ALLAN is appalled by the way the two of them are just recklessly insulting his integrity. He makes a slight noise from the back of his throat, but it is loud enough to make MARGARET and TOM turn their heads towards his bedroom door. ALLAN quickly steps out of view and into his room. MARGARET and TOM look at each other and shrug it off as if it didn’t happen.

INT. ALLAN’S BEDROOM

ALLAN

(to himself)

Not good enough, huh? Kiss my ass, Tom. If I’d of known you were bonking my mom,

I would have given you a mighty fine story to read aloud in class.

ALLAN continues to mumble angrily to himself while laying on his bed. He rolls over to click off the light that is on his end table.

CUT TO:
INT. KITCHEN

MARGARET is taking off her shoes at one end of the kitchen table, while TOM is just staring at her from the other end.

MARGARET

Wow. I am really tired. It’s two o’clock in the morning! I don’t think I’ve stayed up this late since Allan was a baby.

TOM

Yeah. I’m a little wiped myself.

FADE TO:

MORNING. INT. ALLAN’S ROOM

An alarm clock clicks on and ALLAN groggily opens his eyes and reaches over to turn it off. He rubs his face a few times and then sits motionless, staring straight ahead of him. He can’t remember exactly why he set his alarm for so early on a Saturday morning. He looks over and sees his notebook lying on the floor next to his bed.

ALLAN

Oh yeah!
ALLAN remembers that it is his day to go out with MIA and find his creative side. He climbs out of bed and opens his door. He is now in the hallway of his apartment and he is standing face to face with TOM!

TOM

Oh... my... God.

ALLAN

(yelling)

EWWWWWW!

MARGARET comes running out of the bedroom in her nightgown.

MARGARET

What’s the...

(discovering the two men staring each other down in her hallway)

Oh, my.

ALLAN

(still yelling)

What the hell is this?!?

MARGARET

Language, young man!
TOM

(frantically nervous)

I should get going.

MARGARET

No!

(to ALLAN)

We are going to deal with this. We are all adults!

TOM

Mags, I really don’t think...

ALLAN

MAGS!??!

MARGARET

Come on. Everyone in the kitchen.

(realizing no one is cooperating, she begins to yell)

NOW!

TOM and ALLAN trudge unwillingly into the kitchen. Neither one of them looks at each other when they sit down at the table.
MARGARET

(in a more calmed tone, now)

Allan, I didn’t want to tell you this until I was sure it was going to work out, but as you can see, your teacher Tom and I are having a sexual relationship.

ALLAN

(shocked by her straightforward nature)

Oh my God.

TOM

I don’t think he needs to know the details, Margaret.

MARGARET

Well, he is my son and I will decide what he does and does not need to know, thank you very much.

(to Allan)

Now, do you have anything you would like to say to us, Allan?

ALLAN

(looking at the clock on the microwave, he feels a wave of panic)

I can’t do this right now, I have to be somewhere in 10 minutes!
ALLAN pushes his chair away from the table and starts to hurry towards the bathroom to take a quick shower. However, MARGARET stops him in his tracks.

MARGARET

Where are you going at 8 o’clock on a Saturday morning, young man?

ALLAN

Out.

MARGARET

With whom, may I ask?

ALLAN

My friend, Mia. Look, mom, I really have to hurry!

ALLAN opens up a hall closet and pulls out a towel and then disappears behind the door of the bathroom. MARGARET returns to the kitchen where TOM is now standing next to the table.

TOM

I thought you said he usually sleeps late on Saturdays?

MARGARET
He does! This is very unusual.

(thinking about what ALLAN had just said to her)

Do you know a girl named Mia? Is she in one of Allan’s classes or something?

TOM

Yeah. I have a Mia in my creative writing class. Why?

MARGARET

Well, because that’s where Allan is headed this early in the morning.

TOM

(exuberant)

Really!?! That’s fantastic!

MARGARET

(confused)

Why is that fantastic?

