

"ANNIE HALL"

written by

Woody Allen & Marshall Brickman

Shooting Script, 1977

ANNIE HALL

Sound and Woody Allen monologue begin

FADE IN:

White credits dissolve in and out on black screen. No sound.

FADE OUT:

CREDITS

FADE IN:

Abrupt medium close-up of Alvy Singer doing a comedy monologue. He wearing a crumpled sports jacket and tieless shirt; the background is stark.

ALVY

There's an old joke. Uh, two elderly women are at a Catskills mountain resort, and one of 'em says: "Boy, the food at this place is really terrible." The other one says, "Yeah, I know, and such... small portions." Well, that's essentially how I feel about life. Full of loneliness and misery and suffering and unhappiness, and it's all over much too quickly. The-the other important joke for me is one that's, uh, usually attributed to Groucho Marx, but I think it appears originally in Freud's wit and its relation to the unconscious. And it goes like this-I'm paraphrasing: Uh... "I would never wanna belong to any club that would have someone like me for a member." That's the key joke of my adult life in terms of my relationships with women. Tsch, you know, lately the strangest things have been going through my mind, 'cause I turned forty, tsch, and I guess I'm going through a life crisis or something, I don't know. I, uh... and I'm not worried about aging. I'm not one o' those characters, you know. Although I'm balding slightly on top, that's about the worst you can say about me. I, uh, I think I'm gonna get better as I get older, you know?

(MORE)

ALVY (CONT'D)

I think I'm gonna be the- the balding virile type, you know, as opposed to say the, uh, distinguished gray, for instance, you know? 'Less I'm neither o' those two. Unless I'm one o' those guys with saliva dribbling out of his mouth who wanders into a cafeteria with a shopping bag screaming about socialism.

(Sighing)

Annie and I broke up and I-I still can't get my mind around that. You know, I-I keep sifting the pieces of the relationship through my mind and-and examining my life and tryin' to figure out where did the screw-up come, you know, and a year ago we were... tsch, in love. You know, and-and-and... And it's funny, I'm not-I'm not a morose type. I'm not a depressive character.

I-I-I, UH,

(Laughing)

you know, I was a reasonably happy kid, I guess. I was brought up in Brooklyn during World War II.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE-DAY

Alvy as young boy sits on a sofa with his mother in an old-fashioned, cluttered doctor's office. The doctor stands near the sofa, holding a cigarette and listening.

MOTHER

(To the doctor)

He's been depressed. All off a sudden, he can't do anything.

DOCTOR

(Nodding)

Why are you depressed, Alvy?

MOTHER

(Nudging Alvy)

Tell Dr. Flicker.

(Young Alvy sits, his head down. His mother answers for him)

It's something he read.

DOCTOR
(Puffing on his
cigarette and nodding)
Something he read, huh?

ALVY
(His head still down)
The universe is expanding.

DOCTOR
The universe is expanding?

ALVY
(Looking up at the
doctor)
Well, the universe is everything,
and if it's expanding, someday it
will break apart and that would be
the end of everything!

Disgusted, his mother looks at him.

MOTHER
(Shouting)
What is that your business?
(She turns back to
the doctor)
He stopped doing his homework.

ALVY
What's the point?

MOTHER
(Excited, gesturing
with her hands)
What has the universe got to do with
it? You're here in Brooklyn!
Brooklyn is not expanding!

DOCTOR
(Heartily, looking
down at Alvy)
It won't be expanding for billions
of years yet, Alvy. And we've gotta
try to enjoy ourselves while we're
here. Uh?

He laughs.

CUT TO:

Fall shot of house with an amusement-park roller-coaster
ride built over it.

A line of cars move up and then slides with great speed while out the window of the house a band shakes a dust mop.

ALVY'S VOICE

My analyst says I exaggerate my childhood memories, but I swear I was brought up underneath the roller-

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE

Alvy as a child sits at the table eating soup and reading a comic book while his father sits on the sofa reading the paper. The house shakes with every move of the roller coaster.

ALVY'S VOICE

coaster in the Coney Island section of Brooklyn. Maybe that accounts for my personality, which is a little nervous, I think.

CUT TO:

Young Alvy at the food-stand concession watching three military men representing the Army, the Navy and the Marines arm in arm with a blond woman in a skirted bathing suit. They all turn and run toward the foreground. The girl stops before the camera to lean over and throw a kiss. The sign over the concession reads "Steve's Famous Clam Bar. Ice Cold Beer, "and the roller coaster is moving in full gear in the background.

ALVY'S VOICE

You know, I have a hyperactive imagination. My mind tends to jump around a little, and have some trouble between fantasy and reality.

CUT TO:

Full shot of people in bumper cars thoroughly enjoying bumping into each other as Alvy father stands in the center of the track directing traffic.

ALVY'S VOICE

My father ran the bumper-car concession.

(MORE)

ALVY'S VOICE (CONT'D)

(Alvy as a child moves into the frame driving a bumper car. He stops as other cars bombard him. His father continues to direct the traffic)

There-there he is and there I am.
But I-I-I-I used to get my aggression out through those cars all the time.

Alvy backs up his car off screen.

INT. SCHOOLROOM - DAY

The camera pans over three austere-looking teachers standing in front of the blackboard. The chalk writing on the board changes as each teacher lectures.

While Alvy speaks, one of the male teachers puts an equation on the blackboard.

"2 X 10 = 20 " AND OTHER ARITHMETIC FORMULAS.

ALVY'S VOICE

I remember the staff at our public school. You know, we had a saying, uh, that "Those who can't do, teach, and those who can't teach, teach gym." And...uh, h'h, of course, those who couldn't do anything, I think, were assigned to our school. I must say-

CUT TO:

A female teacher standing in front of an old-fashioned schoolroom. The blackboard behind her reads "Transportation Administration. The camera pans her point of view: a group of young students sitting behind their desks. Alvy as a child sits in a center desk while all around him there is student activity; there is note-passing, ruler-tapping, nose-picking, gumchewing.

ALVY'S VOICE

I always felt my schoolmates were idiots. Melvyn Greenglass, you know, fat little face, and Henrietta Farrell, just Miss Perfect all the time. And-and Ivan Ackerman, always the wrong answer. Always.

Ivan stands up behind his desk.

IVAN

Seven and three is nine.

Alvy hits his forehead with his hand. Another student glances over at him, reacting.

ALVY'S VOICE

Even then I knew they were just jerks.
(The camera moves
back to the teacher,
who is glaring out
at her students)
In nineteen forty-two I had already
dis-

As Alvy talks, the camera shows him move from his seat and kiss a young girl.

She jumps from her seat in disgust, rubbing her cheek, as Alvy moves back to his seat.

1ST GIRL

(Making noises)
Ugh, he kissed me, he kissed me.

TEACHER

(Off screen)
That's the second time this month!
Step up here!

As the teacher, really glaring now, speaks, Alvy rises from his seat and moves over to her. Angry, she points with her hand while the students turn their heads to watch what will happen next.

ALVY

What'd I do?

TEACHER

Step up here!

ALVY

What'd I do?

TEACHER

You should be ashamed of yourself.

The students, their heads still turned, look back at Alvy, now an adult, sitting in the last seat of the second row.

ALVY (AS ADULT)
 (First off screen,
 then onscreen as
 camera moves over to
 the back of the
 classroom)
 Why, I was just expressing a healthy
 sexual curiosity.

TEACHER
 (The younger, Alvy
 standing next to her)
 Six-year-old boys don't have girls
 on their minds.

ALVY
 (Still sitting in the
 back of the classroom)
 I did.

The girl the young Alvy kissed turns to the older Alvy, she
 gestures and speaks.

1ST GIRL
 For God's sakes, Alvy, even Freud
 speaks of a latency period.

ALVY
 (Gesturing)
 Well, I never had a latency period.
 I can't help it.

TEACHER
 (With young, Alvy
 still at her side)
 Why couldn't you have been more like
 Donald?
 (The camera pans over
 to Donald, sitting
 up tall in his seat,
 then back to the
 teacher)
 Now, there was a model boy!

ALVY (AS CHILD)
 (Still standing next
 to the teacher)
 Tell the folks where you are today,
 Donald.

DONALD
 I run a profitable dress company.

ALVY'S VOICE

Right. Sometimes I wonder where my classmates are today.

The camera shows the full classroom, the students sitting behind their desks, the teacher standing in the front of the room. One at a time, the young students rise u from their desks and speak.

1ST BOY

I'm president of the Pinkus Plumbing Company.

2ND BOY

I sell tallises.

3RD BOY

I used to be a heroin addict. Now I'm a methadone addict.

2ND GIRL

I'm into leather.

INT. ROOM

Close-up of a TV screen showing Alvy as an adult on a talk show. He sits next to the show, host, Dick Cavett, a Navy man sits on his right. Static is heard throughout the dialogue.

ALVY

I lost track of most of my old schoolmates, but I wound up a comedian. They did not take me in the Army. I was, uh... Interestingly enough, I was-I was four-P.

Sounds of TV audience laughter and applause are heard.

DICK CAVETT

Four-P?

ALVY

Yes. In-in-in-in the event of war, I'm a hostage.

More audience laughter joined by Dick Cavett and the naval officer.

INT. THE HOUSE WHERE ALVY GREW UP

Alvy's mother sits at the old-fashioned dining-room table peeling carrots and talking as she looks off screen.

MOTHER

You always only saw the worst in people. You never could get along with anyone at school. You were always outta step with the world. Even when you got famous, you still distrusted the world.'

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET-DAY

A pretty Manhattan street with sidewalk trees, brownstones, a school; people mill about, some strolling and carrying bundles, others buried. The screen shows the whole length of the sidewalk, a street, and part of the sidewalk beyond. As the following scene ensues, two pedestrians, indistinguishable in the distance, come closer and closer toward the camera, recognizable, finally, as Alvy and his best friend, Rob, deep in conversation. They eventually move past the camera and off screen. Traffic noise is heard in the background.

ALVY

I distinctly heard it. He muttered under his breath, "Jew."

ROB

You're crazy!

ALVY

No, I'm not. We were walking off the tennis court, and you know, he was there and me and his wife, and he looked at her and then they both looked at me, and under his breath he said, "Jew."

ROB

Alvy, you're a total paranoid.

ALVY

Wh- How am I a paran-? Well, I pick up on those kind o' things. You know, I was having lunch with some guys from NBC, so I said... uh, "Did you eat yet or what?" and Tom Christie said, "No, didchoo?" Not, did you, didchoo eat? Jew? No, not did you eat, but Jew eat? Jew. You get it? Jew eat?

ROB

Ah, Max, you, uh...

ALVY

Stop calling me Max.

ROB

Why, Max? It's a good name for you. Max, you see conspiracies in everything.

ALVY

No, I don't! You know, I was in a record store. Listen to this -so I know there's this big tall blond crew-cutted guy and he's lookin' at me in a funny way and smiling and he's saying, "Yes, we have a sale this week on Wagner." Wagner, Max, Wagner-so I know what he's really tryin' to tell me very significantly Wagner.

ROB

Right, Max. California, Max.

ALVY

Ah.

ROB

Let's get the hell outta this crazy city.

ALVY

Forget it, Max.

ROB

we move to sunny L.A. All of show business is out there, Max.

ALVY

No, I cannot. You keep bringing it up, but I don't wanna live in a city where the only cultural advantage is that you can make a right turn on a red light.

ROB

(Checking his watch)

Right, Max, forget it. Aren't you gonna be late for meeting Annie?

ALVY

I'm gonna meet her in front of the Beekman. I think I have a few minutes left. Right?

EXT. BEEKMAN THEATER-DAY

Alvy stands in front of glass doors of theater, the ticket taker behind him just inside the glass doors.

The sounds of city traffic, car horns honking, can be heard while he looks around waiting for, Annie. A man in a black leather jacket, walking past the theater, stops in front of, Alvy. He looks at him, then moves away. He stops a few steps farther and turns around to look at Alvy again. Alvy looks away, then back at the man. The man continues to stare.

Alvy scratches his head, looking for Annie and trying not to notice the man.

The man, still staring, walks back to Alvy.

1ST MAN
Hey, you on television?

ALVY
(Nodding his head)
No. Yeah, once in a while. You know,
like occasionally.

1ST MAN
What's your name?

ALVY
(Clearing his throat)
You wouldn't know it. It doesn't
matter. What's the difference?

1ST MAN
You were on... uh, the... uh, the
Johnny Carson, right?

ALVY
Once in a while, you know. I mean,
you know, every now-

1ST MAN
What's your name?

Alvy is getting more and more uneasy as the man talks; more and more people move through the doors of the theater.

ALVY
(Nervously)
I'm... I'm, uh, I'm Robert Redford.

1ST MAN
(Laughing)
Come on.

ALVY
Alvy Singer. It was nice nice...
Thanks very much... for everything.

They shake hands and Alvy pats the man's arm. The man in turn looks over his shoulder and motions to another man. All excited now, he points to Alvy and calls out. Alvy looks impatient.

1ST MAN

Hey!

2ND MAN

(Off screen)

What?

1ST MAN

This is Alvy Singer!

ALVY

Fellas... you know-Jesus! Come on!

1ST MAN

(Overlapping, ignoring
Alvy)

This guy's on television! Alvy
Singer, right? Am I right?

ALVY

(Overlapping 1st man)

Gimme a break, will yuh, gimme a
break. Jesus Christ!

1ST MAN

(Still ignoring Alvy's
protestations)

This guy's on television.

ALVY

I need a large polo mallet!

2ND MAN

(Moving into the screen)

Who's on television?

1ST MAN

This guy, on the Johnny Carson show.

ALVY

(Annoyed)

Fellas, what is this-a meeting o'
the teamsters? You know.. .

2ND MAN

(Also ignoring Alvy)

What program?

1ST MAN
 (Holding out a
 matchbook)
 Can I have your autograph?

ALVY
 You don't want my autograph.

1ST MAN
 (Overlapping, Alvy's
 speech)
 Yeah, I do. It's for my girl friend.
 Make it out to Ralph.

ALVY
 (Taking the matchbook
 and pen and writing)
 Your girl friend's name is Ralph?

1ST MAN
 It's for my brudder.
 (To passersby)
 Alvy Singer! Hey! This is Alvy-

2ND MAN
 (To Alvy, overlapping
 1st man's speech)
 You really Alvy Singer, the... the
 TV star?

Nodding his head yes, Alvy shoves 2nd man aside and moves to the curb of the sidewalk. The two men follow, still talking over the traffic noise.

1ST MAN
 Singer!

2ND MAN
 Alvy Singer over here!

A cab moves into the frame and stops by the curb. Alvy moves over to it about to get in.

ALVY
 (Overlapping the two
 men and stuttering)
 I-i-i-i-it's all right, fellas.
 (As Alvy opens the
 cab door, the two
 men still behind
 him, Annie gets out)
 Jesus, what'd you do, come by way of
 the Panama Canal?

ANNIE
 (Overlapping Alvy)
 Alright, alright, I'm in a bad mood,
 okay?

Annie closes the cab door and she and Alvy move over to the ticket booth of the theater as they continue to talk.

ALVY
 Bad mood? I'm standing with the
 cast of "The Godfather."

ANNIE
 You're gonna hafta learn to deal
 with it.

ALVY
 Deal! I'm dealing with two guys
 named Cheech!

ANNIE
 Okay.
 (They move into the
 ticket line, still
 talking. A billboard
 next to them reads
 "Ingmar Bergman's
 'face to face , 'Liv
 Ullmann")
 Please, I have a headache, all right?

ALVY
 Hey, you are in a bad mood. You-you-
 you must be getting your period.

ANNIE
 I'm not getting my period. Jesus,
 every time anything out of the
 ordinary happens, you think that I'm
 getting my period!

They move over to the ticket counter, people in front of them buying tickets and walking off screen.

ALVY
 (Gesturing)
 A li-little louder. I think one of
 them may have missed it!
 (To the ticket clerk)
 H'm, has the picture started yet?

TICKET CLERK
 It started two minutes ago.

ALVY
 (Hitting his hand on
 the counter)
 That's it! Forget it! I-I can't go
 in.

ANNIE
 Two minutes, Alvy.

ALVY
 (Overlapping Annie)
 No, I'm sorry, I can't do it. We-
 we've blown it already. I-you know,
 uh, I-I can't go in in the middle.

ANNIE
 In the middle?
 (Alvy nods his head
 yes and let's out an
 exasperated sigh)
 We'll only miss the titles. They're
 in Swedish.

ALVY
 You wanna get coffee for two hours
 or something? We'll go next-

ANNIE
 Two hours? No, u-uh, I'm going in.
 I'm going in.

She moves past the ticket clerk.

ALVY
 (Waving to Annie)
 Go ahead. Good-bye.

Annie moves back to Alvy and takes his arm.

ANNIE
 Look, while we're talking we could
 be inside, you know that?

ALVY
 (Watching people with
 tickets move past
 them)
 Hey, can we not stand here and argue
 in front of everybody, 'cause I get
 embarrassed.

ANNIE
 Alright. All right, all right, so
 whatta you wanna do?

ALVY

I don't know now. You-you wanna go to another movie?

(Annie nods her head and shrugs her shoulders disgustedly as Alvy, gesturing with his hand, looks at her)

So let's go see The Sorrow and the Pity.

ANNIE

Oh, come on, we've seen it. I'm not in the mood to see a four-hour documentary on Nazis.

ALVY

Well, I'm sorry, I-I can't... I-I-I've gotta see a picture exactly from the start to the finish, 'cause-'cause I'm anal.

ANNIE

(Laughing now)

H'h, that's a polite word for what you are.

INT. THEATER LOBBY.

A lined-up crowd of ticket holders waiting to get into the theater, Alvy and Annie among them. A bum of indistinct chatter can be heard through the ensuing scene.

MAN IN LINE

(Loudly to his companion right behind Alvy and Annie)

We saw the Fellini film last Tuesday. It is not one of his best. It lacks a cohesive structure. You know, you get the feeling that he's not absolutely sure what it is he wants to say. 'Course, I've always felt he was essentially a-a technical film maker. Granted, La Strada was a great film. Great in its use of negative energy more than anything else. But that simple cohesive core...

Alvy, reacting to the man's loud monologue, starts to get annoyed, while Annie begins to read her newspaper.

ALVY
 (Overlapping the man's
 speech)
 I'm-I'm-I'm gonna have a stroke.

ANNIE
 (Reading)
 Well, stop listening to him.

MAN IN LINE
 (Overlapping Alvy and
 Annie)
 You know, it must need to have had
 its leading from one thought to
 another. You know what I'm talking
 about?

ALVY
 (Sighing)
 He's screaming his opinions in my
 ear.

MAN IN LINE
 Like all that Juliet of the Spirits
 or Satyricon, I found it incredibly...
 indulgent. You know, he really is.
 He's one of the most indulgent film
 makers. He really is-

ALVY
 (Overlapping)
 Key word here is "indulgent."

MAN IN LINE
 (Overlapping)
 without getting... well, let's put
 it this way...

ALVY
 (To Annie, who is
 still reading,
 overlapping the man
 in line who is still
 talking)
 What are you depressed about?

ANNIE
 I missed my therapy. I overslept.

ALVY
 How can you possibly oversleep?

ANNIE
 The alarm clock.

ALVY

(Gasping)

You know what a hostile gesture that is to me?

ANNIE

I know-because of our sexual problem, right?

ALVY

Hey, you... everybody in line at the New Yorker has to know our rate of intercourse?

MAN IN LINE

It's like Samuel Beckett, you know-I admire the technique but he doesn't... he doesn't hit me on a gut level.

ALVY

(To Annie)

I'd like to hit this guy on a gut level.

The man in line continues his speech all the while Alvy and Annie talk.

ANNIE

Stop it, Alvy!

ALVY

(Wringing his hands)

Well, he's spitting on my neck! You know, he's spitting on my neck when he talks.

