



Just Shoot Me!

"My Dinner With Woody"

Episode # 207

Written By

Steven Levitan

Directed By

John Fortenberry

Shooting Script
October 8, 1997

First Revision (Green) 10/9/97

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JUST SHOOT ME

Episode # 207

"My Dinner With Woody"

Week of 10/6/97 - 10/10/97

Tentative Schedule

Wednesday, October 8, 1997 (Day 3)

Rehearsal and Camera Block

Lunch

Rehearsal and Camera Block

Producer Run-thru

Stage 12

9:00A - 1:30P

1:30P - 2:30P

2:30P -

TBD -

Thursday, October 9, 1997 (Day 4)

Crew Call

Camera Block/Rehearse

Producer Run-thru

Cast Meal (Crew Meal)

Load Audience

Final Hair/Make-up/Wardrobe

Cast Speed-thru

Playback for Audience

Cast Intros/Film Show

Stage 12

11:42A - 12:00P

12:00P - 3:30P

3:30P - 4:30P

5:00P - 6:00P (5:30 - 6:30)

6:00P - 6:30P

6:00P - 6:30P

6:30P - 7:00P

6:40P - 7:00P

7:00P -

Friday, October 10, 1997 (Day 5)

Shoot montage footage

Stage 12/Backlot

TBD

***ALL TIMES SUBJECT TO CHANGE - PRODUCTION OFFICE (818) 760 - 5760 ***

JUST SHOOT ME

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CAST

MAYA GALLO.....LAURA SAN GIACOMO
JACK GALLO.....GEORGE SEGAL
DENNIS FINCH.....DAVID SPADE
NINA VAN HORN.....WENDIE MALICK
ELLIOTT DIMAURO.....ENRICO COLANTONI
WOODY ALLEN.....ED CRASNICK
BOTTLED WATER GUY.....VICTOR STAGLIANO

SETS

| | |
|--------------------------|-----------|
| INT. BULLPEN | DAY |
| INT. MAYA'S APARTMENT | DAY/NIGHT |
| INT. MAYA'S BALCONY | NIGHT |
| INT. MAYA'S OFFICE | DAY |
| INT. JACK'S OFFICE | DAY |
| INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT | NIGHT |
| INT. MOVIE THEATRE SEATS | NIGHT |
| EXT. CENTRAL PARK | DAY |
| EXT. NEW YORK STREET | DAY |

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| | | | | | | | |
|--------------|--|----|----|--|--|--|--|
| ONE A | INT. BULLPEN - DAY (Maya) | D1 | 1 | | | | |
| ONE B | INT. BULLPEN - DAY (Finch, Jack, Maya, Nina, Elliott, Atmosphere) | D2 | 3 | | | | |
| ONE C | INT. BULLPEN/MAYA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (Finch, Jack, Nina, Maya, Woody (V.O.), Elliott, Atmosphere) | D2 | 6 | | | | |
| ONE D | INT. BULLPEN/MAYA'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY (Maya, Finch, Woody, Elliott, Atmosphere) | D2 | 11 | | | | |
| ONE E | INT. BULLPEN - LATER THAT DAY (Nina, Finch, Jack, Maya, Elliott, Atmosphere) | D2 | 19 | | | | |
| | | | | | | | |
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|--------------|---|----|----|--|--|--|--|
| ONE H | INT. MAYA'S APARTMENT/BALCONY - THAT NIGHT (Jack (V.O.), Finch (V.O.), Maya, Woody) | N2 | 23 | | | | |
| TWO I | INT. MAYA'S APARTMENT/BALCONY - CONTINUOUS (Maya, Woody) | N2 | 25 | | | | |
| TWO K | INT. BULLPEN - THE NEXT DAY (Jack, Finch, Nina, Woody, Maya, Elliott, Atmosphere) | D3 | 28 | | | | |
| TWO L | SEVERAL LOCATIONS (MONTAGE) (Woody, Maya) | | 34 | | | | |
| TWO M | INT. MAYA'S OFFICE - FOLLOWING MONDAY MORNING (Elliott, Maya) | D4 | 35 | | | | |
| TWO P | INT. JACK'S OFFICE - SAME TIME (Jack, Finch, Nina) | D4 | 38 | | | | |

Day Pg

| | | | | | | | |
|-------------|--|----|----|--|--|--|--|
| TWOS | INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - THAT NIGHT (Woody, Maya, Atmosphere) | N4 | 41 | | | | |
| TWOT | INT. BULLPEN - DAY (Maya, Bottled Water Guy, Atmosphere) | D1 | 46 | | | | |
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JUST SHOOT ME
"My Dinner With Woody"

ACT ONE

A

FADE IN:

INT. BULLPEN - DAY (DAY 1)
(Maya)

MAYA STANDS IN FRONT OF THE BLANK RECEPTIONIST WALL
AND ADDRESSES THE CAMERA:

MAYA

There's an old joke that Woody Allen tells at the end of Annie Hall, which is, by the way, my favorite movie of all time. It goes like this: This guy goes to a psychiatrist and says, "Doc, uh, my brother's crazy, he thinks he's a chicken." And, uh, the doctor says, "Well, why don't you turn him in?" The guy says, "I would, but I need the eggs."

