

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. It's LAURA.

LAURA

A drinking lunch on a  
What a nice surprise.

Rob says nothing.

LAURA

Are you worried about tomorrow  
night?

ROB

Not really.

He plays with his drink.

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.

He plays with his drink some more.

LAURA

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 laughs.

ROB

I mean it.

LAURA

I know.

ROB

Oh, well thanks a fucking bunch.

LAURA

I'm sorry. But two days ago you  
(MEHR)

LAURA (WEITER)  
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  
What brought all this  
on?

ROB  
I'm just sick of thinking about  
it all the time.

LAURA  
About what?

ROB  
This stuff. Love and marriage. I  
want to think about something  
else.

LAURA  
I've changed my mind. That's the  
most romantic thing I've ever  
heard. I do. I will.

ROB  
Shut up. I'm only trying to  
explain.

LAURA  
I mean, maybe you're right. But  
were you really expecting me to  
say yes?

ROB  
I dunno. Didn't think about it,  
really. It was the asking that  
was the important thing.

LAURA  
Well, you've asked.

She leans over and takes his hands in hers, smiles at him.

LAURA  
Thank you.