

NAOMI

Could I have a straw please?

The Waiter nods, heads off. A few beats, then:

NAOMI (CONT'D)

So I was a little surprised you asked Cristy for my number.

JORDAN

How come?

NAOMI

Aren't you married?

JORDAN

Married people can't have friends?

Naomi smiles. The Waiter brings the straw. She opens it, slips it in her red wine glass. Off Jordan's look:

NAOMI

So I don't stain my teeth.

And as she sips the wine seductively through the straw...

83

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

83

Jordan's Ferrari makes its way over the bridge, heading back toward Brooklyn.

NAOMI (O.S.)

--then at night I do my designs.

84

INT. JORDAN'S FERRARI - CONTINUOUS

84

Jordan drives, Naomi next to him.

NAOMI

An entire line of lingerie --
camisoles, bustiers, panties.

Jordan glances over -- her dress is riding up her thigh.

JORDAN (V.O.)

She designs panties?! Jesus
fucking Christ!

Naomi smiles.

JORDAN

Sounds like something I might
invest in. Venture capital.