

ERIN BROCKOVITCH

SHE

What the hell you think you're doing, making all that noise?

HE

Just introducing myself to the neighbors.

SHE

Well, I'm the neighbors. There, now that we're introduced, you can shut the fuck up.

HE

Oh, now I see. If I had known there was a beautiful woman next door, I'd have done this different. Let's start over. My name's George. What's yours?

SHE

Just think of me as the person next door who likes it quiet.

HE

Now, don't be like that.

SHE

Look, I'm not the one revving up his motorcycle like there's no tomorrow.

HE

Tell you what. How about if I take you on a date to apologize for my rudeness?

SHE

I think not.

HE

C'mon, give me your number. I'll call you up properly and ask you out and everything.

SHE

You want my number.

HE

I do.

SHE

Which number do you want, George?

HE

You got more than one number?

SHE

Shit, yeah. I've got numbers coming out of my ears. Like for instance, ten.

HE

Ten?

SHE

Sure. That's one of my numbers. It's how many months old my little girl is.

HE

You've got a little girl?

SHE

Yeah. Sexy, huh? And here's another: five. That's how old my other daughter is. Seven is my son's age. Two is how many times I've been married and divorced. You getting all this? Sixteen is the number of dollars in my bank account. 454-3943 is my phone number. And with all the numbers I gave you, I'm guessing zero is the number of times you're gonna call it.

HE

How the hell do you know your bank balance right off the top of your head like that? See, that impresses me.