MAYA (CONT'D)

This joke, coincidentally enough,
explains how I recently found myself
in the middle of the most bizarre pseudo-
relationship of my life. See, I had
just written an article called, "My
Dinner With Woody," which was this
fantasy piece about having a meal and *
an incredible conversation with my *
intellectual hero. I thought it was
pretty good and everyone around here
really seemed to like it.

SMASH CUT TO:

B

INT. BULLPEN - DAY (DAY 2)

(Finch, Jack, Maya, Nina, Elliott, Atmosphere)

MAYA, NINA, ELLIOTT, JACK, AND FINCH ARE IN A STAFF MEETING. FINCH HOLDS UP THE NEWEST ISSUE OF BLUSH.

FINCH

"My Dinner With Woody." What's next month, "My Pedicure With Neil Simon?"

FINCH, NINA AND ELLIOTT LAUGH.

JACK

Well, I, for one, found it compelling.

FINCH, NINA AND ELLIOTT STOP LAUGHING.

MAYA

You did? Wow, I'm shocked.

JACK

Next month you could do "My Dinner With Claudia Schiffer."

MAYA

Why would I want to have dinner with Claudia Schiffer?

JACK

Because she sells magazines. And after
this silly Woody Allen piece, we may
have to.

THEY ALL LAUGH.

MAYA

There's nothing silly about it. Don't
you have anyone you've always wanted
to have a deep conversation with --
besides Claudia Schiffer? *

FINCH

David Copperfield. I want to find out
how that wind-blown freak got Claudia
Schiffer.

MAYA

Nina?

NINA

Well, let's see... you know who's brain
I've always wanted to pick? Gore Vidal.

MAYA

Really? That's impressive. Gore Vidal?

NINA

Did I say Gore Vidal? I meant Vidal Sasson.

MAYA

Elliott, what about you? Anyone in
the world, who would you most like to
have dinner with?

ELLIOTT

Jack Gallo.

JACK

Hey, thanks, I appreciate that.

FINCH

Suck up. (THEN) I was going to say *

Jack Gallo.

SFX: PHONE RINGS

NO ONE MOVES FOR IT. FINALLY: *

FINCH (CONT'D)

I'll get it. (INTO PHONE) Blush. *

(TO MAYA) For you.

MAYA

Whoever it is, I'll call back.

FINCH

It's Woody Allen.

A BEAT.

MAYA

Ha-ha. Very funny. You got me. Go
ahead, start laughing at gullible Maya.

NO ONE LAUGHS. FINCH CONTINUES HOLDING OUT THE
PHONE. AFTER A BEAT:

MAYA (CONT'D)

I'll take it in my office.

AS MAYA DARTS INTO HER OFFICE, WE...

FADE OUT.

C

FADE IN:

BLUSH COVER: WISH UPON A STAR - 20 WAYS TO MEET A
CELEBRITY

INT. BULLPEN/MAYA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (DAY 2)
(Finch, Jack, Nina, Maya, Woody (V.O.), Elliott,
Atmosphere)

NINA

Can we keep going? I have an
organizational meeting with "Doors
Across Manhattan."

JACK RUBS HIS EYES.

JACK

What's that again?

NINA

You know, it's that charity I co-founded
with my friend Binnie. For one month
each year, we give inner-city kids the
chance to become doormen for the rich.

ELLIOTT

And how does that help?

NINA

Well, you know, if you have packages
and stuff.

JACK

Man, my allergies are driving me crazy.
I'd pay a hundred bucks for some eye
drops.

FINCH FRANTICALLY TAPS HIS POCKETS AND/OR RUMMAGES
THROUGH HIS DESK.

FINCH

Eye drops, eye drops...

NINA

(FROM PURSE) Eye drops!

FINCH

Damn.

SHE HANDS JACK A SMALL BOTTLE.

JACK

Give me a minute.

JACK EXITS INTO HIS OFFICE.

FINCH

(TO NINA) Suck up.

RESET TO:

INT. MAYA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

AFTER A NERVOUS BEAT, MAYA FINALLY PICKS UP THE
PHONE.

MAYA

(INTO PHONE) This is Maya Gallo.

WOODY (V.O.)

It's Woody Allen.

