

The Plant

by
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c2014

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FADE IN:

INT. LONDON - LAWYER'S OFFICE

The lawyer, BILL KNIGHTLY, a tall, handsome, whimsical looking gentleman is seated at his desk. Seated on the other side of the desk are the Walpole-Wilson children, JANE and LINDA, (early 30's), CHARLES, (late 30's) and ALLEN, (22).

Bill sets down a piece of paper and stares at his clients with a concerned yet seasoned, flippant air.

BILL

Well, there we have it.

Jane, a plain looking woman, stares into her lap.

Linda looks directly into Bill's eyes in a state of shock.

Charles' eyes wobble about the room and Allen, seated at the end of the row, somewhat apart from his siblings, sits with perfect posture in an abstract though passionate daze. He is tall, lean and beautiful.

JANE

(lifts head)

I... I don't understand.

CHARLES

Makes absolute sense to me. He was always such a bloody bastard!

LINDA

I can't believe it. Why it's absurd. Can you read that again, Mr. Knightly, please?

Bill picks up the paper, raises his eyebrows, sighs and smirks.

BILL

"To Wallace Mooney, my dear gardener for forty four years, I hereby bequeath the entire grounds and structure"... We must assume this means the mansion.

LINDA

It's a castle.

BILL

(continues reading)

"I hereby bequeath the entire grounds and structure of the Walpole-Wilson estate. To my four children I leave the furnishings and objects within the walls of my home to be divided up amongst themselves as they wish."

CHARLES

(laughs, mocks)

To my dear gardener for forty four years. Bloody selfish bastard!

LINDA

Well, I've had enough. This is preposterous.

Linda gets out of her chair aggressively and strides out of the room. Jane shake's Bill's hand without speaking then quickly follows her sister contentiously whispering.

Charles nods towards Bill and strides out.

Allen suddenly realizes that he is now alone in the office and looks questioningly at Bill, who shrugs in return.

Allen stands, turns gracefully and leaves.

EXT. SUSSEX - THE WALPOLE-WILSON MANSION - DAY

A typical wealthy English country type of castle with well kept, sophisticated, highly manicured gardens.

INT. MANSION

The Walpole-Wilson children approach a central drawing room from various corridors. Jane sneaks down the wide marble staircase carrying a painting.

Linda scribbles on a note pad as she hears the the approaching footsteps of her sister.

LINDA

(looks up)

You can not be serious?

JANE

I loved this painting as a child.

LINDA

Of course you did. We all did. It's
a Vermeer!

Charles decants himself a glass of scotch, obviously not his
first drink of the day.

CHARLES

Worth a goddamn fortune. Only thing
in this place that is really.

LINDA

So why should Jane get it?

Charles drops his tall, one hundred and ninety pound, finely
groomed body into a Victorian chair.

CHARLES

Because she found it first.

Linda shakes her pen and paper in the air hysterically.

LINDA

But I haven't had the time to get
upstairs. Yet you Jane are the one
who put me in charge of making this
list. What a schemer. My God!
You've always been the same.

CHARLES

Leave her alone.

LINDA

And you always side with her, don't
you?

CHARLES

You are decidedly a bitch, Linda.

LINDA

And you are a superb arse, Charles.

ANGLE ON ALLEN

Wandering about the large room aimlessly. He stops before a
tall window, pulls the drapes aside and looks out as if in
need of distraction.

CHARLES

(drinks)

Well, I'm taking the library.

LINDA

That is not fair, not fair at all.
She gets the painting, you get the
Goethe and Walter Scott, but what
do I get?

JANE

I really did love this painting so
very much as a child.

CHARLES

(to Linda)

You get the rest of it. All the
furniture, the China, linens,
chandeliers, silverware--

JANE

What about Allen?

Allen passively turns from the window.

CHARLES

Yes, what about you Allen? You
haven't said a word since we left
the solicitor's office.

LINDA

He's said hardly a word since the
funeral.

JANE

Maybe he's grieving.

CHARLES

I don't believe it. Are you
grieving Allen?

ALLEN

No.

They all look at him while he moves away from the window.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

I was just appreciating the
gardens. He did do a good job,
didn't he?

JANE

Who?

ALLEN

Wallace Mooney.

LINDA

Oh, I don't even want to hear that name mentioned.

CHARLES

Out with it Allen, why are you so bloody quiet?

ALLEN

Not sure, really. I suppose I don't really care about any of this or this stuff.

He walks casually closer towards Charles.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

I never knew him... Father, I barely remember seeing him at all.

CHARLES

That's because he was hardly here.

LINDA

Always away on business.

JANE

Traveling.

CHARLES

Bloody bastard.

LINDA

Can you stop saying that, please?

JANE

(to Allen)

Do you remember mother at all?

Allen goes to another tall window beside Charles' chair and pulls the drapes aside. A ray of bright light comes in.

ALLEN

I have one very vivid memory of her. We were in the sunshine. There were butterflies. I must have been about three or so.

LINDA

You couldn't have been three, she died when you were nearly two.

ALLEN

I don't remember even saying good morning or good night to father, let alone having a single conversation with him.

JANE

He was a very busy man, dear.

Allen leaves the window and paces the room.

ALLEN

No, no. We did have one conversation. When I went away to Oxford. He tried to persuade me from studying literature but he wasn't that convincing.

CHARLES

Yes, he was not much of a reader. I was always rather puzzled as to why he kept such a fantastic library.

