

(Name of Project)

by  
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(Based on, If Any)

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in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

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INT. JOEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Joel distractedly reads a book, checks the clock, goes back to the book. The door opens. He looks up. Clementine is staggering in, drunk.

CLEMENTINE

Yo ho ho!

JOEL

It's three.

VOICE-OVER

Shit. The last time I saw you.

CLEMENTINE

Anyhoo, sweetie, I done a bad thing. I kinda sorta wrecked your car...

JOEL

I can't believe you wrecked my car. You're driving drunk. It's pathetic.

CLEMENTINE

...a little. I was a little tipsy. Don't call me pathetic.

JOEL

Well it is pathetic. And fucking irresponsible. You could've killed somebody.

The scene is starting to degrade. The acting becomes anemic.

JOEL (CONT'D)

I don't know, maybe you did kill somebody.

CLEMENTINE

Oh Christ I didn't kill anybody. It's just a fucking dent. You're like some old lady or something.

VOICE-OVER

Right! She called me an old lady here, too! And I remember, I said...

JOEL

And what are you like? A wino?

CLEMENTINE

A wino? Jesus, Are you from the fifties? A wino!

(laughs)

Face it, Joel. You're freaked out because I was out late without you, and in your little wormy brain, you're trying to figure out, did she fuck someone tonight?

JOEL

No, see, Clem, I assume you fucked someone tonight. Isn't that how you get people to like you?

This shuts Clementine up. She is stung and she starts gathering up her belongings, which are strewn about the apartment. Joel is immediately sorry he said this. He follows her around.

JOEL

I'm sorry. Okay. I didn't mean that. I just... I was just... pissed, I guess.

Clementine is out the door. Joel follows.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Joel looks at his dented car, looks at Clementine clomping off in the distance.

INT. JOEL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joel drives to catch up with Clementine. He rolls down his window to talk to her.

JOEL

Let me drive you home.

CLEMENTINE

(without turning)

Fuck you, Joel. Faggot.

JOEL

Look at it out here. It's falling apart. I'm erasing you. And I'm happy. She keeps clomping.

JOEL

You did it to me. I can't believe you did this to me.

(MORE)

JOEL (CONT'D)  
By morning you'll  
be gone. Ha!

He stops the car, gets out