

JAKE

Call your boss and tell him you're taking the rest of the afternoon off. It's Friday anyway... and hot.

SOPHIE

What do I do with my free afternoon, walk you to the airport?

JAKE

We could laze around here a while longer.

SOPHIE

Checking out time is three P.M.

And I hate having to be with you in a place like this.

JAKE

I've heard of married couples who deliberately spend occasional nights in cheap hotels.

SOPHIE

When you're married you can do a lot of things deliberately.

JAKE

You sure talk like a girl who's been married.

SOPHIE

Jake!

JAKE

I'm sorry, Sophie.

(after a moment)

My old Dad used to say 'when you can't change a situation, laugh at it.' Nothing ridicules a thing like laughing at it.

SOPHIE

I've lost my girlish laughter.

JAKE

The only girlish thing you have lost.

SOPHIE

Jake. This is the last time.

JAKE

For what?

SOPHIE

This! Meeting you in secret so we can be... secretive! You come down here on business trips and we steal lunch hours and... I wish you wouldn't even come.

JAKE

Okay. What do we do instead, write each other lurid love letters?

SOPHIE

I haven't time to argue. I'm a working girl.

JAKE

And I'm a working man! We're a regular working-class tragedy!

SOPHIE

It is tragic! Or it will be... if we go on meeting in shabby hotels whenever you can find a tax-deductible excuse for flying down.

JAKE

You can't laugh at it, huh?

SOPHIE

Can you?

JAKE

Sure. It's like laughing through a broken jaw.