

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

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Everybody here knows Kimmie  
Belzer, right?

Hoots and hollers... He raises his hand for quiet.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

In case any of you weren't aware  
of it, Kimmie was one of  
Stratton's first brokers, one of  
the original twenty. Now when  
most of you met Kimmie, you met  
her the way she is today -- a  
beautiful woman who drives a brand  
new Mercedes, a woman who lives in  
the finest condo complex on Long  
Island. A woman who wears \$3000  
Armani suits, who spends her  
winters in the Bahamas and her  
summers in the Hamptons!

Wild applause.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

But that's not the Kimmie I met.  
The Kimmie I met was broke, a  
single mom on the balls of her  
ass. Three months behind on her  
rent with an eight year old son!  
She came to me for a job and when  
I hired her she asked for a \$5000  
dollar advance so she could pay  
his tuition. And what did I do,  
Kimmie?

KIMMIE

You wrote me a check for \$25,000!

JORDAN

Because I believed in you, like  
I believe in each and every one  
of you!

KIMMIE

I love you, Jordan!

As the Brokers go berserk, Jordan stands basking in the  
adoration. He looks at Donnie, turns back to the Crowd,  
looks out at the faces. A change has come over him.  
He stands there, thinking. An eternity, then: