about laundering drug
 money through offshore boat racing
 and a guy named Rocky Aioki, the
 founder of Benihana.

WE SEE a smiling Rocky Aioki in better days, standing before
 one of his famous chain restaurants.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 Beni-fucking-hana! Why would God be
 so fucking cruel as to choose a
 chain of fucking Hibachi
 Restaurants to bring me down?

INT. GENEVA HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Handali lies on the bed, smoking.

JORDAN (V.O.)
 Long story short was Handali ratted
 me out, but not before he ratted
 out Carolyn, who it turns out he'd
 been fucking every time she went to
 Switzerland!

Carolyn emerges from the bathroom naked. Laughing, she runs
 and jumps in bed with Handali.

INT. FEDERAL COURRT (NEW YORK CITY) - DAY (PRESENT)

With his attorney LEE SORKIN next to him, Jordan stands
 before a JUDGE, being arraigned.

JORDAN (V.O.)
 I was indicted for money
 laundering, securities fraud and an
 endless list of other shit.

JUDGE
 Bail is set at ten million dollars.

The Judge bangs the gavel.

EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE (NEW YORK CITY) - DAY

Jordan exits the courthouse, spots Nadine waiting for him
 outside a parked limousine. As he approaches:

JORDAN
 Nay, thank God.

NADINE
Don't touch me.

JORDAN
What?

NADINE
I want a divorce.

Jordan stares at her in disbelief.

JORDAN
What are you talking about?

NADINE
I can't be with you anymore.

JORDAN
Nadine, come on. Baby. It's gonna be okay. We have more than enough money.

She looks at him like he's pathetic.

NADINE
Just get in the car.

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Nadine gets in. Jordan follows. The driver pulls out.

JORDAN
Let me get this straight. Now you want a divorce? Now that I'm under indictment, with an electronic fucking bracelet around my ankle?

NADINE
I don't love you, Jordan. I haven't for a long time.

They stare at each other. Jordan speaks first.

JORDAN
What kind of person are you?

An eternity, then she turns away, looks out the window.

NADINE
You married me.

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - FOYER - NIGHT

Jordan and Nadine enter in silence. As she crosses off toward the kitchen, he heads toward...

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Chandler and Carter play on the floor. After a few beats, chandler looks up, spots Jordan standing there.

CHANDLER

Daddy!

Jordan approaches smiling, tears in his eyes. He gets on the floor with them, hugs them both.

JORDAN

Hey, baby, how are my Thumbkins?

CHANDLER

Gwynne let us make brownies.

JORDAN

That's nice, were they good?

CHANDLER

Why are you crying?

JORDAN

I'm happy to see you guys, that's all.

CHANDLER

Are you crying because you have to pay people back money?

JORDAN

What?

CHANDLER

Mommy says you stole money.

Jordan is shell-shocked.

JORDAN

No, honey. Um... that's not really true... Why don't you go play with your Barbies, sweetie?

Chandler nods. Jordan darkens.

CLOSE ON A FIREPLACE

Dry pine logs stacked amongst cedar kindling. PULL BACK to reveal....

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jordan presses a stainless steel button on the limestone mantle and...WHOOSH! A fire blazes, logs crackling. He sits on a white silk Ottoman, stares into the flames. After a few beats, Nadine enters; he doesn't look up.

NADINE
I thought I heard something. Why the fire?

JORDAN
I was cold.

NADINE
It's a little early in the season, don't you think?

Jordan turns to look at her.

JORDAN
Are you out of your fucking mind?

NADINE
What are you talk--

JORDAN
You told our five-year-old daughter I stole money from people?

NADINE
No, I -- What's the difference, they're gonna find out sooner or later!

JORDAN
But you had to make sure it was sooner.

NADINE
I can't take this anymore, Jordan.

JORDAN
Take what? The mansion you live in? The BMW you drive? The millions of dollars in clothes and fucking jewelry you wear?

NADINE
I can't take you?

JORDAN

You took me fine till I was
arrested! Two nights ago we were
having sex right on that bed --

NADINE

And I wanted to fucking puke!

Jordan stops. Looks at her.

JORDAN

You vicious cunt, I should slit
your fucking throat.

NADINE

Go ahead.

JORDAN

Take off your ring.

NADINE

What?

JORDAN

Take off that fucking wedding ring!

Nadine looks down, yanks the diamond wedding band from her
finger. She throws it in his face. Jordan stares at her, then
crosses the room, grabbing a large Chinese jewelry box from
her dresser.

NADINE

What are you doing?

Jordan doesn't respond. He crosses back toward the fireplace,
tosses the jewelry box inside, its contents spilling into the
roaring fire.

NADINE (CONT'D)

No!

As her pearls, diamonds, and gold chains burn, Nadine lunges
toward the fireplace, tries to reach the button to stop it.
As Jordan restrains her, she slaps and scratches at him like
a wildcat. He shoves her back; she comes at him again and...
CRACK!!