MAN IN LINE

And then, the most important thing of all is a comedian's vision.

ANNIE

And you know something else? You know, you're so egocentric that if I miss my therapy you can think of it in terms of how it affects you!

MAN IN LINE

(Lighting a cigarette while he talks)

Gal gun-shy is what it is.

ALVY
 (Reacting again to
 the man in line)
 Probably on their first date, right?

MAN IN LINE
 (Still going on)
 It's a narrow view.

ALVY
 Probably met by answering an ad in
 the New York Review of Books.
 "Thirtyish academic wishes to meet
 woman who's interested in Mozart,
 James Joyce and sodomy."
 (He sighs; then to
 Annie)
 Whatta you mean, our sexual problem?

ANNIE
 Oh!

ALVY
 I-I-I mean, I'm comparatively normal
 for a guy raised in Brooklyn.

ANNIE
 Okay, I'm very sorry. My sexual
 problem! Okay, my sexual problem!
 Huh?

The man in front of them turns to look at them, then looks
 away.

ALVY
 I never read that. That was-that
 was Henry James, right? Novel, uh,
 the sequel to Turn of the Screw? My
 Sexual...

MAN IN LINE
 (Even louder now)
 It's the influence of television.
 Yeah, now Marshall McLuhan deals
 with it in terms of it being a-a
 high, uh, high intensity, you
 understand? A hot medium... as
 opposed to a...

ALVY
 (More and more
 aggravated)
 What I wouldn't give for a large
 sock o' horse manure.

MAN IN LINE
... as opposed to a print...

Alvy steps forward, waving his hands in frustration, and stands facing the camera.

ALVY
(Sighing and addressing
the audience)
What do you do when you get stuck in
a movie line with a guy like this
behind you? I mean, it's just
maddening!

The man in line moves toward Alvy. Both address the audience now.

MAN IN LINE
Wait a minute, why can't I give my
opinion? It's a free country!

ALVY
I mean, d- He can give you- Do you
hafta give it so loud? I mean, aren't
you ashamed to pontificate like that?
And-and the funny part of it is, M-
Marshall McLuhan, you don't know
anything about Marshall
McLuhan's...work!

MAN IN LINE
(Overlapping)
Wait a minute! Really? Really? I
happen to teach a class at Columbia
called "TV Media and Culture"! So I
think that my insights into Mr.
McLuhan-well, have a great deal of
validity.

ALVY
Oh, do yuh?

MAN IN LINE
Yes.

ALVY
Well, that's funny, because I happen
to have Mr. McLuhan right here.
So... so, here, just let me-I mean,
all right. Come over here... a
second.

Alvy gestures to the camera which follows him and the man in line to the back of the crowded lobby.

He moves over to a large stand-up movie poster and pulls Marshall McLuban from behind the poster.

MAN IN LINE

Oh.

ALVY

(To McLuban)

Tell him.

MCLUHAN

(To the man in line)

I hear-I heard what you were saying.
You-you know nothing of my work.
You mean my whole fallacy is wrong.
How you ever got to teach a course
in anything is totally amazing.

ALVY

(To the camera)

Boy, if life were only like this!

INT. THEATER. A CLOSE-UP OF THE SCREEN SHOWING FACES OF GERMAN SOLDIERS.

Credits appear over the faces of the soldiers.

THE SORROW AND THE PITY CINEMA 5 LTD., 1972 MARCEL OPHULS,
ANDRE HARRIS, 1969

Chronicle of a French town during the Occupation

NARRATOR'S VOICE

(Over credits and
soldiers)

June fourteenth, nineteen forty, the
German army occupies Paris. All
over the country, people are desperate
for every available scrap of news.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

Annie is sitting up in bed reading.

ALVY

(Off screen)

Boy, those guys in the French
Resistance were really brave, you
know? Got to listen to Maurice
Chevalier sing so much.

ANNIE

M'm, I don't know, sometimes I ask myself how I'd stand up under torture.

ALVY

(Off screen)

You? You kiddin'?

(He moves into the frame, lying across the bed to touch, Annie, who makes a face)

If the Gestapo would take away your Bloomingdale's charge card, you'd tell 'em everything.

ANNIE

That movie makes me feel guilty.

ALVY

Yeah, 'cause it's supposed to.

He starts kissing Annie's arm. She gets annoyed and continues to read.

ANNIE

Alvy, I...

ALVY

What-what-what-what's the matter?

ANNIE

I-you know, I don't wanna.

ALVY

(Overlapping Annie, reacting)

What-what-I don't... It's not natural! We're sleeping in a bed together. You know, it's been a long time.

ANNIE

I know, well, it's just that-you know, I mean, I-I-I-I gotta sing tomorrow night, so I have to rest my voice.

ALVY

(Overlapping Annie again)

It's always some kind of an excuse. It's- You know, you used to think that I was very sexy.

(MORE)

ALVY (CONT'D)

What... When we first started going out, we had sex constantly... We're-we're probably listed in the Guinness Book of World Records.

ANNIE

(Patting Alvy's band solicitously)

I know. Well, Alvy, it'll pass, it'll pass, it's just that I'm going through a phase, that's all.

ALVY

M'm.

ANNIE

I mean, you've been married before, you know how things can get. You were very hot for Allison at first.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK STAGE OF AUDITORIUM - NIGHT.

Allison, clipboard in hand, walks about the wings, stopping to talk to various people. Musicians, performers and technicians mill about, busy with activity.

Allison wears a large "ADLAI" button, as do the people around her. The sounds of a comedian on the stage of the auditorium can be heard, occasionally, interrupted by chatter and applause from the off screen audience. Allison stops to talk to two women; they, too, wear "ADLAI" buttons.

ALLISON

(Looking down at the clipboard)

Ma'am, you're on right after this man... about twenty minutes, something like that.

WOMAN

Oh, thank you.

Alvy moves into the frame behind Allison. He taps her on the shoulder; she turns to face him.

ALVY

(Coughing)

Excuse... excuse me, when do I go on?

ALLISON
(Looking down at the
clipboard)
Who are you?

ALVY
Alvy... Alvy Singer. I'm a comedian.

ALLISON
Oh, comedian. Yes. Oh, uh... you're
on next.

ALVY
(Rubbing his hands
together nervously)
What do you mean, next?

ALLISON
(Laughing)
Uh... I mean you're on right after
this act.

ALVY
(Gesturing)
No, it can't be, because he's a comic.

ALLISON
Yes.

ALVY
So what are you telling me, you're
putting on two comics in a row?

ALLISON
Why not?

ALVY
No, I'm sorry, I'm not goin'- I
can't... I don't wanna go on after
that comedian.

ALLISON
It's okay.

ALVY
No, because they're-they're laughing,
so
(He starts laughing
nervously)
I-I-I'd rather not. If you don't
mind, prefer-

ALLISON
 (Overlapping)
 Will you relax, please? They're
 gonna love you, I know.

ALVY
 (Overlapping)
 I prefer not to, because... look,
 they're laughing at him. See, so
 what are yuh telling me-

They move closer to the stage, looking out from the wings.

ALLISON
 (Overlapping)
 Yes.

ALVY
 (Overlapping)
 that I've got to... ah... ah...
 They're gonna laugh at him for a
 couple minutes, then I gotta go out
 there, I gotta... get laughs, too.
 How much can they laugh?
 (Off screen)
 They-they they're laughed out.

ALLISON
 (Off screen)
 Do you feel all right?

As Allison and Alvy look out at the stage, the camera cuts to their point of view: a comedian standing at a podium in front of huge waving pictures of Adlai Stevenson. The audience, laughing and clapping, sits at round tables in clusters around the room.

The camera moves back to Allison and Alvy watching the stage. Alvy is swinging his hands nervously.

COMEDIAN
 (Off screen, onstage)
 You know...

Alvy starts looking Allison up and down; people in the background mill about.

ALVY
 (Above the chatter
 around him)
 Look, what's your-what's your name?

COMEDIAN
 (Off screen)
 ... General Eisenhower is not...

ALLISON
(Looking out at the
stage)
Allison.

ALVY
Yeah? Allison what?

ALLISON
(Still looking off
screen)
Portchnik.

COMEDIAN
... a group from the...

ALVY
(Coughing)
Thank you. I-I don't know why they
would have me at this kind of rally
'cause...
(He clears his throat)
Excuse me, I'm not essentially a
political comedian at all.

The audience starts to laugh.

ALVY
I... interestingly had, uh, dated...
a woman in the Eisenhower
Administration... briefly... and,
uh, it was ironic to me 'cause, uh...
Tsch... 'Cause I was trying to, u-u-
uh, do to her what Eisenhower has
been doing to the country for the
last eight years.

The audience is with him, laughing, as Allison continues to
watch offstage.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM.

Allison and, Alvy are on the bed, kissing. There are books
all over the room; a fireplace, unlit, along one of the walls.
Alvy suddenly breaks away and sits on the edge of the bed.
Allison looks at him.

ALVY
H'm, I'm sorry, I can't go through
with this, because it-I can't get it
off my mind, Allison... it's obsessing
me!

ALLISON

Well, I'm getting tired of it. I need your attention.

Alvy gets up from the bed and starts walking restlessly around the room, gesturing with his hands.

ALVY

It-but it-it... doesn't make any sense. He drove past the book depository and the police said conclusively that it was an exit wound. So-how is it possible for Oswald to have fired from two angles at once? It doesn't make sense.

ALLISON

Alvy.

Alvy, stopping for a moment at the fireplace mantel, sighs. He then snaps his fingers and starts walking again.

ALVY

I'll tell you this! He was not marksman enough to hit a moving target at that range. But...

(Clears his throat)

if there was a second assassin... it- That's it!

Alvy stops at the music stand with open sheet music on it as Allison gets up from the bed and retrieves a pack of cigarettes from a bookshelf.

ALLISON

We've been through this.

ALVY

If they-they recovered the shells from that rifle.

ALLISON

(Moving back to the bed and lighting a cigarette)

Okay. All right, so whatta yuh saying, now? That e-e-everybody o-o-on the Warren Commission is in on this conspiracy, right?

ALVY

Well, why not?

ALLISON

Yeah, Earl Warren?

ALVY

(Moving toward the
bed)

Hey... honey, I don't know Earl
Warren.

ALLISON

Lyndon Johnson?

ALVY

(Propping one knee on
the bed and gesturing)

L-L-Lyndon Johns Lyndon Johnson is a
politician. You know the ethics
those guys have? It's like-uh, a
notch underneath child molester.

ALLISON

Then everybody's in in the conspiracy?

ALVY

(Nodding his head)

Tsch.

ALLISON

The FBI, and the CIA, and J. Edgar
Hoover and oil companies and the
Pentagon and the men's-room attendant
at the White House?

Alvy touches Allison's shoulder, then gets up from the bed
and starts walking again.

ALVY

I-I-I-I would leave out the men's-
room attendant.

ALLISON

You're using this conspiracy theory
as an excuse to avoid sex with me.

ALVY

Oh, my God!

(Then, to the camera)

She's right! Why did I turn off
Allison Portchnik? She was-she was
beautiful. She was willing. She
was real... intelligent.

(Sighing)

Is it the old Groucho Marx joke?
That-that I-I just don't wanna belong
to any club that would have someone
like me for a member?

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Alvy's and Annie's voices are heard over the wind-browned exterior of a beach house in the Hamptons. As they continue to talk, the camera moves inside the house. Alvy is picking up chairs, trying to get at the group of lobsters crawling on the floor. Dishes are stacked up in a drying rack, and bags of groceries sit on the counter. There's a table and chairs near the refrigerator.

ANNIE

Alvy, now don't panic. Please.

ALVY

Look, I told you it was a... mistake to ever bring a live thing in the house.

ANNIE

Stop it! Don't... don't do that! There.

The lobsters continue to crawl on the floor. Annie, holding out a wooden paddle, tries to shove them onto it.

ALVY

Well, maybe we should just call the police. Dial nine-one-one, it's the lobster squad.

ANNIE

Come on, Alvy, they're only baby ones, for God's sake.

ALVY

If they're only babies, then you pick 'em up.

ANNIE

Oh, all right. All right! It's all right. Here.

She drops the paddle and picks up one of the lobsters by the tail. Laughing, she shoves it at Alvy who jerks backward, squeamishly.

ALVY

Don't give it to me. Don't!

ANNIE

(Hysterically)
Oooh! Here! Here!

ALVY

(Pointing)

Look! Look, one crawled behind the refrigerator. It'll turn up in our bed at night.

(They move over to the refrigerator; Alvy moves as close to the wall as possible as Annie, covering her mouth and laughing hysterically, teasingly dangles a lobster in front of him)

Will you get outta here with that thing? Jesus!

ANNIE

(Laughing, to the lobster)

Get him!

ALVY

(Laughing)

Talk to him. You speak shellfish!

(He moves over to the stove and takes the lid of a large steamer filled with boiling water)

Hey, look... put it in the pot.

ANNIE

(Laughing)

I can't! I can't put him in the pot. I can't put a live thing in hot water.

ALVY

(Overlapping)

Gimme! Gimme! Let me do it! What-what's he think we're gonna do, take him to the movies?

Annie hands the lobster to Alvy as he takes it very carefully and drops it gingerly into the pot and puts the cover back on.

ANNIE

(Overlapping Alvy and making sounds)

Oh, God! Here yuh go!

(MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Oh, good, now
he'll think-

(She screams)

Aaaah! Okay.

ALVY

(Overlapping Annie)

Okay, it's in. It's definitely in
the pot!

ANNIE

All right. All right. All right.

She moves hurriedly across the kitchen and picks up another lobster. Smiling, she places it on the counter as Alvy stands beside the refrigerator trying to push it from the wall.

ALVY

Annie, there's a big lobster behind
the refrigerator. I can't get it
out. This thing's heavy. Maybe if
I put a little dish of butter sauce
here with a nutcracker, it will run
out the other side, you know what I
mean?

ANNIE

(Overlapping)

Yeah. I'm gonna get my... I'm gonna
get my camera.

ALVY

You know, I-I think... if I could
pry this door off... We shoulda gotten
steaks 'cause they don't have legs.
They don't run around.

Annie rushes out of the room to get her camera as Alvy picks up the paddle.

Trying to get at the lobsters, he ends up knocking over dishes and hitting the chandelier. Holding the paddle, he finally leans back against the sink.

Annie, standing in the doorway, starts taking pictures of him.

ANNIE

Great! Great!
(Screaming)
Goddammit!

(MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)

(Screaming)

Ooooh! These are... p-p-p-pick this lobster up. Hold it, please!

ALVY

All right! All right! All right!
All right! Whatta yuh mean? Are
yuh gonna take pictures now?

ANNIE

It'll make great- Alvy, be- Alvy,
it'll be wonderful... Ooooh, lovely!

ALVY

(Picking up the lobster
Annie placed on the
counter earlier)
All right, here! Oh, God, it's
disgusting!

Alvy drops the lobster back down on the counter, sticking out his tongue and making a face.

ANNIE

Don't be a jerk. One more, Alvy,
please, one more picture.
(Reluctantly Alvy
picks up the lobster
again as Annie takes
another picture)
Oh, oh, good, good!

EXT. OCEAN FRONT-DUSK.

The camera pans Annie and Alvy as they walk along the shore.

ALVY

So, so-well, here's what I wanna
know. W-what...
(He clears his throat)
Am I your first big romance?

ANNIE

Oh... no, no, no, no, uh, uh. No.

ALVY

Well, then, w-who was?

ANNIE

Oh, well, let's see, there was Dennis,
from Chippewa Falls High School.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK OF DENNIS LEANING AGAINST A CAR - NIGHT

Behind him is a movie theater with "MARILYN MONROE, 'MISFITS' " on the marquee.

He looks at his watch as the younger Annie, in a beehive hairdo, moves into the frame. They kiss quickly and look at each other, smiling.

ALVY'S VOICE

(Off screen)

Dennis-right, uh, uh... local kid probably, would meetcha in front of the movie house on Saturday night.

ANNIE'S VOICE

Oh, God, you should've seen what I looked like then.

ALVY'S VOICE

(Off screen, laughing)

Oh, I can imagine. P-p-probably the wife of an astronaut.

ANNIE'S VOICE

Then there was Jerry, the actor.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK OF BRICK-WALLED APARTMENT - NIGHT

The younger, Annie and Jerry lean against the wall. Jerry is running his hand down Annie's bare arm. Annie and Alvy walk into the room, observing the younger Annie, in jeans and T-shirt, with Jerry.

ALVY'S VOICE

(Laughing)

Look at you, you-you,-re such a clown.

ANNIE'S VOICE

I look pretty.

ALVY'S VOICE

Well, yeah, you always look pretty, but that guy with you...

JERRY

Acting is like an exploration of the soul. I-it's very religious. Uh, like, uh, a kind of liberating consciousness. It's like a visual poem.

ALVY
 (Laughing)
 Is he kidding with that crap?

YOUNGER ANNIE
 (Laughing)
 Oh, right. Right, yeah, I think I know exactly what you mean, when you say "religious."

ALVY
 (Incredulous, to Annie)
 You do?

ANNIE
 (Still watching)
 Oh, come on-I mean, I was still younger.

ALVY
 Hey, that was last year.

JERRY
 It's like when I think of dying.
 You know how I would like to die?

YOUNGER ANNIE
 No, how?

JERRY
 I'd like to get torn apart by wild animals.

ALVY'S VOICE
 Heavy! Eaten by some squirrels.

ANNIE'S VOICE
 Hey, listen-I mean, he was a terrific actor, and look at him, he's neat-looking and he was emotional... Y-hey, I don't think you like emotion too much.

Jerry stops rubbing the younger Annie's arm and slides down to the floor as she raises her foot toward his chest.

JERRY
 Touch my heart... with your foot.

ALVY'S VOICE
 I-I may throw up!

CUT BACK TO:

EXTERIOR. BEACH - DUSK

It's now sunset, the water reflecting the last light. The camera moves over the scene. The off screen voices of Alvy and Annie are heard as they walk, the camera always one step ahead of them.

ANNIE

He was creepy.

ALVY

Yeah, I-I think you're pretty lucky
I came along.

ANNIE

(Laughing)

Oh, really? Well, la-de-da!

ALVY

La-de-da. If I-if anyone had ever
told me that I would be taking out a
girl who used expressions like "la-
de-da" . . .

ANNIE

Oh, that's right. That you really
like those New York girls.

ALVY

Well, no... not just, not only.

ANNIE

Oh, I'd say so. You married-

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY APARTMENT-NIGHT

A cocktail party is in progress, the rooms crowded with guests as Alvy and Robin make their way through the people. A waiter, carrying a tray, walks past them. Alvy reaches out to pick up a glass; Robin reaches over and picks it off the tray first. There is much low-key chatter in the background.

ANNIE

(Off screen)

Two of them.

ROBIN

There's Henry Drucker. He has a
chair in history at Princeton. Oh,
the short man is Hershel Kaminsky.
He has a chair in philosophy at
Cornell.

ALVY

Yeah, two more chairs and they got a dining-room set.

ROBIN

Why are you so hostile?

ALVY

(Sighing)

'Cause I wanna watch the Knicks on television.

ROBIN

(Squinting)

Is that Paul Goodman? No. And be nice to the host because he's publishing my book. Hi, Doug! Douglas Wyatt. "A Foul-Rag-and-Bone Shop-of-the-Heart."

They move through the rooms, Robin holding a drink in one hand, her arm draped in Alvy's; the crowd mills around them.

ALVY

(Taking Robin's hand)

I'm so tired of spending evenings making fake insights with people who work for Dysentery.

ROBIN

Commentary.

ALVY

Oh, really, I heard that Commentary and Dissent had merged and formed Dysentery.

ROBIN

No jokes-these are friends, okay?

INT. BEDROOM

Alvy sits on the foot of the bed watching the Knicks game on television.

