

MONEY NEVER SLEEPS

by

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A BLACK SCREEN

Onto which is written in white letters...

"When business in the United States underwent a contraction... the Federal Reserve created more paper reserves.

The excess credit spilled over into the market triggering a fantastic speculative boom... "

EXT. CLINTON CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - DAY

It's a summer day. The heat floats above the pavement. A cab waits in the lot.

The large gates of New York's largest prison open and today's group of newly released emerge.

They pass a guard who lifts up a copy of The USA Today to reveal the headlines and date that tells us it's 2002.

Amongst this group we find a man carrying a small duffel.

And we know this man. He is Gordon Gekko.

But he is not as slick as we remember... he doesn't have that gleam in his eyes or that gel in his hair. No, this is a very different version of the man we remember... because now there's nothing behind those eyes... nothing we can read anyway.

And he just stands there... coldly watching his recently freed brethren greet their wives and children... reuniting with the people who waited for them... the people who love them.

The cab slowly pulls up and Gordon holds up a finger... wait a minute. He glares over to the entrance of the lot... waiting for his people... but they don't come.

And the cab waits... Gordon stands there... in the heat... completely disappointed... and completely alone.

And we...

SLAM BACK INTO

As the white letters reappear on the screen...

"As a result... the American economy collapsed...

Taken from an article about the pre-crash 1929...

... written by Alan Greenspan."

JACOB (V.O.)
It's funny, the more we find ourselves
slaves of chance... the more
superstitious we become.

SLAM INTO: A MANHATTAN MORNING

A gorgeous June Friday.

JACOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And that would make Andrew Zabel one
superstitious motherfucker.

Find ANDREW ZABEL, mid 50s, shaved-head and in good shape.

JACOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He started every day the same exact
way. He would walk his dogs then
leave his Gramercy Park condo at seven
am on the dot.

As Andrew leaves 36 East Gramercy Park East, an impressive
building made of white stone.

Andrew wears a suit and holds an umbrella.

JACOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And he would take an umbrella with him
even when there was no chance of
rain...

As Andrew heads to a newsstand and throws the INDIAN CLERK a
familiar nod. And without saying a word, the clerk knows
exactly what to give him.

JACOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He'd buy a journal, a tin of chocolate
Altoids and a cold bottle of Poland
Springs water.

23RD ST SUBWAY STATION

As Andrew bounds down the stairs and through the gate...

JACOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He had timed it out so he wouldn't
have to wait more than three minutes
for the uptown five train.

As Andrew emerges out to the platform and sees the headlight
from the 5 train coming down the tunnel.

JACOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I guess you could say that day was
like every other...

And as the train approaches... holding that Wall Street
Journal... the bottle of water and that tin of Altoids...

JACOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Except for one thing...

... Andrew Zabel simply steps forward and falls onto the
track.

And as the train SLAMS into US...

DARKNESS

Which holds for an uncomfortably long moment, then...

"Money Never Sleeps" graces the screen... and we move down below the letters to find...

A CHART

Now filling the screen. It's of the Dow Jones Industrial Average. It's for the year 2008 and it's down to the right... not good.

A circle marks Friday June 13th. Follow a blue line back three days and stop. Another circle is now formed and Matthew Good's "Giant" rings out...

CARD: JUNE 6th 2008... 8 DAYS EARLIER...

MIDTOWN

Opening titles... the workplace throng... listening to their iPods, checking their Blackberrys and sipping their Starbucks.

Move with this throng, to the Matthew Good tune, under the opening titles, past 745 Seventh Avenue, the Lehman Brothers building... with that giant ticker that rounds the building posting Dow 12,579.76 -- +119.86

And keep moving... all is normal in the financial center of the universe.

Land on a impressive modern building made of glass and steel then climb up it to the top... to the penthouse office suites.

And push in through the window to be in...

INT. KELLER, ZABEL INVESTMENTS/ANDREW ZABEL'S OFFICE - DAY

An impressive office with a 180 degree view of southern Manhattan. Zabel sits behind his desk.

ZABEL
Go ahead, open it.

And across from Andrew Zabel sits JACOB L. MOORE... who holds his bonus check.

JACOB
Really?

On the wall over Zabel's shoulder runs an electronic ticker with the major indices and just one stock... ticker KZI... Keller Zabel Investments.

JACOB (CONT'D)
I thought that because of the problems
with the credi--

ZABEL
Screw the credit derivative desk, I
don't understand half the shit they do
anyway.

Zabel forces a smile. But Jacob can tell something's wrong
with him.

JACOB
Are you okay?

Zabel doesn't answer... he just nods to the envelope.

ZABEL
Open it.

He opens the envelope and looks down at the check.
\$1,450,000. And he can barely contain his excitement.

JACOB
Thank you.

And we get a good look at Jacob now... boyish features that
display humility with a trace of mischievousness thrown in.

He's definitely sexy, definitely cerebral and definitely
winning.

ZABEL
I'm proud of you, Jacob.

And Jacob tries to play it cool as he looks up at the
electronic ticker on the wall... 12,592.46 -- +132.46... KZI
\$71.67... +\$3.12.

CLOSE ON A RING

SALESMAN (V.O.)
Princess cut, platinum banded, five
carat, completely colorless round
center stone with a medium girdle and
excellent polish.

Pull back to be in...

INT. TIFFANY'S - DAY

Jacob inspects the ring then looks up to the fey salesman.

JACOB
Yeah, it's nice. But here's the
thing...

He looks around the store for a moment, then...

JACOB (CONT'D)
I want to see the "fuck you" room.

SALESMAN
The "fuck you" room?

JACOB
Yes. The room where you sell me a
fuck you ring for fuck you money.

SALESMAN
The private client foyer.

And with a big smile...

JACOB
What did I say?

INT. JACOB'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Two bedroom in a Murray Hill high rise. Jacob watches Fox Business on his tv. A much nicer, much bigger, much flatter plasma sits against the wall under it waiting to be installed.

A promo plays for a magazine show being narrated by Cody Willard.

CODY WILLARD (ON TV)
Tomorrow night we explore the excesses
of hedge fund managers.

Different pictures flash on the screen of private jets,
massive mansions, expensive watches and wines.

CODY WILLARD (ON TV) (CONT'D)
Whether they're spraying \$5000 a
bottle champagne at Voile Rouge in
Saint-Tropez, ordering a \$10,000
Martini at The Algonquian Hotel with a
diamond on the bottom or eating a gold
dusted \$175 hamburger at the Wall
Street Burger Shoppe...

Now the flashes are of some of the top HEDGE FUND MANAGERS in
the business that we'll see later... one of them is a man
named BRETTON WOODS... maybe we hold a little longer on him
to get a good look... Mid 40s, good looking and refined.

CODY WILLARD (ON TV) (CONT'D)
... these cowboys of finance always
seem to land on their feet.

Jacob lets out a little laugh and mutes the tv.

He grabs the phone and makes a call...

JACOB
 (into phone)
 I know you're at the fund raiser
 tonight but I wanted to say hi.
 (beat)
 Okay, best part... getting my bonus
 check. Worst part...

He grabs a framed picture of her and looks at it.

She's in workout gear, wearing earbuds, obviously just off a
 run, caught off guard and thus flipping him the finger...
 it's adorable.

JACOB (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 ... it was right after I ordered lunch
 and I remembered that we're not seeing
 each other this weekend.

And he finishes his message to her...

JACOB (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Okay, text me yours and I'll read them
 in my sleep. I love you.

As Jacob disconnects and looks out the window... looking out
 at Third Avenue twinkling up into Midtown.

AND WERE BACK ON THE CHART

Where the blue line travels down the Dow trend line, down and
 to the right then stops on Thurs June 12th.

CARD: 6 DAYS LATER

INT. KELLER, ZABEL INVESTMENTS/TRADING FLOOR - MORNING

A large space lined with long desks that hold five TRADERS
 each. Each trader has two phones and three huge monitors in
 front of them.

It's loud and frenetic. Most of the traders are under thirty-
 five, it's a young person's game.

Jacob heads in and takes his seat at his desk. It's larger
 than the others and anchors the room... this is his domain.

Fox Business plays on each of the screens that line the space
 ubiquitous. (A note, when possible, business news will be
 droning from television sets throughout this movie in bg...
 as it is the current soundtrack of New York these days)

A trader named WILLY shouts out...

WILLY
 Jake, Glass Works is up nine points on
 earnings, you want to unload some?

Jacob confirms...

JACOB
Yeah, let's get closer to home.

A trader named AUDRY turns to Jacob.

AUDRY
(to Jacob, re Willy)
Where's his hat?

Willy glares at her.

WILLY
Mind your own business, Audry.

AUDRY
I had to wear Pfizer on my forehead
for a full week... so post it up,
bitch.

Willy pleads with Jacob...

WILLY
C'mon Jake, it's embarrassing.

Jacob just shrugs...

JACOB
The stock goes down, you wear the
crown... them's the rules.

Audry grins in victory.

Willy shakes his head, grabs a marker, scribbles something down on a post-it then places it on his forehead. It reads "I bought Toll Brothers at \$24" and he has to wear it all week.

And Jacob laughs... now looking up at the electronic ticker... KZI \$60.21... -\$2.25...

INT. ONE OAK - NIGHT

An ultra exclusive club reserved for Wall Street money-men, Hollywood players, gangstas and supermodels.

TI's "Whatever You Like" blares.

The dance floor is packed with New York's privileged draped in Prada and dripped in sweat.

Jacob heads a table of five men who are all in suits. They are all in various areas of finance... a HEDGE FUND Portfolio Manager, a DERIVATIVES TRADER, a PRIVATE EQUITY CFO and a QUANT ANALYST.

The quant stares at a HIGH CLASS CALL GIRL working the room across the way. He then turns back to the guys with...

QUANT ANALYST
 Girl like that cost a thousand bucks
 last year... now it's up to five.

JACOB
 Getting priced out of the hooker
 bubble?

Confirming in frustration...

QUANT ANALYST
 Goddamn bull market's killing my sex
 life.

They all laugh.

HEDGE FUND PM
 Don't worry... it's not such a bull
 market anymore. She'll be trading at
 five hundred soon enough.

The laughter dies down.

DERIVATIVES TRADER
 (turning to Jacob)
 It's true. I'm actually shocked KZI
 gave you a bonus of that size.

JACOB
 Why?

Private Equity CFO nudges Hedge Fund PM in reference to the
 woman who just took the seat at the next table...

HEDGE FUND PM
 (dismissive)
 Yeah, I'm going long Boeing.

PRIVATE EQUITY CFO
 Oh, I didn't notice.

Confused...

QUANT ANALYST
 Really? The 787 is having problems.

As Hedge Fund PM opens a bottle of Krug, Clos du Mesnil 1995
 and pours it into the flutes.

JACOB
 (to Derivatives Trader)
 Why? Why are you so shocked?

Offering Jacob a flute...

HEDGE FUND PM
 Because they're in serious trouble.

Declining the champagne...

JACOB
We're not in serious trouble.
It's a rumor.

A woman takes the table next to them and this makes
Derivatives Trader perk up and say.

DERIVATIVES TRADER
I think Goodyear Tire is definitely a
buy.

Hedge Fund PM checks out the woman.

HEDGE FUND PM
Totally. And those tires are real.

Even more confused...

QUANT ANALYST
Goodyear? The chart is horrible.

PRIVATE EQUITY CFO
Somebody color the quant in here.

Hedge Fund PM leans into Quant and explains...

HEDGE FUND PM
Boeing, ticker BA... Big Ass.
Goodyear, ticker GT... Great Tits.

QUANT ANALYST
(realizing...)
Oh, it's like a code.

And Private Equity CFO turns to Jacob with...

QUANT ANALYST (CONT'D)
You guys were down three points in an
up market today.

JACOB
Whatever, somebody was adding to their
short.

As a supermodel now joins the next table.

HEDGE FUND PM	DERIVATIVES TRADER
Going long Starwood.	Starwood's a buy!

QUANT ANALYST
(figuring it out)
Starwood, ticker HOT. Yeah but... I'm
more a buyer of...
(thinks for a minute)
GDFS.

PRIVATE EQUITY CFO
What the fuck is that?

QUANT ANALYST
It's an exchange traded fund that
tracks the Guinian Franc.

HEDGE FUND PM
Okay, whatever -- what's it code for?

And Quant looks over to the model then back proudly with...

QUANT ANALYST
Gold Digger Freak Show.

The guys just shake their heads...

EXT. LOWER BROADWAY - NIGHT

Jacob and Derivatives Trader enjoy the summer night. Out of
all the guys, he's closest to Jacob. His name is Robby.

JACOB
Can I ask you something, Robby?

Robby nods.

JACOB (CONT'D)
What's your number?

ROBBY
Huh?

JACOB
You know what I mean. The amount of
money you would need to fuck it all
and walk away... if you wanted to.

ROBBY
Do you want to walk away?

JACOB
Not now. But one day... I don't know.
When I have a family. It's just so
consuming... so many marriages get
fucked up--

ROBBY
Wall Street divorce lawyers do great
in any market.

JACOB
Exactly.
(beat)
I've thought about it. What I would
need... to raise a family, live a good
life, be secure. It's not as much as
we would think if you move out of New
York.

And it dawns on Robby...

ROBBY
Aha... when did you buy the ring?

Jacob smiles at his friend's perception.

JACOB
Last week.

ROBBY
So when are you going to ask her?

JACOB
I'm going to DC this weekend.

ROBBY
Good. I like her for you. She's one
of the good ones...
(beat)
Did you hear what her father said on
Charlie Rose?

Jacob shakes his head.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
Something about Bear Stearns being the
first rain drop of the impending
mother of all storms.

JACOB
Sour grapes.

ROBBY
He's speaking at Columbia on Friday.
If it's slow enough, a few of us might
play hookie and check it out... he's
the best show in town.

And they continue to walk, until...

JACOB
Tell me what you hear.

Robby slowly nods...

ROBBY
I don't think you want to hear it,
bro. You worship Zabel and it's not
good.

JACOB
I don't worship him. He's done a lot
for me and I've known him a long time.
But he's been acting strange lately.
(beat)
Just tell me what you hear.

ROBBY
That Keller Zabel is holding toxic
waste they can't find a market for.

Jacob shakes his head...

JACOB
It's not true. It's rumors. There
are hedge funds with huge short
positions...

ROBBY
Jacob, you know better. You know it
doesn't matter if they're rumors or
not.

And Robby stops walking.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
Senior year I couldn't get my mind
around how all those dot coms with no
earnings were worth billions of
dollars and you were the one who said
something that made it all clear for
me.

JACOB
I don't remember.

Turning to Jacob with...

ROBBY
"An asset's value can only be priced
at its perception."

JACOB
I said that?

Robby confirms... then...

ROBBY
So buddy -- it don't matter if the
rumors are true or not. Because in
this climate... if they exist at
all... then most likely...

Looking his friend head on...

ROBBY (CONT'D)
... you're going to cease to.

EXT. 533 THIRD AVENUE - MORNING

Jacob leaves his Murray Hill building apartment and nods to
his doorman, DIEGO.

DIEGO
J to the Acob -- morning to you,
brother.

Jacob smiles...

JACOB
Diego...

And Jacob waits for the morning joke.

DIEGO
Okay, what's the best aphrodisiac on
Wall Street?

JACOB
I don't know.

DIEGO
Jet fuel.

Diego cracks up. Jacob just shakes his head and moves on.

And Jacob walks uptown... deep in thought. It's a gorgeous
June Friday.

Suddenly, Jacob just stops walking and stands there for a
long moment... coming to a decision.

And as Jacob turns around and starts heading the other way...

INT. 36 GRAMERCY PARK EAST/LOBBY - MORNING

Jacob smiles to the doorman.

JACOB
I'm here to see Andrew Zabel.

DOORMAN
Is he expecting you?

JACOB
No.

INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator opens and Andrew Zabel appears with two adorable
Bichon Frise puppies. Jacob stands.

ZABEL
Jacob...

JACOB
Andy. I'm sorry to come by like this
but the rumors are now hitting a fever
pitch and I wanted to make sure
everything was okay.

Zabel nods and heads for the door.

ZABEL
Come on...

EXT. GRAMERCY PARK - MORNING

As they enter through the gates of the park and walk...

JACOB
Is everything okay?

And Andrew Zabel doesn't seem all there... introspective and blank.

ZABEL
I remember when the starter gave me this bushy hair twelve year old kid and I said; "Donny, what the fuck -- give me a real caddy." And he said; "This kid's the best."

JACOB
Andy--

ZABEL
And you were. You had the wind down, the grade of every green.

JACOB
What's going on?

ZABEL
But you wouldn't shut up about stocks. Twelve years old and you blabbed on and on about companies and sectors and earnings.

JACOB
Andy, are we going under?

ZABEL
What was that piece of shit you loved? That airline equipment supplier who was branching out into car airbags--

JACOB
Flour Controls. Are you okay?

Zabel laughs.

ZABEL
Flour Controls... what a dog.

JACOB
Why did you give me that bonus?

Zabel stops walking and faces Jacob with...

ZABEL
Because I know you, Jacob. And I know you've been holding off because you didn't think you had enough. We all do that... postpone life until we believe we have what it takes to actually live it.

JACOB
There isn't a better money-runner on
the street... we'll get through this.

ZABEL
Marry her, Jacob. And have children
with her and spend as much time as you
can with them... and never forget that
that's what's important.

And Jacob L. Moore... looking his boss head on...

JACOB
Andrew, if there's anyway I can help --
give back the bonus -- whatever... all
you have to do is say the word.

And Zabel just looks away...

ZABEL
There's just so much you don't know,
Jacob.

INT. KELLER, ZABEL INVESTMENTS/TRADING FLOOR - DAY

The normally very loud and frenetic place is very quiet and
sober today. They all watch Alexis Glick report...

ALEXIS GLICK (ON THE TVS)
Rumors of insolvency have hit the
street concerning KZI's books and
they're shooting first then asking
questions later. The stock is now
trading just a bit over thirty one
dollars a share, down almost forty
four percent on the session.

And standing in the center of the floor, watching this...

JACOB

Stunned... horrified... his universe becoming unglued.

And he turns to Audry... helpless and in shock.