TOM

Well, this girl gives your son a really hard time in our creative writing class. She never lets him off with a mediocre story. She is a brilliant writer herself and she is always challenging Allan.
MARGARET

She doesn't sound very pleasant.

TOM

On the contrary, I think she could do great things for Allan. I think she could teach him to find his own stories, instead of having him recreate ones that have already been told.

Within a few seconds TOM and MARGARET see ALLAN sprint past them with a backpack on and his shoes in his hands. He runs out the front door and slams it behind him. MARGARET turns to TOM.

MARGARET

Okay. But if she hurts him in anyway, you better watch yourself.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLAN'S APT. BUILDING

ALLAN reaches the bottom of the stairs and quickly slips on his shoes. He situates himself once again and begins running down the street towards MIA'S brownstone.

EXT. MIA'S BROWNSTONE

ALLAN jogs up the stoop of the massive brownstone and lifts his hand to knock on the door, but pauses. He remembers that he has to pull the rope off to the left if he wants any response whatsoever to his calling. He reaches over and with all of his body weight,
drags down the rope one time and waits patiently for someone to let him in. Once again, 
**MR. JOHANSSON** is the one to welcome him.

**MR. JOHANSSON**

*(signing and talking as usual)*

Hi, Allan! Come on in, Mia is just about ready.

**ALLAN**

*(signing as well)*

Thank you, sir.

**MR. JOHANSSON**

*(smiling)*

I am impressed, Allan. But you still don’t have to call me sir.

**ALLAN**

Um, okay. Thank you, Dan.

**MR. JOHANSSON**

No problem. You can have a seat on that couch if you want.

*As soon as ALLAN sits down on the couch, MIA comes down the spiraling staircase.*
MIA

EH! Don’t get comfortable. We’re leaving.

MR. JOHANSSON

Where are you going, Mia?

MIA begins rapidly signing to her father. MR. JOHANSSON nods his head with approval, but he looks over in ALLAN’S direction with a look of sympathy planted firmly on his face.

MR. JOHANSSON

Well you two have fun, and be safe.

MIA

(speaking now)

We will, Daddy. Don’t worry.

MIA rushes over to ALLAN and pulls him off of the couch, dragging him out the massive front door. ALLAN is really worried about their events for the day after the display she put on in front of him with her father.

MIA climbs into an expensive looking car that is parked outside of the brownstone.

ALLAN doesn’t have time to really tell what kind of car it is exactly, though, because she
is rushing him so much. They are now both sitting in the car. As MIA is about to put the keys in the ignition, ALLAN grabs her hand.

ALLAN

(taking a deep breath)

Whoa. Can you just slow down for a minute and tell me what the hell is going on?

MIA

I told you yesterday. I'm gonna make you think, today. Do you have your notebook?

ALLAN

Yeah, it's in my backpack.

MIA

Okay, then. That's all we need. Ready?

ALLAN

(to himself)

I hope so.

MIA throws the car in gear and they tear down the street.

CUT TO:
EXT. ENTERANCE TO FERRY

Mia slows the car down as they approach a line full of vehicles waiting to board a ferry ship. She briefly looks over at Allan and smiles, but then returns her glance to directly in front of her. In what seemed like a moment of recognition, Mia makes a little sigh and zooms out of line and up to the front where there is a tall and thin teenage girl waving frantically out of the top of her convertible.

GIRL

Hey, Mia! Who’s your friend?

MIA

This is Allan.

(to Allan)

Allan, this is my cousin, Tally.

Allan recognizes Tally as the girl he had scoffed at while sitting in the lunchroom with Tom the other day.

Allan

Um, hi.

Tally

Oh, I know you. You go to our school, don’t you?
ALLAN

Uh, yeah.

(under his breath)

Like you give a shit.

*MIA, having the supersonic hearing of a dog, elbows ALLAN in the ribs, while maintaining a pleasant smile on her face.*

MIA

(to TALLY)

So, where’s everyone?

TALLY

They got here a little early today. They’ve already boarded. I was just waiting for you guys. We’re just gonna park on land and head onto the ship without a car. Is that okay?

