

Clementine

The waitress pours the coffee.

WAITRESS

You know what you want yet?

CLEMENTINE

(laughing)

Ain't that the question of the century.

The waitress is not amused.

CLEMENTINE

You got grilled cheese and tomato soup?

WAITRESS

Yeah. We're having a run on it.

The waitress heads to the grill. Clementine fishes in her bag, brings the coffee cup under the table for a moment, pours something in, then brings the cup back up.

CLEMENTINE

(calling)

And some cream, please.

Clementine looks around the place. Her eyes meet Joel's before he is able to look away. She smiles vaguely. He looks embarrassed, then down at his journal. Clementine pulls a book from her purse and starts to read. Joel glances up, tries to see the cover. It's blue. He can't read the title.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Joel stares out at the ocean. Far down the beach Clementine stares at it, too. Joel glances sideways at her then back at the ocean.

EXT. MONTAUK TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - LATE AFTERNOON

Joel sits on the bench waiting for a train. Clementine enters the platform, sees Joel, the only other person there. She waves, sort of goofily enthusiastic, playing as if they're old friends. He waves back, embarrassed. She takes a seat on a bench far down the platform. Joel stares at his hands, pulls out his journal and tries to write in order to conceal his awkwardness.

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:

→
START

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
(embarrassed)
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 towards Joel.

CLEMENTINE
It's okay if I sit closer? So I don't
have to scream. Not that I don't
need to scream sometimes, believe
me.

(pause)
But 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
Oh. So...

She hesitates in the middle of the car, looks back where she
came from.

JOEL

I mean, it's okay if you want to sit down here. I didn't mean to --

CLEMENTINE

No, I don't want to bug you if you're trying to --

JOEL

It's okay, really.

CLEMENTINE

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

(sits across aisle
from Joel)

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

CLEMENTINE

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

JOEL

Really? Because --

CLEMENTINE

Jesus, is it five years? I gotta quit right now.

JOEL

-- because I go there all the time. I don't think I ever saw you before.

CLEMENTINE

Well, I'm there. I hide in the back as much as is humanly possible. You have a cell phone? I need to quit right this minute. I'll call in dead.

JOEL

I don't have one.

CLEMENTINE

I'll go on the dole. Like my daddy
before me.

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.
(pulls a strand in
front of her eyes,
studies it)
Blue, right? It's called Blue Ruin.
The color. Snappy name, huh?

JOEL

I like it.

CLEMENTINE

Blue ruin is cheap gin in case you
were wondering.

JOEL

Yeah. Tom Waits says it in --

CLEMENTINE

Exactly! Tom Waits. Which song?

JOEL

I can't remember.

END

CLEMENTINE

Anyway, 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. Fuck the dole.

JOEL

I don't really know how --

CLEMENTINE

Purple Haze, Pink Eraser.

JOEL

You think that could possibly be a
full time job? How many hair colors
could there be?

CLEMENTINE

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