

MIDNIGHT BURGER

Chapter 27: Weird Night at the Sheep's Eye

By

Joe Fisher

Midnight Burger

Chapter 27: Weird Night at the Sheep's Eye

THE EMPTY PARKING LOT OF THE HORIZON MOTEL AT NIGHT.  
CLEMENTINE MATERIALIZES IN THE PARKING LOT.

CLEMENTINE

Frank?...

SHE WALKS INTO THE OFFICE.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

Frank?...

WE HEAR STATIC ON THE RADIO.

ZEBULON

There was a particular bend in the river near my home where I would go if I needed to be alone. Is that what this place is for you, Clementine?

CLEMENTINE

... I thought I put you in a box somewhere.

ZEBULON

We are there still.

CLEMENTINE

Then what are you doing in the radio?

ZEBULON

I'm afraid I don't have an answer for that particular question.

CLEMENTINE

I want your voice out of my head.

ZEBULON

As a man who has been married for many a year, I certainly understand the desire to not hear my voice for a time.

CLEMENTINE

How are you able to do this?

ZEBULON

Again, if you seek answers on that, I will disappoint you. There are many a mystery around my wife's and my existence, but it's strangeness does seem to have a certain mode. My wife has a sense of things, she seems to be able to see what's coming. And myself, well... when I speak things seem to happen.

(MORE)

ZEBULON (CONT'D)

I seem to have no control over the effect my words may have, but I suppose that's not much different from anyone else. I suppose we all speak without knowing what will come of our words. Once they leave our lips, we lose any control we've had.

CLEMENTINE

Then how about shutting up completely?

ZEBULON

Ah, but I'm afraid being unable to control the interpretation of one's words does not release one from the obligation to speak. Control what you can control, and leave the rest to God.

CLEMENTINE

Goddamn, no wonder she wants you to shut up.

ZEBULON

Yes, it's very frustrating.

CLEMENTINE

... Well, say what you need to say, then.

ZEBULON

Release us from the prison you've placed us in, Clementine.

CLEMENTINE

No.

CLEMENTINE WALKS OUT. OUT IN THE PARKING LOT WE CAN HEAR HER TELEPORT AWAY.

THE SOUND OF A BUSY BAR AT NIGHT IN A SMALL TOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF A FOREST. CLEMENTINE MATERIALIZES IN THE STREET AND WALKS TOWARD THE BAR THEN HESITATES. THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN.

FRANK

Clementine.

CLEMENTINE

Hey Frank.

FRANK

... How have you been?

CLEMENTINE

Good. I've been good. How long has it been?

FRANK

I don't know, about six months I guess.

CLEMENTINE

Good, that's what I was thinking.

FRANK

What have you been up to?

CLEMENTINE

Oh, I had some business to take care of.

FRANK

Some business, Clementine?

CLEMENTINE

Yeah, that didn't sound right did it?

FRANK

It sounds like you were doing something shady, were you doing something shady?

CLEMENTINE

Some *things*. Is that better? I had some things to take care of so I... I took care of them.

FRANK

Congratulations.

CLEMENTINE

Yeah, I feel... I feel good about it, I think things are coming together... I feel good. And, I don't know, suddenly I found myself here.

FRANK

You feel like celebrating.

CLEMENTINE

Yeah. Yeah, I think I do. So...

FRANK

So you came here.

CLEMENTINE

What's going on in there?

FRANK

Brunch.

CLEMENTINE

Brunch.

FRANK

Yes.

CLEMENTINE

Brunch is a combination of breakfast and lunch.

FRANK

It is.

CLEMENTINE

... It's night time.

FRANK

Yes, it is. BUT. This is the Sheep's Eye.

CLEMENTINE

I don't know what that means.

FRANK

The Sheep's Eye is a bar that prides itself on doing things ass backwards, Clementine.

CLEMENTINE

So they have brunch at night?

FRANK

They do. The owner of the Sheep's Eye is a man with the most ridiculous name in America. I tell you that because you really need to be prepared before you hear this man's name. Are you prepared?

CLEMENTINE

I think so.

FRANK

The owner of The Sheep's Eye Roadhouse is named T.J. Peppercorns.

CLEMENTINE

... That can't be his real name.

FRANK

It can't be, you're right. But he insists it is.

CLEMENTINE

And I thought my name sounded made up.

FRANK

Anyway, TJ does not like being told what to do. Over the years there has been more and more people building ski chalets and upscale cabins up on the mountain. They'll roll into town on a Sunday and just be flabbergasted that there's nowhere to have brunch. After about the one thousandth request from one of these fur-lined newcomers, TJ finally said "fine, fine, okay". And now he has brunch. On Sunday night. When all the people he hates are asleep.

CLEMENTINE

He sounds like quite a guy... So I went by the motel just now, there was nobody there.

FRANK

Yes. We're having a staff retreat.

CLEMENTINE

A staff... isn't the staff just you and June?

FRANK

Yes.

THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN.

JUNE

I'm having this cigarette and then I'm coming back in and I'm kicking your ass, I'm kicking your ass, and I'm kicking your ass. Get ready.

FRANK

Hey.

JUNE

I've started up a darts tournament inside.

FRANK

Okay.

JUNE

We've all bet our pants. I will be going home with three pairs of dude's jeans tonight.

FRANK

Your pants?

JUNE

I'm going to sling them over my shoulder triumphantly like deer pelts—OH SHIT.

FRANK

Clementine's here.

CLEMENTINE

Hi, June.

JUNE

It's you.

CLEMENTINE

It's me.

JUNE

Carmen motherfucking San Diego.

CLEMENTINE

Who?