JACOB
Who did this to us?

She can only shrug... tears in her eyes.

Jacob shifts his gaze over to the trading floor's electronic
ticker on the wall... KZI \$26.34... -\$29.57.

And he moves for the elevator banks... unable to take it
anymore.

EXT. MIDTOWN -DAY

Furious, Jacob walks down 6th ave with his phone to his ear.

JACOB
 Andrew, call me back. I'm going to
 find out who did this to us. I swear
 to God... if it's the last thing I do.
 (beat)
 We're going to bounce back from this.
 And we're going to find out who spread
 the rumor... and then we're going to
 destroy them.

He disconnects the call and keeps walking.

After a beat, with his anger brewing... Jacob SLAMS his phone
 down on the ground and it shatters.

INT. JACOB'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jacob lays on his couch vacantly pondering the ceiling.

Fox Business plays on the new plasma tv on the wall...
 footage of THE GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK, a tough looking man in
 his 40s, speaking to the press outside of The State Capitol.

GOVERNOR (FOOTAGE)
 I don't know anything about the
 solvency of Keller Zabel. I do know
 that what's bringing down the stock at
 this precise moment are rumors. And
 this practice of short selling
 American financial institutions then
 floating rumors in order to profit
 from them must be stopped. The uptick
 rule must be reinstated.

Jacob glares over to the tv.

GOVERNOR (FOOTAGE) (CONT'D)
 And once again, I will point to
 largely unregulated world of hedge
 funds... an ever-growing and
 increasing powerful area of the market
 that I repeatedly tried to regulate as
 Chairman of the SEC...

And there's a loud knock on the door. Jacob ignores it.

GOVERNOR (FOOTAGE) (CONT'D)
 And the collapse of this legendary New
 York financial institution is why I
 continue to fight that battle as
 Governor of this great state.

Another knock... this time louder. Jacob mutes the tv.

JACOB
 What?

From the door...

ROBBY
(shouting)
Jacob... answer the door.

Jacob gets up, moves slowly and answers the door.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
You weren't answering your phone.

JACOB
It broke.

Robby sharply nods.

ROBBY
Dude...

He stops short... swallows...

JACOB
What?

ROBBY
I just found this out and it hasn't
hit the press yet.

Once again... he stops short and looks away in frustration.

JACOB
What? Robby, what are you trying to
say?

ROBBY
Andrew Zabel threw himself in front of
the subway this morning.

Jacob just stands in that doorway. No reaction at all.
Absolutely frozen.

INT. JACOB'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Jacob now stands in the center of his apartment. Completely
in shock. As he looks to the plasma... Fox Business on mute.
Brian Sullivan reporting under the graphic KZI \$19.34... -
\$37.28.

He glares at it for a long moment, then... almost calmly
picks up a chair and throws it into the tv... which shatters.

And Jacob... not sure what to do. Until... he turns and
sees... on the dresser... a gorgeous engagement ring sitting
in an open box... a fuck you ring.

EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY/CAMPUS - DAY

As Jacob bounds the steps of the Business School and heads
into the old stone building.

INT. COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF BUSINESS/URIS LECTURE HALL - DAY

The lecture hall is packed with wall to wall students. Jacob stands at the back.

A PROFESSOR is at the podium.

PROFESSOR
Our speaker today has quite a
checkered background in the world of
finance.

Some laughter from the room.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)
He graduated from City College in 1966
and became a securities broker at
Hudson River Bank then moved on to
Smith Barney. In 1973 he went out on
his own to establish a spectacular
career as a independent trader then an
active participant in the LBO craze of
the 1980s.

(beat)
In 1988, he was indicted for insider
trading and then charged with other
various forms of securities fraud and
IRS violations. In one of the most
harshest sentences ever given to a
white collar criminal... he served
fourteen years in a maximum security
prison and he wants me to stress that
it was not a country club.

Again laughter from the floor.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)
Since his release in 2002, he has
written and has spoken publicly about
what he refers to as the current state
of the world economy. He is not
allowed to trade on the US exchanges.
His new book "Moral Hazard! Why Wall
Street Has Finally Gone Too Far."
comes out in October.

(beat)
Please welcome... Gordon Gekko!

The room applauds... and out to the podium slowly walks...

GORDON GEKKO

No swagger in his step... not in a suit... hair not slicked
back... but still looks fucking good.

As he waits for the applause to wind down... and even a
little longer... surveying every corner of the large room...
commanding its full attention... getting it... holding the
silence... until finally... he leans into the mic and says...

GORDON GEKKO
You're all pretty much fucked.

The room breaks into laughter... Gordon smiles and waits for it to die down.

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
What's not funny is what's happening out there. I don't think people get it. And I know the financial center of the world doesn't get it... which happens to be Washington DC now.

As he takes to a pace...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
To understand where we are, we need to understand how we got here. No good deed goes unpunished, all fires start with a well meaning spark and we wanted Americans to be able to afford homes. Sounds nice enough... lets try to get the middle and lower classes into homes they can own. So we made money cheap and lowered restrictions on mortgage lending.

As he takes a moment and looks over the room...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
Somebody reminded me the other night that I once said "greed is good." I swear I don't remember it but it sounds like something I would say in the Eighties.
(beat)
And I was right then. Greed was good. America needed greed and risk-taking and leverage to get to become the superpower we are... or were. And capitalism needed greed and risk and leverage to become the economic platform it has become... but those same attributes that got us there are now the liabilities that threaten to destroy us.

Jacob's blackberry vibrates and he checks it. He has a text.
"KZI!!! -- wtf?"

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
So greed has been redefined. Who knows -- maybe it was always like this and like everything else in this world, it's good and it is evil.

Taking a moment to survey the room...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
 Because people -- it's greed that
 caused someone who aspires to own a
 seven-hundred thousand dollar house
 they can't afford, to take on a loan
 they'll never be able to pay back...
 and it's greed that caused their
 mortgage lender to give them that loan
 then sell it right away... and it's
 greed that caused the buyer of that
 loan to slice it into a million little
 pieces then spit them all over the
 world... and it's greed that caused
 the rating agency to give that toxic
 loan a triple-A rating just because it
 was mixed in with some good loans...
 and it's greed that caused the
 insurance company to insure that loan.

Jacob quickly glances down again at his blackberry and checks
 the quote, KZI \$14.53.

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
 They were insuring the end of the
 world; "When the world explodes...
 just find us in the rubble and we'll
 be sure to pay your claim."

Drawing in a deep breath...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
 CMO's, CLO's, CBO's, CDO's, CDS's,
 SPE's, ABCP's, SIV's, REMIC's, CMBS's,
 toxic traunches, ninja loans, credit
 default swaps, affinity marketing,
 stapled financing, synthetic
 securitization.
 (beat)
 Maybe I was in prison too long but I
 have no idea what half that shit
 means.

The room laughs in agreement.

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
 And I'm considered a pretty smart guy
 when it comes to finance!

And Jacob's blackberry vibrates again. This time he removes
 it from his pocket, doesn't check it and simply turns it off.

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
 And if I know our central bank --
 which I do -- I predict it's going to
 throw gasoline on this fire with more
 cheap money and federal bailouts and
 head-in-the-sand manipulated
 statistics on productivity and
 inflation.

And Gordon stops pacing... takes a moment for effect.

Then sums it all up with...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
 So no good deed goes unpunished and
 all fires start with a well-meaning
 spark and when you take free money and
 no lending standards then add it with
 unaccountable risk and ungodly
 leverage and unbridled greed... what
 you end up with is cancer.

And Gordon takes in a deep breath...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
 Systemic, malignant and global.

Now the room is completely silent.

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
 Do they still have the V&T restaurant
 on Amsterdam? Is that still there?

A stunned girl in the front row shakes her head.

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
 (with a smile)
 God, I loved their pizza.

INT. URIS HALLWAY - DAY

Jacob looks on as Gordon is surrounded by professors and
 students alike...

GORDON GEKKO
 (announcing to the throng)
 I'll give you six minutes then I
 really have to go.

EXT. URIS HALL - EXACTLY 6 MINUTES LATER

Gordon quickly walks out with his PUBLISHER, a woman in her
 40s and heads into the quad. Jacob immediately matches their
 stride.

JACOB
 Mr. Gekko, can I speak to you for a
 moment?

As he keeps walking...

GORDON GEKKO
 You're too late, Sport... Q&A's over.

JACOB
 My name is Jacob Moore and I'm dating
 your daughter.
 (and then)
 I'm going to ask her to marry me.

And this makes Gordon stop and finally face Jacob with...

GORDON GEKKO
I'll give you nine minutes.

EXT. 112TH STREET - MOMENTS LATER

As Gordon and Jacob leave the campus and take to the street.

GORDON GEKKO
Keller, Zabel? Then you have my
apologies.

JACOB
Yeah...

GORDON GEKKO
Stock's in a free fall. My guess is
that it just lost its Bar Mitzvah...

Jacob quickly takes out his blackberry, turns it on and
checks to see Gordon's right... KZI... \$12.54.

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
By the end of the day it might not
even be potty trained.

And Jacob looks at him.

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
I might not be allowed to trade, Jake,
but I still love to watch from home.

JACOB
Andrew Zabel took me under his wing
when I was in high school. He
basically got me my scholarship to
Yale then hired me right out of
business school.

GORDON GEKKO
Andrew's smart, he beats the
benchmarks consistently. He'll land
on his feet.

JACOB
He's dead.

And Gordon stops walking and regards Jacob. Who confirms...

JACOB (CONT'D)
He killed himself this morning.

As that registers...

GORDON GEKKO
I'm sorry to hear that.

JACOB
He was a father to me.

And Jacob coldly shakes it off then sucks in a deep breath and looks into Gordon's eyes... genuine and lofty...

JACOB (CONT'D)
I love your daughter very much and I
would be honored if...

And realizing what this is... Gordon starts to laugh... which throws Jacob off.

JACOB (CONT'D)
... you would bless-- I really don't
understand what you find so funny.

GORDON GEKKO
My daughter hasn't spoken to me for
eleven years and you know it. She
blames me for her brother's overdose
and every other disaster that's fallen
upon the world since the mid-nineties.
(beat)
And by the way, isn't it strange that
Winnie would date a guy from the
street?

JACOB
What?

GORDON GEKKO
She hates me. And she hates Wall
Street and everything it represents...
so don't you find it curious that she
would fall in love with you?

And that slams into Jacob... who's frozen for a beat.

Jacob finally snaps out of it then joins Gordon.

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
So you want my blessing?

JACOB
Yes.

GORDON GEKKO
I guess I should know a little about
you first. Where did you grow up?

JACOB
Matinecock.

GORDON GEKKO
I'm impressed.

JACOB
It wasn't like that. I mean we didn't
have much money. My mother was a
tailor.

GORDON GEKKO
And your father... what did he do?

JACOB
Disappear.

And Gordon regards Jacob for a long moment, taking him in,
until...

GORDON GEKKO
Clever.

Jacob looks down the street.

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
What are you looking for?

JACOB
Your town car.

With a laugh...

GORDON GEKKO
Well, pal...

As Gordon pats Jacob on the back...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
... then you're going to be looking
for quite awhile.

... and heads for the subway.

INT. 110TH STREET SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Gordon takes out his wallet and produces his metrocard.
Jacob notices a picture of Winnie in the wallet.

JACOB
(re picture)
Can I see that?

Gordon shrugs and shows the picture to Jacob.

It's of a young Winnie and younger Gordon on the back of a
gorgeous white horse.

GORDON GEKKO
She was eight in that one. It was
taken in Egypt.

JACOB
Can I... have it?
(explaining)
She doesn't keep pictures from her
childhood.

Gordon slowly nods.

GORDON GEKKO
What do I get in return?

JACOB
You... wanna make a trade?

And Gordon thinks about, then...

GORDON GEKKO
Yes. I'll give you this picture and
in return... I'd like a picture of
Winnie... taken recently... without
you in it.

JACOB
I don't have one on me.

Gordon sighs, takes the picture out of his wallet and hands
it to Jacob.

GORDON GEKKO
Then I'll give you this one on margin.

PLATFORM

As they wait for the train...

Jacob produces the ring box and opens it to show Gordon the
ring.

JACOB
I really did come to ask for your
blessing.

GORDON GEKKO
No, you didn't. Nice ring...

As the train arrives...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
It's so typical.
(inside of an ironic laugh)
Levered to the hilt... and with the
ship going down...

As he gets on...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
... they still gave you a bonus.

INT. THE DOWNTOWN 3 TRAIN - DAY

Gordon stares at a one sheet advertisement on the wall.
And he doesn't look at Jacob when he says...

GORDON GEKKO
Don't play me, Jake. You don't think
I can see it in your eyes? You don't
think I know that look?
(beat)
(MORE)

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
 I know it by sight, Kid... because I
 lived it for years. Christ, I can
 even smell it on you.

JACOB
 Smell what on me?

GORDON GEKKO
 Revenge.

Jacob just looks away.

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
 Some hedgehog said bad things about
 your company. It caused the stock to
 plummet and made those bad things
 become true.

And Jacob now sees the poster that has Gordon's attention.
 It features a pile of money being blown out the window under
 the caption that reads... "If this looks familiar to you...
 it's because you're renting!"

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
 The man you loved like a father threw
 himself in front of the uptown five
 this morning and you want to bring
 that hedgehog to their knees.

JACOB
 You knew he was dead?

"Guardian Mortgage... Low down payments... Adjustable rates."

GORDON GEKKO
 Like I said -- I still love to watch
 from home.

And now Gordon turns to face Jacob with...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
 So don't insult me by pretending to
 ask for Winnifred's hand when what you
 really want to know is who to bring
 down to their knees and how to do it.

And Jacob swallows that back... doesn't argue it.

JACOB
 I know who.

GORDON GEKKO
 Really?

JACOB
 It was either Nassim Tariq from the
 Frontier Fund, Bretton Woods from
 Locust or Karen Molina from ESL.

GORDON GEKKO
Does Winnie even know you came to see me?

JACOB
Well, not exactly.
(then)
But I'm going to tell her.

GORDON GEKKO
Not such a grand idea, Pal.

Off Jacob's confusion...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
See, I have a feeling you're going to want to see me again. And if you tell her we had this little pow-wow... she's not going to let that happen.

As Jacob considers that... the train slows to a stop.

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
Look, you seem like a smart kid.
(beat)
Walk away, dust off your resume and get another job...

As he steals one last glance at that Guardian Mortgage ad...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
... but do it quick.

And with that, Gordon moves for the doors.

But Jacob steps in front of him.

JACOB
I'm going to bring them down. Whoever floated the rumor for a quick buck.

GORDON GEKKO
It's not worth it. It's a waste of energy and time. See, Jacob, nobody gets it... they never did.

As the subway doors open...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
If there's one thing I learned in prison it's that money is not the prime commodity in our lives... time is.
(beat)
And your nine minutes are up.

And Gordon Gekko gets off the subway... leaving Jacob on the train. But right before the doors close, Gordon stops and turns with...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
 There are worse ways to go than
 jumping in front of a train. For
 instance, could you imagine taking
 something for your diabetes...

As the doors close...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
 .. and end up having it cause you to
 die of acute pancreatitis?

And as the subway pulls out of the station, Jacob Moore just
 stands there... holding the pole and wondering what the hell
 that was supposed to mean.

EXT. ANDREW ZABEL'S MATINECOCK, LONG ISLAND HOME - DAY

A Victorian Estate on a bluff. Zabel's funeral in progress.
 Hundreds of people made it out from the city. All types.

PRIEST
 Andrew didn't have children, so he
 made all you -- all of us -- his
 children.
 (beat)
 And to list Andrew Zabel's many
 accomplishments would take me far too
 long to enumerate, but if you just
 look around you, you'll see those
 accomplishments in the faces of the
 many people gathered here today.

And we pan the procession of mourners... past...

PRIEST (CONT'D)
 The alumni of the Morris High School
 class of 1997... who -- through the
 adopt a grade program -- Andrew
 pledged to pay the college educations
 of every member who graduated and got
 accepted into a University.

... past...

PRIEST (CONT'D)
 The members of the Saint Helena
 Symphony, who Andrew provided
 emergency funding for when they were
 facing extinction.
 (beat)
 And the many, many, other recipients
 of Andrew Zabel's generosity.

... and past...

PRIEST (CONT'D)
 Those who were left behind... those
 who were overlooked... those who
 otherwise would never have stood a
 chance.

And we land on Jacob L. Moore...

PRIEST (CONT'D) (O.S.)
Above being just a great financial
mind... or a great husband...

He wears a dark suit... and a blank expression...

PRIEST (CONT'D) (O.S.)
... or a great father... or a great
neighbor... or a great friend...

... with nothing but cold retribution in his eyes.

PRIEST (CONT'D) (O.S.)
... Andrew Zabel was a great man.

INT. POOL HOUSE - DAY

Most of the guests across the pool eat and quietly mill about.
We're with Jacob, Willy, Audry and another trader named
DANIEL.

AUDRY
Two dollars a share?

WILLY
The Fed didn't give us a choice.

Jacob walks around the room... taking in the pictures of
Andrew Zabel's life...

AUDRY
Does that include the building?

DANIEL
What about the Zabel's institutional
managed fund? How much is in that?

WILLY
Eight billion.

AUDRY
And that's all intact.

DANIEL
Jesus, United Bancorp made out like a
bandit.

WILLY
We could've handled it at \$60 a share
or even \$50.

He just shakes his head...

WILLY (CONT'D)
It was that fucking rumor. It was so
well timed. And the market doesn't
care... shoot first, ask later.

DANIEL
Lemmings.

AUDRY
(ominously)
United has a huge trading desk.

DANIEL
Yeah, we're all out of a job.

Jacob pulls away from the wall of pictures...

JACOB
My mother was a tailor.

They all look at him.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Out of our house less than five miles
from here.

AUDRY
You're from Matinecock? I thought you
didn't grow up with mon--

Jacob confirms...

JACOB
We weren't rich. Everyone else was.
(beat)
She altered their clothes and I
carried their golf clubs.

And Jacob looks at a picture of Andrew Zabel one more time...

JACOB (CONT'D)
He gave me a seat at the table.

... and goes.

