

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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THE WOLF OF WALL STREET

INT. DAY. BEDROOM:

Naomi storms in the room while Jordan is asleep. She throws water on him.

NAOMI
Wake up you piece of shit.

JORDAN
Awwww.

NAOMI
Who's Venice?

JORDAN
Who?

NAOMI
Huh?

JORDAN
Who? Who? Who? Who?

NAOMI
Who? Who? What are you a fucking Owl? Who is she?

JORDAN
Who? I don't know what the f...

NAOMI
Some little hooker you were fucking last night?

JORDAN
What the fuck are you talking about? No, No way, baby! No!

NAOMI
You were calling her name in your sleep.

JORDAN
Are you outta your fucking mind?!

Naomi leaves the room to fill the cup up again.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I don't even know who Venice is.
What the fuck does that even mean,
Venice? Venice is the stupidest
shit I've ever heard in my fucking
life.

Naomi storms back in.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

That's right! That's right, I
forgot. I forgot, baby. Donny and
I, we're investing in a condominium
complex in Venice. That's why, all
this confusion...

NAOMI

Oh, you were investing in Italy?

JORDAN

Not Italy, California, baby!

NAOMI

Oh! California?...

JORDAN

Yeah...

NAOMI

You're a lying, piece of shit.

Naomi begins to leave.

JORDAN

Duchess, baby, come on...

NAOMI

Don't you fucking Duchess me...

JORDAN

Okay, okay, okay, okay, I'm
sorry...

NAOMI

Don't you fucking Duchess me...

JORDAN

Okay, okay, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.
Just talk to me...

NAOMI

Do you really think that I don't
know what you're up to?...

JORDAN

Wh...

NAOMI

You're a father now, Jordan...

JORDAN

Yeah...

NAOMI

You're a father now...

JORDAN

I know...

NAOMI

And, you're still acting like an infant.

She throws the glass of water at him.

JORDAN

Fffffuuuuucccckkkkkkkk...

She leaves the room again for more water.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

God dammit! Baby, you know, you got real anger issues. You got real fucking problems...

NAOMI

Who was the one that flew in here at 3 in morning on their stupid Helicopter and woke up Skylar? That was you. It's like it doesn't even matter to you...

JORDAN

Oh, Skylar...oh, fucking bullshit.

NAOMI

It doesn't matter to you that I just had that driving range sodded with Bermuda Grass, Jordan and you just fucking wrecked it...

JORDAN

Oh, shit, Bermuda Grass...

NAOMI

You didn't research the whole thing and deal with the fucking Golf course people...

JORDAN

OOooooohhhh my god, you had to deal with Golf Course people, too! What a great tragedy, honey. Oh my god, you probably had to pay them in cash with your hands, what a fucking burden, and actually do some work besides swiping my fucking credit card all day, huh? Cause I can't keep track of your professions, honey, cause last month you were a wine connoisseur, now you're an aspiring landscape architect. Let me get that right...

Naomi storms in the room with another cup of water.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

No, no...

NAOMI

Fuck you...

JORDAN

Don't you fucking dare throw that water at me. Don't you fucking dare. Alright honey, now we just, we could talk this out, alright? Just use our words, you know, communicate, okay? Come on sweetheart! Talk to me, talk to me...

NAOMI

Stop flexing your muscles, Jordan, you look like a fucking imbecile.

JORDAN

Babe, come on, you should feel, you should feel happy you got a husband who's in such great shape like this, huh?! Come here, come here, give me a kiss! You look so beautiful right now, come on...

NAOMI

Kiss you?!

JORDAN

You look so beautiful, right now...

NAOMI

Kiss you?!

JORDAN
Yeah, give me one...

She throws water in his face and leaves.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Fuck you!!! Fuck you!!!