JUNE

How have you been?

FRANK

Clementine was just telling me that she has just taken care of some business.

JUNE

Well, what a lovely mafia-esque parlance.

FRANK

Indeed.

JUNE

Congratulations on your business.

CLEMENTINE

Thanks.

FRANK

Apparently Clementine feels like celebrating a little bit.

JUNE

She does?

FRANK

Yes.

JUNE

Is she going to mysteriously disappear after?

FRANK

Probably.

CLEMENTINE

C'mon.

JUNE

Clementine, you have definitely come to the right place to celebrate. One problem, you cannot buy cocktails with gold.

FRANK

I mean, it's central Oregon.

JUNE

Right, who am I kidding, you can totally use gold, they would love that.

CLEMENTINE

I probably shouldn't drink anything.

JUNE

What?!

FRANK

You shouldn't have said that.

JUNE

What?!

CLEMENTINE

I shouldn't.

JUNE

Well then I'm afraid you have stumbled into a bear trap there, Clementine. Because not only do I excel at winning dudes' pants in dart games, I also excel at irresponsibly pressuring people into drinking.

CLEMENTINE

Oh, God.

JUNE

Let the peer pressure begin. Inside, lady.

CLEMENTINE

Okay, if you say so.

JUNE

I do!

THE SOUND OF THE SHEEP'S EYE FADES IN.

FRANK

So how's your plan been going?

CLEMENTINE

What do you mean?

FRANK

Last time we talked you had a pretty peculiar plan.

CLEMENTINE

Oh, right.

FRANK

You're never going to lose anything ever again.

CLEMENTINE

Yes.



FRANK

Whatever that means.

CLEMENTINE

Yes. It's going good. I decided to be proactive. Instead of hanging on to the things I didn't want to lose, I'm trying to get rid of the the people that could take things away from me.

FRANK

Uh huh. And how do you know who those people are?

CLEMENTINE

Sometimes you just know, y'know?

FRANK

Not really, but it sounds like you've put a lot of thought into it so who am I to judge?

CLEMENTINE

I'm not doing anything mean. I promise.

FRANK

I believe you.

CLEMENTINE

I'm trying to... I think when people are trying to take something from you, they really want something else. It's about something else. So what if you helped them get the thing they actually want?

FRANK

I guess you'd have to be sure you know what they want.

CLEMENTINE

I am. I'm sure.

FRANK

Great, then.

CLEMENTINE

You sound skeptical.

FRANK

Clementine, we're having maybe the vaguest conversation I've ever had in my life, there's no room for me to be skeptical.

CLEMENTINE

Sorry. I know. It's good, it's going good.

FRANK

Great.

JUNE

Dinks drinks drinks.

CLEMENTINE

Oh my god, what are those?

JUNE

Bloody Marys, it's brunch remember?

CLEMENTINE

Do we drink them or eat them?

FRANK

Much like how brunch is breakfast and lunch, a  
Bloody Mary is a food and a drink.

CLEMENTINE

There's a lot of stuff on it.

JUNE

The stuff is optional, the important part is the  
drink part.

CLEMENTINE

I still don't know if it's a great idea for me to  
drink.

JUNE

It's a great idea.

CLEMENTINE

If I start acting weird, stop me, okay?

JUNE

You already act weird, Clementine. What's a little  
more weirdness?

CLEMENTINE

Like, really weird though.

JUNE

Hey. You showed up at a bar wanting to celebrate  
your wins, right?

CLEMENTINE

Yes.

JUNE

Well then let's do that, Clementine. It's victory  
lap time, right?

CLEMENTINE

Okay!

JUNE  
Glasses up, party people, cheers.

FRANK  
Cheers.

THEIR GLASSES CLINK. THEY PAUSE AS CLEMENTINE DRINKS HER ENTIRE DRINK.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Uh...

JUNE  
Oh shit.

CLEMENTINE  
(Gasp.)  
Oh wow!

FRANK  
You okay?

CLEMENTINE  
That was really spicy.

JUNE  
I've never seen someone shotgun a Bloody Mary before.

FRANK  
Are your insides on fire?

CLEMENTINE  
They always are.

JUNE  
I feel that.

CLEMENTINE  
I hope that wasn't a terrible mistake.

FRANK  
Me too.

JUNE  
I think it's great. Let me ask you this: Are you prepared to bet your pants in a darts competition?

CLEMENTINE  
I don't think I've ever played darts before.

JUNE  
That's not a no.

FRANK

June.

JUNE

How about this: one more round and then we decide on pants darts.

CLEMENTINE

O-Okay.

JUNE

Excellent. I'll be right back.

FRANK

... Don't let her bully you, okay?

CLEMENTINE

No, I'm not... I feel really good. I'm celebrating, right?

FRANK

Sure.

THE MUSIC IN THE BAR SUDDENLY CUTS OUT. THE BAR PATRONS SHOUT AND BOO.

JUNE

(From the other side of the bar.)  
Frank!

FRANK

Goddamnit.

CLEMENTINE

What's happening?

FRANK

They use this juke box here, it's so old. It was part of the Louisiana Purchase, it's so old. Sometimes it breaks down and I have to mess with it. I'll be right back.

ZEBULON

(From out of the bar's sound system.)  
So, it's not solitude you seek, but friendship.

CLEMENTINE

(Under her breath.)  
Will you leave me alone?

ZEBULON

Considering what we've all witnessed, I'm surprised you must ask anything of me.

(MORE)

ZEBULON (CONT'D)

With a wave of your hand, you could kill us all.  
That's what you said, Clementine. So, wave your  
hand, then.