EXT. ANDREW ZABEL'S HOME - DAY

Jacob heads for the main house. He sees BARBARA ZABEL,
Andrew's wife, sitting next to the some friends.

Jacob slowly walks over and when she sees him... she
stands... wobbly and full of tears.

BARBARA
Jacob...

Jacob takes her into his embrace...

BARBARA (CONT'D)
(through her sobs)
You were a son to him...

Squeezing her tight... fighting back a rush of emotion.

JACOB
I was a fucked up kid, I was angry, my
mother couldn't control me. He was
the only one who cared. I wouldn't be
anywhere right now if it wasn't for...

And Jacob Moore stops short... finally breaking down...
allowing his own tears to stream down his face.

He pulls away...

JACOB (CONT'D)
If you need anything.

She nods.

And Jacob moves away from the people and moves across the
lawn. But he stops when he sees a woman standing across the
way... we've seen pictures of her.

She's in her late-twenties with a natural beauty that might
take two glances to notice. But after that second glance...
it's unforgettable. She's WINNIE GEKKO.

As she rushes to him...

WINNIE
Jacob, I'm so sorry.
(beat)
Why didn't you tell me?

JACOB
Lehigh had the committee hearings and
I knew he would need you and I didn't
want to--

WINNIE
That's not how this works.

And she looks into his eyes.

WINNIE (CONT'D)
Jacob, that's not how this works.

He nods. Regards her for a beat, then...

JACOB
Will you marry me?

WINNIE
What?

JACOB
I got a ring. Not on me, but--

WINNIE
Are you proposing to me at a funeral?

JACOB
Yeah.

And then...

JACOB (CONT'D)
I had a whole thing I was going to do
in DC but seeing you... the words just
kind of fell out of my mouth... I
don't know.

WINNIE
He would've loved you doing this here.

Jacob agrees. And she softly kisses him and squeezes him
tight... tears in her eyes.

WINNIE (CONT'D)
Yes... I'll marry you, Jacob.

Hugging her back.

JACOB
By the way, I don't have a job
anymore.

WINNIE
Awesome.

AND THAT FUCK YOU RING

Glittering in all its glory. Pull back to be in...

JACOB'S APARTMENT

Winnie looks up from the ring.

WINNIE (CONT'D)
It's beautiful.

JACOB
Yeah...

WINNIE
It's too expensive. We'll return it.

JACOB
No.

WINNIE
Jacob I don't care about what ring you
give me. You know that.

JACOB
We're not taking it back. I worked
hard for that ring and I want you to
wear it.

She regards him... he's serious.

WINNIE
Okay.

He moves to her... takes the ring and places it on her finger.

Then Jacob pulls her into his kiss... it's almost violent. She's taken off guard.

And as they fall into each other then back onto the bed...

INT. KELLER, ZABEL INVESTMENTS/TRADING FLOOR - DAY

The whole floor is dead. The tvs are off.

Jacob cleans out his desk, Audry cleans hers out as well across the way.

Jacob wipes his forehead and glances up at the large letters on the wall "Keller, Zabel Investments."

And he shakes his head in anger and frustration...

JACOB

Hey Audry.

She looks up.

JACOB (CONT'D)

You cover pharm and biotech.

AUDRY

I did.

JACOB

Who are the big players in diabetes treatments?

AUDRY

Lilly, Abbot, OSI, Inverness.

JACOB

Is anyone riding on something in phase three?

AUDRY

Few midcaps maybe. You want me to check?

He nods. She turns on her computer and takes a seat.

AUDRY (CONT'D)

Oh, this takes me back to when I had a job...

He stands over her shoulder.

AUDRY (CONT'D)

Yeah, Amlyn pharmaceuticals has Byetta going in front of the FDA next month. I remember this...

(MORE)

AUDRY (CONT'D)
they pulled it during phase two
because some of the test subjects died
but they've obviously solved those
problems now.

JACOB
How did they die?

AUDRY
I don't remember.

JACOB
Pancreatitis?

AUDRY
Yeah. That was it.

Jacob shakes his head...

JACOB
How did he know?

AUDRY
Who?

Without answering her...

JACOB
Can you look up large institutional
ownership?

AUDRY
Mutual or hedge?

JACOB
Hedge.

AUDRY
Locust Fund owns a shitload.

And she looks over to Jacob with...

AUDRY (CONT'D)
Bretton Woods.

As he takes in that information...

JACOB
Want your severance, Audry?

And he kisses her on the forehead...

JACOB (CONT'D)
Short Amlyn pharmaceuticals.

... and goes.

INT. CHRISTIE'S SHOWING - NIGHT

As Jacob peruses the paintings that are going up for auction with Hedge Fund PM.

HEDGE FUND PM
What the fuck is pancreatitis anyway?

INT. EVOLUTION STUDIO'S - DAY

A private gym on Greene street. As Jacob spars with a BLOGGER from streetaccount.com...

JACOB
I don't know exactly but it's not something you wanna come down with.

INT. TRICEBA LOFT - NIGHT

5000 square feet of space, exposed brick and Minotti furniture. A private wine tasting is being held.

About fifteen people look on as the SOMMELIER describes the details of the bottle he's uncorking.

Near the back, find Jacob standing with a MORGAN STANLEY PRIVATE CLIENT GROUP PORTFOLIO MANAGER.

MORGAN PORTFOLIO MANAGER
(whispers to Jacob)
When's the FDA coming down with their decision?

CHRISTIE'S

As they stand in front of a huge Sigmar Polke...

JACOB
Any day now.

EVOLUTION STUDIOS

While showering Jacob with quick jabs...

BLOGGER
Where's your information from?

LOFT

Holding the wine he's supposed to be sampling but not drinking it...

JACOB
A doctor that's very close to the trials... and that's all I can say.

CHRISTIES

As they move on from the Polke...

JACOB (CONT'D)
 But listen, I'm out of work now so I
 can't afford to get behind size on
 this trade... I'm only telling you
 because you've helped me in the past.

EVOLUTION STUDIOS

As he removes his head gear and wipes away the sweat.

JACOB (CONT'D)
 This is completely off the record. So
 please...

LOFT

As they receive the next glass of wine...

JACOB (CONT'D)
 ... don't tell anyone.

EXT. UNION STATION WASHINGTON DC - NIGHT

Jacob gets off the train and sees her across the platform...
 Winnie.

And as he brings her into his embrace...

INT. WASHINGTON DC/15 RIA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jacob and Winnie have dinner with her boss, SENATOR KATHERINE
 LEHIGH, 50's.

JACOB
 Your boy's coming up in the polls.

Senator Lehigh nods.

SENATOR LEHIGH
 They're blaming this mess on the
 current administration... it's helping
 us. And some people say that the
 worst isn't over.

JACOB
 Her father. What's the word he
 uses... systemic.

Winnie looks over to Jacob.

WINNIE
 When did he say that?

And Jacob takes for an extra long moment... holding her
 look... then comes to a decision and lies...

JACOB
 On Charlie Rose.

But Winnie continues to glare at him... until...

SENATOR LEHIGH
(with a smile)
Okay -- so when's the big date?

EXT. MANHATTAN - MONDAY MORNING

As New York opens for business...

INT. STREETACCOUNT.COM OFFICES - MORNING

The prevalent pay site for all hedgefunders, trading desk cowboys and large individual players. Looks like a scrappy internet start-up with mismatching cheap office furniture.

As our blogger from the gym sips his coffee, fires up his computer and starts to type...

INT. WINNIE'S APARTMENT/WASHINGTON DC - MORNING

A small well appointed two-bedroom in Cleveland Heights.

Jacob wakes and leans up. He regards Winnie sleeping next to him. He softly kisses her neck. She smiles in her sleep then rolls over.

As their bodies intertwine...

INT. THE CAPITAL FUND/NEW YORK OFFICES - MORNING

A huge industrial space in the highline district that houses this eight billion dollar hedge fund.

Find a meeting in progress with all of the fund PORTFOLIO MANAGERS. This is known as the weekly idea storm session... where each PM pitches new trade ideas.

As Hedge Fund PM stands up to present to the team with a confident smile...

INT. WINNIE'S APARTMENT/WASHINGTON DC - MORNING

Dressed for work, Winnie heads into the bedroom and regards Jacob still laying in bed.

She kisses him on the forehead, lays a section of The Washington Post on his chest with a little laugh then goes.

As Jacob looks down to see... it's the classified jobs section.

INT. MORGAN STANLEY/PRIVATE CLIENT GROUP OFFICES - MORNING

Midtown, corporate, high-floor.

Find the private client portfolio manager we remember from the wine tasting.

He sits at his computer in a big corner office with a beautiful western view to the river behind him and types in an IM window "AMLN short -- FDA to deny Byetta" then hits send.

As he receives the digital receipt... "1209 instant messages sent."

INT. WINNIE'S APARTMENT/WASHINGTON DC - MORNING

As Jacob munches toast and watches Fox Business in his underwear...

JENNA LEE (ON TV)
... another stock that's getting
beaten before the bell is Amlyn
Pharmaceuticals. The stock's down
nine percent in premarket trading on
no news.

Jacob smiles.

JENNA LEE (ON TV) (CONT'D)
When we come back we have Blue star
Airlines' CEO Bud Fox discussing how
he turned his once small regional
airline into the country's third
largest carrier.

INT. AMLYN PHARMACEUTICALS/PRESS ROOM - DAY

A select group of Financial JOURNALISTS sit in small metal chairs in front of a podium with the Amlyn name and logo behind it.

As the INVESTOR RELATIONS OFFICER heads up the podium and opens his prepared statement...

INT. WINNIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jacob watches "Happy Hour" on Fox Business as Winnie opens a bottle of wine in the kitchen. She pours a glass of wine and another of water.

WINNIE
If he wins... she has a real chance
for a cabinet position and I'm pretty
sure she'll take me with her if she
can.

JACOB
He's going to win.

As she hands him the glass of water...

WINNIE
Don't jinx it.

And Jacob sees Amlyn Pharmaceuticals graphic on the screen and turns up the tv.

ERIC BOLLING (ON THE TV)
 Big drop in Amlyn as negative rumors
 on the street forced the company to
 admit there are still internal
 concerns about Byetta and
 pancreatitis. They now may be forced
 to pull the phase three drug from FDA
 review and retool.
 (beat)
 The stock takes a twenty-eight percent
 haircut.

WINNIE
 Can we watch something else?

Jacob brings her in and kisses her...

JACOB
 Whatever you want.

Her phone rings. As she goes to answer it...

WINNIE
 (kidding)
 Project Runway.

JACOB
 Not Project Runway.

Picking up the phone...

WINNIE
 Hello... who is this? Hold on.

As she pulls the phone away from her ear and looks over to
 Jacob...

WINNIE (CONT'D)
 It's for you... someone named Bretton
 Woods?

EXT. 15 CENTRAL PARK WEST - NIGHT

Jacob rounds West 62nd street and stares down the hottest new
 address in Manhattan. A little nervous, he sucks in a deep
 breath then heads into the building.

INT. 15 CENTRAL PARK WEST/ PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

A BUTLER lets Jacob in. Jacob takes in the massive space
 with an insane view of Central Park. He can hear a beautiful
 sonata playing in the next room.

JACOB
 I'm here to see Bretton Woods.

The butler nods then leads Jacob through the full floor unit
 and into the...

PARLOR

A huge chandelier hangs over the all marble room. A fireplace on one wall and a twelve foot wall of glass featuring that park view on the other.

And Jacob realizes that sonata is live. He's walked into a recital of some sort.

About twenty people sit watching a YOUNG GIRL play on a very unique looking silver grand piano.

The girl can't be a day over thirteen. She's playing Mozart's "Ronda Alla Turca"... her fingers gliding across the keyboard in precision, her eyes closed in inspiration. It's as spectacular as it is moving.

Jacob takes it in for a moment then looks over the room. All ethnicities and types...

The AFRICAN LEADER in full tribal gear, the DISHEVELED ARTIST with his GAY NOVELIST LOVER, the NEW YORK KNICK with his MODEL WIFE, the MOVIE STAR with her TEENAGE SON.

And BRETTON WOODS...

Mid 40s, slicing jawline, deep set eyes, in great shape, refined, composed and masculine.

He's the owner of this penthouse and he's looking right at Jacob. Jacob looks away.

And the young girl finishes the last movement of the sonata to applause.

The guests all stand, some go talk with the girl. Brettton heads over to Jacob.

BRETTON WOODS
As you can see, I'm having a little
dinner party here but I thought it was
important we speak right away.

He speaks with a British accent.. Jacob nods.

Brettton looks over the room for a moment, scans his guests then back at Jacob...

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
Please... if you don't mind waiting in
my office, I'll be in a minute.

And the butler is already at Jacob's side, motioning him to follow him.

INT. BRETTON WOODS'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jacob waits for Brettton. He looks over the place. The view of the park. The classic furniture.

AND THE HUGE PAINTING ON THE WALL

Of a giant man-like monster eating a much smaller naked human. The smaller man's head's been bitten off and blood drips down the body.

Jacob holds on the painting.

BRETTON WOODS (O.S.)
Saturno devorando a sus hijos.

As Jacob turns to see Bretton standing in the doorway.

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
Saturn devouring his son. Francisco
Goya.

Bretton heads in and closes the door behind him.

JACOB
Do you collect?

BRETTON WOODS
No.

Sitting behind his desk...

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
Only the obsessive compulsive or the
insecure egotistical feel the need to
collect things.

Jacob nods. Bretton just looks at him... making him nervous.

JACOB
Your daughter's an amazing piano
player. That was quite a show.

BRETTON WOODS
That wasn't my daughter. That was
Isabel Patrovsky, she's the world's
greatest living piano prodigy.
(beat)
And that wasn't a show... that was a
very expensive private recital.

There's a long beat of silence with Jacob just looking at
Bretton... taking him in.

And it's unmistakable -- the one thing that this man exudes
above all else... is composure.

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
You cost my fund three hundred and
forty million dollars today.

Off of Jacob's slight smile...

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
Yeah, kills my year, pushes my
watermark higher and might cause
redemptions.

(MORE)

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)

(beat)
I hope you're happy. My fund's in trouble now.

Jacob just shrugs.

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)

You don't want to deny it?

JACOB

No.

BRETTON WOODS

Who told you?

JACOB

A doctor I know.

Bretton nods... regards him.

BRETTON WOODS

I checked with all the desks in town... you didn't make money off it.

JACOB

That's right.

BRETTON WOODS

Then why did you do it?

JACOB

You destroyed my firm.

BRETTON WOODS

Your firm destroyed itself.

JACOB

You killed Andrew Zabel.

BRETTON WOODS

Andrew Zabel killed himself.

And Bretton sighs...

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)

The rumors were true.

JACOB

You made them true.

BRETTON WOODS

No, Jacob, being levered thirty-eight to one in toxic debt made them true.

(beat)

Institutional money-running was Zabel's talent... he didn't have a down year in the last twenty.

Jacob just glares at him.

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
 His fatal flaw was allowing the
 children on his mortgage security desk
 to talk him into the deadly game of
 hot potato everybody's been so fond of
 playing recently.

And Jacob holds Bretton's look for a moment, then... heads
 for the door without saying a thing...

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
 Come work for me.

Jacob stops and turns...

JACOB
 What?

BRETTON WOODS
 I run three billion dollars. Come
 help me run it.

And Jacob takes a beat... processing this...

JACOB
 Why me?

BRETTON WOODS
 Because your loyalty desired revenge,
 your balls actually attempted it and
 your skills pulled it off.

As he stands...

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
 And as for Andrew Zabel... there
 really is no telling why he did what
 he did.
 (beat)
 As far as I'm concerned, it was just a
 bit of money... and there are surely
 more important things in the world.

And Jacob sucks in a deep breath -- containing his anger.

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
 Now I'm going on Safari with my
 family. Think about the offer and get
 in touch after the July 4th holiday.

... heading for the door...

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
 You got my attention, Jacob... and
 that's one of the rarest commodities
 out there.

And Jacob just regards him, then...

JACOB
 You can have my answer now, Bretton...
 I have no interest in working for a
 fund that's in trouble.

Bretton smiles...

BRETTON WOODS
 Touche.

Jacob nods... holding Bretton's look. Then...

JACOB
 What's your number?

BRETTON WOODS
 Excuse me?

JACOB
 The amount of money you would need to
 be able to walk away from it all and
 just live happily-ever-after.
 (beat)
 Everybody has one -- it's an exact
 number -- what's yours?

And Bretton takes a moment to think about that, then simply
 says...

BRETTON WOODS
 More.

... and disappears into his penthouse.

EXT. 533 THIRD AVENUE - MORNING

Jacob heads out of his building to be greeted by...

DIEGO
 You know what I overheard a guy say
 yesterday?

JACOB
 I know you're going to tell me...

Diego smiles...

DIEGO
 "This market's just like a divorce.
 I've lost half my money... only I
 still have my wife!"

As he goes into the hot summer day...

JACOB
 Not bad...

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE/ATLANTIC GRILL - DAY

Jacob heads up to the restaurant to find Gordon Gekko waiting outside.

GORDON GEKKO
There's a wait.

JACOB
Oh...

GORDON GEKKO
Fifteen minutes she said.

JACOB
Okay.

GORDON GEKKO
No, that's not okay. Because it means they're crowded so every tier in the service chain will be extended. The sixteen minutes we would normally wait to order will now be twenty six, the standard twenty four minutes waiting for our food to arrive will turn into thirty nine, the eight minutes to get the check will become seventeen and the four minutes to process the credit card will take nine.
(beat)
I told you I'd have lunch with you... not give you a hundred and six minutes of my time.

Jacob just stands there.

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
Let's go to Whole Foods.

INT. WHOLE FOODS - DAY

Gordon and Jacob share a little table out front of the market. Gordon enjoys a turkey burger from the deli while Jacob doesn't eat.

GORDON GEKKO
Did you eat before?

JACOB
Just not hungry.

GORDON GEKKO
Yeah... I used to not eat lunch too.

Jacob nods and slides something across the table. The picture of Winnie in workout gear, flipping the finger.

Gordon looks at it and laughs.

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
Fitting.

As he places it in his pocket...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
That'll make it a round trade for us.