TV ANNOUNCER

(Off screen)

Cleveland Cavaliers losing to the New York Knicks.

Robin enters the room, slamming the door.

ROBIN

Here you are. There's people out there.

ALVY

Hey, you wouldn't believe this. Two minutes ago, the Knicks are ahead fourteen points, and now...

(Clears his throat)
they're ahead two points.

ROBIN

Alvy, what is so fascinating about a group of pituitary cases trying to stuff the ball through a hoop?

ALVY

(Looking at Robin)

What's fascinating is that it's physical. You know, it's one thing about intellectuals, they prove that you can be absolutely brilliant and have no idea what's going on. But on the other hand...

(Clears his throat)
the body doesn't lie, as-as we now know.

Alvy reaches over, pulls Robin down onto the bed. He kisses her and moves farther up on the bed.

ROBIN

Stop acting out.

She sits on the edge of the bed, looking down at the sprawled-out Alvy.

ALVY

No, it'll be great! It'll be great, be-because all those Ph.D.'s are in there, you know, like... discussing models of alienation and we'll be in here quietly humping.

He pulls Robin toward him, caressing her as she pulls herself away.

ROBIN

Alvy, don't! You're using sex to express hostility.

ALVY

"Why-why do you always r-reduce my animal urges to psychoanalytic categories?"

(Clears his throat)
he said as he removed her brassiere..."

ROBIN
 (Pulling away again)
 There are people out there from The
 New Yorker magazine. My God! What
 would they think?

She gets up and fixes the zipper on her dress. She turns
 and moves toward the door.

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

Robin and Alvy are in bed. The room is in darkness. Outside,
 a siren starts blaring.

ROBIN
 Oh, I'm sorry!

ALVY
 Don't get upset!

ROBIN
 Dammit! I was so close.

She flips on the overhead lamp and turns on her side. Alvy
 turns to her.

ALVY
 (Gesturing)
 Jesus, last night it was some guy
 honking his car horn. I mean, the
 city can't close down. You know,
 what-whatta yuh gonna do, h-have 'em
 shut down the airport, too? No more
 flights so we can have sex?

ROBIN
 (Reaching over for
 her eyeglasses on
 the night table)
 I'm too tense. I need a Valium. My
 analyst says I should live in the
 country and not in New York.

ALVY
 Well, I can't li- We can't have this
 discussion all the time. The country
 makes me nervous. There's... You
 got crickets and it-it's quiet...
 there's no place to walk after dinner,
 and... uh, there's the screens with
 the dead moths behind them, and...
 uh, yuh got the-the Manson family
 possibly, yuh got Dick and

TERRY-

ROBIN
 (Interrupting)
 Okay, okay, my analyst just thinks
 I'm too tense. Where's the goddamn
 Valium?

She fumbles about the floor for the Valium, then back on the bed.

ALVY
 Hey, come on, it's quiet now. We
 can-we can start again.

ROBIN
 I can't.

ALVY
 What-

ROBIN
 My head is throbbing.

ALVY
 Oh, you got a headache!

ROBIN
 I have a headache.

ALVY
 Bad?

ROBIN
 Oswald and ghosts.

ALVY
 Jesus!

He begins to get out of bed.

ROBIN
 Where are you going?

ALVY
 Well, I'm-I'm gonna take another in
 a series of cold showers.

EXT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM OF THE TENNIS CLUB.

Rob and Alvy, carrying tennis rackets, come through the door of the locker room to the lobby. They are dressed in tennis whites. They walk toward the indoor court.

ROB

Max, my serve is gonna send yuh to the showers-

ALVY

Right, right, so g-get back to what we were discussing, the failure of the country to get behind New York City is-is anti-Semitism.

ROB

Max, the city is terribly worried.

ALVY

But the- I'm not discussing politics or economics. This is foreskin.

ROB

No, no, no, Max, that's a very convenient out. Every time some group disagrees with you it's because of anti-Semitism.

ALVY

Don't you see? The rest of the country looks upon New York like we're-we're left-wing Communist, Jewish, homosexual, pornographers. I think of us that way, sometimes, and I-I live here.

ROB

Max, if we lived in California, we could play outdoors every day, in the sun.

ALVY

Sun is bad for yuh. Everything our parents said was good is bad. Sun, milk, red meat, college...

INT. TENNIS COURT

Annie and Janet, in tennis whites, stand on the court holding tennis rackets and balls. They are chattering and giggling.

ANNIE

(Laughing)

I know, but ooh- here he comes. Okay.

Rob and Alvy enter the court and walk over to the two women. Rob kisses Janet and makes introduction.

ROB
You know Alvy?

JANET
Oh, hi, Alvy.

ANNIE
(To Rob)
How are yuh?

ROB
(To Alvy)
You know Annie?

JANET
I'm sorry. This is Annie Hall.

ALVY
Hi.

ANNIE
Hi.

Annie and Alvy shake hands.

JANET
(Laughing)
Alvy.

ROB
(Eager to begin)
Who's playing who here? Alvy Well,
uh... you and me against them?

ANNIE
(Overlapping Alvy)
Well... so... I can't play too good,
you know.

JANET
(Laughing)
I've had four lessons!

The group, laughing and chatting, divide up—Rob and Annie moving to the other side of the net, Alvy and Janet standing where they are. They start to play mixed doubles, each taking turns and playing well. At one point in the game, Annie starts to talk to Rob, then turns and sees a ball heading toward her.

ALVY
(Hitting the ball
back)
Holy gods!

INT. LOBBY

Alvy, dressed, puts things into a gym bag. One knee is on the bench and his back is turned from the entrance. Annie walks toward the entrance door dressed in street clothes and carrying her tennis bag over her shoulder. Seeing Alvy, she stops and turns.

ANNIE

Hi. Hi, hi.

ALVY

(Looking over his
shoulder)

Hi. Oh, hi. Hi.

ANNIE

(Hands clasped in
front of her, smiling)

Well, bye. She laughs and backs up slowly toward the door.

ALVY

(Clearing his throat)

You-you play... very well.

ANNIE

Oh, yeah? So do you. Oh, God, whatta-
(Making sounds and
laughing)

whatta dumb thing to say, right? I mean, you say it, "You play well," and right away... I have to say well. Oh, oh... God, Annie.

(She gestures with
her hand)

Well... oh, well... la-de-da, la-de-da, la-la.

She turns around and moves toward the door.

ALVY

(Still looking over
his shoulder)

Uh... you-you wanna lift?

ANNIE

(Turning and aiming
her thumb over her
shoulder)

Oh, why-uh... y-y-you gotta car?

ALVY

No, um... I was gonna take a cab.

ANNIE

(Laughing)

Oh, no, I have a car.

ALVY

You have a car?

(Annie smiles, hands
folded in front of
her)

So...

(Clears his throat)

I don't understand why... if you
have a car, so then-then wh-why did
you say "Do you have a car?"... like
you wanted a lift?

ANNIE

I don't...

(Laughing)

I don't... Geez, I don't know, I've...
I wa- This... yeah, I got this VW
out there...(Laughing and gesturing
toward the door)What a jerk, yeah. Would you like a
lift?

ALVY

(Zipping up his bag)

Sure. W-w-w-which way yuh goin'?

ANNIE

Me? Oh, downtown!

ALVY

Down- I'm-I'm goin' uptown.

ANNIE

(Laughing)

Oh, well, I'm goin' uptown, too.

ALVY

Uh, well, you just said you were
going downtown.

ANNIE

Yeah, well, I'm, but I...

Alvy picks up his bag and moves toward the door. As he turns his bag around, the handle of the tennis racket bits Annie between the legs.

ALVY

(Laughing)

So sorry.

ANNIE

(Laughing)

I mean, I can go uptown, too. I live uptown, but... uh, what the hell, I mean, it'd be nice having company, you know I mean, I hate driving alone.

ALVY

(Making sounds)

Yeah.

They walk out the door.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET- DAY

Alvy and Annie in the VW as Annie speeds down a city street near the East River.

ALVY

So, how long do you know Janet?
Where do you know her from?

ANNIE

(Laughing)

Oh, I'm in her acting class.

ALVY

Oh - you're an actress.

ANNIE

Well, I do commercials, sort of...

She zooms down the wrong lane, cars swerving out of her way. A horn blows.

ALVY

I, uh... well, you're not from New York, right?

ANNIE

No, Chippewa Falls.

ALVY

Right!

(A pause)

Where?

ANNIE

Wisconsin.

ALVY

(Finally reacting)

Uh, you're driving a-

ANNIE

Uh, don't worry, I'm a very-
 (A car moves closer
 to the VW, almost on
 top of it in the
 wrong direction.
 Annie swerves away
 at the very last
 minute)
 a very good driver.
 (Alvy rubs his head
 nervously, staring
 out the window as
 Annie speeds along)
 So, listen-hey, you want some gum,
 anyway?

Annie looks down beside her, searching for the gum.

ALVY

No, no thanks. Hey, don't-

ANNIE

Well, where is it? I-

ALVY

No, no, no, no, you just... just
 watch the road. I'll get it-

ANNIE

Okay.

They both fumble around in her pocketbook. Alvy looks up to see the entire front of a truck in Annie's windshield. She swerves just in time.

ALVY

for yuh.

ANNIE

Okay, that's good.

Alvy continues to look for the gum while Annie zooms down the city streets.

ANNIE

All right.

ALVY

I'll getcha a piece.

ANNIE

Yeah... so, listen-you drive?

ALVY
Do I drive? Uh, no, I gotta-I gotta
problem with driving.

ANNIE
Oh, you do?

ALVY
Yeah. I got, uh, I got a license
but I have too much hostility.

ANNIE
Oh, right.

ALVY
Nice car.

ANNIE
(A bit rapidly)
Huh?

ALVY
You keep it nice.
(He pulls a half-eaten
sandwich out of her
bag)
Can I ask you, is this-is this a
sandwich?

ANNIE
Huh? Oh, yeah.

EXT. STREET-DAY

Cars are parked on both sides of the street as the VW rounds
the corner.

ANNIE
I live over here. Oh, my God! Look!
There's a parking space!

With brakes squealing, Annie turns the VW sharply into the
parking spot.

Annie and Alvy get out, Alvy looking over his shoulder as he
leaves the car.

ALVY
That's okay, you... we-we can walk
to the curb from here.

ANNIE
Don't be funny.

ALVY
You want your tennis stuff?

ANNIE
Huh? Oh... yeah.

ALVY
You want your gear? Here you go.

Alvy reaches into the back of the car and takes out tennis equipment. He hands her her things. People pass by on the street.

ANNIE
(Laughing)
Yeah, thanks. Thanks a lot. Well...

ALVY
(Sighing)
Well, thanks, thank you. You-you're a wonderful tennis player.

ANNIE
(Laughing)
Oh.

Alvy shakes hands with Annie.

ALVY
You're the worst driver I've ever seen in my life . . . that's including any place... the worst... Europe, United... any place... Asia.

ANNIE
(Laughing)
Yeah.

ALVY
And I love what you're wearin'.

Alvy touches the tie Annie is wearing around her neck.

ANNIE
Oh, you do? Yeah? Oh, well, it's uh... this is, uh... this tie is a present, from Grammy Hall.

Annie flips the bottom of the tie.

ALVY
Who? Grammy? Grammy Hall?

ANNIE
(Laughing and nodding
her head)
Yeah, my grammy.

ALVY
You're jo- Whatta yuh kid- What did
you do, grow up in a Norman Rockwell
painting?

ANNIE
(Laughing)
Yeah, I know.

ALVY
Your grammy!

ANNIE
I know, it's pretty silly, isn't it?

ALVY
Jesus, my-my grammy... n-never gave
gifts, you know. She-she wastoo
busy getting raped by Cossacks.

ANNIE
(Laughing)
Well...

ALVY
Well... thank you again.

ANNIE
Oh, yeah, yeah.

ALVY
I'll see yuh.

ANNIE
(Overlapping, gesturing)
Hey, well, listen... hey, you wanna
come upstairs and, uh... and have a
glass of wine and something? Aw,
no, I mean... I mean, you don't have
to, you're probably late and
everything else...

ALVY
No, no, that'll be fine. I don't
mind. Sure.

ANNIE
You sure?

ALVY
 (Overlapping)
 No, I got time.

ANNIE
 Okay.

ALVY
 Sure, I got... I got nothing, uh,
 nothing till my analyst's appointment.

They move toward Annie's apartment building.

ANNIE
 Oh, you see an analyst?

ALVY
 Y-y-yeah, just for fifteen years.

ANNIE
 Fifteen years?

ALVY
 Yeah, uh, I'm gonna give him one
 more year and then I'm goin' to
 Lourdes.

ANNIE
 Fifteen-aw, come on, you're... Yeah,
 really?

INT. ANNIE'S APARTMENT

Alvy, standing, looks around the apartment. There are lots of books, framed photographs on the white wall. A terrace can be seen from the window. He picks up a copy of *Ariet*, by Sylvia Plath, as Annie comes out of the kitchen carrying two glasses. She hands them to Alvy.

ALVY
 Sylvia Plath.

ANNIE
 M'hm...

ALVY
 Interesting poetess whose tragic
 suicide was misinterpreted as
 romantic, by the college-girl
 mentality.

ANNIE
 Oh, yeah.

ALVY

Oh, sorry.

ANNIE

Right. Well, I don't know, I mean, uh, some of her poems seem - neat, you know.

ALVY

Neat?

ANNIE

Neat, yeah.

ALVY

Uh, I hate to tell yuh, this is nineteen seventy-five, you know that "neat" went out, I would say, at the turn of the century.

(Annie laughs)

Who-who are-who are those photos on the wall?

ANNIE

(Moving over to the photographs)

Oh... oh, well, you see now now, uh, that's my dad, that's Father-and that's my... brother, Duane.

ALVY

Duane?

ANNIE

(Pointing)

Yeah, right, Duane-and over there is Grammy Hall, and that's Sadie.

ALVY

Well, who's Sadie?

ANNIE

Sadie? Oh, well, Sadie...

(Laughing)

Sadie met Grammy through, uh, through Grammy's brother George. Uh, George was real sweet, you know, he had that thing. What is that thing where you, uh, where you, uh, fall asleep in the middle of a sentence, you know-what is it? Uh...

ALVY

Uh, narcolepsy.

ANNIE

Narcolepsy, right, right. Right.
So, anyway, so...

(Laughing)

George, uh, went to the union, see,
to get his free turkey, be-because,
uh, the union always gave George
this big turkey at Christmas time
because he was...

(Annie points her
fingers to each side
of her head,
indicating George
was a little crazy)

shell-shocked, you know what I mean,
in the First World War.

(Laughing hysterically,
she opens a cabinet
door and takes out a
bottle of wine)

Anyway, so, so...

(Laughing through the
speech)

George is standing in line, oh, just
a sec...uh, getting his free turkey,
but the thing is, he falls asleep
and he never wakes up. So, so...

(Laughing)

so, he's dead...

(Laughing)

he's dead. Yeah. Oh, dear. Well,
terrible, huh, wouldn't you say? I
mean, that's pretty unfortunate.

Annie unscrews the bottle of wine, silent now after her
speech.

ALVY

Yeah, it's a great story, though, I
mean, I... I... it really made my
day. Hey, I think I should get outta
here, you know, 'cause I think I'm
imposing, you know...

ANNIE

(Laughing)

Oh, really? Oh, well... uh, uh,
maybe, uh, maybe, we, uh...

ALVY

... and... uh, yeah, uh... uh, you
know, I-I-I...

They move outside to the terrace, Alvy still holding the
glasses, Annie the wine.

They stand in front of the railing, Annie pouring the wine into the held-out glasses.

ANNIE

Well, I mean, you don't have to, you know.

ALVY

No, I know, but... but, you know, I'm all perspired and everything.

ANNIE

Well, didn't you take, uh... uh, a shower at the club?

ALVY

Me? No, no, no, 'cause I never shower in a public place.

ANNIE

(Laughing)
Why not?

ALVY

'Cause I don't like to get naked in front of another man, you know-it's, uh...

ANNIE

(Laughing)
Oh, I see, I see.

ALVY

You know, I don't like to show my body to a man of my gender-

ANNIE

Yeah. Oh, yeah. Yeah, I see. I guess-

ALVY

-'cause, uh, you never know what's gonna happen.

ANNIE(

Sipping her wine and laughing)
Fifteen years, huh?

ALVY

Fifteen years, yeah.

ANNIE

Yeah. Oh, God bless!

They put their glasses together in a toast.

ALVY

God bless.

ANNIE

(Laughing)

Well, uh...

(Pausing)

You're what Grammy Hall would call a real Jew.

ALVY

(Clearing his throat)

Oh, thank you.

ANNIE

(Smiling)

Yeah, well... you- She hates Jews. She thinks that they just make money, but let me tell yuh, I mean, she's the one yeah, is she ever. I'm tellin' yuh.

ALVY

(pointing toward the apartment after a short pause)

So, did you do shoot the photographs in there or what?

ANNIE

(Nodding, her hand on her hip)

Yeah, yeah, I sorta dabble around, you know.

Annie's thoughts pop on the screen as she talks: I dabble? Listen to me-what a jerk!

ALVY

They're... they're... they're wonderful, you know. They have... they have, uh... a... a quality.

As do Alvy's: You are a great-looking girl

ANNIE

Well, I-I-I would-I would like to take a serious photography course soon.

Again, Annie's thoughts pop on: He probably thinks I'm a yo-yo

ALVY

Photography's interesting, 'cause, you know, it's- it's a new art form, and a, uh, a set of aesthetic criteria have not emerged yet.

And Alvy's: I wonder what she looks like naked?

ANNIE

Aesthetic criteria? You mean, whether it's, uh, good photo or not?

Annie: I'm not smart enough for him. Hang in there

ALVY

The-the medium enters in as a condition of the art form itself. That's- I don't know what I'm saying- she senses I'm shallow

ANNIE

Well, well, I... to me-I... I mean, it's-it's-it's all instinctive, you know. I mean, I just try to uh, feel it, you know? I try to get a sense of it and not think about it so much.

Annie: God, I hope he doesn't turn out to be a shmuck like the others

ALVY

Still, still we- You need a set of aesthetic guide lines to put it in social perspective, I think.

Alvy: Christ, I sound like FM radio. Relax They're quiet for a moment, holding wine glasses and sipping. The sounds of distant traffic from the street can be heard on the terrace. Annie, laughing, speaks first.

ANNIE

Well, I don't know. I mean, I guess- I guess you must be sorta late, huh?

ALVY

You know, I gotta get there and begin whining soon... otherwise I- Hey... well, are you busy Friday night?

ANNIE

Me? Oh, uh.
(Laughing)
No.

ALVY

(Putting his band on
his forehead)

Oh, I'm sorry, wait a minute, I have
something. Well, what about Saturday
night?

ANNIE

(Nodding)

Oh... nothing. Not-no, no!

ALVY

Oh, you... you're very popular, I
can see.

ANNIE

(Laughing)

I know.

ALVY

Gee, boy, what do you have? You
have plague?

ANNIE

Well, I mean, I meet a lot of...
jerks, you know-

ALVY

Yeah, I meet a lotta jerks, too.

ANNIE

(Overlapping)

what I mean?

ALVY

I think that's, uh-

ANNIE

(Interrupting)

But I'm thinking about getting some
cats, you know, and then they... Oh,
wait a second-oh, no, no, I mean

(Laughing)

oh, shoot! No, Saturday night I'm
gonna-

(Laughing)

gonna sing. Yeah.

ALVY

You're gonna sing? Do you sing?

Well, no, it isn't

(Overlapping)

No kidding?

(MORE)

ALVY (CONT'D)

(Overlapping)

this is my first time. Oh, really?
Where? I'd like to come.

(Laughing)

Oh, no, no, no, no, no! No, I'm
interested!

