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# The Wolf of Wall Street

By Terence Winter

1 INSERT - TV COMMERCIAL - DAY 1

1A

Over jungle sound effects, the CAMERA is low, moving through brush from the POV of a stalking animal. As the brush parts, revealing Wall Street and the New York StockExchange, we HEAR the resonant voice of GENE HACKMAN.

GENE HACKMAN (V.O.)

The world of investing can be a jungle.

WE SEE a charging, snorting BULL.

GENE HACKMAN (V.O.)

Bulls.

1A

1B WE SEE a ferocious, growling BEAR.

GENE HACKMAN (V.O.)

Bears. Danger at every turn.

Pretentious CLASSICAL MUSIC kicks in.

1B

1C-1D

1E

1F

GENE HACKMAN (V.O.)

That's why we at Stratton Oakmont pride ourselves on being the best.

VARIOUS SHOTS -- a conservative young MAN reviews a stock portfolio with a wealthy older COUPLE; a smiling young WOMAN sits before a computer talking into a headset.

GENE HACKMAN (V.O.)

Trained professionals to guide you through the financial wilderness.

WE SEE the Stratton "team" - an ethnically diverse group of ACTORS with their handsome, grey-templed "CHAIRMAN".

GENE HACKMAN (V.O.)

Stratton Oakmont. Stability.

Integrity. Pride.

WE SEE a shot of the black glass Stratton Building, and:

1C-1D

1E

1F

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

Absolute bedlam. 300 drunken STOCKBROKERS, most in their early 20s, chant wildly as JORDAN BELFORT, handsome, 30, stands beside a DWARF dressed in tights, cape & helmet.

**JORDAN :**

Twenty five grand to the first cocksucker to nail a bullseye!

The "bullseye" is a large dollar sign in the middle of a giant velcro

"dartboard".

2

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JORDAN (CONT'D)

Watch and learn, people!

The Brokers go apeshit as Jordan grabs the Dwarf by his pants and collar. In the Crowd, cash flies as side bets are made. Jordan winds up, aims for the "dartboard".

JORDAN (CONT'D)

One. Two. Throw!!

The Brokers cheer, and as the screaming Dwarf takes flight, hurtling toward camera, we FREEZE FRAME:

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

My name is Jordan Belfort. No, no him, me. I'm a former member of the middle class raised by two accountants in a tiny apartment in Bayside, Queens.

\*

\*

3-3B A SERIES OF POLAROIDS -- (1969)

Jordan, 7, smiles as he poses behind a lemonade stand, his parents Max and Leah behind him; Jordan, 13, stands holding a styrofoam cooler, selling ices on the beach;

Jordan, 18, smiles as he holds an Amway sales brochure.

JORDAN (V.O.)

The year I turned 26, I made 49 million dollars as the head of my own brokerage firm-3-

3B\*

4 EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - DAY (FEB '95)

A CHERRY RED Ferrari Testarossa ZOOMS down the L.I.E.

4

JORDAN (V.O.)

--which really pissed me off because it was three shy of a million a week. The Ferrari weaves in and out of traffic.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Hey, my Ferrari was white, like Don Johnson's in Miami Vice.

We see the same Ferrari, now in WHITE, as it zooms away, a BLONDE head bobbing up and down in Jordan's lap.

5 EXT. LONG ISLAND'S NORTH SHORE - DAY (FEB '95) 5

A twin-engine Bell Jet helicopter descends over a huge mansion, with sparkling pool, tennis court and waterfall.

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JORDAN (V.O.)

See that humongous estate down there? That's my house.

6 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY (FEB '95)

We see NAOMI, 24, blonde and gorgeous, a living wet dream in LaPerla lingerie.

JORDAN (V.O.)

My wife, Naomi, the Duchess of BayRidge, Brooklyn, a former model and Miller Lite girl.

Naomi licks her lips; she's incredibly, painfully hot.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Yeah, she was the one blowing me in the Ferrari, so put your dick back in your pants.

Over the following, WE SEE a quick

6

7-7C SERIES OF SHOTS 7-7C

All taken from TV; a mansion from Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous; wealthy PEOPLE applauding at a polo match;

a yacht sailing crystal blue seas; Robert Wagner and Stephanie Powers toasting with champagne on Hart to Hart.

JORDAN (V.O.)

In addition to Naomi and my two perfect kids, I own a mansion, private jet, six cars, three horses, two vacation homes and a 170 foot yacht.

8 INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT (FEB '95)

Sweaty, wild-eyed and naked, Jordan fucks an HISPANIC HOOKER from behind.

8

JORDAN (V.O.)

I also gamble like a degenerate,  
drink like a fish, fuck hookers

maybe five times a week and have three different Federal agencies looking to indict me.

He dismounts, snorts some coke through a straw, then uses it to blow some into her asshole.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Oh yeah, and I love drugs.

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Jordan looks up suddenly, paranoid, as if he's hearing voices.

9 INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT (FEB '95)

Jordan, drooling and stoned out of his skull, wears a rumpled custom-made business suit as he mans a set of controls next to his frantic co-pilot, CAPTAIN DAVE.

**CAPTAIN DAVE :**

Pull up! Jesus! We're gonna crash!!

9

Jordan's head bobs as he pulls back on the stick.

The helicopter rises sharply, then levels out, hovering 30 feet above a huge mansion. Down below, through Jordan's hazy, DOUBLE VISIONED POV, we see a sparkling pool, tennis court and waterfall.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Check this out -- despite my completely fucked-up state, I could fly straight while still seeing two of everything.

He closes one eye; his POV sharpens. Putting pressure on the stick, the helicopter descends slowly over the driving range... then LURCHES and SLAMS to the ground.

**JORDAN :**

(to Captain Dave)

Ya guzza git hazarous doozy pay,  
buddy.

10 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - FRONT DOOR - DAY (FEB '95)

Morning. Sober now, impeccable in suit and tie, Jordan heads for the door holding a glass of orange juice.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Yes, on a daily basis I take enough drugs to sedate greater Long Island.  
10

11 EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - CONTINUOUS (FEB '95)

He pops two white pills, swigs some juice, then speaks directly to the camera as he heads for a waiting limo.

**JORDAN :**

I take Quaaludes for my back,  
fifteen to twenty a day.

11

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

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JORDAN (CONT'D)

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JORDAN (CONT'D)

3/5/13 5.

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.

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

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.

14

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)

An express bus pull up -- its sign reads "WallStreet"....

19

JORDAN (V.O.)

--I headed to the only place that befitted 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)

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

**JERRY FOGEL :**

You got a problem with that?

(reads name tag)

Jordan?

20

Nope.

**JORDAN :**

No problem at all.

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**JERRY FOGEL :**

Your job is 'connector', whichmeans you'll be dialing the phoneover  
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 madeover 300k and the other guy you'llbe  
working for made a million.

JORDAN (V.O.)

A million dollars? I could onlyimagine what a douchebag that guymust be.

A manicured hand lands on Jordan's shoulder. It's MARK

HANNA, 30s, charismatic, movie-star handsome.

**MARK HANNA :**

Jordan? Mark Hanna.

**(re:**

Good, you've met Jerry. One of  
the smartest guys in the office.

Who's ever sucked a dog's cock outof 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.

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Hanna gives him a wink, looks at the clock on the giant electronic stock ticker encircling the room -- 9:30 a.m.

**MARK HANNA :**

Let's fuck!!

RING!!! Absolute pandemonium at the BELL signalling the opening of the stock market. Feet fly off desks; Brokers and their Connectors dial phones like mad. The CAMERA

PUSHES IN on JORDAN, mesmerized as he takes in the ROAR.

BROKER #1

(to Broker #2)

Miniscribe's a fuckin' steal!

Thirty eight bucks a share!

**MARK HANNA:**

(into headset)

Your broker in West Virginia?

What are you buying, a coal mine?

It's the 80s, the game is high-tech.

BROKER #2

(to Broker #3)

Fuckface! I got 50,000 July 50s!

JORDAN (V.O.)

You want to know what money sounds like? Visit a trading floor on Wall Street. Fuck this, shit



that. Cock, cunt, asshole. I  
couldn't believe how these guystalked to each other--  
Fogel notices Jordan sitting there frozen. He covers his  
mouthpiece, kicks the desk violently.

**JERRY FOGEL :**

Dial the cocksucking phone!  
Jordan snaps out of it, starts dialing.  
JORDAN (V.O.)

I was hooked within seconds.  
Mark Hanna slams down his phone in victory, scrawls out a "buy" ticket. He  
places the ticket into a glass cylinder which he slips into a plastic  
pneumatic tube.

JORDAN (V.O.)

It was like mainlining adrenaline.  
The tube is WHOOSHED into the ceiling and we're suddenly--  
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21 INT. WINDOWS ON THE WORLD - DAY (MAY '87) 21

CLOSE ON a COKE SPOON whose contents disappear up anostril. PULL BACK TO  
REVEAL...

The lunchtime power spot with panoramic views of the city. At a corner  
table, a paranoid Jordan looks around as Hanna does another bump of coke.  
None of the other  
DINERS seem to notice or care.

**MARK HANNA :**

(offering the spoon)  
Got enough for one more? Tootski?

**JORDAN :**

No. Thanks though.  
Hanna slips the vial into his pocket as HECTOR, the tuxedoed Maitre'D,  
approaches.

**HECTOR :**

Mr. Hanna, what can I bring for you on this glorious afternoon?  
Hanna surreptitiously palms Hector a \$100; Jordan notices.

**MARK HANNA :**

Here's the game plan, Hector.  
Bring us two Absolut Martinis  
straight up. Precisely seven and a half minutes after you deliver those  
you'll bring two more, then two more every five minutes until one of us  
passes out.

**HECTOR :**

An excellent strategy, sir.

**JORDAN :**

Actually, I'm good with 7-Up.

Jordan might as well have farted at the table.

**MARK HANNA :**

First day on Wall Street, Hector.

Give him time.

(Hector offers menus)

No thanks, I'm not eating.

Hector heads off.

**JORDAN :**

You can get high during the day and still function?

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**MARK HANNA:**

High is the only way to do this  
fucking job. Guy who coined the  
term "three-martini lunch" was a  
woman. Cocaine and hookers, my  
friend, the keys to success.

Jordan smiles, not sure if Hanna is kidding.

**JORDAN:**

I gotta say, I'm really excited  
about being part of your team.

I wanna do all I can for our  
clients and --

**MARK HANNA:**

(reciting an ad)

"Here at L.F. Rothschild, our  
clients aren't just important,  
they're family." Just as long as  
we get our taste first. Remember  
something, Jordan, your top  
priority in this job: make us  
money. If the clients get rich  
along the way, bully for them.  
Got a girlfriend?

**JORDAN :**

Wife. She cuts hair.

Mark swallows a comment about that. Gets to business.

**MARK HANNA:**

OK, first rule of Wall Street.

Nobody -- and I don't care if

you're Warren Buffet or Jimmy

Buffet -- nobody knows if a

stock's going up, down or fucking

sideways, least of all stock

brokers. But we have to pretend

we know. Make sure you stay

relaxed. Nobody wants to buy

something from someone who sounds

like they haven't gotten laid in a

month. Take breaks when you feel

stressed, jerk off if you can.

You like jerking off, right?

**JORDAN :**

Well... sure.

**MARK HANNA:**

Good, jerking off is key. And I

highly recommend cocaine, which

will make you dial faster, which

is good for me. Churn 'em and

burn 'em, baby.

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A BUSBOY stops by with a fresh napkin for Mark who thankshim. Then,

discreetly as possible, Mark removes a freshvial of cocaine tucked within  
and takes a quick snort.

**Jordan realizes:**

JORDAN (V.O.)

For the next six months I learned

the ways of Wall Street.

22 INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT (OCT '87)

As STRIPPERS grind in b.g, Jordan parties with Mark Hannaand dozens of

BROKERS and TRAINEES. Jordan sips amartini and studies Mark Hanna, hitting  
on a STRIPPER.

JORDAN (V.O.)

That fall I passed my Series 7.

Finally it was here.

22

23 INT. ROTHSCHILD BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY (OCT '87)

Briefcase in hand, Jordan boards the elevator with a dozen other BROKERS.

23

JORDAN (V.O.)

My first day as a stockbroker, a future Master of the Universe.

And as the doors close, on screen WE SEE:

OCTOBER 19th, 1987

24 INT. L.F. ROTHSCHILD - BULLPEN - DAY (OCT '87)

Total chaos. Jordan dials the phone as all around him Brokers panic, screaming into headsets.

JORDAN (V.O.)

They called it Black Monday.

By four p.m. the market was down 508 points, the biggest one-day drop since the crash of '29.

4 p.m. The closing bell RINGS; the entire place goes silent. Brokers look at each other, stunned.

24

**MARK HANNA :**

Holy. Fucking. Shit.

And as the Brokers start commiserating with each other...

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JORDAN (V.O.)

L.F. Rothschild, a company that had been in business since 1883, closed its doors within a month.

25 INT. JORDAN & TERESA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY (DEC '87) 25

Jordan sits at the table perusing the Times classifieds.

Teresa approaches with two coffees. Sits next to him.

**TERESA :**

So I'll take an extra shift, don't worry about it.

**JORDAN :**

You work too much as it is.

**TERESA :**

We could pawn my engagement ring.

**JORDAN :**

We're not pawning anything. I'm gonna be a millionaire, Teresa.

**TERESA :**

You know that doesn't matter, right?  
He smiles, kisses her. Together, they peruse the ads.

**JORDAN :**

(points to an ad)  
"Nobody Beats the Wiz".  
be a stock boy.  
I could

**TERESA :**

You're a stock broker.

**JORDAN :**

No one's hiring brokers right now, sweetie.  
They go back to the ads. After a few beats, she points-TERESA  
This place is.

26 EXT. STRIP MALL - PARKING LOT - LONG ISLAND - DAY (DEC '87) 26

In a suit, Jordan emerges from an '85 Datsun. He looks around confused, heads toward an unmarked storefront.  
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27 INT. INVESTOR'S CENTER - DAY (DEC '87) 27

The antithesis of L.F. Rothschild, with cheap furniture and a dozen misfit "BROKERS" giving loud, obnoxious sales pitches. Jordan enters, a modern man among cave people.  
DWAYNE, slovenly, 35, with a walrus mustache, looks up.

**JORDAN :**

I'm looking for Investor's Center?

**DWAYNE :**

That's us, hey. Dwayne.

**JORDAN:**

(as they shake hands)  
Jordan Belfort, I called earlier.  
I was a broker with Rothschild.  
Dwayne motions Jordan to a seat. Nearby, a Broker in ratty Keds, TOBY WELCH, is screaming into his phone.

**TOBY WELCH :**

I'm tellin' you, this stock is goin' up!... Cause I know, okay?!... I have inside information!

Jordan looks at him, appalled at what he's hearing.

**JORDAN :**

Where are your quotrons?

**DWAYNE :**

No quotrons, we sell off the pink sheets -- penny stocks.

Dwayne slides Jordan a large thin book; its pages are literally pink. He explains as Jordan flips the pages:

DWAYNE (CONT'D)

Company don't have enough capital to be listed on NASDAQ, their shares trade here.

(points to the book)

Like these guys, Aerotype? They make radar detectors out of a garage in Dubuque.

**JORDAN :**

Six cents a share? Who buys this crap?

**DWAYNE :**

Schmucks mostly. Mailmen,

plumbers, people thinking they can get rich quick. They answer our ads, Popular Mechanics, Hustler.

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**JORDAN :**

The spread on these is huge.

**DWAYNE :**

So's your commission, that's the point. Blue chips stocks you get what, one percent? Pink sheets are fifty.

**JORDAN :**

Wait a second. You're telling me if I sell two thousand dollars worth of stock, my commission is a thousand bucks?

**DWAYNE :**

Technically, yeah, but not even the biggest schmuck buys two

thousand dollars of this shit.

28 INT. INVESTOR'S CENTER - (LATER THAT) DAY (DEC '87) 28

As others Brokers bark into phones, Jordan sits, phonecradled in his shoulder, making notes. A few beats, then:

**JORDAN:**

(into phone)

Mr. Fleming, good morning, JordanBelfort with Investor's Center in New York City. You recentlyresponded to one of our ads...

A few of the other Brokers glance over, eavesdropping.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

The reason I'm calling is thatan extremely exciting investmentopportunity crossed my desk today.

Typically our firm recommends nomore than five stocks per year:

this is one of them...

A few more Brokers look over...

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Aerotype International is acutting edge tech firm out of theMidwest, awaiting imminent patentapproval on a new generation ofradar equipment...

LATER. Now all the Brokers listen in rapt attention.

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JORDAN (CONT'D)

-- so if Aerotype's shares rise to only a dollar -- and our research indicates they could go much, much higher -- your profit on a mere three thousand dollar investment would be upwards of fifty thousand... That's right, you could pay off your mortgage.

Seconds tick by; an eternity, then he starts writing:

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Four thousand dollars, will that be check or money order?...

Thank you, sir.

Jordan hangs up, scrawls out a "buy" ticket.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Just like that I made two grand.

The other guys looked at me like

I'd just discovered fire.

Toby Welch and the other cave-Brokers stare at him.

**TOBY WELCH :**

How'd you fuckin' do that?

29 INT. INVESTOR'S CENTER - (ANOTHER) DAY (FEB '88) 29  
Jordan sits at his desk in mid-pitch, totally focused.

**JORDAN:**

It's a rock-solid company, sir,  
it's the next Microsoft...  
Six thousand. Terrific.  
As Jordan continues talking, wrapping up the sale...  
JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Though I knew I was selling  
garbage, within twelve weeks I  
was making a fortune.  
And as he starts scrawling out a buy ticket...

JORDAN (V.O.)  
And as a wise man once told me,  
my only responsibility was to  
put meat on the table.  
CLOSE ON a 1988 Jaguar, parked outside a diner...  
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30

INT. KACANDES DINER - BAYSIDE - DAY (JUN '88) 30  
Wearing a suit, Jordan sits in a booth reading the Wall  
Street Journal as a WAITRESS serves the food. DONNIE  
AZOFF, preppy-looking, 25, with horn-rims and brightwhite teeth approaches  
from the takeout counter.

**DONNIE :**

That your Jag in the lot?

**JORDAN :**

Yeah.

**DONNIE :**

Nice ride. Donnie Azoff.

**JORDAN :**

Jordan Belfort.

**DONNIE:**

I've seen it around. We live in  
the same building. Twelfth floor?  
(Jordan nods)  
What do you do, bro?



**JORDAN :**

Stock broker.

**DONNIE:**

Kids furniture, me and my brother-in-law. Making any money?

**JORDAN :**

Seventy grand last month.

**DONNIE:**

Get the fuck out. You made seventy grand in one month.

**JORDAN :**

Seventy two actually.

Donnie studies him, isn't sure if he's full of shit.

**DONNIE:**

Tell you what. You show me a pay stub with \$72,000 on it, I'm quitting my job right now and coming to work with you.

As Jordan retrieves his briefcase to find a paystub --\*

30A

SCENE 30A OMITTED \*30A

30B

As Jordan hands Donnie his paystub and sure enough, it's \*30Bnorth of seventy-two k. \*

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DONNIE (CONT'D)

Holy shit.

Jordan watches as Donnie crosses to a pay phone anddials.

\*

JORDAN (V.O.)

And he did quit his job, which

I thought was a little weird.

I mean I had just met thisfucking guy.

A few beats, then into phone:

**DONNIE :**

Yo Paulie, it's Donnie... Yeah, listen, I quit.

Jordan studies Donnie as he continues his conversation...

JORDAN (V.O.)

There were other things about him too, like his phosphorescent whiteteeth and the fact that he wore horn rims with clear lenses to look more Waspy. He also married his first cousin -31

SCENE 31 OMITTED 31

32 INT. BAR - DAY (JUN '88)

Jordan sits in mid-conversation with Donnie over beers.

32\*

**DONNIE :**

No problem, if we have a kid who's a retard, we'll just leave it on the steps of some institution.

And as they continue drinking...

JORDAN (V.O.)

He was also a closet drug fiend.

I'd known him less than a week

before he talked me into smoking crack.

33 EXT. BACK OF BAR - DAY (JUN '88)

Jordan and Donnie get high. Donnie holds a flame under a crack pipe.

33\*

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JORDAN (V.O.)

The weird thing was when he'd do crack, his face would contort into this bizarre, frozen mask like the Phantom of the Opera.

Donnie does a hit of crack; his jaw twitches, then his facial muscles contort, locking up like a stroke victim.

After a few beats, he hands the pipe to Jordan.

**DONNIE :**

You now, take a hit!

Jordan takes a deep hit and holds it.

**JORDAN :**

Omigod, I fuckin' love you!!

JORDAN (V.O.)

I knew I had to make him my partner.

**A beat, then:**

34 INT. INVESTOR'S CENTER - DAY (SEP '88) 34

Jordan looks on as Donnie works the phone like a madman.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Which turned out to be a great move - Donnie was a fast learner who transitioned into the pennystock business quickly.

35 EXT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP - DAY (SEP '88) 35

Jordan and Donnie pull up to a defunct auto body shop, which has a "For Lease" sign in the window.

JORDAN (V.O.)

So within months we started our own firm out of an abandoned auto body shop.

36 INT. KACANDES DINER - DAY (OCT '88) 36

Jordan sits with CHESTER MING, ROBBIE FEINBERG, ALDEN KUPFERBERG ("SEA OTTER") and BRAD, muscular and bald, with a Fu Manchu mustache.

JORDAN (V.O.)

In addition to Donnie, I also recruited my friends Sea Otter, Chester and Robbie, who were at the time all middling pot dealers.

\*

\*

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As a WAITRESS serves cheeseburgers:

**JORDAN :**

--see everyone wants to get rich,  
so you're already half way there by the time the call starts.

