

LOVE YOU LONG TIME LOUISE

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(REGISTERED WGA EAST #1319352)

EXT. - SUMMER/SCRUFFY COUNTRY BASEBALL FIELD/CAMP FRESHVIEW,
NEW JERSEY - **1966** - DAY

Where we see two fourteen year olds: one, a girl (this is LOUISE WOLF) who walks well ahead of a boy, name: AIAN FOX (too tall for his age, therefore appearing more mature).

CLOSE ON

Alan, who stands stock still quite a few yards behind, smitten... slowly starting to roll his head to the hypnotic sway of Louise's rear-end.

Louise is aware of being observed feeling new sensations. Rolling into a bend in the landscape.....feelin' it.

As she disappears. She turns her head and her eyes for a quick moment and finds Alan's eyes and in this magic moment they virtually conjoin: (A

mutual, existential Michael Corleone Sicilian
"lightening bolt".)

POV ALAN

CLOSE INTO ALAN'S EYES

(INTERIOR DIALOGUE)

Poetry in motion" Holy, holy — he thinks. *A lot like' Xavier and his fiddle...' Alan thinks.*

ALAN (CONT'D) (VO)

Feel like a *transformer.....Something happening here happening here, start all over again. I'm feeling beauty within me and without me...I think I NEED this beauty.....I'd figured this was needed all along...Didn't know what-what-what that was supposed to mean. Only today I NEED.....all feelings all together now.....*

ALAN (CONT'D)

(STRAIGHT TO CAMERA)

I need to touch Louise, inside and out...heart, soul, breast touch Louise until we are We are one—won-wonderful like it's been prefigured...to get movin' and moooove me along wherever I'm meant to be heading all I need Louise. I think I could kill, murder under the proper

ALAN (CONT'D)

(interior monologue)

circumstances....*I NEED...Damn-it, damn, damn, damn*
I think I need to get her clothes off, get my hands on her. What wonders she must sit on? This ain't me and crazy neighbor, Debbie "playing doctor" Learning purposes, what makes what makes what feel? Hallelujah! I ate her and it was beautiful. Not without my first tickling her down

ALAN (CONT'D)

(interior monologue)

below. Not my idea. What'd I know? I was seven!...Messing with an older woman...(ten). Felt like heaven. Hell was in there, too, I know now; side by side they gave me the willies. Do we We could need each other, me and Louise? *Ambrosial living...* (just a theory).....I guess, all for this moment however long this all may last. Look over there. Where? **"We can help,"** says the billboard in my head, Capitol One banking in letters ten feet high across the way. A for-real Sign, Louise?...I hope so. You think? Portents? They are everywhere, long as I look carefully around me... my momma told me so..... I'll pretty much get what I'm after. Louise will taste like Tupelo Honey? "She's as sweet, she's an angel'.....But this NEED?! WHAT!?! Everything in her is her, won't she take me in? Won't she take me *THERE?*. Hey! She's the one: *She's comin' with me.*

Keeping his distance, Alan tails Louise.....

ANGLE ON

Louise who we now see in full -- a slip of a thing... naturally feverish, with brick-thick, black-pulled-back hair shown off atop her head in a perfect ballerina bun.

CLOSE ON ALAN'S FACE

ALAN

(back on into his head, we hear)

"Yow, what wonders must she be sitting on these days, keeping to herself? *Makes me wanna holler.* Daaaaamn..... I'm thinking I need them mysterious wonders of hers.....The only great kiss I ever had was in a porn inspired wet dream.....Dreaming: this could be things I been seeing and been reading about in De Forrest's books. Best ever.

SUPER TITLE/FILM TITLE: **LOVEYOU LONGTIME LOUISE**

DISSOLVE

SUPER TITLE: RURAL NEW JERSEY, BEGINNING OF JULY

EXT. - CAMP-GROUNDS - DAY

CAMERA takes a slow, roundabout trip passing bunks, passing red, clay tennis courts, basketball courts, a tether-ball space, a monkey bridge.

CAMPERS and COUNSELORS head for the morning's flag raising.

SOUNDWISE, LOUD AND AMBIENT. A Tower of BABEL...VARIOUS SNIPPETS as words hustle and criss-cross. ie:

CAMPER ONE

(to fellow camper)

You going to Woodworking? I like the totem pole.

CAMPER TWO

Definitely, Indians are cool.

SLOW, "**OLD SCHOOL**" = (OS) WIPE

EXT. - CAMP GROUNDS - MORNING

CONTINUOUS

The weather-beat Freshview American flag stumbles upwards. A small, chubby KID, pulling with all his might.

IMAGE: hustling CAMPERS, ages 5-15, heading for the pool

IMAGE: heading for the ballfields and courts

IMAGE: Campers and Counselors *working* arts and crafts, archery...

IMAGE: Down by the lake, setting off canoes and row-boats...

SLOW BARNDOOR WIPE

INT. - CAMP OFFICES - DAY

Alan and Louise sit at the ends of a bench, reserved for those waiting on NURSE GLADYS' office.

A bit frayed at the edges. Both the people and the place. We see FRANCY and XAVIER GORZINSKY...married since forever, each in their sixties... Xavier initiates the SOUND OF A BUGLE marking the beginning of the day's activities. Firing up an ancient Victrola held up to an old time microphone; scratchy, popping sounds included.

OLD SCHOOL WIPE

PANARAMA/MONTAGE

IMAGE: hustling CAMPERS, ages 5-14, heading for the pool

IMAGE: heading for the ballfields and courts

IMAGE: Campers and Counselors *working* arts and crafts, archery...

IMAGE: Down by the lake, setting off canoes and row-boats...

IMAGE: Camp Grounds...CAMERA shows the dry, burnished, red dirt mixed with poorly matched swathes of moist, green-brown grass.

(*OLD SCHOOL*) OS WIPE

EXT. - MONKEY BRIDGE - DAY

Crossing the '*Monkey Bridge,*' It's DENO, a short power-pack dynamo and Alan. They walk a thick ship's rope underfoot and the same to hold onto, right and left...Crossing a small, lilly-pad and frog-filled pond. They confront each other round midway. Deno is wild-eyed looking to out work Alan. Alan holds steady.

DENO

Time's come, this is where I get the girl, *Fox*.

ALAN

Fair enough.....this summer makes
two for you, right?

Alan starts to give Deno a hard rocky ride.

DENO

If you wanted her so bad, you'd've come back
last year... seen her in the in-between.

ALAN

True...

ALAN (CONT'D/STRAIGHT TO CAMERA)

But tough titties, you're still too late.

ALAN

You're almost a good enough guy

DENO

Piss off Alan.

ALAN

Just take it like a man and carry on. You'll work it out with your shrink some day.

DENO

Fox, you're a jerk.....

Alan makes a hard move flipping Deno into the water, quick. Alan hops off onto the dirt and pebble ground.....Deno hurriedly slops out covered in Lilly pads and algae. Alan gives a hand guiding him carefully by the elbow to dry land... Deno throws off Alan's hand.

DENO (CONT'D)

Lay off

ALAN

Hey, Deno-boy, bow out quietly.....Save yourself the heartache.

DENO

You on drugs, Fox?

(OS) WIPE

EXT. - CAMP - DAY

GIRL CAMPERS in *their music circle* singing, the JOAN BAEZ version of Dylan's "Blowing In The Wind." We can see and HEAR Louise within the group...She's not so great and the guitar looks much like a cello in her lap held into herself with shaky emotion...loving it and giving all she's got.

{**NOTE:** How overall there's a tangible ease and peace in the air. Most telling: How an eclectic group of parents who sent their children here were as likely to have been children of industry and privilege as to qualify as arty enough to be "persons of interest" to Joe McCarthy, Not your typical summer camp bourgeoisie.....}

SLOW DISOVING WIPE

SUPER TITLE: **TIME PASSING**, two weeks bygone already. THEN:

INT. — MAIN-HOUSE - DAY

Xavier points towards Alan and Louise who sit on a bench outside the camp nurse's office.

XAVIER

Hah!

Xavier takes a seat and pulls out a gorgeous violin and starts to play. Amazing MOTZART. Goes on for several sublime minutes.

FRANCY

Now's time to begin the time of their lives.
Our Balanchine protege and our precocious, *big shot dreamer.....May the wind be at his back...He's damn well gonna need it.*

XAVIER

Should be fun to watch.

FRANCY

Yeah, yeah...no horseback riding for our Prima, no this shit, no that.....And *he's* such a polite fella, but *Mr. Steeeraaaaaango.....*

XAVIER

I like them.

FRANCY

Two of a kind, I'd say. *Bashert*.

XAVIER

Alas, destiny....a gift and a curse. Hey!

Hear that? I do believe the two slowpokes are actually speaking.....*to each other*.

ANGLE ON ALAN AND LOUISE

ALAN

Here we are again.

LOUISE

I have a gross spider bite on my foot. Gladys gave me antibiotic cream. You?

ALAN

.....I guess. I like a good listen to Xavier's practicing when I get blue like this. Although my new counselor, De Forrest seems very cool. Most interesting fell'ar, I recon.

LOUISE

Since when'd you become part cowboy?

Alan stops to laugh...Pause. Silence. Then:

ALAN (STRAIGHT TO CAMERA)

She thinks I'm funny...great! Well, Funny girl, herself If you wanna know how I'm pickin' up on *her*. A couple'a kooks, I think. "*Live and learn*." My Dad's always sayin' it.....He read me the kid version of The Iliad and The Odyssey before bed when I was three. *Once*.

LOUISE

Yeah, "plus ce change, plus c'est la meme chose,"
I'm educated, too, I'll have you know—

ALAN (STRAIGHT TO CAMERA)

Guess, me and Louise, were "growing up" or some such
crapola. Brooklyn Baby. My Grammy lives there I'm the
only true child of the burbs in our nuclear family.

ALAN (CONT')

(to Louise)

What kind of neighborhood is it you live in? Mobsters,
right? Brooklyn an' all.

LOUISE

Sure. Al Capone, Meyer Lansky, Murder Inc..... (Pause).

Silence. Then:

ALAN

*Ohhh, Brooklyn Baby, can't you forgive me? Won't you,
please for-giv-uh me? Damn! Alan Fox here...yup, bit of a
jerk, acquired taste.....Pleased to meet you, fine lady.*

Alan extends his hand to be shook, Louise balks, then accepts, her tiny mitt
disappearing within his.

LOUISE

Alan.....err, should I say, cowboy, I know you well enough
to know what a weirdo you can be.....See `ya `round.

CAMERA FOLLOWS/ CONTINUOUS

As Alan and Louise turn to walk on readying to go their own way.

First: Substantial Silence, finally broken by Alan.

ALAN

(acting out)

"All the world's a stage...and all the men and women merely players". I'm playing my parts: Play your roles carefully, Davey' my mother tells me. My mom feeds me. Shakespeare...I don't mind it. She means well, reads all the parts.....with me memorizing her most treasured lines. What school do you go to in Brooklyn? My mommy went to James Madison...my Granny still lives there... Avenue M across from the EL.

LOUISE

Brooklyn Ethical Culture School, just 'till next year, then I go to Midwood. Madison's still a really Me and your Gran are practically neighbors...Hah! Weird, no?

ALAN

Private School, eh? Ethics? Well, that explains something or other. Then, what's the Midwood story? Back to the bored to death middle of the nowhere road?

LOUISE

Not very funny.....(pause)...Midwood's really good, I hope, I think.

ALAN

You'll do well...Take Shakespeare.

LOUISE

Honestly, I'm kind of anxious, very competitive... Larchmont have a High School?

ALAN

Too small...Next town up, Mamaroneck.

LOUISE

Geese, Alan, can you get a place any more snooty?

ALAN

Scarsdale.

LOUISE

You nervous?

ALAN

Probably, but I'm acting like not.

my brother went there. only we are different kinds of f
ellas. I don't think he has any idea what he wants to do.
My father took care of that. Now as a college guy, he's
majoring in accounting he's pretty lbummed seems
to me.

LOUISE

Yeah...

Jeffer's eleven years my senior. I wanna
be a great writer.

Long pause.

LOUISE

I forgot how much you curse, Why are you so angry, Alan?
What good will you be doing anyone or yourself for that
matter?

ALAN

Just messing with people's heads and hearts and souls and
if I do it right, ...Thinking for themselves with me helping
feed their heads and hearts and souls with beauty love and
mercy. I been reading books De Forrest leant me. I'm
learning things that feel as if they might help me get along
in life all manner of ways to look and go about things,

ALAN (CONT'D)

other than the way we're made to. Simply *consider*.....Not like I'll be the first or doing anything that hasn't been done before, just I'll be doing it in *my*, I'm looking to be my true self, whoever that might be.....Likely, I don't know what in God's name I'm going on about, just talkin' shit..... Geeze, Louise...Exploration of the head, right? Dive inside your soul take that trip, so much to learn — write it down. ...That'd be kind of a cool way to "make the best out of life and laugh it up".....For me.

LONG SILENCE which Louise breaks.

LOUISE

That all *sounds sorta* good, Alan. But kind of a waste. I mean, so what of it other than you come off weird and different? So what? I think you like being that way is all.

ALAN

I can't agree, Louise, though I can understand your doubt.....I am all about love, peace and "To thine own self be true." My dad's got a boss book collection, and now with De Forrest's stuff what can I say? Just lucky, 'ole cowboy me, right?

(OS) WIPE

FLASHBACK

INT. - FOX HOME/PARLOR - DAY

A *ten year* old Alan, stands before one of his father's bookshelves. Spots a book that momentarily freezes his attentions.

REAVEAL— An old, moldy copy of JAMES JOYCE'S, ULYSSES.

Alan grabs for it, opens the cover, sees the title page. At the top is his father's signature, ARTHUR W. FOX in red ink, followed by NYU and the date 1934.

Alan starts skimming through. Then: He stops dead, holds the book up close, then makes a bee-line for the front porch.

FOLLOWING/CONTINUOUS

Alan's Dad, ARTHUR sits in a cheap beach chair, face to the sun reading the Sunday Papers.

ALAN

(holds the book in his dad's face)

Dad...Dad...Dad...Dad...Dad...Dad...Dad...

ARTHUR

Alan, what're you going on about?

ALAN

Dad, is this— this isn't— this the same Ulysees you read to me when I was little is it? Where's the Cyclops and the other monsters?

ARTHUR

No, Alan it is a *modern* classic...based on the classic Greek mythologies we read. The monsters in this book are there but not so obvious...They are us, too Alan, simply being human.

ALAN

Huh?

ARTHUR

Think about it.

Alan opens the book to where he'd held the page that wound him up.

REVEAL: *In a sentence, the word, "cunt."*

ALAN (CONT'D)

Dad, can you really use words like *that*? In a 'modern classic'?

ARTHUR

You can, yes, Alan but only under certain strict formal circumstances of art and literature which we can discuss some other time. I want to finish reading. Right now, I prefer to be amused, not reminded of heartache and headaches.

ALAN

How'd you like it?

ARTHUR

Very much so, I learned a lot.

Arthur returns to reading. Alan holds onto Ulysees as if having discovered some sacred doorway to a freedom he'd only imagined ever-even existed.

WIPE

END FLASHBACK: BACK TO CAMP'S MAIN-HOUSE

where Alan suddenly stands.

ALAN

Fran! Xavier! We're over our troubles. We'll go now, okay?

FRANCY

Go...get on to your activities, you two.....Cheer up!.....Chins up! Louise, let us know how that priceless ankle of yours is coming along. The antibiotic creme ought do the trick.

