SCENE 2

INT. BAR – NIGHT – 5 DAYS LATER
Jeannie and Wes. Wes finishing a story, Jeannie looking stressed.

WES
...It was pretty awesome watching the whole global sales division eating shit.

JEANNIE
I bet.

She takes a long drink. Then him.

WES
Are you...is everything–

JEANNIE
We need to–

WES
We’ve been needing to talk...

JEANNIE
It’s...I’ve been thinking a lot–

WES
I’ve been all fucked up over the–

JEANNIE
Yeah, the wedding...

WES
What are you saying, baby?

JEANNIE
Um. Fuck.

WES
Jeannie?

JEANNIE
I’m saying...I’ve been really insecure.

WES
Uh huh. Join six billion others. What the fuck are you saying?
JEANNIE
That I’ve been insecure...and dishonest-

WES
Oh, Christ-

JEANNIE
And maybe you’re gonna hear some things. About that.

She grabs her drink and focuses intently on it.

WES
Oh, that’s...

JEANNIE
And...I’m not...ready. To get married. Or be engaged. Or live with you-

WES
Oh, hey!

JEANNIE
But I really...I...like being with you.

WES
Are you...seriously? You like being with me? Like a pet? Or a waterfall?

JEANNIE
I want to be with you. And just see where that takes us.

Wes looks at her for a terribly long time. Finally, he just reaches over, takes her hand and slides off the $250,000 ring on her finger. He methodically folds his napkin, sets it on the table.

WES
So...that’s really sweet, your struggle and all. But...while you’ve been struggling, and sleeping around, I’ve been regularly--like clockwork--fucking Amanda.

Jeannie inhales sharply, a body blow.
JEANNIE
Amanda, the consultant I met at the office? Your prep school buddy?

WES
Yeah, Amanda. Because, y’know Jeans, I figured—

JEANNIE
You had a hedge. Avoid exposure, be risk-averse.

WES
I had a hedge. But actually, Amanda’s more than a hedge. She actually loves me, she loves my overly tidy office, she loves my banana-shaped cock...I mean, I’ve always pretty much known Amanda was the girl I was pretty sure I’d marry. You were more my B Plan. Like my parents would really ever sign off on a beauty pageant runner-up from Spokane? Gimme a break. You were more of an experiment in socioanthropology. My family owns a fuckin baseball team. For fun. So fuck you, and fuck your little existential problems.

He starts to go, but Jeannie puts a gentle hand on his.

JEANNIE
Don’t sell yourself short. I was your A Plan. And I fucked up.

Wes is teary, doesn’t want to show it.

WES
I’m gonna check into Palihouse for a couple nights. Get your shit out before I get back.

He walks away.