CLEMENTINE

Annoying me all night isn't going to get you  
anything.

ZEBULON

Then I believe I shall stay, if it's all the same  
to you.

CLEMENTINE SUDDENLY BOLTS UP FROM HER CHAIR AND GOES OUTSIDE.  
WE HEAR THE WIND IN THE TREES.

ZEBULON (CONT'D)

... I am, of course, also with you out here.

CLEMENTINE

Do I have to break every speaker in this town?

ZEBULON

You may certainly try, Clementine, but I've found  
with such modern day gadgetry out there, there  
seems to be a noisemaker in everything, doesn't  
there?

CLEMENTINE

I'm not going to let you get in my head!

THUNDER RUMBLES IN THE DISTANCE.

ZEBULON

Am I not already?

CLEMENTINE

... I'm trying to save people, don't you understand  
that?

ZEBULON

I do not, Clementine. Because you refuse to explain  
yourself to us.

CLEMENTINE

I don't owe you an explanation.

ZEBULON

Do not keep your motivations hidden, then charge  
the sky with thunder when you are misunderstood.

CLEMENTINE

You're just looking for something to use against  
me.

ZEBULON

I am looking for understanding. As a thing that lives and breathes it is my obligation to understand another.

CLEMENTINE

You are not, by any definition, a thing that lives and breathes.

ZEBULON

Nor are you, I suspect.

CLEMENTINE

...

ZEBULON

... Who are you, Clementine? Can you not give me some sense of who you are?

CLEMENTINE

I'd believe your curiosity was genuine if you weren't just trying to get your friends out of their prison.

THE SPEAKER SNAPS AND THE BAR MUSIC RETURNS.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

That's more like it.

CLEMENTINE WALKS BACK INTO THE BAR. WE HEAR THE SOUND OF THE RAUCOUS CROWD AT THE SHEEP'S EYE. JUNE ADDRESSES THE CROWD.

JUNE

Once upon a time in ancient Greece, a guy picked up a ball and said "Hey. Try and stop me from getting over there." And thus the sport of football was born. Today is no different from that day in ancient Greece, as we combine two of life's great joys: the game of darts, and the thrill of someone losing their pants so that you can see their incredibly poor underwear choices. People of the Sheep's Eye roadhouse, I give you: Pants Darts.

APPLAUSE.

JUNE (CONT'D)

The rules are simple: the winner keeps their pants. Some would say that it is currently too cold outside to risk one's pants in a darts game, but they are forgetting our long tradition in this town of ignoring common sense.

LAUGHTER.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Our contestants tonight are: The queen mum of pants darts, Me. Stepping up to the board in this inaugural game: Quolby Jack. Where's Quolby Jack? There he his. John Pruitt is here tonight. Hello John. John is terrible at darts as we all know. This either means that John is a good sport or he really wants to show us his underwear. D. Fox is playing. That's unfortunate for us all because if there's anyone here who is freeballing tonight it is D. Fox. God help us all. Last but not least, the weirdest lady I've ever met in my life, which is really saying something in this town, it's Clementine! Where is Clementine?

CLEMENTINE

(Talking to someone at the bar.)  
I don't understand, why is it called iced tea if there's no iced tea in it?

JUNE

Clementine, are you ready?

CLEMENTINE

What? Oh. Okay, yeah, I guess.

JUNE

Love the enthusiasm. Okay, one more thing, gambling is wrong and we frown on it. However, CC Rider has fired up some side betting over in the corner. He's taking bets on what style of underwear we are all wearing. I don't approve but you degenerates need an outlet, so go nuts. Frank? Last chance, Frank.

FRANK

Absolutely not.

JUNE

Frank is still being a stick in the mud, everyone boo this man.

THE CROWD BOOS.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Frank is the enemy of fun. It's what we love about him. Okay, let's get this going. Clementine, we're starting with you.

CLEMENTINE

We are?

JUNE

Yeah, Clementine you've disappeared on us more times than a magician's assistant, I'm getting you up here before you go POOF again.

CLEMENTINE

Okay. How do I play?

JUNE

It's darts.

CLEMENTINE

I've never played darts before.

JUNE

Not surprising. Okay, take these pointy things.

CLEMENTINE

Okay.

JUNE

Throw the pointy things at the big circle. Try to hit the middle.

CLEMENTINE

Okay, seems easy enough.

JUNE

Sure. Okay people, here we go, take it away Clementine!

THERE'S A HUSH OVER THE CROWD.

CLEMENTINE

Why did it get so quiet all of a sudden?

JUNE

It's a small town, people taking their pants off is big news.

CLEMENTINE

Okay... Okay here I go...

THERE IS A THUD ON THE DART BOARD.

JUNE

Holy Shit, Bullseye!

THE CROWD CHEERS.

CLEMENTINE

Was that good?



JUNE

Fantastic! Do that two more times and you could be the owner of other peoples' pants.

CLEMENTINE

I really don't want their pants, though.

JUNE

The point is not for you to have their pants, the point is for them to NOT have their pants.

CLEMENTINE

Okay, whatever. Here I go.

THE CROWD QUIETS DOWN AGAIN. ANOTHER THUD ON THE DART BOARD.

JUNE

Holy shit another bullseye!

THE CROWD IS NOT AS ENTHUSIASTIC THIS TIME.

CLEMENTINE

They don't seem too happy about that one.

JUNE

Well, a few of them are facing the fact that they might have to take their pants off and then a few others, not gonna lie, are probably a little upset that you're not going to be taking your pants off tonight.

CLEMENTINE

Oh.

JUNE

It's okay. They made their bed. Hey, you're great at darts.