MIA

Yeah, one last thing to worry about. Is there room for us in one of your cars once we get there?

TALLY

Oh, definitely. Mitch brought the Escalade today.
MIA

Great.

(to ALLAN)

Come on. We gotta go.

Still unsure of where they were going, ALLAN follows MIA and TALLY onto the ferry. TALLY has a considerable lead on the two of them, which gives ALLAN the opportunity to corner MIA for the truth. He grabs her arm and makes her look into his eyes.

ALLAN

Seriously, Mia. I’m not going any further until you tell me what we are doing.

MIA

(wincing a bit from his tight grip)

Okay, okay. Let go.

(batting his hand off of her arm)

We’re taking this ferry to Keaton Island. It’s about 15 miles off the coast. We’re gonna spend the day on the beach.

ALLAN

What’s the point of all of this? I thought I was coming out today to gain perspective, not waste my time with a bunch of self-indulgent pricks.
MIA

That’s exactly the point, Allan. You need to open yourself to the possibility of making some friends. You could learn something from these...

*(making quotations with her hands)*

“self-indulgent pricks”.

ALLAN

Oh yeah. Like what... how do flirt properly to sack someone after the first date?

MIA

You’re not being fair, Allan. And besides, if you do have a horrible time, you will still have something interesting to write about, right?

ALLAN

I guess so.

*(looking doubtfully towards TALLY and the rest of the group, he sighs)*

All right, let’s get this over with.

*ALLAN and MIA continue to walk to the other end of the ferry where a group of about seven people waits for them. When they approach, TALLY begins the introductions.*

TALLY

Okay, everyone. This is Allan, and you all know my cousin, Mia.
(to MIA and ALLAN)

Guys, this is my boyfriend, Mitch.

MITCH

Yo.

ALLAN recognizes him as the guy that was holding her hand in the lunchroom. He is about 6'3" with bleach blonde hair and striking blue eyes.

TALLY

Sophie.

SOPHIE

Hello.

TALLY

Beau.

BEAU

Sup.

TALLY

Carmen.
CARMEN
Chao.

ALLAN
(under his breath)
Ugh.

TALLY
Kyla.

KYLA
Hiya!

TALLY
And Trevor.

TREVOR
Howdy.

TALLY
Well, that's everyone.
(to MIA and ALLAN)
It should take about 35 minutes to get there so if you guys want to wander the ferry for a while and meet back here at the cars in 30, that’s cool.

MIA

Sounds good.

(to ALLAN)

Come on, Allan. Let’s check out the ship.

ALLAN

(heavily sarcastic)

Fabulous.

CUT TO:

ALLAN and MIA are climbing into the back of a giant, silver, Cadillac Escalade. The cars begin to exit the stern of the docked ferry. There are three cars that all head off the same way towards a private beach. A sign outside a locked gate reads WARNING: PRIVATE PROPERTY. TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED. Mitchell jumps out of the driver’s seat and heads towards the gate.

ALLAN

(in a whisper to MIA)

Um... what’s he doing? We can’t go in there, it’s private property.
MIA

Yeah. But it’s his private property.

ALLAN

Shoulda known.

_TALLY turns around from the passenger seat to face MIA and ALLAN._

_TALLY_

You guys are gonna have a lot of fun. I always look forward to the weekends. I love coming out here with Mitchy.

MITCH climbs back into the car after unlocking the gate and shifts into drive. The three cars pull right out onto the beach and park in a triangular formation. Everyone begins to pile out, simultaneously.

_The teens begin pulling out coolers, chairs, tables, nets, and other sporting goods out of the back of MITCH’S car, while ALLAN just stands there staring at all of them. The girls begin to peel off the clothes they wore for the car ride to reveal some of the skimpiest bathing suits ALLAN had ever seen in his life. He turns to MIA._

ALLAN
What’s the point of even wearing a bathing suit?

MIA

(rolling her eyes)

Ugh.

