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INSERT POLAROID - (JUN '95)

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A crime scene photo; Ben in his underwear, dead on a bathroom floor, a gun near his head, which oozes blood.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Anyway, in an attempt to maintain order, I hired my dad Max as defacto CFO and head of the Gestapo.

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INT. JORDAN'S PARENTS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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MAX BELFORT sits smoking, watching a rerun of "The Equalizer" on TV. His wife, LEAH, does needlepoint.

JORDAN (V.O.)

We called him Mad Max because of his hair-trigger temper, which could be set off by something as innocuous as a ringing telephone.

The phone RINGS.

MAX

Who the hell has the goddamn gall to call this house on a Tuesday evening! Goddammit!

JORDAN (V.O.)

But then the weirdest thing would happen. Though he'd never been near England, he'd pick up the phone and affect an ever-so-slight British accent.

Greatly agitated, Max stomps toward the phone.

JORDAN (V.O.)

This was his other persona -- the super polite, ever-gracious Sir Max.

MAX

(into phone)

Hello?... Yes, Gene, right-eo. Good-good then... Cheerio.

JORDAN (V.O.)

It was absolutely bizarre. He'd hang up...

MAX

(hangs up phone)

Goddamn fucking halfwit!