MAYA

(INTO PHONE, UNSURE) Hi?

WOODY (V.O.)

I'm, I'm sorry to bother you like this,
but I just wanted to tell you how much
I, uh, enjoyed your article.

MAYA

(INTO PHONE, STILL UNSURE) You did?

WOODY (V.O.)

Yeah, it was very flattering. (THEN)
Listen, I would love to, uh, you know,
meet you sometime and, uh, say hello.

MAYA

(INTO PHONE) Finch!

AS MAYA PUTS THE RECEIVER ON HER DESK AND RACES
INTO THE BULLPEN:

WOODY (V.O.)

What? Hello? Hello?

RESET TO:

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

MAYA RUNS IN. NINA AND ELLIOTT ARE STILL AT THE
CONFERENCE TABLE, BUT FINCH IS ON THE PHONE.

MAYA

Alright, Finch, very funny Woody Allen
impression.

FINCH

What? I'm talking to my mother.

MAYA

Yeah, right.

MAYA GRABS THE PHONE FROM HIM.

MAYA (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Hi, Mrs. Finch, I won't
keep you because, according to Dennis,
you've got a lot of drinking to do.

(HEARS SOMEONE RESPOND, THEN NICELY)

Oh, Mrs. Finch... Who am I? Nina Van
Horn. *

SHE HANDS THE PHONE BACK TO FINCH. FINCH JUST GLARES
AT HER. *

FINCH

(COVERING PHONE) Maybe later you can
chuck firecrackers at my grandpa. *

MAYA

I'm so sorry. (THEN, REALIZING) Oh
god, I have Woody Allen on hold.

MAYA TEARS BACK TO HER OFFICE.

ANGLE ON:

ELLIOTT AND NINA ARE AT THE CONFERENCE TABLE.

ELLIOTT

Got any gum?

NINA

I have some breath freshener. A lady
is always prepared.

ELLIOTT

Yeah, for a sobriety test.

NINA PULLS OUT A LITTLE SQUEEZE BOTTLE AND HANDS IT
TO ELLIOTT. HE DABS SOME ON HIS TONGUE. AFTER A
QUICK BEAT, HE SPITS IT OUT.

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)

What did you give me? (LOOKS) These
are eye drops. *

NINA

Oh, sorry. Uh-oh, if these are my eye
drops, what did I just give Jack? *

JACK (O.S.)

Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!

ELLIOTT

Minty-fresh corneas?

AS NINA RUNS TO JACK'S AID, WE...

CUT TO:

D

INT. BULLPEN/MAYA'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY (DAY 2)
(Maya, Finch, Woody, Elliott, Atmosphere)

BACK FROM LUNCH, MAYA ENTERS FROM THE ELEVATOR AND
APPROACHES FINCH.

MAYA

Hey, Finch, how's my dad?

FINCH

Still at the eye doctor. He'll be
fine, but he has to wear an eye patch
for a couple of days. *

MAYA

Oh, that's too bad. *

FINCH

You're telling me. He won't stop
calling and doing his pirate imitation.

MAYA

He does a pirate imitation?

FINCH

Not really.

(MORE)

FINCH (CONT'D)

(THEN) By the way, there's a Woody
Allen waiting for you in your office.

MAYA

He's here?! (ON THE MOVE) I can't
believe you made him wait while you
blathered on about my father's eyesight.

(STOPS AT HER DOOR) How do I look?

FINCH

Neurotic, desperate and needy.

MAYA

Perfect.

MAYA EXITS INTO HER OFFICE. FINCH FOLLOWS.

RESET TO:

INT. MAYA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MAYA AND FINCH ENTER. WOODY IS THERE, HIS BACK TO
THEM AS HE PERUSES THE BOOKS ON THE SHELF.

FINCH

Maya Gallo -- the great Woody Allen. *

WOODY TURNS -- ONLY HE'S NOT WOODY. HE'S JUST A
GUY WHO THINKS HE'S WOODY ALLEN AND DOES A DEAD-ON
IMPRESSION.

WOODY

Please, just call me the great Woody. *

FINCH LAUGHS SARCASTICALLY.

FINCH

(TO MAYA) Oh, and Mark Twain called.
He can't make it for racquetball.

FINCH EXITS.

WOODY

(RE: FINCH) Nice kid. He's like the
Von Trapp they left behind.

A BEAT AS MAYA TRIES TO FIGURE OUT WHAT'S HAPPENING.

MAYA

Okay, who are you really?

WOODY

(CONFUSED BY THE QUESTION) Woody Allen.

MAYA

Alright, let me see your driver's
license.

WOODY

I'm strictly a passenger -- ever since
I honked at a Teamster and he responded
by spanking me with a "How's my
driving?" sign. Believe me, I was
tempted to call. (THEN) But here's
my state I.D.