MIA then begins to take off her clothes to reveal and incredibly shapely body and colorful bikini. ALLAN is shocked, because he had never really thought of MIA as a sexual being before. ALLAN can’t stop staring at her.

MIA

Do you have a problem?

ALLAN

(caught off guard)

Huh? Oh. I mean... I... no, no.

MIA

(tying the strap on her bikini top)

Good. Where’s your bathing suit?

ALLAN

I, uh. Well I didn’t bring one, to be perfectly honest.
MIA

Well why the hell not, Allan?

ALLAN

(a little frustrated, he begins to yell)

Well, maybe it's because you didn’t tell me what we were doing until we were on the damn ferry, Mia!

Everyone from the group turns uncomfortably to watch ALLAN yell at MIA. TALLY attempts to change the subject.

TALLY

Okay, guys! Who wants to play some volleyball?

In a mid-volume mutter, the group agrees that it is a good idea and they all start to head towards the net that MITCH is setting up.

MIA

I’m going.

ALLAN

I’ll sit this one out.
MIA
Fine. Whatever.

MIA starts to jog away from ALLAN and towards the other teens. ALLAN trudges over to a sandy hill and plops himself down to watch everyone else enjoy themselves. About 30 minutes pass by and ALLAN is still sitting on the hill by himself. He is digging his bare feet into the sand and watching the particles sift slowly through his toes. All of a sudden someone taps him on the back... it's BEAU.

BEAU moves to ALLAN'S side and sits next to him on the hill.

BEAU
Sup, man? Allan, right?

ALLAN
(still staring at his feet)
Yup.

BEAU
So how do you like this pad, huh? Pretty sweet.
Yeah, I guess so.

BEAU

I wish I had the cash to own a couple dozen houses around the world, am I right?

ALLAN

(sarcastically and partially mumbled)

What... you only have 10?

BEAU

What’s that?

ALLAN

Nuthin’.

BEAU

Nah, man. I like coming out here ‘cause at least I can pretend I’m loaded for a couple a days.

ALLAN

You’re not?

BEAU
Are you kidding?

ALLAN

I just assumed...

BEAU

Hey, just ‘cause I hang with ‘em, doesn’t mean I am one... am I right?

ALLAN

Oh. Sorry. It was a bit presumptuous of me.

BEAU

A bit, wha...

(tiring of trying to decipher ALLAN’S language)

Anyway, I was wondering what you were doing up here. I mean, I don’t want to put you out or anything, it’s just... well, you’ve never hung with any of us before and I’m a little confused.

ALLAN

Oh, I’m just here to spend some time with Mia. She’s kinda helping me out with something.
BEAU misinterprets what ALLAN has just said and assumes there is a sexual relationship between ALLAN and MIA.

BEAU

OH! I see. Well she is a fine piece of woman, I must say.

ALLAN

Excuse me?

(realizing the mix-up)

Oh! Oh, no! It’s nothing like that. You see, I’m a writer, but I’ve hit a little roadblock and I can’t think of anything new to write about.

BEAU

You know Mia is a fantastic writer?

ALLAN

Yeah. I’m well aware of that. And that’s why I agreed to come with her this weekend.

BEAU

Why’s that?

ALLAN

(under his breath)
To study the animals in their natural environments.

BEAU

Hey man, you gotta lighten up a bit. You’re wound a little too tight. I can fix that, ya know.

ALLAN

Oh yeah? How’s that?

From the cargo pocket in his swimming trunks, BEAU produces a small, white object that resembles a cigarette.

Rising quickly to his feet ALLAN begins to stutter a bit.

ALLAN

Oh, no, no, no, no, no. I’m not into that, Beau. Really.

BEAU

Relax, Al. Have you ever tried it before?

ALLAN

What, that? No! And I would like to keep it that way.

BEAU
Dude. There’s nothing better for a blocked mind than a few hits off the J.

ALLAN is desperately looking all around the beach for and escape from BEAU.

ALLAN

Not interested.

BEAU

Al... I’m a writer too. Only not of stories. I write music.

ALLAN

(still frantically looking for an out)

Shockling.