**SEA OTTER :**

I sold weed once to this Amish dude, had one of those beards with no mustache?

So?

ROBBIE FEINBERG

**SEA OTTER :**

He only wanted to make furniture.

**CHESTER MING :**

What's that got to do with anything?

**SEA OTTER :**

He just said everyone wants to

get rich.

ROBBIE FEINBERG

(to Jordan)

That's true, you did.

**SEA OTTER :**

Buddhists too, they don't give ashit about money either.

**CHESTER MING :**

Man I could sell weed to anybody,

get a convent full of nuns fuckingwasted.

And as Brad looks at Jordan and shakes his head:

37 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO BODY SHOP - BULLPEN

(OCT '88)

37

We see the above guys working the phones.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Brad, the guy I really wanted,

took a pass, since he'd become theQuaalude king of Bayside.

38 EXT. BRAD'S HOUSE - BACKYARD GYM - DAY (OCT '88) 38

Bare-chested, wearing kung fu pants, Brad sells ludes toa couple of HIGH SCHOOL KIDS.

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JORDAN (V.O.)

They were absolute morons, myfriends, but like I always said-

39 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO BODY SHOP - BULLPEN - DAY

(OCT '88)

39

Jordan emerges from his office into the garage area(the bullpen), looking on as Donnie, Chester, Robbie, SeaOtter and four other BROKERS (now including RUGRAT andToby) make sales calls from the cheap desks.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Give me them young, hungry andstupid and in no time I'll makethem rich.

40 EXT. MARINA - LONG ISLAND - SUNSET (MAY '89) 40

On lounge chairs at the edge of a dock, bottle of winenearby, Jordan sits with Teresa. He smiles as she opensa jewelry case -- inside is a diamond tennis bracelet.

Omigod.

**TERESA :**

Jordan.

You like it?

**JORDAN :**

**TERESA :**

It's beautiful.

Jordan helps her try it on.

wave of... something.

She smiles, but he detects a

**JORDAN :**

They're small, I know, but thestones are really high quality.

No, no.

**TERESA :**

I love it.

Then what?

**JORDAN :**

They sit in silence. Finally:

**TERESA :**

I don't know, it's just -- thesestocks, these crappy companies.

**JORDAN :**

In five years the Corleone familywill be completely legitimate.

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**TERESA :**

Why can't you be legitimate now?

**JORDAN :**

It's not illegal, Teresa,

technically. I mean they're realstocks, they're just...

**TERESA :**

Never gonna make anybody money.

(a few beats; then)

Wouldn't you feel better sellingthis junk to rich people, who can

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afford to lose the money at least?

**JORDAN:**

Rich people don't buy penny

stocks.

**TERESA :**

Why not?

And on Jordan's look:

JORDAN (V.O.)

Because they're too smart, that's why not.

41 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO BODY SHOP - DAY (AUG '89) 41  
CLOSE ON Jordan, brow furrowing as his wheels turn.

JORDAN (V.O.)

I mean what person of any substance would trust this bunch of jerk-offs? Like the Pinhead, \* Robbie Feinberg.

42 SCENES 42 - 46 OMITTED \* 42

46A INSERT ID PHOTO - TOBY WELCH \*46A

JORDAN (V.O.) \*

Toby Welch. I mean, look at this \* fucking Cro-Magnon, I wouldn't \* trust him to pick up a rock. \*

(ALT) \*

JORDAN (V.O.) \*

Toby Welch. I mean, look at this \* fucking Cro-Magnon, he couldn't \* even think without moving his \* lips. \*

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46B INSERT ID PHOTO - ROBBIE FEINBERG

46B

JORDAN (V.O.)

Or the Sea Otter.

46C

INSERT ID PHOTO - THE SEA OTTER 46C

JORDAN (V.O.)

Chester Ming even, the Depraved Chinaman, with his giant panda head.

46D

INSERT ID PHOTO - CHESTER MING 46D

JORDAN (V.O.)

Or Nicky Koskoff, who I called Rugrat because--

46E

INSERT ID PHOTO - RUGRAT 46E

JORDAN (V.O.)

Well, you can probably figure that

out for yourself.

47

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO BODY SHOP - REAR - NIGHT 47  
(MAR '90)

The camera PUSHES IN on Jordan as he stands before a large dry erase board.

JORDAN (V.O.)

But what if they didn't sound like jerk-offs? What if I took this bunch of nincompoops and molded them in my own image? I reinvented the company, gave it a new image, a new name. Something patrician, blue-blooded, something that reeked of tradition and anti semitism.

And as his Brokers settle in to folding chairs-

**JORDAN:**

Gentlemen, welcome to Stratton Oakmont. The clients we've gone after in the past -- they're done. We will now target exclusively the wealthiest one percent of Americans. The methods we've used -- over. Loud, obnoxious sales hype is worthless with these people.

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JORDAN (CONT'D) JORDAN (CONT'D)

In military terms it's like carpet-bombing -- noisy, menacing and only marginally effective. As Stratton brokers you will be laser-guided smart-bombs aimed at high-priority targets. You will establish an initial relationship with your clients selling only blue chip stocks -- then and only then will you attempt to sell the pink sheets, where the real money is. Now the key to every sale is this: Jordan writes the word "URGENCY" on the board.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

No one buys stock unless he thinks it's going up and going up now. You must convince your client to buy before the takeover happens, before the lawsuit is settled, before the patent is granted.

If he says I'll think about it and call you back, it's over, you're dead! No one calls back! So you have to create urgency --

48 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY 48

Another day. With Stratton Oakmont signage visible in the b.g., Jordan is on speakerphone with a potential CLIENT, the other Brokers listening in.

**JORDAN :**

--and once Kodak settles the lawsuit, institutions will be permitted to buy their shares in large blocks again. And when that happens, which is any day now, what do you think will happen to the price of Kodak stock? It'll go up?  
CLIENT (O.S.)

**JORDAN :**

Exactly. Which is why you should pick up 5000 shares today, a \$200,000 investment.

49 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO BODY SHOP - REAR - NIGHT 49

Jordan stands addressing his Brokers.

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**JORDAN :**

Then you lower your voice.

50 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY 50

Jordan pitches the client, his voice lowered.

**JORDAN :**

Believe me, sir, you will not be sorry.

51 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO BODY SHOP - REAR - NIGHT 51

Jordan stands before the Brokers.

**JORDAN :**

Then you wait. Whoever speaks first loses. At this point, where are we in the sale? Chester?

**CHESTER MING :**

About to close?

**JORDAN :**

No, you sweet and sour douchebag!

We're at the beginning of the beginning! This is where the sale starts. You as a salesman are



almost hoping he says no so you can finally do your fucking job!

52 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY 52

Jordan sits at the phone, waiting for a response.

CLIENT (O.S.)

I don't know, I don't think so.

53 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO BODY SHOP - REAR - NIGHT 53

Jordan stands before the Brokers.

**JORDAN :**

He doesn't know, he needs to

think, he's gotta ask his wife!

The fact is it doesn't matter what

the fuck he says! If he's already agreed that the stock's going up,

then the only real objection he has at this point is he doesn't trust you!

And he shouldn't trust

you, you're a fucking salesman!

So what do you say?

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54 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY 54

Donnie talks on the phone to a Client.

**DONNIE :**

Let me ask you this, sir -- had I been your broker for the past three to four years and made you money on a consistent basis, you probably wouldn't say you need to think about it, you'd probably say pick me up three or four thousand shares, am I right?

Maybe.

CLIENT #2 (O.S.)

55 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY

(APR '90)

55

The place is crowded; now 20 Brokers make up the salesforce. Sea Otter pitches a client.

**SEA OTTER :**

Wait a second. You mean to tell

me if I put you in Union Carbide at 7 and took you out at 32-56

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY

(MAY '90)

56

Even more crowded, with 30 Brokers.

ROBBIE FEINBERG

If I put you in Texas Instruments at 11 and took you out at 47-57

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT I - AUTO SHOP BULLPEN - DAY

(JUN '90)

57

More Brokers still - now there's 45.

**CHESTER MING :**

--Walmart at 16 and took you out at 95, you wouldn't say Chester pick me up 10,000 shares? C'mon.

CLIENT #3 (O.S.)

Well yeah, in that case I would.

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58 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT II - BULLPEN - DAY (NOV '90) 58

New offices now, a real brokerage firm. The bullpen is large, with 75 Brokers at polished maple desks, sitting before computers talking into headsets.

**DONNIE :**

So the problem is that I don't have the luxury of a track record.

Sir, let me reintroduce myself to

you. My name is Donnie Azoff-

**58A CUT TO:**

**RUGRAT :**

--Nicky Koskoff--\*

**58B CUT TO:**

**CHESTER MING :**

Chester Ming-

**58C CUT TO:**

**PETER DEBLASIO :**

Peter DeBlasio from Stratton

Oakmont in New York City-

**58D CUT TO:**

**TOBY WELCH :**

--and I plan on being the top broker in my firm this year.

**58E CUT TO:**

**SEA OTTER :**

So what about this? We start  
small with 500 shares, a cash  
outlay of \$20,000.

**58F CUT TO:**

KALIL \*

If the stock goes up 10%, will that make you a rich man? Of  
course not.

**58G CUT TO:**

**KIMMIE BELZER :**

If it goes down 10%, will it make  
you a poor man? No..

**58H CUT TO:**

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**CHESTER MING:**

What this trade will do is serve  
as a benchmark for future  
business.

**58J CUT TO:**

**PETER DEBLASIO:**

The downside is minimal and the  
upside is a long-term relationship  
with a broker on Wall Street who  
will consistently make you money.

**58K CUT TO:**

**JORDAN:**

Your only regret will be that I  
didn't call you six months ago.

**58L CUT TO:**

CLIENT #1 (O.S.)  
(to Robbie Feinberg)  
All right.

**58M CUT TO:**

CLIENT #2 (O.S.)

(to Sea Otter)  
Give me 300 shares.

**58N CUT TO:**

CLIENT #3 (O.S.)  
(to Peter DeBlasio)  
1200 shares.

**58P CUT TO:**

CLIENT #4 (O.S.)  
(to Jordan)  
I'll take 5000 shares.

59 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT II - BULLPEN - DAY (APR '91) 59  
4PM the place goes nuts as Jordan emerges from his office \*  
holding a spread sheet. He addresses the crowd of 100  
BROKERS, which now includes a dozen WOMEN.

**JORDAN :**

Everybody have a good week?  
Applause; war whoops.  
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JORDAN (CONT'D)  
I'd like to read you something.  
(reads spread sheet)  
Month end, March 1991! \$28.7  
million in gross commissions - allin Stratton issues. Not bad for  
penny stocks, huh boys? Not badfor dumpin' penny stocks.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The place goes WILD with applause.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
And to celebrate with a weekly actof debauchery, I have offered ourlovely  
sales assistant DanielleHarrison ten thousand dollars to  
have her head shaved!

\*

Jordan motions to DANIELLE HARRISON, 19, pretty, sittingin a chair nearby.  
Behind her, Rugrat uses clippers toshave her thick brown mane. The place  
goes nuts.

\*

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
FYI, Danielle tells me she's usingthe money for breast implants! Is  
this a great company or what?!!

More wild applause as Jordan signals across the bullpen to Donnie. We hear the opening strains of "Stars & Stripes Forever" as he opens the door to a COLLEGE MARCHING BAND dressed in underwear and hats. The music continues as somersaulting GYMNASTS and BATON-TWIRLERS bring up the rear. As they march through the bullpen to cheers-FROM THE KITCHEN -- two dozen TUXEDO-CLAD WAITERS emerge carrying trays of champagne and hors d'oeuvres. The music continues as two dozen STRIPPERS bolt in, gyrating among the BROKERS. As Jordan surveys the insanity:

JORDAN (V.O.)

Word spread throughout Wall Street -- I was becoming a legend. Forbes Magazine even called to do a profile on me...

60 SCENES 60 - 67 OMITTED 60

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68 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 hesitates for the camera - CLICK!

JORDAN (V.O.)

A total fucking hatchet job.

69 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.

70 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT II - BULLPEN - LATER THAT DAY 70

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.

applying for jobs.

They're

They spot Jordan, start clamoring, waving their resumes.

Mr. Belfort!

**JOB APPLICANTS :**

Over here! Sir!

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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.

71 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.

72 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - DAY (MAR '92) 72

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.

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73 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - MEN'S ROOM - DAY (MAR '92) 73

In a stall, two Brokers snort coke, while another Broker  
fucks a Sales Assistant perched on the sink.

JORDAN (V.O.)

I had to declare the office a fuck-  
free zone between the hours of 9  
and 7, but even that didn't help.

Taped to the mirror we see a MEMO -- inside a red circle,  
two anatomically correct stick figures fuck doggy-style,  
a red line slashing through them.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Actually the madness started on our very first day, when one of our brokers,  
Ben Jenner,  
christened the elevator by getting a blowjob from a sales assistant.

74 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - LOBBY - DAY (JAN '92) 74

Two dozen Brokers cheer, watching through the rising glass elevator as BEN  
JENNER, 25, gets a blowjob from a brunette SALES ASSISTANT. \*

JORDAN (V.O.)

Her name was Pam and to her  
credit, she did have an amazing  
technique, with this wild twist and jerk motion.

75 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY  
(FEB '92)

75

As Pam blows Jordan, Donnie fucks her from behind.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Eventually Ben married her, which was pretty amazing considering she blew  
every guy in the office.

75A INSERT POLAROID - (JUN '92) 75A

A wedding photo of Ben and Pam.

JORDAN (V.O.)

He got depressed and killed himself three years later.

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75B INSERT POLAROID - (JUN '95) 75B

A crime scene photo; Ben in his underwear, dead on abathroom floor, a gun near his head, which oozes blood.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Anyway, in an attempt to maintainorder, I hired my dad Max asdefacto CFO and head of the Gestapo.

75C INT. JORDAN'S PARENTS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 75C

MAX BELFORT sits smoking, watching a rerun of "TheEqualizer" on TV. His wife, LEAH, does needlepoint.

JORDAN (V.O.)

We called him Mad Max because of his hair-trigger temper, whichcould be set off by something asinnocuous as a ringing telephone.

The phone RINGS.

**MAX :**

Who the hell has the goddamn gallto call this house on a Tuesdayevening! Goddammit!

JORDAN (V.O.)

But then the weirdest thing wouldhappen. Though he'd never beennear England, he'd pick up the phone and affect an ever-so-slightBritish accent.

Greatly agitated, Max stomps toward the phone.

JORDAN (V.O.)

This was his other persona -- thesuper polite, ever-gracious Sir Max.

**MAX :**

(into phone)

Hello?... Yes, Gene, right-eo.

Good-good then... Cheerio.

JORDAN (V.O.)

It was absolutely bizarre. He'd hang up...

**MAX :**

(hangs up phone)

Goddamn fucking halfwit!

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JORDAN (V.O.)

And become Mad Max all over again.

Max curses a blue streak as he stomps back to his chair.

76



SCENE 76 OMITTED

77

INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY

(MAR '92)

Holding a HEADSHOT of the Dwarf from the opening, Jordansits talking with Donnie, Robbie and Rugrat.

**JORDAN :**

What if he gets hurt?

**ROBBIE :**

He'll be wearing a helmet. Plus  
they've got, like, superhumanstrength anyway.

**DONNIE :**

I did hear you're not supposed to make direct eye contact. If you look  
at them too long in their eyes they get freaked out - their wires cross.

**JORDAN :**

I think there's a limit to how far  
we can go... I mean we can throw shit at him and -

**DONNIE :**

They have a lot of feelings.

**JORDAN :**

There's a specific thing that they'll do - You can throw him at a dart board  
but if you want him to show his cock or

**ROBBIE :**

Yes, that's what this guy does.

**RUGRAT :**

That's his gift.

**ROBBIE :**

Can we also bowl with him?

**RUGRAT :**

His brother is actually the bowler.

76

77

\*

\*

[illegible]

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ROBBIE \*

They strap a skateboard to him and \*  
throw him down an alley. \*

RUGRAT \*

They're ornery, too, the littlepricks. You gotta be careful.

**JORDAN :**

Get some tranq darts.

**DONNIE :**

A little straitjacket. \*

JORDAN \*

What's the liability on something \*  
like this?

RUGRAT \*

That's a whole different thing. I \*  
can get on the phone with some \*  
people. I can talk to the \*

insurance company and tell them \*  
exactly what we're going to do. \*  
But I think we go back to the same \*  
plan - loophole - if we don't \*  
really consider them people I \*  
think we are in the clear. \*

DONNIE \*

I think we should keep one in the \*  
office because I think they're \*  
good luck. \*

JORDAN \*

Treat it like the fuckin' thing it \*  
is. He's coming in. We're paying \*  
him for something. Treat him with \*  
respect. And you just shake his \*  
hand like you don't even think \*  
anything's wrong. \*

DONNIE \*

You just look like something else \*  
is going on. \*

RUGRAT \*

You don't look at his eyes. \*

DONNIE \*

Say "thank you for being here". \*

ROBBIE \*

You don't turn your back on him. \*  
It's a sign of disrespect. \*

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DONNIE \*

If you want a cracker or something \*  
-I'm gonna have some treats in my \*  
pocket. I want to be in a strip \*  
club with you guys. Literally pull \*  
out a brief case and have a little \*  
fuckin' guy pop out of there. You \*  
know how much fuckin' pussy you \*  
get? \*

JORDAN \*

The point is get it out. \*

DONNIE \*

Get the jokes out now. Get the \*  
fuckin' jokes out now. \*

JORDAN \*

You're gonna fuck it up. Purge all \*

this shit right now. \*

DONNIE \*

That's what I'm saying -\*

JORDAN \*

When he comes in the room, I want \*

him to feel like a human being -\*

DONNIE \*

Business. Business. It's fuckin' \*

business, bro. \*

JORDAN \*

I want him to feel just like a \*

normal human being. Cause you know \*

-like one of us. One of us. \*

DONNIE \*

Like he's an actual human being. \*

One of us. \*

JORDAN \*

Gobble, gobble we accept you, one \*

of us! One of us! \*

ALL \*

One of us. \*

Janet pokes her head in. \*

**JANET:**

Your dad's coming. With the

American Express bill.

**JORDAN :**

Can you stop him?

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**JANET :**

Fuck you, you stop him.

The guys straighten up and head to desk, settle in. Max \*

blows in past her, waving a 3-inch-thick bill:

**MAX :**

\$430,000 dollars in one month!!

Four-hundred-and-thirty-thousand

dollars in one month!!

**JORDAN :**

Hello, Father. \*

(Max's expression

doesn't budge)  
They're business expenses. Just \*  
relax. \*  
The guys titter at "business expenses."

**MAX :**

If you bastards don't wipe those mug fucking looks off your faces,  
I swear to God I'm gonna wipe 'em off for you!  
(back to Jordan)  
Are you insane?

**ROBBIE \***

Actually, Max, my portion of the bill is hardly anything, so I'm on the same  
page as you -

**MAX :**

Shut the fuck up, Feinberg, you only have a portion because of my son, you  
worthless twerp!

**DONNIE :**

(chuckles)  
Twerp.

**MAX :**

You zip it, too, Azoff, those boiling teeth of yours are hurting my fucking  
eyes!  
(turning to Jordan)  
My own son! From my very loins!  
What do you think this is? \*

**JORDAN :**

Will you calm down -

**MAX :**

You don't think there's any end insight, do you? It's all  
one giant party to you schmendricks!  
(holds up AMEX bill)  
\$26,000 for one dinner!!  
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MAX (CONT'D)  
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MAX (CONT'D)  
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**JORDAN :**

Donnie ordered sides.

**DONNIE :**

Yeah, that was... Sorry.

**MAX :**

(glowering)

What is EJ Entertainment?

EJ Entertainment?!

What is

**JORDAN :**

(restraining a grin)

You tell me, Dad.

**MAX :**

It's a goddamn prostitution ringis what it is!!

Jordan feigns shock, turns to Donnie: did you know it was  
a prostitution ring?!

**DONNIE :**

Doesn't the IRS allow for T&A?

**MAX :**

It's T&E and stop fucking with me!

What kind of hookers take credit  
cards, anyway?!

Jordan takes the bill, starts flipping through it.

JORDAN (V.O.)

In Stratton parlance, there werethree kinds of hookers. There  
were blue chips, the top of theline. Model material. They werepriced  
between \$300 and \$500 andmade you wear a condom unless yougave them a hefty  
tip, which Ialways did.

77A A "BLUE CHIP" HOOKER FLOATS THROUGH, SURROUNDED BY  
STRATTON BROKERS.

77A\*

\*

JORDAN (V.O.)

Then came NASDAQs, who were  
pretty, but not great, usuallyin the two to three hundred  
dollar range.

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77B

A "NASDAQ" HOOKER DANCES THROUGH BULLPEN. STRATTON \*77BBROKERS WATCH. \*

JORDAN (V.O.)

Finally there were pink sheets,  
skanks, the bottom of the barrel.

77C

A "PINK SHEET" HOOKER, COVERED IN TATTOOS, IS ON ALL \*77CFOURS AS SEA OTTER  
RIDES HER LIKE A PONY. \*

JORDAN (V.O.)

They usually cost a hundred or less, and if you didn't wear a condom,  
you'd get a penicillin shot the next day and pray your dick didn't  
fall off.

77D

THE ABOVE-MENTIONED "PINK SHEET" HOOKER SITS ON A STOOL, \*77DAS SEA OTTER  
FUCKS HER. \*

JORDAN (V.O.)

Not that we didn't fuck them, too.

Believe me, we did.

Behind him, the other guys wait their turns.

\*

77E

BACK TO SCENE 77E

Max continues to steam so Jordan ushers Robbie, Rugrat and Donnie out the  
door.

**JORDAN :**

Give us a minute, will you, guys?

