

BO DIETL

(shrugs)

Good news is I made some calls,  
DEA, Justice? No one but him even  
knows who you are.

JORDAN

Can you bug him or something, tap  
his phone?

BO DIETL

Jordan, relax. First off, you  
don't fuck with these guys, not  
that way. Secondly, I got a P.I.  
license, you know?

JORDAN

Maybe I should call him, see what  
he wants.

BO DIETL

No! Anybody does that should be  
your lawyer. What you do is eat  
your dinner, drink your drink, and  
forget about it. Cuz as far as I  
hear he doesn't have shit.

Jordan nods, wheels turning, pretending to do as told.

136A

SCENE 136A OMITTED

136A

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EXT. BATTERY PARK MARINA - DAY (LATE SPRING '95)

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As Agent Denham steps into frame, another FED, AGENT  
HUGHES, beside him, both G-man stoic in impenetrably dark  
glasses --

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\*

JORDAN (O.S.)

Patrick? Hey! C'mon aboard!

They look up. On the yacht Naomi, Jordan stands waving,  
drinking wine with two Blue Chip HOOKERS in bikinis.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Plank's right down there.

Denham shares a look with his cohort: it's almost a joke,  
this display of wealth before a federal agent. Moments  
later, they step aboard.

AGENT DENHAM

Mr. Belfort, I'm Agent Denham.  
This is Agent Hughes.