ALLEN

The whole speech he gave me that day, as I now recall...

(beat)

It wasn't a conversation at all but a speech that appears in retrospect to have been more of a formality than anything remotely sincere.

Charles, sipping scotch, is about to say 'bloody bastard' but Linda catches his eye.

JANE

It wasn't so bad though, growing up here.

LINDA

I certainly loved my nanny.

CHARLES

Oh, so did I!

JANE

We always had wonderful birthday parties.

CHARLES

Wonderful everything, darling. We are the Walpole-Wilsons after all.

LINDA

Which is why I think we should divide what is left to us fairly and maintain our status in this life. Now, I say we should split the library between all of us equally and sell the painting.

JANE

No!

LINDA

You can not possibly think you deserve it any more than the rest of us?

JANE

Charles and Allen don't mind if I take it, do you lads?

ALLEN

No.

CHARLES

I don't give a shit.

LINDA

You can't be serious! We can't just march in here and pick and choose and walk off!

Linda screams neurotically while Jane argues back in a slightly tamer manner.

JANE

But it's the only thing I want.

LINDA

Is that supposed to justify--

JANE

I feel a connection to it that--

LINDA

A connection? You always act so lofty and saintly but in the end--

JANE

You don't understand. How could you? You don't care about art.

LINDA

Yet I do care about justice and you're not being fair!

As the sisters yell frantically on top of each other,

Charles suddenly gets out of his chair, goes to a glass cabinet, opens it and one by one throws out valuable antique plates to crash on the parquet floor.

Allen glances vacantly at the scene his siblings are making then calmly saunters out of the drawing room, along a hall and is about to open the front door when he notices a houseplant in a fine ceramic pot in a corner.

He picks it up and quietly leaves the estate.

EXT. LONDON - A ROAD IN BELSIZE PARK

Allen ambles along the pavement holding the plant, which is about two feet tall. He climbs the stairs of a brick building at the end of the lane.

INT. ALLEN'S FLAT

A severely spartan little flat. Blank white walls, a full size mattress on the hardwood floor, a pile of paperbacks neatly stacked against the wall, a small, half-round table in a tiny kitchenette and a single window with beige canvas blinds pulled half way down.

Allen places the plant by the window then stands back to observe it. He picks it up and moves it beside his bed.

He moves the plant here and there all over his tiny flat trying to place it correctly. Finally, he puts it back by the window in the exact spot where he originally set it down and turns his back on it to move into the kitchen.

CLOSE - THE PLANT

Alone in it's space against the white wall by the window, seems apparently quite content.

INT. ALLEN'S FLAT - DAYBREAK

The alarm on Allen's mobile goes off, a SING SONG tone. He wakes and shuts it off.

He looks at the plant in the first light of day coming through his window and softly smiles.

He makes coffee in his kitchenette, wearing striped pajamas. He takes a glass, fills it with water and moves to the window to water the plant.

ALLEN'S P.O.V

The plant appears to be very content indeed.

EXT. LONDON - HUGE MODERN OFFICE BUILDING ON A BUSY STREET

Allen glides through the revolving doors and waits for the lift in a crowd of people.

The lift opens and he steps out into a lesser crowd.

INT. LARGE WINDOWLESS ROOM FILLED WITH CUBICLES

Allen is seated in a cubicle, copy-editing a draft of something with a red pen.

He looks up at the clock.

The clock says 10:10 a.m.

LATER

Allen at his desk, copy-editing a draft of something with a red pen.

He looks up at the clock.

The clock says 2:30 p.m.

LATER

Allen at his desk, anxiously tapping his red pen.

He looks up at the clock.

The clock says 5:00 p.m.

Allen, along with everyone else in the office, quickly grabs his belongings and dashes out of the room as fast as he possibly can.

INT. ALLEN'S FLAT NEXT DAY - DAYBREAK

He shuts off the SING SONG alarm on his mobile, looks at the plant in the first light of day coming through his window and softly smiles.

Wearing his striped pajamas, he takes a glass and fills it with water then moves from the kitchenette to the window to water the plant.

INT. LARGE WINDOWLESS ROOM FILLED WITH CUBICLES

Allen is seated in a cubicle copy-editing a draft of something with a red pen.

He looks up at the clock.

The clock says 1:30 p.m.

He leans back in his plastic chair and stretches then stands and goes out to a water dispenser in the hall. Beside the dispenser he notices, for the first time in the six months he'd been working there, a plant in a pot. He examines it. Certainly it is a very boring plant- a quite common plant, nothing like *his* plant at all!

EXT. LONDON - A TAKEAWAY RESTAURANT- EVENING

Allen is at the counter about to pay for his order. He opens a cooler with a variety of water bottles under different brand names in it and searches through them, lifting them up, reading the labels and information printed on each one.

The unhampered COUNTER STAFF (male) watches him absently. Finally he chooses a 'Fiji' water and proudly places it beside his pink plastic bag of vegetable curry and rice.

COUNTER STAFF
Twelve fifty, please.

Allen pays in cash.

INT. ALLEN'S FLAT - NIGHT

Allen pours some water out of the Fiji bottle into the plant. He stands back and smiles at it.

The plant looks very happy and healthy, a secret smile upon each green leaf.

Allen goes into his little kitchen, places the Fiji bottle on the counter top, pours himself a glass of water from the tap, sits at the half-round table and eats his curry straight from the takeaway containers.