He closes the door, then stretches a bit, exaggeratedly,  
letting out a little moan.

**MAX :**

What's the matter?

**JORDAN :**

Nothing, just... My back's been killing me. Pain shooting down my leg. Not to  
worry, it'll pass.

**MAX :**

What do the doctors say?

**JORDAN :**

Doctors, what do they know? I'm on like twenty different medications.

**(re:**

Look, I know it's hard for you to make sense of these expenses,  
but there's a method here, okay? \*

Max waits to hear it; Jordan gestures to the bullpen

**MAX :**

And you have to lead by example,  
is that it?

(Jordan nods)

I'm tellin' ya, kid, one of thesedays... one of these days thechickens are  
gonna come home to  
roost.

**JORDAN :**

In order to keep these guysworking, I gotta keep 'em  
spending. I need to keep themchasing the dream. You flash somecash, they do  
the same. It keepsthem motivated.

**MAX :**

Pissing away money? That's whatmotivates you kids?

**JORDAN :**

I could afford to pay them more,  
but then they wouldn't need me asmuch. And as long as they need  
methey'll always fear me. I know itsounds crazy.

**MAX :**

Crazy? This... is obscene.

He turns and exits. Jordan watches him go, thinking.

JORDAN (V.O.)

It was obscene -- in the normal  
world. But who wanted to live  
there?

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - SOUTH HAMPTON - DAY (JUN '92)

Massive, with an Olympic-size pool overlooking the beach.

Dozens of luxury cars parked outside. On a balcony,

Jordan is mid-speech, in a bathing suit, addressing theStrattonites below,  
Teresa at his side.

JORDAN (O.C.)

-- so enjoy yourselves, you alldeserve a celebration. 'Cept forKimmie,  
she's lazy and she steals.

(off laughter, Kimmieflips him the bird;

he blows her a kiss)

But, everybody, keep this in mind.

\*

\*



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JORDAN (O.C.) (CONT&#039;D) JORDAN (O.C.) (CONT&#039;D)

As my friend Donnie Azoff says,

"If you wanna party with the boys,  
you gotta wake up with the men."

Monday morning I want you alllooking razor-sharp. Cuz  
Stratton's got a few things on thehorizon, things that're gonna takeit  
right up into the fuckingstratosphere!

The Crowd goes nuts. One Broker lets loose a wolf-howl,  
and the crowd toasts Jordan, chanting his name.

**CROWD :**

Jor-dan! Jor-dan! Jor-dan!

As Jordan looks down smiling like a benevolent dictator -

JORDAN (PRE-LAP)

Fuck Merrill Lynch, this way we  
become the underwriters.

ROBBIE (PRE-LAP) \*

Like an investment bank.

79 INT. BEACH HOUSE - SOUTH HAMPTON - (LATER THAT) DAY 79

GORGEOUS PEOPLE dance/drink/snort coke. Upstairs, Jordanplays pool with Sea  
Otter, Donnie, Robbie, Toby andRugrat, assigning ludes with every pocketed  
ball.

**JORDAN:**

Exactly. We do our own IPO's and  
we will print money.

**SEA OTTER:**

Eat like a bird, shit like an  
elephant, baby!

**JORDAN:**

They can take their Harvard asses  
under our desks and suck our  
cocks.

(to Rugrat)

How soon can you get the paperwork  
filed?

**RUGRAT :**

(super-stoned)

Can't we talk about this Monday?

**JORDAN :**

It's a simple fucking question.

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**RUGRAT :**

Except I'm looking at three of youright now.

**ROBBIE :**

We've got Arncliffe National,  
they're looking to go public,  
we've got --

\*

**DONNIE :**

(very luded)

Oh, oh, Steve... Steve...

What?

**JORDAN :**

**DONNIE :**

...Steve... M-m-madden...

Donnie gesticulates wildly. The guys crack up. WE PUSH

IN ON Donnie, practically drooling, as Jordan gives us aquick tutorial on

ludes...

79A QUAALUDE TUTORIAL 79A\*

**CUT TO:**

JORDAN (V.O.)

The quaalude was first synthesized in 1951 by an Indian doctor -- that's dot Indian, not feathers -- as a sedative, and was prescribed to stressed housewives with sleep disorders. Pretty soon someone figured out that if you resisted the urge to sleep for fifteen minutes, you got a pretty kick-ass high from it. Didn't take long for people to start abusing ludes, 'course, and in 1982 the U.S. Government Schedule One'd them, along with the rest of the world. Which meant there was only a finite amount of these things left. No shit, you can't even find 'em anymore today. You people're all shit outta luck.

79B BACK TO SCENE \*79B

**JORDAN :**

(to Donnie)

What're you saying, buddy?

(to the others)

Shhhh... listen to him...

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**DONNIE :**

Sssshhhhoes... shhhoooess...

Jordan suspects Donnie may actually be onto something.

But just then...

**SEA OTTER :**

Holy fuck.

Jordan peers over the balcony where Sea Otter's looking.

NAOMI LAPAGLIA. 22, the hottest blonde ever, has entered the party with her date BLAIR. She smiles, full lips parting over perfect white teeth, a ridiculously short dress barely covering her long tan legs and full breasts.

**RUGRAT :**

My nutsack's about to explode.

ROBBIE \*

Someone's gotta take that down.

There's no debate who that someone should be. Eyes locked on Naomi, Jordan

makes his way downstairs.

WITH NAOMI taking in the party, her eyes flitting to things: art, chandeliers, crystal, etc.

NAOMI (V.O.)

A lotta people would look at me and think: "golddigger, she's out to land the richest husband she

can." But you see, I came from nothing. Like, below the poverty line. And when you come from nothing, being rich means never having to go back to that.

Jordan approaches CRISTY, 20s, one of his guests.

**CRISTY :**

Jordan, hey.

(he smiles; Cristy picks up his intent)

Have you met my friend Naomi?

Jordan takes Naomi's hand, doesn't let go.

**JORDAN :**

Naomi.

**NAOMI :**

You have an awesome house. I don't think I've ever been in a house like this.

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**JORDAN :**

You like it? I just got it. I guess it's okay. Six bedrooms, two hot-tubs, one off the master suite overlooking the water. You like to jet-ski?

Naomi's date Blair offers his hand to break them apart.

Toby Welch lurks behind him, giving him the evil-eye.

**BLAIR :**

Hi. Blair Hollingsworth.

Jordan barely acknowledges him, focused on Naomi.

Outside, HILDY AZOFF chats with Teresa. Her eyes stray to Jordan chatting up Naomi. Teresa's eyes follow hers and sees them. Ouch. Hildy goes.

**JORDAN :**

You're telling me you've never jetski'ed in your life?!

**NAOMI :**

Never.

**BLAIR :**

Y'know, we really should hit it,  
there's two other parties we're's'posed to get to -

**JORDAN :**

What? You just got here. Stay.  
Naomi looks like she'd like to. Hildy approaches,  
introduces herself, then:

**HILDY :**

Jordan, Teresa needs your help.

**JORDAN :**

With what?

**HILDY :**

I dunno, you'll have to ask yourwife what she wants.

**Jordan sees:**

DONNIE(O.S.)

Oh sweet Jesus!

Jordan turns to see a drunk Donnie, cock in hand, jerkingoff to Naomi.  
Hildy comes running over.

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Donnie!

doing?!

**HILDY :**

What the fuck are you

During the melee that follows -- Hildy admonishingDonnie, Blair removing  
Naomi from the party -JORDAN

(V.O.)

The day I met Naomi was the day I

truly became the Wolf. Every guywanted her -- so I had to have  
her.

-- Jordan watches her go. Naomi shoots a glance back tohim and, like that,  
he's hooked.

80 SCENES 80 - 81 OMITTED 80

82 INT. SIGN OF THE DOVE - MANHATTAN - NIGHT (JUN '92) 82

Romantic; elegant. Over a bottle of '53 Lafite, Jordan

sits in mid conversation with Naomi, who is stunning in a low-cut black cocktail dress.

Bay Ridge.

Island?

**JORDAN :**

That's near Staten

**NAOMI :**

Brooklyn, across the Verrazano Bridge. Guinea gulch. Ever been?

**JORDAN :**

You're Italian?

**NAOMI :**

My dad's side. Also Dutch,  
German, English -- I'm a mutt.  
Actually I have family over there,  
in London. My Aunt Emma.

**JORDAN :**

That explains it then.  
What?

**NAOMI :**

**JORDAN :**

(smiles)  
You're a Duchess. The Duchess of  
Bay Ridge.  
Naomi smiles, flags a passing WAITER.  
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**NAOMI :**

Could I have a straw please?  
The Waiter nods, heads off. A few beats, then:  
NAOMI (CONT'D)  
So I was a little surprised you asked Cristy for my number.  
How come?

**JORDAN :**

**NAOMI :**

Aren't you married?

**JORDAN :**

Married people can't have friends?

Naomi smiles. The Waiter brings the straw. She opens it, slips it in her red wine glass. Off Jordan's look:

**NAOMI :**

So I don't stain my teeth.

And as she sips the wine seductively through the straw...

83 EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT 83

Jordan's Ferrari makes its way over the bridge, heading back toward Brooklyn.

NAOMI (O.S.)

--then at night I do my designs.

84 INT. JORDAN'S FERRARI - CONTINUOUS 84

Jordan drives, Naomi next to him.

**NAOMI :**

An entire line of lingerie --  
camisoles, bustiers, panties.

Jordan glances over -- her dress is riding up her thigh.

JORDAN (V.O.)

She designs panties?! Jesus  
fucking Christ!

Naomi smiles.

**JORDAN :**

Sounds like something I might invest in. Venture capital.

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**NAOMI :**

Well we should definitely keep in  
touch, then.

**JORDAN :**

Absolutely.

He pulls over outside her brownstone.

**NAOMI :**

That's me.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Think, Jordan, think! How can you  
get up to her apartment?!

They look at each other. We can almost hear Jordan's

heart pounding.

**NAOMI :**

You wanna come up for some tea?

85 INT. NAOMI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 85

A small, cozy apartment. Naomi enters, Jordan close behind. She picks up Rocky, her yapping Maltese.

**NAOMI :**

Say hi, Rocky.

Naomi waves Rocky's paw. Jordan smiles.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Why don't you light a fire? I'll be right out.

Jordan nods, takes in her scent as she walks away.

JORDAN (V.O.)

God, please help me. How can I fuck this girl?

As he crouches by the fireplace, his skypager vibrates.

He checks the readout: "Teresa". His face falls as he hits the "silent" button, mind racing with guilt.

JORDAN (V.O.)

That's it, you're leaving. You're going home to your wife.

Jordan stands, turns around -- NAOMI is in the doorway, naked except for high heels.

JORDAN (V.O.)

As you can probably guess, I fucked her goddamn brains out.

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86 INT. NAOMI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 86

Rocky yaps incessantly as Jordan pounds away atop Naomi.

JORDAN (V.O.)

For eleven seconds.

Jordan cums loudly, convulsively.

**JORDAN :**

I'm sorry, I-NAOMI

Did you cum?

**JORDAN :**

(nods; gasping)

Yeah, but I'm still hard.

Jordan looks down at her.



JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Being inside her... was like yourcock went to heaven and God himself was cupping your balls.

And as they start fucking again...

87 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY  
(JUN '92)

Jordan sits at his desk, telephone to his ear.

JORDAN (V.O.)

I couldn't get enough.

87

88 INT. NAOMI'S APARTMENT - DAY (JUN '92)

CLOSE ON Naomi, who talks on the phone, smiling.

BACK to see the apartment is packed with flowers.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Every chance we got, we'd sneakoff together...

We PULL

88

89 INT. LIMOSINE - NIGHT (AUG '92) 89

Giggling like a child, Jordan pours coke from a vial, creating a little mound atop one of Naomi's breasts.

**JORDAN :**

Hold still, don't move.

(to the Driver)

Watch the potholes!

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More giggling, then he snorts the coke off her breast, burying his face in it as he climbs on top of her. Naomi laughs uncontrollably as the limo glides to a stop. The door opens from outside -- the Doorman?

TERESA (O.S.)

Get out of the fucking car.

Jordan looks up, locks eyes with Teresa. He jumps off Naomi, stumbles out, closing the door behind himself.

90 EXT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 90

**JORDAN :**

**TERESA:**

What are you doing home?

That whore from the party?

How could you do this tome?!

The limo takes off. Teresa starts crying...

**JORDAN:**

I thought you were at the beach house, I-

**TERESA:**

I married you when you had nothing--

**JORDAN:**

Teresa... I don't know what to say.

**TERESA:**

You're like a totally different person.

**JORDAN:**

I'm not. I'm sorry. I made a mistake, okay?

**TERESA :**

Tell me you don't love her.

**JORDAN :**

I...

**TERESA :**

(off his silence)

Jordan?

Jordan says nothing. Finally, Teresa starts sobbing.

JORDAN (V.O.)

I felt horrible.

Jordan holds her, letting her cry.

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JORDAN (V.O.)

Three days later I filed for divorce and moved Naomi into the apartment.

91 INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - DUSK  
(SEP '92)

Completely remodelled, all new furniture. Jordan and Naomi sit at the table, set for a candle-light dinner.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Say what you will, but the Duchess did have style. She brought in a decorator, feng shui'd the place--

she even hired a gay butler.

NICHOLAS THE BUTLER, 40s, enters with hot towels on a silver tray.

**JORDAN :**

Thank you, Nicholas.

Jordan takes a towel, wipes his face. Naomi smiles.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He was smart, sophisticated,  
really great. Except for that one time...

91

92 SCENES 92 - 94 OMITTED 92\*

95 INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 95\*

A GAY ORGY is in progress, a dozen naked MEN, including Nicholas, in various sexual positions about the room.

**NAOMI :**

Omigod!

96 INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 96

Jordan sits across from a very shaken Naomi.

**NAOMI :**

He must have thought I was at my mother's.

**JORDAN :**

Where were they? In the bedroom?

**NAOMI :**

They were right here!

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A beat, then Jordan realizes. He jumps off the couch like it's on fire.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

It gets worse. After I chased  
them out, I checked the apartment.

JORDAN (V.O.)

The motherfucker stole fifty grand in cash and jewelry.

97

INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - LIBRARY - DAY 97

(OCT '92)

With Nicholas seated in a chair, Jordan sits across from him. Pacing behind him is Donnie, coked-up, face contorted, frothing with rage. Nearby, giant Chester Ming sits quietly, saying nothing.

**JORDAN :**

I just want my stuff back, okay?

NICHOLAS THE BUTLER

I didn't take anything.

**DONNIE:**

(in his face)

I should kill you, cocksucker!

You do not fuck with this man!

Jordan holds Donnie off. Turns back to Nicholas.

**JORDAN :**

You were high, things got out of control, I get it. Believe me I do, I have a Phd in debauchery.

NICHOLAS THE BUTLER

I didn't do it.

**DONNIE :**

I'll knock your fuckin' teeth out,  
motherfucker!

**JORDAN :**

Just give me the money, give me the jewelry, and we'll forget the whole thing.

NICHOLAS THE BUTLER

It's because I'm gay, isn't it?

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**JORDAN:**

Nicholas. You could fuck a baby  
sheep as far as I care, on my  
brand new fucking sofa. What I  
won't stand for is being robbed.

NICHOLAS THE BUTLER

I'm telling you the truth.

**JORDAN :**

I'll ask you one last time.

**DONNIE :**

You're dead, you piece of shit!

NICHOLAS THE BUTLER

Jordan, please.

**JORDAN :**

Fine.

Jordan nods to Chester. Without a word, he crosses to Nicholas and BAMMM!! Nicholas's nose splits open like a ripe plum, blood spurting everywhere. Tough-guy Donnie takes one look, then SPEWS vomit into a garbage pail.

And as Chester pummels Nicholas's face into chopped meat...

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It's amazing the kind of loyalty money will buy. I mean Chester almost killed this prick.

Chester starts to hang Nicholas over the balcony by his legs. Jordan stops him.

JORDAN (V.O.)

I finally called the cops, mainly to save Nicholas's life.

98 INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - FOYER - DAY 98

With the bloodied Nicholas in the background, Jordan talks to two NYPD COPS, handing them each a wad of cash.

JORDAN (V.O.)

I gave them each a thousand bucks and told them what Nicholas had done. Then they kicked his ass.

As the Cops swat Nicholas with their nightsticks:

COP #1 COP #2

Fuckin' thief, huh? Piece of shit.

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 52.

And as they hustle Nicholas out...

JORDAN (V.O.)

Loyalty, like I said. Which was the key component to my incredible fucking success.

98A EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY (OCT '92)

As Jordan golfs with Donnie, Chester, Robbie, Toby and some hookers, Brad pulls up in a golf cart with a cash-filled gym bag.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Besides Brad, I had eight other 'ratholes', close friends who'd own stock on paper, but kick the profits back to me after I drove the price through the roof.

They hug, then Jordan adds the gym bag to several others on the back of his golf cart. Donnie tries to befriend

Brad; Brad isn't interested.

JORDAN (V.O.)

The SEC knew I was doing something shady, but they couldn't figure out what

the fuck it was.

98A

\*

\*

99 SCENES 99 - 100 OMITTED 99

101 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - (ANOTHER) DAY

Jordan, Max and securities lawyer MANNY RISKIN exit the kitchen with coffees.

101

**MANNY RISKIN :**

I'm telling you -- piss on the SEC's leg, you'll end up with your tits in a ringer.

FREEZE FRAME - Manny stuffs a cruller into his mouth.

JORDAN (V.O.)

My securities attorney, Manny Riskin. Seven hundred an hour to be the voice of doom.

\*

**BACK TO SCENE :**

**JORDAN :**

It's under control.

relax already?

Will you

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Just then, Max spots a BROKER break-dancing as three other Brokers look on...

**MAX :**

What the fuck is this imbecile doing?!

Max crosses off, starts screaming at the break-dancing Broker. Jordan keeps walking with Manny.

JORDAN (V.O.)

The SEC sent two lawyers down to review our files, so I set them up in our conference room.

Jordan passes the conference room, looks in the window--

two SEC ATTORNEYS wear coats as they review documents.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Then I had it bugged and the air conditioning locked till it felt like Antarctica in there.

One of the SEC Attorneys blows into his hands for warmth.

Manny follows Jordan toward the bullpen, his frenzied Brokers working the

phones.

JORDAN (V.O.)

So here they were, looking for a smoking gun while I was firing a bazooka right under their noses.

It was our first IPO, and we were driving the stock price to the fucking moon.

BROKER #1

Arncliffe National, it's on fire!

BROKER #2

(voice lowered)

Believe me, your grandkids will thank you.

BROKER #3

(to Sales Assistant)

Arncliffe National, ten thousand shares!

Jordan speaks directly to camera as he continues walking through the bullpen.

**JORDAN :**

See an IPO is an initial public offering, the first time a stock is offered for sale to the general population.

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JORDAN (CONT'D)

As the firm taking the company public, we set the initial price, then sold those shares back to --\*

(stops; then)

You know what, you're probably not \*  
following what I'm saying. The \*  
question is, "was it legal?" \*  
Absolutely not. But we were making \*  
more money than we knew what to do \*  
with. \*

JORDAN (CONT'D)

As the firm taking the company public, we set the initial price, then sold those shares back to --\*

(stops; then)

You know what, you're probably not \*  
following what I'm saying. The \*  
question is, "was it legal?" \*  
Absolutely not. But we were making \*  
more money than we knew what to do \*  
with. \*

102 SCENE 102 OMITTED 102

102A EXT. BANK - DAY - ESTABLISHING (OCT '92) \*

102A

103 INT. BANK - SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT - DAY (OCT '92) 103

Alone in a private room, Jordan unloads a small suitcase filled with stacks and stacks of hundred dollar bills.

JORDAN (V.O.)

But I figured it out. \*

CLOSE ON - a huge diamond engagement ring.

NAOMI (O.C.)

Omigod!!

104 INT. FOUR SEASONS RESTAURANT - NIGHT (OCT '92) 104

Jordan is down on one knee, proposing; Naomi hyperventilates as he puts the ring on her finger -- a seven carat, yellow canary diamond in a platinum setting.

JORDAN (V.O.)

I held my bachelor party at the Tangiers in Las Vegas -- one last \* blowout for the Gods before I settled down for good.

105 SCENE 105 OMITTED 105

106 INT. TRANS CAPITAL AIRLINES - JUMBO JET - NIGHT \*106

Inside a jumbo jet, a wild, mid-air party is in progress.

JORDAN (V.O.)

A hundred Strattonites flew in

with fifty hookers and enough drugs to open a pharmacy.

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Various images -- Stratton Brokers drink, do coke, a half-dozen in mid-orgy with Hookers, naked in the aisle as others pour champagne on them.

JORDAN (V.O.)

All told, the weekend cost me almost two million dollars-

107 PERIOD VEGAS ADS \*107

108 INT. TANGIERS - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DAY \*108

The Tangiers Presidential Suite is a shambles on the \* level of Hiroshima. A giant crystal chandelier lay shattered on the floor; Jordan asleep in the massive bed, a Blue Chip Hooker on either side of him; other passed-out BODIES lay amid debris and broken, toppled furniture.

JORDAN (V.O.)

But the wedding was like something out of a fairy tale-

109 EXT. OCEAN CLUB - BAHAMAS - SUNSET (DEC '92) 109

Gorgeous; tropical. Hundreds of FAMILY and FRIENDS (Janet, Toby Welch, Peter DeBlasio and Kimmie Belzer) look on as Jordan and Naomi walk up the aisle.



JORDAN (V.O.)

--with Naomi my Duchess, me her  
handsome Duke and The Bahamas  
Ocean Club our castle.

110 INT. OCEAN CLUB - BAHAMAS - BALLROOM - NIGHT 110

Jordan and Naomi waltz, their Guests joining in.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Of course after that bachelor  
party, the Duke needed a few  
penicillin shots so he could  
safely consummate the marriage.

