

[Jesse and Selene, walking beside the Danube]

[Jesse takes a bite at Selene's hand]

Selene: Ow!

Jesse: Would you be in Paris by now if you hadn't gotten off the train with me?

Selene: No, not yet. What would you be doing?

Jesse: I'd probably be hanging around the airport, reading old magazines, crying in my coffee because you didn't come with me.

Selene: Awwww. Actually, I think I'd probably have gotten off the train in Salzburg with someone else.

Jesse: Oh, yeah? Oh, I see. So, I'm just that dumb American momentarily decorating your blank canvas.

Selene: I'm having a great time.

Jesse: Yeah?

Selene: Yeah.

Jesse: Me too.

Selene: I'm so glad because no one knows I'm here, and I don't know anyone that knows you that would tell me all those bad things you've done.

Jesse: MmHm?

Selene: Yeah.

Jesse: I'll tell you some.

Selene: Yeah, I'm sure.

Selene: You know, you hear so much shit about people. I always feel like the general of an army when I start dating a guy, you know, plotting my strategy and manoeuvrings, knowing his weak points, what would hurt him, seduce him. It's horrible. [they walk a bit] If we were around each other all the time, what do you think would be the first thing about me that would drive you mad?

Jesse: Uh, no, no, I'm not gonna answer this question, no.

Selene: What?

Jesse: I just, I dated this girl once who used to always ask me that, 'What about me bugs you?' you know. And so finally I said, "well, you know, I don't think you handle criticism too well." She flew into a rage, and broke up with me, alright? That's a true story.

Jesse: All she ever really wanted to do was to have an excuse to tell me what she thought was wrong with me, you know. Is that what you want?

Selene: What?

Jesse: Something about me bugs you?

Selene: No.

Jesse: Tell me. What is it? What is it about me bugs you?

Selene: Nothing, nothing at all.

Jesse: Well, if it had to be something, what would it be?

Selene: If it had to be something, if I had to think about it, I... I kind of didn't really like this reaction back at the palm reader. You were like this rooster prick.

Jesse: Rooster prick?

Selene: Yeah.

Jesse: I was a rooster prick?

Selene: You were like a little boy whining because all the attention wasn't focused on him.

Jesse: Alright, listen, this woman robs you blind, okay?

Selene: You were like a little boy walking by an ice cream store, crying because his mother wouldn't buy him a milkshake or something.

[a voice comes from behind]

Jesse: I don't care what this charlatan has to say about anything.

Poet: Hallo? [something in German]

Selene: What?

Poet: [Repeats phrase in German]

Selene: Oh, I understand a little bit, but he doesn't at all, I'm sorry.

Poet: Okay, so, um, may I ask you a question?

Selene: Yeah.

Poet: So, I would like to make a deal with you. I mean, instead of just asking

you for money, I will ask you for a word. You give me a word, I take the word, and then I will write a poem, with the word inside. And if you like it, I mean, if you like my poem, and you feel it adds something to your life in any way, then you can pay me whatever you feel like. I will write in English, of course.

Selene: Okay.

Jesse: Alright, great.

Poet: So? Pick a word.

Jesse: Oh, ummm...

Selene: A word, uh... milkshake.

Jesse: Milkshake? Oh, good. Yeah, I was gonna say rooster prick, but great. Milkshake.

Poet: Milkshake? Okay, milkshake.

Jesse: Yeah, right, so we'll...

Selene: Good.

[poet begins to write]

Jesse: I gotta say, I like this Viennese variation of a bum.

Selene: I like what he said about adding something to your life, no?

Jesse: Yeah. So, uh, were we having our first fight back there?

Selene: No.

Jesse: Yeah, I think so, I think we were.

Selene: Well, even if we were a little bit, you know, why does everyone think conflict is so bad? There's a lot of good things coming out of conflict.

Jesse: Yeah. Yeah, I guess so. I don't know, you know, I always think that if I could just accept the fact that my life was supposed to be difficult, that's what's to be expected, then, I might not get so pissed off about it, and I'd just be glad when something nice happens.

Selene: Maybe that's why I'm still in school, you know. It's easier to have something to fight against.

Jesse: Yeah, well, we've all had such competitiveness ingrained in us. You know, I could be doing the most nothing thing. I could be, uh, throwing some darts, or shooting some pool, and all of a sudden, I feel it come over me, 'I have got to win.'

Selene: Is that why you tried to get me off the train? Competitiveness?

Jesse: What do you mean?

[Poet approaches them]

Poet: Okay. [hands the sheet to them] I got a poem.

Jesse: [takes poem] Oh, alright.

Selene: [takes poem from Jesse, offers it back to Poet] Will you read it to us?

Poet: [Takes poem] Sure, okay.

Poet:

Daydream delusion
Limousine eyelash
Oh, baby with your pretty face
Drop a tear in my wineglass
Look at those big eyes
See what you mean to me
Sweet cakes and milkshakes
I am a delusion angel
I am a fantasy parade
I want you to know what I think
Don't want you to guess anymore
You have no idea where I came from
We have no idea where we're going
Lodged in life
Like branches in the river
Flowing downstream
Caught in the current
I'll carry you
You'll carry me
That's how it could be
Don't you know me?
Don't you know me by now?

[poet hands poem back]

Selene: [taking poem] Great. Thanks.

Jesse: Thanks, man. Here you go.

Poet: Thanks.

Jesse: Alright.

Selene: Here, thank you.

Poet: Thank you.

Jesse: Good luck, man.

Poet: Bye.

Jesse/Selene: Bye.

[Selene and Jesse walk away]

Selene: That's wonderful, no?

Jesse: Yeah, yeah.

Selene: What?

Jesse: You know he probably didn't just write that. I mean, you know he wrote it, but he probably just plugs that word in, you know, whatever 'milkshake.'

Selene: What do you mean?

Jesse: Nothing. I loved it. It was great.