Jordan slaps her across the face, knocking her clean off her
feet. She looks up at him from the floor.

NADINE (CONT'D)

I want you out of my house.

JORDAN

Your house? This is my house,
Nadine!

NADINE
We'll see.

JORDAN
You're a piece of shit.

NADINE
Yeah? Well at least I'm not a
fucking thief.

Jordan stares at her, then walks out.

EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - POOL AREA - DAY

Jordan sits alone in the yard, staring out at the water.

JORDAN (V.O.)
So there you have it. The drugs,
the hookers, the countless fucking
arguments, that was all just fine.
It wasn't till the gravy train
derailed that the duchess couldn't
take it anymore.

From O.S., we HEAR a sliding glass door open. Jordan looks
over, sees Gwynne admitting Danny Porush into the yard. He
approaches, gives Jordan a hug.

DANNY PORUSH
How you doing, brother?

JORDAN
Hanging in.

Danny nods, sits next to him.

DANNY PORUSH
That wig-wearin' hump, eh?

JORDAN
Stupid fuck.

DANNY PORUSH
Well I'll tell you one thing. I'm
never eating at Benihana's again.

Jordan laughs.

DANNY PORUSH (CONT'D)
What are we gonna do, bro? What's
the game plan.

JORDAN
Fight it, whatever. Go to trial.

DANNY PORUSH
You know I'm behind you a hundred
percent. We all are.

JORDAN
The important thing's Stratton.
How's morale?

DANNY PORUSH
Good. Great. They all know it's
bullshit. You'll beat these
fuckers, JB.

JORDAN
I know I will.

Jordan's cell phone RINGS. He checks the number, answers.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Lee, hey.

INT. LEE SORKIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jordan's attorney Lee Sorkin sits at his desk, talking on the
phone.

LEE SORKIN
Listen, I got a call from the
Eastern District. They want us to
come in tomorrow.

INTERCUT JORDAN AND SORKIN

JORDAN
What for?

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Wearing a suit and tie, Jordan sits with Lee Sorkin across a
table from FBI Agent Coleman, U.S. Attorney JOEL WEINER, 50s,
and Assistant U.S. Attorney MICHELLE ADELMAN, humorless, with
frizzy hair and glasses.

JOEL WEINER
We've discussed the case
internally, weighed our various
strategies. Obviously the evidence
against your client is
overwhelming.

MICHELLE ADELMAN
You're looking at twenty years,
Jordan.

JORDAN

Yeah, I saw the article in the Wall Street Journal.

AGENT COLEMAN

But you rotting in a jail cell till your kids are out of college isn't really what we're interested in.

LEE SORKIN

Why do I get the sense there's an offer in the air?

JOEL WEINER

Would you like to hear it?

LEE SORKIN

I'm listening

JOEL WEINER

Full cooperation. He provides us a comprehensive list of all coconspirators spanning the last seven years and also agrees to wear a wire.

JORDAN

You want me to rat, that's the offer?

AGENT COLEMAN

That's not what we call it.

JORDAN

Really? What do you call it?

Sorkin waves Jordan off.

LEE SORKIN

What does he get?

JOEL WEINER

No guarantees, of course, but as you know, come sentencing time, a strongly-worded letter from me in his favor can work wonders.

JORDAN

(to Sorkin)

Fuck this. Come on.

Jordan stands up, heads for the door.

MICHELLE ADELMAN

Jordan.

He stops, turns back.

MICHELLE ADELMAN (CONT'D)
Just so you know? We'll be
indicting your wife tomorrow
morning.

JORDAN
For what, shopping? Nadine doesn't
know a fucking thing.

MICHELLE ADELMAN
Nadine? We haven't even gotten to
her yet. Excuse me, your ex-wife.
(reading file)
Denise Lombardo?

JORDAN
(stunned)
What?

MICHELLE ADELMAN
We have a witness who can place her
in a room with you while you were
counting cash.

FLASHBACK - JORDAN'S OLD MANHATTAN APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Jordan loads stacks of bills into a lock-box as Denise,
Wigwam and his wife look on.

JOEL WEINER
Cooperate and she walks. It's your
call, Jordan.

Jordan looks at them, sits back down.

JORDAN (V.O.)
It wasn't even a choice.

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Jordan sits alone, finishes writing a long list of names on a
yellow legal pad.

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 was
Danny's.

Jordan sits there, heaves a huge sigh.

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

Agent Coleman tapes a recorder to Jordan's inner thigh, runs a microphone wire up his chest.

AGENT COLEMAN
Talk normally, breathe normally,
within five minutes you'll forget
you even have it on.

Jordan nods, buttons up his shirt.

AGENT COLEMAN (CONT'D)
And remember -- get him to talk
about the Steve Madden deal.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - DAY

Wearing a suit and tie, Jordan walks in to the bullpen, where the Brokers spot him, giving him a standing ovation. He forces a smile, waves to the crowd.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Words can't describe what an
absolute piece of shit I felt like.
I wanted to cry.

