

NAOMI (O.S.)

Does it even matter to you that I
just had that driving range sodded
with Bermuda grass?

120

INT. JORDAN'S ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY (FEB '95)

120

Back to scene. Naomi holds another glass of water.

NAOMI

But why should you give a shit?
You're not the one who researched
the fucking thing and dealt with
the fucking golf course people!

JORDAN

You're an aspiring landscape
architect?! But what happened to
wine connoisseur? Oh wait, that
was last month!

NAOMI

Fuck you!

Naomi winds up with the water glass. Jordan stands tall,
puffs himself up, arms flexed at his sides.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Stop flexing your arms, you look
like a fucking imbecile.

(re: his crotch)

And don't think that impresses me
much.

Jordan looks down: he has a morning erection.

JORDAN

I wasn't flexing my arms. You're
just lucky to have a husband who's
in such great shape. Now get over
here and kiss me!

NAOMI

Kiss you?!

Splash! She nails him one last time, then storms out.
He stands there dripping wet. To his erection:

JORDAN

Where the fuck were you last
night?

JORDAN (V.O.)

My morning ritual. First I'd get
up and fight with Naomi about
whatever I did the night before.