

The walkway overlooks a large MARINA filled with giant YACHTS. Ryan and Natalie are doing the photo thing with the CUT OUT of the engagement portrait again.

NATALIE

What happend to Alex?

RYAN

Had to skip town early to make a meeting.

NATALIE

That's too bad. Where does she live?

RYAN

Chicago.

NATALIE

You thinking of going to see her?

RYAN

I don't know. We just don't have that kind of relationship.

NATALIE

What kind of relationship do you have?

RYAN

It's, you know. Casual.

NATALIE

Sounds pretty special.

RYAN

It works for us.

NATALIE

Think there's any future there?

RYAN

Never thought about it. What's going on here?

NATALIE

Really never thought about it?

RYAN
(a good lie)
No.

NATALIE
How can you not think about
these things? How does it not
even cross your mind that you
might want to have a future with
somebody?

RYAN
It's simple, you know that
moment when you look into
someones's eyes and you feel
them looking right into your
soul, and the holw world goes
quiet for a second.

NATALIE
(finally, a break
through)
Yes.

RYAN
Right. Well, I don't.

NATALIE
You're an asshole!

Natalie knocks over the CUT OUT and stands up.

RYAN
Oh, come on, I'm just fucking
around. I need your help...

NATALIE
Don't you think it's worth
giving her a chance?

RYAN
A chance to what?

NATALIE
A chance at something real.

RYAN
Natalie, your definition of
„real“ is going to evolve as you
get older...

NATALIE
Would you stop condescending for
one second? Or is that one of
the principles of your bullshit
philosophy?

RYAN
Bullshit philosophy?

NATALIE
The isolation? The traveling? Is that supposed to be charming?

RYAN
No, it's simply a life choice.

NATALIE
It's a cocoon of self-banishment.

RYAN
Wow. Big words.

NATALIE
Screw you.

RYAN
Well, screw you too.

NATALIE
You've set up a way of life that basically makes it impossible for you to make any human connections. Now, somehow, this woman runs the gauntlet of your ridiculous "life choice" and comes out the other end with a smile - Just so you can call her casual. Jesus. I need to grow up? You're a twelve year old.

Natalie begins walking away.