

Combination of the bedroom scene with all the wedding decoration that he's ripping off, and some dialogue from the kitchen scene after the cake. The lines with (-) are yours.

Oh no. Oh no. No decorations in here.No. No.No.NO!

-Something wrong?

What'd? huh? I got like 30 scented candles in my room.

-Oh the Wedding Scent is Lavender!

The wedding scent? And people wonder why I'm not married.

-Not Really.

I mean, seriously Jenny, my Uncle Wayne is rolling over in his grave right now.

-No, come on. Wayne loved a good party.

Party, yes. A wedding? No. Back in the day that man used this place for mind-blowing, clothing-optional, weeklong orgies, okay? Do you know Dean Martin slept in that bathroom. He drank from the bidet and sang the Canadian national anthem in Spanish!

-In Spanish. Yeah I remember Wayne telling us that one.

Yeah. Now that, that was a party. Not this.

-You know people were taking bets on whether or not you'd even show up.

And miss my kid brothers wedding.

-See that's what I said. The whole asshole thing you do is just to get insecure women to sleep with you. Deep down, you're a real sweetheart.

Oh, look who's got me pegged.

-And there's the sarcasm to cover up the accidental display of affection for Paul.

Hey! I'm not covering anything up. And I would also be more than happy to take off the rest of my clothes to prove it.

-Then there's the cheap sexual innuendo. And all the old Connor Mead tricks are back. Well, don't worry your secret's safe with me. I won't tell anyone that you have feelings.

You know what I'm sorry. I'm talking about us you know? How it played out.

-You're actually apologizing aren't you?

Okay, we don't need to make a production out of it now!

-You know, it was probably, in some small way partially my fault. I was always attracted to assholes.

Thank you very much.

-Well you know what I mean though. Projects. Guys that I thought I could fix. Probably has something to do with my dad.

Probably!

-But after you left I made a vow to myself to date only fully functional, well-adjusted men. No more works in progress. No dirtbags.

So basically. . . women.

-Basically women.

So how strong of a vow is your no-dirtbags policy?

-I had it tattooed on my ass.

Can I see?

-No.

(he kisses her, she pushes away)

-Wait, what are you doing?

What?

-What am I doing?

Okay, but Jenny. I really really don't wanna be alone tonight. You know?

-Oh ok. No, I get it. (She leaves)