

116 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY (FEB '95) 116

Amid billowing piles of white Chinese silk, Jordan sleeps on his back, snoring blissfully.

JORDAN (V.O.)
It was heaven on earth.

On screen WE SEE:

18 MONTHS LATER

Splash! A glass of water hits him in the face.

NAOMI
Wake up, you bag of shit!

Soaking wet, Jordan sits upright to see Naomi standing over him in a tiny pink chemise, holding an empty glass.

JORDAN
The fuck are you doing?!

NAOMI
Who's Venice?

JORDAN
What?!

NAOMI
Who is she?! Some little hooker
you fucked last night?

JORDAN
What? No! Naomi!

And as Naomi storms off for a re-fill...

117 INT. HOTEL ROOM - THE NIGHT BEFORE (FEB '95) 117

Jordan lies on the ground, hands tied with a lit candle up his ass. *

JORDAN
Venice, where are you? *

VENICE, A Blue Chip Hooker, enters, pulls out a candle and straddles him. She drips wax on his back and pulls his hair. *

118 INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY (FEB '95) 118

Back to scene. Naomi holds another full glass, rocking back and forth on the balls of her feet like a fighter.