

BECKY:

Then how would you know?

BOB:

I can tell. From your worry.

BECKY:

Oh right from my white hairs?

BOB:

You don't have any white hairs.

*Becky shows him a white hair.*

BECKY:

See?

BOB:

Your hair smells good—like orange juice.

BECKY:

Thanks. I dip it in my goddam Tropicana every morning.

BOB:

You do?

BECKY:

No. I better get back to work. Lunch break's over.

BOB:

This one's on me.