

INT. CAR - DAY

After a lengthy silence.

HARRY

Why don't you tell me the story of your life.

SALLY

The story of my life?

HARRY

We've got 18 hours to kill before we get to New York.

SALLY

The story of my life isn't even going to get us out of Chicago. I mean, nothing's happened to me yet. That's why I'm going to New York.

HARRY

So something can happen to you.

SALLY

Yes.

HARRY

Like what?

SALLY

Like I'm going to go to journalism school and become a reporter.

HARRY

So you can write about things that happen to other people.

SALLY

(after a beat)

That's one way to look at it.

HARRY

Suppose nothing happens to you. Suppose you live there your whole life and nothing happens and you never meet anyone and you never become anything and finally you die one of those New York deaths where nobody even notices for two weeks until the smell drifts out into the hallway.

Sally looks over at Harry. Who am I stuck in this car with?
She looks back at the road.

SALLY

Amanda mentioned you had a dark side.

HARRY

That's what drew her to me.

SALLY

Your dark side?

HARRY

Yeah. Why? Don't you have a dark side? No. You're probably one of those cheerful people who dots her "i's" with little hearts.

SALLY

(defensively)

I have just as much of a dark side as the next person --

HARRY

(pleased with himself)

Oh, really? When I get a new book, I read the last page first. That way, if I die before I finish I know how it comes out. That, my friend, is a dark side.

SALLY

(irritated now)

It doesn't mean you're deep or anything. I mean, I'm basically a happy person.

HARRY

(cheerfully)

So am I.

SALLY

...and I don't see that there's anything wrong with that.

HARRY

Of course you don't. You're too busy being happy.