CLEMENTINE

I didn't even know.

JUNE

Okay, one more and you will be very hard to beat tonight. Think you can get one more bullseye?

CLEMENTINE

I'll try.

JUNE

Okay, here we go. Quiet pervs!

THE CROWD HUSHES AGAIN.

CLEMENTINE

Okay... one... more... bullseye...

CLEMENTINE THROWS THE DART AND IT VANISHES RIGHT BEFORE IT HITS THE BOARD.

JUNE

Oh shit. You missed the board, Where'd it go?  
Anybody get hit with a dart?

CLEMENTINE

Shit.

JUNE

No? Where'd it go? Everybody look around for the missing dart.

CLEMENTINE

I'm sorry.

JUNE

It's okay. Hey, there's like three guys in here with fake legs, can all the fake leg people check their legs for darts?

CLEMENTINE

I'm going to go look over there.

JUNE

Okay.

CLEMENTINE WALKS TO A SECLUDED PART OF THE BAR AND THEN WALKS INTO A SMALL RESTROOM.

CLEMENTINE

Fuck... Keep it together.

ZEBULON

(From the radio in the bathroom.)  
Don't see too many people keeping a radio in the bathroom anymore.

CLEMENTINE

...You're invading my privacy.

ZEBULON

Which I wouldn't do were our predicament not so dire, Clementine. Though, someone who invades the past lives of my compatriots and then cries for privacy is perhaps a bit too much for polite conversation to bear.

CLEMENTINE

That's what we're doing? Having a polite conversation?

ZEBULON

It's being attempted, at least.

CLEMENTINE

You can't have polite conversation when you so obviously have an agenda.

ZEBULON

Clementine, I am from The South. There is no polite conversation without hidden agendas...

CLEMENTINE

...

ZEBULON

... And where are you from?

CLEMENTINE

I'm not doing this.

ZEBULON

I am from Arkansas. Was born in my parents' bedroom in the year 1895, five years before the century's turn.

CLEMENTINE

I don't care.

ZEBULON

My father was a farmer at first, then after a strange turn of events, moved his talents to hog farming. Perhaps a more grim profession, but far more lucrative.

CLEMENTINE

A strange turn of events?

ZEBULON

Indeed. Torrential downfall one year. Unlike anything he'd seen. Good news for a farmer when a wet season proceeds the spring. And yet for some odd reason, his crops that year were poorly and he had hardly anything to take to market. That put him in dire straits. Not one to hesitate, he purchased two dozen hogs with his savings and that was that. "Hogs are hogs despite the rainfall." He said. Those rains taught him a lesson, though. That a curse can be dressed as a blessing.

CLEMENTINE

What did he grow?

ZEBULON

Pole beans mostly. And sweet peas.

CLEMENTINE

... What the hell are you? I've never seen anything like you before. You... just show up in speakers?

ZEBULON

It's certainly an odd way to exist, but we each take the life we're given.

CLEMENTINE

And that's enough for you?

ZEBULON

If I were to travel down the path of solving the mystery of myself, how far down that trail could I go? How far could anyone go? The Lord has given us a great mystery by giving us this existence. Were we meant to unravel it? Perhaps being given this life is more akin to being given a musical instrument as a gift. You learn more, become more skilled as the years go by, but in a lifetime you could never master it.

CLEMENTINE

I can't believe you think that's an answer to my question.

ZEBULON

If you're unsatisfied, just think how I feel. I do not know what I am, Clementine. I have come to think of it as... Imagine shouting your name into a canyon, and then after a moment, your voice comes back to you from the other side of the canyon. But the echo doesn't stop there, it continues to travel down the canyon, saying your name over and over again. And then, in a strange moment, that echo of your voice somehow finds a voice of its own. It begins life as an echo of another but then comes to grow into a new being entirely, with thoughts and feelings independent of the one who once shouted it into existence in that canyon.

CLEMENTINE

...

ZEBULON

What brings you to this old roadhouse? Are these people your friends?

CLEMENTINE

They... yes, they are.

ZEBULON

Good. Good to have friends.

CLEMENTINE

It is.

ZEBULON

Are we hiding from something in here, Clementine?

CLEMENTINE

The dart disappeared when I threw it. It happens sometimes.

ZEBULON

And that brought you here why?

CLEMENTINE

So that I could concentrate. You're not helping... The rain made the soil too acidic. That's what happened to your father. As soon as the rain got to be too much he should've switched over to potatoes.

ZEBULON

... You're a farmer.

CLEMENTINE

... I have no idea what I am.

ZEBULON

As I said, that is a feeling I understand. Tell me more-

CLEMENTINE

Enough.

CLEMENTINE PUNCHES THE RADIO AND DESTROYS IT. ELECTRICITY POPS AND BUZZES.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

(Deep breath.)

Come on, dart. Come back to me.

SOMETHING MATERIALIZES IN CLEMENTINE'S HAND.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

There... There, okay. We're fine.

THE DOOR TO THE BATHROOM SWINGS OPEN.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

Found it!

JUNE

Okay, call off the search, we found it.

CLEMENTINE

Sorry.

JUNE

Not to worry. Okay dummies. Clementine may have missed her last shot but two bullseyes in a row is very hard to beat. Let's hear it for Clementine!

THE CROWD CHEERS.

CLEMENTINE

Thanks everyone.

TIME SUDDENLY SHIFTS.

JUNE

That's unfortunate for us all because if there's anyone here who is freeballing tonight it is D. Fox.

THE CROWD LAUGHS.

CLEMENTINE

Fuck.

JUNE

God help us all. Last but not least, the weirdest lady I've ever met in my life, which is really saying something in this town, it's Clementine! Where is Clementine?

