

"Unt. Adam Szykiel"

DUSTY
3P9S

INT. LOCAL BAR - NIGHT

A dejected Dusty returns to the table, phone in hand.

DUSTY

I think I'm gonna head home.

SAM

What happened?

DUSTY

She's not coming. She said I freaked her out with the flowers and would have preferred if I texted her a picture of my penis. She's just looking for something purely sexual. She also said my ungroomed balls were a turn off.

Everyone nods: *that is kind of a turn off.* It's clear Dusty is pretty hurt. Suddenly he panics, as he sees--

DUSTY (CONT'D)

Oh god. It's Hannah.

Hannah enters the bar with some GUY.

SAM

You want me to kick her ass?

Dusty turns away from Hannah, hoping he won't be noticed.

DUSTY

No, it's fine. I'm just gonna handle it like an adult. Maybe there's a window in the bathroom we can slip through.

HANNAH

Dusty?

Dusty turns, acting surprised.

DUSTY

Hey! Hannah, right?

Dusty forces a laugh. Hannah chuckles at the awkward joke. It's obvious it was a bad idea to start the conversation, so she tries to graciously back out.

HANNAH

Sorry, I didn't mean to interrupt. We should probably get a table.

The Guy nods. Before they can leave, though...

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1/3

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DUSTY

I'm sorry, I didn't get your name.

The guy, DAN, turns back.

DAN

Dan.

DUSTY

Well, Dan... Enjoy my wife.

HANNAH

Dusty!

DUSTY

Sorry. Enjoy my ex-wife.

Dan puts a hand on Dusty's shoulder, trying to calm him.

DAN

Why don't we all just relax, man?

DUSTY

Why don't you take your hand off my shoulder or I'm gonna bring it home with me as a souvenir.

Dan removes his hand.

HANNAH

Dusty, pull yourself together.

DUSTY

Tell you what, Hannah: I'll pull myself together when you stop posting all kinds of photos of you having the greatest time ever now that we're divorced on Facebook.

HANNAH

You don't think this is hard for me too? Maybe if I posted photos of myself crying in the shower, maybe that would make you happy.

DUSTY

(shakes his head)

I'm sorry, this is all my fault.

HANNAH

It's nobody's fault, Dusty. We were too young to commit our lives to each other. It was a mistake.

Dusty's face contorts and he starts to cry.

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43

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DUSTY

I just lie awake at night
wondering if I'll ever have the
kind of connection with another
woman that I had with you.

(off Hannah's smile)

I mean, we...

Dusty trails off. The tears stop and he stares off,
thinking. A long beat. Everyone's waiting...

HANNAH

Dusty?

DUSTY

Yeah, sorry, I was trying to think
of all the stuff we have in common
and, honestly, I can't think of
anything after high-school.

HANNAH

What? That's crazy. I mean we...
(thinks, finally)

Lost! We loved Lost.

DUSTY

Yeah, but we really only liked the
first two seasons. I mean, maybe
Lost is the perfect metaphor for
our marriage. Great start. And
then some confusing years with a
few high-water marks, but mostly
we just stuck with it because we
were already so invested. And then
a really disappointing ending
where you realize it was never
gonna live up to the promise of
how it started anyway.

HANNAH

What are you saying?

DUSTY

I'm saying, here we are in our
weird non-denominational church...
and it's time to move on.

(beat)

Turns out having something in
common is kind of important in a
relationship.

Dusty gives Sam a nod: *thanks*. She smiles back.

DUSTY (CONT'D)

Good-bye, Hannah.