111 INT. OCEAN CLUB - BAHAMAS - BALLROOM - LATER 111

As Jordan and Naomi mingle with a few Strattonites,  
videographer BARRY KLEINMAN, 40s, approaches Rugrat and his DATE, ABBY with  
a video camera:

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**BARRY KLEINMAN:**

I'm Barry Kleinman, filming the  
wedding -- would you like to say  
something to Jordan and Naomi?

RUGRAT / ABBY Good luck! We love you!

Across the way, Naomi spots someone through the crowd-

**NAOMI :**

Omigod! Aunt Emma!

Naomi rushes over, hugs her AUNT EMMA, 50s, demure,  
British. Naomi turns, calls out to Jordan, who is now in  
a huddle with the guys, his back to her.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Jordan! Look!

Jordan turns, then crosses to them, smiling.

**AUNT EMMA :**

Jordan dear, how lovely.

**JORDAN :**

It's so nice to see you again.

As he leans in to hug her, Aunt Emma spots some white powder on the edge of  
Jordan's nostril. Deftly, she wipes it off, smiling.

**AUNT EMMA :**

Into the donuts, I see.

**JORDAN :**

Oh, I'm--- uh...

Aunt Emma leans in to his ear.

**AUNT EMMA:**

I lived through the 60s, my dear.

Enjoy the day.

And with that, she turns back to Naomi.

112 EXT. BAHAMAS - MARINA - DAY (DEC '92) 112

With Naomi wearing a blindfold, Jordan leads her to the end of a long dock, expensive yachts moored everywhere.

**JORDAN :**

Careful now. You ready?

Jordan removes her blindfold -- there, towering above the others, is a stunning, 120 foot yacht.

113

114

115-115K

115L

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**NAOMI :**

What is this?

**JORDAN :**

Your wedding present. Check out the name.

She does; it's called "Naomi". As she squeals, hugs him-

JORDAN (V.O.)

For three weeks we sailed the

Naomi through the Caribbean-

INT. YACHT NAOMI - DAY (DEC '92) 113

The camera PUSHES IN past a white-jacketed STEWARD,

who opens the door to the yacht's main salon; next we see the living room, with its full bar and leather couches;

then the bedroom, with a king bed and monogrammed sheets.

JORDAN (V.O.)

--eventually taking her home to

Long Island, where we'd bought a

house.

EXT. CARIBBEAN - OPEN OCEAN - DAY (DEC '92 - JAN '93) 114

The Naomi sails the calm waters, Jordan and Naomi popping glides, sunbathing blissfully on the deck.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Seven acres on the Gold Coast of  
Long Island-

EXT./INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - DAY (APR '93) 115-115K

Various shots -- the massive house; the glistening pool;  
waterfall; fountains; tennis court; driving range;  
gazebo; gym; sauna; library; media room.

JORDAN (V.O.)

--the most expensive real estate  
in the world, with maids, cooks,  
landscapers, you name it.

WE SEE the household STAFF lined up outside the house. 115L

JORDAN (V.O.)

We even had two guards who worked  
in shifts, both named Rocco.

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 58.

116 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY (FEB '95) 116

Amid billowing piles of white Chinese silk, Jordan sleepson his back,  
snoring blissfully.

It

JORDAN (V.O.)

was heaven on earth.

On screen WE SEE:

18 MONTHS LATER

Splash! A glass of water hits him in the face.

**NAOMI :**

Wake up, you bag of shit!

Soaking wet, Jordan sits upright to see Naomi standingover him in a tiny  
pink chemise, holding an empty glass.

**JORDAN :**

The fuck are you doing?!

Who's Venice?

**NAOMI :**

What?!

**JORDAN :**

**NAOMI :**

Who is she?! Some little hooker  
you fucked last night?

What? No!

**JORDAN :**

Naomi!

And as Naomi storms off for a re-fill...

117 INT. HOTEL ROOM - THE NIGHT BEFORE (FEB '95) 117

Jordan lies on the ground, hands tied with a lit candleup his ass.

\*

\*

**JORDAN :**

Venice, where are you?

\*

\*

VENICE, A Blue Chip Hooker, enters, pulls out a candleand straddles him. She drips wax on his back and pullshis hair.

\*

\*

\*

118 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY (FEB '95) 118

Back to scene. Naomi holds another full glass, rockingback and forth on the balls of her feet like a fighter.

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 59.

**NAOMI :**

You were calling her name in yoursleep!

**JORDAN :**

I can explain everything.

**NAOMI :**

Go ahead. More lies from the man who lies for a living!

**JORDAN :**

No, really. Donnie and me, we're investing in a condo developmentin Venice. Italy?!

**NAOMI :**

**JORDAN :**

California, baby.  
Yeah, right.

**NAOMI :**

**JORDAN :**

Duchess, come on.

**NAOMI :**

Don't 'Duchess' me, you scumbag.

You think I don't know what you're up to? You're a father now and you act like an infant!

Splash! She nails him again, crosses for more water.

Fuck. Naomi!

**JORDAN :**

Why are you so mad?

**NAOMI :**

Where do you want me to start?

How about you flying in here on your stupid helicopter at three in the morning waking up Skylar?!

119 EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - YARD - NIGHT (FEB '95) 119

Jordan crash-lands the helicopter on the driving range.

He exits, gives Captain Dave a salute, fights his way through the bushes, then stumbles toward the house and falls into the pool, stoned out of his skull. Security floodlights come on and the alarm sounds.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 60.

NAOMI (O.S.)

Does it even matter to you that I just had that driving range sodded with Bermuda grass?

120 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY (FEB '95) 120

Back to scene. Naomi holds another glass of water.

**NAOMI :**

But why should you give a shit?

You're not the one who researched

the fucking thing and dealt with the fucking golf course people!

**JORDAN :**

You're an aspiring landscape architect?! But what happened to wine connoisseur? Oh wait, that

was last month!

**NAOMI :**

Fuck you!

Naomi winds up with the water glass. Jordan stands tall, puffs himself up, arms flexed at his sides.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Stop flexing your arms, you looklike a fucking imbecile.

**(re:**

And don't think that impresses memuch.

Jordan looks down: he has a morning erection.

**JORDAN :**

I wasn't flexing my arms. You're just lucky to have a husband who's in such great shape. Now get overhere and kiss me!

**NAOMI :**

Kiss you?!

Splash! She nails him one last time, then storms out.

He stands there dripping wet. To his erection:

**JORDAN :**

Where the fuck were you last night?

JORDAN (V.O.)

My morning ritual. First I'd getup and fight with Naomi aboutwhatever I did the night before.

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 61.

120A INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - STEAM SHOWER - DAY 120A

Jordan stands in the steaming shower.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Next it was a steam so I could sweat out whatever drugs werestill in my system.

120B INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 120B

Jordan looks at himself in the mirror.

bloodshot - he looks like shit.

His eyes are

JORDAN (V.O.)

After that I'd assess the damage.

Jordan looks at a Visine bottle - "Recommended Dosage - Two Drops". He squirts six drops in each eye.

JORDAN (V.O.)

What kind of maniac abuses eyedrops?

121 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - DRESSING ROOM - DAY (FEB '95)

Fully dressed and standing amid hundreds of suits, Jordan pops two white pills, swigs some juice.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Then I'd get dressed, take my "back pills" to get me started, then attempt to make up with her.

121

122 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - SKYLAR'S ROOM - DAY (FEB '95)

Jordan enters the tiny pink wonderland. On the fluffy pink carpet is Naomi, now in a minidress hiked above her hips, Manolo Blahniks showing polished red toes. Between her legs sits SKYLAR, their 5-month-old daughter.

**JORDAN :**

Hey, Skylar.

**NAOMI :**

(little girl voice)

Good morning Daddy. Where's my kiss?

122

Jordan kisses the baby, picks her up.

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**JORDAN:**

(playing along)

Does Daddy get to kiss both his girls?

**NAOMI :**

Ohhh, no! Daddy doesn't even get to touch Mommy for a very, very long time.

Naomi lays back on her elbows, thighs parted - she's swearing no panties. The wind goes out of Jordan.

**JORDAN :**

C'mon, Nay, please. You know how sorry I am. I swear I-

**NAOMI:**

(cutting him off)

Daddy shouldn't waste his time.

And from now on it's going to be nothing but short, short skirts around the house! And Mommy's so sick and tired of wearing panties, uhhh. In fact she's

decided to throw them all away.

(parting her thighs)

So take a good look. You'll be

seeing an awful lot of it around the house, but no touching.

She licks her lips seductively. Jordan sets Skylara aside, starts grovelling.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

What's wrong, Daddy?

Naomi slips her index finger in her mouth, starts sucking it. Jordan can barely speak.

**JORDAN :**

C'mon, why are you doing this?

I said I'm sorry.

**NAOMI :**

(pouting)

Ohhhh poor, poor Dada. He loves to say how wrong he is when he's ready to come in his own pants.

Isn't that right Dada? Mommy loves Daddy so, so much and there's nothing she wants to do more right now than to make love to Daddy all day long. Well, I guess it's time for Daddy to be taught his first lesson.

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 63.

Naomi runs her fingers over her stomach and on to her inner thigh, then up toward her vagina. Jordan watches transfixed, then a change comes over him...

**JORDAN :**

I wouldn't do that if I were you Mommy. I think Mommy should hear a story before she decides to please herself like that.

Can Daddy tell Mommy a story?

(off her nod)

And does mommy promise to keep her legs spread wide, wide open the whole time?

(she nods dreamily)

Good. Once upon a time there was a great big mansion in Long Island and the people who lived there had lots and lots of money. But of

all the possessions they had,

there was one thing that was much more valuable than all the rest combined, and that was their

little baby daughter.

Naomi listens, legs still spread, hand on her crotch.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Now because he was very security-

conscious, the Daddy hired two full-time guards, big hairy men both named



Rocco, and they installed security cameras all around the house. And one of those cameras is right over Daddy's shoulder.

Naomi's eyes widen -- she look toward a Teddy Bear on a shelf. WE SEE that one of the eyes is a pinhole camera.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

So smile, Mommy! You're on Candid Camera!

123 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - GUARD HOUSE - DAY (FEB '95) 123

Mesmerized, ROCCO DAY watches a video screen, on which we see a grainy image of Naomi, hand between her legs.

124 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - SKYLAR'S BEDROOM - DAY (FEB '95) 124

Naomi jumps up as if she's been electrocuted.  
You asshole!

**NAOMI:**

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 64.

As she bolts from the room, Jordan plays with Skylar...

JORDAN (V.O.)

The good thing about living with a world-class ballbreaker is they make all the other ballbreakers in your life a little easier to take.

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

125

Donnie stands talking with Jordan's assistant, Janet.  
Jordan approaches under a head of steam.  
There he is.

**DONNIE :**

**JORDAN :**

(a quick hug; then)  
Steve here yet?  
On his way.

**DONNIE :**

Very excited.  
Good.

**JORDAN :**

Cuz we have a problem.  
He indicates out to the Bullpen. Donnie and Janet look.

**JANET :**

(incredulous)

Is he wearing a bow tie?

In the Bullpen WE SEE a young Stratton Broker in a bowtie cleaning a small goldfish bowl on his desk.

**JORDAN :**

He's got nothing better to do on the day of the biggest IPO in this firm's history?!

Jordan watches as Donnie marches toward the Broker in a bowtie...

126 INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS 126

**DONNIE :**

The fuck you doing?

BROKER IN A BOWTIE

(bewildered)

Cleaning my fishbowl.

Oh.

**DONNIE:**

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 65.

Donnie nods, turns to go, but suddenly he turns back and thrusts his arm in the bowl, grabbing for the squirming goldfish. The Broker in a bowtie looks on, horrified.

DONNIE(CONT'D)

On new issue day?! On

cocksucking, motherfucking new issue day?!

Dozen of Brokers and Sales Assistants look over as Donnie snatches up the fish. Holding it by its tail, he jumps up on the desk of the Broker in a bowtie. Now the entire Bullpen looks over.

\*

DONNIE(CONT'D)

This is what happens when you fuck with your pets on new issue day!

With the flair of a showman, Donnie pops the fish in his mouth, swallowing it whole. The Brokers cheer wildly.

Donnie jumps down, gets in the face of the Broker in a bowtie:

DONNIE(CONT'D)

Now take your bowtie, get your shit and get the fuck out!

Bowtie is stunned. And as Donnie storms off, we PUSH IN on Jordan, watching from across the room.

127 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY

(FEB '95)

127

Jordan finishes a phone call as Donnie enters with STEVEMADDEN, 30s, dressed in wrinkled navy blazer, cargo pants and T-shirt, a baseball cap over his scraggly, thinning hair. Jordan smiles, crosses to greet him. The Cobbler.

**JORDAN :**

Ready to get rich?

Hey buddy.

**STEVE MADDEN :**

And as they ad lib greetings, settle in at the couch:

JORDAN (V.O.)

Steve Madden, the shoe designer, was a childhood friend of Donnie's, but I didn't hold that against him. Remember those ads, those giant-headed girls with bug eyes wearing those big clunky shoes? 127A INSERT - a quick series of Steve Madden ads. 127A

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JORDAN (V.O.)

He came to me a few years earlier when he was just starting out, so I became a silent partner in his company, buying an 85% stake for only a million bucks.

INT. STEVE MADDEN SHOES - DAY

3/5/13 66.

WE SEE various stores, all packed with teenage GIRLS buying shoes and boots.

JORDAN (V.O.)

The company blew up and we were now taking it public. It was the biggest deal we'd ever done and the hottest IPO on Wall Street.

129 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY

(FEB '95)

129

Jordan and Donnie sit with Steve Madden in mid-conversation.

**DONNIE :**

--which is why they need to meet you.

**JORDAN :**

You gotta get 'em fired up so

they'll push the shit out of this stock.

**DONNIE :**

Let them feel your passion.

130 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - DAY (FEB '95) 130

Bustling with activity. With Jordan and Donnie looking on from nearby, Steve Madden approaches a microphone on the raised platform, in his hands several shoe boxes.

**STEVE MADDEN :**

(into mic)

Uhhh... excuse me...

The place slowly comes to order.

STEVE MADDEN (CONT'D)

For those of you who don't know me, my name is Steve Madden. I'm  
-ONE

**BROKER :**

We know who you are!

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 67.

Steve clears his throat, looks over at Jordan -- he's  
terrified. Jordan motions for him to calm down.

**STEVE MADDEN :**

I uh, I'd like to start by telling you about my background in the shoe  
industry.

**ANOTHER BROKER :**

Nice fucking hat!

**STEVE MADDEN :**

I uh... first started working in the shoe industry, in a shoe  
store. When I was sixteen, my friends were out chasing girls,  
but I was learning about women's shoes.

KALIL PETER DEBLASIO

Move the mike closer. We can't fucking hear you! \*

He moves the mic; feedback SCREECHES through the bullpen.

STEVE MADDEN (CONT'D)

Sorry... Anyway, my first job was at a shoe store like I said  
where I worked in the stockroom.

You know, I can honestly say I've been a lover of women's shoes  
since I was twelve-

BROKER #4

Freak!

**STEVE MADDEN :**

No. Heh-heh. Not like that.

I mean somehow I became fascinated  
with the endless design possibilities for women's shoes-  
BROKER #5 BROKER #6

Queer! Get a fucking life!

Boos, hisses. Steve looks at Jordan, who motions for him  
to speed up. He grabs a shoe from one of the boxes.

STEVE MADDEN (CONT'D)

This shoe -- the Mary Lou -- is the one that really put me on the  
map. It's a black patent leather variation of the Mary Jane, but-  
SPLAT! A half-eaten grapefruit lands at Steve's feet.

In a flash, Jordan rushes over, grabs the mic-

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 68.

**JORDAN :**

All right, let's hear it for Steve Madden and the wonderful Mary Lou!  
Huge applause, with stomping feet; howling, etc.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Okay, now that you got that out  
of your system, I want you to know  
why Steve is so completely off the  
fucking wall... It's because this  
man is a creative genius. Steve's  
power, his gift -- is that he  
creates trends. Artists like  
Steve come along once a century!  
Elvis! Andy Warhol! Giorgio  
Armani! Who knows how high this  
stock could go? The 20s? The  
50s? The 80s?

Applause; war whoops. Jordan motions for quiet.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I want everybody to look down.  
See that little black box in front  
of you? It's called a telephone.  
Now I'm gonna let you in on a  
little secret about this  
telephone -- it won't dial itself!  
That's right -- until you take  
some action, it's nothing more  
than a worthless hunk of plastic,  
like a loaded M16 without a

trained Marine to pull the trigger. And in the case of the telephone, it's the action of you, a highly trained Strattonite, a killer who will not take no for an answer! A person who will not hang up the phone until his client either buys or fucking dies! The Brokers go crazy. Jordan looks around.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I don't care if you graduated from Harvard or Bumfuck University or never got past fourth fucking grade! That phone is the great equalizer!

(pause; looks around)

There is no nobility in poverty.

I've been rich, and I've been poor and I choose rich every time.

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JORDAN (CONT'D)

At least as a rich man, when I have to face my problems, I showup in the back of a limo wearing a \$2000 suit and \$40,000 gold watch!

JORDAN (CONT'D)

At least as a rich man, when I have to face my problems, I showup in the back of a limo wearing a \$2000 suit and \$40,000 gold watch!

Jordan takes off his GOLD WATCH, flings it to the Crowd.

Brokers go nuts, fighting over it like a home-run ball.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

And if anyone here thinks I'm crazy, get the fuck out and get a job at McDonald's, because that's where you fucking belong! But before you depart this room full of winners, I want you to take a good look at the person next to you, because one day in the not-so distant future, you'll be sitting at a red light in your beat-up old Pinto, and that person's gonna pull up in a brand new Porsche, with their gorgeous young wife at

their side. And who will you be next to? Some ugly beast with three days of razor-stubble in a sleeveless moo-moo, crammed in next to you with a carload of groceries from the fucking Price Club!

He scans the Brokers; they're on the edge of their seats.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

So you listen to me and listen carefully. Are you behind on your credit card bills? Good. Pick up the phone and start dialing. Is your landlord threatening to evict you? Good. Pick up the phone and start dialing. Does your girlfriend think you're a fucking loser? Pick up the phone and start fucking dialing! I want you to deal with your problems by becoming rich! I want you to go out and spend money! Leverage yourself, back yourself into a corner, let the consequences of failure become so fucking unthinkable that you'll have no choice but to do whatever it takes to win!

The Brokers go absolutely APESHIT.

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JORDAN (CONT'D)

You have an obligation here, people! To your clients! To this firm! An obligation to yourself, godammit! You ram Steve Madden stock down your clients' throats and make them choke on it till they buy 20,000 shares! Be aggressive! Be ferocious! Be telephone fucking terrorists!!

Before Jordan is even finished, the Brokers GO BERSERK, some already dialing their phones.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

At 1 p.m. we opened the stock for sale at \$4.50 a share. By 1:03 it was over eighteen dollars.

130A INT. FBI OFFICES - MANHATTAN - DAY 130A

Agent Denham exits the elevator, arriving for work. He strides between cubicles, briefcase in hand. He enters -130B  
INT. AGENT DENHAM'S OFFICE - DAY 130B

-- where pinned up on one wall is a massive chart on Stratton's operations: pictures of Jordan, Donnie and others, a hierarchy, a history, an investigation...

131 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - LATER (FEB '95)  
Total sales frenzy. The CAMERA PANS the 300 Brokers, who work the phones like mad.

**SEA OTTER :**

--the hottest new issue on  
Wall Street!

**YOUNG BROKER :**

--up two dollars while I'm talking to you!  
And as we continue PANNING the room...

131

JORDAN (V.O.)

Of course I couldn't have done this without help. I'd leaked the word on Wall Street that Stratton was a buyer up until twenty. So not only were we pushing Madden, all the big firms were too.

We continue PANNING the frenzied Brokers...

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JORDAN (V.O.)

As long as they knew I'd buy the shares back at the top of the market, they'd drive the price up as high as I fucking wanted.

132 SCENES 132 - 133 OMITTED 132

134 INT. JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY (FEB '95) 134

Donnie pours champagne nearby, oblivious to Jordan, who sits at his desk, speaking directly to camera:

**JORDAN:**

Of the two million shares being offered for sale, a million belonged to me, held in phony accounts by my ratholes. Once the price hit the high teens, I--  
Jordan abruptly stops. A beat, then:

JORDAN (CONT'D)



Like I said before, who gives a  
shit? As always, the point is  
this--

BACK TO SCENE -- Donnie hands Jordan a glass of Dom.

**DONNIE :**

22 million in three fucking hours!

They toast, then each pop ludes, which they wash downwith champagne. A  
quick knock; Janet pops her head in.

**JORDAN :**

Janet, baby. Drink.

**JANET:**

Call for you. Barry Kleinman from  
Future Video?

**JORDAN :**

Who?

**JANET:**

He filmed your wedding. He says  
it's urgent.

Curious, Jordan leans over, hits the speaker phone:

**JORDAN :**

Barry?

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135 INT. FUTURE VIDEO - DAY (FEB '95)

Barry Kleinman sits at his desk, talking on the phone.

**BARRY KLEINMAN :**

Jordan, hey. Listen, I got asubpoena. The FBI wants a copyof your wedding  
video.

On Jordan. Uh-oh.

135

JORDAN (V.O.)

The F-B-fucking-I?

135A INT. FIRING RANGE - DAY 135A

Wearing goggles and protective headphones, square-jawedFBI Agent Patrick  
Denham takes target practice.

BO DIETL (V.O.)

Name's Denham, he's an agent inthe New York office.

JORDAN (V.O.)

What's his problem?

BO DIETL (V.O.)

He's a boy scout, thinks you're Gordon Gekko.

