

27

INT. INVESTOR'S CENTER - DAY (DEC '87)

27

The antithesis of L.F. Rothschild, with cheap furniture and a dozen misfit "BROKERS" giving loud, obnoxious sales pitches. Jordan enters, a modern man among cave people. DWAYNE, slovenly, 35, with a walrus mustache, looks up.

JORDAN

I'm looking for Investor's Center?

DWAYNE

That's us, hey. Dwayne.

JORDAN

(as they shake hands)

Jordan Belfort, I called earlier.

I was a broker with Rothschild.

Dwayne motions Jordan to a seat. Nearby, a Broker in ratty Keds, TOBY WELCH, is screaming into his phone.

TOBY WELCH

I'm tellin' you, this stock is goin' up!... Cause I know, okay?!... I have inside information!

Jordan looks at him, appalled at what he's hearing.

JORDAN

Where are your quotrons?

DWAYNE

No quotrons, we sell off the pink sheets -- penny stocks.

Dwayne slides Jordan a large thin book; its pages are literally pink. He explains as Jordan flips the pages:

DWAYNE (CONT'D)

Company don't have enough capital to be listed on NASDAQ, their shares trade here.

(points to the book)

Like these guys, Aerotype? They make radar detectors out of a garage in Dubuque.

JORDAN

Six cents a share? Who buys this crap?

DWAYNE

Schmucks mostly. Mailmen, plumbers, people thinking they can get rich quick. They answer our ads, Popular Mechanics, Hustler.