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

Jordan sits laughing with Danny, Kenny, and Walter Chang.

JORDAN
-- so I'm in the holding cell,
sitting there like 'Public Enemy,'
right? You're like waiting for
somebody to ask you what you're in
for, but nobody fucking does.

They all laugh.

DANNY PORUSH
We almost had Mona bake you a cake
with a file in it.

More laughter. Jordan glances at his watch, turns to Danny.

JORDAN
You hungry?

DANNY PORUSH
Feel like sushi?

JORDAN

Sure.

And as they get up to leave:

KENNY GREENE

Great to have you back, J.B.

INT. TENJIN SUSHI RESTAURANT - DAY

Jordan and Danny sit at a table over sushi.

JORDAN

The trial won't be for months, so obviously I'll be counting on you to pick up the slack.

DANNY PORUSH

Whatever you need, bro. You know that.

Jordan reaches into his jacket. Takes out a yellow slip of PAPER.

JORDAN

And you know how much that means to me. Hey, you know what I wanted to ask you?

Jordan catches Danny's eye, pushes the PAPER over in front of him.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

The Steve Madden deal, did we ever get paid on that?

Danny looks down at the paper, reads Jordan's writing:

"DON'T INCRIMINATE YOURSELF. I'M WEARING A WIRE."

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Remember her was supposed to kick back like four mil from that one account?

DANNY PORUSH

Uh...tell you the truth, I was so fucked up, I don't really remember anything about that.

Danny slips the paper in his jacket, gives Jordan a look --
"Thank you." Jordan nods.

JORDAN
Well if you talk to him, let me
know. Should we get more
yellowtail?

DANNY PORUSH
Why not?

JORDAN (V.O.)
And thus began my career as a
government cooperator. I was a
rat... except I wasn't a rat.

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Jordan lays alone, asleep in bed. We hear the DOORBELL.

JORDAN (V.O.)
It was the only way I could sleep
at night.

After a few beats, Gwynne knocks and enters. Jordan stirs,
sits up.

GWYNNE
I'm sorry, Mr. Belfort. You got a
visitor.

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - FOYER - DAY

Jordan descends the stairs in sweats and T-shirt. Agent
Coleman is waiting.

JORDAN
What's up?

AGENT COLEMAN
I need you to get dressed

JORDAN
Why? What's going on?

AGENT COLEMAN
You're going to jail.

Agent Coleman holds up the slip of yellow paper that Jordan
gave to Danny. And on Jordan's look...

JORDAN (V.O.)
Danny Porush, my partner. My best
friend.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - DAY

A tractor-trailer is parked out front as a group of MOVERS carry out paintings and antique furniture under the supervision of several FBI Agents in windbreakers.

JORDAN (V.O.)

As much as I was obsessed with money, when I consider all I lost, I never once think about my possessions.

WE SEE Jordan's various cars -- Porsche, Mercedes, Ferrari, BMW -- loaded onto a large transport vehicle.

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

What I really lost was an opportunity, a chance to make a difference. I was born with an ability to lead people, a gift.

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - DAY

Jordan stands addressing his 700 Brokers. WE SEE the eager young FACES, hanging on his every word.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Hundreds of kids, our best and brightest, came to me looking for guidance. Brilliant kids who could've been out curing cancer, saving the fucking planet. And what did I teach them? How to get bling.

INT. FEDERAL COURTROOM (NEW YORK CITY) - DAY

With Max and Leah looking on from the front row, Jordan stands before a JUDGE.

JORDAN (V.O.)

After months of legal wrangling, I was finally sentenced to prison.

Jordan faces his parents; he's got tears in his eyes. So do they.

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

I deserved it.

EXT. NADINE'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

Nadine looks on as Jordan hugs Chandler and Carter tightly. He exchanges looks with her, then gets in a waiting government SUV.

JORDAN (V.O.)
It was time to pay my debt.

INT. PRISON VAN - DAY

Jordan rides in back, stares out the window.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Three years in some hellhole in Nevada I'd never even heard of. I'm not ashamed to admit that I was terrified...

CLOSE ON JORDAN

He's sweating, face red, almost completely out of breath.

VOICE (O.S.)
Belfort! Fuckin' move!

JORDAN (V.O.)
I needn't have been.

PULL BACK to reveal...

EXT. CAMP NELLIS MINIMUM SECURITY PRISON - DAY

Jordan is playing doubles tennis with three other prisoners, all white, middle-aged EXECUTIVE types.

JORDAN
(out of breath)
Sorry, it was on the line.

EXECUTIVE
We'll get 'em next time.

As the game continues, the CAMERA PULLS BACK -- WE SEE the prison from a HIGH ANGLE. A group of prisoners do Tai Chi on a manicured lawn, while other drink Arnold Palmers, reading beneath the shade of a tree.

JORDAN (V.O.)
For a brief, fleeting moment, I'd forgotten I was rich -- and I lived in a place where everything was for sale.

And as Jordan serves the ball, we...

FADE OUT.

THE END