HE HANDS HER A CARD FROM HIS WALLET.

MAYA

You legally changed your name to Woody
Allen?

WOODY

My agent thought Allen Konigsberg
sounded too Jewish. This from a man
named Myron Fishnik.

MAYA

Oh... So you read the article and
called me? How sweet. (SUBTITLE: OH,
LORD, HE'S A LOON.)

WOODY

Well, you're a terrific writer. *
Intellectual without being didactic. *
(SUBTITLE: SHE IS REALLY HOT.)

MAYA

Thank you. That's a very nice coat. *
(SUBTITLE: COULD THAT POCKET HAVE A
GUN IN IT?)

WOODY

This? I, uh, got it on sale. (HE
ROLLS HIS EYES) (SUBTITLE: GOT IT ON
SALE? I'M SUCH AN IDIOT.)

MAYA

So... (SUBTITLE: IF I HAVE TO, I CAN
HIT HIM OVER THE HEAD WITH THIS
STAPLER.) *

SHE MOVES THE STAPLER CLOSER.

WOODY

So... (SUBTITLE: HEY, SHE REALLY DIGS
ME!)

AWKWARD PAUSE. THEY JUST SMILE AT EACH OTHER.

WOODY (CONT'D)

(SUBTITLE: I SHOULD'VE COMBED MY HAIR.)

MAYA

(SUBTITLE: I SHOULD'VE CALLED SECURITY.)

KNOCK AT THE DOOR. ELLIOTT STICKS HIS HEAD IN.

ELLIOTT

Maya, I need the -- (NOTICES) Oh,
sorry.

MAYA

Elliott, this is Woody. Woody Allen.

ELLIOTT LOOKS AT WOODY THEN BACK AT MAYA, THEN BACK
TO WOODY, THEN BACK TO MAYA.

ELLIOTT

Okay.

MAYA

Is that all you have to say?

ELLIOTT

For the moment. But we'll be talking
about this for years.

ELLIOTT CRACKS UP AND EXITS.

WOODY

So, before you came in, I glanced at
your list of story ideas here.

MAYA

(ANNOYED) You read my ideas?

WOODY

They're terrific.

MAYA

Really? You think they're good? *

WOODY

Good? Let me tell you something,
sweetheart, the knishes at the Carnegie
Deli are good. These, these are
brilliant.

MAYA

You're just saying that.

WOODY

Nooo, don't be ridiculous. The piece
on "Cinderella and the Glass Ceiling,"
I'm getting goose bumps. Big ones.
My forearm looks like a relief map of
the Poconos.

MAYA CAN'T HELP BUT SMILE. SHE CLEARLY ENJOYS THE
COMPLIMENT.

MAYA

Tell that to everyone out there.
Getting this magazine to print something
substantial is like pulling teeth.

WOODY

Please, I have a fear of dentists. I
once had some bridge work done and,
when I came to, my shirt was
misbuttoned.

MAYA LAUGHS. *

WOODY (CONT'D)

You've just got to know the tricks of
selling. When I was pitching Sleeper
to the studio, I first pitched them
the worst idea I could think of. *

MAYA

Let me guess: Interiors?

WOODY

(HURT) What, you didn't like
Interiors?

MAYA

No, I did, but --

WOODY

It was indulgent?

MAYA

I never used the word "indulgent." *

WOODY *

Claustrophobic? *

MAYA *

Okay, maybe a little. *

WOODY

(UPSET) How can you say that? Jeez...
Just because it didn't have a car crash
or a talking dinosaur every three
seconds...

MAYA

I'm only saying it's not your best
work. (CATCHING HERSELF) Wait, what
am I doing?

WOODY

My point is, after the studio heard
that bad pitch, they loved Sleeper.

MAYA

Very funny. But, to quote the real
Woody Allen, "If you'll excuse me, I'm
due back on Planet Earth."

WOODY

I love it when women quote me.

AS MAYA USHERS WOODY OUT THE DOOR, WE...

DISSOLVE TO:

E

BLUSH COVER: GET HIM TO SEE THINGS YOUR WAY!

INT. BULLPEN - LATER THAT DAY (DAY 2)

(Nina, Finch, Jack, Maya, Elliott, Atmosphere)

NINA USHERS JACK IN. HIS EYES ARE BANDAGED AND HE
CAN'T SEE A THING.

NINA

Okay, here we are. Back at the office.

FINCH APPROACHES.

FINCH

How ya feeling, boss?

JACK

(AS A PIRATE) Yar, I'm in ship shape,
matie.

FINCH

Okay, that's got to stop right now.

HE CROSSES OFF. NINA AGAIN TAKES JACK BY THE ARM.

