

14 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - DAY (FEB '95) 14

Arms akimbo, Jordan stands above the bullpen, a huge open space with tightly packed rows of maple colored desks.

JORDAN (V.O.)
But most of all, in any country in
the world, money can buy you love.
Fuck the Beatles.

His 300 BROKERS, mostly young men with their jackets off, scream wildly. They worship him.

JORDAN (V.O.)
With that in mind, at the tender
age of 22, after marrying my
girlfriend Teresa--

14A SCENES 14A - 18 OMITTED 14A

19 EXT. WALL STREET - DAY (MAY '87) 19

An express bus pull up -- its sign reads "Wall Street"....

JORDAN (V.O.)
--I headed to the only place that
befit my high-minded ambitions...

Jordan emerges, kisses TERESA goodbye, then joins a sea of Commuters heading to work.

JERRY FOGEL (PRE-LAP)
You are lower than fucking pond
scum.

20 INT. L.F. ROTHSCHILD - BULLPEN - DAY (MAY '87) 20

Computers, telephones everywhere. At their desks, 45 shirt-sleeved BROKERS read their Wall St. Journals, readying for war. Like an eager puppy, Jordan follows broker JERRY FOGEL, 30, thick-lipped and bow-tied...

JERRY FOGEL
You got a problem with that?
(reads name tag)
Jordan?

JORDAN
Nope. No problem at all.