ALAN

On behalf of myself and the fine, fine Lady here, let us thank you, most gracious Señor and Señorita, you're both too sweet.

FOLLOWING/CONTINUOUS

EXT.- CAMP GROUNDS - DAY

Louise near clings to Allan as they exit, then realizes that this may not be proper...she sidesteps a few quick sideways steps away.

ALAN

Hey, Louise, what makes your foot so "precious," beyond it being pretty?

LOUISE

Fran was teasing me is all...(pause)...
Nevermind.

ALAN

Dang, hey Brooklyn-Baby.....Forgive me, please, accept my apology for not asking.....your given name again?...please, sorry.

LOUISE

I have arts to get to.....What is wrong with you, *asking my name? You're such a nut.*

ALAN

Fox don't care. Spooky, huh? Okay, some other time...what'd you say your name was? I tell you, Wolf and Fox, something to it.....

LOUISE

Bashert.....Don't *you, god forbid!* wear my name out!... Alan Fox, you can be just a tad too slick...icchy.

ALAN

Yes, Alan Fox here from the the mean streets of Larchmont— (mocking a hard golf swing) Chronic war sounds like screeches of: *Four! FOUR!*

LOUISE

No one actually *lives in* Larchmont, do they?

They finally pull apart and each slouching to head their own way.

(OS) WIPE

SPLIT SCREEN

CONTINUOUS/ SPLIT SCREEN/FOLLOWING

Alan who walks on, adding some of that little jig of his danced-to-music at play in his head alone we saw earlier. And Louise who shivers slightly all the way back towards her bunk.

LOUISE

(thinking to herself aloud)

He's really not totally horrible...Damn, I'm afraid.
I think I'm starting to *really* like him.

ALAN

(under his breath)

Bippity-bibitty-bop.....sure she's got my number,
Damn.....damn-damn-damn-damn...Miss Louise Wolf.....
My-Oh-my.....

SLOW (OS) WIPE

INT. - ALAN'S BUNK - NIGHT

Alan sits with his counselor, DE FORREST CHASE, a poster boy for Princeton Waspism; blond, bluish deep eyes. They sit in De Forrest's small, allotted space, door barely cracked. The rest of the bunk is asleep or just about there. Deno keeps a sleepy eye out.

De Forrest and Alan listen to *BOB DYLAN'S "Mr. Tamborine Man"* playing low from De's tiny, scratchy record player. The "Bringin' It All Back Home" album cover sits between them on the bed.

DE FORREST

(hands a few books to Alan)

Take these and read them. Me and Marcia drove the Beetle to Greenwich Village on our day off. So 'trippy' down there, Alan, you got to see what's happening soon as you can.....Just get the books back to me, yeah?

ALAN

No sweat...Thank you, De'f...(looking over the books)...

REVEAL: "Howl," "On The Road" "Last Exit to Brooklyn."

ALAN (CONT'D)

*Hot shit, man. Don't quite know what is in these
but I'm goshdarn certain I want a piece of it. Damn.*

(OS) WIPE

EXT. - CAMP/BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

From a distance, hiding, watching, we notice Louise and some BUNKMATES.

Deno is on court as are five OTHERS. Typically built guys, a fatty a coupl'a clods a perfect representation of Freshview sports. And Alan who towers above, automatically he's one captain, Feno the other. Allan points at a runty stumpy, chub of a kid who looks terrified. (Same kid who raises and lowers the flag).

ALAN

Irving Weintraub...front and center.....My man...
Opportunity knocks...

Irving does as he's told. Alan throws an arm around Irving's chubby little neck and gives a reassuring squeeze.

DENO

Frank.

FRANK, bulky and cocky takes his place next to Deno.

SERIES OF WIPES IN DUMBSHOW

And so the games begin. We follow the action

CHATTER which roll in out and off the players. Deno setting the tone pushing, hustling, yelling at his teammate's mistakes.....The guys play hardnosed. Lots of shoving and holding, thrown elbows...leading to several harsh animated arguments: *this goes on for a good long while.*

LATER

EXT. - CAMP B-BALL COURTS - DAY

Alan has the ball, searching for a pass to make. He spots Irving wide open ten feet away and passes the ball to him. Irving fumbles the pass but is able to recover.

ALAN

Put it up, Weintraub...shoot, man.....

And so Irving reluctantly does. SWISH.

Incredible the look of amazement, on Irving's face. Such out of control, the anger from Deno.

ALAN

Irv, nice shot, baby.

DENO

(to his mates)

Come-awn! Are you guys kidding me? Tighten up, De-fence, Ir-ving.....Christ-sakes!

ALAN

(to Deno, in his face, defending)

Knock off the cheap shit calls, Deno...tokay that's normal from you, I know...

At this point Alan does start to dominate imposing his will. And so it goes.

When the dust clears, an enraged Deno and a content Alan head off in different directions. Louise and mates slip away, Louise in Alan's direction.

Deno notices and seems crestfallen.

DISSOLVE WIPE

INT. - ALAN'S BUNK - DUSK

DENO

(aggressive in Alan's face)

Fox, how many times — Forge Louise, we been together since day one and you know it.....Be cool, man, back off.....

ALAN

Fox don't care.....Not to worry, Deno, you're a tough little guy...(Alan pops a palm lightly up to Deno's forehead as if holding him at arm's length)... Don't lose your confidence. Try Berger, she's kinda cool, good looking enough, you'll be fingering her before you know...

MONTAGE/JUMP CUTS/MUSIC OVER

Girl and boy Campers getting dressed and spruced. It's the eve of the bi-weekly "social." Essentially a get together, where *age appropriate* campers spruce up and party.

(OS) WIPE

INT. - SOCIAL HALL - NIGHT

CAMERA SLOWLY CIRCLES THE ROOM

as the fuzzy smokin' beat playing from shabby, garage band pig- amps hooked to the ancient office VICTROLA...

We HEAR: *THE WHO*, *SINGING*, "*The Kids are All Right.*" Counselors and elders stand about, keeping a casual eye out.

LATER - SOCIAL HALL - NIGHTTIME

THE BEACH BOYS, SURFER GIRL PLAYS and the dancing is close...with that slight, sweet old grind and pushing on. Deno dances entwined with ARLENE BERGER, a tall, slender, okay looking cockeyed brunette seeming quite relaxed.

The adults watch over for any '*going too far.*'

CAMERA completes its roundabout.

(OS) WIPE — LATER

MUSIC OVER/MONTAGE SERIES OF JUMP CUTS

As the kids twist the night away — CONTINUOUS

until— "YOU'VE LOST THAT LOVING FEELING" puts an end to the night.

FRANCY

Well gang, I think it's about that time we all head back to our bunks and get some shut-eye—.....

Let's not forget tomorrow. Another perfect day.....

CLOSE ON ALAN AND LOUISE.

With Louise draped around Alan, hanging from his neck like a crucifix...arms spread, feet, on occasion just a tad off the ground. Head in the clouds. Alan holds onto her like *she's the one*. Then: as "You've Lost That Lovin Feeling" starts to fade, everyone starts to shuffle and make their way towards the exit. Save Louise and Alan who move hand-in-hand sliding towards a sideways open door getaway. Fran, Xavier, Louises' counselor, MARCIA and Alan's guy, De Forrest, all look at the couple and at one another with the question: "*Should we let it be?*" hanging delicately in the air.

DE FORREST

I'll keep an eye on them.

MARCIA

I'll tag along...(pause)...My Lord, are they in love, or what? such as it is for 14...Damn, De Forrest!

De Forrest shrugs.

The counselors follow Alan and Louise outside...carefully, giving the young lovers space. DeForrest then turns on Marcia and lifts her into the air by her elbows until they're both six foot. She kisses his eyes.

(OS) WIPE

EXT.- CAMP - EVENING

De Forrest and Marcia smoke pot, sitting cross-legged on the dirt floor.

DE FORREST

Tell you what, we got to get out of this place.

MARCIA

Where to? What for?

DE FORREST

We should be in the City, in the Village. We're missing something happening, you know as well as I do. I'm right. Gotta see that guy painting sheets on the sidewalk again. That was so damn cool, know what I'm sayin'? I wanna piece of that world.

MARCIA

Knock me up. Let's just do it. A baby, Def, c'mon, we got to get the next generation into the changes sooner the better.

DE Forrest says nothing.

(OS) WIPE

Meantime.....At the far end of the camp's land where things break into a sprawling pine forest. Alan and Louise enter... and obviously knowing the terrain, make their way to a substantial size pine log where they sit looking over Lake Freshview, together.....Still waters still hand-in-hand.

LOUISE

It's been one fun month, Alan. You ever wonder how come I liked you at first?

ALAN

Because I'm kinda... 'something or other'.....What? Isn't that how you put it?

LOUISE

Actually, YOU said that but it's way better...because you and me are the only ones in this place who wear Bass Weejuns.

ALAN

That's quite deep, babe...what a dummy, how could I have not known?

LOUISE

Right.

ALAN

I only got an 86 IQ, don't forget.

LOUISE

Yeah, then how come your grade school told your folks to push you on your way to get you on the fast-track to Harvard and Yale? You are so full of it.

ALAN

Okay, but it's my being "full of it," so says you. How come you secretly liked me.....Why ahh, I lie about that, NOT the IQ part... Brooklyn Baby it'syou, who's sussed me out clean, but Louise, "Reality" does, in fact, suckI bought the t-shirt before I left for here then forgot about it. Left it home. And so it goes, gorgeous.

LOUISE

Kind of stupid statement anyhow. What good does it do, even if it's true? Got a better reality choice to offer?

ALAN

Reality, okay fine, thing is, I prefer anything but what passes as real — whatever that means.....More fun, I think...

LOUISE

I like you a lot, Alan, I think, but I mean.....I never said I liked Deno all that much. He's not so bad. Pretty good kisser.

ALAN

Yup, Seems to me, you acted like you cared when you *were* mad-making-out with the guy.....

LOUISE

"Screw you, Alan Fox....."mad-making-out"...I don't think so. Kisses, sure, but no more. Lord knows Damn, got it all figured out, don't you now? Louise Louuuuuuise! I think you're becoming my hero.

LOUISE

Maybe I do know a thing or two that you don't.
(Sarcastic) You're so heh-eh-hehevayy, man—

PAUSE. SILENCE.

ANGLE ON DEFOREST AND MARCIA

coming out of a hot french kiss, then together remembering what brought them there to begin with. De Forrest holds a last hit of pot for Marcia and then start calling and waving...

DE FORREST

Okay, let's wrap it up, don't be taking advantage.

MARSHA

Move those rear ends...Back to the bunks.

Then: Pause. Dead Silence.

Wherein Alan and Louise kiss deeply. It feels beyond, the great beyond and each of them seems as if they are holding onto one another for dear life.

SLOW DISSOLVE

SUPER TITLE: Several weeks later

EXT. - CAMPGROUNDS - DAY

CAMERA picks up a number of pinup notices telling campers not to forget to gather belongings:

REVEAL: one of the flyers. *"ATTENTION: ONE-MONTHERS, never too early to start getting organized...your belongings are going home with you."*

WIPE TO

The older girl campers again in their circle-sing, now doing Dylan's, "Don't think twice it's Alright.".....Here, the girls work closer, deeper towards touching Dylan.

Again, we see Louise, concentrated as if her life was at stake. She's still not the greatest and the guitar still looks much like she's wrestling with her instrument. But with far more surety and emotion... Simply put she's loving it more than ever and giving all she's got.

WIPE

EXT. - MONTAGE/SERIES OF JUMP WIPES

EXT. - CAMP TENNIS COURTS - DUSK

It's Deno versus Alan and a pretty good crowd has assembled to watch what is a very competitive match. Deno cheats, curses yells and at one point, cries. Meanwhile, Alan plays out of his mind. Fact is, Deno's the better

player...more hustle, more care for being a "winner." Still, Alan blows him off the court.

WIPE-DISSOLVE

ALAN (STRAIGHT TO CAMERA)

I think people are the greatest fun. Truth: I'm in love with Louise.....And no lies...I *love* all things beautiful. Oh, I will miss her for all time, Oh-woe-is-me...as if you ever see summer loves carry on.....Well, she belongs to me and fate will help me keep it that way. I've really learned a lot, really learned a lot from Louise.

(Alan spots a giant waterbug heading his way, sizes up the moment, then jumps, landing hard on one heel squashing the bug bloody good.....)

ALAN (CONT'D/STRAIGHT TO CAMERA)

"YOU GOT TO BE MINE/ALL MINE!" *Or else. FOXY.....!*

DISSOLVE WIPE TO

EXT. - FAIRGROUNDS - DAY

We see a couple of school busses pull up and out comes most of Fairview's campers and elders. They are led towards a stage where a group of FOLKSINGERS -- THREE GUYS AND ONE GIRL -- *THE LEGENDARY WEAVERS* are preparing to perform.

Everyone finds a group, their bunkmates, friends, etc. To sit and listen. We notice Alan with his guys, though he keeps his distance from Deno, looking everywhere for Louise. The show goes on.

DISSOLVE DISSEMBLING WIPE

THE WEAVERS SING OVER THROUGH AND OUT: "*Goodnight Irene*"

WIPE

EXT. - WIDE SWATHE OF CAMP GROUNDS - NIGHT

SUPER TITLE: TIME PASSED AND PASSING/ heading fast *through* August.

IMAGE: Made most obvious in the several beautiful qualities in a fade of grey light over the lake and surrounding terrain.

IMAGE: Alan and Louise in the pine forest, making out as they lay together. There's a whole lot of rock and roll as Alan tickles Louise.

HOLD THEN—

CAMERA ***covers the waterfront until settling.***

CLOSE ON

ALAN AND LOUISE. Dead silence. Pink blushing faces.....Hot as sun. Love above love below love inside everything coming on from every direction, coming up, LOVE.

HOLD: SILENCE, SAVE FOR VARIED BIRD SOUNDS, WIND SOUNDS COMING OFF THE LAKE. A TRAIN WHISTLE like an axe of frequency cuts through the distance. Then:

ALAN

(stares into Louise's eyes, whispers)

GOTCHA.....got me too, babe.....Phew-wee, like I told 'ya, pretty scary.....Louise, can't we remain in this forest here, being one . Stay just like kwe are now and never leave? Because love is what we got!

They both rise and head for their counselors, Alan in the lead.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

More, more, more more more. Further. Neverstop
NEVER STOP! Oh boy, I believe I have seen some light.
Need it, darn it.....Farther, man!

Louise meanwhile stops then turns a cheek and heads quick for her bunk. Not before pulling a face and showing it with longing to Alan; her look of love holding a little fear as well.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(reaching De Forrest)

Damn, Def.....what do i do now?

Pause. Silence, then:

Alan springs up and over the log moving headlong for the shaky, unfamiliar.

SLOW MOTION/SERIES OF FLICKBOOK WIPES

FLICKWIPE

Showing the ten year old homesick sadsacks Louise and Alan in the main office, crying together.

FLICKWIPE

Showing Alan and Louise at the monkey bridge, laughing together; Alan emerging from the water covered in frogs and Lilly pads.

FLICKWIPE

Showing Alan and Louise passing each other on their way to activities; they exchange a quick kiss; Alan cops a pat on Louise's rear.

FLICKWIPE

Showing Alan and Louise holding hands and passing by Deno. Nothing to be said:

SLOW WIPE — ***TIME PASSING TOO QUICKLY***

EXT. - CAMP/SMALL OUTDOOR, pre-fab STAGE SET UP - DUSK

Old-time wide, grey wood-planks, set not too far off the ground and at the sides make up the staging. The KITCHEN STAFF do the work, the sound of hammers POUND away.