ANNIE

(Laughing)

Oh, no-I mean, I'm just a-auditioning
sort of at club. I don't-

ALVY

(Overlapping)

No, so help me.

ANNIE

(Overlapping)

it's my first time.

ALVY

That's okay, 'cause I know exactly
what that's like. Listen-

ANNIE

(Interrupting)

Yeah.

ALVY

(Overlapping)

You're gonna like night clubs, they're
really a lotta fun.

INT. NIGHT CLUB-NIGHT

Annie stands on center stage with a microphone, a pianist behind her. A Bright light is focused on her; the rest of the club is in darkness. There are the typical sounds and movements of a nightclub audience: low conversation, curling smoke, breaking glass, microphone bum, moving chairs, waiters clattering trays, a ringing phone as Annie sings "It Had to Be You.

EXT. CITY STREET-NIGHT.

Alvy and Annie walk quickly down the sidewalk.

ANNIE

I was awful. I'm so ashamed! I
can't sing.

ALVY

Oh, listen, so the audience was a
tad restless.

ANNIE

Whatta you mean, a tad restless?
Oh, my God, I mean, they hated me.

ALVY

No, they didn't. You have a wonderful
voice.

ANNIE

No, I'm gonna quit!

ALVY

No, I'm not gonna letcha. You have
a great voice.

ANNIE

Really, do you think so, really?

ALVY

Yeah!

ANNIE

Yeah?

ALVY

It's terrific.

ANNIE

(Overlapping)

Yeah, you know something? I never
even took a lesson, either.

They stop in the middle of the sidewalk. Alvy turns Annie
around to face him.

ALVY

Hey, listen, listen.

ANNIE

What?

ALVY

Gimme a kiss.

ANNIE

Really?

ALVY

Yeah, why not, because we're just
gonna go home later, right?

ANNIE

Yeah.

ALVY

And-and uh, there's gonna be all that tension. You know, we never kissed before and I'll never know when to make the right move or anything. So we'll kiss now we'll get it over with and then we'll go eat. Okay?

ANNIE

Oh, all right.

ALVY

And we'll digest our food better.

ANNIE

Okay.

ALVY

Okay?

ANNIE

Yeah.

They kiss.

ALVY

So now we can digest our food.

They turn and start walking again.

ANNIE

We can digest our-

ALVY

Okay. Yeah.

INT. DELI-NIGHT

Annie and Alvy sit down in a booth. The deli is fairly well lit and crowded.

Conversation, plates clattering, can be heard over the dialogue. The waiter comes over to them to take their order.

ALVY

(To the waiter)

I'm gonna have a corned beef.

ANNIE

(To the waiter)

Yeah... oh, uh, and I'm gonna have a pastrami on white bread with, uh, mayonnaise and tomatoes and lettuce.

(MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)

(Alvy involuntarily
makes a face as the
waiter leaves)

Tsch, so, uh, your second wife left
you and, uh, were you depressed about
that?

ALVY

Nothing that a few mega-vitamins
couldn't cure.

ANNIE

Oh. And your first wife was Allison?

ALVY

My first... Yes, she was nice, but
you know, uh, it was my fault. I
was just... I was too crazy.

ANNIE

Oh.

INT. DARKENED BEDROOM-NIGHT

Alvy and Annie in bed together.

ANNIE

M'm, that was so nice. That was
nice.

ALVY

As Balzac said...

ANNIE

H'm?

ALVY

"There goes another novel."

(They laugh)

Jesus, you were great.

ANNIE

Oh, yeah?

ALVY

Yeah.

ANNIE

Yeah?

ALVY

Yeah, I'm-I'm-I'm a wreck.

ANNIE

No.

(She turns and looks
at Alvy, then laughs)

You're a wreck.

ALVY

Really. I mean it. I-I'll never
play the piano again.

ANNIE

(Lighting a joint and
laughing)

You're really nuts. I don't know,
you really thought it was good?
Tell me.

ALVY

Good? I was-

ANNIE

(Overlapping)

No.

ALVY

No, that was the most fun I've ever
had without laughing.

ANNIE

(Laughing)

Here, you want some?

ALVY

No, no, I-I-i, uh, I don't use any
major hallucinogenics because I took
a puff like five years ago at a party
and

ANNIE

Yeah?

ALVY

Tried to take my pants off over my
Head...

(Annie laughs)

... my ear.

ANNIE

Oh, I don't know, I don't really. I
don't do it very often, you know,
just sort of, er... relaxes me at
first.

ALVY

M'hm.

(He pushes himself up
from the bed and
looks down at Annie)

You're not gonna believe this, but-

ANNIE

What? What?

CUT TO:

INT. BOOKSTORE-DAY

Annie and Alvy browsing in crowded bookstore. Alvy, carrying two books, "Death and Western Thought" and "The Denial of Death", moves over to where Annie is looking.

ALVY

Hey?

ANNIE

H'm?

ALVY

I-I-I'm gonna buy you these books, I think, because I-I think you should read them. You know, instead of that cat book.

ANNIE

(Looking at the books
Alvy is bolding)

That's, uh...

(Laughing)

that's pretty serious stuff there.

ALVY

Yeah, 'cause I-I'm, you know, I'm, I'm obsessed with-with, uh, with death, think. Big-

ANNIE

(Overlapping)

Yeah?

ALVY

big subject with me, yeah.

ANNIE

Yeah?

They move over to the cashier line.

ALVY

(Gesturing)

I've a very pessimistic view of life. You should know this about me if we're gonna go out, you know. I-I-I feel that life is-is divided up into the horrible and the miserable.

ANNIE

M'hm.

ALVY

Those are the two categories...

ANNIE

M'hm.

ALVY

... you know, they're- The-the horrible would be like, uh, I don't know, terminal cases, you know?

ANNIE

M'hm.

ALVY

And blind people, crippled...

ANNIE

Yeah.

ALVY

I don't-don't know how they get through life. It's amazing to me.

ANNIE

M'hm.

ALVY

You know, and the miserable is everyone else. That's-that's all. So-so when you go through life you should be thankful that you're miserable, because that's- You're very lucky... to be...

(Overlapping Annie's
laughter)

... to be miserable.

ANNIE

U-huh.

EXT. PARK-DAY

It's a beautiful sunny day in Central Park. People are sitting on benches, others strolling, some walking dogs. One woman stands feeding cooing pigeons.

Alvy's and Annie's voices are heard off screen as they observe the scene before them. An older man and woman walk into view.

ALVY

Look, look at that guy.

ANNIE

M'hm.

ALVY

There's-there's-there's-there's Mr. When-in-the-Pink, Mr. Miami Beach, there, you know?

(Over Annie's laughter)

He's the latest! just came back from the gin-rummy farm last night. He placed third.

ANNIE

(Laughing)

M'hm. Yeah. Yeah.

The camera shows them sitting side by side relaxed on a bench.

ALVY

(Watching two men approach, one lighting a cigar)

Look at these guys.

ANNIE

Yeah.

ALVY

Oh, that's hilarious. They're back from Fire Island. They're... they're sort of giving it a chance-you know what I mean?

ANNIE

Oh! Italian, right?

ALVY

Yeah, he's the Mafia. Linen Supply Business or Cement and Contract, you know what I mean?

ANNIE
 (Laughing)
 Oh, yeah.

ALVY
 No, I'm serious.
 (Over Annie's laughter)
 I just got my mustache wet.

ANNIE
 Oh, yeah?

ALVY
 (As another man walks
 by)
 And there's the winner of the Truman
 Capote look-alike contest.

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

Alvy and Annie walk almost in silhouette along the dock, the New York City skyline in the background. Alvy has his arm around Annie and they walk slowly.

No one else is around.

ANNIE
 You see, like you and I...

ALVY
 You are extremely sexy.

ANNIE
 No, I'm not.

ALVYU
 Nbelievably sexy. Yes, you are.
 Because... you know what you are?
 You're-you're polymorphously perverse.

ANNIE
 Well, what does-what does that mean?
 I don't know what that is.

ALVY
 Uh... uh, you're-you're exceptional
 in bed because you got-you get
 pleasure in every part of your body
 when I touch you.

ANNIE
 Ooooh!

They stop walking. Holding Annie's arms, Alvy turns her to face him.

The South Street Bridge, lit up for the night, is in the background.

ALVY

You know what I mean? Like the tip o'your nose, and if I stroke your teeth or your kneecaps... you get excited.

ANNIE

Come on.

(Laughing)

Yeah. You know what? You know, I like you, I really mean it. I really do like you.

ALVY

You- Do you love me?

ANNIE

Do I love you?

ALVY

That's the key question.

ANNIE

Yeah.

ALVY

I know you've only known me a short while.

ANNIE

Well, I certainly... I think that's very- Yeah, yeah...

(Laughing)

yeah. Do you love me?

ALVY

I-uh, love is, uh, is too weak a word for what...

ANNIE

Yeah.

ALVY

love you.

(Over Annie's laughter)

You know I lo-ove you, I-I love you.

(Over Annie's laughter)

I-I have to invent- Of course I love you.

ANNIE

Yeah.

ALVY
(Putting his arms
around her neck)
Don't you think I do?

ANNIE
I dunno.

They kiss as a foghorn sounds in the distance.

INT. ALVY'S APARTMENT

Alvy, somewhat distraught, is following Annie around his apartment, which is filled with boxes and suitcases, clothes and framed pictures. They both carry cartons.

ALVY
Whatta you mean? You're not gonna
give up your own apartment, are you?

ANNIE
(Putting down the
carton)
Of course.

ALVY
Yeah, bu-bu-but why?

ANNIE
Well, I mean, I'm moving in with
you, that's why.

ALVY
Yeah, but you-you got a nice
apartment.

ANNIE
I have a tiny apartment.

ALVY
Yeah, I know it's small.

ANNIE
(Picking up the
suitcases and walking
into the bedroom)
That's right, and it's got bad
plumbing and bugs.

ALVY

(Picking up some pictures and following Annie into the bedroom)
All right, granted, it has bad plumbing and bugs, but you-you say that like it's a negative thing. You know, bugs are-are-uh, entomology is a...

(Annie, reacting, tosses the suitcases and some loose clothing onto the bed. She sits down on the edge, looking away. Alvy walks in, pictures and carton in hand, still talking)
... rapidly growing field.

ANNIE

You don't want me to live with you?

ALVY

How- I don't want you to live with me? How- Whose idea was it?

ANNIE

Mine.

ALVY

Ye-ah. Was it... It was yours actually, but, uh, I approved it immediately.

ANNIE

I guess you think that I talked you into something, huh?
(putting pictures on the mantel)

ALVY

No-what, what...? I... we live together, we sleep together, we eat together. Jesus, you don't want it to be like we're married, do yuh?

He moves over to the carton of books on the window seat and reaches in. He starts tossing books off screen.

ANNIE

(Looking up at Alvy)
How is it any different?

ALVY

(Gesturing)

It's different 'cause you keep your own apartment.

(Holding a book, he starts walking around the room)

Because you know it's there, we don't have to go to it, we don't have to deal with it, but it's like a-a-a free-floating life raft... that we know that we're not married.

He tosses the book on the bed and walks back to the window seat.

ANNIE

(Still sitting on the bed)

That little apartment is four hundred dollars a month, Alvy.

ALVY

(Looking at Annie)

That place is four hundred dollars a month?

ANNIE

Yes, it is.

ALVY

(Whistling)

It's-it's got bad plumbing and bugs. Jesus, I'll-My accountant will write it off as a tax deduction, I'll pay for it.

ANNIE

(Shaking her head)

You don't think I'm smart enough to be serious about.

ALVY

Hey, don't be ridiculous.

Alvy moves over to the bed and sits down next to Annie.

ANNIE

Then why are you always pushing me to take those college courses like I was dumb or something?

ALVY
 (Putting his hand to
 his forehead)
 'Cause adult education's a wonderful
 thing. You meet a lotta interesting
 professors. You know, it's
 stimulating.

EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY - DAY

Annie and Alvy, in Annie's VW, driving to their summerhouse. The camera moves with them as they pass a house with a lighted window, blooming foliage. There is no dialogue, but it is a comfortable quiet. Classical music plays in the background.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT

Annie, sitting cross-legged on a wooden chest in the bedroom, is browsing through a school catalogue. Alvy lies in bed reading.

ANNIE
 (Reading)
 Does this sound like a good course?
 Uh, "Modern American Poetry"? Uh,
 or, uh-let's see now... maybe I
 should, uh, take "Introduction to
 the Novel."

ALVY
 Just don't take any course where
 they make you read Beowulf.

ANNIE
 What?
 (Laughing)
 Hey, listen, what-what do you think?
 Do you think we should, uh, go to
 that-that party in Southampton
 tonight?

Alvy leans over and kisses her shoulder.

ALVY
 No, don't be silly. What-what do we
 need other people for?
 (He puts his arms
 around her neck,
 kissing her, Annie
 making muffled sounds)
 You know, we should-we should just
 turn out the lights, you know, and
 play hide and seek or something.

ANNIE

(Laughing)

Well, okay. Well, listen, I'm gonna get a cigarette, okay?

ALVY

(Yelling out to her
as she leaves the
room)

Yeah, grass, right? The illusion that it will make a white woman more like Billie Holiday.

ANNIE

(Off screen)

Well, have you ever made love high?

ALVY

Me, no. You... I-I-you know, if I have grass or alcohol or anything I get unbearably wonderful. I get too, too wonderful for words. You know, I don't-I don't know why you have to, uh, get high every time we make love.

ANNIE

(Moving back into the
room and lighting a
joint)

It relaxes me.

ALVY

Oh, you-you have to be artificially relaxed before we can go to bed?

ANNIE

(Closing the door)

Well, what's the difference, anyway?

ALVY

Well, I'll give you a shot of sodium pentothal. You can sleep through it.

ANNIE

Oh, come on, look who's talking. You've been seeing a psychiatrist for fifteen years.

(She gets into bed
and takes a puff of
marijuana)

You should smoke some o' this. You'd be off the couch in no time.

ALVY

Oh, come, you don't need that.

Alvy, sitting down on the bed, moves over to Annie and takes the weed from her.

ANNIE

What are you doing?

ALVY

(Kissing her)

No, no, no, what... You can once, you can live without it once. Come on.

ANNIE

Oh, no, Alvy, please. Alvy, please.
(Laughing and making sounds)

M'mrnm.

ALVY

M'm, wait, I got a great idea.

(He gets up and goes over to the closet, taking out a light bulb. He goes back to the bed and turns out the lamp on the night table)

Hang in there for a second. I got a little-little artifact. A little erotic artifact, that-that I brought up from the city, which I think, uh, is gonna be perfect.

(He turns the lamp back on, having replaced the bulb with the red one from the closet)

I just... there... There's a little Old New Orleans... essence. Now-now we can go about our business here and we can even develop photographs if we want to. There, now there.

(He undresses and crawls into bed, taking Annie in his arms)

M'mmm. M'mmm. Hey, is something wrong?

ANNIE

Uh-uh-why?

ALVY
 don't know. You- It's like you're-
 you're removed.

ANNIE
 No, I'm fine.

As Annie speaks, her inner self (ghostlike, moves up from the bed and) sits down on a chair, watching.

ALVY
 Really?

ANNIE
 U-huh.

ALVY
 I don't know, but you seem sort of
 distant.

ANNIE
 Let's just do it, all right?

ALVY
 (Kissing and caressing
 Annie)
 Is it my imagination or are you just
 going through the motions?

ANNIE'S SPIRIT
 Alvy, do you remember where I put my
 drawing pad? Because while you two
 are doing that, I think I'm gonna do
 some drawing.

ALVY
 (Reacting)
 You see, that's what I call removed.

ANNIE
 Oh, you have my body.

ALVY
 Yeah, but that's not-that's no good.
 I want the whole thing.

ANNIE
 (Sighing)
 Well, I need grass and so do you.

ALVY
 Well, it ruins it for me if you have
 grass

(MORE)

ALVY (CONT'D)
 (Clearing his throat)
 Because, you know, I'm, like, a
 comedian-

ANNIE
 (Overlapping)
 M'hm.

ALVY
 (Overlapping)
 so if I get a laugh from a person
 who's high, it doesn't count. You
 know-'cause they're always laughin'.

ANNIE
 Were you always funny?

ALVY
 Hey, what is this-an interview?
 We're supposed to be making love.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE.

A typical old-fashioned theatrical agency in a Broadway office building.

Autographed 8 X 12 is plastered in the sloppy room. The agent, chewing a cigar, sits behind his desk talking to one of his clients, a comedian, who stands with his hands in his pockets. A young Alvy sits stiffly in a chair nearby watching.

AGENT
 This guy is naturally funny. I think
 he can write for you.

COMIC
 (Buttoning his jacket)
 Yeah, yeah. Hey, kid, he tells me
 you're really good. Well, lemme
 explain a little bit o' how I work.
 You know, you can tell right off the
 bat that I don't look like a funny
 guy when I come-you know, like some
 o' the guys that come out. You know,
 right away
 (Gesturing)
 they're gonna tell yuh their stories,
 you're gonna fall down, but I gotta
 be really talented.

(MORE)

COMIC (CONT'D)

Material's gotta be sensational for me 'cause I work, you know, with very, very... Come on, I'm kinda classy, you know what I mean? Uh... uh... lemme explain. For instance, I open with an opening song. A musical start like

(Ad-lib singing)

and I walk out

(Ad-lib singing)

"Place looks wonderful from here and you folks look wonderful from here!

(Singing)

"And seein' you there With a smile on your face Makes me shout This must be the place." Then I stop right in the middle and then I open with some jokes. Now, that's where I need you, right there. For instance, like I say, "Hey, I just got back from Canada, you know, they speak a lotta French up there. The only way to remember Jeanne d'Arc means the light's out in the bathroom!"

(He laughs. Seated

Alvy looks up smiling)

"Oh, I met a big lumberjack..."

ALVY'S VOICE

(To himself)

Jesus, this guy's pathetic.

COMIC

(Overlapping above speech)

... big lumberjack...

ALVY'S VOICE

(To himself while the comic continues his routine)

Look at him mincing around, like he thinks he's real cute. You wanna throw up. If only I had the nerve to do my own jokes. I don't know how much longer I can keep this smile frozen on my face. I'm in the wrong business, I know it.

COMIC

(Overlapping above
speech)

"Cherie, come back. I love you.

(Shaking his lips and
mimicking)

But, uh, Cheri, what will I do with
this, uh?' He says, 'Aw, Marie,
sometime you make me so mad.'"

(Laughing)

Oh, they scream at that. Now, write
me somethin' like that, will yuh?
Kinda French number, can yuh do it?
Huh, kid?

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

The darkened auditorium is filled with college students
applauding and cheering, excited, as Alvy stands on
spotlighted stage holding the microphone.

ALVY

(Gesturing)

W-where am I? I-I keep... I have to
reorient myself. This is the
University of Wisconsin, right? So
I'm always... I'm tense and... uh,
when I'm playin' a col- I've a very
bad history with colleges. You know,
I went to New York University and,
uh, tsch, I was thrown out of NYU my
freshman year... for cheating on my
metaphysics final.

You know, I looked within the soul
of the boy sitting next to me-

(The audience laughs;
they're with him)

and when I was thrown out, my mother,
who's an emotionally high-strung
woman, locked herself in the bathroom
and took an overdose of mah-jongg
tiles.

(More applause and
laughter)

And, uh, tsch, I was depressed. I
was... in analysis, I-I, uh, was
suicidal; as a matter of fact, uh, I
would have killed myself but I was
in analysis with a strict Freudian
and if you kill yourself... they
make you pay for the sessions you
miss.

INT. BACKSTAGE OF THEATER.

Students mill around Alvy banding him pens and paper for autographs.

Annie is next to him, talking over the chattering fans.

ANNIE

Alvy, you were... Alvy, you were just great, I'm not kidding. It was- You were so neat.

