

alex meets ellen /4/ all figured out

Alex and Ellen get off on the wrong foot as their conversation turns into a shouting match.

ELLEN: Look, I know why you're here. What do you think I'm stupid? I **happen to know there's no such thing as** the Committee you say you're part of.

ALEX: There is, too. I'm the president. And founder.

ELLEN: You're here **for exactly the same reason** as all those other guys. You saw Patricia's picture in the freshmen directory and you **came over here to hit on her.**

ALEX: That is not true. Now, **what** other guys?

ELLEN: **Don't worry**, it'll be fine. **From what I can tell about** Tricia, you're her type.

ALEX: Oh, I see. And you know **what type I am.** You **got me all figured out.**

ELLEN: **Let me take a shot.** You're a member of the debating club. You're an **economics major.** You **voted for** Reagan and you wear a **jacket and tie** everywhere you go.

ALEX: Ha. I **QUIT** the debating club last spring.

ELLEN: Oh, I'm sorry. I **misjudged** you.

ALEX: Wait a minute. What is **going on** here? Why are you **giving me such a hard time?**

ELLEN: Maybe it's because I've **had to** spend the last two days **making silly small talk** with **insecure** guys **like you falling in love** with photographs.

ALEX: Insecure, huh? **Let me tell** you something. You have really got **a chip on your shoulder.**

ELLEN: I **do not have** a chip on my shoulder. I'm a very nice person **except when I'm around** people like you.

ALEX: People like me? I **happen to like** people like me.

ELLEN: I **can tell you do.** And of all the people like you **that there are,** you probably **like you the best.**