Campers and Counselors, Xavier, Fran and NURSE GLADYS, meander about... also NEIGHBORS begin to stand up to the surrounding fences. SEVERAL PEOPLE gather at the dirt road entrance.

This CAMERA ROUNDABOUT goes on for quite some while. Then:

taking us on a 'long, strange, trip'.....And down the rabbit hole' some kind of MINIATURE GRATEFUL DEAD CONCERT. A group of counselors including Marcia and De Forest. are putting on a pretty poor act of looking like they're not smoking pot.

LATER

And De Forrest, DAVEY (another counselor), Geno and Frank...are not too awful, and they put out good enough garage rock having just enough *nasty* hovering beneath the surface.

These energies have the audience and those gathered from living nearby pretty sexed up in the humidity mosquitos lingering in the spermy, sweaty air. —

Then — From offstage-left there comes Alan.....who makes his way onto and across the stage where the band grinds into *Louie Louie*....."I'm a street-walking cheetah with a heart full of napalm!!!" Alan howls. He is a mad, custard-yellow dog..... Then seamlessly he's into the *dirtiest, bluesiest* lyric Alan can humanly bring. (as the FBI concluded about *LOUIE LOUIE*: "unintelligible at any speed").

In an instant, those gathered are TRANSFORMED INTO the heat of the moment.

ALAN

(singing away)

*"When I say I'm in love you best believe I'm in love,
L-U-V." Louie, Louie Lou-I-ayyyy/ I grab Louise and I am
massive quick/And she got no idea know what to do with my
dick/Louie-Louie Louie-Louie Louie-Louie Louie-Louie/ow-
ow-ow-ow-owwww!!!*

WIPE

LATER

EXT. - A FAR CORNER OF THE CAMP- NIGHT

SLOW INVERSE CIRCLEWIPE

PANORAMIC VIEW OF LOUISE AND ALAN

As they look through one another's eyes to the middle of Lake Freshview where first there is a marble fountain, then there is no fountain then there is..... then a peacock stands in the marble fountain, flouts it's colors; then there is no fountain, no peacock. Then there is...her and him simultaneously turned on inside loves hallucinations.....

IRIS WIPE SHRINKING CIRCLE

SUPER TITLE: AND SO IT GOES. YEARS PASS.....

DISSOLVEWIPE

CLOSE ON *FLICK-BOOK SHOTS*

Showing Louise's growth from a beautiful baby, golden child, "that awkward age" and on into stunning, full-bore, brown-eyed girlhood.....A dead ringer for Natalie Wood.

FLICK: Running on the sand in Long Beach, a smiley topless two year old (Louise), wearing the "new: fashion rage out of Europe, the French bikini, Bikini bottoms on, (hot off the presses from the South of France via her wannabe WASP grandparents on her father's side.....)

FLICK: LOUISE sits gobbled up inside an oversized beach/lounge chair set in the sand. She wears cat's eye shades, smiley-smile on her face.

ANIMATION/FLICK: A nine year old Louise training with BALANCHINE and the NYCBT. Dread silence, save the sound of dancers leaping and landing. For quite some time, we watch the Maestro put the dancers through some paces. A WOMAN, MADAME PARISETTE follows alongside taking notes. Stopping with Balanchine who, from time to time, studies certain individuals overall look and posture. He occasionally uses a long pointer to move a foot or arm or leg or to gently move an eyebrow until he sees exactly what it is

he's looking for. Says nothing. Stops at Louise, lifts her leg upwards until fully stretched and impossibly straight. Balanchine then slowly lowers the outstretched leg until it again rests on the floor.

The Maestro checks a few more dancers, says nothing and splits. Madame Parisette, takes over instructions with a voice that is as definitive as Balanchine's was silent.

FLICK: Louise, a floating mystic, DANCING ANGEL in Balanchine's "NUTCRACKER." She is good, Louise stands outshined only by GELSEY KIRKLAND who moves like no other angel on stage.

WIPE

EXT. - CAMP FRESHVIEW - DAY

Louise, stands toe-to-toe with her mother. Clearly they are battling...Louise's lovely Bouvier look-alike mother, GUSSIE, her body hunkered down into her Anne Klein shift and Louise, keeping a good arm's length away her bikini bottoms, returning fire.

LOUISE

It's my hair!

MOTHER

You listen to your mother, little girl.

LOUISE

Maybe I won't.

MOTHER

Do not forget who you are speaking to, Louise.

LOUISE

Too late, mommy. It's done, I cut my bangs, so there.....

Finally they walk away from each other.

FLICK: Louise sits solo in the Midwood, Brooklyn home breakfast nook, black coke bottle glasses, curly, black hair to her shoulders... It is "that awkward age."

FLICK: CLOSE ON a well worn pair of ballet shoes as Louise writes the name WOLF on the bottom in thick, black marker ink in Louises' script handwriting. She stands and walks away from them...they sit, sad and propped in a corner of her bedroom.

FLICK: Louise, at 12 walking past in front of her house, so pretty in her linen striped black and blue mini-dress. She is on the cusp of being a young woman.

FLICK: Louise cheerleading at a basketball game. The skirts are dangerously short and a big hit with the guy students in the crowd. At one point, Louise flashes her hoop team member boyfriend, TED SUEDE.

FLICK: Louise decked out at home awaiting to be picked up for a date with LANCE KAUFMAN, a musclebound Roid-blown football jock

FLICK: Painted portrait IN THE Midwood home living room and Louise is a woman, it's official. Truth: simply a beauty, each and every physical quality falling singularly into proper place.....And her face...a testament to natural beauty, in full harmonic bloom with nature itself.....on the edge of the beginning of becoming herself.

SLOW BARN-DOOR WIPE

SUPER TITLE: last of the seventies and through the looking glass on into the turn of a century

INT. - HOUSE/LOUISE'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Louise and her oldest, bestest girlfriend BARBARA, a short, stocky blond sit at bed's edge and shoot the breeze. CROSBY STILL'S NASH AND YOUNG

sing, "Ohio" from Louise's stereo unit. A NEIL YOUNG poster is the only thing on her walls.

BARBARA

I've got to get out of my house, don't care how. Like living in an extremely unfunny farm...I'm gonna marry, Ben. And run for the hills.....And your plan is doing what, Louise?

LOUISE

I'm gone, too. I think. Just don't much want to leave Brooklyn...

BARBARA

(long pause)

No..do not tell me: Suede? Listen, Louise, superficially he's an okay guy and all, but he's still a schmuck, phony hustler. He's so not trustworthy, He'll make your life hell at some point, I promise you that.

LOUISE

He genuinely loves me, Barbara, such as he's able. We've been friends since forever. It feels pretty natural. There's continuity and stability in our knowing each other for such a long time and I like that. He gets good drugs. And I love him, too.

BARBARA

Fine, what a great motivator...Qualudes.....only let's say, my Ben — he's gonna be a doctor. Ted Sued, what's he gonna do? Follow his skeavy father into that most *most honorable of professions* ripping-off-tourists selling phony tsachkes near Times Square? You can't be serious? Jese, the father walks around like he's Mafia...I mean, *worse*, a vulgar, Syrian Jew for Christ'sakes... You *must* know how

BARBARA

much better you could do. That'll be Ted,
sooner than you think.....Think this one through, Louise,
he's no jailbird...yet, like that previous winner you dated,
Kaufman. Hold your nose while you take that one
in. Think. Deeply Lou.

LOUISE

I have. I am I mean, c'mon, Barb, he is pretty
exciting in his way, `ya know. The sex is pretty
nice, he does get *The Best* drugs; we love the same
music...that counts, and he really has a good
heart, I promise you...

BARBARA

Hitler loved his dog, right? Ted's a gross narcissist, Lou. In
everything he does, it's all for Ted. Don't forget I know
Ted, too. I've been out with the both of you enough times
and we both know he'll screw you over badly somehow or
other. Over and over.....A guaranteed life of
disappointment. No fun.....

Barbara waves so long, getting as far as the doorway. Louise puts on Led
Zeppelin. Barbara turns back into "*Ramble On*" and stares at Louise, fairly
pleading.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

I beg you, as your best friend since five years old.
Damn it, Lou, you're gonna settle for dogshit *again*.....
Just when I thought it couldn't get worse—
Damn, damn damn, Louise. That cretin, criminal, Kaufman
loved you since forever, too, don't forget.

LOUISE

Just think I could be visiting my husband at Sing-Sing...kind of hooligan glamorous, right?

BARBARA

Only you're a Jewish girl, an *Ethical Culture* School graduate...Midwood cheerleader and Advanced Placement in every course...c'mon, Louise, lemme say so...Swede's beneath you, for Godsakes.

LOUISE

I felt protected with Lance...No one could hurt me with him holding on.

BARBARA

He walked you around like you were in a permanent arm-lock. That's possession, Louise, not protection. Surely not real love.

LOUISE

Well, I wised up, didn't I?

BARBARA

Time to do it again, I'd say. Don't you hear your own know- *better*, unconvinced voice? You really wanna marry a sure bet lifelong headache and heartache?.....What is wrong with you?!!!

LOUISE

Look, I want out of this house, too, better believe it. Same as you I have my reasons. Hey, Ted will make money, he'll do what he has to do to provide for a family. In the family responsibility sense, he's pretty on it. The criminal creep, Kaufman...only good thing he ever did was coldcock Ted.

Barbara throws her hands up and walks on. Growling as she goes. Louise stays put...lifts the needle and places Led Zep aside, blows a kiss out the window at a disappearing Barbara then puts on **JONI MITCHELL, "BLUE"** and quietly closes her door.

WIPE

INT. - GYMNASIUM - DAY

The stands are pretty packed. Ted is at the foul line. Suddenly out of nowhere LANCE KAUFMAN, the archetypal roided out football asshole comes barreling at TED and slams Ted across the ear..Ted staggers, drops then regains his balance and boogies trying to get out of the gym. While FOOTBALL COACH AND DEAN, MISTER BLATT, corrals Kaufman and hauls him away. Blatt is a large man, tall and wide.

DEAN BLATT

(pushing Ted out the gym doors)

You goddamn moron. You want to make a fool of yourself...fine.....but reflect this childish crap on our team, then you are fortunate I don't kick your silly ass and you can go play Pop Warner football..... I am not funning with you, Kaufman..... get me?

KAUFMAN

Sorry, Coach, I lost my head...It's just I hate...I wanna kill Suede.

COACH BLATT

Aww, poor baby. Okay, Suede's a mook. Listen up, he did nothing. Your girlfriend likes him better. End of story. Grow up or give up, boy.

ANGLE ON LOUISE

Huddled with her fellow cheer leaders a couple of whom (JOANIE MAZ and BRANCA MIRINOVIC. Both of whom hold and console her and get her out of the gym.

JOANIE

it's kinda stupid romantic ...guys fighting over you and all that in front of a crowd.

BRANCA

Like the Roman Colosseum. I dunno, fucked up but the boys are really pretty cool.

LOUISE

Not if you're me...so unreally embarrassed.

MUSIC OVER/SLOW DISSOLVING WIPE

EXT. - HIGH SCHOOL GROUNDS/MAMARONECK, NY - AFTERNOON

A seventeen year old, 6'4" Alan, (b-ball under his arm), crosses the large grassy area that sits between the two schools which together make up the whole of the middle and high schools.

Bodies in motion.

Alan exchanges hand-slaps with all sorts of CLASSMATES until he just about reaches his destination, entering the fancier of the two buildings, heading for the gym — but not before he passes a SMALL GATHERING OF GUYS who appear to be messing with a Latino simpleton, name, THE'RENCE who is getting increasingly agitated and then he spots Alan—

FOLLOWING CONTINUOUS

INT. - SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

The'rence is pulling his way out of the scrum and finally stumbles to grab hold of Alan.

THE'RENCE

(towards the bullies)

Hey, you guys, here's *MY FRIEND*, Alan Fox...

Uhh...right Alan?

The bullies lower their cruelty temperature, quick.

BULLY ONE

Fuck you, Fox. Asshole, mind your own business...

BULLY TWO

You'll get yours, count on it

BULLY ONE

You're next, jewboy

ALAN

I plan to get mine someday.....kicking your punk asses won't be part of it. You nobodies surely are not worth my time to wipe you pieces off shit off my Keds.

Turning back at the last threat...taking The'rence at the elbow and moving him along in Alan's intended direction, then calling back to the bullies.

The'rence looks up at Alan, thoroughly perplexed. Then:

ALAN (CONT'D)

(puts an arm 'round The'rence's shoulder...)

Hey, The'rence don't you be going around counting on MIGHTY MOUSE always showing up to save the day. You hearing me, man? Protect yourself at all times, okay?

ALAN (CONT'D)

What the referee says to the fighters before they get it on taking pain....."Protect yourself at all times."

The'rence watches Alan disappear into the gymnasium.

FOLLOWING CONTINUOUS

INT. - SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY

Alan nods to his TEAMMATES, slaps a bunch of hands and joins the warm up lay-up line. After a few gentle chippies, Alan lets go with a driller tomahawk.

FLOATING CLOCKWIPE:

SUPER TITLE: TIME PASSING SLOWLY

SERIES OF JUMP CUTS

ALAN (STRAIGHT TO CAMERA)

I fucked off through school. Endured my father's younger brother's gruesome suicide...Endured too many summer days left alone with my father at work...only mother, along for too long stretches of time with my beloved mentally ill brother, Jeffer. Had to chase down the poor, terrified bastard and take him stern by the shoulder to mom waiting real to peel the Le Mans out. Burning rubber for Portchester Hospital psyche-ward.

WIPE

EXT. - ALAN'S STREET/LARCHMONT - DAY

A frantic Jeffer runs, repeatedly looking back over his shoulder, running to the corner of Hall Avenue and Virginia Place, trying to make the corner turn. Alan is after him, catches up, puts a stern arm around Jeffer's shoulder.....

JEFFER

You're the devil.

ALAN

Okay, if that helps you'll still have to trust me and mom, we are all you got..

JEFFER

Please, Aly, promise you won't leave me there.

ALAN

Promise.

ALAN (CONT'D/STRAIGHT TO CAMERA)

Of course, I had no idea what was to be, but as it turned my mum and me delivered the Jeffer to his fate and don't you know six months later, electro-shock behind him he walked out, filled with Tofrinil never to return to any such institution for the rest of his bizarre, downfall of a life. Never letting friends or myself for help, rather: "You faux boho bums ain't shit. I am crazy, boys and I got the papers to prove it!" Aww, fuck me, right? I miss him everyday. Goddamnit, cannot catch all the lambs.....

WIPE

INT. - BACKYARD - FRIEND'S LARCHMONT HOME/GATHERED BENEATH A CLUSTER OF CYPRUS TREES - NIGHT

IN DUMBSHOW

Alan watches and passes on a syringe as some drug-buds shoot up. Then, to a person, they vomit and dream away.

WIPE

ALAN (STRAIGHT TO CAMERA)

Thus, bringing on an epiphany.....Hoops and book reading became my addictions...that got me through in one piece, however rickety...Until—

WIPE

EXT.- SCHOOLYARD B-BALL COURT - LATE AFTERNOON

MONTAGE

*Alan shoots hoops alone, going hard until he runs out of gas, drops the ball, picks up a novel: REVEAL: **ALFRED DOBLIN'S, "BERLIN ALEXANDERPLATZ"** where he sits planted on the stonewall until sundown.*

REPEAT: above from Alan's POV.

REPEAT : above from the novel's pages' POV.

