

Wall Street

Natalie: Five minutes.

Bud: Well, life all comes down to a few moments.

This is one of 'em.

Gekko: What the hell's going on? I'm looking at 200,000 shares move, pal. I wanna know if we're part of it. We'd better be, or I'm gonna come and eat your lunch for you. Back in two.

Sorry, Jeff. Look, I loved it at 40. It's an insult at 50. Their analysts don't know preferred stock from livestock. Wait till it heads south, then we raise the sperm count on the deal.

Get back at ya. This is the kid. Calls me 59 days in a row. Wants to be a player. Oughta be in the dictionary under "persistence". Listen, Jerry, I'm looking for negative control.

No more than 30, 35%. Just enough to block anybody else's merger plans, and find out if the books are cooked. If it looks as good as on paper, we're in the kill zone, pal. Lunch?

You kiddin'? Lunch is for wimps. OK, Billy. I'll talk to ya later.

Buddy: How do you do, Mr. Gekko? I'm Bud Fox.

Gekko: So you say. Nice to meet you. Hope you're intelligent. Where'd you get these?

Buddy: I got a connection at the airport.

Gekko: So what's on your mind, kemo sabe? Why am I listening to you? I gotta monitor my blood pressure, so don't upset me.

Bud: No. No, sir.

Gekko: In 45 seconds, the microprocessor computes your systolic and diastolic pressure.

Got an LCD read-out, cost-effective...Less than one visit to a doctor.

Bud: I just wanna let you know Mr. Gekko I've read all about you at NYU Business. I think you're an incredible genius. I've always dreamed of one thing and that's to do business with a man like you.

Gekko: What firm you with?

Bud: Jackson-Steinem.

Gekko: They're going places. Good junk-bond department. You the financing on that Jansen investment?

Bud: Yeah. I'm working on some other interesting stuff.

Gekko: Cosmetic company, by any chance? Are you twelfth man on the deal team? Last to know?

Bud: I can't tell you that, Mr. Gekko.

Gekko: So what you got for me, sport?

Bud: Chart breakout on Whitewood-Young Industries. Explosive earnings. A 30% discount from book. Great cash flow. Couple of 5% holders.

Gekko: It's a dog.

Bud: Strong management.

Gekko: It's a dog, pal. What else you got besides connections at the airport?

Natalie: Mr. Stevenson in San Francisco.

Gekko: He responds to the offer? What?! Why the hell is Cromwell giving a lecture tour when he's losing 60 million a quarter?! Guess he's giving lectures in how to lose money. If this guy owned a funeral parlour, no one would die! This turkey is brain dead! OK. All right, Christmas is over, and business is business. (Simultaneous to Ollie) You keep on buying. Dilute the son of a bitch! Ollie, I want every orifice in his fuckin' body flowin' red!

Ollie: He's flowin', Gordo. Piece of cake.

Gekko: This guy's the best trader on the street. Susan, get me the LBO analysis on Teldar Paper.

Bring it in here, please.

Natalie: Mr Gekko, your wife.

Gekko: What else you got?

Bud: Terafly. Analysts don't like it. I do. The break-up value is twice the market price.

This deal finances itself. You sell off two divisions...

Gekko: Not bad for a quant, but that's a dog with different fleas. Come on, pal. Tell me something I don't know. It's my birthday. Surprise me.

Bud: Bluestar.

Bud: What?

Bud: Bluestar Airlines.

Gekko: Rings a bell somewhere. So what?

Bud: It's a comer. 80 medium-body jets. 300 pilots. Flies to Florida, Canada, uh, Northeast, the Caribbean. Great slots in major cities.

Gekko: I don't like airlines. Lousy unions.

Bud: Well, there was a crash last year. They just got a favourable ruling on a lawsuit.

Even the plaintiffs don't know about it.

Gekko: Well, how do you know about it?

Bud: I just know. The decision should clear the way for new planes and routes.

There's only a small float out there. You should grab it, good for a five-point pop.

Ollie: 250,000 shares at 181/4 from Jansen. I can pull twice that at 181/2 from the California pensions. We got close to half a million shares in the bag.

Gekko: The Terminator! Blow 'em away, Ollie!

Ollie: We got the Beezer Brothers. I'm working on the Silverberg boys.

Gekko: Rip their fuckin' throats out! Stuff 'em in your garbage compactor!

Interesting. Got a card?

Bud: Home number's on the back.

Gekko: Bud Fox, I look at a hundred deals a day. I choose one.

Bud: I hope to hear from you, sir.

Gekko: Thanks for the cigars. Let's go, guys. Looks like we're going over 5% in Teldar.

Start the lawyers on a tender offer and 13D. We buy everything in sight, but we don't pay over 22. They'll fight. They got Myers and Thromberg doing their legal.

Bud: Thanks, Natalie.

Natalie: Have a nice day, Mr. Fox.