135B EXT. RAO'S - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING (MAR '95) 135B\*

136 INT. RAO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT (MAR '95)

The East Harlem institution. Jordan sits across a table over pasta with private investigator BO DIETL, 40s.

**JORDAN :**

But my goddamn wedding video?

**BO DIETL :**

Got your whole inner circle in one place, faces and names. He's hoping it rattles you, or maybe your wife, so that she starts nagging you to turn witness.

**JORDAN :**

(that's laughable)

What? He wants me to rat on myself?

136

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**BO DIETL :**

(shrugs)

Good news is I made some calls, DEA, Justice? No one but him even knows who you are.

**JORDAN :**

Can you bug him or something, tap his phone?

**BO DIETL :**

Jordan, relax. First off, you don't fuck with these guys, not that way. Secondly, I got a P.I. license, you know?

**JORDAN :**

Maybe I should call him, see what he wants.

**BO DIETL :**

No! Anybody does that should be your lawyer. What you do is eat your dinner, drink your drink, and forget about it. Cuz as far as I hear he doesn't have shit.

Jordan nods, wheels turning, pretending to do as told.

136A SCENE 136A OMITTED 136A\*

137 EXT. BATTERY PARK MARINA - DAY (LATE SPRING '95) 137

As Agent Denham steps into frame, another FED, AGENT HUGHES, beside him, both G-man stoic in impenetrably dark glasses -\*

\*

JORDAN (O.S.)

Patrick? Hey! C'mon aboard!

They look up. On the yacht Naomi, Jordan stands waving, drinking wine with two Blue Chip HOOKERS in bikinis.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Plank's right down there.

Denham shares a look with his cohort: it's almost a joke, this display of wealth before a federal agent. Moments later, they step aboard.

**AGENT DENHAM :**

Mr. Belfort, I'm Agent Denham.

This is Agent Hughes.

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**JORDAN :**

Heya! This is Nicole and,

um...Heidi. Girls, Patrick and...?

**AGENT DENHAM :**

Agents Denham and Hughes. Your message said you wanted to speak privately.

**JORDAN :**

It did. I do.

(off Denham's stare)

Oh, they're just friends.

(to the girls)

Give us a minute, okay?

The Hookers head below deck. Jordan shoots Denham a wink--  
check out that ass!

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Can I get a glass? Got wine open or any kinda booze. Shrimp and lobster're over there if you're hungry.

**AGENT DENHAM :**

Bureau forbids us from drinking at  
sea.

Jordan surprised: the guy has a sense of humor.

**JORDAN :**

I have something for you, I just gotta find it. Have a seat, will ya? Ever been on one of these before?

As Jordan rifles through some papers, Denham's eyes scan the deck, casually cataloguing everything.

**AGENT DENHAM :**

A boat? Learned to sail when I was six.

**JORDAN :**

I mean, one like this. Just had her extended to put a chopper on the back. Jordan points out the Bell-Jet helicopter.

**AGENT DENHAM :**

Never been on a boat with a second mode of transportation on top of it.

Jordan finds the file he's been looking for, offers it.

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AGENT DENHAM (CONT'D)

(before he'll accept)

What is this?

**JORDAN:**

Names and addresses of every guest at my wedding. Friends, clients. I even threw in the seating chart.

Heard that's why you wanted the video, figured this'd expedite whatever it is you're doing.

**(Denham looks:**

I wanted to show you I've got nothing to hide. I know you're reinvestigating Stratton but for the life of me I can't figure out why.

Sure, my company is unorthodox;

what brokerage isn't? Maybe we're a little louder than most but we don't do anything illegal. Talk to the SEC, they'll tell you, they checked us out up and down.

**AGENT DENHAM:**

The SEC's actually a civil regulatory agency. We pursue

criminal activity.

**JORDAN:**

That's what I'm saying. You guys take on real crime. Which is why I'm so curious: what do you think we did?

The reason Jordan asked him here, Denham realizes.

**AGENT DENHAM:**

I can't discuss ongoing investigations.

**JORDAN :**

I understand.

**AGENT DENHAM:**

Though, to be frank, this case kinda got dumped on my desk. Some higher-up felt your shop needed looking into after all that press, fell on me to do the looking.

**JORDAN:**

You know who you should be looking at? Goldman, Lehman Brothers, Merrill.

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JORDAN (CONT'D)

What those guys're up to with collateralized debt obligations? This internet stock bullshit?

C'mon. If you want, I'll walk you through exactly -

JORDAN (CONT'D)

What those guys're up to with collateralized debt obligations? This internet stock bullshit?

C'mon. If you want, I'll walk you through exactly -

**AGENT DENHAM :**

-- that'd be great. And if there's anything you can give me just to close out your file, get it off my desk-

**JORDAN :**

-- sure, get you back to the real criminals -

**AGENT DENHAM :**

-- then we could both profit from this little sit-down.  
Jordan sizes him up: what did Denham mean by "profit"?

**JORDAN :**

You sure you don't want anything to drink? Water for your pal?  
(Denham demurs)  
Rumor is you started out in finance. Even got your broker's license before you joined the bureau.

**AGENT DENHAM :**

Who told you that?

**JORDAN :**

(searches his memory)  
Jeez, who was it...?  
(comes up short)  
Ever regret it? Giving up the money-crazed, pin-striped life?  
Ever think where you'd be if you'd stuck with it?

**AGENT DENHAM :**

When I'm riding the subway home,  
sweating my balls off, in a suit I've worn three days, sure.

**JORDAN :**

Whattaya pull in working at the bureau, if you don't mind me asking. 50-60K a year?

**AGENT DENHAM :**

Just about. We get a free handgun out of it, though, that doesn't suck.  
The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 77.

**JORDAN:**

S'crazy, the world we live in, the  
jobs with real value, the ones we  
should appreciate -- firefighters,  
teachers, FBI agents -- those are  
the ones we pay the least.

**AGENT DENHAM :**

Way of the world.

**JORDAN:**

That's one thing I like about what

I do, the opportunity to make that right. Take this kid we had interning last year. Didn't want to be a broker, wanted to be an environmental scientist or something, he had a student loan debts up to his eyeballs. Anyway, his mom gets sick, all they can afford is third-rate care. Some of us got together, made an investment on his behalf and -- boom -- overnight everything changes, she's seeing the best doctors in the country. Sadly, didn't work out, she passed but

**still:**

makes all the other bullshit worth while.

(as Denham considers that)

See, it's all about proper guidance, Pat. Knowing someone with the right relationships, who's discreet. I can change a life almost every day. They measure each other.

**AGENT DENHAM:**

How much that intern make off your deal?

**JORDAN :**

North of half a million.

Denham summons Agent Hughes over. To Jordan:

**AGENT DENHAM:**

Can you say that again, what you told me?

(Jordan declines with a smile; to Agent Hughes)

I believe Mr. Belfort just tried to bribe a federal officer.  
The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 78.

**JORDAN :**

What? I was making conversation.

**AGENT DENHAM :**

Sounds like that to me, Jordan.

**JORDAN :**

...no, no, no...

**AGENT DENHAM :**

...sounded like that...

**JORDAN :**

...no, to constitute a bribe,  
don't I have to make an explicit offer of money for services? With an exact dollar figure attached?

All I said was "north" of half a million. According to the U.S. Criminal Code, that dog won't hunt, Pat.

(then)

Heard you were a straight arrow.

That you wouldn't bend the rules other agents might. He was right.

**AGENT DENHAM :**

You did a background check on me?

**JORDAN :**

Figured you were looking into me,  
was only fair. Plus you sail on a yacht fit for a Bond villain,  
sometimes you gotta act the part.

**AGENT DENHAM :**

This is why you invited me down to your yacht? With a couple hookers on it -

**JORDAN :**

-- those are friends -

**AGENT DENHAM :**

-- to get a sense of the guy who was coming after you?

Jordan puts his hands up: "you got me."

**JORDAN :**

Thanks for coming down. Now get off my boat.

**AGENT DENHAM :**



You know, most of the Wall Street  
jackasses I bust, they were born to the life.  
The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 79.  
AGENT DENHAM (CONT&#039;D) AGENT DENHAM (CONT&#039;D)  
Their father was a douchebag before them, and his father before  
that. But you, you got this way all on your own. Good for you,  
Jordan.  
(as he starts to go)  
Thank you for having us. I'm absolutely certain we'll see each other again.  
(before he does)  
You know, this is about the nicest  
boat I've ever been on. Just think  
what a hero I'll be in the office  
when the bureau seizes it.  
Jordan watches him go, temper flaring: he can't let Denham get the final  
word. He calls after them:

**JORDAN :**

Hey, Denham! I'm gonna eat a claw of lobster now as I get my cocksucked by  
Heidi down below. You have a super ride home on the subway thinking about  
that! \*

As he watches them pull away, seething -JORDAN  
(V.O.)

He was a numbers guy, a follow-the-fucking-  
money'er. He wasn't gonna come at me through my guys,  
looking for a weak link and a quick kill. He was gonna come at me like an  
accountant would, the  
way Ness got Capone, through my books. Which meant? It was ass-  
covering time.

138 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY (SUMMER '95) 138  
As Naomi looks on, 5 months pregnant, Jordan packs a suitcase.  
Switzerland?  
Switzerland?

**NAOMI :**

What the fuck is in

**JORDAN :**

Swiss cheese, Naomi, what do you fucking think?

139 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 139\*  
(SUMMER '95)

Jordan sits talking with Rugrat and Donnie.  
The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages  
JORDAN (V.O.)

Rugrat set up a meeting with a Swiss Banker he knew from law school who could launder our money, but it wasn't till noon the next day.

3/5/13 80.

Jordan glances at his watch, washes down a few ludes.

JORDAN (V.O.)

I knew if I timed my lude intake right, I'd sleep through the entire overnight flight.

140 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - DAY (SUMMER '95)

Jordan stands before the Bullpen talking to his Brokers.

JORDAN (V.O.)

At four p.m. I popped a few ludes, which started kicking in by the time I finished our sales meeting. This was the tingle phase.

140

141 INT. CANASTEL'S - NIGHT (SUMMER '95)

Over dinner, a visibly high Jordan ravenously digs into his food as Donnie and four Blue Chip Hookers look on.

JORDAN (V.O.)

By dinner I popped a few more on top of some cocktails and an valium or two. The slur phase.

141

142 INT. DANCE CLUB - NIGHT (SUMMER '95)

On the crowded dance floor, Jordan gets knocked around like a marionette, saliva strung from his mouth.

JORDAN (V.O.)

By eight thirty I'd done a few more and pretty much lost my motor skills. This was the drool phase.

142

143 INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT (SUMMER '95)

Jordan is barely conscious as a Hooker rides him.

JORDAN (V.O.)

And by ten I didn't know who or what I was doing -- the amnesia phase. We boarded the plane just before midnight.

143

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 81.

144 INT. ZURICH AIRLINES - FIRST CLASS - NIGHT (SUMMER '95)

Jordan boards, slurring, drooling, completely wasted.

**JORDAN :**

(to a Stewardess)

Sweetheart! Look at you!

And as he hugs her, then stumbles toward his seat...

144\*

145 INT. ZURICH AIRLINES - FIRST CLASS - DAY (SUMMER '95)

Quiet; morning sunlight bleeds through the window.

Jordan's eyes flicker open. He yawns, looks around,

tries to get up; he can't move. He looks down, sees

six seat belts restraining his arms and legs. Jordan

looks over at Donnie, mouth agape, asleep next to him.

**JORDAN :**

Donnie. Donnie, wake up.

**DONNIE :**

Nuuhh?

145\*

**JORDAN :**

Untie me, shitbag. You think this

is funny?

**DONNIE :**

I didn't tie you, the captain did.

He almost tasered you.

**JORDAN :**

Why?

146 FLASHBACK --146

As PASSENGERS scream, Jordan wildly humps a STEWARDESS,

the CAPTAIN struggling to restrain him.

JORDAN (V.O.)

This was fucking great. I hadn't

laundered a dime yet and already I was under arrest.

147 INT. ZURICH AIRLINES - FIRST CLASS - DAY (SUMMER '95)

A pensive Jordan sits, mind racing.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Worse yet was the plastic baggie of ludes that Donnie'd stuffed up his ass.

147\*

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 82.

Jordan trades looks with Donnie, who shifts

uncomfortably.

JORDAN (V.O.)

But before he could even get a

hemorrhoid-

147A INT. GENEVA AIRPORT - CUSTOMS OFFICE - DAY \*147A

Jordan sits with two CUSTOMS OFFICERS. \*

JORDAN (V.O.) \*

--the whole thing was quashed by \*  
our friend the Swiss banker. Which \*  
was lucky for me, since so far I'd \*  
been able to keep Agent Fuckface \*  
unaware of the trip. \*

Another CUSTOMS OFFICER enters, whispers something to the \*  
others. They shake Jordan's hand and he leaves. \*

148 EXT. GENEVA - SHOPPING DISTRICT - DAY (SUMMER '95) 148

A limo pulls up at an office building. Jordan emerges with Rugrat and Donnie. \*

149 INT. BANQUE REAL DE GENEVE - LOBBY - DAY (SUMMER '95) 149

JEAN-JACQUES SAUREL greets them. 30s, suave. The lobby is ultra-modernist.

**SAUREL:**

Jordan Belfort! At last!

Nicholas has told me so much.

**RUGRAT :**

Jordan, Jean-Jacques Saurel.

**JORDAN:**

Nice to make your acquaintance.

This is some lobby you got.

**SAUREL:**

Ah, yes. We gave our designer an  
unlimited budget and he exceeded  
it. Come! You must tell me all  
about your adventure with the  
stewardess over coffee!

They disappear upstairs.

150 SCENE 150 OMITTED 150

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 83.

151 INT. BANQUE REAL DE GENEVE - SAUREL'S OFFICE - DAY 151

Jordan, Rugrat and Donnie drink coffee with Saurel and one other SWISS  
BANKER. It's an impressive office, with an enormous fish tank.

\*

**DONNIE :**

We have a joke in America.

"Heaven is a place where the police are Brits, the chefs are Italian, the car  
mechanics are

German, the prostitutes are French and the bankers are Swiss." I never got it 'til now -- look at those fucking fish! Come here, little guy...

**SAUREL :**

Yes, we have the same joke here.

Only sometimes the English are chauffeurs and the chefs are French. The Germans, alas, are always mechanics; no one wants to grant them more authority than that. Polite laughter. Jordan, not as impressed by the fish, cuts straight to the point:

**JORDAN :**

I'm curious about your bank secrecy laws.

**SAUREL :**

Excusez-moi, Jordan, Swiss custom requires ten minutes of idle chitchat before business can be discussed.

(a smile)

Of course, let's get "down to it."

What would you like to know?

**JORDAN :**

Under what circumstances would you be obligated to cooperate with an FBI or U.S. Justice Department investigation?

Can depend.

**SAUREL :**

Can depend?

**JORDAN :**

Can depend on what?

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 84.

**SAUREL:**

Whether America plans to invade Switzerland in the coming months.

**RUGRAT:**

Want me to see if tanks are

rolling down the Rue de la Croix?

More chuckles. Through Jordan's forced smile:

JORDAN (V.O.)

What I'm asking, you Swiss dick,  
is are you going to fuck me over.

SAUREL (V.O.)

I understand perfectly, you  
American shitheel.

Saurel smiles.

**SAUREL:**

The only way the Banque Real de  
Geneve would cooperate with a  
foreign legal body is if the crime  
being pursued also happened to be  
a crime in Switzerland. But there  
are very few Swiss laws pertaining  
to your "rumored" improprieties.  
Which is why Mr. Azoff's joke is  
most appropriate: from a financial  
standpoint you are now in heaven,  
and we welcome you. If the U.S.  
Justice Department or FBI or SEC  
or IRS sent us a subpoena, it  
would become papier-toilette. We  
would wipe our ass with it.  
Everyone's impressed. Except Jordan.

**JORDAN:**

Unless it was an investigation  
into stock fraud -- which is a  
crime in Switzerland. Then you'd  
have to cooperate.

**SAUREL:**

(now he's impressed)

Yes, we would. Assuming the  
account is under your name.

However, if it were in the name of  
a nominee of yours...

They take each other in.

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 85.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Was that yodeling I just heard or did you just say what I thought you said?

SAUREL (V.O.)

Yes! Yes!

As the meeting wraps up with handshakes, Jordan's V.O.  
overwhelms Saurel's V.O..

JORDAN (V.O.)

He was telling me to use arathole. Problem was: sneaking a  
U.S. rathole into Switzerland was  
a chance I couldn't take. What I  
needed was somebody with aEuropean passport.

152 SCENES 152 - 153 OMITTED 152

154 EXT. LONDON FLAT - DAY (SUMMER '95) 154

Naomi's Aunt Emma answers the door.

**AUNT EMMA :**

Jordan?

**JORDAN :**

(big smile, sweating)

Surprise.

155 EXT. HYDE PARK - DAY (SUMMER '95) 155

Amid towering trees and horse trails, a noticeably twitchy Jordan walks  
arm-in-arm with Aunt Emma.

**AUNT EMMA :**

So tell me about this plan of  
yours.

**JORDAN :**

I'd like us to go to Switzerland  
tomorrow so you can open an  
account. I'll fund it, and I'll  
pay you really well for your trouble.

**AUNT EMMA :**

Oh my.

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 86.

**JORDAN :**

Next month maybe you can fly to New York and we can start moving the cash.

**AUNT EMMA :**

Moving the cash.

(smiles)

I feel like a character in an  
Ian Fleming novel. It's all quite racy, isn't it?

**JORDAN :**

It is, and it's illegal too. Of course if you ever got in trouble, I'd come forward in two seconds, say I duped you, but even still.

**AUNT EMMA :**

Risk is what keeps us young, isn'tit darling?

**JORDAN :**

I like that attitude. Promise me you'll spend at least ten thousandpounds per month out of theaccount, okay?

\*

**AUNT EMMA :**

(chuckles)

I wouldn't even know how. I really do have everything I need.

**JORDAN :**

But I bet you don't haveeverything you want. How about a bigger apartment so your grandkidscan sleep over?  
Aunt Emma notices that Jordan is sweating, fidgety.  
jonesing.  
He's  
Shall we sit?

**AUNT EMMA :**

**JORDAN :**

Sure, that'd be great.  
They sit on a nearby bench. After a while:

**AUNT EMMA :**

Sometimes I wonder if you letmoney get the best of you, dear.  
(beat)  
Among other substances.  
The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 87.

**JORDAN :**

It's that obvious, huh?

**AUNT EMMA :**



It's the height of summer and \*  
you've got the chills. \*

**JORDAN :**

I'm a drug addict, Emma. Coke, \*  
pills, you name it, whatever you \*  
got. Sex addict too. \*

**AUNT EMMA:**

(laughs)  
Well there are worse things to be addicted to than sex.

**JORDAN :**

(chuckles; then)  
Why did I just tell you that? \*

**AUNT EMMA :**

(playful)  
Because I'm very easy to talk to.  
Jordan looks at her. A few beats, then:

**JORDAN :**

As a matter of fact you are. My \*  
job, you know, it's tough. I mean \*  
I'm not complaining, it's just the stress. All these people depending \*  
on me. Millions of dollars at \*  
stake every day. I sometimes feel \*  
I've bitten off more than I can \*  
chew. \*

**AUNT EMMA :**

You're a man with large appetites.  
Jordan looks at her and smiles:  
JORDAN (V.O.)  
Is she fucking hitting on me?

**JORDAN :**

I agree. I put it on myself. It's \*  
hard to control the anxiety, you \*  
know? It's hard to learn to relax. \*

**AUNT EMMA :**

To release the tension.  
JORDAN (V.O.)

She is hitting on me! Holy shit!

Jordan leans in closer, casually slips an arm around her.

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 88.

**JORDAN :**

Exactly, to release the tension. \*

Sometimes you gotta learn to do \*

what comes natural in life, huh? \*

Aunt Emma pulls back slightly.

AUNT EMMA (V.O.)

Is he fucking hitting on me?

He leans in even closer, kisses her, then:

\*

**AUNT EMMA :**

Stability, dear. Family.

\*

AUNT EMMA (CONT'D) \*

You take care of my niece, mylove. And I'll take care of everything over here. \*

(a beat) \*

Ah, once upon a time... \*

155A

INT. BEACH HOUSE - BEDROOM - SOUTH HAMPTON - DAY 155A

(SUMMER '95)

Jordan fucks Naomi. There's a curious thunk-thunk-thunk.

JORDAN (V.O.)

When I got home, I realized there was no way Aunt Emma could smuggle that much cash by herself. I racked my brain for another person with a foreign passport.

The bed's covered with bundles of cash. Every thrust of Jordan's, another bundle plummets to the floor --thunk.

156

SCENES 156 - 157 OMITTED 156

158

INT. BEACH HOUSE - SOUTH HAMPTON - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY 158

(SUMMER '95)

With \$20 mil in CASH on the bed, Jordan and a stoned Donnie watch as Brad tapes stacks of cash to his wife CHANTALLE, a bombshell in panties, bra and sneakers.

**CHANTALLE :**

Bra-had, theese tape eez fockingsteeky!

As Brad keeps taping her up:

JORDAN (V.O.)

As a successful drug dealer, Brad spent his winters in the South of France, which is where he met his wife Chantalle, a stripper of Slovenian origin but born in, of all places, Switzerland.

**CHANTALLE :**

Take eet off, Bra-had! Eet erts!

**BRAD :**

Shut up, bitch.

**CHANTALLE :**

You beetch, you fucking douche-abag-a!

Donnie can't help but start laughing at this.

**DONNIE :**

Take eet off! Take eet off!

Brad seethes at this but keeps taping...

159

INT. BEACH HOUSE - SOUTH HAMPTON - BEDROOM - LATER 159

(SUMMER '95)

Chantalle is completely taped up, a cash-covered mummy. Jordan looks on with Brad, Donnie and now Naomi. 90% of the cash is still on the bed.