REPEAT : BIRD'S EYE POV looking from BOOK'S COVER

VOICE (VO)

On to NYC, bartending in the West Village. Lived above a freakshow known as The Pleasure Chest with neighbors true to its name. Living in the middle of the queer revolution and enduring the loss of friends including his big shot ICM Literary Agent to the pure horrorshow of AIDS, wrecking his own strength for a spell... Grotesque cases of LOSS and the THE BLUES. He never stopped writing, trying to co-nnect with the impossible and get published once and for fucking all and forget the fuck about the mean damn thing.....NO LUCK. The curious heights of What the fuck! That's not the sound of my heart...beat Fuuuuuuuuuck!.....The grim repetition. Almost got published and edited by the likes of Pete Townshend of The Who, working out of London...developed a letter-writing r relationship with Federico Fellini, that, almost, of course, turned into a genuine collaboration. Blew it. Did not have the ganas...Based on one of the publisher-hated-novels,,,Everything done alone...dead agents, barely alive-dead fuck-up (moi-meme).....Alas, his off the beat karma and life's circumstances, only served to confirm his overall suspicion of being an irredeemable fuck-up with otherworldly piss-poor timing.

WIPE

INT. - ELEVATOR/NYC - DAY

At a very high floor, Alan exits the elevator, along with STEVE MARTIN, greeted by a RECEPTIONIST behind a desk and three large iron letters above her head: ICM.

IN DUMBSHOW, Alan flirts with the receptionist who phones in his arrival. She gives him the nod.

FOLLOWING/CONTINUOUS

Alan heads down a hallway to a "Corner Office", knocking lightly and being waved in by a small, dark, exotic looking dandy, his agent, SALVATORE DEL SANHO, seated behind a messy glass desk. Beautiful view of Central Park behind.

They shake hands and Alan takes a seat across from Louis, who ruefully shakes his head while handing over a few individual pieces of paper.

INT. - DEL SANTO OFFICE/ICM - DAY

SALVADOR

I'm sick, Alan. I have HIV/AIDS. It's an unjust bitch of an earth at times, we both know. Dutton was most interested, but wanted changes that you'll see for yourself would turn the book so far from what you and I both know is everything that makes it an instant cult classic piece..."Too out there," the usual sorry bullshit..."too dark, disturbing," and of course...old reliable..."Too long and hard to sell".....I know, my boy...fuck them, but then again forgive them, Alan, no matter how harsh it kills inside... Part of the gig and you know it. Publishing anything "literary's a joke nowadays...unknown You and a Voice-

*Driven book, maybe they know not what they're doing...
tossing off a beautiful work of art. They're simply not used
to judging literature any longer; call yourself a "literary
editor," people laugh. I know. Not sure they are capable
of recognizing it any longer. It's primarily facsimile art that
gets done and lauded, and yes on occasion rightfully so,
you know that, too.....*

*Alan takes the papers, scans them quickly and spits on them. Louis stands
and crosses to Alan pats his back and arm, uses his handkerchief to gently
clean some spittle off Alan's sport coat and lips. Tries to hold him back but
Alan's at the door, quick. Only not before—*

ALAN

(giving Salvadore a profound hug.)

*I am terribly sad for you. You have been such a champion
for what I do and I've disappointed you terribly. I am
sorry, Salvadore. Please don't lose hope. I can't afford
these payments. Too weak for losses, man. Fuck me, this
time's about you, my friend and I cannot help.*

SLOW DISSOLVING-WIPE

INT. - APARTMENT/PARIS - NIGHT

*Alan sits at a fold out table, staring out his one small prison-style window
window — revealing a good view of the "rooftops of Paris. A seven floor
walk up that once were servant quarters.*

VOICE (VO)

"Running away/ to get ay-way"...Alan split for Paris living inside the St. Denis red-light district, writing like an uber dervish while soon becoming a favorite neighborhood character.

WIPE

MONTAGE - DAY/NIGHT/MUSIC OVER: TALKING HEADS "Life during wartime"

As Alan walks the streets, stopping in cafes, working, running back home... writing over over again.

VO(CONT'D)

Next, Off to Los Angeles, on the heels of his first screenplay, well received by Creative Artists Agency. Calls OF "Genius" A Cult classic likened TO "TAXI DRIVER....Hanging fast and fat for A few years; doing hard time. Failure.Of course unspeakable"almosts." Fancy names and a few "Indie" films made...a very few bucks made. No novel. Utter demoralization. Nowhere but lost in the funhouse and hallucinations of the end of the road.

SLOW WIPE

INT. - PARLOR/MANSION/ MALIBU HILLS - DAY

Alan sits and speaks with a MOVIE STAR.

MOVIE STAR

...Yeah, man it's too bad we lost Orion. We had it set up strong with DePalma ready to come on. Anyhow, you wrote my dream script...not our fault they went belly up.

ALAN

Thank you, man, for the appreciation. It was great for me to work on. I really learned a lot. I wanted to ask you if you can help get me the fifteen g's Orion still owes me. You have juice, I have none and I am broke and the wolves, the usual suspects are at the door and it sucks.

MOVIE STAR

(stands and walks away)

Wait here.

Alan hangs on. Then: the Star walks on in and hands over a bundle of cash wrapped up in a rubber band.

MOVIE STAR (CONT'D)

Fifteen grand. I'm not even telling my lawyer. Just give it back, when you get your dough.

They shake hands.

ALAN

(tapping his temple with his index finger)

Hey, man, I'll never forget this.

MOVIE STAR

Likewise, and just to let you know, I think I might be able to hook you up with Bob and Al, they're looking for something to do together. If I can pull this off, I'll

put you in touch with Bob's assistant. Maybe we'll try something again sometime.

The Star opens the front door for Alan.

WIPE

INT- CAR - DAY

Alan drives his pimpmobile bomb, heading to his bank. Down Sunset Boulevard to Los Felez

FOLLOWING/CONTINUOUS

VO

Nothing more came of nothing. No Al and Bob, though true to his word, Alan got a fair shot, but alas.....Why hate himself in Los Angeles? he thought. Hated the climate, hated driving, hated the miscreant values and those who were endeared to them. Loved the new ideas and final frontier thinking. But fuck me, Alan thoughtnot enough...So then.....:"I'm going back to NYC, I do believe I've had eenough....." Alan sang Dylan to himself ten thousand times.. Writing, writing, writing, writing writing writing writing everything and anything for anyone.....A room at The Chelsea hotel. Beautiful flophouse. All the while, fiction, naturally. Sometimes another failed fine piece, other times,

embarassing junk.....had a wildlife going on, I tell you what. Within him and without him.

DISSEMBLING SLOWWIPE

FLASHBACK

EXT. - ALAN'S HIGH SCHOOL GROUNDS - MID-DAY

Gathered 'round a small stone wall at the outer edges of the school grounds, smoking pot. Alan and Stoner friends, a different bunch than his hoop-mates, pass the reefer and partake heartily. Alan takes a look at his Timex says nothing and splits.

WIPE

INT. - GYMNASIUM - AFTERNOON

The team is scrimmaging. Alan takes a seat at the end of the bench, hair, long and messy for the times...obviously stoned. For the team, they could care less about the "past." In walks COACH RON KERR, a mid-thirty something, six foot, military cut Viet Nam vet...former outstanding point guard from the Ivy League, blond and handsome. His sardonic, repulsed look at Alan says it all about their relationship.

Coach Kerr starts barking out at the players on the court.

COACH KERR

Werner! Get back on defense faster, faster,
Werner! and that means before the end of
practice...Werner! Pull away from the table now
and again.....That's a way to go, Woods...You take that

shot anytime it's there, you hear me? Poonacelli,
take it *to the hole*, leave that ugly rim-breaker
jump shot of yours for must-make situations...
Jese.....

They despised one another. Coach Kerr and Alan. Their war was over the
moment in toto. Lines clearly drawn...Politically, socially, culturally, but most
telling was the battle for the heart of the team. And Alan had not only the
heart but the entire soul of the club, hands down.

COACH KERR (CONT'D)

(turns to Alan)

Get a haircut.

No answer.

COACH KERR (CONT'D)

Go in there, Fox...give it your usual
don't give a crap normal worst.

No answer as Alan does as he's told...pulling off the move to the court with a
stand at attention and salute.

then moving at near cartoon speed.

COACH KERR (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Faggot. Prick.

ALAN

(under his breath)

Pig,.....(then aloud)...Why don't I try playing my
proper position, huh, Coach, sir!? Keep on keepin'
me down and I'll keep on truckin' until I roll right

over you. I don't mind, man, Should you want to kill my spirit...Screw ya. Just do it!

COACH KERR

Shut up....Shut...Up...Shut-the-hell up.

ALAN

(looking for support from those in sight)

RE-ENLIST! RE-ENLIST! RE-ENLIST! RE-ENLIST!

A few others on the team join in as do some other students passing by who hear the commotion...(*Attica!*).....Then:

COACH KERR

Shut your filthy mouths, all of you. those who don't belong get the hell out.

The hang-around students do as they're told.

Alan takes his assigned position at the "point"...next biggest dude on the team to 6' 7" center, WOODS...no great ball-handler, but an obvious potentially exceptional "two" guard. Within several minutes of play, Alan commits four turnovers. Hits two sweet jumpers and dunks...(note: this was the time you could not dunk in college and high school)...

COACH KERR

That's just grand, Fox — you just cost your team two points plus a tech' just to show what a jackass you are. Way to think of your teammates.

ANGLE ON GYM ENTRANCE

IN DUMBSHOW

At this moment, the CHEERLEADERS, a mixed group of pretties, a few beauts, few home-lies and the small few of them who actually could do the job.

When Alan sees TERRY FELICE, his high-hair, bleach blond, coulda-been-a-Shangrala-look girlfriend, he walks away from the coach and team and gives her a quick French kiss. Meanwhile, Head Cheerleaders are try to pry them apart and gain some order.

A seething Coach Kerr makes his way slowly towards the fiasco.

HOLD CLOSE ON: *THE KISS, THEN:*

SLOW BARNDOOR WIPE

MATCH CUT

INT. - UNPRETENTIOUS BROOKLYN PRIVATE CLUB - DUSK

COMPLETE MATCH-WIPE ON KISS, THEN:

REVEAL: A kiss between Louise and TED SUEDE.....Louise's wedding. Low key, small gathering. Louise in simple white knit dress and velvet clogs.

WIPE

INT. - COUNTY CENTER BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT/WESTCHESTER, NEW YORK - NIGHT

ANGLE ON SCOREBOARD

A full crowd of 5,000 fans. The score indicates that YONKERS is up by two with virtually no time remaining.

Alan is at the foul line, he drains the first. The crowd, both for and against grows louder and louder; for and against.

Alan bounces the ball nine times like always, looks up at the hoop, then: the word **GOAT in animation** floats there.

Alan lets loose and the ball hits the rim, bounces, slowly a few times than rolls off. The YONKERS CENTER a good few inches taller than Alan and way more muscular goes barreling high and his body and Alan's meet near the rim...Alan manages to barely crack the ball off the badass Yonker's center's shoulder. Silence: As the ref calls ball possession, "Mamaroneck."

Alan drifts to the ref who hands him the ball. Alan waits as his boys set up for their out-of-bounds play. Alan slaps the ball and bodies are in motion. Alan doesn't even bother to look see what's what. He simply walks towards the team bench as his star teammate, FLIP POONACELLI coolly banks in the winner. Loads of classmates come out of the stands, some right to Alan, slapping his back, shaking hands.

NEIL BRAUN, Mamaroneck starting quarterback, varsity jacket on runs for Alan, grabs Alan's hand and shakes it.

NEIL BRAUN

"Stoner" Fox, my Maaaaaaan You guys are dynamite

ALAN

Yeah, man...Thank you.

Just then — ALAN looks ahead and there he is face to face with—

COACH KERR

Nice one, son...(puts out a hand to be shook. Alan ignores it)...

ALAN

Piss off.

COACH KERR

That's all she wrote, Fox...championship Monday you're end of the bench!!! Way to let your mates down, you cowardly fucker.....

ALAN

(calling back)

Way to be left far behind, Coach...Too late, man Train's left the station..."Stolen your

ALAN (CONT'D)

face right offa your head" and you don't even know it. What you gonna do, Coach? So alone?

DISSOLVE-WIPE

OLD SCHOOL ANIMATION OF PLANE TAKING OFF FROM NEW YORK CROSSING THE ATLANTIC, LANDING IN PARIS —1973

EXT. - Paris, Cafe de Flore/Blvd. St. Germain - Day

Alan sits alone in the midst of the packed, legendary sidewalk cafe. Off at the corner margins, notebook spread on the small, round table, espresso cup and glass of water alongside. He writes at hyper-speed clearly doing his best to keep up with a speeding mind somewhere Lost in the Funhouse.

WIPE

EXT.- PARIS STREET - DAY

Alan, walks the Rue St. Denis...smack down in the Les Halles district. Formerly, the meatpacking center of the city, here as it's being redesigned into a shopping mall and subway hub. For the moment it is a gigantic dirt hole. Alan stops to have a look down where there he sees—

ANGLE ON

EXT. - THE GROUND BELOW- DAY

where SERGIO LEONE directs CLINT EASTWOOD in some Spaghetti Western.

In the instant it takes Alan to realize what's going on, Alan makes a break through one of the viewing holes, ripping out a couple of wood planks and booking, stumbling, rolling his way through the piled up rock dirt, finally reaching bottom. Hardly anyone notices, save a few CREW MEMBERS who rush to get hold of Alan.

At this point Leone notices. He walks over to the captured Alan. Covered in muck. Eastwood, stares with a come-hither smile on his face.

LEONE

(in French)

And just what do you think you are doing, crazy-person?

ALAN

(in English)

Put me in the movie, Maestro. Please, gimme a line.
Look at me, I'm already in costume, Filthy jeans, dirty
face. Ugly mug.

CREW MEMBER

(pulling Alan away; in French)

Allonsy, cowboy.

LEONE

(in English)

No, I like him. Put him in town somewhere by the
stables, in the manure. Dress him properly. And no lines,
Mr. koo-koo-bird.....(waits for Alan to give his name).....

ALAN

Alan Fox, sir, reporting for duty..

Puts a hand out to be shook — ignored.

LEONE

No more talking in any language. Do what
you're told and thank your lucky stars. For you, Alan
Fox, I assure you this will never happen again.

SLOW WIPE

EXT. - STREET NEAR ALAN'S PIGALLE PAD - DAY

Alan hits the corner turn towards his place sees a fully mirrored space before
him, sees himself and stops Looking, staring.

ALAN

(out loud to himself)

My God, that guy looks dead. Am I really so gray, c
Cadavorous? Christ! I'm prepped for burial.

Alan makes the corner turn, terrified. He passes a small restaurant with a
FAT MAN in the doorway.

FAT MAN

(looking Pakistani, speaks with a Brit accent)

Hey, man, you American?

ALAN

(stopping)

That's right.

FAT MAN

I see you walking by all the time.

ALAN

Live down the road a piece, number 9.

FAT MAN

Wanna come in, have a coffee?

ALAN

You can't know how much I would. I thank you, kind limy.

FOLLOWING/CONTINUOUS

The two take a seat in the six table Italian resto. The Fat Man addresses the
one waitress.

FAT MAN

Laure, deux cafe s'il tu plais.

Laure prepares and delivers.

FAT MAN (CONT'D)

Welcome to Sole'. I'm Joe. My joint.

ALAN

Alan Fox.

They shake hands.

JOE

So, what do you do, Alan?

ALAN

I'm a failed novelist so far and I also work in film.

