

SO WE HAD A THREE-WAY

Written by

Shawn Morrison

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A dim, hole-in-the-wall Indian restaurant. Sitar music plays through tinny speakers.

DAPHNE AND LUCAS GILMAN are the only people in the place. Daphne is 30, pretty, dressed like she's from Vermont. She idly pulls apart naan bread, mind adrift.

Lucas studies the drink menu. He's also 30 with a sensible beard and soft kind eyes.

LUCAS

I hope their chicken is all white meat.

Daphne stares at a piece of naan.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

The question is do I get the Mango Lassi? Feels like the right thing to order but I think I really just want a ginger ale.

Daphne's face suddenly lights up.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

But that seems like something I can get anytime, whereas the Mango Lassi--

DAPHNE

Let's do it.

LUCAS

What? Paint the kitchen?

DAPHNE

No.

She leans in, whispering.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

It. Let's do it.

LUCAS

Oh. I mean. I guess. But you know how full I am after Indian--

DAPHNE

No, right now. Let's do it in the bathroom.

Daphne's eyes are wild with scandal. Lucas looks around and leans in as if there was someone to overhear them.

LUCAS

What are you talking about?

DAPHNE
Come on. It could be exciting.

LUCAS
We've never done anything like that.

DAPHNE
Exactly.

LUCAS
I don't know.

Daphne gets up and heads for the bathroom.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Daphne. Daphne.

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - BATHROOM - DAY

Daphne and Lucas barely fit in the tiny bathroom. They kiss. Daphne unbuttons Lucas's shirt.

LUCAS
Where are we going to put our clothes?

DAPHNE
Who cares?

LUCAS
This floor is filthy.

Daphne shuts him up with a kiss.

EXT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

A WAITER walks by, stops. He hears MOVEMENT and SHUFFLING in the bathroom.

DAPHNE (O.C.)
Take off my pants.

LUCAS (O.C.)
Hang on, it's hard to move without touching the walls.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

DAPHNE
I don't care about the walls.

Daphne pulls Lucas in even tighter. Looks him in the eyes.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)
 Fuck me, Lucas.

Lucas's eyes widen. Who is this woman? Daphne bites her lip, a devilish look on her face. She reaches down.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)
 We gotta get you going here.

LUCAS
 I can't focus. The curry smell is too intense in here.

DAPHNE
 Don't think about curry, think about me.

EXT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Waiter waves over ANOTHER WAITER. Both listen.

LUCAS (O.C.)
 Did you bring lube?

DAPHNE (O.C.)
 I don't just carry lube.

TWO COOKS arrive and join the listening.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

DAPHNE
 How about I talk dirty to you.

LUCAS
 Nah, that's OK.

DAPHNE
 No, I'm good at it.

LUCAS
 You are?

DAPHNE
 I used to do it all the time.

LUCAS
 With other men?

DAPHNE
 Ride me you big strong jockey.

LUCAS
 Jockey?