NINA

(TO JACK) Can I get you a cocktail?

JACK

No.

NINA

Cigarette?

JACK

No.

NINA

Tranquilizer?

JACK

No.

NINA

Look, I can't help you if you're not
willing to help yourself.

JACK

Nina, relax, I'm fine.

NINA

Well, I'm not. I'm wracked with guilt.
And until those bandages come off, I
will be your eyes.

JACK

That's just the thing, I don't need
eyes. I've never experienced New York
like I just did. The sounds, the
smells... My other senses have been
heightened tenfold.

FINCH

Hey, Jack --

JACK

(STARTLED) Ahhh! Who said that?!

FINCH JUST ROLLS HIS EYES. ELLIOTT AND MAYA ENTER
AND SIT AT THE CONFERENCE TABLE, ELLIOTT RIGHT NEXT
TO JACK.

MAYA

Hi, dad, how're you feeling?

JACK

Couldn't be better. Now, as soon as
Elliott gets here, we can start the
meeting.

ELLIOTT

I'm here.

JACK

Finally. Okay, let's begin with
articles. Maya...

MAYA

Alright. I have this idea -- *

JACK *

I said, "Maya." *

MAYA *

Okay. I have this idea for a piece on
the frustration of women in corporate
America. It's called "Cinderella and
the Glass Ceiling" -- *

THE GROUP DOESN'T LIKE IT.

JACK

...I don't think so. Sounds a little
dry.

MAYA

You're not even giving it a chance.

JACK

I don't need to. I can practically
smell the warehouse full of unsold
issues. *

MAYA

But this is a really important -- (THINKS
OF WOODY) Okay, here's the only other
idea I have: "Inside a Meat Packing Plant -
Slaughterhouse Chic." What happens to
the animals, what the butchers wear, you
know, that sort of thing.

AFTER A LONG STUNNED BEAT:

JACK

Do the first one.

ON MAYA'S SATISFIED REACTION, WE...

DISSOLVE TO:

H

INT. MAYA'S APARTMENT/BALCONY - THAT NIGHT (NIGHT 2)
(Jack (V.O.), Finch (V.O.), Maya, Woody)

MAYA ENTERS FROM HER DAY AT WORK. SHE PUTS HER THINGS DOWN AND PRESSES HER ANSWERING MACHINE. (DURING THE FOLLOWING, MAYA RUMMAGES THROUGH HER KITCHEN CABINETS FOR FOOD WITHOUT MUCH SUCCESS. SHE FINALLY FINDS A BAG OF TOP RAMEN NOODLES, GRABS A POT AND MOVES TO THE SINK.)

SFX: BEEP.

JACK (V.O.)

Maya, it's your dad. As I was being
driven home tonight, I smelled the
most-incredible smell. Pretzels! So
I stopped and bought one. And let me
tell you, it was like a party in my
mouth. Pretzels, Maya, pretzels.
I've never felt so alive. (HANGS UP)

SFX: BEEP.

FINCH (V.O.)

Maya, it's Finch. Your dad keeps
calling me about pretzels. Just thought
you should know. (HANGS UP)

JUST AS SHE'S ABOUT TO FILL THE POT WITH WATER,
MAYA GLANCES OUT THE WINDOW WHERE WOODY IS ON THE
BALCONY LOOKING BACK AT HER!

MAYA

Ahhhh!

WOODY

Ahhhh!

AS MAYA DROPS THE POT IN THE SINK, AND AS WOODY
DROPS THE CHINESE FOOD, WE...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

J

BLUSH COVER: STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT - WHO CAN YOU TRUST?

INT. MAYA'S APARTMENT/BALCONY - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 2)
(Maya, Woody)

WOODY IS STILL OUT ON THE BALCONY. MAYA CATCHES HER BREATH. THROUGH THE WINDOW:

MAYA

What are you doing here?!

WOODY

At the moment, having a major heart attack. I haven't heard screaming like that since I told Tony Roberts he couldn't be in Purple Rose of Cairo.

MAYA

How'd you get on my balcony?

WOODY

I climbed the fire escape.

(MORE)

WOODY (CONT'D)

I would've been here sooner, but the couple on four likes to watch TV in the nude. (THEN) You seem nervous.

MAYA

You scared the hell out of me.

WOODY

Relax, I brought Chinese. What am I going to do, strangle you with lo mein? (THEN) So, how did it go with the stories today?

MAYA

What?

WOODY

Did you try my plan? Did it work?

MAYA

Yes, it worked. *

WOODY

Really? That's terrific. I always believed in you. Well, not always, but, uh, since late this afternoon.

MAYA

(NOTICING) You look like you're freezing.

WOODY

Not too bad, the Kung Pao chicken is
keeping my hands warm.

