

JORDAN (V.O.)

Forbes had made me a superstar.  
Every day dozens of money-crazed  
kids beat a path to my door with  
resumes they hadn't even bothered  
to spellcheck.

Jordan crosses through the packed bullpen, where 150  
BROKERS, no older than 22, are crammed elbow to elbow  
talking into phones. Some have pets, which they tend to  
while they work -- iguanas, snakes, turtles, even a  
chimp. Others are getting shoulder rubs by Masseuses  
or being fitted for suits by a TAILOR. Over the above:

JORDAN (V.O.)

If we hired 'em, they dropped out  
of college overnight and blew  
whatever allowance they had on a  
new suit from our in-house tailor.  
The median age of our brokerage  
couldn't get served in the bar  
down the street.

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INT. FBI BREAK ROOM - DAY (OCT '91)

71

PATRICK DENHAM sits sipping coffee as he reads Forbes.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Not this guy though -- what the  
fuck is he even doing here? He  
read the Forbes article, too, but  
he already had a job.

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INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - DAY (MAR '92)

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CLOSE ON two BROKERS wrestling while others cheer them  
on. PULL BACK to reveal the place from the opening. 300  
young Brokers and their hot ASSISTANTS work the phones.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Within months, we doubled in size,  
moved to even bigger offices.

Two other Brokers pump themselves up, chest-bumping and  
screaming like football players.

JORDAN (V.O.)

It was a madhouse, a greed-fest,  
with equal parts cocaine,  
testosterone and body fluids.