ALVY

C-c-coll- College audiences are so wonderful.

ANNIE

Yeah. Yeah. And you know something? I think that I'm starting to get more of your references, too.

ALVY

Are yuh?

ANNIE

Yeah.

ALVY

Well, the twelve o'clock show is completely different than the nine.

YOUNG WOMAN

(Interrupting)

May I have your autograph?

ANNIE

(Over lapping above speech)

Oh.

ALVY

(To Annie, while autographing)

You're so sure about it.

ANNIE

Oh, I'm really, uh, looking forward to tomorrow. I mean, you know, I think that it'll be really nice to meet Mother and Father.

They start moving toward the exit, a girl snapping a picture of Alvy with a flash camera as they walk through the crowd.

ALVY

Yeah, I know, they'll hate me immediately.

(To one of his fans)

Thank you.

ANNIE

No, I don't think so. No, I don't think they're gonna hate you at all. On the contrary, I think-

ALVY

Yeah.

ANNIE

It's Easter. You know, we'll have a nice dinner, we'll sit down and eat. I think they're gonna really like you.

EXT. ANNIE'S PARENTS' HOME-DAY

The camera shows a neat two-story house surrounded by a well-manicured green

LAWN, THEN CUTS TO:

INT. DINING ROOM.

Alvy and the Halls are eating Easter dinner. The sun is pouring through a big picture window, shining on a large, elegantly laid out table. Alvy sits, at one end,- rubbing his nose and chewing, the Halls flanking him on either side: Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Grammy, and Annie's brother, Duane.

MOM HALL

(Holding her wine glass)

It's a nice ham this year, Mom.

Grammy Hall takes a sip of her wine and nods.

ANNIE

(Smiling at Duane)

Oh, yeah. Grammy always does such a good job.

DAD HALL

(Chewing)

A great sauce.

ALVY

It is.

(Smacking his lips)

It's dynamite ham.

Grammy Hall stares down the table at Alvy; a look of utter dislike. Alvy tries not to notice.

MOM HALL

(To Dad Hall, smoothing
her hair)

We went over to the swap meet. Annie,
Gram and I. Got some nice picture
frames.

ANNIE

We really had a good time.

Grammy continues to stare at Alvy; he is now dressed in the long black coat and hat of the Orthodox Jew, complete with mustache and beard.

MOM HALL

(Lighting a cigarette
and turning to Alvy)

Ann tells us that you've been seeing
a psychiatrist for fifteen years.

ALVY

(Setting down his
glass and coughing)

Yes. I'm making excellent progress.
Pretty soon when I lie down on his
couch, I won't have to wear the
lobster bib.

Mom Hall reacts by sipping from her glass and frowning. Grammy continues to stare.

DAD HALL

Duane and I went out to the boat
basin.

DUANE

We were caulkin' holes all day.

DAD HALL

Yeah.

(Laughing)

Randolph Hunt was drunk, as usual.

MOM HALL

Oh, that Randolph Hunt. You remember
Randy Hunt, Annie. He was in the
choir with you.

ANNIE

Oh, yes, yes.

Alvy, leaning his elbow on the table, looks out toward the camera.

ALVY

(To the audience)

I can't believe this family.

(Making chewing sounds)

Annie's mother. She really's beautiful.

And they're talkin' swap meets and boat basins, and the old lady at the end of the table-

(Pointing to Grammy)

-is a classic Jew hater. And, uh, they, they really look American, you know, very healthy and... like they never get sick or anything. Nothing like my family. You know, the two are like oil and water.

The screen splits in half - on the right is Alvy's family - his mother, father, aunt and uncle-busily eating at the crowded kitchen table. They eat quickly and interrupt one another loudly. On the left the Halls in their dining room.

Both dialogues overlap, juxtaposed.

ALVY'S FATHER

Let 'im drop dead! Who needs his business?!

ALVY'S MOTHER

His wife has diabetes!

ALVY'S FATHER

Di-diabetes? Is that any excuse? Diabetes?

ALVY'S UNCLE

The man is fifty years old and doesn't have a substantial job.

ALVY'S AUNT

(Putting more meat on her husband's plate)

Is that a reason to steal from his father?

ALVY'S UNCLE

Whatta you talkin' about? You don't know what you're talking about.

ALVY'S AUNT

Yes, I know what I'm talking about.

ALVY'S MOTHER
(Interrupting)
George, defend him!

ALVY'S UNCLE
(Over Alvy's father's
muttering)
No Moskowitz he had a coronary.

ALVY'S AUNT
You don't say.

ALVY'S MOTHER
We fast.

MOM HALL
Stupid Thelma Poindexter... to the
Veterans Hospital.

DAD HALL
My God, he's the new president of
the El Regis. Let me tell you, the
man is somethin' else.

MOM HALL
That's Jack's wife. We used to make
that outta raisins.

ANNIE
Oh, yes, that's right. Did you see
the new play?

MOM HALL
Oh, you remember her, Annie.

ANNIE
Yes, I do.

The two families start talking back and forth to one another.
The screen is still split.

MOM HALL
How do you plan to spend the holidays,
Mrs. Singer?

DAD HALL
Fast?

ALVY'S FATHER
Yeah, no food. You know, we have to
atone for our sins.

MOM HALL
What sins? I don't understand.

ALVY'S FATHER

Tell you the truth, neither do we.

CUT TO:

INT. DUANE'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Duane, sitting on his bed, sees Alvy walking past the open door.

DUANE

Alvy.

ALVY

(Walking in)

Oh, hi, Duane, how's it goin'?

DUANE

This is my room.

ALVY

(Looking around)

Oh, yeah?

(He clears his throat)

Terrific.

DUANE

Can I confess something?

Alvy sighs and sits down, leaning his arm on Duane's dresser. Duane's face is big lighted by a single lamp.

DUANE

I tell you this because, as an artist, I think you'll understand. Sometimes when I'm driving... on the road at night... I see two headlights coming toward me. Fast. I have this sudden impulse to turn the wheel quickly, head-on into the oncoming car. I can anticipate the explosion. The sound of shattering glass. The... flames rising out of the flowing gasoline.

ALVY

(Reacting and clearing his throat)

Right. Tsch, well, I have to-I have to go now, Duane, because I-I'm due back on the planet earth.

He slowly gets up and moves toward the door.

INT. THE HALLS' LIVING ROOM.

Mom and Dad Hall walk into the living room; Annie is with them.

MOM HALL
Now, don't let it be so long, now.

ANNIE
No.

DAD HALL
And look up Uncle Bill, you promise.

ANNIE
Okay. Okay.

MOM HALL
Oh, he's adorable, Annie.

ANNIE
You think so? Do you really?

MOM HALL
We're going to take them to the airport.

DAD HALL
Oh, no-Duane can. I haven't finished my drink.

ANNIE
Yes, Duane is. I'll be right-

MOM HALL
M'mmm.

ANNIE
just have time to get the, uh-

She walks out of the room as Mom and Dad Hall kiss.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Duane, behind the wheel, stares straight ahead. It is raining very hard, the windshield wipers are moving quickly. The headlights of another car brightens the interior of Duane's car as the camera shows first Duane, then Annie, then Alvy tensely staring straight ahead.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The camera holds on a quiet New York City street; the buildings, brownstones.

It's a warm day-people sit on front stoops, window boxes are planted. Annie walks into the frame first, then Alvy, who is walking to her right. They walk quickly, side by side, their voices heard before they move into the frame.

ANNIE

(Off screen)

You followed me. I can't believe it!

ALVY

(Off screen)

I didn't follow you!

ANNIE

You followed me!

ALVY

Why? 'Cause I... was walkin' along a block behind you staring at you? That's not following!

ANNIE

Well, what is your definition of following?

ALVY

(Gasping)

Following is different. I was spying.

ANNIE

Do you realize how paranoid you are?

ALVY

Paranoid? I'm looking at you. You got your arms around another guy.

ANNIE

That is the worst kind of paranoia.

ALVY

Yeah-well, I didn't start out spying. I-I thought I'd surprise yuh. Pick you up after school.

ANNIE

Yeah-well, you wanted to keep the relationship flexible, remember? It's your phrase.

ALVY

Oh, stop it. But you were having an affair with your college professor.

(MORE)

ALVY (CONT'D)

That jerk that teaches that incredible
crap course "Contemporary Crisis in
Western Man"!

ANNIE

"Existential Motifs in Russian
Literature"!
You're really close.

ALVY

What's the difference? It's all
mental masturbation.

ANNIE

(Stopping for a moment)
Oh, well, now we're finally getting
to a subject you know something about!

She walks away.

ALVY

(Catching up to her)
Hey, don't knock masturbation! It's
sex with someone I love.

ANNIE

(Continuing to walk
quickly)
We're not having an affair. He's
married. He just happens to think
I'm neat.

ALVY

(Still walking next
to her)
"Neat"! There's that- What are you-
twelve years old? That's one o'
your Chippewa Falls expressions!
"He thinks I'm neat."

ANNIE

Who cares? Who cares?

ALVY

Next thing you know he'll find you
keen and peachy, you know? Next
thing you know he's got his hand on
your ass!

They both stop in the middle of the street.

ANNIE

You've always had hostility toward
David ever since I mentioned him!

ALVY
David? You call your teacher David?

ANNIE
It's his name.

ALVY
Well, listen, that's, a nice bi-it's
a biblical name. Right? W-What
does he call you? Bathsheba?

He walks away.

ANNIE
(Calling after him)
Alvy! Alvy! You're the one who
never wanted to make a real
commitment. You don't think I'm
smart enough! We had that argument
just last month, or don't ou remember
that day?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN.

Alvy is at the sink washing dishes as the screen cuts to the
scene of last month's argument. Annie's voice is heard.

ANNIE
(Off screen)
I'm home!

ALVY
(Turning)
Oh, yeah? How'd it go?

ANNIE
(Comes into the kitchen
and puts down a bag
of groceries on the
kitchen table)
Oh, it was...
(Laughing)
really weird. But she's a very nice
woman.

ALVY
Yeah?

ANNIE
And I didn't have to lie down on the
couch, Alvy, she had me sitting up.
(MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)

So I told her about-about the-the family and about my feelings toward men and about my relationship with my brother.

ALVY

M'm.

ANNIE

And then she mentioned penis envy... Did you know about that?

ALVY

Me? I'm-I'm one of the few males who suffers from that, so, so... you know.

ANNIE

M'hm.

ALVY

G-go on, I'm interested.

ANNIE

Well, she said that I was very guilty about my impulses toward marriage, and-and children.

ALVY

M'hm.

ANNIE

And then I remembered when I was a kid how I accidentally saw my parents making love.

ALVY

Tsch. Rea- All this happened in the first hour?

ANNIE

M'hm.

ALVY

That's amazing. I-I-I... I've been goin' for fifteen years, I-you know, don't got... nothing like that in-

ANNIE

Oh, I told her my dream and then I cried.

ALVY
 You cried? I've never once cried.
 Fantastic...

ANNIE
 (Taking groceries
 from the bag)
 Yeah.

ALVY
 I whine. I-I-I sit and I whine.

ANNIE
 In-in... Alvy, in my dream Frank
 Sinatra is holding his pillow across
 my face and I can't breathe.

ALVY
 Sinatra?

ANNIE
 Yeah, and he's strangling me...

ALVY
 Yeah?

ANNIE
 and I keep, you know, it's-

ALVY
 (Taking a bottle of
 juice and some celery
 from the bag)
 Well, well, sure... because he's a
 singer and you're a singer, you know,
 so it's perfect. So you're trying
 to suffocate yourself. It-it makes
 perfect sense. Uh, uh, that's a
 perfect analytic... kind of insight.

ANNIE
 (Pointing her finger
 at Alvy)
 She said, your name was Alvy Singer.

ALVY
 (Turning to Annie)
 Whatta you mean? Me?

ANNIE
 Yeah, yeah, yeah, you. Because in
 the dream... I break Sinatra's
 glasses.

ALVY

(Putting his band to
his mouth)

Sinatra had gl- You never said Sinatra
had glasses. So whatta you saying
that I-I'm suffocating you?

ANNIE

(Turning, ajar in her
hand)

Oh, and God, Alvy, I did... this
really terrible thing to him. Because
then when he sang it was in this
real high-pitched voice.

ALVY

(Thinking)

Tsch, what'd the doctor say?

ANNIE

(Putting away some
groceries)

Well, she said that I should probably
come five times a week. And you
know something? I don't think I
mind analysis at all. The only
question is, Will it change my wife?

ALVY

Will it change your wife?

ANNIE

Will it change my life?

ALVY

Yeah, but you said, "Will it change
my wife"!

ANNIE

No, I didn't.

(Laughing)

I said, "Will it change my life,"
Alvy.

ALVY

You said, "Will it change. . ." Wife.
Will it change...

ANNIE

(Yelling out, angry)

Life. I said, "life."

Alvy turns toward the camera.

ALVY

(To the audience)

She said, "Will it change my wife."
You heard that because you were there
so I'm not crazy.

ANNIE

And, Alvy... and then I told her
about how I didn't think you'd ever
really take me seriously, because
you don't think that I'm smart enough.

She walks out of the room.

ALVY

(To Annie's back,
gesturing)

Why do you always bring that up?
Because I encourage you to take adult-
education courses? I think it's a
wonderful thing.

You meet wonderful, interesting professors'.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

Annie stands at the open door of a cab, Alvy next to her
gesturing as people and cars move by.

ALVY

Adult education is such junk! The
professors are so phony. How can
you do it?

ANNIE

A bit rapidly. I don't care what
you say about David, he's a perfectly
fine teacher!

ALVY

(Interrupting)

David! David! I can't believe this!

ANNIE

And what are you doing following me
around for, anyway?

ALVY

I'm following you and David, if you-

ANNIE
(Interrupting)
I just think we oughta call this
relationship quits!

Annie gets into the cab; Alvy leans over and closes the door.

ALVY
That's fine. That's fine. That's
great!
(He turns toward the
camera as the cab
drives away)
Well, I don't know what I did wrong.
(Gesturing)
I mean, I can't believe this.
Somewhere she cooled off to me!
(He walks up to an
older woman walking
down the street
carrying groceries)
Is it-is it something that I did?

WOMAN ON THE STREET
Never something you do. That's how
people are. Love fades.

She moves on down the street.

ALVY
(Scratching his head)
Love fades. God, that's a depressing
thought. Have to ask you a question.
(He stops another
passer-by, a man)
Don't go any further. Now, with
your wife in bed, d-d-does she need
some kind o' artificial stimulation
like-like marijuana?

MAN ON THE STREET
We use a large vibrating egg.

He walks on.

ALVY
(Continuing to walk)
Large vibrating egg. Well, I ask a
psychopath, I get that kind of an
answer. Jesus, I-I, uh, here...
(MORE)

ALVY (CONT'D)

(He moves up the sidewalk to a young trendy-looking couple, arms wrapped around each other)

You-you look like a really happy couple. Uh, uh... are you?

YOUNG WOMAN

Yeah.

ALVY

Yeah! So... so h-h-how do you account for it?

YOUNG WOMAN

Uh, I'm very shallow and empty and I have no ideas and nothing interesting to say.

YOUNG MAN

And I'm exactly the same way.

ALVY

I see. Well, that's very interesting. So you've managed to work out something, huh?

YOUNG MAN

Right.

YOUNG WOMAN

Yeah.

ALVY

Oh, well, thanks very much for talking to me.

He continues to walk past some other passersby and moves into the street. A mounted policeman comes by and stops near him. Alvy looks at the horse, as if to speak.

ALVY'S VOICE-OVER

You know, even as a kid I always went for the wrong women. I think that's my problem. When my mother took me to see Snow White, everyone fell in love with Snow White. I immediately fell for the Wicked Queen.

The scene dissolves into a sequence from the animated Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. The Wicked Queen, resembling Annie, sits in the palace before her mirror.

Alvy, as a cartoon figure, sits beside her, arms crossed in front of him.

WICKED QUEEN

We never have any fun anymore.

CARTOON FIGURE ALVY

How can you say that?

WICKED QUEEN

Why not? You're always leaning on me to improve myself.

CARTOON FIGURE ALVY

You're just upset. You must be getting your period.

WICKED QUEEN

I don't get a period! I'm a cartoon character. Can't I be upset once in a while?

Rob, as a cartoon figure, enters and sits down on the other side of the Wicked Queen.

CARTOON FIGURE ROB

Max, will you forget about Annie? I know lots of women you can date.

CARTOON FIGURE ALVY

I don't wanna go out with any other women.

CARTOON FIGURE ROB

Max, have I got a girl for you. You are going to love her. She's a reporter-

The cartoon figures of Alvy and Rob walk past the Wicked Queen; the screen dissolves into the interior of a concert ball. Rob's voice carries over from the cartoon scene as the screen shows Alvy with the female reporter. It's very crowded, noisy; policeman and reporters are everywhere. Alvy stands with his hands in his pockets, watching the commotion.

CARTOON FIGURE ROB'S VOICE-OVER

for Rolling Stone.

FEMALE REPORTER

I think there are more people here to see the Maharishi than there were to see the Dylan concert.

(MORE)

FEMALE REPORTER (CONT'D)
 I covered the Dylan concert... which gave me chills.
 Especially when he sang "She takes just like a woman And she makes love just like a woman Yes, she does And she aches just like a woman But she breaks just like a little girl."
 (They move toward the aisles as a guard holds up his hands to stop them)
 Up to that I guess the most charismatic event I covered was Mick's Birthday when the Stones played Madison Square Garden.

ALVY
 (Laughing)
 Man, that's great. That's just great.

REPORTER
 You catch Dylan?

ALVY
 (Coughing)
 Me? No, no. I-I couldn't make it that ni- My-my raccoon had hepatitis.

REPORTER
 You have a raccoon?

ALVY
 (Gesturing)
 Tsch, a few.

REPORTER
 The only word for this is transplendid. It's trans-plendid.

ALVY
 I can think of another word.

REPORTER
 He's God! I mean, this man is God! He's got millions of followers who would crawl all the way across the world just to touch the hem of his garment.

ALVY
 Really? It must be a tremendous hem.

REPORTER
I'm a Rosicrucian myself.

ALVY
Are you?

REPORTER
Yeah.

ALVY
I can't get with any religion that
advertises in Popular Mechanics.
Look-
(The Maharishi, a
small, chunky man,
walks out of the
men's room, huge
bodyguards flanking
him while policemen
bold back the crowds)
there's God coming outta the men's
room.

REPORTER
It's unbelievably trans-plendid! I
was at the Stones concert in Altamont
when they killed that guy, remember?

ALVY
Yeah, were yuh? I was-I was at an
Alice Cooper thing where six people
were rushed to the hospital with bad
vibes.

INT. ALVY'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

The reporter is sitting up in bed, lighted cigarette in her
hand. Alvy, lying next to her, rubs his eyes and puts on
his eyeglasses.

REPORTER
(Looking down at him)
I hope you don't mind that I took so
long to finish.

ALVY
(Sighing)
Oh, no, no, don't be... tsch... don't
be silly. You know,
(Yawning)
I'm startin' it-I'm startin' to get
some feeling back in my jaw now.

REPORTER

Oh, sex with you is really a
kafkaesque experience.

ALVY

Oh, tsch, thank you. H'm.

REPORTER

I mean that as a compliment.

ALVY

(Making sounds)

I think-I think there's too much
burden placed on the orgasm, you
know, to make up for empty areas in
life.

REPORTER

Who said that?

ALVY

(Rubbing his chin and
shoulder)

Uh, oh, I don't know. It might have
been Leopold and Loeb.

(The telephone rings.

Alvy picks it up,
rising up slightly
from the bed,
concerned, as he
talks)

Hello. Oh, hi... Uh, no, what-what's
the matter? What-what-what? You
sound terrible... No, what- Sure I-
Whatta yuh what kind of an
emergency?... No, well, stay there.
Stay there, I'll come over right
now. I'll come over right now.
Just stay there, I'll come right
over.