INT. ALLEN'S FLAT - MORNING

He is dressed in his business suit about to walk out the door. He turns to see the plant which appears lonely, lost and sad. He frowns and turns the door nob.

EXT. HIS ROAD IN BELSIZE PARK

Allen, in his business suit, walks up the road carrying the plant.

EXT. HUGE MODERN OFFICE BUILDING ON A BUSY STREET

Allen passes through the revolving doors of the office building holding the plant. He waits for the lift in a crowd of people, holding the plant.

His is seated in little cubicle with the plant atop his desk. The computer screen saver shows Tower Bridge at night. He looks up from his copy-editing work to notice that the plant seems displeased with the image on the screen.

ALLEN

(whispers to the plant)

You don't really like that do you?
Either do I. Here, let's see...

He switches the computer to show various other screen savers and describes them to the plant as they appear.

ALLEN

A blue sky with clouds, a red balloon, a couple hand in hand on a beach, an under water ocean scene, Kate Moss, the Eiffel Tower- that's in Paris, the Milky Way, the Himalayas, another beach scene...

The plant remains adamantly unenthusiastic.

ALLEN

Oh, here... here we go!

He opens up a picture of a rain forest but the plant is unresponsive.

I thought you'd like that one.

(sighs)

Okay, oh, I know, I know what you might like.

A big burgeoning beautiful red tulip fills the computer screen and the plant appears happy and straightens itself up with great pride.

A pretty FEMALE COLLEAGUE passes by his cubicle.

FEMALE COLLEAGUE

Who are you talking to Allen?

ALLEN

No-one.

The pretty female colleague examines his work space curiously.

FEMALE COLLEAGUE

Your plant is nice.

ALLEN

Thank you.

The pretty female colleague walks on. Allen and the plant 'wink' at each other. He goes back to work. His mobile phone rings. He quickly answers it.

ALLEN

Hello?

BILL (V.O.)

Hello there, son. It's Bill Knightly here.

ALLEN

Hello Mr. Knightly. How are you?

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE

BILL

I'm good but you're better!

(chuckles)

Wallace Mooney sold the Walpole-Wilson estate and for some reason, perhaps karma or the fact that he feels guilty about being a billionaire after forty four years of digging in the dirt... same thing I dare say- *karma, guilt...*

Allen shifts in his chair.

BILL (CONT'D)

Anyway the news is that he's decided to give all you kids a quarter of a million each. I have the cheques written out and waiting. You can pick them up whenever you wish. Now, how do you like that?

Allen scribbles £250,000.00 on the cover of a folder on his desk.

ALLEN

I like it very much. Thank you Mr. Knightly.

BILL

My pleasure. See you soon then, fellow. Cheers.

ALLEN

Thanks. See you soon. 'Bye.

Allen opens the folder and begins to edit a brochure for an elderly persons' home that is inside.

He looks at the clock. It reads 4:30. He looks at the plant. It seems to have fallen in love with the tulip on the computer screen. He sets down his red pen and closes the folder.

INSERT "£250,000.00"

In his handwriting upon the cover of the folder.

Allen stands, puts on his jacket, picks up his plant, leaves his cubicle and defiantly walks past all the other cubicles as the heads of colleagues look up at him in surprise. He comes to the pretty female colleague's cubicle.

FEMALE COLLEAGUE

(whispers)

What are you doing? It's not yet five o'clock.

ALLEN

(smiles at her kindly)

I know it isn't.

He walks up to the front of the depressing office room and THE BOSS comes out of a glass office.

THE BOSS

Allen, it is not yet five o'clock.

ALLEN

I'm aware of that, Sir.

THE BOSS

We all work until five o'clock in this office, Allen. You know that.

ALLEN

I am aware of that, Sir.

THE BOSS

Then you must be aware that if you
leave the job early you are sure to
be sacked.

ALLEN

Yes, Sir. Have a good day, Sir.

Allen leaves the large office room and goes into the hallway toward the lift. He passes by the water dispenser and looks down at the generic plant beside it. Then holding his own plant like a trophy before him, lifts his chin in the air and continues on.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE

Bill stands behind his desk and Jane, Linda and Charles stand on the other side of it. He has just given them their cheques when Allen walks in.

JANE

Oh. Hello Allen. Great news isn't
it?

ALLEN

Yes, Jane, it is.

BILL

So nice to see a happy family!

CHARLES

(to Allen)

What's with the plant?

ALLEN

It's my plant.

CHARLES

Of course it is, but what are doing
with it?

JANE

Perhaps it's a present?

BILL

Really, you shouldn't have!

LINDA

Maybe it's a present for a girl. Do
you have a girl we don't know about
Allen?

ALLEN

It's not a present. It's my plant.

Linda waves her cheque in the air.

LINDA

Whatever. You can buy all the plants you want now!

ALLEN

I don't want any more plants. I like this one well enough.

He looks at the plant, the plant appears proud and together, they show off a kind of secret bond.

JANE

Well, it's good to know that ol' Wally Mooney has a heart.

LINDA

Unlike Father, alas.

CHARLES

The bloody bastard. I'm off. Take care Allen.

He leaves the room.

JANE

Yes, I have to pick up the kids from school. Be well, Allen.

She leaves the room.

LINDA

Bye, Allen.

She leaves the room.

Bill hands Allen the cheque.

BILL

All's well that ends well. Good-luck son and that is a quite a fine plant you have there.

