

209      EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - NIGHT (SUMMER '96)      209

The perfect storm. As the Naomi tips at a 45-degree angle, a thick wall of gray water comes rising over her side, slamming onto the bridge with a thunderous CRASH.

JORDAN (V.O.)  
Well talk about your shitty vacations...

Six Jet Skis plummet off the deck into the raging sea.

210      INT. YACHT NAOMI - BRIDGE - NIGHT (SUMMER '96)      210

Donnie and Naomi stand on the bridge where Captain Ted Beecham holds the ship's wheel with both hands, the radio blaring in the background. Jordan enters.      \*

JORDAN      \*

What the fuck is going on?      \*

CAPTAIN TED      \*

Jet skis just went overboard.      \*

RADIO VOICE      \*

Gale warning! Gale warning!

CAPTAIN TED

The waves are twenty feet and building!

JORDAN

Can't you turn us around?!

CAPTAIN TED

We'll get broad-sided and tip over!

RADIO VOICE

Gale warning! Gale warning!

Naomi turns to Jordan, furious with him.

NAOMI      \*

You happy now, you piece of shit?      \*

We're gonna drown.

JORDAN      \*

I'm a master diver. We will not drown, I promise you. I got you, baby.      \*

(realizing she's probably right; to Donnie)      \*

The ludes!