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I walked into the coffee room and saw that Brad was writing something on a piece of paper. When he saw me come in, he **slipped** the note **out of sight**.

Trisha: Hey, **what's up?**

Brad: Oh, **nothing**.

Trisha: What were you writing?

Brad: (Laugh) All right. You **caught me in the act**. I finally **worked up the nerve** to ask Diana out. I was just writing a note to put on her desk.

Trisha: You mean you're going to ask her out in a note? You big **chicken** !

Brad: I admit it. I'm a **wuss**. I just can't do it **in person** .

Trisha: But, you work with her everyday.

Brad: That's different. When I'm working, I'm in a different **frame of mind**. But, when I even think about asking her out, I get **tongue-tied**. At least in a note, I can get the words out without **turning beet red**.

Trisha: You've dated a lot. What's so different about Diana?

Brad: Well, for one thing, she's **gorgeous**. She's so **upbeat** and **sweet**. Who doesn't like her? Oh, I don't know. All I do know is that I think we have great **chemistry** together. But, what if I'm wrong. Maybe she's just been nice to me **out of courtesy** and doesn't **think of me that way**. Oh forget it. This was a bad idea.

Trisha: Well, I guess you don't want this note, then.

Brad: What note?

Trisha: I was looking for you to deliver this note from Diana. She wants to know if you want to go to the **office party** with her tomorrow night.

Brad: You're kidding! I can't believe you've been standing **this entire time** and didn't say anything.

Trisha: Sorry. What can I say? Now, do you want the note **or what?**

Brad: Yeah, I want the note.

Trisha: Have a great time tomorrow night.

Brad: Thanks. I plan on it.