

alex meets ellen /3/ getting off on the wrong foot

Alex knocks on a dorm room. A girl opens. She looks nothing like the girl in the picture.

ALEX: Excuse me. You're not Patricia Armstrong, **are you?**

ELLEN: No, I'm Ellen Reed, **sorry to disappoint you.** Patricia's my roommate.

ALEX: Oh, she's your roommate? **Fabulous.** Hi. Alex P. Keaton, Sophomore Hospitality Committee.

ELLEN: **Congratulations.**

ALEX: **Do you mind if I wait around here for a while?** I told Miss Armstrong that I'd meet her here. It's **official committee business.**

ELLEN: Yeah, **I suppose.**

ALEX: So, you and Tricia **must be pretty close,** huh?

ELLEN: I **only** met her yesterday.

ALEX: How **did that go?**

ELLEN: She said hello and I said hello. That was **pretty much** it.

ALEX: **Sounds like** you **hit it off.**

Alex takes a bite out of an apple in a bowl.

ELLEN: **Put that down. Can't** you see I'm painting that?

ALEX: Wait a minute. **THAT** painting **is supposed to be** THIS bowl?

ELLEN: It's not supposed to be representational. It's abstract.

ALEX: Oh, **I say** it's abstract. **What do you call** it? Find the apple?

ELLEN: I'd explain abstract painting **to** you but I **have a feeling I'd be wasting my time.**

ALEX: Oh? You're **too smart to** talk to people like me who don't **appreciate** art. **Is that what** you're saying?