

Rob sits at a table in the bar, nervous. He watches the door, sits up straight when it opens, and follows someone with his eyes, all the way to his table. She sits. It's Laura.

LAURA

A drinking lunch on a school day. What a nice surprise.

Rob says nothing.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Are you worried about tomorrow night?

ROB

Not really.

LAURA

Are you going to talk to me, or shall I get my paper out?

ROB

I'm going to talk to you.

LAURA

Right.

LAURA (CONT'D)

What are you going to talk to me about?

ROB

I'm going to talk to you about whether you want to get married or not.
To me.

LAURA

Ha ha ha. Hoo hoo hoo.

ROB

I mean it.

LAURA

I know.

ROB

Oh, well thanks a fucking bunch.

LAURA

I'm sorry. But two days ago you were in love with that girl who interviewed you for The Reader, weren't you?

ROB

Not in love, exactly, but...

LAURA

Well forgive me if I don't think of you as the world's safest bet.

ROB

Would you marry me if I was?

LAURA

No. Probably not.

ROB

Right. Okay, then. Shall we go?

LAURA

Don't sulk. What brought all this on?

ROB

I don't know.

LAURA

Very persuasive.

ROB

Are you persuadable?

LAURA

No. I don't think so. I'm just curious about how one goes from making tapes for one person to marriage proposals to another in two days. Fair enough?

ROB

Fair enough.