

MONTAGE: INT. FLOYD'S OFFICE - DAY (1993)

- A series of shots show the details of the office. A gilded clock, framed photos, business cards, a gold Newton's cradle, a pen holder with two black pens, a heavy crystal paperweight Earth, and a green lamp with a gold stand.

FLOYD (V.O)

At age 16 I watched guys in fancy suits take my father's business, his pride and joy, away from him.

- FLOYD, early 30s, sits in a burgundy leather chair with two fingers pressed to his temple.

FLOYD (V.O)

A good combination of money and politicians can do that quite easily - and legally, too.

- His gold cuff links, the gold pen in his jacket pocket, his shiny Italian loafers tapping the floor - gold buckle of course.

FLOYD (V.O)

I've never found myself interested in the legal side of life. There's far too much paperwork, and it's terribly boring.

- A well-dressed couple is revealed seated across from Floyd's desk. He adjusts his gold-patterned tie, then looks to the man.

FLOYD (V.O)

I learned about the nature of greed at a young age, and people have been begging me to take their money ever since.

END MONTAGE

WILLIAM and SHERYL, a privileged couple in their late 20s, wearing the latest uniform from Polo Magazine, are arguing.

FLOYD

She's right William, this is a high-risk investment. I've got a good feeling about it, but I don't know if you're ready.

Floyd gathers the papers spread out on his desk, stacking them into a neat pile, returning them into a file.

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WILLIAM

You don't think I'm ready?? I waited 27 years for my old man to kick the bucket only to find out that he left everything to some greenpeace bullshit and not me!

The intercom buzzes, stealing everyone's attention. Floyd presses the blinking red button on the phone.

LISA

(on speakerphone)

Floyd, your two-thirty is here.

He presses it again. Floyd stands up, putting on his blazer.

FLOYD

Apologies. Think this over. Come back next week and we'll get something safer in the works.

Sheryl stands, as William remains seated. He pulls out a pen and checkbook, then looks to Floyd.

WILLIAM

I'm not leaving until you tell me what to write on this check.

Floyd smiles and reaches out for a handshake. As their hands collide...

CUT TO

TITLE: "GET RICH" (WORKING TITLE)

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INT. FLOYD'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - EVENING

LISA, Floyd's secretary, late 20s, smokes a cigarette while doodling on a notepad. The off-white office has generic art and inspirational photos of Floyd hanging on the patterned wallpaper. Floyd comes through the door behind her.

FLOYD

Get their paperwork shredded, we're leaving first thing in the morning.

She throws the cigarette into a drawer and slams it. She drops the file from earlier into the shredder. Floyd starts removing his tie, jacket, and other accessories.

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