BEAU

My best songs have come to me while I was chillin’. You should really try this.

BEAU tries to hand the joint to ALLAN. ALLAN catches the eye of MIA who is still farther down the beach playing volleyball with the rest of the group. She looks at him with a touch of hatred in her eyes, as she is still very upset by ALLAN’S public display of aggression towards her. When he sees this, he becomes angry as well. He came all the way out to this island to spend time with MIA and to try and get some ideas for his script, and now his muse won’t hardly look at him. He turns to BEAU.
ALLAN

You know what? I've changed my mind. Where do we do this?

BEAU

Excellent! I'll show you, come on.

The two guys trek up the hill towards a grove of trees about 50 feet from their original resting place. There are a few stumps from trees that were recently chopped down for unknown purposes, and BEAU sits down on one of them, while motioning to ALLAN to sit on the one directly in front of him.

BEAU

You won’t regret this, Al, I promise.

(pulling out a lighter from the same cargo pocket)

Okay. Well, since this is your first time you might not feel anything, but you’re a pretty small guy, so it could affect you a little better than it did me.

(passing the joint to ALLAN)

Here ya go. Just light it in and inhale. Try to hold it in for a few seconds... you’ll feel it more if you do.

ALLAN

(nervously)
K.

ALLAN lights the joint and inhales deeply. To his surprise, it is a very smooth hit. He remembers the first time he tried smoking a regular cigarette and he almost coughed out his lungs. This, however, was very soothing and therefore he just kind of forgot to exhale.

BEAU

Okay, little man, you can exhale now.

ALLAN

(realizing he'd been holding his breath for quite sometime, he quickly blows out the smoke)

Jesus.

BEAU

Yeah, I know. It's good shit, huh?

ALLAN

Yeah... yeah! Here...

ALLAN motions for BEAU to hand the joint back to him.
BEAU

Easy there. You don’t want to be hittin’ this too hard, my man. It’s laced with a little somethin’ special. We need to take it slow.

ALLAN

(paranoid)

LACED! Laced with what, Beau!

BEAU

Whoa, Al. It’s just acid. Not too much, but enough to makes us both feel just a little bit better, am I right?

ALLAN

I...

I...

Wait.

What were we talking about?

Both ALLAN and BEAU burst into fits of laughter. BEAU places his arm around ALLAN.

CUT TO:

THE BEACH
MIA and the rest of the group are just finishing up another match of volleyball. As the winning ball is spiked onto TALLY'S side, MIA, who is on the winning team, looks over to the hill where ALLAN had been sitting just moments ago.

To TALLY...

MIA

Hey. Where did Allan go?

TALLY

Dunno. Maybe he took a walk.

Overhearing MIA and TALLY, MITCH joins the conversation.

MITCH

Well, Beau is missing too. Maybe he’s with him.

TALLY

Oh, Jesus.

MIA

(concerned)

Why? Why "oh Jesus"?
TALLY
It’s just...
Well...

MITCH
Your friend is probably ripped about now.

MIA
Ripped? What do you mean ripped?

TALLY
(Playfully smacking MITCH)
What he means to say is that Beau is a bit of a partier. I don’t know how Allan is, but Beau is pretty convincing when it comes to making people join him in his escapades.

MIA
No. Allan wouldn’t do that... would he?

MITCH
Don’t know, Mi-ster {mee-ster}. He’s your friend.

CUT TO:
THE WOODS

BEAU is now lying on the ground with his hands behind his head as a pillow... his eyes are closed and on his face he wears a contented grin. ALLAN looks down at him and realizes that he won’t be waking up any time soon. This is the perfect time for him to explore these woods.

ALLAN slowly lifts himself from the tree stump and walks further away from the group on the beach. He wanders through the forest very slowly, taking in the nature around him, and staring up at the bluest sky he has ever laid eyes on, when all of a sudden there appears a series of blurs in front of him. ALLAN hesitantly moves forward as the blurs begin to take focus. There are about 5-10 men each leaning up against a different tree in the woods. As he gets closer, ALLAN notices that most, if not all of the men are in heavily outdated clothing. Upon reaching the first man, ALLAN lets out a gasp.