ALLEN

Yes, I think so too.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE THE LAWYER'S OFFICE UNDER A LOW GREY SKY

Allen walks calmly with his plant as people rush to get home from work, most pass him briskly by while they speak on their mobile phones or text, everyone paying no attention to anything other their own personal electronic devices.

He waits at a bus stop amongst a group of strangers who rattle into their mobiles, speedily text or bob about as they listen to music on headphones.

Allen stands utterly still with his plant.

INT. THE BUS

Allen stands in the bottom of the sardine can-like Double Decker bus, holding onto a pole with one hand, the plant with the other, trying to keep it from being crushed.

He looks about at all the people lost in their own world of gadgets. The bus stops and a decent amount of people get of.

Allen climbs to the top of the bus and takes a seat beside a MAN with ear phones on who is speaking into one mobile and texting on another. Basically the guy is covered with technological apparatuses in an almost surreal fashion.

MAN

(eyes Allen)

So, erm, how does *that* work?

ALLEN

What?

MAN

(nods at the plant)

That.

ALLEN

Well, you water it and it stays green.

MAN

And that's all?

ALLEN

I suppose it grows as well, unless it's fully grown. I'm not sure. I haven't had it for very long.

MAN

What sort of memory do you think it has?

Allen looks at his plant affectionately.

ALLEN

Memory? I don't know if it has a
memory. Maybe. That would be
something, though now, wouldn't it?

Man's third phone rings. He answers it and continues to mess with a laptop, etc. forgetting Allen completely.

EXT. HIS ROAD IN BELSIZE PARK - DRIZZLING RAIN:

ALLEN

(to plant)

Ah, we like this now, don't we?

Allen coolly walks along looking up at the darkening sky when he trips on an uneven paving slab. He has to let go of the plant to break his fall and its pot smashes on the pavement. He stands, brushes off the dirt on his trousers and looks at the plant.

An expression of terror covers his face. He looks around for some reason, as if for help.

He takes off his suit jacket, hangs it over a neighbor's brick wall, then removes his tie and white button down shirt. He spreads the shirt out beside the fallen plant (tilted on its side) and gathers the dirt and roots into his shirt which he then ties together at the base of the plant with his tie.

It begins to rain hard.

He tries to run but has hurt his knee in the fall so he half jogs along the road, passing his house. He turns a corner, hops along, then crosses a busy road, plunges into a tube station and is gone.

EXT. A GARDENING SHOP - DUSK

Allen, carefully carrying his plant, crosses a parking lot in the rain.

INT. THE GARDENING SHOP

Allen paces through a few isles until he sees a SHOP ASSISTANT, a middle aged man, piling up bags of soil.

ALLEN

Excuse me, please, where do you keep the pots?

SHOP ASSISTANT

Pots. For that?

ALLEN

Obviously.

SHOP ASSISTANT

Over there.

ALLEN

By the way, would you by any chance be able to tell me what type of plant this is?

The shop assistant touches the leaves, somewhat irritating to both Allen and the plant.

SHOP ASSISTANT

I've never really come across anything like this. Could be a *Symplocarpus foetidus* or a *Nephrolepis extaltarta*, possibly of the *Encelia farinosa* variety or perhaps in the *Ambrosia artemisiifolia* family.

The shop assistant squints as he peers closer at the plant.

SHOP ASSISTANT

Then again it could be a *Barbaca verna*- *Cardamine hirsuta* hybrid.

ALLEN

A Hybrid!

SHOP ASSISTANT

Yeah, no, I can't say. Never quite seen anything like it.

ALLEN

Alright. Never mind. Thanks.

Allen discovers a grand display of ceramic pots, all shiny and decorative and lovely. He begins to look through them but has a second thought and returns to the shop assistant.

ALLEN

Excuse me again. Do you happen to have any pots that are more...

ALLEN
endurable, sturdy, I mean,
non-breakable pots, that is?

SHOP ASSISTANT
You mean plastic? Do you want a
plastic pot?

ALLEN
Yes. I suppose I do.

SHOP ASSISTANT
Yeah, they're at least cheaper
anyway. Over there.

Allen arrives at the display of plastic pots, also to confront a variety of colours, sizes, shapes and designs. He carefully sets down his plant, the dirt and roots wrapped in his wet shirt, upon a wooden box and searches the pots.

He holds up a mustard yellow pot of a typical half oval shape before the dark green leaves of his plant. He considers it for a second then puts it back and holds up a red pot which he quickly removes.

PRETTY SHOPPING GIRL#1 (20) comes up behind him.

PRETTY SHOPPING GIRL #1
What about the blue one?

Allen turns and is enticed by her good looks.

ALLEN
The baby blue one or the cobalt
blue one?

PRETTY SHOPPING GIRL #1
The turquoise blue one.

Allen places the pot mentioned before his plant.

ALLEN
Hmm. I don't know, there's
something not quite....

PRETTY SHOPPING GIRL #2 comes up to the scene.

PRETTY SHOPPING GIRL #2
It blends in too much with the
green of the leaves.

PRETTY SHOPPING GIRL #1
Do you think so?

PRETTY SHOPPING GIRL #2
Definitely.

PRETTY SHOPPING GIRL #3 comes up to the discussion.

PRETTY SHOPPING GIRL #3
I always prefer basic black or
white.

PRETTY SHOPPING GIRL #1
But that's so boring.

Allen holds up a white pot before his plant. They all shake their heads. He holds up a bright orange one.

PRETTY SHOPPING GIRL #2
Oh my God no! It clashes!