**JORDAN :**

Well, this is fucked.

**NAOMI :**

It's gonna take her like fifty trips.

**BRAD :**

We'll get her parents to tape up too. They got Swiss passports. Plus her brother and his wife. Five people, six-seven trips?

**JORDAN :**

How much'll they want for it?

**BRAD :**

I dunno, not much. Fuck, they'dprobably do it just for the miles.

**DONNIE :**

What about my money?

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 90.

**BRAD :**

What?

**DONNIE :**

My money. I got a few mil of myown I wanna move. I'll call you, you can come pick it up.

**BRAD:**

(takes offense toDonnie's  
presumption)

You'll "call" me.

**DONNIE :**

(what part don't youunderstand?)

And you can come "pick it up."

Brad asks Jordan if they can speak in private.

MOMENTS LATER, IN PRIVATE: Jordan joins Brad.

**JORDAN :**

What's wrong?

**BRAD :**

Don't make me deal with this  
fucknut, okay?

**JORDAN :**

Donnie? He's just high is all.

**BRAD :**

I dunno if he's stupid or a junkiebut he's a loose fuckin' cannon.  
I don't trust him and I don't want  
him around me.

**JORDAN :**

Jesus. I thought he was your best  
customer.

**BRAD :**

I only sell to him cuz he's your friend.

**JORDAN :**

Can you just do one trip for him?

Brad stews. It's asking a lot.

**BRAD :**

I'll meet him but I won't pick up.

I have a limit of how much of that  
douchebag I can take.

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 91.

**DONNIE :**

I can hear you, motherfucker!

Donnie emerges from where he's been eavesdropping.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

I'm a douchebag?!! Well, whose  
fucking idea was it made us all this money?!! Who fucking knew Steve  
Madden?!! This douchebag!!

So go fuck yourself a little!

Brad slaps Donnie so hard across the face he goes down.

JORDAN (V.O.)

The next day, Aunt Emma flew to Geneva, two million in cash in her  
carry-on.

159A SCENES 159A - B OMITTED 159A

160 INT. GENEVA AIRPORT - DAY (SUMMER '95) 160

Wheeling a small carry-on suitcase, Aunt Emma smiles at a CUSTOMS AGENT, who  
waves her through.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Which in the big picture was a drop in the Swiss bucket -TIME

**CUT:**

160aA On another day, Chantalle and her family (PARENTS,  
BROTHER, his WIFE) pass through Customs, "on vacation."

160aA

JORDAN (V.O.)

-- because the following month,

over the course of six round-

trips, Chantalle and her family smuggled in over twenty million without even  
a hiccup.

160A INT. BANQUE REAL DE GENEVE - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY  
(SUMMER '95)

160A

With a cash-filled suitcase on the table, Chantalle

remembers a last fold of cash hidden inside her skirt's lining. She laughs with Saurel.

161 SCENES 161 - 170C OMITTED 161

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 92.

170D

EXT. STRIP MALL - PARKING LOT - LONG ISLAND - DAY 170D

(LATE SUMMER '95)

Brad waits by his Range Rover as Donnie's Rolls careens into the lot. He emerges, briefcase in hand.

**DONNIE :**

Fu Manchu! Kung fu!

Donnie starts doing spastic karate moves. Is he high?

Sure looks like it. Brad looks pissed, and Donnie starts laughing. Actually he's dead sober.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

I'm just fucking with you, man.

Jesus, the look on your face.

(Brad isn't laughing)

Hey, sorry if I got outta line the other day, I was just, that was the drugs talking...

**BRAD :**

S'cool, just... gimme the case.

**DONNIE:**

(he doesn't)

You know, I always kinda regretted you didn't come to work with us at Stratton. It'd be so cool having you around, man.

**BRAD :**

(growing impatient)

Yeah, well...

**DONNIE :**

You'd be one of us, we'd go out-

partying together, you wouldn't have to dress like a mall rat guinea prison bitch all the time.

Donnie grins, obviously still smarting from Brad's slap.

Brad just wants to take the money and be done.

**BRAD :**

Give me the money.

A DISTANCE AWAY, a COP in a patrol car notices Brad gesturing to Donnie for

his briefcase. He nudges his partner: check this out.

**DONNIE :**

Can I come over and help tape this to your wife? "Eez so fockingsteeky! Take eet off, Bra-hod!"

Brad composes himself, lest he kill the guy.

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 93.

**BRAD :**

I'm gonna give you a pass.

You're what?

**DONNIE :**

**BRAD :**

I'm gonna give you a pass.

**DONNIE :**

You're gonna give me a pass?

Yes.

**BRAD :**

Just gimme the money.

**DONNIE :**

You're gonna give me a pass?

Okay...

(offers the case)

Why don't you stick your pass up your Slavic cunt's pussy.

That does it. Brad attacks. Donnie throws the case at

him, which opens on impact, money spilling out. Brad

instinctively tries to contain it... and that's when the POLICE SIRENS start. Here comes the patrol car.

Shit!

**BRAD :**

Donnie bolts. With no time to get to his car, Brad takes off on foot,

bleeding briefcase in hand, toward a video store where he stashes his .38 in the return box.

Freeze!

**POLICE :**

Don't move!

Brad drops to his knees, briefcase at his feet. From a

distance, Donnie peers around a corner to watch him getarrested, knowing he fucked this up.

170E SCENES 170E - 178 OMITTED 170E

178A INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - DONNIE'S OFFICE - DAY

(LATE SUMMER '95)

178A\*

\*

Donnie is seated at his desk, freaking out and trying tofigure out what to do. He exits.

\*

\*

179 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY

(LATE SUMMER '95)

179

With a flourish, Donnie presents a bottle full of ludes. \*

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 94.

**DONNIE :**

Jord, do I have a surprise foryou. Twenty real lemons! A retiredpharmacist friend of mine's beensitting on these the last 15 years.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

**JORDAN :**

You fucking serious?!

CLOSE ON -- a Lemmon 714 Quaalude; pure white, withtrademark ridged edges.

JORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The Lemmon 714 was the Holy Grail of Quaaludes, outlawed since the '80s and three times as powerful as anything available today. For a Quaalude addict, it was like finding a 1952 Chateau Margaux.

CLOSE ON -- Donnie gauging Jordan's excitement, waitingfor the right moment to admit his fuck-up.

DONNIE(V.O.)

I'd been saving these for a special occasion, like a birthday or celebrating our money being out of the country. Instead I thought I'd better use 'em to help break the news about Brad.

180 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BATHROOM - DAY

(LATE SUMMER '95)

180



In his underwear, Jordan kneels over the toilet, sticking his fingers down his throat to make himself vomit.

JORDAN (V.O.)

That night I cleared my schedule and rid my body of anything that could fuck with my high. It was celebration time.

He takes a box off the counter marked "Active Enema".

He squats and administers it...

181 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - BASEMENT - NIGHT (LATE SUMMER '95) 181

Massive, with a wet bar, media center and full gym.

Giddy as kids on Christmas, Jordan and Donnie sit on the couch, the bottle of Lemmons before them.

**JORDAN :**

Start with one, see how it goes?

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 95.

**DONNIE :**

My guy says one's all we'll need.

Salut'.

Excited, they each pop a lude, toast with hot sake'...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

182 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - BASEMENT - LATER (LATE SUMMER '95) 182

Bored, Jordan and Donnie sit on the couch watching "Family Matters" on TV.

**JORDAN :**

You feeling anything?

**DONNIE :**

Nope.

(glances at watch)

Thirty five minutes.

**JORDAN :**

Maybe we've built up a tolerance all these years?

Donnie shrugs; they pop another, wash it down with sake'.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

183 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - BASEMENT - LATER (LATE SUMMER '95) 183

With Jordan running on the treadmill, Donnie pumps away on an exercise bike nearby. They're both sweating.

**DONNIE :**

This is bullshit, man. My fucking metabolism's pumping and I don't feel shit.

**JORDAN :**

They're old, maybe they lost their  
potency.

Donnie leans over, picks up the bottle. Reads the label.

January '81.

duds.

**DONNIE :**

They're fucking

He shakes out more pills, two more apiece. As they pop them, a very pregnant  
Naomi descends the stairs, now very  
pregnant.

**NAOMI :**

What are you two retards doing?

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 96.

**JORDAN :**

Nothing. Working out.

**NAOMI :**

(a look; then)

Bo Dietl's on the phone.

Naomi heads back upstairs. Jordan picks up the phone.

**JORDAN :**

Bo, hey, what's up?

184 INT. BO DIETL'S CADILLAC - NIGHT (LATE SUMMER '95) 184

Bo Dietl talks on his cell phone.

**BO DIETL :**

I need to talk to you, but not on this phone.

INTERCUT JORDAN AND BO

**JORDAN :**

Why, what's-

**BO DIETL :**

Leave the house, call me back  
from a pay phone, you hear me?

185 EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - NIGHT (LATE SUMMER '95) 185

Jordan pulls his Lamborghini out of the driveway.

JORDAN (V.O.)

The Brookville Country Club was a WASP stronghold, a straight shot down the road from my house.

186 EXT. BROOKVILLE COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT (LATE SUMMER '95) 186

Jordan pulls up, exits the car in sweats, flip-flops and a T-shirt. He hustles up a staircase into...

187 INT. BROOKVILLE COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT (LATE SUMMER '95) 187

Jordan stands at a pay phone, receiver to his ear.

WE HEAR it ringing, then:

BO DIETL (O.S.)

Jordan?

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 97.

**JORDAN :**

Yeah, I'm at a pay phone.

going on?

What's

**INTERCUT:**

188 INT. BO DIETL'S CADILLAC - NIGHT (LATE SUMMER '95) 188

Bo talks on his cell.

**BO DIETL :**

Your buddy Brad's in jail.

**JORDAN :**

Oh, Jesus Christ! What did he do? \*

**BO DIETL :**

I dunno yet, they arrested him in a shopping mall in Long Island this morning, I'm finding out.

But listen to me. More important than that. The guy Denham I told you about, the Fed? He's got your phones tapped, I'm pretty sure.

Home and office.

\*

\*

\*

**JORDAN :**

Donnie, that piece of shit. I'm gonna kill him! That fat prick mother fucker!

\*

\*

\*  
\*

**BO DIETL :**

But, listen to me. Do me a favor,  
please do not talk on the phone.

\*  
\*  
\*

Fuck!

**JORDAN :**

**BO DIETL :**

Did you try to bribe this fuckin'guy?  
What? No!  
anybody!

**JORDAN :**

I didn't try to bribe

**BO DIETL :**

Jordan? I couldn't understand  
you. Say that again?

**JORDAN :**

I zay I zint ty zoo bibe azybuzzy!

**BO DIETL :**

Are you fucking high?

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 98.

Jordan can't respond. Phone still to his ear, his  
eyelids droop. Drool spills from his slackened jaw.

JORDAN (V.O.)

After fifteen years in storage,  
the Lemmons had developed a  
delayed fuse.

JORDAN'S POV -- is hazy as he stares at his own reflection in the pay phone.

JORDAN (V.O.)

It took 90 minutes for the little  
fuckers to kick in, but once they  
did -- pow! I had skipped the  
tingle phase and went straight to  
the drool phase.

JORDAN'S POV -- the phone gets further and further away.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Actually I'd discovered a new

**phase:**

BAMMM!! Jordan hits the floor with a thud, crashed out on his back. From the dangling phone, we hear:

BO DIETL (O.S.)

(over phone)

Jordan! Jordan! Do not get behind

the wheel! Just tell me where

you're at, I'll send Rocco!

Jordan lolls his head toward the phone, tries to reach for it; he can't. He lays there for a while, then:

JORDAN (V.O.)

C'mon, stand up!

He rolls onto all fours, lifts a hand, topples over.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Okay, walking is off the list of options. All right, what else is there?

(a brainstorm)

I can crawl, like Skylar!

Slowly, Jordan begins crawling like an infant to the top of the staircase.

188A SCENES 188A - 188B OMITTED 188A

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 99.

189 EXT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT (LATE SUMMER '95) 189

The Lamborghini is parked at the bottom, twenty steps down. He starts to crawl down the stairs, stops. Tries again. Can't figure out how to do it.

Fuck!

easy!

JORDAN (V.O.)

The kid makes it look so

An icy wind blows through his T-shirt.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Think, you motherfucker, think!

(a few beats; then)

Wait, I've got it!

Jordan slowly curls himself into a ball.

I can roll!

JORDAN (V.O.)

Forcing himself over the edge, Jordan begins to descend the steps, one at a time. Thump. Thump. Then faster.

Thump- Thump-Thump. Faster still. He loses control, takes all the steps at once. Thump-Thump-Thump-Thump-Thump-Thump. He lands with a crash on the asphalt, drags himself up and into the Lamborghini.

190 INT. JORDAN'S LAMBORGHINI - NIGHT (LATE SUMMER '95) 190

Ignition on, Jordan sits hunched over, chin resting on the steering wheel. Just then, the car phone RINGS.

With great effort, he pushes the speaker phone button:  
...ello?

**JORDAN :**

Omigod!

NAOMI (O.S.)

Jordan, where are you?!

**JORDAN :**

Whazz a marra?

NAOMI (O.S.)

It's Donnie, he's totally out of control! He's on the other line with some Swiss guy!

Jordan's face reads horror.

Whaa?!! No!!

**JORDAN:**

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 100.

NAOMI (O.S.)

I can't understand you! Just get home, hurry!

Naomi clicks off. And as Jordan puts the car in gear...

JORDAN (V.O.)

They say God protects drunks and babies. I was praying the same held true for drug addicts.

191 EXT. HEGEMAN'S ROAD - NIGHT (LATE SUMMER '95) 191

Peering over the wheel like an old lady, Jordan slowly maneuvers the Lamborghini down the dark road.

JORDAN (V.O.)

I was less than a mile from home and drove slower than shit.

192 EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - NIGHT (LATE SUMMER 95) 192

Jordan pulls up in the Lamborghini, shuts the ignition.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Somehow I made it alive, not a scratch on me or the car.

193 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT (LATE SUMMER '95) 193  
CLOSE ON the TV, where a POPEYE cartoon is playing.  
PULL BACK to reveal Skylar watching. As Jordan staggers in, Naomi  
approaches...

**JORDAN :**

Where Zonnie?!

**NAOMI :**

In the kitchen.

194 SCENE 194 OMITTED 194

195 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 195

Phone to his ear and at least as stoned as Jordan, Donnie  
stands at the counter. \*

**DONNIE:**

(into phone)

--zee money, I wazza move izz to  
Zwizzyland...

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 101.

195A INT. SAUREL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

(LATE SUMMER '95)

195A

Having been just woken up, Jean-Jacques Saurel sits up in bed, phone to his  
ear, a perplexed look on his face.

**SAUREL :**

What language are you speaking,  
Mr. Azoff?

196 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

(LATE SUMMER '95)

196

With Naomi looking on, Jordan staggers toward Donnie like a drunk  
Frankenstein.

Ge ozza zone!

**JORDAN :**

Ge ozza iz!!

Waz?

**DONNIE :**

Iz zoggin oo anzali!

**JORDAN :**

GE OZZA ZONE!!

With all the strength he can muster, Jordan RIPS thephone from the wall, throwing it skittering across thefloor with a CLANG.

**NAOMI :**

What the fuck are you doing?!

**DONNIE :**

Wazza fuh is wrong wizzz oooo?!!

I wuzz awwing to!!

(Jordan grabs him)

Wazza mazzer?! Wazza yoo razy?!!

Skylar looks on from the next room, crying as Jordantries to shake some sense into Donnie. Naomi crosses to Skylar and rushes her out of the room.

\*

\*

**JORDAN :**

Zee vone!! He nah zuppose zoodalk on zee vone!!

Wuzz?!!

**DONNIE :**

**JORDAN :**

ZE NAH ZUPPOSE ZOO DALK ON ZEE

VONE!! WUZZ AAZZEN TOZAY WIZ

ZOD?!

WUZZ?!

**DONNIE:**

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 102.

**JORDAN :**

WUZZ ZOD IN ZAW?!

**DONNIE :**

WUZZ?!

Fuck it. Jordan releases Donnie. Donnie crawls into the \* dining room and starts shoving ham into his mouth in an \* effort to sober up. Just then, we HEAR a horrible \* GAGGING sound. Donnie holds his throat as he falls \* backward choking, taking out the entire glass kitchentable with a tremendous CRASH! Naomi rushes back in. \*



**NAOMI :**

Omigod, he's choking! Jordan, do something!!

Just then, WE HEAR the triumphant Popeye FANFARE --

Jordan looks to the TV, where POPEYE pours a can of spinach down his gullet. Instantly, his chest and arm muscles swell to five times their size.

Jordan goes to get his coke. He snarfs up two fat spoonfuls and -- like that -- his chest swells and he takes a deep breath and he dashes back to the rescue...

Jordan rushes back to Donnie, who is now blue.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

He's not breathing!

Jordan places his fingers over Donnie's artery. Nothing.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Save him!

Jordan kneels, starts furiously pumping Donnie's chest, breathing air into his lungs in rhythmic bursts.

JORDAN (V.O.)

This stupid sonovabitch! All

Donnie ever did was fuck me up and now I had to save his life 'cause I took a CPR class when the baby was learning to swim. Just for the record, I want it noted: not

for a second did I even think

about letting him choke to death,

even though it would've saved me a whole lot of headaches.

Donnie still isn't breathing. Jordan flips him over,

tries the Heimlich -- we hear a CRUNCH as he breaks

Donnie's ribs. He flips him back over, but he's almost completely blue.

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 103.

**JORDAN :**

He won't come back!

**NAOMI :**

Don't let him die! He has children!

One last try. Jordan takes a massive breath, blowing as hard as he can into Donnie's lungs. Donnie's stomach

distends like a balloon, then suddenly a chunk of ham projects from his mouth and into Jordan's face. Donnie

coughs, vomiting. And as he starts breathing again,

Jordan exits and passes out on the living room couch. \*

FADE TO BLACK.

BROOKVILLE POLICE #1 (V.O.)

Jordan Belfort?

196A

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - FAMILY ROOM - DAY 196A

(LATE SUMMER '95)

Jordan opens his eyes. Through his HAZY POV, we see Violet, the maid standing over him with two OLDBROOKVILLE POLICE OFFICERS as Naomi attends to Donnie in the background.

**JORDAN :**

Yes?

BROOKVILLE POLICE #1

Sir, we need to ask you some questions.

197

SCENES 197 - 199 OMITTED 197

200

EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - NIGHT (LATE SUMMER '95) 200

Jordan exits the house with the Police Officers. The Lamborghini is TOTALLED, an absolute wreck.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Wow. Maybe I hadn't made it home okay.

201

EXT. HEGEMAN'S ROAD - NIGHT (LATE SUMMER '95) 201

FLASHBACK. Nodding out, Jordan drives the Lamborghini like a maniac, careening off parked cars and trees.

JORDAN (V.O.)

It was an absolute miracle I wasn't killed, and an even bigger miracle I hadn't killed anyone. The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 104.

201A INT. POLICE STATION - DAY (LATE SUMMER '95) 201A\*

A MAN steps up to get his mug shot taken, but it's Brad, not Jordan. FLASH. Turn to the side. FLASH.

JORDAN (V.O.)

But they couldn't arrest me, the cops had no proof I'd been behind the wheel. Meanwhile, Brad did a few months in jail for contempt because he wouldn't rat Donnie out. They never found his gun, though, so they finally had to let him go.

\*

\*

202 SCENES 202 - 202A OMITTED 202

202B EXT. HORSE FARM - LONG ISLAND - DAY (OCT '95) 202B

Jordan watches an INSTRUCTOR lead Skylar on a pony.  
Nearby Naomi holds newborn PARKER. Manny Riskin and Maxstand beside Jordan.

**MANNY RISKIN :**

You're a lucky guy, Jordan.  
Legally I've never seen anyoneslip a noose the way you do.  
Christ, you're lucky to be alive  
much less not in jail.

**JORDAN :**

I don't believe in luck.

**MANNY RISKIN :**

That's what all lucky people say.  
It's time, Jordan. Let me make a  
deal with SEC. Before your luck  
runs out.  
Skylar waves from the pony and Jordan waves back.

**JORDAN :**

What kind of terms?

**MANNY RISKIN :**

You plead guilty to a handful of securities violations -- stock  
manipulation, high pressure sale tactics, ticky-tack shit like that. You pay  
a few million dollars in fines and in exchange the SEC fucks off for all  
time.  
And Stratton?

**JORDAN :**

What happens there?  
The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 105.

**MANNY RISKIN :**

You'd have to walk away. Let  
Donnie take over.  
(that one hurts)  
Now the FBI's a different animal.  
They can still pursue you for criminal wrongdoing. But with you on the  
sidelines, my guess is your best friend Agent Denham'll be left standing  
around with his dick in his hand.  
Jordan digests that.

**MAX :**

You beat them, Jordan. You won.

Sail into the sunset with yourwife and kids while you can.

**MANNY RISKIN :**

God knows you'll never have towork again.

As Jordan looks at his picture-perfect family, WE HEAR THE ROAR OF A CROWD...

202C SCENES 202C - 202D OMITTED 202C

202E INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - DAY

(SPRING '96)

202E

The troops ROAR as Jordan takes center stage.

**JORDAN :**

I'm sure many of you have beenhearing rumors lately, about me, about the future of this firm, and that's what I'd like to talk to you about today.

(a few beats, then)

Five years ago when I startedStratton with Donnie Azoff, I knew the day would eventually come whenI'd be moving on. It's truly witha heavy heart that I tell you thatday is here.

The place erupts in a chorus of "No!", "Don't go!", etc.

