

(ELLE and WARNER are in an outdoor courtyard restaurant.)

ELLE. Oh, Warner. Tonight's just perfect.

WARNER. No, you're perfect.

ELLE. No, you are.

WARNER. No, YOU are.

ELLE. No, you.

WARNER. No, you.

ELLE. You.

WARNER. You.

ELLE. You. Okay, I've even irritating myself.

WARNER. Elle, I want you to know how happy you've made me. Every guy dreams about finding a girl like you.

ELLE. I never thought that –

WARNER. Uh, honey, I'm not finished.

ELLE. Oh, sorry! Go on.

WARNER. But, Pooh-Bear, as a future attorney, I'm going to need someone serious by my side. You know, less of a Marilyn and more of a Jackie. Somebody classy and not too tacky.

ELLE. What?!?!

WARNER. Okay, that came out wrong. You see, Pooh-Bear, I think we should break-up.

ELLE. You're breaking up with me? I thought you were proposing.

WARNER. I did talk to my parents about it Pooh-Bear, but...they expect a lot from me. I'm going to Harvard Law School and my brother's at Yale Law – so's his new wife, and she's a Vanderbilt for crying out loud.

ELLE. Oh, so I'm not good enough for you? Warner, I'm from Malibu! I'm not exactly trailer-trash here! Richard Simmons is our neighbor!

(ELLE begins to cry...little puppy-like sniffs.)

WARNER. Elle, if I'm going to be a senator when I'm thirty, I need someone serious.

ELLE. I'm not serious? But I'm seriously in love with you.