MINUTES LATER

About half a dozen young pretty girls surround Allen and his plant, placing different pots before it and talking over each other about the aesthetics.

ALLEN

Enjoys the attention very much.

THE PLANT

Is also quite in its element, though a bit embarrassed by its own nakedness at the moment.

INT. TUBE STATION

Allen and plant stand on the platform waiting for his train.

His bare chest gleams beneath his suit jacket as he happily holds the plant, erect in a mustard yellow plastic pot.

INT. ALLEN'S FLAT - DAWN

Allen wakes to the SING SONG alarm on his mobile. He turns it off, looks at his plant in the soft, early light of morning and goes back to sleep.

LATER THAT MORNING

He is sitting up in bed, wearing his striped pajamas, drinking coffee and reading a book of poems by Lord Byron.

EXT. HAMPSTEAD HEATH - DAY - SUNNY

Allen, wearing jeans and a t-shirt, climbs to the top of Parliament Hill with his plant. He sits on a bench, sets the plant beside him and looks out at the view of London.

Pretty shopping girl #1, wearing jogging clothes, athletically jogs up the hill from another direction. She recognizes him as well as the plant and sits beside him.

PRETTY SHOPPING GIRL #1
Hello there.

ALLEN
Oh, hello.

PRETTY SHOPPING GIRL #1
Giving it a bit of sunshine, I see?

ALLEN
Oh, right. Nice day.

They sit together for a moment in silence.

PRETTY SHOPPING GIRL #1
My name's Marley, by the way.

ALLEN
I'm Allen.

MARLEY (PRETTY SHOPPING GIRL #1)
Do you live near here?

ALLEN
Yes. Belsize Park.

MARLEY
I'm in Highgate.

Silence.

MARLEY
Are you from London?

ALLEN
Sussex.

MARLEY
Oh, I visited friends there once.
Pretty countryside around there.
There's this beautiful castle...
the Walpole...?

ALLEN
The Walpole-Wilson castle.

MARLEY
That's it! What a grand estate. Can you imagine living in a place like that?

ALLEN
I certainly can, or rather, I don't need to imagine it.
(beat)
I grew up there.

MARLEY
You grew up in a castle?

Allen nods.

MARLEY
You're joking!

Allen shakes his head.

MARLEY
Seriously though?

ALLEN
Yep.

MARLEY
Blimy. What was that like?

ALLEN
All right, I suppose.

MARLEY
Why did you move to London?

ALLEN
I got a job here.

MARLEY
Where do you work?

ALLEN
It doesn't matter anymore. I left.

MARLEY
Good for you!

Allen looks at her. Their eyes meet. His face beams with attraction and she obviously finds him really cute. The moment becomes awkward and he looks back out at the view.

The plant appears to be clandestinely hiding feelings of rejection, like a third wheel.

Marley sips from her water bottle then offers it to Allen.

MARLEY

Do you...?

ALLEN

No thanks. But you can sprinkle a few drops on my plant.

Marley does so without understanding the irony. They sit in silence. Allen, glad that she's given some attention to his plant, and seeing that she obviously likes him, decides to be courageous.

ALLEN

Hey, would you...? I mean, I was wondering if... do you want or would you like...?

MARLEY

Yes!

ALLEN

What?

MARLEY

You were going to ask me out weren't you?

ALLEN

I was.

MARLEY

And I said yes. Tonight?

ALLEN

Tonight would be ideal.

MARLEY

Oh, no. I can't tonight.

ALLEN

Oh.

MARLEY

I mean I want to, I really do but I forgot. I'm having dinner with my father.

ALLEN
(sincerely)
Your father? How nice.

MARLEY
Yeah, it is, I suppose. We usually
have a pretty good time.

ALLEN
My father died last Thursday.

MARLEY
Oh, no! I'm so sorry!

ALLEN
Don't have to be. I didn't really
know him much at all, not
personally. Come to think of it I
don't remember ever having dinner
with him.

(beat)

There is though some kind of vague,
blurry memory of sitting at the far
side of our long dining room table
and seeing his bald head bob up and
down as he sipped his potato and
leek soup at the other end.

MARLEY
Hey, why don't you join us this
evening- my dad and I? We're
meeting at "Goldfish" in Hampstead,
do you know where that is?

ALLEN
I know where it is.

MARLEY
Great! 7:30.

Marley stands and rearranges her jogging shit, sort of
jiggling before him.

ALLEN
Are you sure your dad won't mind?

MARLEY
He'll be delighted. He's quite a
decent fellow. You'll like him.
Every one does.

ALLEN
Well, alright then.

He looks at his plant.

She stops arranging herself and puts her hands on her hips.

MARLEY
You want to bring your plant, don't
you?

Allen raises his eyes at her.

Marley starts to jog away.

MARLEY (CONT'D)
You and your plant! 7:30 at
"Goldfish"!

INT. GOLDFISH RESTAURANT - EVENING

Marley and her dad, Bill Knightly, are seated at a table in the first room of the restaurant. It is not crowded but most of the tables are taken. Allen walks in through the door behind them and stops at the hostess's station with his plant in his arms.

The hostess directs him to Knightly's table. He sits and for the time being, holds the plant on his lap.

BILL
(to Allen)
Allen!
(then to himself)
Allen.
(to Marley)
Ah, so this is Allen!

MARLEY
You know him?

BILL
Oh, yes. Yes I do.
(chuckles)
I just gave him a check for a
quarter million yesterday.