CLEMENTINE

Fuck.

JUNE

Clementine?

CLEMENTINE

Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck.

JUNE

Clementine where are you going?

THE DOOR TO THE SHEEP'S EYE SWINGS OPEN. WE HEAR THE FOREST.

CLEMENTINE

You fucking idiot. You fucking idiot what are you doing?

ZEBULON

Clementine, what has just happened?

CLEMENTINE

Shut up. Just shut up.

ZEBULON

... I am fearful of you, Clementine. Before it was due to your immeasurable power, but now even more frightening? I don't believe that you are able to control this power you wield.

CLEMENTINE

I'm in control!

THUNDER.

ZEBULON

Very well. Your friends seem to be fond of games so let us play our own.

CLEMENTINE

... Fine.

ZEBULON

This evening will go terribly wrong. Despite all this power you have, it will escape your control.

CLEMENTINE

That's not a game, that's just you being a pessimist.

ZEBULON

Call it what you like.

CLEMENTINE

None of this is a game to me, I'm trying to save people.

ZEBULON

Then, in the name of God, go back to where you came from and use this power of yours to save them.

CLEMENTINE

I can't.

ZEBULON

Why?

CLEMENTINE

Because I can't get back to them!... I can go anywhere. Do anything. Everything but that, I can't get back to them. I don't know why. So this is how I save them. This is how it has to be.

THE DOOR TO THE SHEEP'S EYE OPENS.

FRANK

Clementine?

CLEMENTINE

Hey. Hi.

FRANK

Did you just hear some thunder?

CLEMENTINE

Yeah. Yeah, is that weird?

FRANK

Doesn't happen here a lot. You okay?

CLEMENTINE

Sorry. I felt really trapped in there all of a sudden.

FRANK

No, I get it. It smells in there. There's a smell.

CLEMENTINE

Told you I shouldn't be drinking.

FRANK

There's a very short list of people in the world who *should* be drinking. None of them are in there. June's mom is one of them. Also any Lutheran. Hey, you want to help me out?

CLEMENTINE

With what?

FRANK

The ice machine is having a little temper tantrum, we need to go across the street and get some bags of ice.

CLEMENTINE

Okay, sure. Fresh air will be good.

THEY WALK.

FRANK

Yeah, breathe in the mountain air. That's a stupid term, "mountain air". Mountain air is thinner and not refreshing at all. Some people rush up here from the city to have a nice relaxing time and end up with altitude lassitude and start vomiting.

CLEMENTINE

So, do I breathe it in or do I not breathe it in?



FRANK

It's your only option. Though maybe not for you. You did tell me a while back that you caught a hunk of gold as it escaped a star going supernova, so maybe you don't need oxygen.

CLEMENTINE

Yeah, I did say that didn't I?

FRANK

Kind of strange being able to handle the void of space but not being able to handle your liquor.

CLEMENTINE

I don't really understand it either.

FRANK

It makes a certain sense. Superman had kryptonite, Green Lantern had the color yellow, and you have Old Grandad Whiskey.

CLEMENTINE

Can we stay away from things that make me sound insane?

FRANK

Sure.

CLEMENTINE

... That eliminates a lot of things, doesn't it?

FRANK

It really does.

DOOR CHIME OF A CONVENIENCE STORE. WE HEAR THE HUM OF SEVERAL REFRIGERATORS, MUSIC PLAYS THROUGH A RADIO.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Flat Doug! How's it going tonight?

CLEMENTINE

... Flat Doug, why do you call him Flat Doug?

FRANK

He was run over by a snow plow.

CLEMENTINE

Wow.

FRANK

Twice.

CLEMENTINE

Twice?

FRANK

Yeah, so he's either a weird blend of lucky and unlucky, or he's a ghost.

CLEMENTINE

He doesn't look like a ghost.

FRANK

I don't know, he has a look about him. Like he's seen things. Like he's seen the other side.

CLEMENTINE

He's definitely seen the other side of a snow plow.

RADIO STATIC.

ZEBULON

(In the radio.)

And now a reading from the book of Luke.

And he came to Nazareth, where he had been as a boy; and he went to the synagogue, as his custom was, on the sabbath day. And he stood up to read; and there was given to him the book of the prophet Isaiah. He opened the book and read:

FRANK

What is he listening to?

CLEMENTINE

You can hear that?

FRANK

Has Flat Doug found Jesus?

CLEMENTINE

Getting ready for that third snowplow, I guess.

ZEBULON

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he has anointed me to preach good news to the poor. He has sent me to proclaim *release to the captives* and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty *those who are oppressed,*

FRANK

Can you grab those two bags?

CLEMENTINE

Yeah. I'll be out in the parking lot, okay?

FRANK

Sure.

ZEBULON

And he said to them, "Doubtless you will quote to me this proverb, `Physician, heal yourself; what we have heard you did at Caper'na-um, do here also in your own country.'"

DOOR CHIME AS CLEMENTINE EXITS THE STORE INTO THE PARKING LOT.

ZEBULON (CONT'D)

And he said, "Truly, I say to you, no prophet is accepted in his own country.

CLEMENTINE

Stop it!

ZEBULON

I beg your pardon?

CLEMENTINE

Leave me alone!

ZEBULON

If we could've left you alone, we would've done so long ago, Clementine.

CLEMENTINE

You want to be free so bad, tell your friends to accept the deal. That's how this ends!

DOOR CHIME.

FRANK

Okay, ready?

CLEMENTINE

Yes. Ready.

THEY WALK.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

... Where am I?

FRANK

You're walking down the sidewalk..