Jordan raises his hand for quiet.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Thank you for that and for youryears of incredible loyalty andadmiration. The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 106.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

The point is though, that underDonnie's leadership, along withRobbie Feinberg and Nicky Koskoffmoving into key managementpositions, this place is gonna bebetter than ever!

JORDAN (CONT'D)

The point is though, that underDonnie's leadership, along withRobbie Feinberg and Nicky Koskoffmoving into key managementpositions, this place is gonna bebetter than ever!

A smattering of applause. Jordan notices a few Brokers gravely shaking their heads.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

And the fact that I'm gone won'tstop me from giving Donnie advice, not that he needs any-

**DONNIE:**

(jumping in)

Why would anyone in their rightmind not follow JB's advice?  
Donnie looks petrified; he's used to being an offensivetackle, not the  
quarterback.

**JORDAN :**

Before I go, there's something I want to remind you all, and that's this --  
Stratton Oakmont is bigger than any one person, even me.  
Especially me. You guys are Stratton, each and every one of you, and that is  
why it's sure to  
remain the best brokerage firm in the fucking world!  
Thunderous applause spreads through the boardroom, all 300 Brokers on their  
feet. WE PUSH IN on Jordan.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

See, the very idea of Stratton is that when you come here and step into this  
bullpen for the first time, you start your life anew.  
You have a place here and no one can take that away from you!  
Stratton Oakmont is America! Give  
me your tired and poor! The very moment you walk through that door and pledge  
your loyalty to this firm, you become part of a family,  
you become a Strattonite! It  
doesn't matter who you are, it doesn't matter where you're from!  
Whether your family came over on the Mayflower or on a fucking inner tube  
from Haiti!

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 107.

More applause. Jordan scans the young faces -- they worship him. In the  
crowd he finds KIMMIE BELZER, 30s.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Everybody here knows Kimmie Belzer, right?  
Hoots and hollers... He raises his hand for quiet.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

In case any of you weren't aware of it, Kimmie was one of  
Stratton's first brokers, one of  
the original twenty. Now when  
most of you met Kimmie, you met her the way she is today -- a beautiful woman  
who drives a brand  
new Mercedes, a woman who lives in  
the finest condo complex on Long Island. A woman who wears \$3000  
Armani suits, who spends her winters in the Bahamas and her  
summers in the Hamptons!

Wild applause.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

But that's not the Kimmie I met.  
The Kimmie I met was broke, a  
single mom on the balls of her

ass. Three months behind on her rent with an eight year old son! She came to me for a job and when I hired her she asked for a \$5000 dollar advance so she could pay his tuition. And what did I do, Kimmie?

**KIMMIE:**

You wrote me a check for \$25,000!

**JORDAN :**

Because I believed in you, like I believe in each and every one of you!

**KIMMIE :**

I love you, Jordan!

As the Brokers go berserk, Jordan stands basking in the adoration. He looks at Donnie, turns back to the Crowd, looks out at the faces. A change has come over him. He stands there, thinking. An eternity, then:  
The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 108.

**JORDAN :**

You know for years I've been telling you guys not to take no for an answer, to keep pushing, to not hang up the phone till you get what you want. This deal I'm about to sign, barring me from the securities industry, barring me from Stratton, my home... What the fuck is that? I'll tell you what it is, it's me being a hypocrite. It's me taking no for an answer, it's them selling me, not the other way around! Fuck it, I'm not leaving!

Jordan smiles, thrusts his hands in the air --

JORDAN (CONT'D)

THE SHOW GOES ON!!

The place goes absolutely INSANE. And as Donnie and Max trade looks, TECHNO MUSIC BLASTS taking us to...

202Ea EXT. YACHT NAOMI - AFT DECK - DAY (SPRING '96)

It's celebration time. DOZENS of Strattonites party, drinking/dancing/snorting, Jordan at the center of it.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Of course, the troops weren't the only ones who were thrilled.

202Ea

\*

\*

202F INT. DENHAM'S OFFICE - DAY (SPRING '96)

Agent Denham hears the news over the phone. A smile touches his lips: his case goes on...

202F

202Fa

202G

EXT. YACHT NAOMI - AFT DECK (SPRING '96)

The party continues as Brad comes aboard. He's welcomed and showered with lapdancers.

JORDAN (V.O.)

I apologized to Brad and promised him he'd never have to deal with Donnie again. Even offered to pay him for his time in the can. But he said no, he was out. Sad thing was, he was dead two years later. Massive heart attack while sitting on the john.

SCENE 202G OMITTED

202Fa\*

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202G

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 109.

202H INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY  
(SPRING '96)

Janet enters Jordan's office, leaves a stack of legal papers on his desk.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Within days, subpoenas started flying. They were burying me in paper --

202H

202Ha INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - DAY (SPRING '96)

Donnie pisses on a subpoena, to applause.

JORDAN (V.O.)

-- notices to produce documents,  
depositions. Donnie couldn't  
drink water fast enough.

202Ha

202J INT. S.E.C. - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (SPRING '96)

As Manny Riskin looks on, Jordan sits across from the three SEC Attorneys and a COURT REPORTER.

JORDAN (V.O.)

They interrogated everybody, it went on for months. It was total fucking harassment...

202J\*

202K-Q

202R

A SERIES OF CUTS -- (SPRING '96)

Various Stratton Brokers are deposed: Robbie; Rugrat, Peter DeBlasio, Sea Otter; Chester Ming.

JORDAN (V.O.)

... but not a single Strattonite cracked. Donnie and I were given strict instructions not to leave the country...

SCENES 202R - 207 OMITTED

202K-Q\*

202R\*

208 EXT. YACHT NAOMI - AFT DECK - DAY (SUMMER '96)

JORDAN (V.O.)

...so we took our wives to Italy.

Each of us had a couple of million we needed to deposit anyway - ON A DUFFEL BAG FULL OF MONEY just resting on deck.

208

\*

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\*

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 110.

JORDAN (V.O.)

-- this seemed the most civilized way to transport it overseas.

ON ANOTHER BAG, this one brimming with bottles of pills, bags of pot, vials of coke. Jordan and Donnie cut up lines as a HOSTESS serves Bloody Marys.

**HOSTESS :**

Can I get you anything else, gentlemen?

**JORDAN :**

I have a rare condition that requires me to drink one of these every fifteen minutes. If you could set your egg timer, I'd appreciate it.



She goes. The blow is ready for inhaling. Jordan and Donnie are doing a "you first, no, you first" routine with a rolled up \$100 when a CELL rings. Donnie grabs it.

**DONNIE :**

Rugrat! Bongiorno, my bald eagle! \*

208A SCENES 208A - 208B OMITTED 208A\*

208C INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - OFFICE - DAY (SUMMER '96) 208C\*

**RUGRAT :**

We may have a problem. Your friend, Steve Madden, he's unloading shares.

\*

\*

\*

208D EXT. YACHT NAOMI - DAY (SUMMER '96) 208D\*

Donnie reacts as Rugrat expounds.

What?!

**DONNIE :**

You're fucking kidding?! \*

**RUGRAT :**

No. I wish I was.

\*

\*

**DONNIE :**

(to Jordan)

Rugrat says Steve Madden's unloading shares.

\*

\*

\*

\*

**JORDAN :**

What?! (Grabs Donnie's phone)

Rugrat, what the fuck?

\*

\*

\*

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 111.

JORDAN (CONT&#039;D) JORDAN (CONT&#039;D)

(Hands Donnie his phone) Call the \*

sonovabitch! Hold on a second. \*

BACK AT STRATTON... \*

RUGRAT \*

I'm looking at the screen and huge \*

chunks of Steve Madden are being \*

sold. We're not doing it so it's \*

gotta be Steve. He's the only \*

person who owns that many shares. \*

ON THE BOAT... \*

Jordan cups the phone, looks to Donnie who shrugs.

**DONNIE :**

He's not picking up.

**JORDAN :**

Your fucking friend is trying to fuck me. And you know where he's trying to fuck me? Up the ass.

(back to Rugrat)

I need some time to think. \*

Jordan thinks, snorts a line to think better.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Even though I owned 85% of Steve-

Cocksucker-Madden-fucking-Shoes,

the shares were in his fucking

name. Motherfucker knew I was in

trouble with the Feds and was

trying to take advantage.

He gets back on the phone with Rugrat.

**JORDAN :**

Tell all the brokers to sell. \*

Drive the price down. Steve will \*

go cockless when he watches me \*

turn his company into a penny \*

stock. \*

(he hangs up)

Sonovacunt!

(yelling below deck)

Captain Ted!! Start 'er up, we gotta go home! \*

The sight of Naomi and Hildy returning from their trip ashore stops him.

Because Naomi's weeping, Hildy consoling her.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

What the fuck?! What happened?

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 112.

**NAOMI :**

I got a call from cousin Betty.

Aunt Emma's dead.

Off Jordan's reaction as Naomi weeps and laments the dearly departed: "she was so young, so healthy" etc. -JORDAN

(V.O.)

Fucking heart attack. Boom-snap,

she was gone. Shuffled off her

mortal coil and twenty million dollars in a Swiss bank account.

208E INT. BANQUE REAL DE GENEVE - SAUREL'S OFFICE - DAY

(SUMMER '96)

208E

Jean-Jacques Saurel sits at his desk, calmly smoking as he talks on the phone.

**SAUREL :**

It is terrible. Your aunt was

such an elegant, attractive woman.

My condolences to you and your family. You must be -208F

INTERCUT JORDAN ON THE BOAT AND SAUREL IN GENEVA 208F

**JORDAN :**

(no time for it)

Thanks but where does this leave

us in regard to her account? It

goes into probate or what?

**SAUREL :**

Not to worry, Jordan. Your aunt,

before she died, signed a document naming you as her successor.

She did?!

**JORDAN :**

**SAUREL :**

(a sly grin)

Well. Not as of yet.

And as they continue talking, Jordan pulls out a nautical map of the Italian coastline:

JORDAN (V.O.)

I gotta say, these Swiss were sneaky motherfuckers. Within

minutes he made arrangements to set me up with a forger, the best document specialist in Geneva.

**Thing was:**

account.

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13JORDAN (V.O.)  
(CONT&#039;D)

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13JORDAN (V.O.)  
(CONT&#039;D)

113.

Jordan goes rapid-fire. He yells: \*

**JORDAN :**

Captain Ted! Change of plan!

We're going to Monaco.

\*

\*

Monaco, now?

**NAOMI :**

\*

**JORDAN :**

Yes, babe. We're going to Monacoso then we can go to Switzerland.

\*

\*

\*

**HILDY :**

But her aunt just died, we can't

go to -JORDAN

I realize that but we have to goto Switzerland.

\*

\*

What about -DONNIE

\*

**JORDAN :**

(way ahead of him)

-- keep calling, when the fuckpicks up, set a meet with him inthree  
business days. \*

**NAOMI :**

We gotta go to London. \*

Why?!

**JORDAN :**

The funeral.

**NAOMI :**

**JORDAN :**

Honey, I loved your Aunt Emma more than anyone in the world, but she's still gonna be dead in two days. She's not going anywhere.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

Captain Ted Beecham emerges from below.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Captain Ted, we've gotta get to Monaco.

\*

Monaco?

CAPTAIN TED \*

\*

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 114.

JORDAN \*

Then we drive to Switzerland so \*

they don't stamp our passports. \*

Take care of business. Drive back \*

to Monaco, fly to London for the \*

funeral, fly back to New York to \*

be there in three business days -\*

That's the fuckin' plan. \*

**CAPTAIN TED:**

I'm getting reports of some weather out there. Might run into some chop.

JORDAN \*

The boat's 170 feet long. She can \*

handle a little chop. \*

HILDY \*

We're not going anywhere until he \*

says it's safe. \*

DONNIE \*

Chop is fine. \*

JORDAN \*

Is it safe? \*

CAPTAIN TED \*

If we take it slow... \*

JORDAN \*

We can do it? \*

CAPTAIN TED \*

Chop is chop. Some chop - it can \*  
be uncomfortable. \*

JORDAN \*

Well, that's fine. \*

CAPTAIN TED \*

Anything is possible. I mean we'll \*  
have to batten down the hatches \*  
just to be safe. Could be a few \*  
broken dishes. \*

JORDAN \*

A few broken dishes. Isn't that \*  
great? Let's go to Monaco -\*

Jordan, Captain Ted and Donnie rush down stairs. As the \*  
ENGINE starts... \*

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 115.

209 EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - NIGHT (SUMMER '96) 209

The perfect storm. As the Naomi tips at a 45-degreeangle, a thick wall of  
gray water comes rising over herside, slamming onto the bridge with a  
thunderous CRASH.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Well talk about your shittyvacations...

Six Jet Skis plummet off the deck into the raging sea.

210 INT. YACHT NAOMI - BRIDGE - NIGHT (SUMMER '96) 210

Donnie and Naomi stand on the bridge where Captain TedBeecham holds the  
ship's wheel with both hands, the radioblaring in the background.  
Jordan enters.

\*

\*

**JORDAN :**

What the fuck is going on?

\*

\*

**CAPTAIN TED :**

Jet skis just went overboard.

\*

\*

Gale warning!

**RADIO VOICE :**

Gale warning! \*

**CAPTAIN TED :**

The waves are twenty feet and building!

**JORDAN :**

Can't you turn us around?!

**CAPTAIN TED :**

We'll get broad-sided and tip over!

Gale warning!

**RADIO VOICE :**

Gale warning!

Naomi turns to Jordan, furious with him.

**NAOMI :**

You happy now, you piece of shit?

We're gonna drown.

\*

\*

**JORDAN :**

I'm a master diver. We will not  
drown, I promise you. I got you,  
baby.

(realizing she's probably right; to Donnie)

The ludes!

\*

\*

\*

\*

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 116.

What?

**DONNIE :**

**JORDAN :**

Get the fucking ludes! \*

**DONNIE :**

They're below deck! There's like three feet of water down there!

**JORDAN :**

I can't die fucking sober!  
As Donnie heads off --

**NAOMI :**

What is he crazy? Where's he going? Donnie!

\*

\*

210A INT. BELOW DECKS - CONTINUOUS 210A\*

Donnie retrieves the ludes. \*

210B INT. YACHT NAOMI - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS 210B\*

Captain Ted stares through his binoculars.

Jesus Christ!

**CAPTAIN TED :**

\*

**TIME CUT TO:**

Donnie returns with ludes - feeds to Jordan and then himself.

\*

\*

\*

**JORDAN :**

What's happening?! \*

Rogue wave!

CAPTAIN TED \*

\*

Jordan grabs Naomi. All at once the boat dips down at an impossibly steep angle, until it's pointing almost straight down. Captain Ted jams the throttle and the boat jerks forward, rising up the face of a giant rogue wave, which curls over the top of the bridge and...

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

KABOOM! -- Blackness. Slowly, painfully, the boat pops up from beneath the water, its helicopter RIPPING from the deck and crashing into the sea.

\*

\*

\*



CAPTAIN TED (CONT'D)

(into radio)

Mayday! This is Captain TedBeecham aboard the Yacht Naomi!

This is a Mayday!

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 117.

CAPTAIN TED (CONT'D)

We are going down at the headfifty miles off the coast of Romeand we require immediateassistance!

CAPTAIN TED (CONT'D)

We are going down at the headfifty miles off the coast of Romeand we require immediateassistance!

211

INT. ITALIAN NAVAL DESTROYER - BELOW DECK - NIGHT \*211(SUMMER '96)

Off to the side, Jordan watches as Naomi, their Friends, and the yacht's Crew Members dance to blaring technomusic. A small group of Italian SAILORS cheer them on.

JORDAN (V.O.)

The nice thing about getting rescued by Italians is that the first thing they do is feed you and make you drink red wine.

Then they make you dance.

Jordan watches as the dancing continues, then casuallyglances out a porthole, where WE SEE the distant lightsof a PLANE making its way across the night sky. After a few beats, the plane EXPLODES, a tiny flash of light.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Did you see that? That was the plane I sent for to come get us. I shit you not, it exploded when a seagull flew into the engine, three people killed. You want a sign from God, well after all this I finally got the message. I had to make some fucking changes.

FADE OUT.

212

SCENES 212 - 214 OMITTED \*212

24 MONTHS LATER

215

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (SUMMER '98) \*215

Jordan, looking healthier than we've seen him thus far, \* sits on the couch; stacks of paperwork on the coffee \* table. After a few beats, Naomi enters from the kitchen. \*

NAOMI \*

Dinner's ready. \*

**JORDAN :**

\*

I gotta finish these balance

\*

sheets, babe.

\*

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 118.

**NAOMI :**

Well, it's there. So the kids are gonna start.

\*

\*

\*

Naomi exits. Jordan goes back to work. Looks up at TV. Watches for a bit.

\*

\*

JORDAN (V.O.)

What's the single most important skill in life you can ever master?

\*

\*

\*

**CUT TO:**

215A THE INFOMERCIAL. 215A

Shot on 90's-era video, an ad intended for late-night local tv. The defining idea here is that while the commercial may be amateurish, Jordan isn't; he's an excellent salesman even if the ad is cut-rate.

WE START WITH FLASHES OF THE SEMINAR: Jordan in front of a dry erase board, lecturing a small audience.

**JORDAN :**

At the essence of every personal interaction, of every business transaction, of every effective human communication is PERSUASION... once you learn to control the linguistic encounter, you will be SHOCKED at what will happen... you are a person worth listening to, and taking it one step higher than that, you are someone who can help them achieve their goals...

215B JORDAN ON THE GROUNDS OF HIS ESTATE, addressing us. 215B

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Do you dream of being financially independent but struggle every month just to pay your bills?

Would you like to own a home like this one someday but can barely afford to pay your rent?

(ZOOM IN ON HIM)

My name is Jordan Belfort and there's no secret to wealth creation. No matter who you are, where you came from, you too can become financially independent in just a matter of months. All you need is a strategy.

(NEW ANGLE; he enters from same side as previous shot)

\*

\*

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 119.

JORDAN (CONT'D) JORDAN (CONT'D)

The first action you have to take is to DECIDE to be wealthy. When I was 24 years old, I made a DECISION not to just survive but to THRIVE. I started my own stock brokerage firm, developing a SYSTEM OF SELLING that within a year made me a multi-millionaire.

\*

215C-G A SNAPSHOT OF JORDAN'S CHILDHOOD HOME, then OF HIS CURRENT ESTATE, FOLLOWED BY EXAMPLES OF WEALTH: his sportscars, Naomi in a bikini, stock footage of a jet...

215C-G

JORDAN (V.O.)

From these humble middle-class beginnings, I now live here... with my beautiful wife and kids... living the lifestyle of our dreams...

215H THE SEMINAR. Jordan high-fives attendees. 215H

JORDAN (V.O.)

Now I'm passing along the secrets to my success in my 90-minute free seminar, "Jordan Belfort's Straight Line Persuasion."

215J FIRST TESTIMONIAL. A MAN holds a framed check. 215J

**MAN :**

I have here in my hand, framed, is a check for twenty-seven thousand four hundred and thirty-seven dollars and sixty-three cents that I netted from one deal after

attending Jordan Belfort's, um, Straight Line Persuasion seminar.

215K JORDAN, on a yacht with NAOMI and some MODELS. 215K\*

**JORDAN :**

There's nobody stopping you from making millions. There is nobody holding you back from financial freedom.

(to Naomi)

Thank You Sweet Heart.

(back to camera)

Don't just sit at home or the life of your dreams will sail right past you.

\*

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\*

215L TESTIMONIAL #2. A COUPLE in a kitschy living room. 215L

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 120.

**HUSBAND :**

Thanks to the Straight Line System, we could afford this home and now we're living the lives of our dreams.

215M A HELICOPTER descends to a helipad. 215M

JORDAN (V.O.)

I've changed all these people's lives and I can change yours, too!

It touches down and Jordan jumps out to address us -

**JORDAN :**

So come to my seminar!! The life of your dreams is only a decision away -

-- and BAM! gets clothes-lined by Agent Denham.

216 SCENES 216 - 217 OMITTED 216

218 INT. CENTRAL BOOKING - QUEENS - NIGHT (SEP '98) 218

CLOSE ON JORDAN'S HANDS, at last in cuffs. PAN UP TO HIM, looking none-too-pleased.

JORDAN (V.O.)

This one takes the cake. It was

Rugrat, he'd been busted down in Miami, and guess who the fuck with?

219 EXT. MIAMI RESTAURANT - NIGHT (SEP '98) 219

Jean-Jacques Saurel is handcuffed by Feds as Rugrat looks on crying, handcuffed nearby.

JORDAN (V.O.)

What were the odds? There had to be ten thousand Swiss bankers in Geneva and I choose the one dumb enough to get himself arrested on U.S. soil.

220 INT. MIAMI FBI OFFICE - NIGHT (SEP '98) 220

CLICK! Saurel gets his mug shot taken.

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 121.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Even more ironic was he'd gotten himself indicted on charges that had nothing to fucking do with me.

221 EXT. MIAMI MANSION - NIGHT (SEP '98)

ROCKY AOKI, Japanese, 50s, is led out in handcuffs by a MAN in an FBI windbreaker.

221

JORDAN (V.O.)

Something about laundering drug money through offshore boat racing and a guy named Rocky Aoki, the founder of Benihana.

221A INSERT BENI HANA COMMERCIAL --221A

A smiling Rocky Aoki looks on as a HIBACHI CHEF expertly dices shrimp on a sizzling grill.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Beni-fucking-hana! Why would God be so cruel as to choose a chain of fucking Hibachi Restaurants to bring me down?

222 INT. SAUREL'S BEDROOM - DAY (OCT '95)

Saurel lays on the bed, smoking.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Long story short was Saurel ratted me out, but not before he ratted out Chantalle, who it turns out he'd been fucking every time she went to Switzerland!

222

Chantalle emerges from the bathroom naked.

runs and jumps in bed with Saurel.

