

Under the table, CHARLOTTE's raises her foot to place it on TONY's thigh. It quickly makes its way towards his crotch.

TONY flinches, with shambolic consequences. His arm comes down on the table, upsetting his cutlery and sending his cheese knife over the edge. TONY watches in horror as:

SLOW MOTION: the cheese knife tumbles through space towards the marble floor.

The noise it makes as it hits the floor reverberates around the entire restaurant.

Heads turn from all around, and two WAITERS swoop in to retrieve the offending article.

At this slightly chaotic juncture, the SPANISH WAITER returns with two large portions of chocolate cake. While TONY mumbles feeble apologies, he places the dishes before them.

CHARLOTTE has a big smile on her face, having thoroughly enjoyed the minor pandemonium, which now dies down, the WAITERS dispersing.

TONY

Wow. This looks pretty rich.

CHARLOTTE

(wickedly)

I bet that's what you said to yourself when you first arrived.

TONY laughs, a little nervously.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

(even more wickedly)

Why don't we... skip desert, and get the bill. I am so horny right now.

TONY very nearly chokes on his first mouthful.

TONY

But... but what about the chocolate cake?

CHARLOTTE paws the collar of her silk blouse coquettishly.

CHARLOTTE

Of course, you're under no... obligation.

TONY
(clearing his throat)
Well, it's certainly a tantalising
offer.

CHARLOTTE laughs with an evil glee.

Under the table, her foot resumes its mischief, toying with
his trouser leg and rubbing against his calf.

TONY (CONT'D)
I can see you're quite determined.

CHARLOTTE
Oh, I'm very determined, my dear.
Very determined.

TONY
That's been the hallmark of your
career.

CHARLOTTE
Determined in business and
determined in pleasure.

CHARLOTTE's hand delves under the table.

It squeezes and caresses his thigh.

TONY
Ahm... all the same, Charlotte, I'm
not sure that...

CHARLOTTE
Ooh, is he bashful? You're not
bashful, are you, Tony?

Under the table, her attentions step up a gear.

TONY
Charlotte, please. Why don't we
just enjoy our chocolate cake, and
talk?

CHARLOTTE
(suddenly cold)
Right. Because it's your
conversation that makes you worth
the money I'm paying.

CHARLOTTE's sudden change in demeanour stuns TONY speechless.

CHARLOTTE fishes a cigarette from her Chanel purse and lights
it.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Let me make this easy for you to understand, Tony. I want to go home, and I want you to escort me. I'm willing to offer you a thousand pounds for your trouble.

She blows smoke sideways from her mouth.

TONY is still lost for words.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

I can't tell what it is you're lacking. Is it a tongue, or a spine? Answer carefully, *my dear*, it won't be your spine that makes you a thousand pounds richer.

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