

HER – Scene 5

(Theodore sits alone in the back of a quiet restaurant, a large stack of papers in front of him. We hear his breathing. He waits. Catherine, elegantly dressed, approaches. Theodore stands to greet her. They hug and sit down.)

THEODORE: How are you?

CATHERINE: I'm good, how are you?

THEODORE: Good.

CATHERINE: Wow, here we are.

THEODORE: Yeah, I'm glad we could do this in person. I know how much you've been traveling.

CATHERINE : Me too. I'm glad you suggested it.

THEODORE : I signed all the papers and I brought them for you to sign.

CATHERINE: What's the rush?

THEODORE: I'm a really slow signer. It took me three months just to write the letter T. It's marked where you need to sign, but you don't have to do that right now.

CATHERINE: Oh, I may as well. We can get it out of the way.

(She opens the documents, pulls out a pen and starts to read. She's about to start signing, but then stops. We can see her filling with emotion, but not wanting to show Theodore. She swallows and recovers. She looks up at Theodore, giving him an "everything's fine" smile, but it's not. In the script, some time has passed while they are eating, so she can sign the papers, cocktails brought, order

food, whatever.)

THEODORE : So are you happy with the new book?

CATHERINE: Oh, you know how I am. But I feel like it's true to what I set out to do. So I'm happy with that.

THEODORE : You're your own worst critic, I'm sure it's amazing. Even that paper you wrote on synaptic behavioral routines made me cry.

CATHERINE : Yeah, but everything makes you cry.

THEODORE : Everything *you* make makes me cry.

CATHERINE : So are you seeing anybody?

THEODORE : Yeah, I am, for the last few months. That's the longest I've wanted to be with anybody since we split up.

CATHERINE: Well, you seem good.

THEODORE : Thanks, I am. Or at least I'm doing better. She's been really good for me. I guess it's just been nice to be with someone who's excited about the world.

CATHERINE: Oh good, excited's great.

THEODORE : No, I mean - I wasn't in such a good place myself and in that way it's been nice.

CATHERINE: I always felt like you wished I could just be a happy, light, everything's great, bouncy L.A. wife. But that's not me.

THEODORE: No. I didn't want that.

CATHERINE: So what's she like?

THEODORE: Well, her name's Samantha, and she's an

operating system, and she's really complex and interesting. I mean it's only been a few months, but--

CATHERINE: Wait. You're dating your computer?

THEODORE: She's not just a computer. She's her own person. She doesn't just do whatever I want.

CATHERINE: I didn't say that. But it does make me sad that you can't handle real emotions, Theodore.

THEODORE: They *are* real emotions. How do you know--

CATHERINE : What? Say it. Am I really that scary? Say it. How do I know what?!

(The WAITRESS walks up.)

WAITRESS : How are you guys doing?

CATHERINE : Fine. We used to be married. He couldn't handle me so he wanted to put me on Prozac. Now he's madly in love with his laptop.

(The waitress doesn't know what to say.)

THEODORE : Well, if you heard the conversation in context. What I was trying to say--

CATHERINE : You wanted to have a wife without the challenges of actually dealing with anything real. I'm glad you found someone. It's perfect.

WAITRESS: Let me know if you guys need anything.

CATHERINE: Thank you.