He hangs up. The reporter sits in bed still, taking in the
situation.

INT. ANNIE'S APARTMENT HALLWAY

Annie, looking slightly distraught, goes to open the door to
Alvy's knock.

ALVY

What's- It's me, open up.

ANNIE

(Opening the door)

Oh.

ALVY

Are you okay? What's the matter?
(They look at each other, Annie sighing)
Are you all right? What-

ANNIE

There's a spider in the bathroom.

ALVY

(Reacting)
What?

ANNIE

There's a big black spider in the bathroom.

ALVY

That's what you got me here for at three o'clock in the morning, 'cause there's a spider in the bathroom?

ANNIE

My God, I mean, you know how I am about insects.

ALVY

(Interrupting, sighing)
Ooh.

ANNIE

Can't sleep with a live thing crawling around in the bathroom.

ALVY

Kill it! For Go- What's wrong with you? Don't you have a can of Raid in the house?

ANNIE

(Shaking her head)
No.

Alvy, disgusted, starts waving his hands and starts to move into the living room.

ALVY

(Sighing)
I told you a thousand times you should always keep, uh, a lotta insect spray. You never know who's gonna crawl over.

ANNIE

(Following him)

I know, I know, and a first-aid kit
and a fire extinguisher.

ALVY

Jesus. All right, gimme a magazine.
I- 'cause I'm a little tired.

(While Annie goes of
to find him a
magazine, Alvy, still
talking, glances
around the apartment.
He notices a small
book on a cabinet
and picks it up.)

You know, you, you joke with-about
me, you make fun of me, but I'm
prepared for anything. An emergency,
a tidal wave, an earthquake. Hey,
what is this? What? Did you go to
a rock concert?

ANNIE

Yeah.

ALVY

Oh, yeah, really? Really? How-how'd
you like it? Was it-was it, I mean,
did it... was it heavy? Did it
achieve total heavy-ocity? Or was
it, uh...

ANNIE

It was just great!

ALVY

(Thumbing through the
book)

Oh, humdinger. When- Well, I got a
wonderful idea. Why don'tcha get
the guy who took you to the rock
concert, we'll call him and he can
come over and kill the spider. You
know, it's a-

He tosses the book down on the cabinet.

ANNIE

I called you; you wanna help me...
or not? H'h? Here.

She hands him a magazine.

ALVY

(Looking down at the
magazine)

What is this? What are you, since
when do you read the "National
Review"? What are you turning in
to?

ANNIE

(Turning to a nearby
chair for some gum
in her pocketbook)

Well, I like to try to get all points
of view.

ALVY

It's wonderful. Then why don'tcha
get William F. Buckley to kill the
spider?

ANNIE

(Spinning around to
face him)

Alvy, you're a little hostile, you
know that? Not only that, you look
thin and tired.

She puts a piece of gum in her mouth.

ALVY

Well, I was in be- It's three o'clock
in the morning. You, uh, you got me
outta bed, I ran over here, I couldn't
get a taxi cab. You said it was an
emergency, and I didn't ge- I ran up
the stairs. Hell - I was a lot more
attractive when the evening began.
Look, uh, tell- Whatta you- Are you
going with a right-wing rock-and
roll star? Is that possible?

ANNIE

(Sitting down on a
chair arm and looking
up at Alvy)

Would you like a glass of chocolate
milk?

ALVY

Hey, what am I-your son? Whatta you
mean? I-I came over TV --

ANNIE
 (Touching his chest
 with her hand)
 I got the good chocolate, Alvy.

ALVY
 Yeah, where is the spider?

ANNIE
 It really is lovely. It's in the
 bathroom.

ALVY
 Is he in the bathroom?

ANNIE
 (Rising from chair)
 Hey, don't squish it, and after it's
 dead, flush it down the toilet, okay?
 And flush it a couple o' times.

ALVY
 (Moving down the
 hallway to the
 bathroom)
 Darling, darling, I've been killing
 spiders since I was thirty, okay?

ANNIE
 (Upset, hands on her
 neck)
 Oh. What?

ALVY
 (Coming back into the
 living room)
 Very big spider.

ANNIE
 Yeah?

ALVY
 Two... Yeah. Lotta, lotta trouble.
 There's two of 'em.

Alvy starts walking down the hall again, Annie following.

ANNIE
 Two?

ALVY
 (Opening a closet
 door)
 Yep.

(MORE)

ALVY (CONT'D)
I didn't think it was that big, but
it's a major spider. You got a
broom or something with a-

ANNIE
Oh, I-I left it at your house.

ALVY
(Overlapping)
snow shovel or anything or something.

ANNIE
(Overlapping)
I think I left it there, I'm sorry.

Reaching up into the closet, Alvy takes out a covered tennis racquet.

ALVY
(Holding the racquet)
Okay, let me have this.

ANNIE
Well, what are you doing... what are
you doing with-

ALVY
Honey, there's a spider in your
bathroom the size of a Buick.

He walks into the bathroom, Annie looking after him.

ANNIE
Well, okay. Oooh.

Alvy stands in the middle of the bathroom, tennis racquet in one hand, rolled magazine in the other. He looks over at the shelf above the sink and picks up a small container. He holds it out, shouting off screen to Annie.

ALVY
Hey, what is this? You got black
soap?

ANNIE
(Off screen)
It's for my complexion.

ALVY
Whatta-whatta yuh joining a minstrel
show? Geez.

(MORE)

ALVY (CONT'D)

(Alvy turns and starts swapping the racquet over the shelf, knocking down articles and breaking glass)

Don't worry!

(He continues to swat the racquet all over the bathroom. He finally moves out of the room, hands close to his body. He walks into the other room, where Annie is sitting in a corner of her bed leaning against the wall)

I did it! I killed them both. What-
what's the matter? Whatta you-

(Annie is sobbing,
her hand over her
face)

whatta you sad about? You- What'd
you want me to do? Capture 'em and
rehabilitate 'em?

ANNIE

(Sobbing and taking
Alvy's arm)

Oh, don't go, okay? Please.

ALVY

(Sitting down next to
her)

Whatta you mean, don't go? Whatta-
whatta what's the matter? Whatta
you expecting termites? What's the
matter?

ANNIE

(Sobbing)

Oh, uh, I don't know. I miss you.
Tsch.

She beats her fist on the bed. Reacting, Alvy puts his arm around her shoulder and leans back against the wall.

ALVY

Oh, Jesus, really?

ANNIE
(Leaning on his
shoulder)
Oh, yeah. Oh.
(They kiss)
Oh! Alvy?

ALVY
What?

He touches her face gently as she wipes tears from her face.

ANNIE
Was there somebody in your room when
I called you?

ALVY
W-w-whatta you mean?

ANNIE
I mean was there another- I thought
I heard a voice.

ALVY
Oh, I had the radio on.

ANNIE
Yeah?

ALVY
I'm sorry. I had the television set
had the television-

ANNIE
Yeah.

Alvy pulls her to him and they kiss again.

CUT TO:

INT. ALVY'S BED

Alvy is lying in bed next to Annie, who is leaning on her
elbow looking down at him. He rubs her arms and she smiles.

ANNIE
Alvy, let's never break up again. I
don't wanna be apart.

ALVY
Oh, no, no, I think we're both much
too mature for something like that.

ANNIE

Living together hasn't been so bad,
has it?

ALVY

It's all right for me, it's been
terrific, you know? Better than
either one of my marriages. See,
'cause... 'cause there's just
something different about you. I
don't know what it is, but it's great.

ANNIE

(Snickering)

You know I think that if you let me,
maybe I could help you have more
fun, you know? I mean, I know it's
hard and... Yeah.

ALVY

I don't know.

ANNIE

Alvy, what about... what if we go
away this weekend, and we could-

ALVY

Tsch, why don't we get... why don't
we get Rob, and the three of us'll
drive into Brooklyn, you know, and
we show you the old neighborhood.

ANNIE

Okay, okay. Okay.

ALVY

That'd be fun for yuh. Don't you
think-

ANNIE

Yeah.

Alvy raises up his head and they kiss.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Annie is behind the wheel in her VW, Rob is beside her, Alvy
in the back seat leaning forward so that his head is between
them. They're driving down the highway.

ANNIE

me, my God, it's a great day!

ALVY
(Interrupting)
Hey, can yuh watch the road? Watch
the --

ROB
(Overlapping)
Yeah, watch the road!

ALVY
You'll total the whole car.

ANNIE
(Laughing)
Hey, you know, I never even visited
Brooklyn before.

ROB
I can't wait to see the old
neighborhood.

ALVY
Yeah, the neighborhood's gonna be
great.

ROB
We can show her the schoolyard.

ALVY
Right. I was a great athlete. Tell
her, Max, I was the best, I was all
schoolyard.

ROB
Yes, I remember.
(Annie laughs)
He was all schoolyard. They threw
him a football once, he tried to
dribble it.

ALVY
Yeah, well, I used to lose my glasses
a lot.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK.

Alvy Annie and Rob move toward the roller coaster on the
screen. The area's deserted. Sea gulls are heard.

ALVY
Oh, look, look, there's that... that's
that's my old house. That's where I
used to live.

ANNIE
 (Laughing)
 Holy cow!

ROB
 You're lucky, Max-where I used to
 live is now a pornographic equipment
 store.

Annie laughs.

ALVY
 I have some very good memories there.

ROB
 What kind of good memories, Max?
 Your mother and father fighting all
 the time.

ALVY
 Yeah, and always over the most
 ridiculous things.

FLASHBACK - INT. ALVY'S HOUSE.

Alvy's father sits in his chair. His mother is polishing a
 door while Alvy lies on the floor playing. Annie, adult
 Alvy and Rob quietly walk into the scene to watch.

ALVY'S FATHER
 You fired the cleaning woman?

ALVY'S MOTHER
 She was stealing.

ALVY'S FATHER
 But she's colored.

ALVY'S MOTHER
 SO?

ALVY'S FATHER
 So the colored have enough trouble.

ALVY'S MOTHER
 She was going through my pocketbook!

ALVY'S FATHER
 They're persecuted enough!

ALVY'S MOTHER
 Who's persecuting? She stole!

Alvy's father gets up and gets his hard hat. He sits back
 down and starts polishing it.

ALVY'S FATHER

All right-so we can afford it.

ALVY'S MOTHER

How can we afford it? On your pay?
What if she steals more?

ALVY'S FATHER

She's a colored woman, from Harlem!
She has no money! She's got a right
to steal from us! After all, who is
she gonna steal from if not us?

ADULT ALVY

(Yelling into the
scene)

You're both crazy!

ROB

They can't hear you, Max.

ALVY'S MOTHER

Leo... I married a fool!

ROB

(Pointing)

Hey, Max! Who's that?

As the three friends watch Alvy's old living room, the scene has suddenly shifted. A huge crowd stands around the room, laughing, eating, chatting and vibrating with the turns of the roller-coaster ride.

ALVY

It-it-it's the welcome-home party in
nineteen forty-five, for my cousin
Herbie.

ADULT ALVY

(Pointing)

Look, look, there's-there's that one
over there, that's Joey Nichols, he
was my-

(Young Alvy stands
next to Joey Nichols,
who's sitting in one
of the easy chairs.
They smile at each
other; people and
noise all around)

father's friend. He was always
bothering me when I was a kid.

JOEY

Joey Nichols.

(Laughing)

See. Nichols. See, Nichols!

(Joey shows young Alvy his cuff links and a tie pin, which are made from nickels, as Alvy stands with hands on hips, unconcerned. Joey then slaps his band to his forehead and puts a nickel on his forehead)

Yuh see, nickels! You can always remember my name, just think of Joey Five Cents.

(Laughing)

That's me. Joey Five Cents!

Joey grabs Alvy's cheeks and pinches them.

YOUNG ALVY

(Turning away)

What an asshole!

A group of women stands near a buffet table eating and listening to Alvy mother and her sister, Tessie, and a young girl, as the three friends watch.

ALVY'S MOTHER

I was always the sister with good common sense. But Tessie was always the one with personality. When she was younger, they all wanted to marry Tessie.

She touches Tessie's shoulder. Tessie starts to laugh.

ADULT ALVY

(Pointing, to Rob)

Do you believe that, Max? Tessie Moskowitz had the personality. She's the life of the ghetto, no doubt.

ALVY'S MOTHER

(To the young girl)

She was once a great beauty.

Tessie nods her head "yes."

ROB

Tessie, they say you were the sister with personality.

TESSIE
(Addressing the young
girl)
I was a great beauty.

ROB
Uh, how did this personality come
about?

TESSIE
(Grabbing the young
girl's cheek)
I was very charming.

ROB
There were many men interested in
you?

TESSIE
(To the young girl)
Oh, I was quite a lively dancer.

Tessie gyrates back and forth imitating a dancer while Annie
and the adult Alvy lean on each other laughing.

ROB
(Laughing)
That's pretty hard to believe.

EXT. STREET.

Alvy and Annie walk contentedly down a street; Alvy's arm is
draped around Annie. People walk by them on the street as
they move toward their apartment building.

ANNIE
Well, I had a really good day, you
know that? It was just a real fine
way to spend my birthday.

ALVY
Ah? Oh, well, your birthday's not
till tomorrow, honey, I hate to tell
yuh.

ANNIE
Yeah, but it's real close.

ALVY
Yeah, but no presents till midnight.

ANNIE
(Laughing)
Oh, darn it.

INT. APARTMENT

Annie and Alvy sit on the sofa. Annie's unwrapping a gift while Alvy watches.

ANNIE
(Making sounds)
This is-

(Making sounds)
Huh?

She pulls out flimsy black lingerie from the box.

ALVY
Happy birthday.

ANNIE
What is this? Is this a...Present?
(Laughing)
Are you kidding?

ALVY
Yeah, hey, why don't yuh try it on?

ANNIE
Uh, yeah, uh... t-t-this is more
like a present for you, yeah, but
it's-

ALVY
Try it... it'll add years to our sex
life.

ANNIE
(Looking up at Alvy
and laughing)
Uh huh. Yeah. Forget it.

Alvy leans over and hands her another box as she puts down the lingerie.

ALVY
Here's a real present.

ANNIE
(Opening the gift)
What... huh?

ALVY
Check it out.

ANNIE
Oh, yeah? What is this, anyway?
(MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Let me see. Okay, let's... oooh,
God!

(She takes out a watch
from the box)

Oh, you knew I wanted this...

(Laughing)

God, it's terrific, God!

ALVY

(Making sounds)

Yeah, I know. Just-just put on the
watch, and-and... that thing, and
we'll just...

ANNIE

(Laughing)

Oh! My God!

(Making sounds)

Alvy kisses Annie.

INT. NIGHT CLUB.

Annie, spotlighted onstage, stands in front of the microphone, smiling. She looks downward and sings "Seems Like Old Times." The audience applauds loudly as the music fades out.

ANNIE

(Laughing)

Thank you.

Alvy sits at the bar, clapping and staring at Annie as she walks over to him and sits down. The low murmur of the night club is surrounding them.

ALVY

(Reacting)

You were-you were sensational. I
mean, I-you know, I-I told yuh that
if yuh stuck to it, you would be
great, and-and, you know, I-I-you-
you were sensational.

ANNIE

(Looking at Alvy,
smiling)

Yeah, well, we have the, I mean,
they were just a terrific audience,
I mean, you know, it makes it really
easy for me, because I can be...
huh?

Tony, a famous record personality, pushes through the crowd, moving toward Alvy and Annie.

An entourage follows him as he makes his way to their table.

TONY

Excuse me.

He shakes hands with Annie, smiling.

ANNIE

Oh.

TONY

Hi, I'm-I'm Tony Lacey.

ANNIE

Well, hi!

TONY

Uh, we just wanted to stop by and say that we really enjoyed your sets.

ANNIE

(Laughing)

Oh, yeah, really, oh!

TONY

I though it was... very musical, and I liked it a lot.

ANNIE

Oh, neat... oh, that's very nice, gosh, thanks a lot.

TONY

Are you... are you recording? Or do- Are you with any label now?

ANNIE

(Laughing)

No, no, no, not at all.

TONY

Uh, well, I'd like to talk to you about that sometime, if you get a chance.

Seated Alvy looks the other way, reacting.

ANNIE

Oh. What about?

TONY

... of possibly working together.

ANNIE

(Looking for the first
time at Alvy)

Well, hey, that's, that's nice. Uh.
Oh, listen, this is, uh, Alvy Singer.
Do you know Alvy? Uh... and... uh...
Tony Lacey.

TONY

No, I don't-I don't know, but I-I
know your work. I'm a big fan of
yours.

Tony reaches over and shakes hands with Alvy. The nightclub crowd surrounds them all with their low chatter and cigarette smoke.

ALVY

Thank you very much. It's a pleasure.

TONY

(Turning to introduce
his entourage)

This is, uh, Shawn, and, uh... Bob
and Petronia.

ANNIE

Hi.

ENTOURAGE

Hi.

ANNIE

(Laughing)

Hi, hi, Bob...

TONY

Uh... w-we're going back to the
Pierre. We're staying at the
Pierre... and we're gonna meet Jack
and Angelica, and have a drink there,
and... if you'd like to come, uh,
we'd love to have you.

ANNIE

Yeah.

TONY

And we could just sit and talk...
nothing. Uh, not a big deal, it's
just relax, just be very mellow.

Annie and Tony and his entourage turn to look at Alvy.

ALVY
 (Fingers to his mouth,
 reacting)
 Remember, we had that thing.

ANNIE
 What thing?

ALVY
 (Staring at Annie and
 clearing his throat)
 Don't you remember we-we-we discussed
 that thing that we were-

ANNIE
 (Overlapping)
 Thing?

ALVY
 (Overlapping)
 yes, we had, uh...

ANNIE
 (Looking at Alvy,
 reacting)
 Oh, the thing! Oh, the thing...
 (Laughing)
 ... yeah... yeah.

Annie turns, looks at Tony as he smiles and gestures with his hands.

TONY
 Oh, well, I-if it's inconvenient,
 eh, we can't do it now... that's
 fine, too. W-w-w-we'll do it another
 time.

ANNIE
 Hey-

TONY
 Maybe if you're on the Coast, we'll
 get together and... and we'll meet
 there.

He shakes hands with Annie.

ANNIE
 (Reacting)
 Oh.

TONY
 It was a wonderful set.

ANNIE

Oh, gosh.

TONY

(Smiling)

I really enjoyed it.

(Looking at Alvy)

Nice to have metcha. Good night.

ENTOURAGE

Bye-bye.

ANNIE

Nice to see you... bye. Yeah. Bye.

She turns and looks at Alvy.

ALVY

(Reacting)

What's... you... well, what's the matter, You w-wanna go to that party?

ANNIE

(Looking down at her hands, then up at Alvy)

I don't know, I thought it might be kind of fun, you know what I mean, it'd be nice to meet some new people.

ALVY

(Sighing)

I'm just not... you know, I don't think I could take a mellow eve-'cause I-I don't respond well to mellow, you know what I mean, I-I have a tendency to... if I get too mellow, I-I ripen and then rot. You know, and it's-it's not good for my...

(Making sounds)

ANNIE

All right, all right, you don't wanna go to the party, so uh, whatta you wanna do?

INT. MOVIE THEATER.

The screen is projecting the beginning of "The Sorrow and the Pity": a street filled with fleeing cars, belongings tied on top and piled in the back seats.

SUBTITLES POP ON:

"The Jewish warmongers and Parisian plutocrats tried to flee with their gold and jewels" as a narrator explains in German.

CUT TO:

Split screen: Annie and her psychiatrist on the left; Alvy and his on the right. Annie, talking, sits in a white molded chair, as does her doctor.

The office is very modern: stark, white and chrome. Alvy, talking to his psychiatrist, lies on a deep leather sofa, the doctor seated away from him.

