

INT. BOVESPA STOCK MARKET - MORNING

TRADERS at Bovespa in São Paolo brawl.

INT. BOURSE DE PARIS TRADING FLOOR - DAY

BROKERS yell to each other, barking orders on the phones.

INT. NYSE TRADING FLOOR - MORNING

Wall Street BROKERS stand frozen before the opening bell.

INT. GOLDMAN SACHS BUILDING, TOP FLOOR - MORNING

LAWRENCE R. KANDINSKY, Goldman's courtly Chairman, sits in the dark. Computer and HDTV screens are the only lights.

CNN reports live from the NYSE.

CNN REPORTER (O.S.)

We've never seen such tremendous  
fear amongst traders before.

Kandinsky reaches for a nearby BOTTLE of an old St. Magdalene scotch whiskey, turns to the TV screen and raises his bottle as in a toast.

KANDINSKY

Hear hear, diligent bastards.

He takes a big swig from it and puts the bottle away and quickly runs through a series of down-spiraling CHARTS on the COMPUTER screen. The PHONE rings. He grabs the handset and slams it back down.

The thin stream of light appears behind him. Kandinsky turns.

KANDINSKY

I said no one is to be allowed on  
this floor!

The door opens and a SILHOUETTE holding a GUN appears. Kindinsky's eyes widen.

He reaches for the bottle again.

KANDINSKY

Care for some?

A GUNSHOT!

A bullet bores through Kandinsky's head. Blood and pieces of brain splatter all over the computer screen. The whiskey bottle falls and shatters on the floor.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - MORNING

An overly excited *Daily News* PEDDLER shouts the cover story.

PEDDLER

Panic stricken Wall Street braces  
for opening bell.

Worried PEOPLE grab his newspapers.

INT. GOLDMAN SACHS BUILDING, TOP FLOOR - MORNING

THE KILLER, a tall, trim man wearing an impeccable Valentino double-breasted suit and alligator Prada shoes, calmly unties Kandinsky's Vincent Van Gogh's "Starry Night" silk tie and wipes the blood and brains off the screen with it.

CNN REPORTER (O.S.)

Today could be worse than the  
Black Mondays of '29 and '87.

CNN ANCHOR (O.S.)

And it's Monday in October again.

CNN REPORTER (O.S.)

Yes. A weird coincidence that  
only fosters the fear.

The Killer takes a remote and turns the TV's sound off, then swiftly strikes the keyboard on Kandinsky's computer.

"LIQUIDATE ALL POSITIONS?" - reads the screen. A choice blinks below: YES / NO

He clicks "YES".

Kandinsky's body SLIPS from the chair and FALLS to the floor.

INT. RISK ARBITRAGE HOUSE - MORNING

The lavish offices of an élite risk arbitrage house. Dismayed TRADERS sit frozen in front of their computer consoles.

JULIUS "JAY" BECKER, a sharp-looking man in his forties, stands, immensely focused, in front of a huge SCREEN filled with cascading stock quotes. All eyes are fixed on him.

JULIUS

Not yet.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. WOODBOURNE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - DAY

SUPERIMPOSED: "FEW MONTHS EARLIER"

On the cell's walls: photos of Julius and Alan Greenspan, of Julius ringing the opening bell on the NYSE, Julius on the cover of "TIME". Newspaper clips read:

- Stock Market Wiz Flimflams Billions,
- "GOVERNMENT's SHAMEFUL CHARADE", Stock Wizard Presents His Case,
- Dr. Julius "Jay" Becker Convicted of Fraud,
- "WALL STREET DREAM TEAM TORN APART", a cover of MONEY MAGAZINE features a RIPPED PHOTO with Julius on one side and MATTHEW ASCHWORT and SAM MATTHEWS, on another,
- END OF AN ERA, The Wizard of Wall Street's Gone.

Julius, unshaven and tired, sits on the edge his bed. On a small TABLE, near a CHESS BOARD, is a PHOTO of him with his wife and daughter, RACHEL, a beautiful woman in her thirties, and GRACIE, six, a tiny, angelic-looking girl as they walk through Central Park in New York.

He picks up the photo and stares into their smiling faces.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHAKESPEARE GARDEN, CENTRAL PARK NYC - DAY

Julius, Gracie, and Rachel, followed by FRENCHY, a perky little black Australian Labradoodle, ascend the stairs.

Among the spring flowers two young musicians, VICTOR AYALA on PARAGUAYAN HARP and VICKY CHAMBERS on FLUTE rehearse Mozart's *Concerto for Flute and Harp*. Gracie gapes, mesmerized by the music. The music stops.

Julius and Rachel applaud. Gracie approaches the harp.

GRACIE

May I touch it, please?

Ayala nods, takes Gracie's hand and puts it on the harp.

AYALA

Your fingers go here, yes, just like that. This is a C-harp key. Now try it.

Gracie's finger strokes the string and with the sound she jumps back a step. She smiles shyly and looks at Julius.

He raises her up, hugs and kisses her.

JULIUS

You just played your first tune, Angel.

BACK TO JULIUS'S CELL

A gruff PRISON GUARD appears and unlocks the cell.

PRISON GUARD

Time to get your ass out of here!

Julius carefully puts the photo away.