

INT. LOFT

Frank and Lisa tumble into the bed, Lisa on top. They start removing each others clothes, kissing and breathing heavily.

FRANK

You're so damn hot, you were all I could think about this week.

LISA

Yeah, me too. But now it's just us.

They kiss passionately.

Frank struggles to get Lisa's bra hook open.

FRANK

I have a confession. I can't figure out your bra hook.

Lisa laughs, then tries to open it. Frank looks at her breasts in disbelief that he's so lucky. She's struggling with the hook as well.

FRANK

All right, forget it.

He pulls her down. They giggle as they continue to kiss.

LISA

That week was too long.

FRANK

I tell you, her brother doesn't stop talking. He's so hell-bent on being my friend. I heard about 100-year flood zones all week.

LISA

It's just for a little while longer.

Frank doesn't respond, but keeps on kissing her, nibbling on her ear.

LISA

It is just for a little while longer, right?

FRANK

(sighs)

Listen, it's not that simple. With the mid-terms coming up, they're gonna kill me if I divorce her.

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Lisa slows down. Frank lifts his head from the pillow to kiss her bottom lip.

FRANK

But it doesn't matter, it's just
you and me now.

She slowly sits up and runs her hand through her hair.

FRANK

What, baby, come on.

LISA

I feel so stupid.

FRANK

But why? I love you. The rest is
just business.

Lisa sits for a bit, then picks up her clothes and walks out.

Frank looks after her like she's crazy, then lies down apathetically on his back.