This office looks more like a well-worn den: bookcases overflowing, dark wood.

The dialogue is separated in each screen, though no one talks simultaneously.

ANNIE

(To her doctor)

That day in Brooklyn was the last day I remember really having a great time.

ALVY

(To his doctor)

Well, we never have any laughs anymore, is the problem.

ANNIE

Well, I've been moody and dissatisfied.

ALVY'S PSYCHIATRIST

How often do you sleep together?

ANNIE'S PSYCHIATRIST

Do you have sex often?

ALVY

Hardly ever. Maybe three times a week.

ANNIE

Constantly! I'd say three times a week. Like the other night, Alvy wanted to have sex.

ALVY

She would not sleep with me the other night, you know, it's-

ANNIE

And... I don't know... I mean, six months ago I-I woulda done it. I woulda done it, just to please him.

ALVY

I mean... I tried everything, you know, I-I-I put on soft music and my-my red light bulb, and...

ANNIE

But the thing is-I mean, since our discussions here, I feel I have a right to my own feelings. I think you woulda been happy because... uh, uh, I really asserted myself.

ALVY

The incredible thing about it is, I'm paying for her analysis and she's making progress and I'm getting screwed.

ANNIE

I don't know, though, I feel so guilty because Alvy is paying for it, so, you know, so I do feel guilty if I don't go to bed with him. But if I do go to bed with him, it's like I'm going against my own feelings. I don't know I-I can't win.

ALVY

(Simultaneously, with Annie)

You know... it's getting expensive my analyst... for her analyst. She-she's making progress and I'm not making any progress. Her progress is defeating my progress.

ANNIE

(Simultaneously, with Alvy)

Sometimes I think-sometimes I think I should just live with a woman.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT

Alvy and Annie sit close together on the sofa in some friends' apartment.

Their friends, another couple, stand behind the sofa in the background.

Excited, they talk almost all at once.

WOMAN FRIEND

Wow, I don't believe it... you mean to tell me you guys have never snorted coke?

ANNIE

Well, I always wanted to try, you know, but, uh, Alvy, uh... he's very down on it.

ALVY

Hey, don't put it on me. You kn- Wh- what is it, I don't wanna put a wad of white powder in my nose 'cause the-the nasal membranes...

They all start talking at once.

ANNIE

You never wanna try anything new, Alvy.

ALVY

(Counting on his fingers)

How can you say that? I mean, (Making sounds)

who said I-I-I-I said that you, I and that girl from your acting class should sleep together in a threesome.

ANNIE

(Reacting)

That's sick!

ALVY

Yeah, I know it's sick, but it's new. You know, you didn't say it couldn't be sick.

Annie laughs, chatters.

WOMAN FRIEND

Just come on, Alvy.

(MORE)

WOMAN FRIEND (CONT'D)

(All four are now
sitting on the sofa.
The male friend starts
to prepare lines of
cocaine; Alvy and
Annie look at each
other, reacting)

Do your body a favor. Try it, come
on.

ALVY

Oh, yeah?

ANNIE

Yeah. Come on. It'd be fun.

ALVY

(Moving forward on
the couch)

Oh, I'm sure it's a lot of fun, 'cause
the Incas did it, you know, and-and
they-they-they were a million laughs.

ANNIE

(Laughing)

Alvy, come on, for your own
experience. I mean, you wanna write,
why not?

MALE FRIEND

It's great stuff, Alvy. Friend of
mine just brought it in from
California.

ANNIE

Oh, do you know something-I didn't
tell yuh, we're going to California
next week.

GIRL

Oh, really?

ANNIE

Yeah...

ALVY

... I'm thrilled. As you know, uh...
uh, on my agent's advice I sold out,
and I'm gonna do an appearance on
TV.

ANNIE

(Interrupting)

No, no, no that's not it at all.
Alvy's giving an award on television.
Gee, he talks like he's violating a
moral issue sitting here.

GIRL

You're kidding?

ALVY

It's so phony, and we have to leave
New York during Christmas week, which
really kills me.

MAN

(Interrupting)

Alvy, listen, while you're in
California, could you possibly score
some coke for me?

Annie laughs.

ALVY

(Over Annie's laughter)

Sure, sure, I'll be glad to. I-I'll
just put it in a-a-a h-h-hollow heel
that I have in my boot, you know.

(Alvy picks up the
small open gold case
of cocaine base the
man placed on the
coffee table and
looks at it, reacting)

H-h-how much is this stuff?

MAN

It's about two thousand dollars an
ounce.

ANNIE

God.

ALVY

Really? And what is the kick of it?
Because I never...

He puts his finger into the drug, smells it and then sneezes.
The powder blows all over the room as the man, woman and
Annie react silently.

CUT TO:

CALIFORNIA. BEVERLY HILLS STREET - DAY

It's a warm, beautiful day. Rob, Annie and Alvy in Rob's convertible are moving past the spacious houses, the palm trees. The sunlight reflects off the car. Annie, excited, is taking the whole place in. Background voices sing Christmas carols.

VOICES

(Singing)

We wish you a Merry Christmas, We
wish you a Merry Christmas, We wish
you a Merry Christmas, And a -Happy
New Year.

ROB

(Over the singing)

I've never been so relaxed as I have
been since I moved out here, Max. I
want you to see my house. I live
right next to Hugh Hefner's house,
Max. He lets me use the Jacuzzi.
And the women, Max, they're like the
women in Playboy magazine, only they
can move their arms and legs.

ANNIE

(Laughing)

You know, I can't get over that this
is really Beverly Hills.

VOICES

(Singing)

We wish you a Merry Christmas, And a
Happy New Year.

ALVY

Yeah, the architecture is really
consistent, isn't it? French next
to-

VOICES

(Singing over the
dialogue)

Oh, Christmas... tree, Oh, Christmas
tree, How bright and green Our...

ALVY

Spanish, next to Tudor, next to
Japanese.

ANNIE

God, it's so clean out here.

ALVY

It's that they don't throw their garbage away. They make it into television shows.

ROB

Aw, come on, Max, give us a break, will yuh? It's Christmas.

Annie starts snapping pictures of the view.

ALVY

Can you believe this is Christmas here?

VOICES

(Singing)

Oh Christmas tree, Oh Christmas tree...

They pass a large house with spacious lawn. Sitting on the lawn is a Santa Claus complete with sleigh and reindeer. Voices continue to sing Christmas carols; Annie continues to take pictures.

ANNIE

You know, it was snowing-it was snowing and really gray in New York yesterday.

ROB

No kidding?

ALVY

Right-well, Santa Claus will have sunstroke.

ROB

Max, there's no crime, there's no mugging.

ALVY

There's no economic crime, you know, but there's-there's ritual, religious-cult murders, you know, there's wheat-germ killers out here.

ROB

While you're out here, Max, I want you to see some of my TV show. And we're invited to a big Christmas party.

They continue driving, now in a less residential area, passing a hot-dog stand.

"Tail-Pup" concession; people mill about eating hot dogs.

VOICES

(Singing, louder now)

Remember Christ our Savior Was born
on Christmas day To save us all...
from Satan's power As we were gone
astray.

They pass a theater, the marquee announcing "House of Exorcism
Messiah of Evil.

Rated R. Starts at 7:15."

INT. TV CONTROL ROOM.

Several monitors line the wall in front of an elaborate console. Rob and Alvy, along with Charlie, the technician, stand in the small room watching the screens showing Rob as a television star on a situation comedy. They chatter, analyzing the footage, over the sounds of the taped television comedy.

ALVY

(Overlapping the
chatter)

Oh.

ROB

Look, now, Charlie, give me a big
laugh here.

ROB ON TV SCREEN

A limousine to the track breakdown?

ROB

(Watching)

A little bigger.

TV monitors go black as the technician turns off the monitors to fix the laugh track.

ALVY

Do you realize how immoral this all
is?

ROB

Max, I've got a hit series.

ALVY

Yeah, I know; but you're adding fake
laughs.

Technicians turn the monitors back on, showing Rob on the screen with another character, Arnie.

ARNIE
Oh, I'm sorry.

ROB ON TV SCREEN
Arnie.

ARNIE
Yeah.

ROB
(Turning to the
technician)
Give me a tremendous laugh here,
Charlie.

ALVY
Look, uh...

Loud laughter from the TV monitors.

ROB
(To Alvy)
We do the show live in front of an
audience.

ALVY
Great, but nobody laughs at it 'cause
your jokes aren't funny.

ROB
Yeah, well, that's why this machine
is dynamite.

ROB ON TV SCREEN
You better lie down. You've been in
the sun too long.

ROB
(To the technician)
Yeah... uh, now give me a like a
medium-size chuckle here... and then
a big hand.

The sounds of laughter and applause are heard from the TV.

ALVY
(Removing his glasses
and rubbing his face)
Is there booing on there?

The monitors show a woman on the screen.

WOMAN
We were just gonna fix you up with
my cousin Dolores.

ALVY
 (Overlapping the TV)
 Oh, Max, I don't feel well.

ROB
 What's the matter?

ALVY
 I don't know, I just got-I got very
 dizzy...
 (Coughing)
 I feel dizzy, Max.

ROB
 Well, sit down.

ALVY
 (Sitting down)
 Oh, Jesus.

ROB
 You all right?

ALVY
 don't know, I mean, I-

ROB
 (Crouching before
 Alvy, looking at him)
 You wanna lie down?

ALVY
 No, no-my, you know, my stomach felt
 queasy all morning. I just started
 getting...

ROB
 How about a ginger ale?

ALVY
 Oh, Max... no, I maybe I better lie
 down.

INT. HOTEL ROOM.

Alvy lies in bed, one elbow propped up, a doctor sitting next to him looking concerned. The doctor holds out a plate of chicken; Alvy listlessly stares at it. Annie, in the background, is on the phone.

ANNIE
 (Talking into the
 phone)
 Yes.

DOCTOR

(Holding out the food)
Why don't you just try to get a little of this down? This is just plain chicken.

ALVY

(Taking a piece of chicken and holding it)
Oh, oh, no, I can't-I can't eat this. I'm nauseous.

(He gasps and makes sounds)

If you could-if you could just give me something to get me through the next two hours, you know I-I have to go out to Burbank... and give out an award on a TV show.

ANNIE

(On the phone, overlapping the doctor and Alvy)
Well... H-h huh... Oh, good... Yes, I'll tell him.

DOCTOR

Well, there's nothing wrong with you actually, so far as I can tell. I mean, you have no fever, no... no symptoms of anything serious. You haven't been eating pork or shellfish.

Annie bangs up and moves over to Alvy.

ANNIE

(Sitting on the edge of the bed)
Excuse me. I'm sorry, I'm sorry, Doctor. Uh, Alvy-Alvy, that was the show. They said everything is fine. They found a replacement, so they're going to tape without you.

ALVY

(Making sounds)
I'm nauseous.
(He sighs and gasps)
Oh, Jesus, now I don't get to do the TV show?

Reacting, Alvy puts up his hand in disgust, then starts eating the piece of chicken he has been holding. The doctor and Annie watch him, reacting.

ANNIE

Yeah. Listen, Doctor, I'm worried.

DOCTOR

Now, Mrs. Singer, I can't find anything --

ALVY

Christ!

ANNIE

Nothing at all?

DOCTOR

No, I think I can get a lab man up here.

ALVY

(Grabbing the rest of the chicken from the plate)

Oh, Jesus. Can I have the salt, please?

ANNIE

What do you mean? Do you think he's-

DOCTOR

(Handing the salt to Alvy)

Yes, excuse me.

(To Annie)

Perhaps it would be even better if we took him to the hospital for a day or two.

Alvy begins to eat.

ANNIE

Uh-huh... Oh, hospital?

DOCTOR

Well, otherwise, there's no real way to tell what's going on.

ALVY

(Making sounds, gasping)

This is not bad, actually.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS STREET RESIDENTIAL AREA - DAY

Rob, Annie and Alvy in Rob's car pull into a long circular driveway as an attendant walks over to the car. A sprawling house is seen to the right; a couple moves toward the front door, and the driveway is crowded with other parked cars.

Loud music is heard.

ALVY

(Getting out of the
car)

Hey, don't tell me we're gonna hafta
walk from the car to the house.
Geez, my feet haven't touched pavement
since I reached Los Angeles.

INT. HOUSE

A Hollywood Christmas party is in session, complete with music, milling people, circulating waiters bolding out trays of drinks. It's all very casual. French doors run the entire width of one wall; they are opened to the back lawn, guests move from the room to outside and back in. It is crowded; bits of conversation and clinking glasses can be heard. Two men, California-tanned, stand by the French doors talking.

1ST MAN

Well, you take a meeting with him,
I'll take a meeting with you if you'll
take a meeting with Freddy.

2ND MAN

I took a meeting with Freddy. Freddy
took a meeting with Charlie. You
take a meeting with him.

1ST MAN

All the good meetings are taken.

CUT TO:

FULL GROUP SHOT

A man stands talking, people in groups
behind him. Two born like gadgets
are attached to his shoulders; he's
wearing a bizarre space costume.

3RD MAN

Right now it's only a notion, but I
think I can get money to make it
into a concept... and later turn it
into an idea.

CUT TO:

Alvy and Rob stand near the French doors leading to the back lawn, eating and drinking and watching the people walking in and out of the house.

ROB

You like this house, Max?

ALVY

M'hm.

ROB

I even brought a road map to get us to the bathroom.

ALVY

Whee, you shoulda told me it was Tony Lacey's party.

ROB

What difference does that make?

Alvy looks into the room, where Annie and Tony Lacey are having an animated conversation.

ALVY

I think he has a little thing for Annie.

ROB

Oh, no, no, that's bullshit, Max. He goes with that girl over there.

ALVY

Where?

Rob nods his head toward a tall woman dressed all in white conversing with a group of people close-by.

ROB

The one with the V.P.L.

ALVY

V.P.L.?

ROB

Visible panty line. Max, she is gorgeous.

ALVY

Yeah, she's a ten, Max, and that's great for you because you're -you're used to twos, aren't you?

ROB

There are no twos, Max.

ALVY

Yeah, you're used to the kind with the- with the shopping bags walking through Central Park with the surgical masks on muttering.

ROB
M'hm.

ALVY
And... uh-

ROB
(Interrupting)
How do you like this couple, Max?

A couple moves over toward Rob and Alvy. The man's arm is around the woman; they stand very close. In the background, Annie and Tony are still talking.

ROB
And I think they just came back from
Masters and Johnson.

ALVY
Yeah, intensive care ward.
(Watching the woman
in white)
My God-hey, Max, I think she's... I
think she's giving me the eye.

As Rob and Alvy observe the guests, the woman in white starts walking toward them.

ROB
If she comes over here, Max, my brain
is going to turn into guacamole.

ALVY
I'll handle it. I'll handle it.
Hi.

GIRL IN WHITE
You're Alvy Singer, right? Didn't
we meet at EST?

ALVY
(Reacting)
EST? No, no, I was never to est.

GIRL IN WHITE
Then how can you criticize it?

ALVY
Oh.

ROB
Oh, he-he didn't say anything.

ALVY

(Laughing)

No, no, I came out here to get some shock therapy, but there was an energy crisis, so I... He's my-my food taster. Have you two met?

ROB

(Shaking his head)

Hi. How do you do.

GIRL IN WHITE

Do you taste to see if the food's poisoned?

ALVY

Yeah, he's crazy.

The girl in white laughs.

ALVY

(Looking at Rob and the girl)

Hey, you guys are wearin' white. It must be in the stars.

ROB

Yeah. Right.

ALVY

Uri Geller must be on the premises someplace.

ROB

We're gonna operate together.

Rob and the girl walk off together as the camera moves in on Tony and Annie standing by the buffet table.

TONY

We just need about six weeks, in about six weeks we could cut a whole album.

ANNIE

I don't know, this is strange to me, you know.

TONY

just... that's all you need. You can come and stay here.

ANNIE

Oh.

TONY
There's a whole wing in this house.

ANNIE
(Laughing)
Oh yeah, stay here? U-huh.

TONY
You can have it to use. Why-why are you smiling?

ANNIE
(Laughing)
I don't know. I don't know.

She picks up an hors doeuvre.

CUT TO:

The two men still talking about meetings surrounded by other groups of people milling about.

1ST MAN
Not only is he a great agent, but he really gives good meetings.

2ND MAN
M'mm.

Tony, band in band with the girl in white, is leaving the party room with Alvy and Annie to show them the rest of the house.

TONY
This is a great house, really. Everything. Saunas, Jacuzzis, three tennis courts. You know who the original owners were? Nelson Eddy, then Legs Diamond. Then you know who lived here?

ALVY
Trigger.

Annie and the girl in white laugh.

TONY
Charlie Chaplin.

ALVY
Hey.

TONY
Right before his un-American thing.

They stop in a den-like screening room. A man is slouched back on one of the comfortable sofas that fill the room. It is much quieter in here; a contrast to the noise and crowd downstairs.

ALVY

Yeah, this place is great.

ANNIE

Yeah.

TONY

Uh, you guys are still-uh, you're still New Yorkers.

ALVY

Yeah, I love it there.

ANNIE

(Laughing)

Yeah.

TONY

Well, I used to live there. I used to live there for years. You know, but it's gotten-it's so dirty now.

ANNIE

Yeah.

ALVY

I'm into garbage. It's my thing.

ANNIE

Boy, this is really a nice screening room. It's really a nice room.

TONY

Oh, and there's another thing about New York. See... you-you wanna see a movie, you have to stand in a long line.

ANNIE

Yeah.

TONY

It could be freezing, it could be raining.

ANNIE

Yeah.

TONY

And here, you just-

GIRL IN WHITE

We saw "Grand Illusion" here last night.

ALVY AND ANNIE

(In unison)

Oh, yeah?

MAN ON THE SOFA

(Looking over his shoulder at the group)

That's a great film if you're high.

(The group laughs, looking down at the man on the sofa. He looks up at them, smiling, a joint in his hand, and offers them a cigarette)

Hey, you.

TONY

(Shaking his head no)

Come and see our bedroom. We did a fantastic lighting job. Okay?

ANNIE

Oh, good. Okay.

ALVY

I'm cool.

Tony and the girl in white leave the room, Annie and Alvy following.

ANNIE

(Taking Alvy's arm)

It's wonderful. I mean, you know they just watch movies all day.

ALVY

Yeah, and gradually you get old and die. You know it's important to make a little effort once in a while.

ANNIE

Don't you think his girl friend's beautiful?

ALVY

Yeah, she's got a great-lookin' fa-
A pat on the androgynous side. But it's...

They pass a man talking on the phone in the hallway.

MAN ON THE PHONE

Yeah, yeah. I forgot my mantra.

As they come down stairs the party is still in big gear. People are looser now; conversations are more animated, some talk quietly in more intimate corners, some couples are dancing. Alvy stands alone sipping a drink near the huge Christmas tree. A tall woman, passing by, shakes his hand, then leaves.

He continues to sip his drink, alone, watching Tony and Annie in the center of the room dancing.

The screen shows a plane in flight, Los Angeles far below, then:

CUT TO:

AIRPLANE. INT. AIRPLANE

Annie and Alvy sit, the stewardess behind them serving other passengers. Annie stares out the window holding a coffee cup; Alvy reads. Both are preoccupied, thinking their own thoughts.

ANNIE'S VOICE-OVER

(To herself)

That was fun. I don't think California is bad at all. It's a drag coming home.

ALVY'S VOICE-OVER

(To himself)

Lotta beautiful women. It was fun to flirt.

ANNIE'S VOICE-OVER

(As she sips coffee)

I have to face facts. I-I adore Alvy, but our relationship doesn't seem to work anymore.

ALVY'S VOICE-OVER

(An open magazine

lies in his lap)

I'll have the usual trouble with Annie in bed tonight. Whatta I need this?

ANNIE'S VOICE-OVER

If only I had the nerve to break up, but it would really hurt him.

