

Jordan can't respond. Phone still to his ear, his eyelids droop. Drool spills from his slackened jaw.

JORDAN (V.O.)

After fifteen years in storage,  
the Lemmons had developed a  
delayed fuse.

JORDAN'S POV -- is hazy as he stares at his own reflection in the pay phone.

JORDAN (V.O.)

It took 90 minutes for the little fuckers to kick in, but once they did -- pow! I had skipped the tingle phase and went straight to the drool phase.

JORDAN'S POV -- the phone gets further and further away.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Actually I'd discovered a new phase: the cerebral palsy phase.

BAMMM!! Jordan hits the floor with a thud, crashed out on his back. From the dangling phone, we hear:

BO DIETL (O.S.)

(over phone)

Jordan! Jordan! Do not get behind the wheel! Just tell me where you're at, I'll send Rocco!

Jordan lolls his head toward the phone, tries to reach for it; he can't. He lays there for a while, then:

JORDAN (V.O.)

C'mon, stand up!

He rolls onto all fours, lifts a hand, topples over.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Okay, walking is off the list of options. All right, what else is there?

(a brainstorm)

I can crawl, like Skylar!

Slowly, Jordan begins crawling like an infant to the top of the staircase.