

144 INT. ZURICH AIRLINES - FIRST CLASS - NIGHT (SUMMER '95) *144
Jordan boards, slurring, drooling, completely wasted.

JORDAN
(to a Stewardess)
Sweetheart! Look at you!

And as he hugs her, then stumbles toward his seat...

145 INT. ZURICH AIRLINES - FIRST CLASS - DAY (SUMMER '95) *145
Quiet; morning sunlight bleeds through the window.
Jordan's eyes flicker open. He yawns, looks around,
tries to get up; he can't move. He looks down, sees
six seat belts restraining his arms and legs. Jordan
looks over at Donnie, mouth agape, asleep next to him.

JORDAN
Donnie. Donnie, wake up.

DONNIE
Nuuhh?

JORDAN
Untie me, shitbag. You think this
is funny?

DONNIE
I didn't tie you, the captain did.
He almost tasered you.

JORDAN
Why?

146 FLASHBACK -- 146
As PASSENGERS scream, Jordan wildly humps a STEWARDESS,
the CAPTAIN struggling to restrain him.

JORDAN (V.O.)
This was fucking great. I hadn't
laundered a dime yet and already
I was under arrest.

147 INT. ZURICH AIRLINES - FIRST CLASS - DAY (SUMMER '95) *147
A pensive Jordan sits, mind racing.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Worse yet was the plastic baggie
of ludes that Donnie'd stuffed up
his ass.