

189

EXT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT (LATE SUMMER '95)

189

The Lamborghini is parked at the bottom, twenty steps down. He starts to crawl down the stairs, stops. Tries again. Can't figure out how to do it.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Fuck! The kid makes it look so easy!

An icy wind blows through his T-shirt.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Think, you motherfucker, think!
(a few beats; then)
Wait, I've got it!

Jordan slowly curls himself into a ball.

JORDAN (V.O.)

I can roll!

Forcing himself over the edge, Jordan begins to descend the steps, one at a time. Thump. Thump. Then faster. Thump- Thump-Thump. Faster still. He loses control, takes all the steps at once. Thump-Thump-Thump-Thump-Thump-Thump. He lands with a crash on the asphalt, drags himself up and into the Lamborghini.

190

INT. JORDAN'S LAMBORGHINI - NIGHT (LATE SUMMER '95)

190

Ignition on, Jordan sits hunched over, chin resting on the steering wheel. Just then, the car phone RINGS. With great effort, he pushes the speaker phone button:

JORDAN

...ello?

NAOMI (O.S.)

Omigod! Jordan, where are you?!

JORDAN

Whazz a marra?

NAOMI (O.S.)

It's Donnie, he's totally out of control! He's on the other line with some Swiss guy!

Jordan's face reads horror.

JORDAN

Whaa?! No!!