Marley is utterly confused.

ALLEN
It was my inheritance.

Allen looks at the two of them, more relaxed than surprised by the fact that Bill happens to be her father.

BILL

You could say that, yes, in an indirect way, I suppose.

Allen looks around the table, floor and close vicinity.

ALLEN

I'm not quite sure where I should put my plant.

Bill looks at the plant and examines the same area as Allen did. He sprightly gets up, goes to the table next to theirs and inaudibly, as the camera focuses on Allen and Marley exchanging intriguing glances, asks the couple at the table if he can take one of the vacant chairs, returns with it and sets it down next to Allen.

BILL

A seat for 'Ma lady'... or is it a he?

Allen carefully sets the plant on the chair.

ALLEN

I believe plants are asexual, Mr. Knightly.

Bill laughs. Allen and Marley become embarrassed.

BILL

So, how does it feel to be a rich man, Allen?

MARLEY

Dad!

ALLEN

I feel the same as I've always felt, Sir.

BILL

Please! Call me Bill.

A WAITRESS brings menus and a wine list. Before she leaves, Bill holds a finger in the air as he scans the wine list.

BILL

We'd like a bottle of Chateauneuf-du-Pape, thank you.

WAITRESS
 Excellent choice, Sir.

BILL
 (flirtatiously)
 Please, call me Bill.

The waitress leaves.

MARLEY
 (semi-whispers)
 Dad!

Bill eyes his daughter lovingly and turns to Allen.

BILL
 Well, it certainly is refreshing to
 meet a man of means with my
 daughter for a change.

MARLEY
 Dad, we're not really together....

ALLEN
 We just met.

BILL
 Regardless.
 (to Allen)
 Really, you should have seen the
 lot of greasy wankers she's been
 dragging around lately. Piercings,
 tattoos, crooked teeth. You know,
 the type of bloke who looks as if
 he crawled out of a gutter behind a
 factory in Liverpool and what not.
 Deplorable, I tell you!

Bill looks at the menu.

BILL (CONT'D)
 I think I'll have the shrimp.

Marley rolls her eyes at her father then leans over the
 table to speak directly to Allen.

MARLEY
 I've never been with or even know
 anyone from Liverpool.

ALLEN
 Of course not.

Allen looks at the menu.

BILL

The chicken is also quite good.
Sometimes I get the lamb, but it
bothers Marley. She's a vegetarian.

ALLEN

So am I. Vegan, actually.

MARLEY

I always get the vegetable curry
and fried rice.

ALLEN

I think I'll have the same.

Allen puts down the menu. The waitress comes to their table with the wine and pours a few drops into Bill's glass. He swirls it, regards the colour, tastes it and smiles at the waitress who pours out a full glass for Bill and Marley but Allen places his hand over his glass.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

I'm fine with water, thank you.

The waitress sets the bottle on the table. Bill orders for them all while the camera focuses on Allen and Marley who seem to be communicating to each other with their eyes, posture and entire sense of being. The waitress leaves.

BILL

(sips wine)

Delicious. But my dear boy, you
don't drink, you don't eat real
food, you obviously don't find
pleasure in money... what fun are
you?

ALLEN

I find that I'm more interested in
things other than fun, Mr.
Knightly.

BILL

This new generation of yours, I
truly don't understand it.

MARLEY

You don't have to understand it,
dad, just accept it.

BILL

Well, if I were a good-looking
young chap like yourself with a

BILL
quarter of a million pounds in my
pocket... I'd live it up while I
had the chance.

MARLEY
Dad, c'mon, leave him be.

ALLEN
How do mean, Mr. Knightly?

BILL
Travel! See the world! Explore your
boundaries.

EXT. STREET IN HAMPSTEAD - NIGHT.

Allen and Marley walk closely side by side. Of course he
carries his plant.

MARLEY
My dad was in a funny mood tonight,
sorry.

ALLEN
No problem. I like your dad.

MARLEY
Yeah.

They walk a bit in silence.

MARLEY
So, are you going to tell me about
the plant then, or what?

ALLEN
It's just a plant.

He looks at his plant gently and suddenly feels horrible for
saying that.

MARLEY
But... I mean... why did you bring
it to dinner and to the park today?

He turns away, hurt and shy.

MARLEY
It doesn't matter. I don't mind. I
suppose it's none of my business
anyway.

ALLEN
It's getting chilly.

They walk slowly in silence. The leaves on the plant tingle in a breeze as if shivering.

MARLEY
Do you want to have sex?

ALLEN
I do.

INT. ALLEN'S FLAT - NIGHT

The plant is in its spot by the window across from the bed. Allen is on top of Marley. His bare back moves up and down as he kisses her and goes deeper into her. Marley sighs with pleasure, leans her head back and closes her eyes.

Allen raises himself up on his taugth arms and looks over at his plant in the soft moonlight. He becomes self-aware and more so, aware of the plant, seemingly watching.

MARLEY
(opens her eyes)
What's the matter?

ALLEN
Nothing.

He looks away from the plant and tries to continue making love to her but does so forcefully and mechanically.

MARLEY
ALLEN!

He looks up at the cieling and moves in and out of her harshly, robotically.

MARLEY
What are you...?

He jerkily continues, moving harder, faster.

MARLEY (CONT'D)
Allen! What the hell!

He comes and rolls off of her. She gets up furiously and begins to put on her clothes in the moonlight.