ALVY'S VOICE-OVER

If only I didn't feel guilty asking Annie to move out. It'd probably wreck her. But I should be honest.

He looks over at Annie.

ANNIE

(Looking back at Alvy)
Alvy, uh, let's face it. You know something, don't think our relationship is working.

ALVY

Tsch, I know. A relationship, I think, is-is like a shark, you know? It has to constantly move forward or it dies.

(He sighs)

And I think what we got on our hands
(Clearing his throat)
is a dead shark.

INT. ALVY'S LIVING ROOM-DAY

A lighted Christmas tree stands in the middle of boxes, books, and the general disarray of packing and figuring out what belongs to whom as Alvy helps Annie move out.

ALVY

(Holding up a book)
Whose "Catcher in the Rye" is this?

ANNIE

(Walking into the room with an armload of books)
Well, let's see now... If it has my name on it, then I guess it's mine.

ALVY

(Reacting)
Oh, it sure has... You know, you wrote your name in all my books, 'cause you knew this day was gonna come.

ANNIE

(Putting down the books and flipping back her hair)
Well, uh, Alvy, you wanted to break up just as much as I do.

ALVY

(Riffling through the
books)

There's no-no question in my mind.
I think we're doing the mature thing,
without any doubt.

ANNIE

(Holding a framed
picture and moving
about)

Now, look, all the books on death
and dying are yours and all the poetry
books are mine.

ALVY

(Looking down at a
book)

This "Denial of Death". You remember
this?

ANNIE

Oh-

ALVY

This is the first book that I got
you.

Annie goes over to Alvy. They both look down at the book;
the fireplace, burning nicely, is behind them.

ANNIE

God.

ALVY

Remember that day?

ANNIE

Right. Geez, I feel like there's a
great weight off my back. M'mmm.

ALVY

Thanks, honey.

ANNIE

(Patting Alvy's
shoulder)

Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no. I mean, you
know, no, no, no, I mean, I think
it's really important for us to
explore new relationships and stuff
like that.

She walks away.

ALVY

There's no-there's no question about that, 'cause we've given this... uh, uh, I think a more than fair shot, you know?

He tosses the book into the carton.

ANNIE

(Off screen)

Yeah, my analyst thinks this move is keen for me.

ALVY

(Off screen)

Yeah, and I-I tru- you know, I trust her, because my-my analyst recommended her.

ANNIE

(Walking in with another armload of books)

Well, why should I put you through all my moods and hang-ups anyway?

ALVY

Right. And you-and you know what the beauty part is?

ANNIE

What?

ALVY

(Holding a small box of buttons)

We can always come back together again. Because there's no-there's no problem. 'Cause... Right.

ANNIE

(Overlapping)

Exactly, but... exactly. Ooooh!

ALVY

You know, I-I-I don't think many couples could handle this. You know, they could just break up and remain friends.

ANNIE

(Taking a button from a box)

Hey, this one's mine, this button. This one, you rem-

ALVY
 (Interrupting)
 Yeah.

ANNIE
 I guess these are all yours. Impeach,
 uh, Eisenhower... Impeach Nixon...
 Impeach Lyndon Johnson... Impeach
 Ronald Reagan.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

People milling about on the sidewalk as Alvy walks out of a store and moves toward the foreground.

ALVY
 (Into the camera, to
 the audience)
 I miss Annie. I made a terrible
 mistake.

A couple, walking down the street, stops as the man talks to Alvy.

MAN ON THE STREET
 She's living in Los Angeles with
 Tony Lacey.

ALVY
 Oh, yeah? Well, if she is, then the
 hell with her! If she likes that
 lifestyle, let her live there! He's
 a jerk, for one thing.

MAN ON THE STREET
 He graduated Harvard.

ALVY
 Yeah. He may- Listen, Harvard makes
 mistakes too, you know. Kissinger
 taught there.

The couple strolls away as an older woman walks up to Alvy while others walk by.

OLD WOMAN
 Don't tell me you're jealous?

ALVY
 Yeah, jealous. A little bit like
 Medea. Lemme, lemme-can I show you
 something, lady?
 (MORE)

ALVY (CONT'D)

(He takes a small
item from his pocket
to show the woman)

What I have here... I found this in
the apartment. Black soap. She
used to wash her face eight hundred
times a day with black soap. Don't
ask me why.

OLD WOMAN

Well, why don't you go out with other
women?

ALVY

Well, I-I tried, but it's, uh, you
know, it's very depressing.

RECENT FLASHBACK - INT. ALVY'S COUNTRY KITCHEN

Alvy's arms and legs fill the screen as he slowly gets up
from the floor holding up a live lobster. He puts it on a
grill tray.

ALVY

(Pointing to the
lobster)

This always happens to me. Quick, g-
go get a broom.

His date, a girl wearing short shorts, leans against the
sink and lights a cigarette. She makes no move to help.

GIRL DATE

(Smoking)

What are you making such a big deal
about?

(As she talks, the
lobster drops from
the tray to the floor.
Alvy jumps away,
then gingerly scrapes
the tray toward the
lobster)

They're only lobsters. Look, you're
a grown man, you know how to pick up
a lobster.

ALVY

(Looking up in stooped-
over position)

I'm not myself since I stopped
smoking.

GIRL DATE
 (Still leaning against
 the sink, her hand
 on her hip)
 Oh, when'd you quit smoking?

He gets up of the floor with the lobster on the tray.

ALVY
 Sixteen years ago.

GIRL DATE
 (Puzzled)
 Whatta you mean?

ALVY
 (Mocking)
 Mean?

GIRL DATE
 You stopped smoking sixteen years
 ago, is that what you said? Oh, I-I
 don't understand. Are you joking,
 or what?

CUT TO:

solitary Alvy walking along the FDR Drive where he had walked
 with Annie. -

The New York skyline is still in the background, the sea
 gulls go by, the fog horn blows. He walks slowly, moving
 off screen.

INT. ALVY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Alvy sits on his bed talking on the phone.

ALVY
 Listen, honey, Central Park's turning
 green... Yeah, I sa-I saw that lunatic
 that we-where we used to see... with
 the, uh, uh, pinwheel hat and, you
 know, and the roller skates? . . .
 Listen, I-I want you to come back
 here... Well, I-I-then I'm gonna
 come out there and getcha.

CUT TO:

An airborne plane.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES AIRPORT.

People milling about as Alvy, in the outside phone-booth center, talks.

ALVY

Whatta you mean, where am I? Where do- where do you think I am? I'm- I'm out... I'm at the Los Angeles Airport. I flew in...

(Sniffing)

Tsch, I-well, I flew in to see you...

(Muttering)

Hey, listen, can we not debate this on-on the telephone because I'm, you know, I-I feel that I got a temperature and I'm-I'm getting my-my chronic Los Angeles nausea. I-I don't feel so good.

Alvy's conversation is still heard as the screen shows him behind the wheel of a car on a busy street; he causes a near-accident by jerking the car too slowly toward an intersection.

ALVY'S VOICE-OVER

Well, where-whenever you wanna meet, I don't care. I'll-I'll drive in. I rented a car I'm driving... that... Whatta you mean? What-why is that such a miracle? I'm driving myself --

EXT. OUTDOOR CAF - DAY

People sit at umbrellaed tables with checkered tablecloths at a Sunset Boulevard outdoor cafe. Street traffic goes by while they dine. There's a mild California breeze. The restaurant is somewhat crowded as Alvy makes his way around the tables looking about. He finally sits down at an empty table; nearby sits a woman with a younger man. A waitress brings Alvy a menu and waits for his order.

ALVY

(To the waitress)

I'm gonna...I'm gonna have the alfalfa sprouts and, uh, a plate of mashed yeast.

Annie, wearing a flowered dress and wide hat, moves into view. Alvy, noticing her, watches as she walks over to his table. He rises and they shake hands.

ANNIE

Hi.

Alvy wipes at his nose as he stares. He smiles, the street traffic moving behind him. Annie smiles back.

ALVY

You look very pretty.

ANNIE

Oh, no, I just lost a little weight, that's all.

(Alvy adjusts his glasses, not exactly knowing where to start;a bit uneasy)

Well, you look nice.

ALVY

(Nodding his head)

You see, I-I've been thinking about it and I think that we should get married.

ANNIE

(Adjusting her sunglasses)

Oh, Alvy, come on.

ALVY

Why? You wanna live out here all year? It's like living in Munchkin Land.

ANNIE

(Looking around)

Well, whatta you mean? I mean, it's perfectly fine out here. I mean, Tony's very nice and, uh, well, I meet people and I go to parties and-and we play tennis. I mean, that's... that's a very big step for me, you know? I mean...

(Reacting, Alvy looks down at his hands, then up)

I'm able to enjoy people more.

ALVY

(Sadly)

So whatta you... You're not gonna come back to New York?

ANNIE

(Smiling)

What's so great about New York? I mean, it's a dying city. You read "Death in Venice."

ALVY

Hey, you didn't read "Death in Venice"
till I bought it for yuh.

ANNIE

That's right, that's right.
(Still smiling)
You only gave me books with the word
"death" in the titles.

ALVY

(Nodding his head and
gesturing)
That's right, 'cause it's an important
issue.

ANNIE

Alvy, you're incapable of enjoying
life, you know that? I mean, your
life is New York City. You're just
this person. You're like this island
unto yourself.

ALVY

(Toying with his car
keys)
I can't enjoy anything unless I...
unless everybody is. I-you know, if
one guy is starving someplace,
that's... you know, I-I... it puts a
crimp in my evening.
(Looking down at his
hands, sadly)
So wanna get married or what?

ANNIE

(Seriously)
No. We're friends. I wanna remain
friends.

ALVY

(In disbelief)
Okay.
(Louder, to the
waitress)
Check, please. Can I -can I...
Can I... Can I...

ANNIE

(Interrupting)
You're mad, aren't you?

ALVY

(Shaking his head)

No.

(Then nodding)

Yes, of course I'm mad, because you love me, I know that.

ANNIE

Alvy, I can't say that that's true at this point in my life. I really just can't say that that's true. I mean, you know how wonderful you are. I mean, you know... you're the reason that I got outta my room and that I was able to sing, and-and-and, you know, get more in touch with my feelings and all that crap. Anyway, look, I don't wanna- Listen, listen, listen, uh

(Laughing)

h'h, so whatta you up to anyway, huh?

ALVY

(Shrugging his shoulders)

The usual, you know. Uh, tryin't'write. I'm workin' on a play.

(Sighing)

Jesus. So whatta yuh saying? That you're not comin' back to New York with me?

He nods his head in disbelief.

ANNIE

(Nodding)

No!

(Pauses)

Look, I gotta go.

She starts to rise.

ALVY

You mean that...

(He gets up and starts following her past diners at other tables)

I-I-I-I flew three thousand miles to see you.

ANNIE

I'm late.

ALVY

Air miles, you know. I mean, you know what that does to my stomach?

They move down the steps of the cafe' toward the parking lot.

ANNIE

If you must know, it's a hectic time for Tony. The Grammys are tonight.

ALVY

The what?

ANNIE

The Grammys. He's got a lotta records up for awards.

ALVY

You mean they give awards for that kind o' music?

ANNIE

Oh!

ALVY

I thought just earplugs.

Annie gets into her car. Alvy moves over to his rented convertible.

ANNIE

Just forget it, Alvy, okay? Let's just forget the conversation.

She closes the door, starts the motor.

ALVY

(Yelling after her)

Awards! They do nothing but give out awards! I can't believe it. Greatest, greatest fascist dictator, Adolf Hitler!

Annie drives away. Alvy gets behind the wheel, starts the motor. Putting the car in gear, he inadvertently moves forward, hitting a bunch of trash cans with a loud crash. Putting the car in reverse, Alvy notices a beige car that has just turned into the parking lot. For a brief moment, the screen shows a flashback of the bumper-car ride at the Brooklyn amusement park. Alvy's father is on the Platform directing traffic; young Alvy is in a small car bumping others right and left. Alvy, hack in the parking lot, backs up his convertible,

purposefully smashing the side of the beige car as another flashback of bumper-

car ride appears, this time-as, Alvy's father directs traffic-a Marine in a small car bits the back end of a soldier's car, and Alvy, back in the parking lot, moves his car over to another parked car and bits it full force.

Another flashback appears. people in the small cars really racing around the track now, bumping into one another over and over again, Alvy's father directing the flow, as the film cuts back to the parking lot, where Alvy reverses the convertible and rams it into the front end of yet another car.

He sits behind the wheel as people rush out of various cars and as sirens start blaring, coming closer and closer, stopping finally as a motorcycle cop gets off beside Alvy's car and walks over to him.

ALVY

(Getting out of the
car)

Officer, I know what you're gonna say. I'm-I'm not a great driver, you know, I-I have some problems with-with-with-

OFFICER

(Interrupting)

May I see your license, please?

ALVY

Sure.

(Searching, he finally
fishes his license
out of his pocket)

just don't-don't get angry, you know what I mean? 'Cause I-I have - I have my-my license here. You know, it's a rented car. And I've...

He drops the license and it falls to the ground.

OFFICER

Don't give me your life story

(Looking at the piece
of paper on the ground)

just pick up the license.

ALVY

Pick up the license. You have to ask nicely 'cause I've had an extremely rough day. You know, my girl friend-

OFFICER
 (Interrupting)
 Just give me the license, please.

ALVY
 Since you put it that way.
 (He laughs)
 It's hard for me to refuse.
 (He leans over, picks
 up the license, then
 proceeds to rip it
 up. He lets the
 pieces go; they float
 to the ground)
 ... have a, I have a terrific problem
 with authority, you know. I'm...
 it's not your fault. Don't take it
 personal.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL-CELLS CORRIDOR.

A guard moves down the hall to the cell where, Alvy stands
 with other inmates.

He unlocks the door and opens it, letting Alvy out.

ALVY
 So long, fellas. Keep in touch.

He walks down the corridor off screen.

EXT. A STREET IN FRONT OF THE COURT HOUSE - DAY

Policemen are walking up and down the courthouse steps as
 Alvy and Rob move out the door of the building, down the
 steps to the street.

ROB
 Imagine my surprise when I got your
 call, Max.

ALVY
 (Carrying his jacket
 over his shoulder)
 Yeah. I had the feeling that I got
 you at a bad moment. You know, I
 heard high-pitched squealing.

They walk over to Rob's convertible and get in.

ROB
 (Starting the car)
 Twins, Max. Sixteen-year-olds. Can you imagine the mathematical possibilities?

ALVY
 (Reacting)
 You're an actor, Max. You should be doing Shakespeare in the Park.

ROB
 Oh, I did Shakespeare in the Park, Max. I got mugged. I was playing Richard the Second and two guys with leather jackets stole my leotard.

He puts on an elaborate helmet and goggles.

ALVY
 (Looking at Rob's helmet)
 Max, are we driving through plutonium?

ROB
 Keeps out the alpha rays, Max. You don't get old.

CUT TO:

INT. REHEARSAL HALL OF A THEATER.

An actor and actress sit on hard wooden chairs in a sparse rehearsal hall.

They face each other. The actress resembles Annie; the actor, Alvy.

ACTOR
 You're a thinking person. How can you choose this lifestyle?

ACTRESS
 What is so incredibly great about New York? It's a dying city! You-you read "Death in Venice".

ACTOR
 You didn't read "Death in Venice" till I gave it to you!

ACTRESS
 Well, you only give me books with the word "death" in the title.

The camera pulls back, showing Alvy sitting with two men at a table set up near the actors. A mirror, running the whole width of the wall, reflects the two actors, a script lying on the table between them. It is obvious now that they are rehearsing a scene that Alvy wrote.

ACTOR

(In mirrored reflection)
It's an important issue.

ACTRESS

(In mirrored reflection)
Alvy, you are totally incapable of enjoying life.

The camera moves back to actual actor and actress.

ACTRESS

You're like New York. You're an island.

ACTOR

(Rising with emotion)
Okay, if that's all that we've been through together means to you, I guess it's better if we just said goodbye, once and for all! You know, it's funny, after all the serious talks and passionate moments that it ends here... in a health food restaurant on Sunset Boulevard. Goodbye, Sunny.

The actor begins to leave as the actress jumps up from her chair.

ACTRESS

Wait! I'm-I'm gonna... go with you.
(The actor comes back.
They embrace)
I love you.

The camera cuts to Alvy, who turns and looks straight into the camera.

ALVY

(To the audience,
gesturing)
Tsch, whatta you want? It was my first play. You know, you know how you're always tryin' t' get things to come out perfect in art because, uh, it's real difficult in life.
(MORE)

ALVY (CONT'D)

Interestingly, however, I did run into Annie again. It was on the Upper West Side of Manhattan.

Annie, singing "Seems Like Old Times," overlaps Alvy's speech and continues over the next scene, where Alvy, standing in front of a Manhattan theater, shakes hands with Annie and her escort. The theater marquee reads "OPHULS PRIZE FILM: 'THE SORROW AND THE PITY'."

ALVY'S VOICE

(Over the theater scene and, Annie's singing)

She had moved back to New York. She was living in SoHo with some guy.

(laughing)

And when I met her she was, of all things, dragging him in to see "The Sorrow and the Pity." Which I counted as a personal triumph. Annie and I...

(Alvy's voice continues over the scene shot through a window of Manhattan cafe showing Alvy and Annie sitting at a table, laughing and enjoying themselves)

... we had lunch sometime after that, and, uh, just, uh, kicked around old times.

A series of flashbacks following in quick succession while Annie continues to sing:

Annie and Alvy going up the FDR Drive, the day they met playing tennis, Annie driving, Alvy bolding up partially eaten sandwich.

Annie and Alvy in the Hamptons house kitchen, Annie banding a live lobster to Alvy, who drops it in the pot on the stove.

Annie and Alvy walking side by side by the shoreline.

Alvy at the tennis club, packing his bag, as he looks over his shoulder and sees Annie, hands on her face, then clapping, as she offers him a ride home in her car.

Annie opening the door to Alvy the night he came over to kill the spider; Annie and, Alvy in the bookstore buying the "Death" titles; Annie and, Alvy in their Hamptons house,

Annie reading a school catalogue, the night Alvy puts in the red light.

The memories continue to flash on the screen: Annie and Alvy at a friend's house, Alvy blowing the cocaine all over the sofa; Annie and Alvy playing tennis; Annie and Alvy having a picture taken backstage at the college performance in Annie's hometown; Alvy bolding Annie close, the night he came over to kill the spider.

And continue: Annie carrying her luggage and clothes into Alvy's bedroom, Alvy following, the day she first moved into his apartment. Annie holding up her sexy birthday present from Alvy, then leaning over and kissing him; Annie and Alvy walking down a city street, holding each other close; sitting on the park bench, observing the people; and kissing, on the FDR Drive, the New York City skyline behind them.

The music stops.

Returning to the present, the camera, focusing through the cafe window, shows Annie and Alvy across street. They look about at the city traffic. Lunch is over; it's time.

Alvy and Annie shake hands and kiss each other friendly like. Annie crosses the street, Alvy watching her go. Then he turns, and slowly walks down the street off screen. His voice is heard over the scene:

ALVY'S VOICE-OVER

After that it got pretty late. And we both hadda go, but it was great seeing Annie again, right? I realized what a terrific person she was and- and how much fun it was just knowing her and I-I thought of that old joke, you know, this- this-this guy goes to a psychiatrist and says, "Doc, uh, my brother's crazy. He thinks he's a chicken." And, uh, the doctor says, "Well, why don't you turn him in?" And the guy says, "I would, but I need the eggs." Well, I guess that's pretty much how I feel about relationships. You know, they're totally irrational and crazy and absurd and... but, uh, I guess we keep goin' through it because, uh, most of us need the eggs.

THE END

DISSOLVES INTO:

BLACK BACKGROUND;

credits popping on and of in white.