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INT. STRATTON OAKMONT II - JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY
(SEP '91)

68

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

JORDAN (V.O.)

A total fucking hatchet job.

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INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING
(OCT '91)

69

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

JORDAN

That conniving little twat!

(reading)

"The Wolf of Wall Street".

TERESA

(on the bright side)

Your hair looks good.

JORDAN

"Jordan Belfort, a twisted version of Robin Hood who takes from the rich and gives to himself and his merry band of brokers".

TERESA

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

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INT. STRATTON OAKMONT II - BULLPEN - LATER THAT DAY

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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 JANET, 20s, dressed all in black.

JORDAN

The hell's all this?

JANET

The Forbes article. They're applying for jobs.

They spot Jordan, start clamoring, waving their resumes.

JOB APPLICANTS

Mr. Belfort! Over here! Sir!