MAYA

Kung Pao chicken?

WOODY

And Moo Shoo pork.

MAYA

Any pot stickers?

WOODY

Does Rabbi Gendleman run a little long
on Saturdays?

MAYA LAUGHS AND MOVES FOR THE DOOR, AS WE...

DISSOLVE TO: *

K

BLUSH COVER: BORED WITH REAL LIFE? LIVE OUT YOUR FANTASY!

INT. BULLPEN - THE NEXT DAY (DAY 3)

(Jack, Finch, Nina, Woody, Maya, Elliott, Atmosphere)

FINCH IS IN THE KITCHEN. JACK FEELS FINCH'S FACE.

JACK

You know, Dennis, I've never told you this before, but you're an extremely handsome man.

FINCH

Let's just keep it above the neck, cowboy.

NINA SWOOPS IN.

NINA

Jack, there you are. Where can I take you?

JACK

Nowhere. I'm going to the men's room.

NINA TAKES HIS ARM.

NINA

Here, let me help you. Chair.

JACK STEPS AROUND A CHAIR.

JACK

Nina, I told you I'm fine.

NINA

Well, I still feel bad. Table.

JACK STEPS AROUND A TABLE. A MALE MODEL PASSES THROUGH, CATCHING NINA'S EYE.

NINA (CONT'D)

The last thing I need is for you to
get hurt again.

DISTRACTED BY THE MALE MODEL, NINA WALKS JACK SMACK INTO THE WALL.

NINA (CONT'D)

(TO JACK, WEAKLY) Wall.

JACK HEADS TOWARD THE ELEVATOR.

JACK

Nina, I know this magazine like the
back of my hand. I'm perfectly capable
of finding the bathroom by myself.

JACK TURNS DEFIANTLY AND CROSSES ONTO THE OPEN ELEVATOR. HE BEGINS UNZIPPING HIS FLY AS THE ELEVATOR DOORS CLOSE. NINA CROSSES TO FINCH.

NINA

There goes the man who's going to lead
us into the twenty-first century.

NINA CROSSES OFF.

FINCH

Maya, your friend Woody's on his way
up. Shall I push back your two o'clock
with Foghorn Leghorn?

ELLIOTT CROSSES TO MAYA.

ELLIOTT

Woody? What's he doing here again?

MAYA

He shows up at the strangest places.
(WITH A SMILE) Last night he was on
my balcony with Chinese food, and --

ELLIOTT

Wait, he showed up at your apartment?

MAYA

He's harmless, just a little eccentric.

ELLIOTT

Maya, wake up. You have no idea who
this guy is. I mean who he really is.

MAYA

Elliott, it's nice that you're worried,
but don't be. He's sweet and smart
and funny.

ELLIOTT

He's not Woody Allen.

MAYA

I know that. But I can still enjoy
his company. Last night we discussed
Nietzsche for two hours. He has the
heart of a philosopher.

ELLIOTT

Yeah, in a jar on his desk.

MAYA

It's like Beatlemania. You know they're
not the Beatles, but you still enjoy
the show.

ELLIOTT

Sure, but Ringo-lite never showed up
in your breakfast nook. *

ANGLE ON:

THE ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN. JACK AND WOODY ENTER THE
BULLPEN. AS JACK CROSSES TO THE RECEPTIONIST'S
PHONE:

JACK

I can't wait to tell my wife I was in
the men's room with Woody Allen.

WOODY

I can't wait to go home and change my
shoes.

ANGLE ON:

MAYA AND ELLIOTT, MID-CONVERSATION. UNBEKNOWNST TO
ELLIOTT, WOODY APPROACHES AND OVERHEARS THE
FOLLOWING:

MAYA

Elliott, trust me, he wouldn't hurt a fly. In fact, he's petrified of them.

ELLIOTT

Just because he looks and talks like Woody Allen, doesn't mean he's not some dangerous whacko. *

WOODY

Oh sure, I get why you don't like me. You're an anti-semite. Maybe you should go into your darkroom and develop the Master Race.

MAYA CAN'T HELP BUT LAUGH.

ELLIOTT

I'm not anti-semitic. (TO MAYA) Why are you laughing?

MAYA

He's funny.

WOODY

Maya, have dinner with me tonight. I know this place that's so trendy, the waiters insult themselves.

ELLIOTT

Listen, pal, she's not having dinner with you. Not tonight, not ever.

MAYA LOOKS AT ELLIOTT IN DISBELIEF, THEN TO WOODY:

MAYA

Pick me up at eight.