ALLAN

Jesus Christ!

MAN

That’s right, my son.

With these first words, this man comes completely into focus... it is actually Jesus Christ. ALLAN is beyond confused. It’s been a little while since he smoked with BEAU and he had forgotten just how affected by the drugs he had been. ALLAN rubs his eyes until they
are bloodshot, trying to erase the image from his mind. However, when he reopens them,
JESUS is still standing in front of him.

ALLAN

Um... what’s going on here? I... I... What’s going on here?

JESUS

We are here to help you, Allan.

ALLAN

Oh yeah? Oh yeah? How’s that?

JESUS

We’ve been watching you. We know you’ve been having a hard time being inspired to
write new and original stories, and we’re here to assist.

ALLAN

Um. This is all blowing my mind right now. I... I’m not exactly sure what to say.

JESUS

You don’t need to say anything, my son. Just listen.

ALLAN
Well, first of all, I don’t think you’ll be wanting to refer to me as “your son”. I’m Jewish.

JESUS
So am I.

ALLAN
(sheepishly)
Oh yeah.

JESUS
Allan, my life’s work was dedicated to relaying the stories first given to me directly from the mouth of God. However, through my experiences with the people, I was able to add in my own stories to enhance God’s word, and to help people relate.

ALLAN
Don’t follow.

JESUS
I’ve noticed you are a fan of Woody Allen.

ALLAN
The biggest!
JESUS

Well, every writer has one, or possibly a few other people in which he or she aspires to be like. But with you, it seems more like you are just trying to be Woody.

ALLAN

Well, I’m not really trying. It just kind of happens that way.

JESUS

Nothing just happens, Allan. It is all determined by the paths you choose to take in life. However, in your case, you haven’t really chosen a path yet.

(noticing ALLAN drifting politely away from the lecture)

Listen. It’s okay that you want to write like Woody, but you need to include your own experiences as well. No matter how simple or mundane your life has been thus far, you still have stories, Allan. Stories that are worth telling, but could be better enhanced if you got involved in the world around you, rather than remaining the spectator you’ve been for the past eighteen years.

ALLAN

Hmm.

JESUS

Well, my son. That is all I have for you right now.
ALLAN

Um, k. What do I do now?

*JESUS smiles at ALLAN and then vanishes. ALLAN is still in a state of shock. He notices that his feet are moving and he is approaching another figure.*

ALLAN

What the hell?

MAN

Hello, Allan.

*ALLAN gets in close proximity to this new figure and his whole face tightens up in an expression of complete disbelief.*

ALLAN

Are you... Are you Shakespeare... I mean, William... Shakespeare... um, sir?

WILLIAM

That's right, Allan. I wanted to help you out, ol' chum.

ALLAN

(to himself)
I am so gone.

WILLIAM

I hear you’ve hit a bit of a block with your writing and I thought I could describe the way I got my ideas... maybe that would give you some of your own?

ALLAN

No disrespect, or anything, Mr. Shakespeare...

WILLIAM

Please. Call me Will.

ALLAN

Okay, Will. Like I was saying. I don’t mean to disrespect you or your writing, but didn’t you steal all of your ideas?

WILLIAM

Beg your pardon?

ALLAN

Well, it’s just, there’ve been a lot of rumors and speculation going around the past few years that you didn’t come up with any of your stories on your own.
WILLIAM

Well of course I didn’t, Allan. That’s why we’re all here.

ALLAN

Once again... don’t follow.

WILLIAM

There is no unique idea, Allan. Everything that people create is based, even if only loosely, off of things they have read or seen in their daily lives. Take me for example. I used to spend hours wandering the streets when I needed to take a break from writing. However, I was never really taking a break. I was constantly observing the hustle and bustle around me. There are some wonderfully brilliant ideas floating around if you know where to look for them.

ALLAN

Give me an example.