JACOB
I actually owe you one now.

Off Gordon's look...

JACOB (CONT'D)
I crushed him.

GORDON GEKKO
Did you?

JACOB
His fund is bleeding. I wouldn't be surprised if the redemptions finish the job.

GORDON GEKKO
Well, Chief... you seem awfully proud of yourself.

JACOB
How'd you know about Amlyn?

Gordon shrugs.

GORDON GEKKO
It's amazing what information you can find out when people know you're not going to trade on it.

JACOB
So, you didn't use me to make a little money?

And never to look up from his lunch...

GORDON GEKKO
Naw. I prefer to write about the action now than be apart of it.

JACOB
Why'd you give it to me?

GORDON GEKKO
You're out of a job and most likely going to marry my daughter... I figured you could use the money.

JACOB
I didn't make any money off of it.

GORDON GEKKO
You didn't trade it?

With a smile in and over-the-top faux innocence.

JACOB
That would've been insider trading,
Mr. Gekko.

Gordon just shakes his head.

JACOB (CONT'D)
And not "most likely."
(beat)
Winnie and I are engaged.

As Gordon finally looks up from his burger... impressed.

EXT. PARK AVENUE - DAY

As they walk up Park Avenue...

GORDON GEKKO
So did you take my advice and not tell
your new fiance about our little
friendship.

Jacob doesn't say anything. And Gordon doesn't press.

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
So, I'm guessing she's not going to
take your last name.

JACOB
Good guess.

GORDON GEKKO
That's my Winnie. I knew she was a
feminist when she was five and furious
that Mrs. Claus didn't get enough
credit.

And this makes Jacob smile... then...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
My brother has two daughters. I had
Winnie and Rudy.
(sucking in a deep breath)
And since Rudy... you know... well,
I've worried about the name. It's
something you don't really think about
until you hit sixty or so but it's
important.

As they walk some more in silence, until...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
I want you to get my daughter to
accept me back into her life again,
Jacob.

Jacob slowly nods... not surprised.

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
Because save for the extremely
precious and depreciating asset of
time... she's all I have.

As Gordon stops in front of a Georgian-style, pre-war
building and turns to Jacob...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
C'mon, I'll show you some more
pictures of your fiancée that she
doesn't want you to see.

INT. 655 PARK AVENUE/ELEVATOR - DAY

Gordon and Jacob get into the elevator, Gordon pushes "4."
The doors begin to close but someone gets on at the last
moment.

He's a hedge fund type, real SLICK, reminds us of Gekko
twenty years ago. Oh... and he's about 29 years old.

SLICK
Gordon...

Gekko nods. Slick hits his floor... "PH."

SLICK (CONT'D)
Sky still falling?

GORDON GEKKO
You know it.

SLICK
(inside of a derisive sigh)
Sells books I guess.

INT. GEKKO'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

No doubt about it, this is a nice place. Worth three million
dollars, maybe four at the beginning of the year.

Sparsely decorated. Large framed photographs line the walls.

Gordon shows Jacob pictures of Winnie's childhood.

GORDON GEKKO
She refused to take that cowboy hat
off. She actually slept in it.

Smitten, Jacob looks at some more of the pictures then
stands... taking in the large framed pictures on the wall.

As Jacob checks out a framed chart for "Gouda Tulip Bulbs Dec
1 1634 to Feb 5 1637." The chart goes straight up and to the
right then straight down in a single line.

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
Tulip mania... the art of a bubble.

JACOB
Bretton offered to hire me.

GORDON GEKKO
And did you accept?

As Jacob moves over to an another piece.

JACOB
Fuck no.

Jacob now finds himself looking at a political cartoon from the early 1900s.

It's of two men rowing a boat in a lake of dollars. One of the men is Uncle Sam dressed in US flag colors. But Sam's very small in this cartoon... can't really row the boat.

The other man is much bigger and clearly doing the heavy rowing. He is...

GORDON GEKKO
JP Morgan... he single-handedly stopped the Panic of 1907 by stepping in and buying up shares in all the companies that were crashing. Everyone else quickly followed like lemmings.
(re political cartoon)
See -- people had stopped looking to their government or trusted advisors. They looked to JP Morgan. It was all about simple psychology -- every crash should have a JP Morgan to step in and save it.

As they walk the hardwood floor...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
See Jacob... the best opportunities are found where angels fear to tread.

And they arrive at the next piece on the wall... a small framed bond.

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
That's a bond issued by the Central American country of Poyais. Gregor McGregor made a fortune dealing these to the British elite in 1820.
(beat)
The country didn't exist.

And now Jacob notices a very strange picture across the room... he goes over to look at it.

It's very old... black and white... of a woman filling her stove with money.

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
Weimer Republic of Germany 1922.
Inflation turned to hyper-inflation
and it was more efficient to burn the
money for heat than spend it.

JACOB
That's horrifying.

GORDON GEKKO
I know.

As they both hold on the picture...

JACOB
What caused it?

GORDON GEKKO
A country in debt... that took on even
more debt to fund a war... then
printed mountains of money to avoid a
depression and other financial
imbalances...

As he turns to face Jacob...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
... sound familiar?

JACOB
And you honestly think this is where
we're heading?

Looking Jacob head on... deadly serious...

GORDON GEKKO
If we don't take our heads out of the
sand... yes. It's going to get bad
out there, Champ, I'm not going to
lie. Even the small regional bank I
started out at might go under.

JACOB
Hudson River Bank...

GORDON GEKKO
That's right.

And then...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
And I've got some news for you... he
ain't bleeding. He's not even cut.

JACOB
What are you talking about?

GORDON GEKKO
What I'm talking about, Jake... is
that I'd bet dollars to donuts that
Bretton Woods unwound most of his
position in Amlyn last week. That he
knew about the pancreatitis.

Off of Jacob's confusion...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
The only reason you think you hurt him
is because he wanted you to think
that.

JACOB
How do you know that?

GORDON GEKKO
I don't. But it's not Bretton's first
rodeo... and my instincts for this
sort of thing don't often disappoint.

Jacob can't believe it. And with each passing moment of
realization... shock turns into rage.

JACOB
I can't believe it.

GORDON GEKKO
Believe it, Princess... he's beating
your ass all over the court.

As Jacob tries to calm himself.

JACOB
And you think I should take the job --
bring him down from the inside?

Gordon confirms that with a simple shake of the head and...

GORDON GEKKO
I don't know, Jake... what you kids
think is pay-back these days is really
incredible. When I was coming up, we
slaughtered men.
(beat)
There are guys still working at penny
ante brokerages in the Poughkeepsie's
of this country because they crossed
me.

While Jacob processes that...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
So I'll make you another trade, Jake.
I'll help you bring him down, if you
help me get her back.

As Jacob just looks away... non committal.

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
... then you both can have a father.

EXT. PARK AVENUE - NIGHT

As Jacob walks... on the phone with...

ROBBY
Jacob, I could lose my job.

... who holds his sleeping infant in his hands.

JACOB
Robby, I need to know. Now nobody
moves size in this town without using
your desk.
(beat)
We'll play twenty questions only it'll
be two questions and all you have to
do is say "yes or no."

Capitulating with a sigh...

ROBBY
Fire away...

JACOB
Bretton Woods... The Locust Fund...
did they make any major moves in the
last few weeks?

ROBBY
Yes.

JACOB
Was it unloading Amlyn
pharmaceuticals?

ROBBY
(nervous)
Jacob...

JACOB
Robby, I got you the fucking the job!

And after a long moment.

ROBBY
Yes.

Jacob stops walking... sucks in a deep breath...

JACOB
I'm sorry to make you do that.

With that, he disconnects and shakes his head in frustration.

And after a moment, Jacob sucks in a deep breath then makes
another call.

JACOB (CONT'D)
 (into the phone)
 Okay Gordon... you've got yourself a
 trade.

AND WERE BACK ON THE CHART

As a circle forms on June 19th then travels down the trend
 line to early July and stops.

And as a circle is formed around July 4th, we...

CUT TO:

FIREWORKS

Exploding over the Capitol building.

EXT. SENATOR LEHIGH'S GEORGETOWN HOME - NIGHT

A BBQ for the political set and their families. Paper plates
 and plastic cups are being thrown away by HELP Children and
 parents lay on blankets watching the fireworks.

Jacob holds Winnie as they look up at the sky...

WINNIE
 My parents would always throw this
 huge party in the Hamptons on the
 fourth. The city of South Hampton
 would have its firework show at 8pm
 then my father would wait until it was
 over then put on his... which, of
 course, was always twice as
 spectacular.

She leans up, sips her wine, then...

WINNIE (CONT'D)
 Then one year the city passed an
 ordinance that their firework show had
 to be the last of the night... they
 were sick of getting shown up by
 Gordon Gekko.

Jacob laughs...

JACOB
 What'd he do?

WINNIE
 He rented a barge and shot the
 fireworks off of it a mile off the
 coast... out of jurisdiction.
 (then... almost to herself)
 The show was even more amazing over
 the water.

And Jacob looks at her.

JACOB
I think he should be invited to the wedding.

WINNIE
No.

JACOB
Winnie, he's your father...

As the fireworks explode into their finale...

WINNIE
You don't know him.

JACOB
I know he's unhappy. Look at him out there... trying to scare everybody. He's desperate for attention.

WINNIE
This is none of your business.

JACOB
"That's not how this works." Remember?

She just looks away...

JACOB (CONT'D)
He's got nothing.

The firework show ends and everyone applauds...

WINNIE
And that's what he deserves.

Suddenly, everyone begins to look over to the house where something is happening...

WINNIE (CONT'D)
The things that came out after he was convicted. The affairs... the things he was recorded saying...

SECRET SERVICE PERSONNEL, wearing ear pieces, start walking the lawn.

WINNIE (CONT'D)
This wasn't the man we knew, Jacob. It was... sociopathic.

She stands up and looks across the lawn to where all the action is.

JACOB
It was a long time ago.

He stands and kisses her...

JACOB (CONT'D)
Just consider it, okay? That's all
I'm asking.

She holds his look for a long moment, then... nodding over to
all the excitement...

WINNIE
C'mon, you can meet the next President
of the United States.

INT. THE LOCUST FUND FOYER - DAY

A massive foyer of black marble with wall to wall views of
Manhattan. There's much more space than furniture here.

Jacob waits patiently in a white suede chair... he checks his
watch and sighs. He's been sitting here quite awhile.

Finally, the SIX FOOT TALL RECEPTIONIST, leaves her desk...
her heels clicking as she walks over.

SIX FOOT
Jacob... are you ready?

Jacob stands and she leads him toward a bank of elevators.
The doors open and Jacob gets on.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Jacob stands there with Six Foot.

SIX FOOT
Do you have everything they said you'd
need?

Jacob nods... holding a folder of his previous tax forms, his
passport and other documents obviously needed for the job.

And the elevator doors open... but not to an office...

Jacob shields his eyes to the wash of daylight... then looks
to realize that he's on the roof of the building.

And in front of him is... An Augusta A109E Helicopter with
"The Locust Fund" written on the side.

INT. AUGUSTA HELICOPTER - DAY

As Jacob looks down to the city below, wondering where the
hell they're going...

EXT. TETERBORO AIRPORT - DAY

Jacob emerges from the Augusta and looks across the tarmac to
see a Boeing 727 with "The Locust Fund" written on the side.

And now Jacob knows why he needed his passport.

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

As the 727 dives down toward Biggin Hill airfield... the lights of London twinkling to the north.

EXT. CHELSEA - NIGHT

The Black Maybach limousine pulls up out front of a 19,000-square-foot Victorian home with the perfectly restored brick exterior.

As Jacob gets out of the car and sizes down this incredible home...

INT. BRETTON WOODS'S CHELSEA HOME/THE BLACK SWAN HOUSE - NIGHT

The design is much different than Woods's New York CPW penthouse. It's more classical... with dark woods and worn leathers and thick rugs and commanding views along the River Thames.

And Jacob is lead into the...

DINING ROOM

Where Bretton eats alone at the head of the long table.

BRETTON WOODS

Jacob.

As Jacob walks through the expansive space...

JACOB

Mr. Woods.

BRETTON WOODS

(Call me...)

Bretton.

... and sits.

JACOB

Okay... Bretton. I thought we were going to meet in New York.

BRETTON WOODS

And I thought you had no interest in working for a fund that was in trouble.

JACOB

I was emotional. I was angry.

BRETTON WOODS

And what changed?

JACOB

I caught a glance of my portfolio.

And Bretton laughs.

Jacob notices two huge chocolate brown French Mastiffs sitting at Bretton's feet.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Cute dogs.

BRETTON WOODS
Dogue de Bordeaux... bred to kill.
But Contango and Backwardation here
are socialized since birth so they're
harmless.

Jacob laughs...

JACOB
You named your dogs after technical
futures market terms?

And Bretton stands...

BRETTON WOODS
Of course not...
(with a wink)
My children did.

As he heads into...

THE LIVING ROOM

A fire burning in the fireplace. Jacob follows Bretton in...

JACOB
And where are your children?

Bretton moves toward a table with a classic phonograph player on it.

BRETTON WOODS
Greece with my wife. My boys are
studying The Iliad now.

While Bretton looks through the various sleeves of records, Contango and Backwardation slowly find their way into the room and sit by the fire.

Bretton finds what he's looking for... removing the record from its sleeve.

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
Here it is... one of the most
beautiful pieces of music you'll ever
hear.

Bretton places the record on the phonograph and The Rolling Stones "Let It Loose" rings out...

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
 "Exile On Main Street," without a
 doubt The Stones greatest album.

Jacob laughs. He was expecting Beethoven.

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
 It was all outtakes. Throwaway
 tracks. And the critics hated it.
 And it didn't sell well at first.
 (beat)
 But now it's universally known as
 their best release. I asked Mick once
 how he thought that happened. How
 something could go from so worthless
 to so valuable. He just looked at me
 and said... "it never went from
 worthless to valuable... just the
 opinions of it did."

Taking a seat...

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
 And that was the greatest lesson I
 ever learned about investing.

JACOB
 An asset's value can only be priced at
 its perception.

BRETTON WOODS
 (impressed)
 Exactly. There is no intrinsic.

Then... simply...

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
 You'll work out of the New York
 office. I wouldn't want to pull you
 away from your fiancée in Washington.

JACOB
 Thank you.

BRETTON WOODS
 She's Gordon Gekko's daughter.

JACOB
 That's right.

BRETTON WOODS
 He was a legend at one time. It's
 quite sad how he publicly cries out
 wolf now.

Bretton stands and stretches.

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
 You see, for a legend...

Inside of a tired sigh...

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
... the only thing worse than death is
becoming irrelevant.

And Bretton just sits there... enjoying his scotch while
taking in the Stones tune...

INT. LONDON/SAVOY HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Jacob stands at the window of his suite... looking out onto
the Victoria embankment and on the phone with...

GORDON GEKKO
Good work, kid -- you're on the inside
now.

JACOB
He's going to Dubai to raise some
money then meeting me in New York to
set me up.

Gordon sits at the dining room table at his apartment.
Papers scattered about and his EDITOR waiting patiently.

GORDON GEKKO
No.

JACOB
What?

GORDON GEKKO
He's not meeting you in New York.

JACOB
Why not?

GORDON GEKKO
Because you need to go to Dubai with
him.

JACOB
I don't understand.

EXT. LONDON - DAY

As the 727 takes off ...

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.)
You need to do something that will
earn his trust... you need to make
yourself a hero...

INT. 727 - DAY

Jacob sits across from Bretton who enjoys a slice of Pizza
and a Coke.

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.)
 Jacob... you need to help him get this money.

And Jacob glares at Bretton like he might kill him.

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 But be cautious. Your relationship with Bretton is still fragile -- you fuck it up here and you're done.

Bretton looks up and Jacob immediately replaces his glare with a smile.

JACOB
 Looks better than meals I get on United.

BRETTON WOODS
 John's Pizza on Bleeker. It crossed the Atlantic with you yesterday. Would you like a slice?

Jacob declines... then...

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
 I appreciate you wanting to help with this part of the business even though it's not your expertise.

JACOB
 Well -- there's a lot I can learn from you.

BRETTON WOODS
 For this trip just stay in the background and observe.

As Bretton tosses some pizza to Contango and Backwardation...

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
 We're going to meet with Oleg Bakunin. He's a Russian oligarch on the run because Putin wanted to steal everything he owns. He already has a few hundred million with us but I'm looking to get half a billion more. Our maintenance fee on that alone would be ten million a year.
 (beat)
 My father didn't make half of that in his twenty-six year career.

And he looks out the window...

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
 He worked in a mid-level job for United Bancorp actually...

Never to look from the window... with just a trace of disdain...

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
Got a fishing kit when he retired.

EXT. DUBAI/AERIAL VIEW - DAY

The most bizarre, stunning city in the world -- outlandish skyscrapers, marinas, archipelagos...

And the 727 is now flying over...

THE WORLD OF ISLANDS

A collection of man-made islands that make out a one-dimensional map-like depiction of Earth.

As we fly over this archipelago...

BRETTON WOODS (V.O.)
Richard Branson purchased Great
Britain, Rod Stewart bought Germany,
Tommy Lee bought Greece.

BECKER JETVAN LUXURY COACH

It's custom outfitted Mercedes-Benz van that's completely decked out like the inside of a private jet. Full entertainment system, recessed LED lighting, tray tables, fine leather, blacked out windows that "defog" with the push of a button, designed by Phillipe Starck and made custom for \$450,000 (once you get to the top of the waiting list.)

Jacob and Bretton ride into the city. Bretton takes a call on his Vertu.

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Yes... you have to be kidding me.

He disconnects the call with a mischievous smile and turns to Jacob.

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
Looks like a bit of news broke while
we were in the air...

And Bretton turns on Fox Business to see footage of... The Governor of New York standing at a podium next to his WIFE.

He doesn't look happy as he says...

GOVERNOR (ON THE TV)
The remorse I feel will always be with
me. Words cannot describe how
grateful I am for the love and
compassion they have shown me. From
those to whom much is given, much is
expected..

Jacob's confused... Bretton's enjoying every second of this...

BRETTON WOODS
He's been after us for years...

