

INT. BAR

A BARTENDER stands across from a seated WOMAN. The bar is virtually empty as he lays out some details about men and how they operate.

BARTENDER

You seem like a cool woman, so I'm just gonna be honest with you. Conner's never gonna call you.

WOMAN

Oh, really? How do you know?

BARTENDER

Because I'm a guy and it's just how we do it.

WOMAN

He said it was nice meeting me.

BARTENDER

I don't care if he said you were his favorite female since his mommy and Joanie Cunningham. Over a week went by, okay Gigi, and he didn't call you.

WOMAN

But maybe he did call and I didn't get the message. Or maybe he lost my number. Or he's out of town. Or got hit by a cab. Or his grandma died.

BARTENDER

Or maybe he just didn't call because he had no interest in seeing you again.

She's a little taken aback, but jumps back into the point/counterpoint discussion.

WOMAN

Yeah, but my friend Terry once went out with a guy who never called, she totally wrote him off. Over a year goes by--

BARTENDER

Right.

WOMAN

And she ran into him and it ended up that they--

BARTENDER

--Yeah, your friend Terry is an idiot and she's also the exception. By the way, the rare exception.

WOMAN

Okay. Okay! But what if I'm the exception?

BARTENDER

No, you're not. You're not! In fact you're the rule. And the rule is this. If a guy doesn't call you, he doesn't wanna call you.

WOMAN

Really?

BARTENDER

Yeah!

WOMAN

Always?

BARTENDER

Yeah. Always. Look, I know what blowing off a woman looks like. Okay? I do it early, I do it often. So trust me when I say, if a guy is treating you like he doesn't give a shit, he truly doesn't give a shit... no exceptions.

Bartender picks up his pen and continues closing out his paperwork for the night. She takes a drink and looks at him while she thinks. Then.

WOMAN

Thank you.

(she raises her glass to him)

You've given me a lot to think about.