JOE

You interested in doing some work, now? Got the time?

ALAN

You talking film?

JOE

I have a friend who's looking for someone
to help him with a script.

ALAN

Tell your friend, I'm just the guy who can do the
job.

JOE

I'll call him right now.

Joe makes the call.

JOE (CONT'D)

Can you meet him here tomorrow, noon?

ALAN.

Tomorrow noon.

Cool, man. Another double?

ALAN

S'il vous plait.

WIPE

INT. - ALAN'S PARIS APARTMENT/FIFTH FLOOR MINISCULE walk-up
(CHAMBRE DE BONNE) - NIGHT.

Alan sits at his tiny table writing, tranced and speeding as before, listening to a crappy old cassette player butchering the sound of The GRATEFUL DEAD rendering a heartbreaking GARCIA vocal on, "HE'S GONE." Chain smoking Gitaine Mais. Vichy water bottle and boule of Afghan hash nearby both of which he lights and relights as he continues to gun his brain chasing down words that are pouring out a shitstorm. The lone, narrow window behind Alan reveals the impossibly beautiful rooftops of Paris.

EXT. - PARIS CAFE - DOWN BY THE RIVER, LEFT BANK - NIGHT

Alan sits with a SMALL GROUP, GIRLS AND GUYS, at an outdoor cafe table across from Notre Dame. Beautiful autumn evening. We enter into a conversation in progress. Alan speaking with an odd, asymmetric beauty with genuine blue blood features; blue eyes, blond hair, finely perfected nose and ears, and when she speaks there seems to be no emotional distance between her and the listener. LAURE DE WORLE' who when she speaks, she bores deep into Alan, freakishly loose.

ALAN

—.....Jesus, I dunno, I think I'm gonna quit it, no more writing great literature that no one gives a shit about. What a dope, I know what I done, Laure, the born to privilege, the insane, bad decisions, the

mishandled choices...I got ten thousand of those wracked up, I tell you what.

LAURE

Maybe you were never so grand as you thought. Just grandiose. Ever ask yourself that one?

ALAN

Only ten thousand fucking times. Never stopped putting myself on trial with another big name and close, friendly witnesses, with proof, Nana. Agents/publishers breaking me down telling me outrageous unnecessary mean comments: "who do I compare you to but the giants of fiction. Hysterically funny like Heller, mad as Mailer, beautiful like Bellow." Why say such shit when you're ejecting this manuscript? I gotta believe her aim was true. Unless she was simply, perverted.. I got one of the great wasted minds of my generation. POINT. My mind's not right, so what? It's not going to change what I believe in to be true or beautiful.....Stop me now from going into all that ratshit. it'll break your heart and bore the shit out of you. You'll just have to take my word and trust my impeccable character.....Hah! I wanna be a mailman, anyway. That way, every day I will always deliver. No matter rain snow, hail, frogs, plague rejection, failure. But I still will deliver/be delivered.....Ahhh, shit, Laure — fuck me, right? Nobody's fault but mine.

LAURE

You're no loser, Alan. Good God, I like you, and have never dug bums and cochons.....you are neither.

ALAN

Damn straight, mon pote. I'm a dead-on failure, easy.
Big difference.....Losers don't bleed, don't make the
payments, don't put in the good hard work....

LAURE

You know, Alan, since we first saw each other, I've wanted
to tell you, the day I met you, it was the best day of my
life.....(pause, silence)..... East voilaSo there. And had I
not, I was fully prepared to suicide.
You saved my life, Alan....."POINT!" as you say.

WIPE

INT. - APARTMENT DOOR/SAINT GERMAIN - DAY

Alan reaches the top of a staircase. It is a typical beautiful old Parisian
building. After three flights, he stops in front of a door, takes a deep sigh
and gently knocks. After several excruciating minutes, the door opens and
there stands a diminutive, lovely middle aged WOMAN, MILLICENT BEECHUM
who speaks her French with a lilting British accent. Alan's French is a bit
fractured but not too bad at all.

MILLICENT

Yes, young man, and how can I help you?

ALAN

(shaky)

Ma'am, if you please, I'd like to speak with Mr.
Beckett.

MILLICENT

Well, I don't believe he's available for a jaw just now.

ALAN

May I then leave a message?...(he fumbles in his jacket's inside pocket, pulling out one page)...

MILLICENT

(takes the page from Alan)

Of course, I'll be sure Mr. Beckett receives your note.

ALAN

(over-excited)

Swear to God?

MILLICENT

I do.

At this moment, a heavy door open and out comes SAMUEL BECKETT, tall slim, beautiful who gently removes Alan's note from Millicent's grasp and walks out of the room

BECKETT

Gotta take a piss anyhow.

Alan looks to Millicent who smiles then excuses herself.

MILLICENT

Have fun.....and nice meeting you—

ALAN

Alan Fox from New York. Ma'am, I'm so sorry.

MILLECENT

Millicent Beechum, a pleasure, Alan Fox...

Alan struggles for a moment as to whether he should put out his hand, only by the time he's decided against it, Millicent is gone. Then:

The tall, determined, getting old but still strong and handsome Beckett walks back in, still holding Alan's note. Alan is unsure as to whether he ought take it back, but he doesn't have to since Beckett crumples it up and throws it in a trash can.

BECKETT

I got urine on it, sorry. You play pool, Alan?

ALAN

I play, sir but not too well.

BECKETT

That's all right, you'll give it all you have and I'll wipe the floor with y'eh, then we'll repeat that until we both get sick and tired of my winning and your losing. Then we'll play a few more with likely the same outcome.....Still, one never knows, right? You are a gambling man, Fox, else we wouldn't be here having this conversation.

Alan is speechless. Then:

ALAN

Lead the way, sir.

BECKETT

(slightly rueful)

Yeh, in't that always the way?

At this, Alan waits for Beckett to throw on a coat and off they go.

WIPE

INT. - LOCAL CAFE - AFTERNOON

Sure enough, there they are; Beckett and Alan are shooting pool off in a corner next to a few **YOUNG GUYS** battering a pinball machine.

Alan sips a Pastis, Beckett works over a Guinness Stout. *This goes on for quite some time.* Sure enough, Beckett is murdering Alan, game after game after game after game. Merciless.

BECKETT

Had enough, "failed novelist?" Nah, you need a bit more being killed. Fail, fail better, fail, fail better, boy"

ALAN

One never knows, do one?

BECKETT

So I hear. By the by, the note was pretty sorry, though it was written rather well. For Christsakes, man, grow the fook up, *quick*.

ALAN

I'm suddenly feeling a lucky man. What else you got for me, Sir.

And so...Beckett proceeds to thoroughly destroy Alan for a half dozen more games.

WIPE

EXT. - CEMETERY PERE LACHAISE - PARIS - DAY

Laure and Alan walk through the famed cemetery. Passing, EDITH PIAF, JIM MORRISON, OSCAR WILDE, CHOPIN, as well as the far and away predominant, magnificent unknowns under their feet.

ALAN

I tell you what, Laure, even when I was just a boy. just heading out, one of my greatest fears was that I would end up like more great artists that lie here than we can imagine, never recognized, those who didn't have the inner resources, or the good timing or enough time to be found out about.... And, don't you know, a worst fear has become the truth of my life. Shit. There's my fate, Laure mon chou, right here surrounding us.....Funniest thing, It almost never occurred to me that I would not end up being who I thought I was. I thought/*think* I am the greatest, gonna shock the world and here I am the poster boy for failure, bad timing, bad choices poor parlays.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Totally out of the reality of how artists must find their ways through the madness to get a fair go at Mount Olympus. Top of the mountain's no peak, Laure, it's a plateau where all manner of different greatness walk around; after that it's utterly subjective. I may prefer Bacon to Picasso and you may feel the opposite. What do you do when everybody's right? Then what? Duke it out? No, I say, simply...*Know, and carry on.* POINT! Laure, damnit, I'm so far behind. Art is whatever speaks, sings to you in your language, your pocket symphony. As it should be.

LAURE

Merde! You are a good man, Alan, dear and maybe you are as great as you believe. Well, then keep at it until you find out.....Providing you know the heft of your balls. Which I can attest are big, beautiful and brass-made. If not, Alan, please relocate those balls soon as you can.

LONG DISSOLVING-WIPE

SUPER TITLE: TIME PASSING, 1975

INT. - BROOKLYN APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

Louise feeds her crying, teething newborn, name: JACKSON as husband, Ted Suede, flings himself through the front door. Totally crazed on the "shit" of the moment, leaving Suede high in Quailude-land barely coherent, barely functioning.

SUEDE

Where's my stash?

LOUISE

(hesitant)

It threw itself down the toilet.

SUEDE

You fucking cunt, what have you done!?

LOUISE

It was suicide, it was euthanasia.

Suede rushes Louise holding baby tight to her chest and punches her in the face as she and child topple backwards. Louise's face starts to swell instantly. The baby's all right safely landing on his mother's breasts.

SUEDE

Yeah, well, bitch, Now I'll kill *you*. End this shit once and for all.

LOUISE

Good, asshole you better kill me now. Miss your moment here, Ted, and it'll be *Ted Suede is dead. Go fuck your whores, buy me another overpriced watch, no, lemme think.....hah! actually I'll take another Mercedes. You fuck! You moron! You've blown it all at last.*

SUEDE

We'll see whose blown what, Louise. I promise you, you crazy person, throwing my lifeblood down the drain! God, I hate you!

LOUISE

Good for you, now you have at least one emotion.....go on count 'em, imbecile.

Suede splits the scene in a full fury. While Louise dials the telephone. As we fade, we hear her say,

LOUISE (CONT'D)

(grabbing the phone, no crying)

Mommy..... no. nothing's wrong, no no let me speak to

Daddy.....No! Nothing's wrong! Hurry.....

DISSOLVE-WIPE — TIME PASSING

NEW YORK CITY — 1985

INT. - NEW YORK UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM - DAY

A small group of eleven aspiring writers sit in a shoehorn as Alan walks in dressed in sharp, old school stylin', skinny tie, white shirt and black sport jacket. He pauses in front of the class, blackboard behind him.

ALAN

So, what do you all have to say?

Some of the students crack up, others chuckle, a few look pissed. Then:

STUDENTS (all together, Little Rascals style)

Good morning, Mister Fox.....

ALAN

Right then, lets get today's Yiddish Theater on the road.....Sobel, I believe you're up for today's initial read. Go to it, boy.

A handsome enough fella, stick thin with a multicolored Mohican hairdo shuffles through some rumpled, stained papers.

SOBEL

(spreading out his long legs, pompously
groaning, reading)

Title: "*The Egg Man was Eric Burden*"...(into story...
'The Egg Man was Eric Burden. Now, I'm sure few
of my loyal reading public know this nor can
imagine why this story starts in such foolish
fashion.....')

WIPE

INT. - STREET LEVEL VARIETY STORE/*BROOKLYN HEIGHTS*/"*SOMETHING
PROPER FOR PROPER LADIES EVERYWHERE*" - DAY

IN DUMBSHOW

We see Louise at work, moving throughout the store and addressing the few
WORK STAFF.....It's clear that she is managing the place. Outside, snow falls
hard. When— Up pulls a silver stretch SUV and out pours as if out of a
clown car, nine Black Hat Hassid Rabbis. Louise sees them from inside and
walks out, coatless into the winter snow and cold.

FOLLOWING LOUISE

EXT. - STREET/*BROOKLYN* - DAY

(The Jewish war for the GET is officially on. Where a certain set of
traditions, prayers, etc. that mostly not one are performed which is "Jewish

Law"; regardless of the State approved divorce, only these rituals truly complete the Jewish splitsville). Then:

The Rebbes bum-rush Louise who holds solid, waiting as they encircle her. Then:

LEAD REBBE

Are you Louise Wolfe Suede? Second party of the
GET with Theodore Suede?

LOUISE

Yeah, so what if I am?

LEAD REBBE

First, give us all your jewelry.

LOUISE

Oh, sure...what a well thought out idea, why don't
we get over to my place and I'll hand over my
jewelry to a bunch of clown-car racketeering
Rabbis lead by someone I've never met. I hope
Ted paid you fools off well because you'll be
getting nothing from this girl.

LEAD RABBI

(pulling out some papers; thrusting them at
Louise. (The Lead Rabbi speaks to Louise in a mosh of Yiddish
and Hebrew.) Sign these and we'll be out of your lovely,
luxurious, Jewess hair.

LOUISE

Speak English or leave now.

LEAD RABBI

(in English)

Sign these.

LOUISE

(takes the papers, crumbles, then peruses them),...Right, then...so what?

LEAD RABBI

Nice store you have here...Sign and we'll be out of your luxurious Jewish blonde hair and on our way.

Louise stares carefully through the now heavier falling snow and the crumpled pages. Staring into the void, the void staring back.

LOUISE

And I'll never see any of your faces again?.....

LEAD RABBI

That's about the size of it, bubala...

Louise pauses, long pause; Louise looks to the snows falling in the distance against the brilliant New York skyline (Twin Towers standing high), then sighs...holding out the papers just far enough to force the Reb to have to move slightly into Louise. He slowly, inch-by-inch, removes them from her hand, checks the signature as if he were a chemist exacting his measures.

LEAD RABBI

You have a good yiddish-a-kop, bubala, use it wisely. A zei gazunt.

LOUISE

(arms crossed, tapping her foot, laughs)

Now you want to be my friend?.....Adios!

The dozen Rebbes, re-pile into the SUV. And away they go.

HOLD ON LOUISE

And so it goes. Louise stands suddenly shivering, arms still crossed, foot still tapping.....watching for a long moment as the SUV disappears into the city... numbly, she takes it all in, turns then walks unsteadily back inside the shop.

COUNTERCLOCK-WISE WIPE — TIME PASSING

SUPER TITLE: NEW YORK CITY — 1978

EXT./INT - HOTEL CHELSEA - NIGHT

Enter Alan where first he sees an OLDER MAN wearing a neat grey suit jacket, with matching short pants, and red power tie urinating into a beautiful, elaborate fireplace. Others, each one slightly stranger than the next, sit in chairs, on benches, on the floor.....no one pays attention to either Alan or the urinator.....Alan takes note of the varied sexual varieties laying about, thinks 'Whew! What an inclusive horrorshow;' i.e. a tiny JAPANESE FELLOW dressed like a pink Angel, pink wings large and dainty. Impressive art on the walls, i.e. Larry Rivers, Philip Taafe, Robert Lambert, Schnabel and Basquiat, Andy Warhol and so on. For Alan it's simply any other surreal place he'd experienced. He then approaches the check-in through the bullet-proof plexi-glass guarding the NIGHT CLERK who most resembles a ticket-taking sideshow "minkey."

CONTINUOUS

IN DUMBSHOW

MUSIC OVER — PINK FLOYD, "SHINE ON YOU CRAZY DIAMOND"

Alan and the "Minkey" speak for a bit concluding with Alan ponying up some cash, being given a key and following a PORTER wearing two fez's, one atop

the other, one black one red. Height, round the same as Alan who easily handles Alan's bag and they enter the decrepit elevator, bending their heads together like a doubles act.

FOLLOWING/CONTINUOUS - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The Porter hits 4 and upwards they go, much like an amusement park ride.

PORTER

.....Ehh, Yup, that *was* William Burroughs having a piss.

ALAN

Actually, had him Identified, pretty much straightaway. Would that be a regular occurrence on his part? I mean, gee, I hope so.

PORTER

Depends on which drugs he's on, sometime he'll dance, sometimes sing, sometime recite his shit.

Alan's cell-phone rings. He takes a glance and cuts the call.