GOVERNOR (ON THE TV)
I have been given much -- the love of my family, the faith and trust of the people of New York, and the chance to lead this state

Laughing with delight...

BRETTON WOODS
Oh Jacob... you don't want to live in a glass house if you're gonna play this game.

JACOB
I don't understand. Is he resigning?

BRETTON WOODS
Yes sir.

JACOB
What'd he do?

And Bretton simply turns to him and says...

BRETTON WOODS
Outsourced.

EXT. BURJ AL ARAB HOTEL - DAY

1,000-foot-tall feat of modern design, perched on the edge of the Persian Gulf.

As the Jetvan pulls out front...

BRETTON WOODS (V.O.)
There's a big party for Oleg tonight at a club called The Left Bank. It's Roaring 20s themed so I've had original suits from that era delivered to our rooms.

INT. BURJ AL ARAB/LOBBY - DAY

As Jacob and Bretton walk through the ridiculously opulent lobby plated in gold leaf.

BRETTON WOODS
Remember. Hedge funds are not banking and this isn't Ivy-league-geography-ninth-hole deal making.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

As they walk down the hall to their suites... Contango and Backwardation tagging along.

BRETTON WOODS
Oleg's a brute, he's has A.D.D. and he
likes to party.

As they stop in front of large double doors... the BELLMAN opens the doors to reveal...

THE BURJ AL ARAB PREMIERE SUITE

Makes the Rainman Suite at Caesar's look like a standard room at a Motel 6. 7000 square feet, 360 degree view, 70 inch plasmas share the walls with Picassos and Monets.

Bretton nods over to the double doors across the hall...

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
I'm just down the hall.
(with a smile)
I hope you don't mind I took the nicer
one.

INT. JACOB'S SUITE/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Now dressed in a tightly-fitting suit over a white shirt with wing collars and stove-pipe skinny trousers, Jacob stands in front of the mirror.

As Jacob throws on a top hat and admires the 1928 version of himself....

INT. THE LEFT BANK - NIGHT

A Roaring 20's party is taking place... it's full-on speakeasy vibe. It's right out of 1928, only with Europeans, Russians and Middle-Easterners.

Smoke fills the room. A jazz band roars. Drinks flow.

As Jacob and Bretton head in...

BRETTON WOODS
If he offers you a drink -- take it.

And with that, Bretton points across the room where OLEG BAKUNIN sits.

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
If he offers you a line of coke --
snort it.

He's in his mid-40s, overweight, sweaty, draped in tight black Prada and smoking a cigarette.

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
If he offers you a child -- raise it.

And it seems A MODEL BOMB has recently exploded at Oleg's table... leaving the skinny shards everywhere.

Oleg sees them, stands and opens his arms.

OLEG
Bretton Woods has arrived.

Bretton smiles. They head over. Oleg turns to one of the MODEL GIRLS next to him.

OLEG (CONT'D)
I want you to meet one of the only men in the world who might be as rich as I am. Wait a minute... Bretton what did oil close at today?

BRETTON WOODS
A hundred and twenty-nine dollars a barrel.

OLEG
(to Model Girl)
Forget what I said -- I'm much richer than him.

Oleg then looks at Jacob.

OLEG (CONT'D)
Who the fuck is this?

JACOB
Oleg, I'm Jacob Moore. It's nice to meet you.

Oleg regards Jacob for a beat, then back to Bretton and asks again...

OLEG
Who the fuck is this?

Bretton smiles...

BRETTON WOODS
Jacob has recently come over from KZI to work with me.

And now Oleg turns to Jacob.

OLEG
KZI? You worked with Andrew Zabel?

Jacob takes a beat. Then...

JACOB
That's right.

OLEG
He was a legend.

Jacob just nods, not showing any emotion. Oleg motions for the girls to make room and they all sit...

OLEG (CONT'D)
It was that mortgage shit. He should've just focused on managing money and not fuck around with that crazy mortgage shit.

Bretton just looks away. Jacob stays cool.

OLEG (CONT'D)
It was a shame his fund was only for institutions... I would've liked to have invested.

Oleg motions to a WAITRESS who immediately pours vintage champagne.

OLEG (CONT'D)
In honor of the theme tonight, have a glass of 1927 Heidsieck champagne...

Oleg hands Jacob a flute before he can decline.

OLEG (CONT'D)
This is one of two hundred bottles discovered on a shipwreck off the coast of Finland... thirty grand a bottle.

And Oleg aggressively puts his arm around Jacob, bringing him into a drunken half-bear hug and spilling most of the champagne out of Jacob's flute.

EXT. DUBAI HARBOR - NIGHT

Oleg and some of his crew lead Jacob, Bretton and three beautiful, giggling model girls down a trail to a secluded mooring.

Fishing boats bob violently in the water -- and next to them is Oleg's Phoenix 1000, his personal, 65-meter SUBMARINE.

As a boatman helps them all climb aboard:

OLEG
Phoenix 1000.

INT. SUBMARINE - NIGHT

As they walk through the ornate deck saloon:

Oleg beckons Jasper toward a huge panoramic window looking out at the city of Dubai.

And then the view starts to MOVE. The surface of the water RISES before them, Dubai recedes and the submarine descends spectacularly into the depths.

OLEG
5000 square feet, 30 days of oxygen
capacity.

INT. THE DECK SALOON - NIGHT

Lights illuminate the dark waters as curious fish flit past. Jacob, Bretton and Oleg are on divans, the girls undulating around them.

OLEG
Bretton, I have... what?... two
hundred million with you.

BRETTON WOODS
And hopefully that's just a start.
Oleg, there are so many opportunities
out there right now I feel like a kid
in the candy store.

Oleg waves him off.

OLEG
You know I like to spread it around...
I'm like my own fund of funds. I
don't like to have too much with one
manager.

As Oleg shakes cocaine out of an envelope...

OLEG (CONT'D)
You never really know who to trust in
this world.

Jacob takes a beat, swallows nervously, then...

JACOB
I couldn't agree more, Oleg. It's one
of the first things that Andrew Zabel
taught me. I worked very closely with
him. It's why Bretton hired me. To
get behind the Andrew Zabel curtain.

Bretton flashes Jacob a look... "What the hell are you
doing?" Jacob swallows back some nerves then continues...

JACOB (CONT'D)
You said before that you always wanted
to invest with Zabel but couldn't
because he only handled institutional
money. Well here's your chance.
Zabel taught me everything he knew.

Oleg looks up to Jacob from the line of coke with interest.

OLEG
Such as... ?

JACOB
Well, I'm not going to give you the
whole cake, Oleg...

He looks over to Bretton who still glares at Jacob...

JACOB (CONT'D)
But I can give you a little bite...
(beat)
It involves building positions in high
yielding stocks new to volatility then
writing calls with split strike
prices.

And Oleg regards Jacob for a long moment, a jury determining
the verdict... Jacob holding on to that sly smile... Bretton
looking away... playing it cool.

JACOB (CONT'D)
It's complicated but like Bretton said
-- right now there are more
opportunities than ever.

Oleg simply nods... with a simple...

OLEG
Interesting.

... then does another line.

INT. JACOB'S SUITE - NIGHT

Jacob sleeps. There's a knock on his door. He stirs. The
knock's louder. Then... Jacob finally wakes, moves to the
door and opens it to see...

TWO BEAUTIFUL RUSSIAN WOMEN, PAULINA and NADIA

NADIA
We're here for the party.

Confused...

JACOB
What party?

PAULINA
Oleg said you needed a party...

Cozying up to her friend with a smile...

NADIA
... and we're it.

Jacob nervously thinks, then...

JACOB

Come in.

INT. JACOB'S SUITE - LATER

We pan across the suite... past the roaring fire...

PAULINA (O.S.)

Right there... ?

... past the empty bottle of champagne...

JACOB (O.S.)

No... not there...

NADIA (O.S.)

How about there? I bet you want me to do it there.

... past the plate of half-eaten chocolate strawberries...

JACOB (O.S.)

No... I want you to hold it.

And find the three of them...

NADIA (O.S.)

But it's gone up so much.

... sitting at Jacob's computer... looking over a chart for a Russian oil company.

JACOB

I know... but if you're going to correctly utilize this technical head and shoulders strategy, you need to hold the stock until...
(pointing on the chart)
... right here.

PAULINA

I always sell too soon.

JACOB

Very common mistake. You need to cut your losers short and let your winners run.

She looks to her friend with a smile...

NADIA

Good advice for everything... no?

Her friend agrees with a laugh. And Jacob checks the clock.

JACOB

Okay. I think enough time has passed. I appreciate you guys keeping our little secret.

As he walks them to the door...

NADIA
You must love her very much.

JACOB
I do.

Jacob opens the door to let them go but he hears a door open across the hall... Bretton's.

And they all witness a YOUNGER AMERICAN WOMAN leave Bretton's room then head down the hall right by them.

Jacob's stunned.

PAULINA
The most famous hooker in the world.

Off Jacob's confusion...

THE YOUNGER AMERICAN WOMAN

that had just left Bretton's room looks right at us under the caption "The Governor's \$5000 Mistake"

Pull back to be on Perezhilton.com

Jacob Moore sits in front of his computer. And he turns to Paulina.

JACOB
Is she a gift from Oleg?

PAULINA
No. She's Bretton's go-to.

NADIA
He flies her in wherever he's at.

And Jacob slowly takes that in... absolutely floored.

INT. BURJ AL ARAB/LOBBY - MORNING

Wearing sunglasses, Jacob greets Bretton at the elevators.

BRETTON WOODS
You look like crap.

They walk for the exit.

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
Let me ask you something... was that speech about split strike prices and stocks new to volatility for real?

JACOB
No Bretton. That was all bullshit.

Bretton smiles.

BRETTON WOODS
Well, it worked. Oleg's wiring us
five hundred million dollars today.

And Bretton turns to Jacob... impressed.

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
Good job, Jacob...

And as they head out into the Dubai heat...

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.) (PRE-LAP)
So he trust you now.

EXT. BOWLING GREEN PARK - DAY

The iconic charging bull of Wall Street.

JACOB (V.O.)
I think so.

Travel the park to find... Jacob and Gordon stopping at the
food vendors.

GORDON GEKKO
Well, I'm happy to help.
(and then)
What about your end of the trade,
Sport?

JACOB
Oh... I'm still working on it.
(beat)
I'll talk to her. I promise.

GORDON GEKKO
(to Vendor)
Hot dog.
(to Jacob)
What do you want?

JACOB
(to vendor)
I'll take a pretzel.

As they get their food and walk...

GORDON GEKKO
So you're a hedge fund cowboy now?

Shaking his head...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
Goddamn hedge funds -- what a racket.
Playing the world casino, betting
other people's money with leverage.
And it's completely legal and
completely unregulated.

(MORE)

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
 The hustles they get away with make
 insider trading seem like a parking
 ticket.

SLAM INTO THE FRONTIER FUND/TRADING PIT

Rows and rows of computers in a large dark room....

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Nassim Tariq and his Frontier Fund.
 With their slews of MIT grads who
 become glorified millionaire robots
 pushing buttons...

... with casually dressed ASIANS and INDIANS in their 20s
 working the keyboards like zombies.

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ... slaves to top-secret propriety
 elegant algorithms that work until
 they don't.

AND SLAM INTO ESSEX CAPITAL ADVISERS/CONFERENCE ROOM

A stuffy conference room half-filled with bored MEN in their
 40s watching a presentation...

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Or the baby cub funds like Sammy
 Rosen's Essex Advisers... filled with
 Goldman Sachs and Julian Robertson
 pedigree.

Most of the men type on their blackberrys... one is actually
 asleep.

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Men who are way too rich, lazy and
 tired to run money properly anymore.

THEN SLAM INTO THE DANIELS ACTIVIST FUND/ALLAN DANIELS'S
 OFFICE

A small cluttered office with papers strewn about...

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Or Allan Daniel's and his bully
 operation.

ALLAN DANIELS, a small bull-dog of a man, paces back and
 forth... dictating in anger. His SECRETARY types down every
 word he's shouting.

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ... with his angry letters to company
 boards that are nothing but veiled
 threats in the name of activism.

AND RIGHT BACK TO BOWLING GREEN PARK

Where Gordon stops walking...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
So you're inside... you have his
trust... and now you want to know
what's next.

And Jacob's look over to Gekko confirms this.

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
Here's the thing about Bretton. He
puts all of his money into his own
fund which makes him stupid,
egotistical, and most importantly...
vulnerable.
(beat)
And he chases. He doesn't take losses
well and he chases with leverage. He
thinks he's a trader, he thinks he's
an investor but he's not. He's a
gambler.

Regarding Jacob...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
That pretzel looks good.

Jacob just shrugs.

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
Care to make a trade?

JACOB
Whatever.

And they trade. The hotdog for the pretzel.

GORDON GEKKO
As for your end of our trade.
(beat)
Find a way for me to reunite with my
daughter, Jake. Because we both know
how she would react to the fact that
you've been lying to her about bonding
with your future father-in-law.

Just standing there... holding that hot dog...

JACOB
Is that a threat?

Looking Jacob dead on...

GORDON GEKKO
Absolutely.

Jacob just shakes his head with a laugh... now realizing that
Gekko talked him into this position for this exact leverage.

JACOB
You're priceless, Gordon.

With a smile...

GORDON GEKKO
Just be happy I'm on your team.
(and then)
Get him into a bad position and watch
him chase it.

JACOB
What bad position?

GORDON GEKKO
What have I been saying all along,
Kid?

JACOB
Financials.

GORDON GEKKO
They're a death trap -- mark my words.

INT. THE LOCUST FUND/JACOB'S OFFICE - DAY

As Jacob takes in his new view... it's spectacular.

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.)
But he won't fall for a brokerage or
bank play this late in the game.
Everyone knows they're poison.

AND TIME LAPSE

As the office grows furniture... a plasma on the wall...
a computer on the desk...

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Sell him on insurance. There's a case
to be made for those stocks... ill-
fated as they may be.

... books on the shelves... pictures on the walls...
a couch and table... a paper shredder and waste baskets...

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But take your time... make him think
you've been doing your due diligence.

Find Jacob at his desk... working away at his computer...
it's late at night.

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Make it look like you're working your
ass off to find him this genius
trade... come in early, leave late and
don't bring up the idea for at least a
few weeks.

And Jacob finally gets up from his desk... goes to the
window... looking across midtown Manhattan...

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And then Jacob...

... eyes pasted on a building made of glass and steel... a building he once called home...

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
... sell him hard... then watch him
bite... then watch him chase...

... KZI Investments.

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
... then watch him come undone.

EXT. 533 THIRD AVENUE - DAY

Holding his suitcase, Jacob emerges from the elevator and heads for a waiting town car.

Jacob sees Diego...

JACOB
Bring it.

Diego smiles... loves this new one...

DIEGO
What's the most dangerous question on Wall Street?

JACOB
Tell me.

DIEGO
"How are you?"

And Jacob agrees whole-heartedly as he heads on his way.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - MORNING

As the sun rises over our nation's capital.

EXT. ROCK CREEK PARK - MORNING

Winnie and Jacob jog the park through the humid July haze. It's very early.

And Jacob stops jogging. Catches his breath. She keeps running.

JACOB
Why are you with me?

She stops and turns back to him.

WINNIE
What?

JACOB
You hate finance. You hate Wall
Street. Why are you with me?

Winnie nods. It's a valid question. And she thinks about it
for a moment, then...

WINNIE
Repetition compulsion.

JACOB
Huh?

WINNIE
It's Freud.

JACOB
And what does it mean, psych major?

WINNIE
Well, it's when people repeat the same
dysfunctional relationships from
childhood in their adult life in hopes
of trying to master them.

JACOB
Like when children of alcoholics fall
in love with alcoholics.

WINNIE
Yeah.

He turns away... upset.

JACOB
That's great, Winnie.

WINNIE
Jacob, that might be why I was
initially attracted to you... but it's
not why I love you.

She moves to him.

WINNIE (CONT'D)
I love you because you're
compassionate and you care so deeply
about what you do and you have like no
ego, it's crazy.

She reaches to him... turning his face to meet hers.

WINNIE (CONT'D)
And you're the smartest person I've
ever met... and there's nobody I trust
more in the world.

Jacob looks away... almost ashamed. And Winnie can sense
something's not right.

WINNIE (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

JACOB
Nothing...

As Jacob draws in a deep breath, collects himself and finally turns back to her with...

JACOB (CONT'D)
I just wish you would master that relationship from childhood so you can move forward with this one.

AND WERE BACK ON THE CHART

As a circle forms on July 20th then travels down the trend and stops.

And as a circle is formed around August 11th, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. WESTSIDE HIGHWAY- DAY

And Manhattan... as it sweats through the heart of summer. Two jetvans ride uptown...

INT. JETVAN - DAY

As Jacob rides with Bretton...

JACOB
Bretton... I found something I like.

Bretton looks over to him.

BRETTON WOODS
I've been wondering when my new portfolio manager was going to come to me with something special.

JACOB
I just wanted to make sure I would be bringing you the smartest idea possible. I know you don't go light.

Confirming...

BRETTON WOODS
That's right. If I commit to this... we go large and we don't back down.

JACOB
It might be better to do this in the office. I have color and support to present--

Waving him off...

BRETTON WOODS
C'mon Jacob, you know that's not how
we do.

EXT. ADIRONDACK FOREST PRESERVE - DAY

2.7 million acres of State protected majestic land. All
nature... rivers and lakes... cypresses and maples. Clean
air. And trails. Many trails that go on for miles.

As the two Becker jetvans arrive at a restricted area, a
STATE RANGER opens the gate and allows them to drive through
then park.

Jacob and Bretton emerge from the jetvan.

BRETTON WOODS
This is how we do.

And with a nod, the DRIVER of the other jetvan opens it to
reveal two motorcycles inside. Bretton's MTT Turbine
Superbike and an Agusta, these bikes are handcrafted works of
art as much as they are demons of speed.

Jacob laughs in disbelief and excitement.

JACOB
And we're allowed to ride these
through here?

Sucking in the fresh summer air...

BRETTON WOODS
No.

AND JACOB AND BRETTON

Now decked out in leather riding gear... on the bikes... at
the mouth of the trail... revving the engines...

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
Follow me...

