

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address  
Phone Number

INT. TRAIN - A BIT LATER

Joel sits at the far end of the empty car and watches the slowly passing desolate terrain. After a moment the door between cars opens and Clementine enters. Joel looks up. Clementine is not looking at him; she busies herself deciding where to sit. She settles on a seat at the opposite end of the car. Joel looks out the window. He feels her watching him. The train is picking up speed. Finally:

CLEMENTINE  
(calling over the rumble)  
Hi!

Joel looks over

JOEL  
I'm sorry?

CLEMENTINE  
Why?

JOEL  
Why what?

CLEMENTINE  
Why are you sorry? I just said hi.

JOEL  
No, I didn't know if you were talking to me, so...

She looks around the empty car.

CLEMENTINE  
Really?

JOEL  
Well, I didn't want to assume.

CLEMENTINE  
Aw, c'mon. Live dangerously. Take the leap and assume someone is talking to you in an otherwise empty car.

JOEL  
Anyway. Sorry. Hi.

Clementine makes her way down the aisle toward Joel.

CLEMENTINE

It's ok if I sit closer?...I don't want to bug you if you're trying to write or something.

JOEL

No, I mean, I don't know. I can't really think of much to say probably.

CLEMENTINE

Just, you know, to chat a little. I have a long trip ahead of me.

She sits across aisle from Joel.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

How far are you going? On the train, I mean, of course.

JOEL

Rockville Center.

CLEMENTINE

Get out! Me too! What are the odds?

JOEL

The weirder part is I think I actually recognize you. I thought that earlier in the diner. That's why I was looking at you. You work at Borders, right?

CLEMENTINE

Ugh, really? You're kidding. God. Bizarre small world, huh? Yeah, that's me: book slave there for, like, five years now.

JOEL

I noticed your hair. I guess it made an impression on me, that's why I was pretty sure I recognized you.

CLEMENTINE

Ah, the hair. Blue, right? It's called Blue Rubin. The color. Snappy name, huh?

JOEL

I like it.

CLEMENTINE

This company makes a whole line of colors with equally snappy names. Red menace, Yellow Fever, Green Revolution. That'd be a job, coming up with those names. How do you get a job like that. That's what I'll do.

JOEL

I don't really know how... You think that could possibly be a full-time job? How many hair colors could there be?

CLEMENTINE

Someone's got that job!... Agent Orange! I came up with that one. Anyway, there are endless color possibilities and I'd be great at it.

JOEL

I'm sure you would.

CLEMENTINE

My writing career. Your hair written by Clementine Kruczynski...Anyway, I've tried all their colors. It keeps me from having to develop an actual personality. I apply my personality in a paste. You?

JOEL

Oh, I doubt that's the case.

CLEMENTINE

Well, you don't know me, so... you don't know, do you?

JOEL

Sorry. I was just trying to be nice.

CLEMENTINE

My name is Clementine, by the way.

JOEL

I'm Joel.

CLEMENTINE

No jokes about my name? Oh, you wouldn't do that, you're trying to be nice.

JOEL

I don't know any jokes about your name.

CLEMENTINE

Huckleberry Hound?

JOEL

I don't know what that means.

CLEMENTINE

Huckleberry Hound! What are you nuts?

JOEL

I'm not nuts.

CLEMENTINE

(singing)

"Oh my darlin', oh my darlin', oh my darlin' Clementine?" No?

JOEL

Sorry, it's a pretty name, though. It means "merciful", right?

CLEMENTINE

Yeah. Although it hardly fits. I'm a vindictive little bitch, truth be told.

JOEL

See, I wouldn't think that about you.

CLEMENTINE

Why wouldn't you think that about me?

JOEL

Oh, I don't know. I was just...I don't know. I was...You seemed nice, so --

CLEMENTINE

Now, I'm nice? Don't you know any other adjectives?

(MORE)

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)  
There's careless and snotty and  
overbearing and argumentative...

JOEL  
Well, anyway...Sorry.

CLEMENTINE  
I just don't think "nice" is a  
particularly interesting thing to  
be. I don't need nice. I don't need  
myself to be it and I don't need  
anyone else to be it at me.

JOEL  
Okay.

CLEMENTINE  
Joel? It's Joel, right?

JOEL  
Yes?

CLEMENTINE  
I'm sorry I... yelled at you. Was  
it yelling? I can't really tell.  
Whatever, I'm little out of sorts  
today.

JOEL  
It's no problem. Anyway, I have  
some stuff I need to --

CLEMENTINE  
Oh, okay, well, sure, I'll just...

She stands and throws bag over shoulder.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)  
Take care, then.

JOEL  
Probably see you at the book store.

CLEMENTINE  
Unless I get that hair-color-naming  
job.

Clementine sits at the other end of the car and stares out  
the window.