Laughing, she

223 INT. FEDERAL COURT - QUEENS - DAY (SEP '98)

With his criminal attorney NOLAN DRAGER, 40s, next to him, Jordan stands before a JUDGE, being arraigned.

JORDAN (V.O.)

I was indicted for money laundering, securities fraud and an endless list of other shit.

223

\*

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 122.

HON. SAMANTHA STOGEL

(leafing through a subpoena)

One count engaging in conspiracy to commit securities fraud. Two counts securities fraud. One count engaging in conspiracy to commit money laundering. Twenty-one counts money laundering. One count obstruction of justice.

(gives Jordan a withering glare)

Bail is set at ten million dollars.

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The Judge bangs the gavel.

223A US ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - MOVED TO 226A 223A\*

223B INT. FEDERAL COURT LOBBY - DAY 223B\*

Jordan walks with Nolan Drager, who flips through the subpoena.

\*  
\*

**NOLAN DRAGER :**

This is...well, it's not good.

It's pretty bad actually. How

much money do you have, Jordan?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

**JORDAN :**

I can make bail.

\*  
\*

**NOLAN DRAGER :**

I don't mean the ten million, I mean for legal fees. Cuz if you want to fight this thing, it's gonna be expensive. Like, sell everything - you-own-expensive.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

224 EXT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY (SEP '98) 224\*  
Jordan exits the building. He's fucked and he knows it.  
He sees beautiful Naomi waiting for him beside a limo; life isn't totally hopeless. He approaches.

**JORDAN :**

Nay, thank God. I'm so glad you're here.  
They embrace. He can't see her expression: she'd rather be anywhere else.  
225 SCENE 225 OMITTED 225

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 123.

226 EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - POOL AREA - DAY (SEP '98) 226  
ON SKYLAR AND PARKER, playing with a NANNY and Rocky the dog. Jordan watches them, sitting by his pool, drinking an O'Douls, weighing his options.  
Donnie pops into the yard, in "Uncle Donnie" mode.

**DONNIE :**

Hey, everybody! How're the  
happiest people in Long Island?  
Hi, Rocky!!  
(joining Jordan)  
Hate that fucking dog.

**JORDAN :**

Tell me about it. It's getting gold, starting to shit inside the house again.  
Jordan offers Donnie an O'Douls; Donnie declines.

**DONNIE :**

How you doing, brother? How was  
the food in jail?

**JORDAN :**

Lobster Newburg sucked. They gave me some jewelry though.  
He shows off the electronic bracelet around his ankle.

**DONNIE :**

Wonder if they got one in my size.

Fuckin' Rugrat, that wig-wearin'hump. Tell you one thing: I'mnever eating at Benihana's again.

Where's Naomi?

**JORDAN :**

Inside. Pissed.

Donnie sees Naomi in a window. He waves but she barelyregisters him.

**DONNIE :**

What's up her ass?

**JORDAN :**

Had to mortgage the home to makebail. Probably gonna hafta sellit to pay my lawyers. If we fightthis thing.

Donnie weighs that.

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 124.

**DONNIE :**

The Feds say anything about comingafter the rest of us?

Jordan thinks, then shakes his head no.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

You know, we're all behind you.

Everyone at the office.

(he removes anenvelope, hands itto Jordan)

We bought back your mortgage. All

the founding partners threw in amillion apiece. Figured none ofus would have it if it weren't for you.

Jordan's profoundly touched. Donnie squeezes hisshoulder. A real moment of friendship.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

You gotta fight this thing, baby.

Jordan nods.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Like I said, loyalty meant a lot

to me. Without your friends andfamily standing behind you, you'refucked.

226A INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

(SEP '98)

226A\*

\*

Jordan sits with Nolan Drager across from FBI AgentDenham, U.S. Attorney LUCAS SOLOMON, 50s, and AssistantU.S. Attorney ROCHELLE APPLEBAUM, 30s,



humorless.

\*  
\*  
\*

**LUCAS SOLOMON :**

There's a term we have around  
here, we don't like to use it  
often, only when circumstances dictate. It's called a "Grenada."  
Inspired by our government's invasion in 1983 of the island  
nation of only 90,000 people,  
basically it stands for any case we get which is pretty much unloseable.  
We could show up late and drunk to court, fuck up left-right and-  
center and still we'd win.  
Mr. Belfort, you, sir, are a "Grenada."

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The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 125.

ROCHELLE APPLEBAUM \*

You're looking at real prison \*  
time. Money laundering gets you \*  
as much as 20 years. Case \*  
couldn't be stronger if we'd have \*  
caught you with your cash in your \*  
mattress. \*

Solomon pushes a box full of evidence across the table. \*

Jordan eyeballs Denham. \*

LUCAS SOLOMON \*

Read the discovery. \*

JORDAN \*

That your life's work in the box? \*

AGENT DENHAM \*

Jordan, you rotting in jail til \*  
your kids're outta college isn't \*  
our ambition here. You weren't \*  
the only one involved in all this. \*  
We think those folks deserve their \*  
day in court too. \*

NOLAN DRAGER \*

Why do I get the sense there's an  
offer in the air? If so, let's \*  
put it on the table. \*

**LUCAS SOLOMON:**

Full cooperation. A comprehensive  
list of all coconspirators  
spanning the last seven years and  
he agrees to wear a wire.

**JORDAN :**

You want me to rat?

LUCAS SOLOMON \*

We want your cooperation in --\*

AGENT DENHAM \*

Yes. We want you to rat. \*

227 SCENES 227 - 229 OMITTED 227

230 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT (SEP '98) 230

JORDAN \*

How was Christy's party? \*

NAOMI \*

It was fine. \*

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JORDAN \*

Baby, I talked to the lawyers \*  
again today. I have some really \*  
great news. As it turns out you're \*  
totally off the hook. \*

NAOMI \*

I know that already. \*

JORDAN \*

You never did anything wrong \*  
anyway, right? At the end of the \*  
day all they really want is for me \*  
to cooperate - that's it. \*  
See, apparently, I know so much \*

about what's going on in the stock \*  
market that I could save the \*  
government years of heartache. But \*  
it get's even better... You see, \*  
if I cooperate I'll only have to \*  
serve four short years and any \*  
fine I'd have to pay wouldn't be \*  
due til after I serve my sentence. \*  
We'll still have plenty of money \*  
left over. The only thing that I \*  
was kind of upset about was the \*  
fact that I might have to give \*  
them information about my friends. \*  
NAOMI \*

Like you said, "There's no friends \*  
on Wall Street". \*

JORDAN \*

But there's a silver lining to \*  
that too... It turns out that all \*  
of 'em are probably gonna \*  
cooperate too. So in the end, that \*  
won't really be a factor. \*

NAOMI \*

Well, that's really good news, \*  
honey. I'm really happy for you. \*

JORDAN \*

No, it's good for both of us, Nay. \*

NAOMI \*

Yeah, yeah. \*

JORDAN \*

Make love to me baby. Make love to \*  
me nice and slow. \*

NAOMI \*

No Jordan. Stop! \*

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230A INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 230A\*

**TIME CUT:**

While he's lost in it, she's lost interest,  
going through the motions perfunctorily.

\*

\*

\*

**JORDAN :**

I love you, Nay. I love you somuch. I've loved you from thefirst time I saw you.

\*

\*

\*

\*

Fuck you.

NAOMI \*

\*

That stops him. \*

What?

JORDAN \*

\*

**NAOMI :**

I fucking hate you.

\*

\*

**JORDAN :**

What are you talking about?

\*

\*

**NAOMI :**

You don't give a shit about how I feel. All you care about isyourself.

\*

\*

\*

\*

**JORDAN :**

That's not true. What do you mean?

\*

\*

**NAOMI :**

You wanna fuck me? Fine. Fuck me hard like it's the last time.

\*

\*

\*

**JORDAN :**

Hold still. Why are you moving like that?

\*  
\*  
\*

**NAOMI :**

Go ahead, fuck me!

\*  
\*

**JORDAN :**

What are you doing baby?

\*  
\*

**NAOMI :**

Cum for me. Cum for me, baby. Like it's the last time.

\*  
\*  
\*

**JORDAN :**

You want me to cum, baby?

\*  
\*

**NAOMI :**

Yeah, cum for me baby, cum!

\*  
\*

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 128.

After a beat... He cums. Jordan rolls off Naomi. They lie \*  
in uncomfortable silence. \*

NAOMI (CONT'D) \*

Jordan, that was the last time. I \*  
want a divorce. \*

JORDAN \*

What are you talking about? \*

NAOMI \*

I want a divorce. \*

JORDAN \*

What? What are you talking about? \*

Now? After we just made love? \*

NAOMI \*

And I wanted to puke. \*

Naomi gets up. \*

NAOMI (CONT'D) \*

I don't love you anymore Jordan. I \*  
haven't for a long time. \*

JORDAN \*

You don't love me? Isn't that \*  
convenient. Now, you don't love \*  
me? Now while I'm under federal \*  
indictment with a fucking bracelet \*  
around my ankle? Now, all of a \*  
sudden, you decide you don't love \*  
me? \*

NAOMI \*

Yes, that's right. \*

JORDAN \*

What kind of a person are you? \*

NAOMI \*

You married me. This is how it's \*  
gonna be. Listen Jordan. I'm \*  
taking custody of the kids. If you \*  
agree to the divorce right now, I \*  
will allow you visitation. Don't \*  
try to fight it. It will save us \*  
both a lot of money and I have a \*  
feeling you're gonna need it. \*

Naomi exits to the dressing room. Jordan gets up, follows \*  
after her. \*

JORDAN \*

I've got news for you. You're not \*  
taking my kids. \*

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**NAOMI :**

I already spoke to my lawyer. He said even if you don't get convicted I can  
still get custody.

\*

\*

\*

\*

**JORDAN :**

My lawyers are more powerful than yours. You're not taking my kids!  
You vicious cunt!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Naomi slaps Jordan. Jordan hits her back and exits. \*

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Fuck you! You're not taking my kids. You fucking bitch!

\*  
\*  
\*

**CUT TO:**

230B INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 230B\*

Jordan grabs a pair of scissors and starts slashing the couch. He retrieves  
a stash of coke from the couch  
lining. Naomi enters the hallway as Jordan snorts coke.

\*  
\*  
\*

**NAOMI :**

Look at yourself Jordan. You're sick, you're a sick man.

\*  
\*  
\*

**JORDAN :**

You're not taking my kids.

\*  
\*

**NAOMI :**

You think I'd let my kids near you? Look at you. You know what my lawyers  
said? You're going to jail for twenty years. Twenty fucking years, Jordan.  
You'll be lucky if you ever see them again.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

**JORDAN :**

Oh yeah? You don't think I'm gonna see my kids again? Oh yeah?

\*

\*

\*

Jordan heads towards Skylar's room. She tries to stop Jordan. He knocks her to the ground.

\*

\*

Jordan charges towards Skylar's room. \*

Jordan exiting Skylar's room with Skylar crying in his arms. Naomi starts to pull herself up from off the floor as Jordan races toward the stairs.

\*

\*

\*

**NAOMI :**

Put her down Jordan! Put her down!

\*

\*

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 130.

230C

Jordan and Skylar descend the stairs. Naomi pulls herself together and follows.

INT. / EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Jordan races through the garage door, slamming and locking it behind him.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Violet, Violet! Help me! He's got Skylar! Get the key!

Jordan putting Skylar in the car.

Naomi and Violet desperately try to open the garage door.

Naomi races into the garage. Jordan gets in the driver's seat, locks the doors and starts the engine.

Naomi begs him to stop. Violet presses the garage door button. Naomi grabs a tool and smashes the driver side window.

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230C\*

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Jordan sees the door closing - he thinks "fuck it" -  
slams into reverse, crashing through the garage door. Car continues in  
reverse, crashing into a concrete pillar.  
Naomi and Violet rush to the car, pull Skylar out and bring her inside the  
house. Jordan sits as blood rushes down his face.

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LUCAS SOLOMAN (V.O.)

Paragraph 1. The defendant shall plead guilty to all counts of the indictment  
currently pending against him in the United States District Court for the  
Eastern  
District of New York.

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230D SCENES 230D - 230E OMITTED 230D\*

230F INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 230F\*

OFF A "COOPERATION AGREEMENT," we find -\*

-- Nolan Drager, Lucas Solomon, Rochelle Applebaum and Agent Denham all back  
at the conference table, reading copies of the same contract. Lucas does so  
aloud:

**LUCAS SOLOMON :**

Paragraph 2. The defendant shall  
provide information regarding all criminal activities of the  
defendant and others from June  
1st, 1990, onwards. Paragraph 3.

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The defendant shall participate in undercover activities pursuant to the instructions of the FBI, including wearing a recording device, also known as a 'wire', in conjunction with the investigation of securities fraud. Paragraph 4. The defendant must not commit, or attempt to commit, any further crimes.

The Wolf of Wall Street Buff Revised Pages 3/5/13 LUCAS SOLOMON  
(CONT'D)

undercover activities pursuant to the instructions of the FBI, including wearing a recording device, also known as a 'wire', in conjunction with the investigation of securities fraud. Paragraph 4. The defendant must not commit, or attempt to commit, any further crimes.

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(CONT'D)

131.

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Jordan's here, too, looking miserable. He stops Lucas. \*

**JORDAN :**

Lemme just sign the fucking thing.

\*  
\*

He signs the fucking thing. \*

230G INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 230G\*

Jordan sits alone, finishes writing a long list of names on a yellow legal pad.

JORDAN (V.O.)

For the next six hours, I came up with a list. Friends, enemies,

business associates, anybody who'd ever known me or taken so much as a stock tip. The first name on the list was Donnie's.

And as Jordan heaves a huge sigh, we're suddenly...

231 INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY (OCT '98) 231

Agent Denham tapes a recorder to Jordan's inner thigh, runs a microphone wire up his chest. Agent Hughes watches.

\*

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**AGENT DENHAM :**

Talk normally, breathe normally, within five minutes you'll forget you even have it on. Jordan nods, buttons up his shirt.

232 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - DAY (OCT '98) 232

Wearing a suit and tie, Jordan walks in to the bullpen, where the Brokers spot him, giving him a standing ovation. He forces a smile, waves to the crowd.

As Robbie and Chester Ming look on, Jordan forces a smile as he approaches Donnie, who gives him a hug.

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233 INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY 233

Jordan and Donnie sit at the coffee table over takeout sushi.

**JORDAN :**

The trial won't be for months, so obviously I'll be counting on you to pick up the slack.

**DONNIE :**

Whatever you need, bro. You know that.

Jordan reaches in his jacket for a yellow slip of PAPER.

**JORDAN :**

And you know how much that means to me. Hey, you know what I wanted to ask you? Jordan catches Donnie's eye, pushes the PAPER over in front of him.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

The Steve Madden deal, did he ever come through on that?

Donnie looks down at the paper, reads Jordan's writing:

"DON'T INCRIMINATE YOURSELF. I'M WEARING A WIRE."

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Remember he was supposed to kickback like four mil from that one account?

**DONNIE :**

Uh... tell you the truth I was so fucked up, I don't really remember anything about that.

Donnie slips the paper in his jacket, gives Jordan a look -- "Thank you."  
Jordan nods.

**JORDAN :**

Well if you talk to him, let me know. You want the last yellowtail?

**DONNIE :**

Why not?

JORDAN (V.O.)

And thus began my career as a government cooperator. I was a rat...

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234 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY (NOV '98)

Jordan lays alone, asleep in bed. We hear the DOORBELL.

JORDAN (V.O.)

But I wasn't losing any sleep over it.

234

After a few beats, Violet knocks, enters. Jordan stirs.

**VIOLET :**

I'm sorry, Mr. Jordan.

visitor.

You got a

235 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - FOYER - DAY (NOV '98)

Jordan descends the stairs in sweats and T-shirt. Agents Denham and Hughes are waiting.

**AGENT DENHAM :**

I need you to get dressed.

**JORDAN :**

Why? What's going on?

**AGENT DENHAM :**

You're going to jail.

Agent Denham holds up the slip of yellow paper that Jordan gave to Donnie.

And on Jordan's look...

JORDAN (V.O.)

Donnie Azoff, my partner. My bestfriend.

235

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235A EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - DAY 235A\*

A tractor-trailer is parked out front as a group of MOVERS carry out paintings and antique furniture under the supervision of several FBI Agents in windbreakers.

JORDAN (V.O.)

After months of legal wrangling,  
I was finally sentenced to prison.

WE SEE Jordan's various cars -- Porsche, Mercedes,  
Ferrari, BMW -- loaded onto a large transport vehicle.

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235B INT. STRATTON OAKMONT III - BULLPEN - DAY 235B\*

Jordan stands addressing his 700 Brokers. WE SEE the eager young FACES, hanging on his every word.

\*

\*

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JORDAN (V.O.) \*

I gave up everyone, and in return \*  
got three years in some hellhole \*  
in Nevada I'd never even heard of. \*  
Like Mad Max'd said, the \*  
chickens'd come home to roost. \*  
Whatever the fuck that means. \*

236 INT. FEDERAL COURTROOM - QUEENS - DAY (MAR '99) \*236

Sentencing. Jordan's mother is there, tears in her eyes. \*

NOLAN DRAGER \*

I hope your Honor would agree that \*  
Mr. Belfort has distinguished \*  
himself in terms of his \*  
cooperation in this white collar \*  
fraud. Mr. Belfort has helped the \*

government win convictions over \*  
two dozen serious offenders and \*  
helped them recover millions of \*  
dollars to be made available for \*  
restitution to the victims. \*

HON. RAYMOND SAMITZ \*

The sentence of the court shall be \*  
48 months in Federal Prison. \*

(pause) \*

Please remand the defendant. \*

Max rolls his eyes: Jordan's so guilty it hurts. As \*  
Jordan is led away by GUARDS... \*

236A INT. STRATTON OAKMONT - DAY \*236A

Donnie sits in his office, hears something -- a small \*  
army of FBI AGENTS, led by Agents Denham and Hughes, \*  
arrest half the office: Sea Otter, Robbie, Kimmie, etc.. \*  
As the FBI cleans house, Donnie sits on his couch. \*

237 SCENES 237 - 244 OMITTED \*237

245 INT. SUBWAY - DAY (MAR '99) 245

CLOSE ON DENHAM, reading a New York Times article on Jordan's sentencing. He  
looks satisfied with his  
accomplishment, until he looks up...

... and realizes he's right where Jordan said he'd be:  
commuting home on the subway, like any other piker.

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246 INT. PRISON VAN - DAY (MAR '99)

Jordan rides in back, stares out the window, thinking about all he's done.  
The van stops as it arrives at the PRISON GATE.

246

JORDAN (V.O.)

I'm not ashamed to admit, when we  
arrived to prison, I was absolutely terrified...

GUARD (O.S.)

Belfort! Fuckin' move!

Jordan leaps to his feet.

JORDAN (V.O.)

I needn't have been.

247 EXT. MINIMUM C PRISON - DAY (SPRING 2000)

A tennis ball hits pavement and WE PAN UP TO JORDAN, in prison fatigues but  
playing doubles with three other PRISONERS, all white middle-aged EXECUTIVE  
TYPES.

**JORDAN :**

Sorry, just out. What is that,

forty-thirty?

As the game continues, Jordan serving, the CAMERA PULLS UP TO SEE THE WHOLE PRISON YARD: one group of inmates does Tai Chi while another has formed a book club.

247

JORDAN (V.O.)

For a brief, fleeting moment, I'd forgotten I was rich and lived in America. BLACK OUT.

248 INT. HOTEL BANQUET HALL - EARLY 2000'S - DAY 248\*

CLOSE ON A MOVIE SCREEN: DIFFERENT INTERVIEWS... \*

**AFRICAN KID :**

I watch him speak and what he says is motivational about life. He tells about life and how you can be more rich.

\*

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**CHINESE KID :**

He is going to teach us how to be successful, how to set our goals.

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\*

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INDIAN KID \*

I will build my future by using \*

Jordan Belfort as my mentor. \*

MEXICAN KID \*

Choosing what is good from him and \*

being a millionaire. \*

Two hundred people attend Jordan's "Straight Line \*

Persuasion" seminar, watching a massive screen (on which \* these KIDS have appeared). \*

**ON-SCREEN:**

JORDAN giving seminars in different locations (see \* addendum below), edited in with footage of looming \* economic uncertainties. \*

**Then:**

MAN WITH A MIC \*

Ladies and gentlemen, please join \*

me in welcoming to Auckland, New \*  
Zealand... Mr. Jordan Belfort! \*  
BIG APPLAUSE as Jordan takes the stage, waving. This \*  
might go on a while. If so, there COULD be TITLES: \*  
Jordan Belfort spent 22 months in federal prison \*  
and paid \$100,000,000 in fines. \*

**THEN:**

His cellmate was, no fucking joke, Tommy Chong. \*

**THEN:**

Since his release, he's become a multi-millionaire again \*  
as a motivational speaker. \*

When the applause finally dies down... \*

...Jordan doesn't speak. Instead he walks down to the \*  
front row of his audience, studying faces. He picks one. \*  
Takes a pen from his coat and offers it to him. \*

JORDAN \*

Sell me this pen. \*

The Kiwi, embarrassed, takes a moment, then: \*

KIWI IN AUDIENCE \*

Well, it's a good pen, it's a \*  
ballpoint --\*

Jordan takes the pen back with a smile. Hands it to the \*  
next person. \*

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JORDAN \*

Sell me this pen. \*

As the next person tries...

\*

WE RAKE ALONGSIDE HIS AUDIENCE, transfixed, desperate for \*  
Jordan's knowledge, desperate to be molded, to be rich... \*

JORDAN (O.S.) (CONT'D) \*

Sell me this pen...Sell me this \*  
pen... Sell me this pen...Sell me \*  
this pen... \*

FADE OUT.