

NAOMI

Well we should definitely keep in touch, then.

JORDAN

Absolutely.

He pulls over outside her brownstone.

NAOMI

That's me.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Think, Jordan, think! How can you get up to her apartment?!

They look at each other. We can almost hear Jordan's heart pounding.

NAOMI

You wanna come up for some tea?

85

INT. NAOMI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

85

A small, cozy apartment. Naomi enters, Jordan close behind. She picks up Rocky, her yapping Maltese.

NAOMI

Say hi, Rocky.

Naomi waves Rocky's paw. Jordan smiles.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Why don't you light a fire? I'll be right out.

Jordan nods, takes in her scent as she walks away.

JORDAN (V.O.)

God, please help me. How can I fuck this girl?

As he crouches by the fireplace, his skypager vibrates. He checks the readout: "Teresa". His face falls as he hits the "silent" button, mind racing with guilt.

JORDAN (V.O.)

That's it, you're leaving. You're going home to your wife.

Jordan stands, turns around -- NAOMI is in the doorway, naked except for high heels.

JORDAN (V.O.)

As you can probably guess, I fucked her goddamn brains out.