

A beat, then Jordan realizes. He jumps off the couch like it's on fire.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

It gets worse. After I chased them out, I checked the apartment.

JORDAN (V.O.)

The motherfucker stole fifty grand in cash and jewelry.

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INT. JORDAN'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - LIBRARY - DAY  
(OCT '92)

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With Nicholas seated in a chair, Jordan sits across from him. Pacing behind him is Donnie, coked-up, face contorted, frothing with rage. Nearby, giant Chester Ming sits quietly, saying nothing.

JORDAN

I just want my stuff back, okay?

NICHOLAS THE BUTLER

I didn't take anything.

DONNIE

(in his face)

I should kill you, cocksucker!  
You do not fuck with this man!

Jordan holds Donnie off. Turns back to Nicholas.

JORDAN

You were high, things got out of control, I get it. Believe me I do, I have a Phd in debauchery.

NICHOLAS THE BUTLER

I didn't do it.

DONNIE

I'll knock your fuckin' teeth out, motherfucker!

JORDAN

Just give me the money, give me the jewelry, and we'll forget the whole thing.

NICHOLAS THE BUTLER

It's because I'm gay, isn't it?