MARLEY (CONT'D)
I don't get you, I swear I really don't. I knew you were a weirdo the

MARLEY (CONT'D)
minute I saw you in the garden shop
but no... me? I always think that
guys like you are weird because
they're sensitive or something...
Oh, blast it. Never again. Never!

She finishes dressing. Allen lies on his back with his head tilted to one side, staring at his plant.

She sighs then straps her purse over her shoulder and goes to the door but turns around before she opens it.

MARLEY (CONT'D)
Oh, and by the way, I actually did
go out with a guy from Liverpool!

She leaves.

CLOSE ON

Allen with tears in his eyes.

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - SECURITY LINE

Allen and his plant are next in line to go through the metal detector. He sets the plant on the floor to remove his shoes and belt and puts them in the plastic box on the conveyor belt. He is about to walk through the door-frame detector with the plant in his arms but the SECURITY OFFICER, a fat, middle aged, tough looking woman stops him.

SECURITY OFFICER
Uh, uh. That can't go through here.
Only you. Only humans.

ALLEN
Oh, will you hold it for me then,
please?

SECURITY OFFICER
Hold your plant? You must be mad.
Put it on the conveyor belt.

ALLEN
But it's too tall to go through
that machine... it will break.

SECURITY OFFICER
Lay it on its side.

ALLEN

But that's still not very safe.

SECURITY OFFICER

Safe? Listen, if you intend getting on a flight today, you should do as I'm telling you.

Allen lays the plant on its side as gently as possible and winces as he watches its leaves flatten and twist as they pass through the machine.

He walks through the door-frame and anxiously waits as the plant emerges out of the other side of the machine. He sighs with relief, puts on his belt and is about to put on his shoes when he sees the security officer brutally lift the plant up out of the pot.

ALLEN

What are you doing that for?

The security officer simply shakes her head at him and proceeds to rip the plant out then search inside the mustard yellow pot.

Allen, wilting, watches. Finally she stuffs the plant and its roots sloppily back into the pot.

LATER

Allen is seated in the terminal, carefully fixing his plant up properly in its pot.

ALLEN

(to plant)

I'm sorry about that. I'm really, truly, very sorry.

EXT. VARIOUS PLACES IN THE WORLD - MONTAGE

PARIS

Allen strolls past the book stalls along Le Siene with his plant and stops to look at some books.

With plant on Le Pont Neuf looking out at a pink sunset.

On the steps of Sacre Coeur in Montmartre, with plant, watching a pantomime perform.

ITALY

He lifts his plant into the spray coming from the Fontana di Trevi in Rome.

He and plant look out of a crumbling archway in the Colosseum in Rome.

He passes the outdoor statue of David in Florence w/ plant.

He is on a gondola in Venice w/ plant.

GREATER EUROPE

He rides a ski lift up a mountain in Switzerland, skis dangling on his feet, holding his plant.

He is in a nightclub in Berlin w/ plant.

On a Mediterranean beach tanning in the sun w/ plant.

In Barcelona gazing up at the Gaudi cathedral w/ plant.

Riding a donkey up the mountain on the island of Santorini.

Before the Parthenon in Athens w/ plant.

THE WORLD

Allen and plant walk the busy, electronically bursting streets of Tokyo.

They explore the docks of Shanghai.

In India, he rides an elephant with his plant.

He crosses a wide square in Leningrad. The plant has grown a few inches.

He tries to shield his plant as he marches forth through a violent snow storm on the plains of Siberia.

He sits on the open back of a Gypsy caravan, surrounded by happy gypsy children, holding his plant.

He is atop a camel in Egypt, both he and his plant wearing cloaks with headdresses.

He is amidst a native tribe around a camp fire in Africa. The plant's leaves dancing to beating drums.

In a jungle of Brazil, he and his plant enjoy a tropical rain storm.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Allen is standing with the plant that has grown a few more inches, before a red steel railing looking out at the bay.

PAN OUT

To show that he is standing on the Golden Gate Bridge.

ALLEN'S P.O.V.

The SF skyline and beautiful blue bay with sailboats floating on it as the fog creeps in from the coast.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - THE STANYAN PARK HOTEL - LATE AFTERNOON

A large Victorian style hotel on a street corner with a sign that clearly reads "Stanyan Park Hotel". Allen walks with plant and knapsack through the front door.

INT. ALLEN'S HOTEL ROOM

With a peaceful and happy expression on his face, Allen unpacks as if finally deciding to settle in for the time being; places clothes in drawers and sets items neatly in the bathroom. The plant is on a desk before bay windows.

CLOSE ON THE PLANT

In slanting bluish twilight, quite content indeed.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Allen and plant explore S.F.

They walk past "Vesuvio's" bar in North Beach and then we see him and plant in the window of City Lights Bookstore, browsing the bookshelves.

He and plant shyly walk past all the strip clubs.

In Chinatown, they shuffle through the crowd past all the food and gift shops.

They pleasantly sit in cool a cafe in the Mission district.

They ride a cable car.

They sit on grassy hill with a view of the "Painted Ladies" (Victorian houses) in Alamo Square park.

They pass beneath the dome in the Palace of Fine Arts.

INT. HOTEL - EVENING

Allen, carrying his plant, enters the lobby of the Stanyan Park Hotel. ANGELICA (24), the receptionist, is behind a desk.

ANGELICA
Good evening, Sir. Would you like a room?

ALLEN
(holds up his keys)
I already have a one.

