

JORDAN

WUZZ ZOD IN ZAW?!

DONNIE

WUZZ?!

Fuck it. Jordan releases Donnie. Donnie crawls into the dining room and starts shoving ham into his mouth in an effort to sober up. Just then, we HEAR a horrible GAGGING sound. Donnie holds his throat as he falls backward choking, taking out the entire glass kitchen table with a tremendous CRASH! Naomi rushes back in.

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NAOMI

Omigod, he's choking! Jordan, do something!!

Just then, WE HEAR the triumphant Popeye FANFARE -- Jordan looks to the TV, where POPEYE pours a can of spinach down his gullet. Instantly, his chest and arm muscles swell to five times their size.

Jordan goes to get his coke. He snarfs up two fat spoonfuls and -- like that -- his chest swells and he takes a deep breath and he dashes back to the rescue...

Jordan rushes back to Donnie, who is now blue.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

He's not breathing!

Jordan places his fingers over Donnie's artery. Nothing.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Save him!

Jordan kneels, starts furiously pumping Donnie's chest, breathing air into his lungs in rhythmic bursts.

JORDAN (V.O.)

This stupid sonovabitch! All Donnie ever did was fuck me up and now I had to save his life 'cause I took a CPR class when the baby was learning to swim. Just for the record, I want it noted: not for a second did I even think about letting him choke to death, even though it would've saved me an awful lot of headaches.

Donnie still isn't breathing. Jordan flips him over, tries the Heimlich -- we hear a CRUNCH as he breaks Donnie's ribs. He flips him back over, but he's almost completely blue.