

## SHE 'S THE ONE

INT. FRANCIS' LOFT - NIGHT

Francis and Renee are in bed. Francis is working on his laptop while Renee reads. Their apartment is a Soho loft and their bed sits below a large window facing the street.

RENEE

Maybe you're in the mood to do it tonight?

FRANCIS

Do what?

RENEE

Oh I don't know, Francis. Why don't I get into bed and you can do whatever you like.

FRANCIS

Renee, you know I've got to get this work done. How about a little consideration?

RENEE

Consideration is a two way street Franny. We haven't had sex in a while, you know?

FRANCIS

If you're still up when I finish this, we'll do it.

RENEE

Hey, don't do me any favors Romeo. I can just as easily go into the bedroom and use my vibrator.

Renee gets up out of bed.

FRANCIS

That would be a little  
difficult, wouldn't  
it? Considering you  
don't even own a  
vibrator?

RENEE

What's the big deal  
with me having a  
vibrator?

FRANCIS

No big deal. You just  
don't own one.

RENEE

Francis, occasionally,  
I need sex.  
Unfortunately, I'm  
married to a man who,  
for some reason,  
doesn't like sex  
anymore, so from time  
to time, I pleasure  
myself with a  
vibrator. Deal with  
it.

FRANCIS

Pleasure yourself?  
That's rich. No, I'm  
not going to deal with  
it. Because it's not  
true. You're my wife.  
We have sex like  
normal people. We  
don't sit in bathrooms  
and masturbate with  
any friggin vibrators.

From outside in the street, a man can be  
heard whistling loudly and honking his horn.

RENEE

Maybe you don't, but I do. So either you wake up that libido of yours or I'm gonna be in there in about five minutes vibrating away.

FRANCIS

You do not own a vibrator.

Again we hear the whistle and now yelling.

RENEE

Do you want me to go get it? We could play with it together.

FRANCIS

Renee, let's get this straight, you do not own a vibrator, okay?

She shakes her head and looks at him.

RENEE

Will you go and see who that is. It sounds like they're calling your name.

Fran climbs out of bed and looks down to the street.

FRANCIS

Oh Jesus, it's my brother.