

INT. UPSCALE BAR - NIGHT

A laid-back BRAD lounges across from WILLOW, who looks very unhappy as she sips her drink.

BRAD

So whatever, I said I'd go out with her on Friday - don't worry she's a solid mid, waaaay less hot than you-

WILLOW

Brad - what are we doing?

BRAD

...Uh, we're talking?

WILLOW

No, I mean...I kinda thought *you and I* were...y'know, dating.

Beat.

BRAD

I don't think so.

WILLOW

Oh. Well, that's a little weird.

BRAD

I told you I wanted to stay casual -

WILLOW

Yeah, but that was before you like, came to my parents' for brunch.

BRAD

Because you asked me to! You told me they were making silver dollar pancakes, you *know* they're my fave -

WILLOW

You've met all my friends!

BRAD

Um, how could I not, you *live* with them -

WILLOW

Brad, you came to my sister's *wedding!* You kissed Nana's *cheek!*

BRAD

Only 'cause DJ Kaleidoscopic Rage was playing her afterparty!

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)

That dude's beats are *fire* -
(off her look)
Willow...

WILLOW

(tearfully)
It feels like you were leading me
on and now you're just...ghosting!

BRAD

How am I ghosting? I'm literally
right here!
(off her pouty look)
I mean, yeah, I guess you're kinda
right...okay. If you want to be
going out like, "officially"...I'm
down. I guess.

WILLOW

YAAAAY!!!

She squeals and flies over to hug him. He holds her, his
distressed face visible over her shoulder.

BRAD

(inaudibly)
Fuuuuck.