And with that, shoots into the forest. Jacob quickly
follows.

AND THEY RIDE

Winding through the trees... along the side of a river...
Bretton riding extremely fast with Jacob trying to keep up.

Bretton reaches a clearing and waits for Jacob to catch up.
Once he does...

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
You're going to have to keep up.

JACOB
Okay. I'm just getting used to it.

BRETTON WOODS
Tell me your idea.

JACOB
Here?

BRETTON WOODS
Where else?

JACOB
Right. Okay.
(collecting himself)
Are you still short any of the
financials?

BRETTON WOODS
No. After KZI, I took profits.

JACOB
I think it's time to go the other way.

BRETTON WOODS
Banks?

JACOB
Insurance companies. I'm talking the
old school insurers that have become
the babies thrown out with the bath
water.

Jacob waits for a reaction from Bretton. But all he gets
is...

BRETTON WOODS
Keep up!

And with that, Bretton rips into the clearing. Jacob rides
just as fast. They're neck and neck... it's definitely a
race.

Bretton pulls ahead but Jacob doesn't give up.

As they move quickly toward a patch of forest with a only
narrow trail entering it, Jacob focuses on the horizon and
revs the bike into more speed. He pulls up next to Bretton
as they approach the trail.

If Jacob doesn't slow down, and fall in line behind Bretton,
he's going to hit the trees. But he doesn't.

Instead, Jacob blasts the bike into its final dose of speed,
narrowly avoiding impact by zipping into the trail... pulling
ahead of Bretton and taking the lead.

A TRANQUIL LAKE

As it sits still in the setting sun. Untouched by man.
Bretton and Jacob get off the bikes and walk to the shore.

As they catch their breaths and enjoy the beauty...

JACOB

The basket of stocks I'm putting together focuses on reinsurance brokering and management services for businesses. They're trading below book and have large dividends.

(beat)

I say we buy them here.

Bretton thinks about it. He's not sure.

BRETTON WOODS

Financials are a falling knife.

Jacob nods...

JACOB

I'm not arguing that... but the best opportunities are found where angels fear to tread.

Jacob can see... he has Bretton on the hook.

JACOB (CONT'D)

So yeah -- they are falling knives. But Bretton...

And with confidence... driving it home...

JACOB (CONT'D)

... what's life without a little blood on your hands?

INT. JACOB'S OFFICE - DAY

As WORKERS install an electronic ticker that wraps around the top circumference of the whole office... similar to the one Andrew Zabel had.

BRETTON WOODS (V.O.)

Okay. Then I want you to build positions in your favorite three names.

Jacob picks up the phone and...

THE SCREEN SPLITS IN TWO

With Jacob on top and Robby on the bottom.

As Robby takes the order and starts typing into his Bloomberg...

BRETTON WOODS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I want you stealth. Use all six trading desks we're in business with.

NOW ROBBY'S HALF OF THE SCREEN SPLITS INTO 6 SMALL BOXES

Six different trading desks... six different BROKERS taking calls from Jacob who still owns the whole top half of the screen.

BRETTON WOODS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And if they go down... we increase our size.

AND BACK TO JACOB

Leaning back... feet on desk... staring at the ticker... which only has three stocks on it...

BRETTON WOODS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
See Jacob -- I don't believe in "wrong."

MCC at \$21.65, ACN at \$16.24 and ISS at \$7.23.

BRETTON WOODS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I only believe in "not right yet."

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE - NIGHT

A rainstorm takes over the city. A cab pulls out front of Shun Lee Cafe.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Winnie sucks in a deep breath.

WINNIE
He chose this restaurant.

Jacob confirms.

WINNIE (CONT'D)
We used to come here every Sunday night.

He takes her hand.

JACOB
You're going to be fine.

WINNIE
I'm only doing this for you.

JACOB
No. You're doing this for you.

She just glares at him.

WINNIE
We're never having sex again.

JACOB
Then what my friends say about marriage will be true.

And she nervously fights back a smile...

WINNIE
Oh, shut up.

INT. SHUN LEE CAFE - NIGHT

The HOST leads Winnie and Jacob through the grand dining room. Gordon sees them and stands up. We can tell he's anxious as well.

GORDON GEKKO
Hi.

Fighting back the nerves...

WINNIE
Hey.

They just stand there. Jacob holds out his hand.

JACOB
Mr. Gekko, I'm Jacob Moore, we spoke on the phone. Nice to finally meet in person.

Gekko just looks at him for an extra long beat, then... shakes his hand.

GORDON GEKKO
Yes.

They all sit.

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
Jacob, shall we get some wine?

JACOB
I don't drink.

GORDON GEKKO
Oh... okay.

Then Gordon attempts a smile over to his daughter.

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
Let me guess... the ginger garlic lobster.

WINNIE
(to Jacob)
I used to order that every time.

She closes her menu.

WINNIE (CONT'D)
I'm not really hungry.

GORDON GEKKO
I've been following your career,
Winnie. Senator Lehigh said some very
nice things about you in The American
Prospect interview.

WINNIE
Yeah. She's really been... very...
supportive of my...

And it trails off... as she just glares at Gordon.

WINNIE (CONT'D)
I can't do this.

She exhales, stands and looks down to Jacob.

WINNIE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I can't do this.

And she quickly walks off. Jacob frozen. Until Gordon looks
over to him with...

GORDON GEKKO
It's okay. This is a long term
investment.
(beat)
Go after her. She needs you.

And Jacob does. As Gordon looks down... disappointed.

INT. WEST 65TH - NIGHT

Pouring rain. Jacob runs after her.

JACOB
Winnie... Winnie...

He turns her around.

WINNIE
You don't understand.

Her tears being washed away by the rain.

WINNIE (CONT'D)
My mother couldn't handle Rudy. He
was so out of control. I couldn't
help him.

Jacob takes her into his hold...

WINNIE (CONT'D)
(re Gekko)
If he wasn't in prison... if he had
been there. I know it would've been
different.

JACOB
Your brother's dead, Winnie.

Squeezing her tight...

JACOB (CONT'D)
Your father isn't.

WINNIE
He's not the person people think he is.

JACOB
It was a long time ago.

She pulls out of his embrace...

WINNIE
He'll hurt us. Can't we just go home?
Please... Jacob. It's raining.

And he just looks at her for a long moment... soaking wet and shivering... crying and exposed.

JACOB
(what am I doing?)
I love you. You don't have to do this.
(and then)
Let's just go home.

INT. JACOB'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Darkness. The phone rings. Jacob answers it.

JACOB
Yes.

INTERCUT WITH...

BRETTON WOODS
Your insurance companies are down.

He's working a coffee in the master suite of The Black Swan Home...

JACOB
Bretton.

BRETTON WOODS
I want to increase our size.

Glancing at the LCD, 12:23am...

JACOB
Okay. Good. It's just a matter of time before they turn. I'll call the desks tomorrow--

BRETTON WOODS
Jacob, I want you to triple our positions on all three.

Jacob takes a beat.

JACOB

Okay.

BRETTON WOODS

And they better fucking go up.

Click. And as Jacob just looks at the phone...

GORDON GEKKO (PRELAP)

The instant you know you're in trouble
is the exact moment when a sound
investment thesis turns into blind
hope.

INT. NORMA'S - MORNING

Jacob sits across from Gordon at this well-known breakfast spot in the Parker Meridian hotel.

GORDON GEKKO

Tripling the size... that's a very
aggressive move.

Jacob nods.

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)

And I promise you he's using leverage
to do this.

JACOB

He's chasing.

Suddenly, a MAN approaches the table. He's in his thirties.

TOM

Mr Gekko, I'm Tom Sanders. I write
for Barrons.

GORDON GEKKO

I've heard of it.

Letting out a little laugh...

TOM

I'm sure you have.

(beat)

Well, I'm doing a piece of Wall Street
moguls who ended up going to prison.
I've already talked to Boesky and
Milken and would love to sit down with
you.

GORDON GEKKO

Can you give me the cover?

Tom isn't sure if Gordon's serious. Either is Jacob.

TOM
Well, I... um... don't make those
decisions.

GORDON GEKKO
Get me the cover and I'll give you
seventy minutes.

Tom politely smiles.

TOM
I'll... take that as a no.

... and goes. Gordon looks down to his breakfast and quietly
asserts...

GORDON GEKKO
(almost to himself)
Both those assholes got the cover when
they were convicted.

And after a moment...

JACOB
How do we know the insurance companies
are going to continue going down?

As he casually places his egg on a piece of toast...

GORDON GEKKO
It's all going down.

... and takes a bite.

AND THREE CHARTS NOW FILL THE SCREEN

Side by side... above the charts are written respectively
MCC, ACN and ISS.

And we follow all the three trend lines from Aug 17th forward
to the right... and they all move down.

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Just wait.

And we stop in September. And as a blue circle is formed
over Sept 13th on all three charts, we...

CUT TO:

TIME WARNER CENTER/BALLROOM

This is The Financial Follies... an annual event held by the
financial writers association.

500 people sit at tables, enjoying this dinner and live show
that pokes fun at people in the world of finance.

Everyone who's anyone in high finance is here.

On the stage, the spotlight finds BILL MAHER and the applause breaks out...

BILL MAHER
Welcome to the 2008 Financial Follies!
(applauds)
I'm Bill Maher and I'm getting paid in Euros.

Jacob shares a table with Bretton, Bretton's wife and a few other FINANCIAL PLAYERS. Winnie is not here.

BILL MAHER (CONT'D)
When The Financial Writers Association asked me to host an event for the world of finance, I was shocked. I'm known in Washington not Wall Street...
(beat)
... but then they informed me that Washington is actually in the process of buying Wall Street, so it all makes sense.

Laughter...

BILL MAHER (CONT'D)
I asked them if anything's off limits. And they said to stay away from the brokerages, banks and insurers...
(pause for effect, then...)
... where the fuck was that advice five months ago?

More laughter.

BILL MAHER (CONT'D)
I see Sammy Rosen's here.

The spotlight finds SAMMY ROSEN, billionaire hedge funder.

BILL MAHER (CONT'D)
Sammy, how are you?

From his table...

SAMMY ROSEN
Doing well.

BILL MAHER
(to the room)
Of course he is... in the amount of time it took for us to have that exchange, he made three hundred and nine thousand dollars.
(back to Sammy)
Sammy, let me give you some free advice, the next time someone with bad eyesight wants to sell you a hundred and fifty million dollar painting... don't let them personally deliver it.

It's an inside joke that this room gets...

BILL MAHER (CONT'D)
Somebody told me Gordon Gekko is here.
Gordon... ?

Across the room, a spotlight finds Gordon...

BILL MAHER (CONT'D)
There you are. I have some inside
information for you, Gekko... sex
sells books, not bread lines.

Gordon smiles and raises his glass up to Bill.

BILL MAHER (CONT'D)
Talk about your sour grapes.
Seriously Gordon -- just because the
SEC doesn't let you make obscene
amounts of money by being wrong and
nefarious doesn't mean you have to
ruin it for all of these hard working
people.

The room applauds...

BILL MAHER (CONT'D)
Okay, we have a video to show now.
It's a very detailed and academic
account of the current mortgage
crises. Let 'er rip!

And the room goes dark... and on the screen plays a childlike
roughly illustrated stick-figure skit being narrated by
children.

First frame

Under the caption "Main Street National Bank" is a drawing of
a Poor Man sitting across from a Banker Man behind his desk.

POOR MAN
I'd like a mortgage... I don't really
have any money though... is that cool?

BANKER MAN
Totally cool. Since housing prices
are always going up it won't be a
problem.

POOR MAN
You guys are awesome!

Next frame

Under the caption "A few weeks later at the bank..."
Banker Man now stands over a pile of steaming shit.

BANKER MAN
 Wow, these mortgages are really
 beginning to smell. I better sell
 them to smart people.

Next frame

Under the caption of "Smart People Investment Bank" Smart Man
 stands over the same steaming pile of shit.

SMART MAN
 Wow, these mortgages we just bought
 really smell. I better sell them to
 foreigners.

Next frame

Under the caption of "The CDO Factory" our smart man oversees
 an assembly line of stick figure workers.

SMART MAN (CONT'D)
 Mix those crappy mortgages in real
 good with the clean ones so the rating
 agencies won't smell them.

Next frame

Under the caption of "Rich Man Hedge Fund" a stick figure
 named Rich Man sits behind his desk and holds a phone to his
 ear.

RICH MAN
 Good news, Smart Man, not only did
 foreigners buy those traunches, but so
 did school boards and charities and
 big pensions.
 (beat)
 Why did they buy them you ask? Well,
 they were looking for a really secure
 risk-free investment and they were all
 triple A, so...

Next frame

Under the caption "Norwegian Village Pension Fund" a
 Norwegian Man sits behind his desk and shouts into his phone.

NORWEGIAN MAN
 Hey man! What the fuck? We're not
 receiving our monthly payments!

Next frame

Under the caption "Rich Man Hedge Fund," Rich Man at his desk
 on the phone.

RICH MAN
 Yeah, we fucked up.

And it now shuffles between the last two frames... the Norwegian Man and Rich Man.

NORWEGIAN MAN
What about the rating agencies?

RICH MAN
Yeah, they fucked up too.

NORWEGIAN MAN
What about the investment bank that put these CDO's together?

RICH MAN
Fucked up.

NORWEGIAN MAN
What about the bank that made the original loan?

RICH MAN
Totally fucked up.

NORWEGIAN MAN
What am I supposed to tell my villagers?

RICH MAN
That you fucked up.

The final frame

Just the rendering of that steaming pile of shit under the caption... "The End."

And the lights go on to a some subdued laughter and a smattering of applause.

BILL MAHER
What a year -- enjoy the night!

INT. FINANCIAL FOLLIES - LATER

Desert is served. Jackets are off, cigars are lit, Bretton's wife has gone home. The group at the table is a little drunk and having a good time.

BRETTON WOODS
It's a good question... what do you think, George?

GEORGE, an investment banker at the table, thinks about it.

GEORGE
The definition of rich... flying private.

The table reacts... some agree, other don't. George turns to Jacob.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Jacob... ? What do you think?

JACOB
To be rich... is to have the love of a
good woman.

They all boo...

JACOB (CONT'D)
(with a smile)
For real... I truly believe that.

And Jacob turns to Bretton...

JACOB (CONT'D)
Bretton... what's your definition of
rich?

An approaching voice answers it for him.

VOICE (O.S.)
To have twice as much money as you
currently do.

As he takes a seat...

GORDON GEKKO
Isn't that what you always say,
Bretton?

Then... announcing to the table...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
He brings up the question, runs it
round the table then finishes with
that. It's an old bit.

Also announcing to the table...

BRETTON WOODS
Be careful Gordon...
(looking at Jacob)
... your daughter's financial health
is in my hands now.

Jacob loses his smile... suddenly becoming uncomfortable.

GORDON GEKKO
That's right.
(beat)
And the way The Locust Fund has been
buying up the insurance companies
lately makes me worried about my
future grandchildren's college
educations.

JACOB
(to Bretton)
I didn't tell him.

BRETTON WOODS
No, I don't suppose you did.

Bretton looks over to Jacob.

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
Go ahead, Jacob, preach your book...
defend your names.

And Jacob turns to Gordon...

JACOB
We have a proactive central bank, the
charts show a clear bottom on July
15th and these companies are trading
at half of what they were six months
ago.

GORDON GEKKO
Just cause it's low don't make it
cheap, Sport.

JACOB
I read your book.

GORDON GEKKO
It's not out yet.

JACOB
I have a friend in publishing.
(beat)
25% unemployment... stagflation...
bread lines... Martial law...
government seizures of assets and
gold... end of democracy...

Bretton leans back... taking in this sparring match.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Really Gordon? Do you really need
attention that badly?

GORDON GEKKO
Since I have forty-four seconds to
spare, I'm going to tell you a story.
It's about a guy named Sam.

And we go close on Gekko...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
Sam used to work a job, he made things
and he grew things and he sold those
things. Until one day Sam got a
credit card and was amazed how easy it
was to buy things with it. So Sam got
another card and then another. Then
he used the credit card money to make
it look like he had an income... and
he used that "income" to secure a
loan.

(MORE)

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)

And with that loan Sam bought a fancy BMW car and rented a fancy penthouse apartment.

(beat)

Now, the credit cards hit their limit and the bank needed him to service that loan, so Sam went to his friends. His Chinese friend... and his Japanese friend... and his British friend and so on. And his friends loaned Sam money.

(another beat)

And that brings us to today... where Sam owes the credit cards and Sam owes the banks and Sam owes his friends and eventually they're going to take away Sam's fancy BMW car and his fancy penthouse apartment.

And Jacob can now see... in Gordon Gekko's eyes... he truly believes every word he's saying.

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)

And Sam doesn't make anything anymore and Sam doesn't grow anything anymore so Sam doesn't sell anything anymore.

As he stands...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)

Our favorite Uncle Sam's desperate, Jake... and he just found a printing press in his basement.

(beat)

So you tell me -- where do we go from here?

And with that, Gordon Gekko goes.

BRETTON WOODS

(re Gekko)

It is sad isn't it? That he can't just take his ball and go home.

(beat)

That he has to piss on the whole game.

EXT. 533 THIRD AVENUE - MORNING

Rushed, Jacob heads through the lobby of his building. Diego catches his stride.

DIEGO

(doing his best Howard Cosell)

Down goes Lehman! Down goes Lehman!
Down goes Lehman!

And Jacob just keeps walking...

INT. THE LOCUST FUND/JACOB'S OFFICE - MORNING

Jacob heads into the office to find Bretton sitting behind his desk.

BRETTON WOODS
They're not going to save it. They're
just going to let it bloody die!

And sure enough... on the tv... Fox Business runs footage of Lehman Brother's demise. On the screen, the chyron screams:

\$700 BILLION GOVERNMENT BAILOUT TO THE BANKS!

ALEXIS GLICK (ON TV)
And as another US banking institution
collapses, Congress is working quickly
on a bailout package that will
distribute over three hundred billion
dollars to other banks in trouble.

Bretton turns off the tv and looks to Jacob with...

BRETTON WOODS
We're getting fucking killed.

