

## Chapter 20

David's reflection in the bathroom mirror revealed the panic he was feeling. He took some cold water and splashed his face, but it didn't help. He checked under the stalls to make sure he was alone.

"What do I do now? Think, David! Think!" he said as he paced back and forth.

He went over to the urinal and relieved himself; he could hear the applause in the background. The first speaker had finished. As he zipped his pants and straightened his tux, the sound of Katherine's message ran through his head, *I just think I need some time to sort things out.*

"There's nothing to sort out, Katherine, I've got everything under control," he said. He smoothed his hair and left the bathroom.

Margo and Susan were coming out of the ballroom just as David was going back in. He even held the door open for them; Margo smiled and said thank you.

"You're very welcome," he replied.

Margo could feel his eyes burning a hole in her back as she walked away.

"He's a hunk!" Susan said, giggling like a schoolgirl.

Once they were in the ladies' room, Susan started fixing her hair and reapplied makeup.

"I think he's a *gyno*. He looks very familiar."

From inside the stall Margo asked, "What's a *gyno*?"

"A gynecologist, dear, you must learn the lingo if you plan to run in our circles. He's probably great in the sack too. Just think, he looks at vaginas all day. What a job."

Margo washed her hands and reapplied her lipstick, curiously thinking about the handsome doctor.

When they returned to the ballroom, David was up at the podium. He glanced at the door and paused for a second as Margo took her seat. He continued speaking with authority and

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confidence, even though his stomach was turning. Margo was focused intently on his face. *His eyes are very kind*, she thought. She liked the way a dimple appeared when he smiled.

*Nice hair too*, she thought.

When his speech was finished, the audience applauded, and he returned to his seat, looking right in her direction.

“I think he sees something he likes,” Susan leaned over and whispered.

“Me too, is he married?”

“I don’t know, but I’ll try to find out.”

The host for the evening announced that there would be a short intermission, and they would resume in fifteen minutes. Everyone started getting up to either use the restrooms or speak to colleagues seated on the other side of the room. Everyone at her table got up, leaving her alone. David figured this would be a great opportunity to introduce himself. Margo saw him making his way over, so she looked down and pretended to be reading the itinerary.

“Good evening,” he said with a smile.

“Hello,” she said, looking up from the paper.

“My name is David, David Cohn.”

“I’m Margo.”

“I don’t mean to be forward, but are you here with someone?” he asked.

“No, I’m flying solo tonight.”

“It’s a shame someone so beautiful would be by herself.”

Margo smiled and took a sip of water.

“How’d I do up there?” he asked to kill the uncomfortable silence. “I hate public speaking.”

“I thought it was good,” Margo said.

“Do you have plans later?” he asked, getting right to the point.

“No, why are you asking me out?” she said, checking out his bare-ring finger.

“Yes.”

“All right then, I’ll meet you in the lobby when it’s over.”

“No, why don’t we leave now. I’ve done my time,” he said, reaching for her hand.

Margo looked him in the eye, then around the room for Susan, who was nowhere in sight. She got a pen from her purse and jotted something on the back of the itinerary:

Thanks for a great evening.

I’ve got a date with Mr. Gyno! ☺

M.M.

She folded the note and placed it under Susan’s dessert plate.