

Silvia holds the photo close to Gunther's face.

It is a photo of SILVIA'S FATHER & SILVIA'S MOTHER. BOTH WEAR POLICE CEREMONIAL uniforms.

SILVIA  
(demands)  
Look into their faces.

A long beat.

GUNTHER  
Those are your parents ... But  
they're dead!

Silvia nods.

SILVIA  
Being with you ... the best two  
years of my life. Today, you ask me  
to marry you ...

Silvia points to the packed holdall under neath their table.  
Her face shows she does not approve.

SILVIA (CONT'D)  
Why, Gunther?

GUNTHER  
To give you the future you deserve.

Again, Silvia holds the photos up to Gunther's face.

SILVIA (CONT'D)  
My dad ... stabbed through the  
heart. Breaking up a fight. He was  
a cop. Three months later ... my  
darling mom ...Some  
crackhead blasted her brains all  
over the sidewalk. She was also a  
cop.  
(a beat)  
I was twelve.

BACK STORY; SILVIA TURNS DOWN GUNTHER'S WEDDING PROPOSAL;  
HANDS HIS RING BACK TO HIM

SILVIA  
(points to the ring)  
I always dreaded the day you'd do  
this. I love you. God knows.

GUNTHER  
Only not enough to be my wife?

SILVIA  
My heart yearns to say yes. But my head?

Silvia shakes her head.

GUNTHER  
Cliche crap.

Again, Silvia shakes her head.

(protests)  
Most definitely not! I want to be your wife more than anything else.  
(reluctant but blurts it out)  
but you're never here!!  
(emphasizes with all her heart)  
You're off selling tractors around the world. I see you a few days at the end of the month!  
(emotional)  
I want to wake up to my husband by my side every single day ... not every four weeks ...

Gunther listens. Intense.

SILVIA (CONT'D)  
I grew up lonely.  
(motions at Gunther)  
Met the best thing in my life ... and I'm still lonely.  
(a beat)  
Your man being there - too much to ask?

Gunther shakes his head.

SILVIA (CONT'D)  
There are only two things I seek in a man: a man who's there and a man who won't return from work in a body bag.

Gunther looks up. His face shows he's confused.

GUNTHER  
Body bag?

Silvia nods. Resolute.

SILVIA

I lost loved ones, Gunther. I can't  
go through that pain again.

(a beat)

Can't be with a cop ... or anyone  
whose job is to get shot at.

Gunther is torn. Flabbergasted.