ALAN

That was a person I love to death, only where does it say just because she wants to talk, I gotta answer the call?. I mean, I always answer the call

ALAN (CONT'D)

when called upon.... By phone? hell with it. I'll call back on my time and if they look-see my name

come up and then don't feel like talking, fine, I respect their time. Sheeyit, man...right now, it's about you me and top-cat, Burroughs, right? I hate phones... these mobile ones in particular. Hey, if I don't answer at home, I'm out somewhere's else, right?, Or most important *alone*, *goddamnit!* I don't wanna be talkin' shit on a phone, I wanna be on a free run lost in the funhouse. Inside, she said she wanted to — she had to— So she did.....Wham-Bam -Thank you-M'am know what I'm sayin'? You get what I'm sayin' don't you?

The elevator comes to a stop.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Would be a bummer, if Burroughs was a one off.

Alan's led to room 417 and when it's opened, Alan looks around at a perfect flophouse room, shabby, dusty, plenty of cracked tenth generation way off white paint, sheets that may or may not be fresh but close enough...an ancient TV.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Damn, man, home at last.

PORTER

Good that you're pleased, speak to Mr. Bard, tomorrow, he'll set you up.

Alan gives the Porter a tener.

ALAN

Far out, man, thank you.

PORTER

If you want the full dope on the place, just ask, i hear you, man. I hear what you are saying and that means *anything* you ever wanna know, get me? Name's Timor, (puts a hand out to be shook, Alan does likewise.).

There's at least one whore house on every floor and top-notch drug dealers all over...guy on the ninth floor — "Chelsea Jay" he's got everything in spades

ALAN

Alan Fox, Timor, pleased to meet you.

Timor heads out, closing the door quietly and slowly behind him.

TIMOR

Sweet dreams. Welcome, and, Alan, I promise you, you can take it from me, *you are all the way back* home.

WIPE

INT. - BAR - ALAN TENDS BAR IN A VILLAGE DIVE - NIGHT (4AM)

Alan is tending bar, pouring the last drinks of the evening.

ALAN

That's a wrap, fade to black, off we all get along, you hear? Let's all practice our lines for tomorrow...Bye now.....

The handful of late night stragglers hit the road. A weary looking WAITRESS leans into the bar towards Alan.

WAITRESS

You got to come with me to The Pyramid, Alan.
There's this music playing like I never heard. You
got to come hear it with me. You're gonna freak,
like reggae, man

ALAN

Lemme count the cash and I'm with you.

WIPE

INT. - EAST VILLAGE - "AFTER HOURS" /THE PYRAMID CLUB - DAWN

Alan and compadre enter and the crowd is packed in. Towards the back of the railroad shaped club is a small stage where from music plays. It's early HIP-HOP, (late seventies, early eighties) and the response of those on hand is euphoric. Most in the crowd are high on something. After a while of blending in and dancing Alan's friend takes his hand and pulls him towards a hidden staircase.

FOLLOWING/CONTINUOUS

Down they go. Leading into a tight basement alcove where TOO MANY PEOPLE are crammed feeding off each others drug of choice. Syringes, powders, psychedelics of all kinds. Alan partakes. Soon finding himself deep in a French kiss with his companion, Eyes starting to to roll upwards.

LATER

EXT.- FLORENT RESTAURANT/MEATPACKING DISTRICT - SUN UP

Alan sits having breakfast and chatting with JEANNIE, a fifteen year old pretty.

JEANNIE

...C'mon Alan Fox...I said I'd blow you for ten valium.

WIPE

INT. - ALAN'S CHELSEA HOTEL APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Alan digs through a draw in his night-table. Jeannie is there sitting up in bed.

ALAN

Gotta feeling you helped yourself to a few more than ten...(he flips her an RX vial.)...Use them wisely, Jeannie. Now, please head on out, won't you?

JEANNIE

Can't I be your girlfriend for a day at least?

ALAN

Try not being late for school.....

Jeannie gathers her things and noisily splits.

CLOSE ON

Alan who watches as she disappears. And CAMERA goes inside Alan's brain.

WIPE

FLASHBACK

INT. - CAR/CONEY ISLAND - BROOKLYN, NEW YORK - DAY

A 12 year old Alan rides shotgun, his elder brother, JEFFER, seven years Alan's senior — rail thin, over-tanned and kind of morose by nature is at the wheel parking the family car — a shockingly ugly vomit colored Chrysler.

JEFFER

Right then, you got the plan, Aly-cat?

Alan shakes his head— 'no sweat'.

JEFFER (CONT'D)

First, we hit Nathan's, grab five dogs and two fries, large cokes, come back here — and **do not** spill anything in the car, Dad'll kill us. Me, for sure.....anyhow.

CAMERA NOTES: That just across the street we see a few n'er - do-well OLDER GUINEA HOODLUMS. Smoking cigarettes gathered at the kiosk beneath the El tracks, the Top-Hood — JOSEPHI BENNI tosses vulgarities at specifically Louise as well as other nearby HIGH SCHOOLERS.

JOSEPHI

Hey, baby, blow me, uhhhhh, suck my dick, err... err...c'mon gorgeous. You can't be satisfied with your weenie Mid-wood Jewboys...You fuck yet? Aww..... C'mon, any of you? Not a one snobby Jew here to be my bitch? Chrissakes.....Fuck this world.

The group of teens who approach and upon seeing and hearing the hoods, instantly speed up to cross the street. Including Louise in her mini-skirt,

button down Oxford shirt, crew neck sweater and Bass Weejuns. The Hoods follow stylee' in ditty-bops.

ALLAN

How come he hates you? Us?

JEFFER

He doesn't hate us, Ally-cat...he loves you, I promise. Just he suffers from (Imitating, "COOL HAND LUKE") "what they call a failure to communicate." Get me?

ALLAN

Not really...sort of.

JEFFER

Well, let's leave you with that. You think about it, figure it out for yourself. You'll thank me later, swear to God. You're the Poindexter in the family... fucksake.....Then we go grab Gramma...and do not forget when she goes on about staying for a short time. Don't forget, she's movin' in for good.

ALAN

I know, Dad'd kill us.

JEFFER

Mom, too...For sure on this one. You ready?...Hold tight.

Jeffer checks for traffic waits a moment, starts gunning the engine, then when things clear a bit he patches out into a maniacal u-turn. Simultaneously, Allen is looking ahead and spots who he feels certain is Louise. He takes hold of his door handle preparing to become a stunt man, he holds his grip and stays put finishing the burnt-rubber madness trying to keep Louise in sight amongst the bodies in motion. Alan twists his full body

like a rubber-man to follow Louise amongst the ruins. Then:For an endless moment their eyes meet. For this endless moment there's no question, they WILL ALWAYS BE in love. Only back inside the vomit colored Chrysler, Allan commences a panic attack; dizzying, hyperventilating and cold sweat.

JEFFER

Easy kid. I'm in control here...Easy, I tell `ya boy.

Easy.....

And so the Jeffer does show control as the Chrysler calms and turns smooth down Coney Island Avenue. Gone like a cool breeze.

However quickly, stopped at a red light that seems to Allan to last bizarrely too long...thus giving Alan a momentary clear view of the Hoods still jawing at Louise and friends now across the street hustling onwards in front of ARTIE'S EMPORIUM, which in fact is a pool Hall. And sure enough to complete the SURREALITY, here comes, Suede, out of nowhere comes running his ass off towards Louise, snatching her by her wrist from Josephi and pulling her away along with him. *Allen sees this and imagines—*

DISSOLVE

INT. - ALLAN'S BRAIN - HIGH NOON

where we see Allan in Suede's place grabbing Louise to his chest and kissing her deeply, They both are in tears. Allan then turns and throws a short shot, smashing a direct hit on what turns out to be Josephi's glass jaw.

This **sequence in dreams** ends with Louise and Allan, holding hands, holding on to each other for dear life. Kissing in bed in his room in Larchmont. No one else anywhere in sight, save for the dream-fog sound of THE BEATLES "*Strawberry Fields Forever*" The dream is over.

HOLD on the young lovers, then;

SILENCE. Then:

BACK TO FLASHBACK REALITY

JOSEPHI

(wheezing out of breath)

Ahh, fuck `em, let `em run for now. My fucking asthma is fucking killing me. I'll catch up soon enough...(lighting a Lucky Strike, yelling down the street): You're dead Suede!!! And your, snooty cooze girlfriend will hate the day she ran off with an asshole, Jew peddler like you. After you are chopped up for "special" pizza topping, I'll take your bitch.....**AND** make her mine and fuck her to death `till she departs.....Jew rat-bastards, pain in my dick. And fuck the Mick donkeys round here, too.

JOSEPHI (CONT'D)

Dumber than Polacks, I swear, and that's saying something...(screaming up the street)...I'll hunt you down Suede, get the two a youse!!!.....What's happening to my neighborhood?

SLOWWIPE

INT. - GRAMMA ANNIE'S APARTMENT/CORNER OF AVENUE M, BROOKLYN -
DUSK

The boys hug and kiss ANNIE, who has a cast on her left arm having tripped on the broken sidewalk in front of her place.....Jeffer and Allan run Tasmanian Devil-like circles 'round Annie, grabbing all sorts of needed home-changing objects. Annie follows, trying to keep up, her head fairly a spindizzy.

ANNIE

Boys...why such the hurry?

JEFFER

You know how it is with Dad. In and out and home...no loafing off. How's the arm, Gram?

ANNIE

Hurts, but not so bad as it might.....Don't tell your mother..... How was Nathans?

ALAN

Yuh, great but not too much fun Grammy, God forbid. Plus, Dad'll ball us out for everything anyhow. No fun.

GRAMMA ANNIE

Shush now, Ally, you're father's a good man, you hear me? He loves your mother, gives her a lovely life. And you guys, too. Come, come.....We're not going too long ways away from Larchmont, are we? Your mother's up to something.....she is! I can feel it... (Jeffer uses the phone in the kitchen and calls home)... Jeffer tell your mother I'm on to her...(puts her arms round Allan and holds him to her; whispers...)...Ally, darling you stay out of all this, you stand by me, you hear? I'll put an end to those parents of yours, their deafness to each other... not to worry, hear?

ALAN

I think it's too late Gramma.

Annie throws up her hands.

GRAMMA ANNIE

Jeffer! is your mother on the phone?

JEFFER

Nah, its Pop, Grammy...Mom's out getting her hair done. Gramma Annie.....Jeffer and Alan get her in car How was Nathan's. Don't forget your father's strawberry cheesecake from Juniors

ALAN

She wants to look pretty for you, Gramma.

Annie grabs her handbag.

GRAMMA ANNIE

Boys, let's go. Come now, come.....

Annie fairly well leads the troops who keep fobbing Annie's belongings, load them to the brim in hockey bags then follow as told. Until Annie gently opens the front door with a little whip to it at the end. With Allan back safe in her grip. Of course, the door pretty well plasters Jeffer in the shoulder. Jeffer locks the door and off they get to the elevator.

WIPE

SUPER TITLE: TIME PASSING —1970'S—2000

VOICE (V.O.)

Right then, "Who knows where does the time go?"

"Time flies." "Life's too short." "C'est la vie," "c'est la

guerre," "Plus ce change, plus c'est la meme chose..." In other words, "The more things change, the more things stay the same.....Time has it's own time which often doesn't jive with time as we feel a need to experience it. Any real change implies the breakup of the world as one has always known it, the loss of all that gave one an identity, the end of safety, of certainty. And at such a moment, unable to see and not daring to imagine what the future will now bring forth, one clings to what one knew, or dreamed that one possessed use to face the too often filthy madness of living. PAPA-MAMA-PAPA.....why won't you come help me?

SLOWWIPE

FLICKBOOK SEQUENCE: SHOWING

Alan trough his "younger, more vulnerable years."

JUMP CUT: Alan at three, looking like a blond curled cherub bouncing off the walls through the modest Fox family Larchmont, living room.

JUMP CUT: Alan stopping in the far corner of the living room, stopping to urinate.

JUMP CUT: The sound of the Jeffer flying down the stairs.

JEFFER

(grabs Alan and plops him down in a chair)

Stay put.I gotta clean this up before mom gets home...I'm a deadman, I am supposed to be keeping you sane.....Shit!

Pause.

ALAN

Good thing, Bernie's day off today.

Jeffer goes to work, rushes for the cleaning liquid and paper towel, starts scrubbing up.

JEFFER

What is wrong with you?

ALAN

I feel fine.

SERIES OF JUMP CUT FLASHBACKS:

IMAGE: a still three year old Alan walks by a crystal lamp in the living room. As he passes by, he slaps his forearm against the lamp. KERANG! to the floor, splintering in so many pieces. Alan's mom comes running from the kitchen, horrified look on her face. Granma Annie follows and instantly takes good hold of him and holds him to her body.

SYLVIE

Wait when your father gets home.....Mom,(as the moment hits her)...Mom, please take him OUT!.....for a walk in the park.

Annie and Alan quickly leave.

JUMP CUT

IMAGE: Alan's mom on the wall-phone in the breakfast room. Alan walks by her and kisses her free hand, his mom kisses his head.

Alan then rounds the corner, opens the door to the basement. Bernie is ironing across the room and when she notices Alan, (there's a thought on her face that reads: my God, no!) as she hears—

KERANG, KABOOM, KABUMP, KABUMP, KABUMP.....

BERNIE

Mrs. Fox!

Alan's mom turns and watches Bernie rush to the door where the two meet and stand on the landing, looking down at Alan, on his ass, back against the wall holding his head and wailing tears.

HOLD, CLOSE ON ALAN, THEN:

SLOW CLOCKWIPE

SUPER TITLE: AS TIME GOES BY

MONTAGE/FLICKBOOKWIPES

INT.- FOX HOME/LARCHMONT/LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

A party is on celebrating the 30th anniversary of the Fox's marriage. Jeffer, Annie, a forty year old Allan along with forty or so friends and relatives, stand, sit, drink, talk. Bernie works, running around the mingling. All manner of fancy food covers the dining table and GUESTS pretty much help themselves. Whatever help Bernie can add doing everything else as well, she does. Gramma Annie, chips in first making sure her daughter is not watching. Alan sticks with Annie and helps out as well.

ANNIE
(whispers to Alan)
Don't tell your mother.

Speaking of Sylvie: CAMERA FOLLOWS her doing her best with making the small talk bullshit she so secretly loathes, making the hostess rounds as she now heads for the kitchen. Arthur spots this and follows his wife with his oft-seen look of utter adoration. There's that familiar massive shared subterranean discomfort of Arthur's, sweet, meek, ultimately disappointing adoration towards her with Sylvie oh so graciously trying to fade away.

CONTINUOUS

Into the kitchen.

Arthur puts out his hand and slips it into Sylvie's. She leaves it upheld twisted there as he gently squeezes and holds on until reaching the kitchen where Arthur goes for a warm, reassuring embrace. But, oh my goodness *that* love plainly ain't there. The bodies are momentarily coupled as hearts and souls stay put.....*The worst: unrequited love. Allan's father's face is a mask of wretched, sad collapse, while Sylvie's face reads inescapable demoralization.*

ARTHUR
Darling, you're enjoying yourself?

SYLVIE
Yes.....Of course, dear.

ARTHUR

you know i know, Sylvie, but i can't let your lack of feeling for me, matter. I love you and it breaks my heart. Pretty sticky wicket Nevertheless, I will go on loving, I simply will not let go.