And Jacob looks up to his electronic ticker...
MCC \$18.53 -2.34, ACN \$12.04 -1.35, ISS \$7.03 -.65.

JACOB
It's capitulation.

Bretton holds Jacob's look... fighting to keep his composure.
Until... he simply stands and offers Jacob his desk back.

BRETTON WOODS
Then buy more.

Jacob takes his chair and reaches for the phone.

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
Cost us down to current levels.

Jacob looks up, surprised.

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
It's just a question of time before
this turns around... right?

And he glares at Jacob.

JACOB
Right.

Bretton just stares nervously at the electronic ticker... a frazzled gambler talking himself into his bet.

BRETTON WOODS
Fuck it.

As he goes...

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
Leverage is sexy.

AND WERE BACK ON THE CHART

As a circle forms on Sept 16th then travels down the trend line and stops.

And as a circle is formed around the Sept 24th, we...

CUT TO:

INT. JACOB'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

LCD reads 4:43 am. Jacob lays awake... staring at the ceiling.

WINNIE (O.S.)
I would hear him in the kitchen.

Jacob turns to see she's awake.

JACOB
I'm sorry, you have an early train.
I'm going to just go to the office now.

She leans up.

WINNIE
He didn't want to keep my mother awake so he'd go into the kitchen and sit there. I could hear him because my room was right up the back stairs. I'd go and sit with him sometimes. We'd eat ice cream.

Jacob gets out of bed and throws on his robe.

WINNIE (CONT'D)
I was only eight but I could tell he was worried about something and that made me worried.
(softly, almost to herself)
Then the market would go back up and he would sleep through the night again.

JACOB
It's not the market, Winnie.

As he sits on the edge of the bed...

JACOB (CONT'D)
It's just that I haven't been able to sleep through the night since...

The thought trails off... she leans up and kisses him.

WINNIE
 I wish I could tell you something was
 going to come along that would make it
 better but I can't. It's just going
 to take time, Jacob. A lot of time.

And she looks into his eyes...

WINNIE (CONT'D)
 Have you been counting Fridays?

He slowly nods.

WINNIE (CONT'D)
 I still count Tuesdays.
 (beat)
 All seven hundred and twenty eight of
 them.

He leans over and kisses her forehead.

JACOB
 Go back to sleep.

And he goes...

After a beat, she sees Jacob's wallet.

WINNIE
 (calling out after him)
 Jacob, you forgot...

She jumps out of bed, grabs the wallet and goes after him,
 but... it opens up and Winnie notices the picture inside.

And she stops, staring at that picture.

Her and her father on that white horse... taken years ago.

A picture she knows she never gave to Jacob.

INT. THE LOCUST FUND/JACOB'S OFFICE - MORNING

Jacob heads in and turns on Fox Business...

BRIAN SULLIVAN (ON TV)
 It's a complete unmitigated bloodbath
 out there. The S&P tried to rally at
 about 10am but it was met with yet
 another brutal wave of selling and
 people... we're now at our lows for
 the day, the week, the month and the
 year.

Jacob looks up at ticker on the wall.

MCC \$15.13 -3.40, ACN \$10.10 -1.96, ISS \$5.14 -1.89.

And he stares at that ticker... at the The Locust Fund's methodical death.

Suddenly...

BRETTON WOODS (O.S.)
Are you happy?

He stands in the doorway holding a drink.

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
We're done.

And Bretton CHUCKS the drink against the wall and the glass shatters. Jacob takes a step back.

Bretton's in a complete state as he walks over to Jacob's desk and SWIPES it clean... papers flying about.

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
Finished...

Now he picks up the chair...

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
Bank notices...

... throws it against the window... which cracks.

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
Margin calls...

As he punches the monitor of Jacob's Bloomberg...

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
Redemptions...

And Jacob just stands there... wide-eyed. Just looking at...

BRETTON WOODS

Face full of sweat... blood all over his hand... hair strewn about... completely out of breath... bloodshot red eyes... a beaten down mess of a man.

JACOB
What happened to composure, Bretton?

BRETTON WOODS
Well, I suppose it went to hell with your fucking insurance stocks.

And Bretton calms down, walks to the window.

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
It's not making sense to me anymore.
The market always made sense to me and for the most part... I was better than it... quicker than it.
(MORE)

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)

(beat)
But it's moving too fast now and it
looks like the world is going to shit
anyway.

And he faces Jacob Moore.

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)

If I unwind the fund now I'll still
walk with six hundred million or so.

And Jacob's face falls... this is news to him.

JACOB

What?

BRETTON WOODS

It's time to call it a day. Spend
more time with my family. I suppose
this moment comes for all of us.

JACOB

You still have six hundred million?

Bretton vacantly nods.

And Jacob Moore... trying his best to hide his
disappointment...

JACOB (CONT'D)

(almost to himself)
That's a fortune.

With a shrug...

BRETTON WOODS

I guess it's all relative.

Bretton then takes a moment... confirming to himself that
this is the right decision... then finally looks over to
Jacob with...

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)

And Jacob -- you're the worst
portfolio manager I've ever seen.

INT. CENTRAL PARK - DUSK

Sheep's meadow... painted in the soft light of sunset. Fresh
off his morning run, Gordon wears a sweat suit and works a
vitamin water. Jacob approaches in his suit.

JACOB

He wants to close the fund... he wants
to ride off into the fucking sunset...

GORDON GEKKO

Okay...

JACOB
 No, it's not okay... because we're so
 fucking close... and he's going to
 walk with six hundred million dollars
 and that's unacceptable.

And Gordon sighs in defeat...

GORDON GEKKO
 I don't know what to tell you, Pal.
 You wanted to make him bleed, I wanted
 my daughter back...

As he walks...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
 ... looks like life brings
 disappointment to us all.

And Jacob... as he matches Gordon's stride... in a complete
 state.

JACOB
 What happened to slaughtering men,
 Gordon? What happened to turning them
 into penny-ante brokers in
 Poughkeepsie?

Gordon stops walking.

GORDON GEKKO
 Look at you. This can't possibly be
 the man my daughter fell in love with.

Jacob turns away.

JACOB
 I want to finish the job.

GORDON GEKKO
 Why?

JACOB
 Because nobody gave a shit about me
 before Andrew Zabel came along.
 Because he didn't deserve what he got.

GORDON GEKKO
 The universe is an efficient market,
 Kid... we all get what we deserve.

JACOB
 Did you?

Now it's Gordon who looks away.

GORDON GEKKO
 I know you cared about him... and I
 know how that motivates. But Jacob...
 he wasn't such a Saint.

And with that, Gordon Gekko heads on his way...

JACOB
What's that supposed to mean?

GORDON GEKKO
You don't want to know.

Jacob steps forward... shouting out after him...

JACOB
I'm sorry she doesn't want anything to do with you, Gordon -- I'm sorry she doesn't love you!

Gordon stops walking. Turns...

GORDON GEKKO
Okay Jake... you want to know.

Jacob sharply nods.

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
Did you ever think about it? I mean really think about it? How someone could make money year after year... even through bear markets?

Jacob just stands there... listening...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
On November 15th, 1903 an Italian man arrived aboard the S.S. Vancouver in Boston. He had two dollars and fifty cents to his name. Yet just a few years later he was millionaire. You wanna know how? He had invented a scheme... it was quite simple actually.

And Jacob now steps forward... piecing it together...

JACOB
No...

GORDON GEKKO
He would get people to invest with him by offering larger than normal returns then pay the old investors with the new investors money. As long as there was fresh money, he could keep going. Do you know what his name was, Jacob? It was Charles...
(beat)
Charles Ponzi.

FLASH TO AN OLD BRICK BUILDING

"Jenkov Foundation For Brain Research" above the door...
RESEARCHERS in lab coats coming in and out of it.

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Research facilities...

THEN TO A COLLEGE CAMPUS

STUDENTS walking the quad... wearing backpacks and socializing...

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And scholarships...

THEN TO A BIKE PATH

Somewhere in Florida. A COUPLE in their 70s enjoying a beautiful day... riding bicycles side by side...

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And retirees...

AND RIGHT BACK TO CENTRAL PARK

Gordon steps forward...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
All of them went to bed thinking they were perfectly fine... are going to wake up to find they're completely wiped out...

JACOB
You're lying.

GORDON GEKKO
I'm not, Son. I wish I were.

Jacob just stands there... stunned with what he's hearing.

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
See Jacob, you knew how to get that out of me. By playing me off of what I really want... my daughter back.
(beat)
So you need get Bretton back in the game... play him off of what he really wants.

And off Jacob's reaction...

INT. 15TH STREET DINER - NIGHT

Jacob shares a table with our Morgan Stanley Portfolio Manager.

MORGAN PORTFOLIO MANAGER
It's ugly out there dude. I wake up everyday wondering if today's the day we're going under.

JACOB
I know. But I do have something for
you...

And as Morgan Portfolio Manager leans forward in
anticipation...

INT. TOYOTA DEALERSHIP - DAY

As Jacob and Hedge Fund PM walk the floor... checking out the
new 2009 Prius.

HEDGE FUND PM
I was going to get the new Maserati,
but... you know...

Jacob slowly nods. Then...

JACOB
So I heard something earlier today...

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK - DAY

As Jacob jogs with our blogger from Streetaccount.com.

BLOGGER
It's so much better working out
outdoors... that gym was so stuffy.

JACOB
Not to mention expensive.

BLOGGER
Right.

JACOB
So, you've obviously heard the rumor?

And Blogger looks over to Jacob... he hasn't.

INT. STREETACCOUNT.COM OFFICES - MORNING

As our blogger from the gym sips his coffee, fires up his
computer and starts to type...

INT. THE CAPITAL FUND/NEW YORK OFFICES - MORNING

As Hedge Fund PM stands up to present to the team with a
confident smile...

INT. MORGAN STANLEY/PRIVATE CLIENT GROUP OFFICES - MORNING

As Morgan Portfolio receives the digital receipt... "1209
instant messages sent."

EXT. 15 CENTRAL PARK WEST - NIGHT

As the cab stops outside of the building...

INT. BRETTON WOODS'S OFFICE - NIGHT

As the thunder claps outside. Jacob stares at the Goya painting... Saturno Devorando a sus hijos Saturn. The man being eaten alive.

BRETTON WOODS (O.S.)
I don't like unannounced visits.

JACOB
United Bancorp is going under. Wells Fargo has stepped up but the offer is insanely low.

BRETTON WOODS
I know all this.

JACOB
You still have the fund and you still have the leverage that comes with it. You want out of the game... buy a bank.

Bretton skeptically regards Jacob.

BRETTON WOODS
Why are you doing this?

JACOB
Because I got you into those insurance companies... because I let you down...

And Bretton... biting his lip in thought...

BRETTON WOODS
I don't like the mortgage toxic waste. It can't be quantified... and it spreads...

JACOB
I worked it out already. You wouldn't have to take it.

BRETTON WOODS
How'd you do that?

JACOB
Well, Wells won't insure the Zabel institutional money. It's against their policy.

And then...

JACOB (CONT'D)
I told them you would.

BRETTON WOODS
Then who would take on the mortgage securities?

JACOB
Uncle Sam.

Bretton slowly nods... taking all this in...

BRETTON WOODS
So, I'd get the bank, the KZI assets
including the institutional fund yet
none of the mortgage securities.

As Jacob leans forward... going in for the kill...

JACOB
You could actually own the bank your
father toiled away at his whole
career. Think about that, Bretton.

Bretton just shakes his head.

BRETTON WOODS
We're going to lose our credit. I'm
facing margin calls.

JACOB
So in order to stay in the game... we
need fresh money.

Bretton nods...

JACOB (CONT'D)
Oleg--

BRETTON WOODS
(not going to work)
Oil's crashing.

Jacob thinks for a moment, then...

JACOB
And how much do we need?

BRETTON WOODS
Fifty, sixty million minimum... and
that's just to hold off the current
margin calls.

And Bretton just sighs...

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
God, de-leveraging is a bitch.

Standing...

JACOB
Sit tight. I'm going to get us the
money.

And Jacob goes... Bretton calling out after him...

BRETTON WOODS
From who... ?

EXT. UNION SQUARE BORDERS BOOKS - DAY

"Moral Hazard! Why Wall Street Has Finally Gone Too Far" is now everywhere.

In large cut outs and piles on tables and in the store's windows.

Jacob arrives at the end of the line... New York's newest best selling author is having a book signing.

AND GORDON GEKKO

Signs a book and looks up at the LADY who gave it to him.

LADY
I have a question... what exactly is
"moral hazard?"

With a smile...

GORDON GEKKO
Short version -- taking risks you're
not accountable for with other
people's money.

And the next person steps up and hands Gordon a copy.

JACOB
He's going for it. We're almost home.

As he signs it...

GORDON GEKKO
There you go.

JACOB
But he needs fresh money to serve the
leverage. A hundred million.

Gordon just shrugs.

GORDON GEKKO
I'm a writer now. We don't make that
much.

As the line of people holding their new books start to get impatient...

JACOB
I know that, but I figured you might
know how to get it.

Handing Jacob back the signed copy...

GORDON GEKKO
Well, if you need money that badly,
Jake... you might want to check closer
to home.

Off Jacob's confused reaction...

EXT. THE MALL/WASHINGTON DC - DAY

As they walk the mall... the Nation's Capitol behind them...

WINNIE
It's a lot.

JACOB
How much?

WINNIE
I don't know, Jacob. I never really
considered it mine.

JACOB
But it is... right? It's your money?

And she faces him... regarding his urgency...

WINNIE
(glaring at him)
You might want to wipe some of the
drool off your face...

JACOB
I'm not kidding. This is important.

As they continue to walk...

WINNIE
Yes, it's mine. When he went to
prison, my father put a lot of money
in our names. And when Rudy died it
all became mine.
(beat)
But it's in a trust. I can't get to
it until I'm thirty-five and even then
I was planning on giving it to
charity.

JACOB
Let's say I can figure out a way for
you to get it. Take a loan against it
-- something like that. Will you do
that for me?

WINNIE
Why are you doing this, Jacob?

Jacob takes a moment... looking away with...

JACOB
This is my only chance to make things
right, Winnie.

And she just regards him... not sure...

INT. MILBANK, TWEED, HADLEY & MCCLOY LAW OFFICES - DAY

As Jacob walks down the hall with KEN HADLEY, estate lawyer
to Manhattan's elite.

HADLEY
Gordon couldn't invest any of his
money so he put most of it into the
children's names with directions on
how it was to be invested.
(beat)
He definitely knew what he was
doing...

JACOB
And how could Winnie get it now?

Hadley stops walking and thinks about it.

HADLEY
Well, she'd have to sign a reversion
of trust document. That way the funds
would revert back to their pre-trust
posture and regulations.

JACOB
So all she has to do is sign a piece
of paper?

HADLEY
Basically.

As that registers...

JACOB
How much is in there?

HADLEY
It's complicated. There's private
equity ownership, real estate, a very
large position in a bank... all sorts
of investment vehicles.

JACOB
Ballpark it for me.

HADLEY
I don't know. Assuming immediate
liquidity... over three hundred
million.

And with that, Jacob sets to go. But...

HADLEY (CONT'D)
Of course... Gordon would have to sign
the document as well.

AND GORDON GEKKO

In the make-up chair of the Fox Business channel green room,
speaks into his phone.

GORDON GEKKO
You also would need the trust's
executor to sign it.

INTERCUT WITH...

Jacob as he walks down 5th avenue...

JACOB
Who is that?

GORDON GEKKO
Sammy Redding. He's a lifelong
friend. It won't be a problem.

JACOB
What about you?

GORDON GEKKO
I would love to sign it, Jacob.
Consider it done.

Walking down 5th avenue...

JACOB
Thank you. Thank you, Gordon.

GORDON GEKKO
Just after you agree to two things.

JACOB
Anything.

GORDON GEKKO
Before Bretton buys the bank, he must
use all of Winnie's money and all the
Locust Fund's leverage to go against
the market. They're about to pass
this bailout and I want to be on the
other side of it.
(beat)
This thing's going to hell in a bucket
and I'm sick of being on sidelines,
Pal.

JACOB
But what about--

GORDON GEKKO
It's just for a few weeks then it's
right back to our plan.

Accepting that...

JACOB

Okay.
(and then)
What's the second thing... ?

And as that hangs...

WINNIE GEKKO

As she starts to sign the forms... we're in...

INT. MILBANK, TWEED, HADLEY & MCCLOY/CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Silence. A clock ticks. A large table. Three LAWYERS sit on one side. Winnie and Jacob on the other and Gordon at the head.

Winnie finishes signing the forms then slides them back to Hadley who hands them to Gordon.

Jacob takes her hand but she pulls it away.

And after Gordon signs the papers, they all stand. Gordon just looks at Winnie, who's now looking back at him. Tears beginning to well.

And he slowly opens his arms...

GORDON GEKKO

Winnie... come here... you're all I have left now.

And she slowly walks over to him... to his embrace...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)

He was my only son. And I messed that up. I messed it all up, I know that.

She's now crying.

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)

But please... forgive me...

And confirming through her tears...

WINNIE

You always get what you want, Dad.

And Jacob Moore... witnessing this strange reunion... realizing how right she is...

INT. JACOB'S OFFICE - DAY

Jacob's on the phone in his office, watching coverage of a vote on the Senate floor...

JACOB
(into his phone)
Okay, it looks like this bailout's
going to pass...

SPLIT THE SCREEN

Robby, with a phone to his ear...

JACOB (CONT'D)
(into his phone)
... there's going to be an initial
bounce...

SPLIT THE SCREEN AGAIN... AND AGAIN... AND AGAIN...

Each time to another broker with a phone to their ear... our
six brokers from before...

JACOB (CONT'D)
(into his phone)
We're going to sell that bounce.

AND THEN FOX BUSINESS NEWS COVERAGE

Day by day... Alexis Glick starting off the day's coverage.

And each new day finds Alexis in a different outfit with a
different headline above her head.

We don't hear her, it moves quickly and it's ugly.

"BAILOUT PASSED -- MARKET RALLIES"

JACOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
First we're going to unload all of our
positions in the insurers.

"DOW REVERSES COURSE TRADES BELOW 10,000"

JACOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Then we're going to go the other
way... we're going to bet against this
market... aggressively.

