

HITCH

Chip: Hi.

Chip: I noticed your glass was getting low...
so I took the liberty
of bringing you another apple martini.

Sarah: Thank you.

Chip: And I couldn't help but notice
you look a lot like my next girlfriend.

Sarah: (laughs) What's your name?

Chip: They call me Chip.

Sarah: Awe, you can't get them to stop?

Chip: (laughs) That was funny.

Sarah: Listen, I understand the courage it takes
to walk across a room, and try to generate a relationship
out of thin air. So, don't take the following personally.

Chip: You have fantastic eyes.

Sarah: Thanks. Try to listen.
This is not a reflection on you.
I'm just not interested.
But, thank you for the compliment
of coming over.

Chip: You're welcome.
So do you like Cuban food?

Sarah: Chip, seriously, that was not code for,
"I wish you'd try harder."

Chip: Are you always so shut-down and afraid
that the right man might make you...

(interrupted by Hitch) Feel like a natural woman?

Sorry I'm late, honey.

I couldn't get a cab. How was the meeting?

Sarah: Well, um, there was a beginning,
a middle, and an end.

Nice to meet you, Chip.

Chip: (confused) You, too. (exits)

Hitch: Now, on the one hand,

it is very difficult for a man...

to even speak to someone

who looks like you.

But on the other hand,

should that be your problem?

Sarah: So life's kind of hard all around, huh?

Hicth: Not if you pay attention.

You're sending all the right signals:

no earrings, heels under two inches,

your hair is pulled back...

wearing reading glasses with no book,

drinking a Grey Goose martini,

which means you had a hell of a week

and a beer just wouldn't do it.

And, if that wasn't clear enough...

there's always the "fuck off"

that you have stamped on your forehead.

(Sarah laughs) Because who'd believe there's a man out there

that can sit by a woman he doesn't know...

and genuinely be interested in who she is,

what she does, without his own agenda?

Sarah: Yeah, I wouldn't even know

what that would look like...

So what would a guy like that say?

Hitch: He'd say, "My name is Alex Hitchens

and I'm a consultant."

But she wouldn't be interested in that...
because she'd be counting the seconds
until he left.

Sarah: Thinking he was like every other guy.

Hitch: Which, life experience has taught her,
is a virtual certainty.

But then he'd ask her name
and what she did for a living...
and she might blow him off.
Or she might say...

Sarah: I'm Sara Melas.
I run the gossip column at the Standard.
And then he'd ask
all these penetrating questions about her...
because he was sincerely,
if atypically, interested.

Hitch: No.

Sarah: No?

Hitch: He'd be interested. (Sarah nods in recognition)
But he'd see that there was no way...
he could possibly make her realize
that he was for real.

Sarah: Well, he could be funny and charming
and refreshingly original.

Hitch: Wouldn't help.

Sarah: Don't you hate it when that happens?

Hitch: Not really.
They'd both probably go on

to lead the lives they were headed toward.
My guess is they'd do just fine.
It's a pleasure to have met you, Sara Melas. (exits)
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Waitress: Grey Goose martini
from the gentleman who just left.
(Sarah looks around, slightly stunned)