

JORDAN (CONT'D)

At least as a rich man, when I have to face my problems, I show up in the back of a limo wearing a \$2000 suit and \$40,000 gold watch!

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

JORDAN (CONT'D)

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

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

JORDAN (CONT'D)

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

The Brokers go absolutely APESHIT.