ELLIOTT POKES WOODY IN THE CHEST. *

ELLIOTT *

You better watch out. *

WOODY POKES ELLIOTT IN THE CHEST. *

WOODY *

You better watch out. *

ELLIOTT STARES HIM DOWN. WOODY'S POKING GESTURE
BECOMES A SMOOTHING-OUT OF ELLIOTT'S SHIRT. *

WOODY (CONT'D)

Because that's a nice shirt and I'm a *

bleeder. *

AND WE...

DISSOLVE TO:

L

SEVERAL LOCATIONS (MONTAGE)
(Woody, Maya)

THE FOLLOWING MONTAGE TO BE IN BLACK & WHITE, LETTER BOXED, OVER A WOODY ALLENESQUE JAZZ CLARINET PIECE...

CLIPS:

MOVIE THEATRE - MAYA AND WOODY WATCHING A MOVIE.
(NIGHT)

MAYA'S KITCHEN - TRYING TO PUT EARS OF CORN INTO A BOILING POT WHILE ONE OF THEM TAKES PICTURES. (DAY)

A BENCH IN CENTRAL PARK - MAYA JOGGING, WOODY PASSING OUT. (DAY)

MAYA AND WOODY WALK DOWN A NEW YORK STREET. AS THEY TALK, WOODY PASSES A WOMAN WITH HER PUFFY DOG. WOODY TRIES TO PET THE DOG, BUT THE DOG SNAPS AT HIM. (DAY)

*
*
*
*

STREET-CORNER - WOODY FINDING SOMETHING DISGUSTING IN A HOT DOG. (DAY)

MAYA'S BALCONY - THEY'RE ENJOYING THE NEW YORK SKYLINE - UNTIL A VERY SMALL BEE CHASES WOODY INSIDE. (DAY)

*

SMASH CUT TO:

M

INT. MAYA'S OFFICE - FOLLOWING MONDAY MORNING (DAY 4)
(Elliott, Maya)

ELLIOTT ENTERS AND SLAPS SOME PAPERS DOWN IN FRONT
OF MAYA. THEY ARE WOODY'S RECORDS FROM BELLEVUE.

ELLIOTT

Here, I told you he was crazy.

MAYA

(SCANS IT, THEN) Imitating Woody Allen
landed him in an institution?

ELLIOTT

No, imitating Little Richard landed
him in an institution. See for
yourself. *
*

ELLIOTT HANDS A PHOTO TO HER.

MAYA

(LOOKS) He got on stage at the Apollo?

ELLIOTT

He made it through half of "Tutti-Fruity" before the mob descended.

(THEN) His real name is Preston Beckman and he sells office supplies over the internet.

MAYA

That's so sad.

ELLIOTT

No, it's not, he's worth twelve million dollars.

MAYA

You're kidding.

ELLIOTT

According to his psychiatrist, who incidentally wants to meet Cindy Crawford so badly he's willing to violate doctor-patient confidentiality, Beckman holds onto his identity-of-the-month only as long as someone's there to support his delusion.

MAYA

So you're saying --

ELLIOTT

He won't get help until you break off all contact.

MAYA

No more Woody?

ELLIOTT

What is it with you and this guy? *

A BEAT.

MAYA

I know it sounds strange, but there
were times when I actually forgot that
he wasn't... or maybe I let myself
forget, because, I don't know, Woody
Allen liked me. *

ELLIOTT

I like you. *

MAYA *

Thanks, but you're not Woody Allen. *

ELLIOTT *

Neither is he! *

AND WE...

CUT TO:

P

INT. BULLPEN/JACK'S OFFICE - SAME TIME (DAY 4)
(Jack, Nina, Finch, Atmosphere)

JACK ENTERS FROM THE ELEVATOR WITH HIS BANDAGES OFF
AND HIS EYE SIGHT RETURNED.

JACK

Hello, everyone. Good to see you.

NINA

There they are -- the two most beautiful
eyes in the world. What did the doctor say?

JACK

Clean bill of health. My peepers are keepers.

NINA

Jack, I want to thank you.

JACK

What for?

NINA

For those moving words about losing
your eyesight. This weekend, I put on
a blindfold and, you were right, all
my other senses came alive.

NINA (CONT'D) *

As if for the first time, there was
the smell of the night air, the sound
of the wind across the terrace, the
cold steel of the handcuffs -- *

JACK *

Nina -- *

NINA *

-- the low hum of the camcorder... *

JACK *

Nina, why are you telling me this? *

NINA *

(GIDDY) I'm telling everyone. (THEN, *

TO SOMEONE OFFSCREEN) Oh, Baxter... *

NINA HEADS OFF, AS JACK EXITS INTO HIS OFFICE. *

RESET TO: *

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS *

FINCH IS SITTING AT JACK'S DESK WITH HIS FEET UP,
READING A MAGAZINE. A COCKTAIL SITS NEXT TO HIM.
JACK ENTERS WEARING SUNGLASSES. *

JACK

Dennis...?