CLEMENTINE

I mean, what's this town?

FRANK

Oh, okay. Hood's Pocket.

CLEMENTINE

That's a funny name.

FRANK

It's a funny town. Up there is Mt. Hood. The town sits in just the right place so that it hardly ever gets direct sunlight. It's in the shadow of the mountain most of the year. Hood's Pocket.

CLEMENTINE

That's kind of depressing.

FRANK

It has kept us from being a major tourist destination, which is nice.

CLEMENTINE

... I keep coming back here.

FRANK

Yes, you do.

CLEMENTINE

There was only one place I ever felt safe. This place turned into another one.

FRANK

It's not a bad place to be. What was the other place?

CLEMENTINE

Jerusalem.

FRANK

Sure. So, Jerusalem and then here?

CLEMENTINE

Yeah.

FRANK

(Laughing.)  
Okay, great.

CLEMENTINE

God, everything that comes out of my mouth sounds like a crazy lie doesn't it?

FRANK

Yes. But I mean that in a good way.

CLEMENTINE

How?

FRANK

Honestly, there's a lot of people living here who are... I'm sorry for putting it this way but, they're full of shit.

CLEMENTINE

Really?

FRANK

Yeah. I was just telling you about TJ Peppercorns. June used to date a guy named Tarvok Stormbringer, you think that was what his parents named him? Ask me what the mayor's name is?

CLEMENTINE

What's the Mayor's name?

FRANK

Sparker.

CLEMENTINE

Sparker?

FRANK

It's a dog, Clementine. The mayor is a dog.

CLEMENTINE

The... a dog?

FRANK

We had an election and we all decided that the mayor will be a dog named Sparker.

CLEMENTINE

How?

FRANK

The town is too small to have a mayor but we felt left out so we had an election.

CLEMENTINE

And you elected Sparker the Dog?

FRANK

Well, everybody knew him so...

CLEMENTINE

Has he been a good mayor?

FRANK

Oh, really great. He's really cleaning up this town. At least, the parts of town that have food on the floor.

CLEMENTINE

How does he sign bills?

FRANK

Don't think about it too much, you'll ruin it. What I'm trying to say is: It's very entertaining, The Clementine Show. Come on, keep it coming. It'll feel great. If I think everything you say is a lie then let it rip. What have you got to lose?

CLEMENTINE

Okay. Sure, uh... For a while my entire life revolved around growing and taking care of beets.

FRANK

Really?

CLEMENTINE

Yes.

FRANK

Did you live on a farm or something?

CLEMENTINE

Or something.

FRANK

... I feel like that's one of the more boring ones.

CLEMENTINE

You're right. Um... One time I met Abraham Lincoln while pretending to be the Ambassador from Luxembourg.

FRANK

There we go. That's the good stuff.

CLEMENTINE

I did the accent and everything. Watch: "We are a nation created by disagreement. The Belgians, the Germans, the French, they all insist we belong to them. When they are unable to agree we were suddenly left to our own devices. And now I stand before you."

FRANK

Wow.

CLEMENTINE

Good, right?

FRANK

I'm transported. Where is Luxembourg?

CLEMENTINE

Honestly, I don't even know. I was winging it. I was calling myself Countess Jacquetta of Luxembourg, then someone told me that she had actually died 400 years ago.

FRANK

Oops. Who was that?

CLEMENTINE

Countess Jacquetta? No idea.

FRANK

No, I mean, someone found you out, who was that?

CLEMENTINE

Oh... uh... Caspar.

FRANK

Who was Caspar?

CLEMENTINE

Just... there were some people who didn't like what I was doing, they were telling me to stop. He was one of them.

FRANK

Why were they telling you to stop?

CLEMENTINE

They just didn't get it.

FRANK

We're getting vague again, Clementine.

CLEMENTINE

... I told you about my plan.

FRANK

To "never lose anything ever again".

CLEMENTINE

Yes.

FRANK

Which is also pretty vague.

CLEMENTINE

There's more to it than that.

FRANK

I hope so.

CLEMENTINE

They didn't like it, they said I was... they didn't like it.

FRANK

They said you were what?

CLEMENTINE

That I was hurting people.

FRANK

Hurting people?

CLEMENTINE

I wasn't though. I'm not. I don't want to hurt anyone.

FRANK

... How about we get less vague with this plan of yours.

CLEMENTINE

Don't worry about it.

FRANK

I'm worried about it.

CLEMENTINE

I'm not hurting anyone, Frank.

FRANK

Clementine, I've been pretty understanding of your particular brand of chaos, have I not?

CLEMENTINE

"Understanding"?

FRANK

Yes. You show up randomly and nothing ever makes sense and we roll with it. But now you're talking about hurting people so I'm going to need you to be more specific.

CLEMENTINE

People just don't understand. They didn't understand me.

FRANK

Did you try and make them understand?

CLEMENTINE

What do you mean?



FRANK

Did you explain things to them?

CLEMENTINE

Maybe, I don't know.

FRANK

Why not?

CLEMENTINE

I don't know.

FRANK

Some people avoid an argument because they're afraid of hearing something they don't want to hear.

CLEMENTINE

Maybe I don't want to hear it!

FRANK

That's not very fair to them, Clementine.

CLEMENTINE

Oh Jesus, Frank just go away!

IN A BURST OF ENERGY, FRANK DISAPPEARS. HIS TWO BAGS OF ICE SPILL ACROSS THE SIDEWALK.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

Oh fuck. Oh fuck no no no no no. Frank? Frank where did you go?! Frank?! Shit! It's okay. It's okay, breathe. Breathe.

ZEBULON

Clementine.

