

# Drew Barrymore Is Not My Type



By David Wygant

I get emails all the time asking me, “You live in Hollywood. You must meet famous people, right?” Let me tell you a little bit about the way I think about famous people.

I don’t see them; I see dead people. Oops! That’s the wrong movie. That’s from “The Sixth Sense.” I really don’t see famous people. I mean, I do see them, but people have to point them out to me.

A few months ago when I was walking down the street with my black Labrador, Daphne, this cute blond was walking towards me with three other black dogs. She said, “Look at all the black dogs!”

I thought, ‘Wow, she’s observant. She is flirting with me.’ So I said, “Look at those three dogs! Are they yours?” The cute blond said “No, I’m working at the rescue place today.”

The blond was wearing a sweatshirt, tennis shoes and a pair of

jeans. She had no makeup on, and she had her hair pulled back. She looked really cute. The voice sounded really familiar. The face looked familiar. The only thing missing was E.T. What I realized then was that I was standing face-to-face flirting with Drew Barrymore.

So, we started talking. We talked for about 10 minutes about dogs, about birthdays ... It was a random conversation. She was really friendly, really cute, and really flirtatious, but I just wasn't feeling it on my end. Now, granted, it would have been fun to hang out with Gertie from E.T. I'm sure she had some great stories to share!

So here was the end of our conversation:

**Drew:** What's your name?

**DW:** David. [Then playing dumb] What's your name?

**Drew:** Drew.

**DW:** Oh, I thought you looked familiar. It's nice meeting you, Drew.

Then, I walked away.

It doesn't matter to me whether a woman is a celebrity or not.

If I'm not feeling the chemistry on my part, I don't care who the woman is or what she does. I don't care if it's Drew Barrymore or Jennifer Aniston . . . well, maybe I'd care if it were Jennifer Aniston.

The publicity would have been great. I can see it now. Drew and I photographed by the paparazzi in Hawaii. Drew and I walking our dogs grabbing a couple Starbucks. I would finally make it into the "Stars Like Us" page in US Weekly.

Living here in L.A., I've had plenty of interaction with celebrities. I've flirted with Naomi Watts. I have chatted up Dennis Quaid in line at a coffee shop. I sat for 20 minutes with Michael Richards from *Seinfeld* and had a

conversation. I've even had some fairly famous clients from the entertainment business. Honestly, they are all just people like you and me.