

GOLDMAN SUCKS

Written by

SORKIN DISCIPLE

FROM THE BLACK WE HEAR--

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
So...*why* does America hate you so much?

CEO (V.O.)
Well. We, er...my -- we do some, uh, very important work--

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
(lusting to chime-in)
--Thousands would disagree, am I right?

FADE IN:

INT. FINANCIAL NEWS STUDIO - DAY

An immaculate array of Fresnel spotlights cook **LLOYD** (mid-40s), CEO and veritable Prince of Wall Street. Yet, with just a tightening of his Hermes tie, an extraordinary magnetism suddenly switches on.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)
I mean, turn any corner in Manhattan and you'll face a mob famished for Wall Street blood--

LLOYD
(taking charge)
--Our stewardship over the global economy cannot be overstated.
(confidence rising)
My firm, along with other investment banks, nourish businesses with the capital to generate wealth, to create jobs, and to enable companies to push incredible new products and services. We--

NEWS ANCHOR
--Last year you set aside twenty billion dollars for compensation. Twenty. Billion. Dollars.
(struggling to fathom the sheer avarice before him)
(MORE)

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

D-Does your company exist solely to enrich yourselves?

LLOYD

(gaining composure)

Let me ask you something, Steve--

PHIL (STEVE)

Phil.

LLOYD

Is there such thing as too much ambition?

(beat)

Is it possible to be *too* successful?

(ignores anchor and addresses the camera directly)

We cull the brightest young talent on the planet and elevate them to the upper echelons of the labor market. We're the exquisite machinery that runs the Swiss watch of American enterprise.

The vitriol drains from the once-smug reporter, **PHIL**, and the flushed reporter desperately seeks a verbal riposte.

EXT. NYC SKYLINE - TWILIGHT

Freedom Tower inimitably lords over the other skyscrapers. A sonorous WAIL of a cargo ship is heard.

Silence, positive and thorough, fills the horn's wake...

Until:

A high, thin MECHANICAL SCREAM of a supercharged V-12 slices through the VACUUM.

GAGE (V.O.)

I absolutely love Wall Street.

EXT. WALL STREET - NIGHT

A Lamborghini Aventador LP 700-4 BANKS sharply into a narrow passage. The Lamborghini, ELECTRIC ORANGE in complexion, reflects the ornate facades of New York's financial spires.

INT. LAMBORGHINI - CONTINUOUS

Bands of light sweep across the driver. Enter: **GAGE**, a handsome, twenty-something-year-old -- consummate investment banker of exotic ancestry. All the raiments of a Wall Street banker are in view: exquisitely coiffed hair, Egyptian cotton oxford, and a bespoke suit unquestionably tailored in Seville Row.

ECU of WHITE KNUCKLES gripping the super car's steering wheel: a space-age apparatus of unfathomable complexity.

EXT. WALL STREET - CONTINUOUS

The red of the Lamborghini's tail-lights deposit a phantom image -- like a long exposure of the night sky revealing the trajectories of stars.

INT. LAMBORGHINI - CONTINUOUS

GAGE now speaks directly to the camera while the exhaust notes crescendo:

GAGE
This isn't *The Wolf of Wall Street*.

INT. INVESTMENT BANKER BULLPEN - DAY

A head pops up from an array of cubicles.

MAN
I NEED THOSE COMPS FOR XOM!

INT. INDIVIDUAL CUBICLE - SAME