

(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 climbs stairs, searches the aisle, spots Clementine.

JOEL

Hi.

She turns.

CLEMENTINE

I didn't think you'd show your face around me again. I figured you were humiliated. You did run away, after all.

JOEL

Sorry to track you down like this. I'm not a stalker. But I needed to see you.

CLEMENTINE

(seemingly uninterested)
Yeah?

JOEL

I'd like to... take you out or something.

CLEMENTINE

Well, you're married.

JOEL

Not yet. Not married.

CLEMENTINE

Look, man, I'm telling you right off the bat, I'm high maintenance. So I'm not going to tiptoe around your marriage or whatever it is you got going there. If you want to be with me, you're with me.

JOEL

Okay.

CLEMENTINE

So make your domestic decisions and maybe we'll talk again.

She goes back to stacking. Joel stands there helplessly.

JOEL

I just think that you have some kind of... quality that seems really important to me.

CLEMENTINE

Joel, I'm not a concept. I want you to just keep that in your head. Too many guys think I'm a concept or I complete them or I'm going to make them alive, but I'm just a fucked-up girl who is looking for my own peace of mind. Don't assign me yours