

(Name of Project)

by  
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by  
(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

Joel studies the unfamiliar CD's. He picks up Bang On a Can performing Brian Eno's Music for Airports to look at. Clementine reenters with her drink.

CLEMENTINE

Oh, excellent choice.

She grabs it and sticks it in the CD player. The music is dreamy and haunting and slow. Clementine falls back onto the couch, closes her eyes and sips her drink.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

Mmmmmmm. Way to go, Joel. You pick good.

Joel sits down in his chair and drinks. There's a silence, which seems fine to Clementine but makes Joel anxious.

JOEL

Well, I should probably get going.

CLEMENTINE

No, stay. Just for a little while.  
(opens her eyes, brightly)  
Refill?

JOEL

No. I --

CLEMENTINE

I know a man who needs a refill.

She grabs Joel's drink from his hand, takes it into the kitchen.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

God bless alcohol, is what I say.  
Where would I be without it. Oh,  
Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, maybe I  
don't want to think about that.

She giggles. Joel looks around the room again. There are several potatoes dressed as women in beautiful handmade costumes: a nurse potato, a stripper potato, a schoolteacher potato, a housewife potato. Clementine returns with Joel's drink and a refill for herself.

JOEL

Thanks.

CLEMENTINE

Drink up, young man. It'll make the whole seduction part less repugnant. Joel looks a little alarmed.

CLEMENTINE

I'm just kidding. C'mon.

She sits back on the couch, closes her eyes. Joel watches her, looks at her breasts. She opens her eyes, smiles drunkenly at him.

CLEMENTINE

Y'know, I'm sort of psychic.

JOEL

Yeah?

CLEMENTINE

Well, I go to a psychic and she's always telling me I'm psychic. She should know. Do you believe in that stuff?

JOEL

I don't know.

CLEMENTINE

Me neither. But sometimes I have premonitions, so, I don't know. Maybe that's just coincidence. Right? Y'know, you think something and then it happens, or you think a word and then someone says it? Y'know?

JOEL

Yeah, I don't know. It's hard to know.

CLEMENTINE

Exactly. Exactly! That's exactly my feeling about it. It's hard to know. Like, okay, but how many times do I think something and it doesn't happen? That's what you're saying, right? You forget about those times. Right?

JOEL

Yeah, I guess.

CLEMENTINE

(dreamy beat)

But I think I am. I like to think I am.

CLEMENTINE

It's helpful to think there's some order to things. You're kind of closed mouthed, aren't you?

JOEL

Sorry. My life isn't that interesting. I go to work. I go home. I don't know what to say.

CLEMENTINE

Oh.

(considers this)

Does that make you sad? Or anxious? I'm always anxious thinking I'm not living my life to the fullest, y'know? Taking advantage of every possibility? Just making sure that I'm not wasting one second of the little time I have.

JOEL

I think about that.

She looks at him really hard for a long moment. Joel tries to hold her gaze, but can't. He looks down at his drink. Clementine starts to cry again.

CLEMENTINE

You're really nice. I'm sorry I yelled at you before about it. God, I'm an idiot.

JOEL

I do have a tendency to use that word too much.

CLEMENTINE

I like you. That's the thing about my psychic thing. I think that's my greatest psychic power, that I get a sense about people. My problem is I never trust it. But I get it. And with you I get that you're a really good guy.

JOEL

Thanks.

CLEMENTINE

And, anyway, you sell yourself short. I can tell. There's a lot of stuff going on in your brain. I can tell. My goal... can I tell you my goal?

JOEL

Yeah.

CLEMENTINE

(ala Paul Simon)

What's the goal, Joel?

(laughs)

My goal, Joel, is to just let it flow through me? Do you know what I mean? It's like, there's all these emotions and ideas and they come quick and they change and they leave and they come back in a different form and I think we're all taught we should be consistent. Y'know? You love someone -- that's it. Forever. You choose to do something with your life -- that's it, that's what you do. It's a sign of maturity to stick with that and see things through. And my feeling is that's how you die, because you stop listening to what is true, and what is true is constantly changing. You know?

JOEL

Yeah. I think so. It's hard to --

CLEMENTINE

Like I wanted to talk to you. I didn't need any more reason to do it. Who knows what bigger cosmic reason might exist?

JOEL

Yeah.

CLEMENTINE

You're very nice. God, I have to stop saying that. You're nervous around me, huh?

JOEL

No.

CLEMENTINE

I'm nervous. You don't need to be nervous around me, though. I like you. Do you think I'm repulsively fat?

JOEL

No, not at all.

CLEMENTINE

I don't either. I used to. But I'm through with that. Y'know, if I don't love my body, then I'm just lost. You know? With all the wrinkles and scars and the general falling apart that's coming 'round the bend.

(beat)

So, I've been seeing this guy... Joel looks slightly crestfallen.

CLEMENTINE

(off his reaction)

Well, for the last week, anyway! He's kind of a kid. Kind of a goofball, but he's really stuck on me, which is flattering. Who wouldn't like that? And he's, like, a dope, but he says these smart and moving things sometimes, out of nowhere, that just break my heart. He's the one who gave me that crow photograph.

JOEL

Oh, yeah.

CLEMENTINE

That made me cry. But, anyway, we went up to Boston, because I had this urge to lie on my back on the Charles River. It gets frozen this time of year.

JOEL

That's scary sounding.

CLEMENTINE

Exactly! I used to do it in college and I had this urge to go do it again, so I got Patrick and we drove all night to get there and he was sweet and said nice things to me, but I was really disappointed to be there with him. Y'know? And that's where psychic stuff comes in. Like, it just isn't right with him. Y'know?

JOEL

I think so.

CLEMENTINE

I don't believe in that soulmate crap anymore, but... he says so many great things. We like the same writers. This writer Stephen Dixon he turned me on to. And he's cute. It's fucked up. Joel, you should come up to the Charles with me sometime.

JOEL

Okay.

CLEMENTINE

Yeah? Oh, great! She sits closer to him.

CLEMENTINE

I'll pack a picnic -- a night picnic -- night picnics are different -- and --

JOEL

(shy)  
Sounds good. But right now I should go.

CLEMENTINE

(pause)  
You should stay.

JOEL

I have to get up early in the morning tomorrow, so...

CLEMENTINE

(beat)  
Okay.

Joel puts on his overcoat. Clementine heads to the phone table, pulls out a notepad.

CLEMENTINE

I would like you to call me. Would you do that? I would like that.

JOEL

Yes.

She scribbles her phone number, hands it to him. He puts it in his pocket. He stands there uncomfortably for a moment, then forces himself to speak.

JOEL

I don't think your personality comes out of a tube. I think the hair is just... a pretty topping.

She tears up, swallows, and kisses him on the cheek. He's surprised and pleased and nervous.

JOEL

(shyly formal)

So, I enjoyed meeting you.

CLEMENTINE

You'll call me, right?

JOEL

Yeah.

CLEMENTINE

When?

JOEL

Tomorrow?

CLEMENTINE

Tonight. Just to test out the phone lines and all.

JOEL

Okay.

We stay with Clementine as she watches Joel tromping through the snow and getting in his car.