

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I use Xanax to stay focused,
ambien to sleep, pot to mellow
out, cocaine to wake up and
morphine because it's awesome.

12 EXT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - LONG ISLAND - DAY (FEB '95) 12

The limo pulls up to the black glass office building.
Jordan gets out, heads inside through a back door.

JORDAN

But of all the drugs under God's
blue heaven, there's one that's my
absolute favorite.

13 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY (FEB '95) 13

Gadgets, computers, oxblood leather furniture. With
the DIN of the brokerage firm bleeding in, Jordan uses
a credit card to cut a line of coke on his desk. As he
peels a crisp \$100 DOLLAR BILL off a wad, rolls it up:

JORDAN

Enough of this shit'll make you
invincible, able to conquer the
world and eviscerate your enemies.

He SNARFS up the line, gestures to the cocaine.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I'm not talking about this. I'm
talking about this.

(Jordan unfurls the
\$100 with a SNAP)

Money is the oxygen of capitalism
and I wanna breathe more than any
other human being alive.

He crumbles it into a ball and tosses it into a corner,
where it comes to rest with two dozen others. Over his
back as we TRACK HIM out of his office toward what sounds
like the ROAR of a mob--

JORDAN (V.O.)

Money doesn't just buy you a
better life -- better food, better
cars, better pussy -- it also
makes you a better person. You
can give generously to the church
of your choice or the political
party. You can save the fucking
spotted owl with money.