SLOW MOVING CLOCKWIPE

INT.- SUEDE APARTMENT - DAY

Louise is tidying the finely done two room (Louise/Ted and eight year old son, Jackson Brooklyn apartment. Ted's at work, Jackson's in his room and Louise is readying to clear out a far out small, easy to miss wall-hidden pantry closet. After working her way through the main space, she takes note of a meant-not-to-be-utilised-door.

CLOSE ON: LOUISE'S SUDDENLY STRICKEN FACE — PURE HORRORSHOW

LOUISE

WHAT! He's a dead man.....The meat-cleaver guillotines the head and dick. I'll beat him to death afterwards.

ANGLE ON

INT. - HIDDEN CLOSET - DAY

Where we see outrageous piles of expensive footwear, including some womens'. Not Louise's.

LOUISE

(In mock hatred)

'Oh, Ted dear can you pass me a twenty for getting around today? Gotta be thousands here..! I beg for twenty bucks.....he'll beg for his life.

WIPE

INT. - JACKSON'S ROOM - DAY

where he practice swings with a Louisville Slugger. Over and over over and over until at last heading for his door, tries to turn the handle, but is having more trouble getting a grip. Over and over, a step back and another try ahead, no grip, won't give up; truth of the matter, he can't stop himself.

At last Jackson gets a break and the door slips open only Jackson still can't seem to pass through the doorway either.....two steps, shuffles forward, then books backwards. Over and over, OCD.

Meanwhile, Louise steels her way 'round the apartment. Gathers some 30 pound garbage bags and fills them with the shoe boxes.

FOLLOWING/CONTINUOUS

Louise moves them in hauls down the elevator. Not stopping,

FOLLOWING

EXT. - BUILDING/BACK COURTYARD - DAY

LOUISE steps outside, heads for the building's barbecue pit. Dumps the shoes grabs a tin of turpentine. And using the pit instruments to keep control of the flames...fires up.

LATER

EXT. - SUEDE APARTMENT BUILDING - DUSK

Suede arrives home....comes through the back garden as usual, notices the shoes, scurries to the pit, then takes off missile-style towards the building.

FOLLOWING/CONTINUOUS

Suede runs the stairs eschewing the elevator, man's moving hard. When he hits his place, the door opens, there stands Louise arms crossed.

LOUISE

Get the fuck out.....Backwards dirtbag.

(screaching) You fuck!

SUEDE

Keep going, Louise. This will not end well for you.

LOUISE

Out, you blew it, fool.

Suede suddenly, grabs Louise by the shoulders. THEN:

ANGLE ON JACKSON

Tiptoeing approaching Suede from behind, Slugger in hand. Louise sees this and panics.

LOUISE

Get your shit out of here, Ted, call your scumbag fellow loser drug addict wearing Laboutin fuck-me pumps prostitutes pals and move the fuck on.

As Suede readies to get more aggressive, fists at the ready Jackson, shaking, takes a wicked shot at Suede's ankle; he drops like having been shot. Writhing, banging his fists on his legs and the floor.

SUEDE

I'll take care of you, too, Mama's-boy
freak.....Fuuuck! Sorry Jackson, boy, didn't
mean the last part. Forgive me.

JACKSON

Don't hurt mama.

SUEDE

We'll see about that.

LOUISE

Touch him, and you're a goner, Ted... (she reveals
the cleaver).....

SUEDE

Jackson, never forget, she does it to herself, then
uses us to slime her con. Your mother's a bitch!

Suede lunges for Louise just as Jackson cracks his other ankle: **homerun.**

SUEDE (CONT'D)

.....Kill you two...I'll kill you....ETC.....('Down goes Suede!....Down
goes Suede!.....')

Suede begins to head-bang his skull on the wood floor, trying desperately to
hurt the pain.

Louise steps on and over him, takes the bat and her son and runs through
the front door and down the hallway and the elevator.....

SLOWWIPE

As Louise and Jackson disappear into the elevator.

DISSOLVEWIPE

FLASHBACK:

SLOW DISSOLVEWIPE — SUPER TITLE: 2011

EXT. - **FLASHBACK** — CAMP FRESHWATER - NIGHT

POV MID-LAKE

In a voice very different than what we've heard prior — Why it's positively creamy, dreamy, angelic.....

VOICE (VO)

Down by the water, Louise and Alan look through one another's eyes to the middle of the water. Where *'first there is a marble fountain, then there is no fountain then there is....then a peacock stands in the marble fountain, flouts it's colors then there is no fountain, no peacock. Then there is...her and him simultaneously enfolded in loves massive hallucinations. Turned on. And listening and smiling. In love where "Here come ol' flattop/he come grooving up slowly".....Still. Surrounded by love's own complicated factors..."Gone like a cool cool breeze folded in with some crazy suddenly humid sweating, unknown kit of the theatrical, strange peacock Wings as if enfolding the*

young lovers. Here now coloring everything in the vicinity vivid and living, exposed in the most dopest-wet full living colors saturated and spread for love. Nature. Then there is no fountain, then there is.'

FLASHBACK -FLASHING, SPARKLING SLOW DISSOLVE — 1971

SUPER TITLE —TIME GOING BACK

('when you return you will remember everything. it will be hanging on a string from your heart...')

LIFE, METOMORPHASISING, TIME. TRANSFORMED... TRANSMIGRATING SOULS, LIFE GOES ALONG, GOES ON — PAST, PRESENT FUTURE, GOING BACK AND FORWARD ALL AT ONCE.....all happening in yet another superficial, seemingly meaningless moment.....WHEW!

SLOW DISSOLVE-WIPE — **FLASHBACK**

EXT. - CHATSWORTH GRADE SCHOOL/LARCHMONT - DAY

Where we see a nine year old Alan settled on a low, stone wall that surrounds the playground. It is quiet and alone and empty.....Save, Alan and MISS LUCRETIA EARNST, 65 years young...the school's girls phys-ed teacher.....

She, along with the boy's gym teacher co-operate with the Principal and teachers to pull Alan out of class from time to time, so the class can carry on without Alan's frequent disruptions. A great success unmistakably lessening Alan's frequent disturbing his classes.

WIPE

INT, - CLASSROOM - DAY

Alan's fourth grade class with MR, SHERLOCK. Mr Sherlock is at the blackboard, writing some words quoting the great French sculptor: Joel Lacheman "As the eyes were closed, the body, the brain seemed to to ask something, BUT WHAT? was it he was thinking? You have fifteen minutes to show me your best thinking. Mr. Sherlock let's it be as Alan proceeds to wander into the coat room. Silence for a moment while Sherlock matter of factly carries on with his lesson.

WIPE

SUPER TITLE: MISS EARNST AND THE REALITY FROM ABOVE

EXT. - SCHOOLYARD - DAY

(The Principal and teachers from time to time pull Alan out of class so the class can carry on without Alan's frequent disruptions.)

Miss Earnst, the girls' phys-ed teacher comes riding up the ramp to the playground. Saddled onto her dark blue, classic Raleigh bicycle. As likely never before seen dressed as *never*. *Yet today*, in a flouncy long red dress with white doilie balls rimming the dress hem. As opposed to twenty six years of gym-teacher grey with the black stripe down the legs and Chuck Taylor white hightops. Hanging, out of her wicker basket, as always, a serious paddle with the name, "Big Bertha" writ across its core. Alan waves, eyes popped as Miss Earnst who parks her ride in the bike rack then heads towards Alan. She takes a ladylike seat beside him. Then:

MISS EARNST

Alan.

ALAN

Yes, ma'am? Mr. Sherlock told me to wait for you. Here I am.

MISS EARNST

You are aware that I'm retiring?

ALAN

You like somewhere else better? Yes, ma'am, I heard.

MISS EARNST

Oh, no, never. You'll still see me riding around town...We'll wave hello.

ALAN

And sometimes if you have the time, you might stop and talk to me a bit?

MISS EARNST

(fiddling with the lace balls of her dress)

Why, of course, sweetheart, you betcha.

At this point, Miss Earnst puts a hand in her dress pocket and comes out with a maroon ringbox which she cups in her hands and holds out towards Alan.

MISS EARNST (CONT'D)

There's something here, I want you to have...

(flips the box open).... You know what a "high yaller" is?

Alan shrugs his shoulders, no.

MISS EARNST (CONT'D)

No, of course not...no matter.

My grandfather was a good white man who loved all his colored children same as me. There were eleven of us. I'm the baby.

Miss Earnst digs into her basket for a spell: Out comes—

REVEAL — Sitting on blue velvet, a striking pair of pink pearl cufflinks.

MISS EARNST (CONT'D)

These belonged to my Grandfather who I loved very much. A true gentleman, he was a union leader in the deep south.... His was a thankless job, but after all was said and done, he done great by his workers. He had respect

ALAN

Did he die a long time ago?

MISS EARNST

Long time, longtime ago, Aly and I've waited long enough for a fella as beautiful as he was to come along.

ALAN

(confused)

Ma'am?

Alan looks into Miss Earnsts' now fragile teared-up eyes. He wants to look away but cannot. ('She needs me, to see her, right now!' He knew from his father when his uncle Burt's tried to fly).....Miss Earnst wipes her tears, holding tight a white hankie with one red rose stitched onto it at one corner.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Miss Earnst, You promise you're sure I'll ever be really nice, love it. Hey, good one. Thank you, good enough to wear these?

MISS EARNST

You already are. When you get older, Aly, you're gonna be one heck-of-a lady killer. The ladies will come running your way, Alan, swear to God.....

ALAN

Promise, you're sure I'll be respected and happy that way?

Miss Earnst laughs heartily through her tears.

FLASHWIPE-FLASHBACK

EXT. - CAMP FRESHVIEW WOODS - DUSK

LOUISE

What's going to happen when we go home?

ALAN

Don't know. Alan don't-care. We'll come up with an answer, Ain't got no choice, do we?

LOUISE

Yeah, life'll figure it out for us, like you say. The fates, Nature and all that, right?

ALAN

Sure, babe...all that.

LONG, TIMELESS, SWIRLING **FLASHBACK-WIPE** - 1990

EXT. - NEW ROCHELLE, NEW YORK STREET — DAY

Alan and his father ride down a street lined with small brown wooden shack-like houses. They pull up in front of one and there at the open door to greet them is, Bernie. Alan hugs her as does his dad.

BERNIE

I've got everything ready, Mr. Fox.

ARTHUR

How have you been, Bernadine?

BERNIE

Oh, fine, thank you...(Bernie then breaks into tears).....I miss Mrs. Fox, so much.....I'm sorry.....

Alan falls into Bernie again. And they hold each other up, cry together as Arthur grabs the bags of prepared food.

WIPE TO

INT. - CAR - DAY

FOLLOWING/CONTINUOUS

Alan and his father drive along the highway and in time take an exit ramp. Driving onwards through fairly rural territory.

ALAN

Does Philly know what happened to Mom and
Grandma and Papu?

ARTHUR

Not really..... no, not at all.

ALAN

Doesn't he ask?

ARTHUR

Always. I tell him they have the flu. Just like Mom did for Annie and Meyer, like I'll do again, only including your mother.

ALAN

Gramma Annie, all those years and mom ever since?

ARTHUR

(face starts to collapse)

Just so you know, he calls me Abba.

ALAN

That's Arthur?

ARTHUR

Yeah, and more to know, Abba means "father" in Hebrew. This will be my last trip up here, Alan, I can't take it anymore. Everything is paid for, even his burial grounds. I'm thinking of moving to California...that lady Jean I mentioned meeting on the cruise has a house and invited me to move in.....

ALAN

Dang, dad shackin' up, pretty cool for an old dude,

ARTHUR

Jeff. Will take it poorly.

ALAN

It's a fab thing for you to do, Dad.

ARTHUR

Yeah, I hope something nice comes from it.
Time will tell.

ALAN

Don't it always.....

FOLLOWING/CONTINUOUS

The car pulls into a long driveway leading to an old, well kept institutional looking building. There on a long front porch both Alan and Arthur spot PHILLY, standing and waving. Alan is stricken by the resemblance to his mother, as if a ghost in an empty seersucker zoot suit had come back as Sylvie. Father and son, exit the car and slowly mount the stairs. Arthur carries the grub.

ARTHUR

(gritting his teeth, holds in tears)

They spruce him up like a Goddamn clown when they know he's having visitors.

ALAN

Bastards, huh, Dad?

ARTHUR

No, Alan, they do their jobs, they look after him well enough. They're just pretty stupid sometimes. Like all of us.

ALAN

Dad, you crying?

ALAN (STRAIGHT TO CAMERA)

It'll be fine we simply got to let Time and The Fates work things out. Patience, right? With some headaches and heartaches throw at us to

test our inner resources. Living a life ain't for sissies, like my Dad said about getting old.

ARTHUR

(chuckling)

What've you been doing all these years? remembering things *I* said? I always assumed you had no interest whatsoever. Hah...Live and learn, huh, Aly?(long pause).....You ought make a damn fine writer.

ALAN

Right on, Dad. Actually, I wanna be considered one of the greatest who ever put pen to paper. I can do this, I swear.

ARTHUR

When you're broke, and you often will be...don't expect me to hold you up. *Being* comes at a high cost. "Payments must be made." Remember, too, no matter what you do or how highly you rise, — doesn't matter, because the moral of the story, *ALWAYS* is "Nothing is free." Get me, Alan?

ALAN

I like to think I do.

WIPE

SUPER TITLE - TIME PASSING

MONTAGE

IMAGE: INT. - NICE SIZE VARIETY SHOP/BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - DAY

IN DUMBSHOW

We see Louise working, clearly managing the store selling handmade goods to the neighborhood. A few VOLUNTEERS, MIDDLE AGE LADY LADIES help with a handful of CUSTOMERS.

WIPE

INT. - BROOKLYN/APARTMENT - DINNERTIME - NIGHT

We see Louise, laying on the couch with her now grown, high-school age in full hip-hop regalia Jackson massages her feet while they eat pizza and listen to BOB MARLEY: "get up, stand up/stand up for you rights/get up stand up/don't give up the fight..... An entire DJ set-up sits in the corner of the living room.

WIPE

INT. - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

IN DUMBSHOW

Louise dines with a short, homely, balding fellow, CLARENCE COHAN, her "date" for the night. Read on Louise's face: 'Get me out of here!'

WIPE

INT. - LOUISE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Louise looks content, glass of white in her hand and lying in bed, reading a British Mystery with

ANGLE ON TV

We see MSNBC mute on the tube.

SLOW DISSOLVEWIPE

INT. - THE CASINO CLUB/BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - DAY

CAMERA takes us on tour of this cliché bastion of Waspdom mixed with the occasional Jewish would-like-to be-likes. Rich, dark wood everywhere. The concierge desk manned by a seven foot CHINAMAN dressed in a red and gold tuxedo...the Casino bar, manned by an identical female TWIN OF THE CONCIERGE. A low-key PIANO PLAYER works over the "standards" on a Steinway Grand.....A Library; A Bibliophile's dreamscape, for a library wet dream.....Onto the squash courts, tennis courts. Red brilliant vintage patina French club chairs spread about the large Main Sitting Room, the intimate cigar smoking room, the high-hat apartments up above reserved for a member-relative or a member-guest spending a weekend in New York City... All wide-board vintage Mahogany.

