

THE WOLF OF WALL STREET

Written by
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Based on the book
by
Jordan Belfort

Jordan trades looks with Donnie, who shifts uncomfortably.

JORDAN (V.O.)
But before he could even get a
hemorrhoid--

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

Jordan sits with two CUSTOMS OFFICERS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

SAUREL
Jordan Belfort! At last!
Nicholas has told me so much.

RUGRAT
Jordan, Jean-Jacques Saurel.

JORDAN
Nice to make your acquaintance.
This is some lobby you got.

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

They disappear upstairs.

150 SCENE 150 OMITTED 150

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

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

DONNIE

We have a joke in America.
"Heaven is a place where the police are Brits, the chefs are Italian, the car mechanics are German, the prostitutes are French and the bankers are Swiss." I never got it 'til now -- look at those fucking fish! Come here, little guy...

SAUREL

Yes, we have the same joke here. Only sometimes the English are chauffeurs and the chefs are French. The Germans, alas, are always mechanics; no one wants to grant them more authority than that.

Polite laughter. Jordan, not as impressed by the fish, cuts straight to the point:

JORDAN

I'm curious about your bank secrecy laws.

SAUREL

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

(a smile)

Of course, let's get "down to it." What would you like to know?

JORDAN

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

SAUREL

Ca depend.

JORDAN

Ca depend? Ca depend on what?

SAUREL

Whether America plans to invade
Switzerland in the coming months.

RUGRAT

Want me to see if tanks are
rolling down the Rue de la Croix?

More chuckles. Through Jordan's forced smile:

JORDAN (V.O.)

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

SAUREL (V.O.)

I understand perfectly, you
American shitheel.

Saurel smiles.

SAUREL

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

Everyone's impressed. Except Jordan.

JORDAN

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

SAUREL

(now he's impressed)
Yes, we would. Assuming the
account is under your name.
However, if it were in the name of
a nominee of yours...

They take each other in.

JORDAN (V.O.)

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

SAUREL (V.O.)

Yes! Yes!

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

JORDAN (V.O.)

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

152 SCENES 152 - 153 OMITTED 152

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

Naomi's Aunt Emma answers the door.

AUNT EMMA

Jordan?

JORDAN

(big smile, sweating)
Surprise.

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

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

AUNT EMMA

So tell me about this plan of
yours.

JORDAN

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

AUNT EMMA

Oh my.