

ROB  
My house?

Laura turns and begins walking. Rob looks at camera.

ROB  
First of all: The money. The money is easy to explain: She had it and I didn't, and she wanted to give it to me. If she hadn't, I would have gone under. I've never paid her back because I've never been able to, and just because she's took off and moved in with some Supertramp fan doesn't make me five grand richer. So that's the money --

Laura's CAR HORN is heard. He heads off.

CUT TO:

INT. LAURA'S CAR - NIGHT

*Start* → They move down the street, and it's a little tense. Laura pushes a tape into the stereo. Art Garfunkel's "Bright Eyes" begins to play. Rob turns away from her and makes a face, but she knows he's making it.

LAURA  
You can make all the faces you want. My car. My car stereo. My compilation tape.

Rob tries not to speak, but --

ROB  
How can you like Art Garfunkel and Marvin Gaye? It's like saying you support the Israelis and the Palestinians.

LAURA  
It's not like saying that at all, actually, Rob. Art Garfunkel and Marvin Gaye make pop records --

ROB  
-- Made. Made. Marvin Gaye is dead, his father shot him in --

LAURA  
-- whatever, and the Israelis and the Palestinians don't. Art Garfunkel and Marvin Gaye are not engaged in a bitter territorial dispute, and the Israelis and the Palestinians are. Art Garfunkel

and Marvin Gaye --

ROB

-- Alright, alright but --

LAURA

-- and who says I like Marvin Gaye,  
anyway?

He reels on her.

ROB

Hey! Marvin Gaye! "Got to Give It  
Up!" That's our song! Marvin Gaye  
is responsible for our entire  
relationship!

LAURA

Is that right? I'd like a word  
with him.

ROB

But don't you remember?

LAURA

I remember the song. I just  
couldn't remember who sang it.

Rob shakes his head in disbelief.

LAURA

I can see why you prefer Gaye to  
Garfunkel. I get it, really. But  
there are so many other things to  
worry about. They're only records,  
and if one is better than the  
other, well, who cares, besides you  
and Barry and Dick? I mean really,  
who gives a flying fuck?

Silence.

ROB

You used to care more about things  
like Marvin Gaye than you do now.  
When I first met you, and I made  
you that tape, you loved it. You  
said -- and I quote -- "It was so  
good it made you ashamed of your  
record collection."

LAURA

Well, I liked you. You were a  
deejay, and I thought you were hot,  
and I didn't have a boyfriend, and  
I wanted one.

ROB

So you weren't interested in music at all?

LAURA

Yeah, sure. More so then than I am now. That's life though, isn't it?

The car slows, and Laura parks.

ROB

But Laura... that's me. That's all there is to me. There isn't anything else. If you've lost interest in that, you've lost interest in everything.

LAURA

You really believe that?

Laura turns the engine off and unbuckles her seat belt.

ROB

Yes. Look at me. Look at our -- the apartment. What else do I have, other than records and CDs?

LAURA

And do you like it that way?

ROB

Not really.

She half smiles.

LAURA

Let's go in.

She gets out of the car. Rob turns to camera, speaking quietly and urgently.

ROB

Okay, Number two: The stuff I told her about being unhappy in the relationship, about half looking around for someone else: She tricked me into saying it. We were having this state of the union type conversation and she said, quite matter-of-factly, that we were pretty unhappy at the moment, and did I agree, and I said yes, and she asked whether I ever thought about meeting someone else. So I asked her if she ever thought about it, and she said of course, so I admitted that I daydream about

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