SLOW WIPE

EXT. - LOS ANGELES/CENTURY CITY/CAA BUILDING - DAY

In a small theater a memorial service takes place for The Jeffer, who passed quickly from a severe brain aneurysm. His family, being Alan alone, friends and colleagues fairly well fill the space as on screen a series of still photos show the Jeffer's life from childhood to his pretty successful career as a sports agent at CAA. Marriage shots of he and his long ago divorced wife, BILLIE who is in attendance, no tears...(neither she nor Alan have anything to say to one another). Photos of The Jeffer with some sports basketball figures, for instance.....Jeffer and MAGIC JOHNSON, Jeffer and LARRY BIRD, Jeffer and MICHAEL JORDAN, LEBRON JAMES, Jeffer and JAMES WORTHY,

Jeffer and BYRON SCOTT, PAT RILEY, PHIL JACKSON, MARV ALBERT CHICK HEARN, and so it goes. No matter what, there's a lit Kool cigarette glass of green creme de menthe in his hand in every photo and in the casket. Jeffer loved Lou Reed's song, "I Want To Be Black."

IN DUMBSHOW

A series of colleagues and friends give testimonials, no celebs, but an obvious genuine show of affection from those who choose to speak; some tears and so on. Alan blubbered and howled his way through an incoherent testimonial. Providing the underlying emotion for all in attendance

SLOW, FLASHBACK - SUPER TITLE - 1986

WIPE

INT. JEFFER'S OFFICE, CREATIVE ARTISTS AGENCY - DAY

LA flat-dead-light pours thick through Jeffer's corner office windows.

Jeffer's at his desk, Alan across in a plush chair.

JEFFER

Well, kid, you made it here.....Pretty cool, man.

ALAN

Just where do you figure I made it to Jeffer?

JEFFER

To Hollywood, boy...with a fair agent on your side and hot script in hand. Some good dough coming your way.....No mean feat, aly-boy.....I salute you, my brother.

IN DUMBSHOW

As the two continue to talk, sharing a six pack of Budweiser, handshakes backslaps, hugs and so forth. Then:

VOICE (VO)

Wha' happened? One might ask...Well, simply put Jeffer found his place and some years later Alan followed him West...Of course, broke with his first script in hand; written because his friends who were sick to death of supporting his failure as a novelist...So, the heartbroken fool wrote a script — SYD FIELDS book, "HOW TO WRITE A SCREENPLAY" open next to

VOICE (VO)/CONT'D

his typewriter, the whole kit.....And don't you know the thing was damn good called by the CAA reader gang, "*could be a cult classic along the lines of "Taxi Driver."* As things turned, Alan got five good minutes, no fifteen, alas, and was briefly courted by numerous young, fancy named actors and directors of the day, everyone of whom went on to great/good success. Alan hung in as every hopeful, disingenuous, decrepit-lying-mad-moment spent with show-biz degenerates who chipped his mind and spirit, death by a thousand cuts and no matter how hard I tried to hold him up, Aly's confidence crashed to nill until again utterly heartbroken, yet again utterly demoralized until he threw in the towel. "*Borrowed*" money once again from Jjeffer and fled once again to Paris. The brothers would never again be alive together.

SLOW DISSOLVEWIPE

SUPER TITLE — NEW YORK CITY — 2013

EXT. - STREET BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - DAY—

SPLIT SCREEN

Louise and Jackson walk along, talking.

JACKSON

I'm telling you, momma, I found a place in Chelsea,
i'm moving out, finally out of your hair. It'll be just me
and my OCD having a ball

LOUISE

(Scowls)

Can we can talk about it. You have ten thousand fine
girls interested in you. What say you let one of them
in. One with the kind of full soul to get the goodness
out of you to rule the day and leave the angry boy in
the dust.

JACKSON

Yeah, I'll impress them with my barely graduating
from Collegiate; how all my friends are lawyers,
bankers, work for the Knicks. Cool shit like that while
I make dick being a man for all seasons, chasing down
armed rappers for Rawcus and dealing with disarming
them without anyone suffering a scratch. I'll speak of
having cancer, of all the sweet women I tried for and lost.

LOUISE

Barely a decent one amongst the gaggle. Some
beauties, I'll give you that, all pretty fucked up.

C'mon, momma, we're talking about it. We're all set up... you can finally get on with it. It's Josh's place, he's moving into his girlfriend's place. Is that good?

JACKSON

Good luck to them. I've no idea. Momma, c'mon, let's face it, we're pretty sick of each other, a tired act. You need a man of means and substance and to live with... a grown person.

LOUISE

I like what I'm doing. I don't feel I'm missing a thing. like us living together. Or, true, I want to be alone at last.

JACKSON

It's all set up. I promise you, you'll thank me later, momma, swear to God. C'mon you looked after me long enough, time to have your thing alone again.

LOUISE

I should've done better by you...

OS. WIPE

EXT. - CHELSEA STREET/NYC - EARLY EVENING

SPLIT SCREEN (CONT'D)

INT.- ALAN'S APARTMENT AT THE HOTEL CHELSEA - NIGHT

Alan lies in bed, tube on in the foreground, the Knicks are down twenty. Sitting with him, smoking cuban cigars smuggled back from Paris is his friend, Michael. They both study his computer screen.

MICHAEL

Listen, Brickhead, especially because of your writing. People will look for you there, they'll find you there. You'll get gigs, make some dough. You know I sold a few paintings with it.....go on.

Unenthusiastically Alan tends to the computer.

ALAN

Right. What's this mean?

MICHAEL

Someone's trying to contact you. Someone sent you a message. "Presence," I told you, man — Go on, check it out. (Michael slaps Alan on the shoulder and heads for the thick, glass entrance doors). Make it snappy, Show some life.

ALAN

What if she's four hundred pounds and a drunk?

MICHAEL

Hey, dude, I gotta jump. Work to do. Good luck, don't worry. What if she's really smart? Then you're really screwed. Got to roll, man. Work to do. Work to do..... God knows if anyone knows how to handle strange, stoopid scenes.....Shit, Alan, everything you do ends up somehow mangled -- Just be nice to her no matter what. Use your humanity. iI she's not for you, *well then*— For chrissakes, man.....Just be nice. Be a mensch., can't you?

SEEMINGLY ENDLESS DISSOLVE

**PART WAY THROUGH, MUSIC OVER, THE BEATLES, "STRAWBERRY
FIELDS FOREVER"**

WIPE

MUSIC LOOPS OVER AND THROUGHOUT WHAT FOLLOWS.

INT.- LOBBY/HOTEL CHELSEA - DUSK

Alan waves 'hey' to a number of NEIGHBORS.

WIPE

INT. - ALAN'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

The air conditioner cranks hard in the unseasonably, hot air. Alan works out his 20 pound bar bells.

CLOSE ON Alan who begins to sweat bizarrely, perspiration pisses off his forehead.

ALAN

(aloud to himself)

Ooooooooooh Fuck me, I'm in trouble.....

Alan starts to walk slowly in place making asymmetrical circles; then suddenly bolts for the bathroom where he studies his face in the mirror.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(aloud to himself)

Sheeyit, I look all right.....my mouth's straight...fuck it...I look like an ogre anyhow. Right then, I'll fire up some reefer...chill chill and '*smile, smile, smile.*' Yeah, man.

Instead, Alan heads for '*somewhere,*' walking...impossibly slow going...and fascinated.....hard focused on each curious step he makes. Takes a seat on the side of the bed. Then: *The sound of tripe crackling in a pan kicks up inside his skull as if coming from far far away.....growing louder and louder with every second that passes.*

ALAN (CONT'D)

(aloud to himself)

I think my head's about to blow....Oh, yeah.....What's your name? Alan asked from within.....(mumbling)...Ahllahn Faowhks..... Then:

(Down goes Alan! Down goes Alan!) Going down not like a tree but rather in stages much like a building being razed. He thinks he sees smoke. Fire in the head.

ALAN (CONT'D/STRAIGHT TO CAMERA)

*Well, what am I supposed to say? "Dems-da-breaks?"
Ahh, shit. I think I'm listening to the sound of my
brain burning down.*

INT. - ALAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

IN DUMBSHOW

Alan lays on the floor face mashed into the dirty carpet. He is awake, his eyes trying to take in the insanity. We hear the Knick game on the tube in the BG. He takes a stab at standing but quickly collapses dead weight.

DISOLVE- WIPE TO

Alan, who sees an arm, unsure as to who the arm belongs to.

ALAN

(THINKING ALOUD)

if it's mine, it'll have my tattoos. If not it'll tell me I lost a fight, assbad'

*Here he notices he cannot move the arm, but the opposite one is working. Alan reaches for the dead arm and brings it over so he can see: **His tattoos.***

ALAN

(INTERIOR DIALOGUE)

Fuck me, MAN am I in trouble. Am I dead? Am I in-between, confused in some Netherworld? Maybe Sartre was right: I'm alive and have to marshal on busted to shit, still dealing with people when, just now, people disgust me.. Hell, is it? It is terribly hot in here. Hot? — CHRIST, Almighty. Alan stares across the way at the refrigerator:

REVEAL: ANIMATION

Where Alan thinks he's seeing through the fridge door, where there inside believes he sees SIX, LONG NECK SEXY GLASS BOTTLES, COCA COLAS. moving like Hula Girls. Cold smoke rising from the glass in all the right places...each forming a Mae West-like finger, "saying," "Come up and see me some time." Alan was abnormally thirsty.....

ALAN

(aloud to himself)

My-oh-my, goodness gracious, what a fucking fuuuuuck!!!?' Help me. Help me. Help me. H.E.L.P. Alan thought.....I gotta get up. I gotta stand up, fight.....

ALAN (CONT'D/STRAIGHT TO CAMERA)

Why won't someone help me?"

WIPE

INT - ICU/HOSPITAL/NYC -DAY

Alan awakes surrounded by wires, needles, IV bags of liquid, a turned on TV on across from him and a PAIR OF NURSES.

ALAN

(hoarse, low voice)

Can I please have a Coca Cola?

At that, one NURSE points at a paper sign to the side of the bed.....

REVEAL SIGN: "NO LIQUIDS"

WIPE

INT. - REHAB HOSPITAL/NYC - 4 IN THE MORNING

Alan, head in hands, howls a river into a pillow: **A FRIGHTENING, ABNORMAL SOUNDSCAPE.**

WIPE

And so it goes.

MONTAGE: ANEURYSM

IMAGE: Alan rehabing on his stationary bike amongst the geriatric set.

ANGLE ON

Alan's computer opened to Facebook: "Messages" "Are you the Alan FOX who went to Cap Freshview?"

LOOK TO ALAN STARING AT HIS COMPUTER COMPUTER SCREEN

INT.- LOUISES' BEDROOM -NIGHT

ANGLE ON LOUISE — in bed on her computer.

We note she's on Facebook, monkeying around with it.

LOUISE

(to herself/aloud)

All these years...who have I wished I might find? Craigy, Vinnie, AlanFox?? Cayote? Nah, DaveyFleetFox comin' after me...I remember...? I need you Wolf, don't know how come, it's true Wolf? Hey, that'd be me. Fox!!!? Fox Wolf Fox Wolf. Fox and Wolf....."weird," he said, a sign, Louise? Louise? A portent? You think? he said. FoxWolfFoxWolfFox, he said that, too.....yup, that'll do it.....FoxWolf. Right! I remember.....Oy, incredible.

LOOK TO

INT. - ALAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Staring at the computer screen and nervously hitting the keys.

CLOSE ON ALAN

ALAN

(internal voice/aloud)

Yo, picture looks good enough... Who knows? Could have become a 500 pound rummy for all I knew.

ANGLE ON COMPUTER SCREEN

REVEAL: Message from Louise Wolf. *"Are you the Alan Fox who went to Cap Freshview?" Her photo shows Louise, in outdoor gear sitting on a rock overlooking a canyon, legs crossed, sexy-like.*

ALAN

(interior dialogue/aloud)

Typo, nervous.....No matter what, be nice, "be a good boy, Aly." Okay, Gramma—

ANGLE ON COMPUTER SCREEN

REVEAL: **"Yes, that'd be myself. Are you the Louise Wolf who had the best ass on a white girl I'd theretofore ever seen?"**

SLOW CLOCKWISE DISSOLVE WIPE TO

INT.- LOBBY - CHELSEA HOTEL - DAY

Alan sits in his customary club chair reading, **"CRIME AND PUNISHMENT."** He continually looks up towards the entrance. A few other TENANTS including Michael stand around chatting.

Then: In walks Louise.

Alan struggles to stand and grabs for a sharp looking silver handled cane propped to the off side of his chair.

MICHAEL

Hey, knucklehead.....get moving...(checking out Louise). Not too bad, man. Go, will you, get up. No other pretty lady'd come out of her way to see you. Carpe Diem, dummy...for fucksakes, you told her all about how physically messed up you are. Oddly enough, you're not dead. And Louise is here.

ALAN

Go figure.....

Alan limps with practiced style, dead left leg and left arm loose and slightly swinging onwards towards Louise; otherwise, same fair enough looking cat scopes out the ever lovely Louise —

who instantly opens her arms and when she and Alan get to each other..... Louise takes his face in her hands and kisses him as if having found a long gone, childhood security blanket named 'Bossy.' Alan goes weak-kneed, Louise holds him up, so naturally. Alan hangs on.

ALAN

My Lord, don't you know — ***It's all still here*** — So much love. So much love. And the world's a mess and it's all in this kiss.

As their wet lips at last part, Louise places Alan's head on her chest and rubs his head. Alan holds on.

ANGLE ON THE TENANTS, One of them, accomplished poet and painter, RENE RACLET', throws his hands up and laughs.

RENE

C'mon, big deal.....Alan loves everybody.

PETRA

(*Warhol Factory wannabe*)

Rene, can't you ever *not* be jealous? Be happy for anyone else?

SLOW MOVING DISSOLVING-WIPE, THEN:

FLASHBACK FLICKWIPES FROM STORY BEGINNING

(PERSONAL HISTORY PASSING/PERSONAL HISTORIES BEING MADE ON THE SPOT): MONTAGE

IMAGE: Louise and Alan at 10, crying in the main office, homesick blues.

IMAGE: Louise and Alan slow dancing at the "social."

IMAGE: Louise and Alan sitting together, making out in the woods.

IMAGE: Alan and Louise walking the campgrounds holding hands.

IMAGE: Louise and Alan stare together at one of the 'end of summer' notices.

IMAGE: Alan and Louise waving to each other through car windows, crybabies at it again together — one for the road.....

LONG DISSOLVE-WIPE

EXT. - THE ABANDONED REMAINS OF CAMP FRESHVIEW - DUSK

CAMERA TAKES A TOUR AMONGST THE RUINS

FOLLOWING/CONTINUOUS

Heading for the woods and there goes those two lovers, Alan and Louise walking past the broken-down, wrecked wooden bunks, the mix of dirt and grass grounds, the now collapsed flagpole and on into the woods, same as it ever was.

They enfold into one another seated together on their still intact log overlooking the lake. Then:

LOUISE

Well, it only took us forty five years to get here.

ALAN

Oh my, I blew it all up, Louise. After we *came* together for the first time...(looking around)... right here, more or less we should've ran for the hills right then and there, stopped off time enough in Larchmont where I could've killed my father, balled Sylvie, thus freeing us. We'd've got married there and then. Gone down South where you can find a "touched" Justice of the Peace to've laid on hands and married us for eternity. Letting us leave the world in it's poison dust, leave us to make things happen that would be ours alone to choose Fuck me, is it so outlandish...*'we're the ones who are gonna die when it's our turn to die.....* why can't we live our lives the way we want to?'

Louise and Alan kiss deeply and for a good long time.

"The rest is silence." Then:

ALAN (CONT'D)

LoveYouLongTmeLouise.

ROLL CREDITS

FADE AWAY/MUSIC OVER/JEFFERSON AIRPLANE, "TODAY" and ALL THE WAY ON OUT.....

