

TOM at his desk again. Working. JEANNIE standing nearby with a file in her hand. Waiting.

JEANNIE...So are you bringing her to the thing next month.

TOM- Huh? (Looks up.) Oh, yeah. I think

JEANNIE- Not sure?

TOM- Ummm, you know...she's gotta check if she can get off from work.

JEANNIE- Oh, I see. And what's she do?

TOM- She's a ...printed word specialist.

JEANNIE- Ahh. (to herself) Perfect.

TOM- What's that?

JEANNIE- Nothing. (Points.) Are you almost done there? I need to get those out by five.....

TOM- Yeah, hold on.

TOM goes back to work while JEANNIE glances around. Takes in the space.

JEANNIE- No pictures of her up yet.

TOM- Nah.

JEANNIE- How come?

TOM, frustrated, drops his pen and looks straight at her.

TOM- Wasn't the one that appeared on everybody's *desktop* this morning enough?
(Turns his monitor around.) You need more laughs than this?

JEANNIE- I wouldn't mind.

TOM- Great.

JEANNIE- Yeah, I'd be up for that.

TOM- Jesus...you really are awful, you know that? I mean it.

JEANNIE- Just keep signing, okay? Your little sermon isn't necessary.

TOM- Jeannie...can't we just be...?

JEANNIE- Don't bother. *Sign.*

Tom is about to follow instructions but pulls the files from the desk and slips them in a drawer. Shuts it. Sits back as he checks his watch.

TOM- No, uh-uh, you've got time. And I want you to tell me...Go on. What the hell I did to you that was so bad. Do it.

JEANNIE- Tom, don't be a prick, all right? I need to make FedEx.

TOM- You will, just-

JEANNIE- No! I'm not obligated to talk with you about shit...We're co-workers, we *work* together now, and that is all. Give me the files.

TOM- Nope.

JEANNIE- you're an asshole...

TOM- Maybe so. I dunno... maybe I am. Or have been to you. That's what I'm saying! If I have, then tell me. Show me how...

It's a standoff for a moment, then JEANNIE makes a move toward TOM. He stands up and holds his ground. She backs off and retreats to one side, hands on her hips.

JEANNIE- I don't even wanna discuss your fat bitch, okay? She's-

TOM- Stop that.

JEANNIE- So, forget it. I'll just say about us, I mean, what we've...

TOM- No let's do the whole...

JEANNIE- Fuck you! Don't tell me what we'll do At all.

TOM- I'm *not*. I'm just saying we should probably, you know...

JEANNIE- We should've *probably* done a lot of things! We should *probably* be engaged now, if you weren't such a spineless shit, like every other guy. So...

TOM- Your mouth is, like, I dunno. Wow.

JEANNIE- Yeah, exactly right. "Wow." I'm twenty-eight years old, and I just keep hitting the booby prize, and you know what? After a while, it really starts to get you down...

TOM- But, I'm not...that's not my...

JEANNIE- Problem? I didn't say that. It's no one's problem, *me* included...it just sucks. That's what I'm saying. (Beat.) I thought maybe you were different, but you ended up being the same kind of lame guy that I perpetually date, and it just freaks me out a little. That maybe you're the only type out here. These baby boys who run around in nice clothes, but all they really wanna do is *breast-feed* for the rest of their days...

TOM- I don't...I can't speak for other people, Jeannie, but I-

JEANNIE- I don't care anymore. I don't

TOM-I'm just saying that... you and I didn't end up working out, but it doesn't mean... I like you. I did always *like* you but... we're...

JEANNIE- tom, I know you think that means something to me, but its really just drivel. Okay? More of the same

TOM- Fine. I'm sorry.

JEANNIE- And that doesn't do shit, either.

TOM nods, then sits and pulls out the files signs his name in several more places and then holds them out. JEANNIE goes over and grabs them. Hovers.

TOM- Yes?

JEANNIE- I know I said I wasn't gonna... but I really need to know.

TOM- What?

JEANNIE- Her. (Points at the computer screen.) What's the story with that one?

TOM- Jeannie...

JEANNIE- I mean, I hope it's some mothering thing or whatever, because if not, it's just so off-the-charts gross that I don't know what to say.

TOM- We should probably stop now.

JEANNIE- I mean, you know what everyone is saying around here, fight? I know that you know. And it doesn't even faze you, huh? At all?

TOM- I'm...I don't wanna do this. Here.

JEANNIE- It's not like she's... She's really *fat*, Tom! A fat sow and you know it. I can tell you're aware by the way you're acting, which is really the puzzling part...

TOM- I-like-her. End of story.

JEANNIE- Yeah, but what the hell? Did you do something bad in some other life that you're making up for? Tell me, because she's ...well, you know what she's like better than the rest of us... I mean...is she a good *cook*, or...?

TOM- STOP IT! Jeannie, just stop this. I get that you're pissed at me and you needed to blow off some steam, so that's why I, I ...I allowed you to say stuff, but...

JEANNIE- You didn't "allow" me shit, Tom! I can say whatever I want, anytime I want. The whole company is, why should I be any different?

TOM- Then talk if you want to! I-DO-NOT-CARE!!! I enjoy her because she's not you, *anything* like you...she's not *obsessed* with looks and money and clothes and useless bullshit like that! OKAY?! (Beat.) I like who I am when I'm with he, okay, so just...fuck, just leave us alone...

JEANNIE- Ohh..."us." So it's "us" now, huh?

TOM- Yeah. It is.

JEANNIE- And, forgive me for saying it, but seems a little obsessed with some things... like maybe *Cheetoes*.

TOM starts to come around his desk now, determined to put an end to this. JEANNIE stares him down.

TOM- I'm serious here... you need to go.

JEANNIE- I am going, I *am*, but not because you say so. Because I want to. I want to be as far away from you as I can be...

TOM- Good.

JEANNIE- Yeah, “good.” Nice *retort*.

TOM- Just...

JEANNIE- What an ass. (Beat.) I’m sure you thought this would hurt me, right? Like, “What’s the worst thing that I’d be able to do to her?” And this is what you came up with, some self image killer like this one... Tom ditched me for fucking *Mama Cass!* Boo-hoo, woe is me! She’s fat, so does that mean that Tom secretly digs fat chicks, does it mean that I’m fat?! Huh?! Is that what all this *shit* is about, getting back at me?!!

TOM- Jeannie, get out of here! NOW!!

JEANNIE- It doesn’t hurt me at all! NOT ONE BIT!! It just makes you look like some creepy fucker and a totally odd...AHHHH!!! I don’t care. I hate you. HATE-YOU. So, so much

JEANNIE storms out of his office, leaving the door wide open. TOM doesn’t have the strength to close it; he crosses to his couch instead and sits. Rubs his eyes.

