CAPTAIN TED (CONT'D)

We are going down at the head fifty miles off the coast of Rome and we require immediate assistance!

211 INT. ITALIAN NAVAL DESTROYER - BELOW DECK - NIGHT (SUMMER '96)

\*211

Off to the side, Jordan watches as Naomi, their Friends, and the yacht's Crew Members dance to blaring techno music. A small group of Italian SAILORS cheer them on.

JORDAN (V.O.)

The nice thing about getting rescued by Italians is that the first thing they do is feed you and make you drink red wine. Then they make you dance.

Jordan watches as the dancing continues, then casually glances out a porthole, where WE SEE the distant lights of a PLANE making its way across the night sky. After a few beats, the plane EXPLODES, a tiny flash of light.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Did you see that? That was the plane I sent for to come get us. I shit you not, it exploded when a seagull flew into the engine, three people killed. You want a sign from God, well after all this I finally got the message. I had to make some fucking changes.

FADE OUT.

212 SCENES 212 - 214 OMITTED

\*212

\*215

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## 24 MONTHS LATER

215 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (SUMMER '98)

Jordan, looking healthier than we've seen him thus far, sits on the couch; stacks of paperwork on the coffee table. After a few beats, Naomi enters from the kitchen.

NAOMI

Dinner's ready.

JORDAN \*

I gotta finish these balance \* sheets, babe. \*