FINCH

(WITHOUT LOOKING UP) I'm over here,

updating your rolodex.

FINCH TAKES A SIP OF THE COCKTAIL. JACK TAKES OFF
HIS SUNGLASSES.

JACK

Great. By the way, I can see again.

FINCH LOOKS UP.

FINCH

Uh-oh.

JACK

Well said.

FINCH

Tell you what -- you forget about this
and I'll erase the surveillance tape
of you wizzing in the elevator.

JACK

Done.

AND WE...

DISSOLVE TO:

*

*

S

BLUSH COVER: BREAK IT OFF BEFORE YOU BOTH GO CRAZY!

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - THAT NIGHT (NIGHT 4)
(Woody, Maya, Atmosphere)

MAYA AND WOODY ARE HAVING DINNER.

WOODY

...so I turned to the Monsignor and
said, "I don't even care if there's an
afterlife, as long as there's no bugs." *

MAYA

Uh, Woody, we have to talk.

WOODY

Oh, jeez. That's what the guys from
Orion said when they saw the grosses
from Zelig.

MAYA

Listen, I love being with you, but
I've been living my fantasy at your
expense.

(MORE)

MAYA (CONT'D)

You're a wonderful person as Woody
Allen, you can be a wonderful person
as Preston Beckman.

A BEAT. WOODY TAKES A DEEP BREATH AS IF HE'S BEEN
CAUGHT. THEN HE TURNS TO CAMERA.

WOODY

(TO CAMERA) Do you believe this? All
of a sudden I feel like I'm being
questioned by the Gestapo.

MAYA

Who are you talking to?

WOODY

The camera. I'm talking to the camera.

MAYA

There is no camera. You're not Woody
Allen. You're not even Jewish.

WOODY

My god, all this hostility is giving
me hives. (TO CAMERA) Do you see
what I'm dealing with? *

MAYA

Preston, I know all about Bellevue and Little Richard and you need to get help.

WOODY

(TUGS AT HIS COLLAR) Jeez, I can't breathe. I suddenly feel smothered, like when my Aunt Libby with the cabbage breath used to hug me at Passover. Although she was tremendously large-breasted, which may explain why I get aroused whenever I eat cole slaw.

(THEN) So you see my point...

MAYA

No.

WOODY SIGHS.

WOODY

Maya, I think you're terrific, but, well, I have to break up with you.

MAYA

You're breaking up with me?

WOODY

Frankly, Maya, it wouldn't kill you to, uh, see a therapist.

MAYA

Oh, so now I'm crazy?

WOODY

I didn't say crazy. Obsessive - yes. *

But crazy - well maybe that too.

MAYA

Listen, I care about you, and I want
to make sure you get the help you need,
so I'm not going to let that get to
me.

WOODY

It's over, baby. Let it go.

MAYA GETS UP TO GO.

MAYA

Okay, that got to me. So long, Preston.

I hope you get help.

MAYA STARTS TO LEAVE. WOODY TURNS TO THE CAMERA:

WOODY

(TO CAMERA) So, that's how it ended.

She was a great girl.

MAYA STOPS AND LISTENS.

WOODY (CONT'D)

(TO CAMERA) Maybe could have even
been the love of my life, but that's
the way it goes.

MAYA

What are you doing?

WOODY

(TO CAMERA) I did see her one more
time.

MAYA

Stop that.

WOODY

(TO CAMERA) She was coming out of the
film Shoah, which I considered a
victory, although a minor one because
she left ten minutes after it started.

MAYA

(VERY FRUSTRATED) Uhhhhh.

AS MAYA LEAVES, WE...

CUT TO:

I

INT. BULLPEN - DAY (DAY 1)
(Maya, Bottled Water Guy, Atmosphere)

MAYA, ONCE AGAIN, STANDS IN FRONT OF THAT BLANK
BLUE-GREEN BLUSH WALL.

MAYA

(TO CAMERA) ...And I never saw Woody
or Preston again. It's like that other
joke Woody Allen tells in Annie Hall:
Two elderly women are at a Catskill
Mountain resort and one of them says,
"Boy, the food at this place is really
terrible." The other one says, "Yeah,
and such small portions." To me, that's
Preston Beckman. Yeah, he was weird
and, at times, a bit scary, but...
such small portions.

ANGLE WIDENS:

TO REVEAL THAT MAYA HAS BEEN TELLING THIS WHOLE
STORY TO THE BOTTLED WATER GUY, WHO'S BEEN HOLDING
UP A FIVE GALLON BOTTLE.

BOTTLED WATER GUY

Lady, this thing's really getting heavy.

MAYA

Yeah, yeah, go ahead.

AND WE...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW