

JERRY FOGEL

Your job is 'connector', which means you'll be dialing the phone over 500 times a day, trying to 'connect' me with business owners. And till you pass your Series 7, that's all you'll be doing. Sit.

Jordan takes a seat at the desk next to Fogel's.

JERRY FOGEL (CONT'D)

Just so you know, last year I made over 300k and the other guy you'll be working for made a million.

JORDAN (V.O.)

A million dollars? I could only imagine what a douchebag that guy must be.

A manicured hand lands on Jordan's shoulder. It's MARK HANNA, 30s, charismatic, movie-star handsome.

MARK HANNA

Jordan? Mark Hanna.

(re: Fogel)

Good, you've met Jerry. One of the smartest guys in the office. Who's ever sucked a dog's cock out of loneliness.

Fogel's smile turns to a frown. He hands Jordan a stack of 3x5 index cards.

JERRY FOGEL

Smile and dial. And don't pick your fucking head up till one.

MARK HANNA

Don't mind Jerry, his father raped him as a child. Besides, I'm senior broker here, he's a worthless piker. I heard you pitched stock at your job interview.

JORDAN

Had to do something to stand out.

MARK HANNA

I fuckin' love that! Let's grab lunch later. Windows good with you?

JORDAN

Great. Yeah.