WILLIAM

Um, okay. Well... There was one evening where I was walking outside the city limits. There were three women standing around a fire and they were chanting something, which I couldn’t make out, exactly, but I’m pretty sure they were practicing witchcraft. I never got too close to them, because I didn’t want to be spotted, but that little visual encounter I had that evening sprouted and entire tale in my head.
ALLAN
MacBeth.

WILLIAM
Precisely.

ALLAN
Okay, I understand that. But some people just don’t work that way.

WILLIAM
The only people that don’t work that way, Allan, are those who are not meant for writing. You are, I feel it. You just need to open your eyes to the world and realize that it’s okay to borrow ideas to branch off of and create your own works.

(taking a deep, satisfied sigh)

Well, that’s all I have for you right now, Allan. I hope I was able to help.

ALLAN
Yeah, but what about...

Just as the figure of JESUS had done, WILLIAM was gone in an instant.
This time ALLAN was more aware of his movements but still had no control over where he was going. For some reason he headed down the line of historical men and skipped past a few...

ALLAN

James Joyce? Charlie Chaplin? Wha... Orson Welles? How do I stop this thing!?! 

(trying to move his legs, and very frustrated to not be talking to these men)

No way!

ALLAN came to a gentle halt right in front of a man who appeared to be the spitting image of himself.

ALLAN

(in a nervous whisper)

Woody Allen?

WOODY

Hey, there.

ALLAN

But you’re not dead.

(to himself)

I don’t understand this.
WOODY

Neither do I, but I go along with it. Not much else to do when I’m on hiatus.

ALLAN

I just can’t believe this. I worship you, Mr. Allen, I really do!

WOODY

I know, and that’s got to stop.

ALLAN

What? Why?

WOODY

Because you’re blowing your chances of becoming your own person. Everyone compares you to me, which is strange in and of itself. Why would you choose someone like me to take after? I’m not exactly role model material.

ALLAN

Because I love your movies. They are so far beyond any of the other crap that is released nowadays.
And why’s that?

ALLAN

Because... because...

(finally he gets it)

Because they’re about real life issues, in a surreal environment.

WOODY

Exactly.

(pause)

I didn’t get to the writing level I am at now just by sitting cooped up in my room watching the same movies over and over again. Now don’t get me wrong, there are certain artists that I hold in extremely high regards and I have seen their movies hundreds of times...

ALLAN

Like Bergman?

WOODY

Yes! But you don’t see me recreating his movies do you.

ALLAN

No. I guess not.
WOODY

Of course not. His movies were about the exploration and realization of Death. Mine are about the trials and tribulations of love and life. I have played with the concept of Death in a few scripts, and I am obviously influenced by Ingmar Bergman, but I do not make movies like he did... I found my own voice.

ALLAN

I understand that, really, but how do I know where my voice comes from?

WOODY

When you find it, you'll know.

ALLAN

Wow. If you were anymore vague, you'd be the plot to any Kubrick film.

From off in the distance, another figure utters a disagreeable sound... though ALLEN can't see him, he's obviously Stanley Kubrick.

WOODY looks over at the shadowy figure and then back at ALLAN.

WOODY

Hmm.
Well, maybe this will help. A little quiz, if you will.

What is the one thing that is consistent in my films?

ALLAN

*(extremely quickly)*

Heartbreak and self-deprecation!

WOODY

Okay... wow. Well, my relationships in life, especially with women, are what allow me to keep writing. Each relationship is different, but they are all equally as trying on a person’s patience as well as their feelings. Sometimes you just can’t help yourself when you see another beautiful woman...

ALLAN

K... we don’t need to go there.

WOODY

Heartache is the best muse for a writer, my friend. I mean take my film *Husbands and Wives*. It got many mixed reviews because people felt uncomfortable watching it. They felt like they were voyeurs into the personal life of me and Mia...

ALLAN
(realizing he forgot about the reason he came to the beach)

OH MY GOD!

WOODY

(taken aback)

What?