CLEMENTINE

Shut up!

ZEBULON

Clementine, what have you done?!

CLEMENTINE

SHUT UP!

ZEBULON

You have destroyed this man.

CLEMENTINE

No, I haven't. No, I haven't I can fix it!

ZEBULON

Can you not see now, what a danger you are?

CLEMENTINE

No, I'm not!

ZEBULON

This must stop. I have tried to be patient and tried to reach out to you, but first you must stop all of this!

CLEMENTINE

Stop distracting me. I'm going to fix it.

(Deep breath.)

Time is the substance I am made of. Time is a river that sweeps me along, but I am the river; it is a tiger which destroys me, but I am the tiger; it is a fire which consumes me... but I am the fire.

IN ANOTHER BURST OF ENERGY, FRANK RETURNS.

FRANK

Some people rush up here from the city to have a nice relaxing time and end up with altitude lassitude and start vomiting.

CLEMENTINE SUDDENLY HUGS HIM.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Oof! Hey.

CLEMENTINE

Hi Frank.

FRANK

What's going on?

CLEMENTINE

Nothing. Everything's fine.

FRANK

Okay... Clementine, what's going on?

THE DOOR TO THE SHEEP'S EYE OPENS.

JUNE

Well hi there.

CLEMENTINE

Hi, June.

JUNE

Sorry to interrupt, but you're missing an epic game of pants darts in here.

CLEMENTINE

We got the ice.

FRANK

We... oh, we did.

JUNE

Great, take it around back, leave it by the back door.

CLEMENTINE

Okay. Hey, let's have another drink.

JUNE

That's the spirit, get in here lady.

CLEMENTINE

I'll be right there.

CLEMENTINE WALKS AROUND THE CORNER.

JUNE

Hello there, young man.

FRANK

Hi.

JUNE

What's all this then, Guvnah?

FRANK

Excuse me?

JUNE

Having a moment are we?

FRANK

June.

JUNE

Having intimate moments in the street?

FRANK

It wasn't an intimate moment, I was talking about altitude lassitude and she suddenly hugged me.

JUNE

Oh, the old altitude lassitude trick, eh?

FRANK

That's not a thing.

JUNE

I'll say this once and then never again.

FRANK

No way that's possible.

JUNE

You are coming dangerously close to getting water on the mogwai, my friend.

FRANK

No I'm not.

JUNE

Frank. You dummy. She's already done the tried and true "Hey can I stay here tonight" maneuver. Now there's sudden hugging in the street.

FRANK

Those are not maneuvers.

JUNE

I *invented* those maneuvers, they are in the hall of fame, those maneuvers.

FRANK

You're overreacting.

JUNE

Frank, that woman is a hoot, but she's an emotional super-fund site. You know this.

FRANK

I do know this.

JUNE

You know this?

FRANK

I know this.

JUNE

We're agreed, then?

FRANK

We're agreed, June.

JUNE

Good. Then I adjourn this meeting.

FRANK

Meeting adjourned.

JUNE

(Shouting into the bar.)  
Hey! There are people taking off their pants that are not participating in pants darts. Do not muddy the waters!

THE DOOR CLOSES. AFTER A MOMENT CLEMENTINE COMES FROM AROUND THE CORNER.

ZEBULON

It's clear to me now.

CLEMENTINE

... What's clear to you now?

ZEBULON

You cannot stop yourself. You will not listen to reason. You will not acknowledge the pain you cause... You must be stopped.

CLEMENTINE

... Fine. Take your best shot. Personally I'm glad we're past the "listening to reason" phase. Now we can just be good old fashioned enemies. And as your enemy, I will now say this: If I hear your voice come out of a box one more time, I will come there and drag you all kicking and screaming into the life I have designed for you OR I will drag you kicking and screaming into your graves!

CLEMENTINE RIPS THE SPEAKER OFF OF THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING, CRUSHES IT WITH HER BARE HANDS, AND TOSSES IT INTO THE STREET.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

Thanks for the chat.

THE DOOR TO THE ROADHOUSE CLOSES. WE SKIP FORWARD IN TIME AND THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN AGAIN. JUNE, CLEMENTINE, AND FRANK SPILL OUT INTO THE STREET. JUNE AND CLEMENTINE ARE DRUNK.

JUNE

I have won all of the pants.

FRANK

Congratulations.

JUNE

I am the Alexander the Great of Pants. I leave in my wake nothing but the pantsless masses. Look upon my work, ye pantsless, and despair.

CLEMENTINE

What do you do with all the pants now that you have won all the pants?

JUNE

I will weave them into a tapestry to commemorate my victory.

CLEMENTINE

Why are you talking funny?

FRANK

Totally makes sense that you dated a blacksmith now.

JUNE

Where is my chariot?

FRANK

I'm parked over there.

JUNE

Oh my God, Frank that's so far away.

FRANK

You'll be fine.

JUNE

Can you pull your truck around?

FRANK

No.

JUNE

You're a terrible human being.

FRANK

We're not getting out of Dodger Stadium, you'll be fine.

JUNE

But Frank, I am June the Pants-slayer.

FRANK

Show them you're still a woman of the people by walking a thousand feet to the car.

JUNE

Fine.

CLEMENTINE

Hey, you two... Um... I just wanted to say... Thanks for letting me hang out with you tonight, I had a really great time. I kind of forgot what having a great time was like.

JUNE

Aw. Of course, you big weirdo. Anytime.

FRANK

Are you staying at the horizon tonight, Clementine?

JUNE

Ooh, let's all stay there tonight. Sleepover!

CLEMENTINE

Sure.

