

Jordan looks up suddenly, paranoid, as if he's hearing voices.

9

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT (FEB '95)

9

Jordan, drooling and stoned out of his skull, wears a rumpled custom-made business suit as he mans a set of controls next to his frantic co-pilot, CAPTAIN DAVE.

CAPTAIN DAVE

Pull up! Jesus! We're gonna crash!!

Jordan's head bobs as he pulls back on the stick. The helicopter rises sharply, then levels out, hovering 30 feet above a huge mansion. Down below, through Jordan's hazy, DOUBLE VISIONED POV, we see a sparkling pool, tennis court and waterfall.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Check this out -- despite my completely fucked-up state, I could fly straight while still seeing two of everything.

He closes one eye; his POV sharpens. Putting pressure on the stick, the helicopter descends slowly over the driving range... then LURCHES and SLAMS to the ground.

JORDAN

(to Captain Dave)

Ya guzza git hazarous doozy pay, buddy.

10

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - FRONT DOOR - DAY (FEB '95)

10

Morning. Sober now, impeccable in suit and tie, Jordan heads for the door holding a glass of orange juice.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Yes, on a daily basis I take enough drugs to sedate greater Long Island.

11

EXT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - CONTINUOUS (FEB '95)

11

He pops two white pills, swigs some juice, then speaks directly to the camera as he heads for a waiting limo.

JORDAN

I take Quaaludes for my back, fifteen to twenty a day.