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INT. KACANDES DINER - BAYSIDE - DAY (JUN '88)

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Wearing a suit, Jordan sits in a booth reading the Wall Street Journal as a WAITRESS serves the food. DONNIE AZOFF, preppy-looking, 25, with horn-rims and bright white teeth approaches from the takeout counter.

DONNIE

That your Jag in the lot?

JORDAN

Yeah.

DONNIE

Nice ride. Donnie Azoff.

JORDAN

Jordan Belfort.

DONNIE

I've seen it around. We live in the same building. Twelfth floor?

(Jordan nods)

What do you do, bro?

JORDAN

Stock broker.

DONNIE

Kids furniture, me and my brother-in-law. Making any money?

JORDAN

Seventy grand last month.

DONNIE

Get the fuck out. You made seventy grand in one month.

JORDAN

Seventy two actually.

Donnie studies him, isn't sure if he's full of shit.

DONNIE

Tell you what. You show me a paystub with \$72,000 on it, I'm quitting my job right now and coming to work with you.

As Jordan retrieves his briefcase to find a paystub --

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SCENE 30A OMITTED

\*30A

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As Jordan hands Donnie his paystub and sure enough, it's north of seventy-two k.

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