FRANK

Okay, same room as last time.

CLEMENTINE

Okay.

JUNE

You know what, Clementine? You should stay for a while. Hang out, put down some roots. Enough of this Lady Vanishes bullshit. I think you'd like it here.

CLEMENTINE

I do like it here.

JUNE

I know you think you're too weird, but everybody who lives here is weird. Did Frank tell you about the dog mayor?

CLEMENTINE

Yes.

JUNE

Our mayor is a dog. So you're fine.

CLEMENTINE

It's tempting.

FRANK

(Walking away.)  
Let's go.

JUNE

Look, just try and imagine a universe where you live here. That's all. You'd be surprised.

FRANK

(Further away.)  
Let's go!

JUNE

Relax!

CLEMENTINE

... I'd be surprised...  
(Deep breath.)

Time is the substance I am made of.

(MORE)

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

Time is a river that sweeps me along, but I am the river; it is a tiger which destroys me, but I am the tiger; it is a fire which consumes me... but I am the fire.

CLEMENTINE QUICKLY SKIPS THROUGH MULTIPLE TIMELINES LIKE SHE'S JUST PULLED DOWN THE ARM OF A SLOT MACHINE. SUDDENLY IT ALL STOPS. IT IS NOW DAYTIME AND THE BIRDS ARE SINGING. THE DOOR TO THE SHEEP'S EYE OPENS.

JUNE

It's done!

CLEMENTINE

Hey.

JUNE

The papers are signed!

CLEMENTINE

What papers?

JUNE

What do you mean what papers?

CLEMENTINE

Sorry I... I forgot what we were doing here.

JUNE

Clementine. Today is the day I sign the papers. I am now the owner of the Sheep's Eye Roadhouse.

CLEMENTINE

Oh my God.

JUNE

What did you think we were doing here?

CLEMENTINE

Sorry, I forgot, I uh... I thought it was tomorrow.

JUNE

Today, Clementine! I am now a business owner! Congratulate me!

CLEMENTINE

Congratulations!

JUNE

You're such a space cadet.

CLEMENTINE

I know, I'm sorry.



JUNE

Where's Frank? Is he still at our place?

CLEMENTINE

Our place?

JUNE

What is wrong with you today? He was over at our place fixing the washing machine.

CLEMENTINE

Oh, um. I haven't seen him yet.

JUNE

He said he was going to text you.

CLEMENTINE

He did?

JUNE

Check your phone.

CLEMENTINE

My phone... oh... it's right here. It's my phone... There's a text from him, it says he's on his way.

JUNE

Great. I'm excited about this next part.

CLEMENTINE

What's the next part?

JUNE

Anytime you start a business in town you go to the butcher and buy a beef bone, you then offer the beef bone to our dog mayor as a gesture of good will.

CLEMENTINE

You're going to bribe the dog mayor?

JUNE

That's life in the big city, Clementine.

FRANK

Is the deal done? Has it happened?

JUNE

It's happened. I am the new TJ Peppercorns.

FRANK

Oh, you have to take the name too, like The Dread Pirate Roberts?

JUNE

Please call me Baroness Peppercorns.

CLEMENTINE

I can't believe you own the Sheep's Eye now.

FRANK

It's a very ill-advised move but no more ill-advised than me taking over The Horizon.

JUNE

It's a town full of bad choices, I was feeling left out.

FRANK

We've got the Motel and the Roadhouse, now Clementine needs to buy something.

JUNE

That's true, Clementine, what local business are you going to buy now?

CLEMENTINE

Oh, um, let's see... What is that one? Trinket Coralee's New Moon Emporium?

JUNE

Bold.

FRANK

Going after the local mystic, you might get cursed for that.

JUNE

That's a problem easily solved by a witch trial. I saw Trinket Coralee speaking with the devil!

CLEMENTINE

This is... This is good, I like it here.

FRANK

Sure.

JUNE

So do we, Clementine.

CLEMENTINE

So we're celebrating right? Off to the butcher?

JUNE

Yes!

CLEMENTINE'S PHONE STARTS RINGING.

FRANK

Remind me to get some ribs while we're there.

JUNE

Clementine, your phone.

CLEMENTINE

Oh, that's me. Okay... Let's see who it-...

JUNE

Who is it?

FRANK

Clementine?

CLEMENTINE

It's... It's my... it says "Mom".

JUNE

Oh, right, she's coming for a visit, right?

CLEMENTINE

She's what?

FRANK

For her birthday, right?

CLEMENTINE

Her... No.

JUNE

What?

CLEMENTINE

I... I can't, I can't do it.

FRANK

C'mon we love your mom.

JUNE

Pick up the phone.

CLEMENTINE

I can't!

CLEMENTINE SPINS BACK THROUGH REALITIES, LANDING BACK WHERE SHE STARTED A FEW MINUTES AGO. IT'S NIGHT TIME AND WE HEAR THE WIND IN THE TREES.

JUNE

(Far away.)  
Clementine, let's go!

CLEMENTINE

I can't... I can't leave you out there... I  
won't...

THE SPEAKER THAT WAS CRUSHED BY CLEMENTINE BEGINS TO POP AND  
HISS WITH ELECTRICITY. THEN SUDDENLY...

ZEBULON

Greetings to all who can hear my voice. Let the  
chimes of freedom ring through the the halls of  
every home. Stand firm, then, and do not let  
yourselves be burdened again by a yoke of slavery.

CLEMENTINE

Goddamnit.

EFFIE

Hey Clementine! Ppppppppppppppppppppppppppppppt.

CLEMENTINE

GODDAMNIT!

CLEMENTINE VANISHES.

THE END