

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

MARK HANNA

Let's fuck!!

RING!!! Absolute pandemonium at the BELL signalling the opening of the stock market. Feet fly off desks; Brokers and their Connectors dial phones like mad. The CAMERA PUSHES IN on JORDAN, mesmerized as he takes in the ROAR.

BROKER #1

(to Broker #2)

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

MARK HANNA

(into headset)

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

BROKER #2

(to Broker #3)

Fuckface! I got 50,000 July 50s!

JORDAN (V.O.)

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

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

JERRY FOGEL

Dial the cocksucking phone!

Jordan snaps out of it, starts dialing.

JORDAN (V.O.)

I was hooked within seconds.

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

JORDAN (V.O.)

It was like mainlining adrenaline.

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