

29 INT. WENDY'S LOFT - A LITTLE LATER

29

Wendy runs in, to find Shane casually riding a skateboard around the apartment picking up toys.

WENDY

Hey. Sorry I'm late. I had to fire this crazy director -- I wore stupid shoes today, God I'm starving. Is there food?

SHANE

I think Sam left a couple chicken fingers. You know he just figured out tonight they're not the actual fingers of a chicken? Blew his mind.

Wendy laughs, picks at the chicken fingers as Shane zooms over, starts skateboarding back and forth in front of her like a kid, waiting for a response.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Hey. Don't you want to know how my meeting went?

WENDY

Oh hey. How'd it go.

SHANE

(excited)

Great, really great. We were kicking around a whole new concept -- sports bar slash kids playground. You know, a place where dads can go -- with their kids.

(off her look)

What?

WENDY

I don't know... serving alcohol with kids around? Is that really...

SHANE

Still banging out the details. We just have to put up 250 k and we can take it to the next level.

WENDY

Wow, that's a lotta k.

(then)

I'm going to have to think about it.

And she starts flipping through the mail. Shane reacts, miffed.

SHANE

Uh... I wasn't asking, Wen.

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WENDY

Shane, I didn't mean --

SHANE

Man, I feel like Lucy, hoping Ricky'll let me buy a new hat.

WENDY

It's a lot of money.

SHANE

(still skateboarding)
...your money... right? Is that what you're saying?

WENDY

Come on. You know it's our money. I just want to make sure it's not like the short film that never got finished or the whole... windmill thing. We've got to be smart and think it through. Someone has to be the grownup here, that's all.

SHANE

Oh, and I'm not a grownup?

Her eyes casually go to the skateboard. Shane subtly steps off, kicks it away.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Forget it, Wen. Just forget it.

WENDY

(making peace)
Hey, hey, let's not fight. You want to have sex? Come on, let's finish what we started this morning.

Wendy pops an ice cube from Shane's drink into her mouth, drops down out of frame. A beat, then she comes back up, holding her head.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Oh, hang on. Brain freeze, brain freeze.

They both laugh, and we:

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62 INT. LOFT -- CONTINUOUS

62

Wendy hangs up, happy her friend is happy. She picks up another script just as the front door opens, and Shane comes in. She instantly tries to make things better.

WENDY

Hey. Did you get my message? I'm thinking about how we can fix this restaurant thing. I'm sure we can --

SHANE

It's over.

A beat.

WENDY

(laughing through her concern)

When you say "it's over," you're talking about the restaurant, right? Not, you know... us.

SHANE

(frustratingly vague)

I don't know. Maybe. One or the other.

WENDY

One or the other?

SHANE

Yeah... I'm gonna go to bed.

Wendy follows.

WENDY

Shane! You can't say something like that and then go to bed!

SHANE

You couldn't give me five minutes today on the phone. I'm starting to think you didn't want this for me because maybe you like things the way they are.

WENDY

What.

SHANE

Yeah, you get to go to work all day, go to lunch and god knows what else knowing I'm here to take care of everything.

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WENDY

Take care of everything? We have a nanny. What everything do you take care of?

SHANE

You want a list? Okay, the dry cleaning --

WENDY

They deliver the dry cleaning --

SHANE

Someone's gotta be here to buzz 'em in! Are you here to buzz 'em in, Wen? Are you? I don't think so!

Wendy looks at him like he's nuts.

WENDY

... Okay...

SHANE

I need *something*, Wen. Something for me. That's why I wanted to do the restaurant. So the next time I'm at a party with you and someone asks, "and what do you do?" I have a damn answer!

WENDY

Shane, that is not my fault! You can be anything you want to be!

SHANE

Not when I'm standing next to you.

A beat. Wendy takes this in.

WENDY

You're scaring me, Shane.

SHANE

I don't know. Maybe we need a break. Maybe I should move out... I don't know. I'm going to bed.

WENDY

Shane --

SHANE

Let's not talk it to death, okay? I'm gonna get some sleep.

Wendy stares, incredulous, and we:

DISSOLVE TO:

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63 INT. SAM'S ROOM - LATER

63

Wendy is curled up on Sam's toddler bed, her arms around him as he sleeps peacefully. We know that Wendy will not be sleeping peacefully tonight.

FADE OUT.