

195A

INT. SAUREL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT
(LATE SUMMER '95)

195A

Having been just woken up, Jean-Jacques Saurel sits up in bed, phone to his ear, a perplexed look on his face.

SAUREL

What language are you speaking,
Mr. Azoff?

196

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS
(LATE SUMMER '95)

196

With Naomi looking on, Jordan staggers toward Donnie like a drunk Frankenstein.

JORDAN

Ge ozza zone! Ge ozza iz!!

DONNIE

Waz? Iz zoggin oo anzali!

JORDAN

GE OZZA ZONE!!

With all the strength he can muster, Jordan RIPS the phone from the wall, throwing it skittering across the floor with a CLANG.

NAOMI

What the fuck are you doing?!

DONNIE

Wazza fuh is wrong wizzz oooo?!!

I wuzz awwing to!!

(Jordan grabs him)

Wazza mazzer?! Wazza yoorazy?!!

Skylar looks on from the next room, crying as Jordan tries to shake some sense into Donnie. Naomi crosses to Skylar and rushes her out of the room.

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JORDAN

Zee vone!! He nah zuppose zoo
dalk on zee vone!!

DONNIE

Wuzz?!!

JORDAN

ZE NAH ZUPPOSE ZOO DALK ON ZEE
VONE!! WUZZ AAZZEN TOZAY WIZ
ZOD?!

DONNIE

WUZZ?!