

**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 runnerup  
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.