

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

JORDAN (V.O.)

For the next six months I learned  
the ways of Wall Street.

22

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT (OCT '87)

22

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

JORDAN (V.O.)

That fall I passed my Series 7.  
Finally it was here.

23

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

23

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

JORDAN (V.O.)

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

And as the doors close, on screen WE SEE:

**OCTOBER 19th, 1987**

24

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

24

Total chaos. Jordan dials the phone as all around him Brokers panic, screaming into headsets.

JORDAN (V.O.)

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

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

MARK HANNA

Holy. Fucking. Shit.

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