"DOW LOSES 2400 POINTS IN 4 SESSIONS"

JACOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Against the S&P, the Nasdaq, the
Dow...

"MARKET CRASH CONTINUES"

JACOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
... the financials, China, India,
Brazil...

"WORLD MARKETS SIGNAL DEPRESSION AHEAD"

JACOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ... the brokerages that are still
 left, all the froth from the last two
 years...

AND WERE BACK ON THE CHART

As a circle forms on October 10th then travels the trend line
 down even further to late October and stops.

JACOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Gentlemen, anything that can be
 sold... we're going to sell.

And as a circle is formed around the date of October 27th,
 we...

CUT TO:

INT. 533 THIRD AVENUE/LOBBY- MORNING

Jacob gets off the elevator and sees Diego who doesn't say
 anything.

JACOB
 What? No market joke today?

Diego just shrugs...

DIEGO
 It stopped being funny.

Jacob softly nods and heads on his way.

INT. JACOB'S OFFICE - DAY

Jacob heads in to find Bretton waiting for him.

JACOB
 I thought you were in London.

Jacob nods.

BRETTON WOODS
 The United Bancorp deal is going to go
 through. I've begun unwinding all our
 positions.

JACOB
 But our deal with Gordon was that we
 have to stay short until November 5th.

Bretton just looks at him.

JACOB (CONT'D)
 What?

BRETTON WOODS
Jacob, Gordon redeemed all his money
yesterday. We're clean with him.

And this hits Jacob like a ton of bricks...

BRETTON WOODS (CONT'D)
Is something wrong?

JACOB
No. No, everything's great.

Forcing out a smile...

JACOB (CONT'D)
Let's go buy a bank.

INT. 655 PARK AVENUE/HALLWAY - NIGHT

As the LANDLORD walks down the hall with Jacob and Winnie.

JACOB
Thank you, he hasn't answered his
phone and we're very worried.

The landlord nods and unlocks the apartment door for them...

INT. GEKKO'S APARTMENT - DAY

And they walk in to find the place completely empty.
Everything's gone save for one thing... that framed picture
of the woman filling her stove with money.

Jacob slowly walks over to the it and stares it down...

JACOB
He played me...

She joins his side...

JACOB (CONT'D)
He played us.

WINNIE
I don't give a shit about the money.

And she turns to face him.

WINNIE (CONT'D)
This is who he is.

He sucks in a deep breath, then...

JACOB
I lied to you. I contacted him. I
spent time with him. Without you
knowing.

WINNIE
I knew.

JACOB
You knew?

WINNIE
I saw the picture in your wallet.

JACOB
Then why didn't you say anything?

WINNIE
Because I wanted to give you a chance
to say something first.
(beat)
Because I love you, I really do.

She takes off the "fuck you" ring...

WINNIE (CONT'D)
And because I desperately wanted to
find something in you to believe in.
(shaking her head in
disappointment)
But Jacob... you've become that exact
thing I've been trying to master...

... and places it into his palm.

WINNIE (CONT'D)
... you've become him.

INT. MILBANK, TWEED, HADLEY & MCCLOY OFFICES - MORNING

Hadley sits behind his desk.

HADLEY
It's completely legal, Jacob. The
funds reverted back to the pre-trust
posture... that means the money was
technically Gordon's again.

Hadley just shrugs...

JACOB
But he's not allowed to trade.

HADLEY
He didn't trade.

JACOB
He put the money into the hedge fund,
that's considered capital investment.

HADLEY
Jacob, Gordon never put the money into
a hedge fund. He simply took control
of the bank.

JACOB
Bank? What bank?

HADLEY
Hudson River. I told you about the
position in the bank.

Jacob's stunned...

JACOB
Hudson River... ? I don't understand.

SLAM INTO/BUCHANAN NEW YORK

A sleepy town...

HADLEY (V.O.)
Well, Gordon had placed his Hudson
River shares into the trust before he
was convicted. You do know he started
out there?

A rental car parks out front of a small bank. Jacob emerges
and heads for the bank...

HADLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Okay, then the trust aggressively
acquired more shares about two years
ago... enough to have a controlling
position in the bank.

And Jacob stops walking when he sees... a group of angry
depositors forming outside and a sign hanging in the
doorway... "Closed."

AND RIGHT BACK TO

Jacob and Hadley...

JACOB
But how? Gordon wasn't allowed to
control the trust.

HADLEY
That's right. All of the trust's
moves were made by its executor.

JACOB
Sammy Redding?

Confused...

HADLEY
Sammy Redding? Who the hell is Sammy
Redding?
(beat)
Jacob, the executor of Winnie's trust
has always been Bretton Woods.

And as that slams into Jacob Moore...

INT. BOEING 767 - NIGHT

As Jacob takes his seat and settles in for the long flight. He's flying commercial... and in coach.

EXT. LONDON - DAY

It's raining and gray.

INT. REDMAYNE AND BENTLEY BROKERAGE - DAY

As Jacob walks the hallowed halls of this old school stock brokerage with the MANAGER...

JACOB
So we're throwing Bretton's birthday party at Balmoral.

MANAGER
Well, we're very proud to have such a resounding success hail from these hallowed halls I assure you.
(beat)
We've been trying to get Bretton to come back and speak to our younger brokers, but... he's a hard man to reach.

JACOB
That's funny because he often speaks about his days here at Redmayne and Bentley... anyway, what I'm hoping you can help me with were records of his early trades. Years ago.
(beat)
We think it'll be fun to bring up some of Bretton's real losers from when he was starting out... you know we all have dogs.

MANAGER
Of course... but it is against policy to allow just anyone to see those records.

JACOB
I completely understand. How about this? I'll make you a trade.
(beat)
You let me see the records for Bretton's party...

And with a killer smile...

JACOB (CONT'D)
... and I'll make sure Bretton gives your young brokers a speech that will blow them away.

INT. REDMAYNE AND BENTLEY BROKERAGE/RECORDS HALL - LATER

As Jacob looks over the old documents... trading ledgers from twenty-five years ago.

Down the list we see him circle all the unusually large successful trades. And then follow them to the client # on the right side of the ledger.

And Jacob realizes it's the same client # every time. Client #41.

JACOB
Wow, Bretton -- you really kicked some
ass for client forty one.

Finally Jacob turns to the back of the ledger, to the client key, where he moves the pencil down to client #41 and it says... Gordon Gekko.

JACOB (CONT'D)
(all making sense now)
Bud Fox wasn't the only one.

INT. IMPRESSIVE TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Jacob waits in the large entry hall... holding a cheap umbrella he bought at Heathrow.

And down from the stairs walks...

OLEG
It's been a bitch of a month, my
friend... tell me this visit does not
bring bad news.

INT. OLEG'S LIBRARY - NIGHT

Oleg sips his vodka and looks at Jacob.

OLEG
You want me to audit The Locust Fund?

JACOB
That's right. I want you to tell
Bretton you need the official records
of all the fund's activity starting
with when you gave him the original
two hundred million. You need this
because The Russian Federal Tax
Service is up your ass and you have to
play ball with them.

OLEG
And if he declines... ?

JACOB
You'll have no choice but to pull your
money.

Oleg lights a cigarette... exhaling the smoke with...

OLEG
And why would I do that?

And Jacob leans forward...

JACOB
Because if you do this for me, Oleg,
I'll teach you the Andrew Zabel magic.
I'll explain to you, in detail, all of
his techniques... I'll give you all
his secrets... it's less complicated
than you might think.

INT. LONDON MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Darkness, until... a phone rings. Jacob wakes up and takes it.

JACOB
Hello... Okay, thank you.

He moves to the curtains then opens them.

And the daylight spills in.

INT. OLEG'S LIBRARY - DAY

Oleg slides four encyclopedia-sized bounded stacks of printouts across his desk.

OLEG
All the Locust Fund's trades for the
last two years.

Jacob nods, placing them into his bag.

And Oleg lights a cigarette... looks right at us...
excited... leaning forward with...

OLEG (CONT'D)
Now give it to me. Let me behind the
Andrew Zabel curtain...

INT. 767 - DAY

As Jacob flies back to New York. He flips through the Locust Fund trading ledgers, shaking his head in disbelief.

INT. WINNIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Winnie answers the door to find...

JACOB
They were working together. Your
father and Bretton.

Walking back into the apartment...

WINNIE
Jacob, what are you doing here?

Following her in...

JACOB
Gordon wanted the trust the whole
time. And when I came to him seeking
revenge... he saw his window.

Upset, she looks for her keys.

WINNIE
I have to go to work.

JACOB
Bretton owed him a favor because he
fed your father information twenty
three years ago when he was a young
broker in London and your father never
ratted him out.

She just looks at him... shaking her head... and not in
disapproval... but in pity. But he keeps going.

JACOB (CONT'D)
And he never put the money into
Bretton's fund. Turns out your trust
had built up a controlling position in
Hudson River Bank.

WINNIE
That's the bank he worked at when I
was born.

JACOB
Well, now he owns it. Or shall I say
pilfered it before he went AWOL.
(beat)
And that money wasn't even the
bank's... it was taxpayers'... bailout
money.

As this washes over a stunned Winnie Gekko...

WINNIE
Jesus...

And Jacob confirms...

JACOB
He saw this coming years ago... from
his cell. I'm guessing he made off
with billions.

And he throws something on the table.

JACOB (CONT'D)
And now look?

It's a copy of Portfolio Magazine with a picture of Gordon on cover under the headline... "Guess Who's Back and Getting Rich Betting Against You?"

JACOB (CONT'D)
He's in London... giving interviews
and being hailed as a genius.
Everyone's buying his book and waiting
to see his next move.

Desperately trying to get her mind around this...

WINNIE
But what about the SEC, the regulatory
agencies-- ?

JACOB
The government is flying this 700
billion dollar airplane by the seat of
it's pants. They don't know where
half of the fucking money is going.
And even if they did, do you think
they want this out there?

As this all washes over her...

WINNIE
This is his revenge.

JACOB
Yup... sure beats the hell out of
insider trading, doesn't it?

And Winnie finds her keys and heads for the door...

WINNIE
I can't hear anymore of this.

... but Jacob steps in front of her.

JACOB
I'm done. I sold everything. The
ring. Everything. I gave back the
KZI bonus. I'm out and I'm broke and
I deserve it.

And she just looks at him...

JACOB (CONT'D)
But Winnie, the one thing I can't
accept -- is losing you.

And before she reacts...

WERE BACK ON THE CHART

As a circle forms on Nov 6th then travels quite a ways then
finally stops. Unfortunately, this slope down the S&P
trendline is quite pronounced.

And as a circle is formed around Jan 24th 2009, we...

CUT TO:

THE CABIN OF A BOEING 777

As Jacob opens up a copy of Barron's... Gekko on the cover
under the caption "What's His Next Move?"

AND BRETTON WOODS

In an official office of our Federal Reserve Bank, proudly
signing the documents...

AND ALONG THE BANKS OF THE PERSIAN GULF

Dubai in the background. Jacob waits against a bench.
And across the way he sees... approaching him... Gordon
Gekko.

GORDON GEKKO

Did you see Barrons?

JACOB

You finally got the cover.

Gordon nods.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Everybody thinks you got rich of
betting against the system. If they
only knew...

GORDON GEKKO

The powers that be will never let that
happen.

Jacob's not arguing it...

JACOB

How much is enough, Gordon?

Gordon laughs with a shake of the head.

GORDON GEKKO

I've been asked that before...

(and then)

They took a hundred, twenty two
thousand, six hundred and forty hours
from me... for a goddamn victimless
crime. All the while I sit in my 8 by
12 and watch real crooks by the
thousands give out mortgages like
candy, package them into unexplainable
derivatives and spit the cancer out
into the world.

And he just shakes his head...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
And when I get out... who's there
waiting for me? Nobody.
(beat)
You better believe I'm going to get
mine.

JACOB
You're not going to miss America?

GORDON GEKKO
I'll always have America... it's why
I'm here. I'm buying the island.
(beat)
I know it's kitschy but it's fun and
good for business.

Looking over the water...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
I have a lot business abroad now.
Interests in an Australian copper
mine, a German solar company, some
Russian oil pipelines, a casino in
Macau... see Jake, America just isn't
where the action is anymore.

JACOB
What happened to the precious
depreciating asset of time?

GORDON GEKKO
It still trades...

And he turns to Jacob with a smile...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
... but I'm a billionaire now, Pal.

JACOB
I'm out, Gordon, I'm done trading.

GORDON GEKKO
I don't know why. You pulled it off,
Kid, you took him down -- granted with
my help -- but you atoned for Zabel's
sins with Bretton's money.
(beat)
As I see it, you're just getting
started.

And Jacob stops walking then slowly turns to Gordon with...

JACOB
Did you ever really want to reconcile
with her?

GORDON GEKKO
(of course I did)
I'm human.

Glaring at him...

JACOB
Then why did you do it?

And Gordon... strongly holding Jacob's glare... simply replies...

GORDON GEKKO
Same answer.

JACOB
But it didn't work.

Gordon sadly shrugs...

GORDON GEKKO
I've been trying to wire two hundred million into her bank account but she won't accept it.

JACOB
I know. She doesn't want it... we don't want it.
(beat)
Because it's not about what you have... it's about what you do. And Gordon -- it's never about the money.

Gordon shakes his head.

GORDON GEKKO
That sounds good. I bet you can even wrap it in a pretty red bow. But Champ, it's idealistic... and idealism kills every trade.
(beat)
Winnie will realize that at some point... and then we'll be fine.

And Jacob finally looks away... in pity.

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
See Jacob -- the hustle we all fall for is actually thinking we can fight what's inherent, what's inevitable... that we can somehow undo what genetics, or God, or whatever name you wanna tag it, has placed deep inside of us. Because whether it's greed or revenge or the compulsion to chase... it all amounts to the same thing... loss of control. And it's always going to be there and it's always going to be stronger than you, Pal.

Now walking again...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
It's why bubbles will always exist and
it's why we're all currently in this
mess.

Joining Gordon's stride...

JACOB
Winnie's pregnant.

And Gordon stops walking.

JACOB (CONT'D)
It's going to be a boy.

GORDON GEKKO
What do you want?

JACOB
It's bad out there, Gordon, people are
panicked. They're not looking to
their government. They're not looking
to their trusted advisors. They're
looking to you.

GORDON GEKKO
You want me to buy?

And Jacob Moore... slowly confirming...

JACOB
Publicly and aggressively.

Gordon just looks at him.

JACOB (CONT'D)
But they're all lemmings. Simple
psychology. You once said every crash
should have a JP Morgan to step in and
save it.
(beat)
Well Gordon -- this is your chance to
be JP Morgan.

And now Gordon shakes his head...

GORDON GEKKO
We're far from the bottom. It'll be a
dead cat bounce.

JACOB
It'll buy us time. That's all I'm
asking for... time.
(beat)
Time for the new administration to put
their plan into action.

GORDON GEKKO
What do I get in return?

As Gordon turns... takes in the city of Dubai... in all of its ridiculous splendor...

JACOB
Full clemency.

GORDON GEKKO
You can offer that?

JACOB
Your daughter can. She works with the new Secretary of Treasury now.

Considering that...

GORDON GEKKO
What else?

JACOB
Winnie. Me. Your grandson.
Something money can't buy... a family.

And Gordon looks at him for the longest moments, allowing it all to register, then...

GORDON GEKKO
Sorry son -- that's simply a trade I cannot make.

And as Gordon Gekko walks off... leaving Jacob Moore behind...

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You wanna know what the mother of all bubbles was? Us. The human race. Scientists call it the Cambrian Explosion, from the Cambrian fauna.

AND RONALD REAGAN NATIONAL AIRPORT

As Jacob heads into the baggage claim area to see Winnie waiting for him...

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It happened 530 million years ago... when all of the sudden, there was the seemingly rapid appearance of most major groups of complex animals.

And as they embrace...

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And from it was born humanity.

AND GORDON GEKKO

Being led through a massive empty space... office space...

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 It was an explosion of life.
 Scientists will tell you it was
 unprecedented, excessive and by the
 standards of evolution-time...
 happened in a flash.

The City of London outside the large windows...

GORDON GEKKO (CONT'D)
 Suddenly the world had millions of new
 species... just like that.

This will be the home of his new international empire.

AND BRETTON WOODS

At his desk in his 15 CPW penthouse...

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 See -- bubbles are the purest form of
 Darwinism.

... looking over pages and pages of destruction... Andrew
 Zabel's legacy that he now has to pay for...

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 They teach us what we didn't know and
 they remind us of what we forgot...

And Brettton completely loses it... just starts ripping out
 the pages then tearing them in two...

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 They kill excess and they lean out the
 herd.

... methodically... page by page... over and over again...

AND GORDON GEKKO

Sitting in his massive London office.

It's empty. It's night. He's completely alone.

He looks up at the wall... at the framed picture of JP Morgan
 and Uncle Sam rowing that boat.

Then he looks down at an old picture of Winnie... she's
 probably three or four years old... and lovingly holding her
 baby brother, Rudy.

And Gordon holds on this picture for a long moment, before
 finally...

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 They actually bring us back to the
 necessary simple...

... picking up the phone.

AND GORDON GEKKO

Now in the back of a Town Car... we don't know where...

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Because Jacob...

As the door opens, daylight spills in and we see the charging bull of Bowling Green Park across the way...

Gordon is escorted out of the car and led to the doors of the New York stock exchange.

And Gordon stops at the famed doors, takes a moment to regard the exchange, sucks in a deep breath, readies for his hero's welcome and finally... opens the doors then disappears inside.

AND WINNIE AND JACOB

Greet the morning in their small Washington DC apartment. Winnie pouring coffee, Jacob turning on the TV.

And on the screen is a picture of Gordon Gekko walking the floor of the New York stock exchange under the graphic... "Gekko Now Betting On A Recovery."

GORDON GEKKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
... you'd be amazed what can rise from
the ashes.

Sam Cooke's "A Change Is Gonna Come" kicks in.

And we go close on the Fox Business Channel's coverage of the market's huge rally of an opening... with Gordon Gekko ringing the bell... until the channel suddenly changes... to the cartoon network... while we...

FADE OUT.