ALLAN

I forgot something…

(running away... back towards the beach)

I’m sorry, Mr. Allen, I have to go. Thanks for everything.

ALLAN continues to run at full speed to the edge of the woods. He is in such a hurry that he isn’t looking at the ground and proceeds to trip over BEAU, who is still lying on the floor of the forest. As he is falling, he hits his head on the tree stump on which he had been sitting earlier and knocks himself unconscious.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM

ALLAN is lying on the floor of his creative writing classroom. He slowly cracks his eyes open and the first thing he sees is MIA’S face.

MIA
Allan?

(aside)

Jesus

(back to ALLAN)

Allan, are you okay?

ALLAN

Huh?

MIA

You just fell over in the middle of talking to me. What happened?

ALLAN

I... I, uh...

 Alla n starts to sit up slowly, rubbing the back of his head

I was just gonna ask you the same thing.

More of the room begins to come into focus and ALLAN sees that the entire class is huddled around him with strange expressions on their faces. TOM approaches...

TOM

Are you okay, little buddy?
ALLAN

Yeah, I’m fine.

(looking up at the clock on the wall)

Wait...

Wait a minute!

What day is it?

TOM

Oh no.

MIA

It’s still Friday, Allan. Are you sure you’re okay?

ALLAN realizes that everything that has just happened was just a dream. He never brought MIA back to his apartment, he never caught TOM and his mom together, and he certainly never went out to any remote island and indulged in hallucinogens proceeded by talking to a bunch of dead guys and his idol.

In a way, he is relieved though. He still remembered everything about his daydream: the way he still couldn’t get along with the popular crowd, the words of wisdom that came out of the mouths of the men in the forest, and especially the way that MIA made him feel.

TOM
Okay everyone, let’s get out of here. Class is over and Allan needs his space... go on now. Have a good weekend.

As TOM ushers everyone out of the classroom, MIA stays to help ALLAN stand on his feet. When he reaches his feet he is standing face to face with MIA. He stares into her eyes for a long time.

MIA

What are you doing?

ALLAN

(realizing he hasn’t taken his eyes off of her for a while)

I, uh... oh, sorry. I was just...

(clears throat)

...um, noticing how beautiful your eyes were.

MIA

(to TOM)

I think he’s cracked.

TOM

Why don’t you take him down to the nurse. I’m gonna go make sure everyone gets out okay.
As TOM leaves the classroom, MIA turns back to face ALLAN.

ALLAN

I’m not going crazy, Mia. I’m fine. I’ve been thinking about it for a long time now and I think we’d be good together. What do you say? Will you go to prom with me?

There is a long break where ALLAN begins to imagine his life if MIA says yes. He sees them holding hands walking into a movie theater... then eating dinner together in a fancy restaurant... then on their wedding day standing at the alter... then sitting on a couch holding their first born together... all with gargantuan smiles on their faces.

It cuts back to reality and ALLAN looks at MIA with a hopeful grin. After a long pause...

MIA

No, Allan. Sorry.

(she lets go of him, realizing he can stand on his own)

(as she starts walking out the door)

Have a good weekend.

ALLAN’S expression revealed nothing more than complete and utter disbelief.

CUT TO:
Older ALLAN is sitting on the couch once again staring directly into the lens of the camera.

ALLAN

Okay. So I didn’t get the girl... but I certainly got the story. I don’t know exactly what happened that day... why I had that whole daydream in the middle of class, but it inspired me... well actually, I inspired myself. I started having dreams like that all the time and they made for some fantastic scripts... if I must say so myself. But...

(he pulls what appears to be a script from behind him)

... I don’t have to say it myself. This is the first script I’ve sold to a major studio... I can’t tell you which one, sorry. And I learned something so important in just that one day... the worse that life seems to get, the better my writing becomes. In that one day I had the fantasy of dating a beautiful and talented girl, and I had it shot down all in less than a few hours... pretty impressive, I know. But I figure it’s better to have gone for it, than to have remained sitting on the sidelines for the rest of my life.
Works Cited


Website:

www.woodyallen.com