

DONNIE

My guy says one's all we'll need.
Salut'.

Excited, they each pop a lude, toast with hot sake'...

DISSOLVE TO:

182

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - BASEMENT - LATER (LATE SUMMER '95)

182

Bored, Jordan and Donnie sit on the couch watching
"Family Matters" on TV.

JORDAN

You feeling anything?

DONNIE

Nope.

(glances at watch)
Thirty five minutes.

JORDAN

Maybe we've built up a tolerance
all these years?

Donnie shrugs; they pop another, wash it down with sake'.

DISSOLVE TO:

183

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - BASEMENT - LATER (LATE SUMMER '95)

183

With Jordan running on the treadmill, Donnie pumps away
on an exercise bike nearby. They're both sweating.

DONNIE

This is bullshit, man. My fucking
metabolism's pumping and I don't
feel shit.

JORDAN

They're old, maybe they lost their
potency.

Donnie leans over, picks up the bottle. Reads the label.

DONNIE

January '81. They're fucking
duds.

He shakes out more pills, two more apiece. As they pop
them, a very pregnant Naomi descends the stairs, now very
pregnant.

NAOMI

What are you two retards doing?