ANGELICA
Oh.
(shrugs cutely)
It's my first day on the job.

She checks the register on her desk then looks up at him and notices how handsome he is.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
You're from England.

ALLEN
(laughs)
Originally. Yes.

ANGELICA
So, how are you enjoying San Francisco?

ALLEN
Very much indeed. I love it.
Actually, I'm thinking of settling down here for a bit.

Angelica smiles and nods at the plant.

ANGELICA
I can see you've already started decorating.

ALLEN
You could say that.

ANGELICA
Well, we are glad to have you as a guest here at the Stanyan Park Hotel. My name is Angelica, feel free to ring the front desk if there's anything you need.

Allen smiles and Allen begins to go up the stairs, carrying his plant, but dashes back down and leans over the banister.

ALLEN
Angelica?

ANGELICA
Yes?

ALLEN
There is something.

ANGELICA
There is?

ALLEN
The telephone in my room... I'm not sure how to dial out of the Hotel, or the country for that matter. I want to make an international call but there are no instructions- only a sticker beside the hash tag that says: *Front Desk*.

ANGELICA
Oh, right. Yeah, well, you know, everyone has cell phones these days so I guess the hotel removed the instructions.

ALLEN
Unfortunately for me, I gave up my mobile when I was traveling.

ANGELICA
Where did you go?

ALLEN
Pardon?

ANGELICA
When you were traveling.

ALLEN
Oh! Every where imaginable basically. I must say, I literally roamed the entire planet!

ANGELICA
Wow. I can see why your ready to put down some roots then.

She pauses and sort of winks at his plant.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
No pun intended.

ALLEN
Right. Hmm. I really did want to
try to call England in the morning.

ANGELICA
Oh, wait... I think I saw....

She opens up a desk drawer and rummages through it.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
Here it is.

She holds up an old card of phone instructions, puts on her
eyeglasses and reads aloud.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
Dial nine, then 0- well, I'm sure
you can figure it out.

Allen reaches over the banister and she gives him the card.

ALLEN
Thanks a bunch.

ANGELICA
No prob.

INT. ALLEN'S HOTEL ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Allen is shaving in the bathroom. There is a knock on the
door. He answers and a maid brings in his continental
breakfast. He wipes the shaving cream off his face with a
towel, pours a cup of coffee, sits on the bed and picks up
the phone.

INT. LONDON - JANE'S QUAIN'T HOME - EVENING

Jane is in her kitchen cooking. Two young children are
chasing each other about, a baby in a high chair is crying,
something on the stove boils over. Her mobile phone rings
and rings as she searches for it and finally finds it.

JANE
Hello?
(beat)
Who? Allen? Allen! My God it's been
ages, where are you? The last we
heard from you... I don't even
remember. Just a minute....

She brings a juice box to the baby who stops crying and drinks.

JANE (CONT'D)

Oh, but Charles mentioned a post card from Nepal and I got the one from Venice... you know how I love Venezia. But my darling, how are you?

ALLEN

Good. Jane, I'm really good. I'm in San Francisco. I'm thinking of staying here for a while.

Jane grabs onto one of her kids as he runs by and shakes her finger at him. He runs off. His sister cries.

JANE

San Francisco! How lovely for you. Listen, Allen darling, everyone's well. You might want to call Charles, he thinks of you often. But sweetheart I really must be going... the kids... Oh, I don't think you know! I had another one. Another boy. We named him Theodore, after father. I felt it was the right thing to do.

The two older kids begin to cause greater havoc.

JANE (CONT'D)

But I must go, I wish you the best! Call Charles. Bye!

EXT. LONDON - THE BALCONY OF A GRAND FLAT - EVENING

Charles is seated on the balcony. WILFRED, a trim, finely dressed, tidy 'hunk' brings him a glass of scotch.

CHARLES

You are my true treasure, you know that, don't you Wilfred?

Wilfred bats his long eyelashes and turns to go back inside.

WILFRED

Every day, Charles, every day.

Charles' mobile rings. He answers.

INT. ALLEN'S HOTEL ROOM

Allen paces his hotel room. The sun comes through the window, the plant brightens up.

ALLEN
Charles, it's Allen.

CHARLES
My God, where have you been?

ALLEN
Every where. In the States now,
California. I'm thinking of staying
here for a while.

CHARLES
What is it these days on a visa?
Three months, I believe.

ALLEN
Yeah, something like that.

CHARLES
(sips scotch)
I'm surprised you still have any
money left.

ALLEN
I have some money left. I travel
cheaply, really. Hostels, camping,
Gypsy caravans, that sort of thing.

CHARLES
Not me. Five star hotels or
nothing! We've always been
different that way.

ALLEN
We're different in a lot of ways,
Charles.

CHARLES
But I'll always love you, Allen,
you are my brother.

ALLEN
I love you too, Charles.

Allen pauses, listen's to him drinking on the other end.

ALLEN
Jane said I should call.

CHARLES

Oh, good. You talked to Jane. She worries about you. Yes, I'm so happy to hear from you! We're all doing well over here on the island.

ALLEN

I don't miss it.

CHARLES

I'm sure you don't.

(beat)

Linda is getting married next week.

ALLEN

Some one is going to marry Linda?

CHARLES

(laughs heartily)

That's what I said! So, what do you plan to do with yourself after... I mean, you must return eventually.

ALLEN

I guess. I haven't thought about it. Sometimes... I don't know, I feel as if I'm waiting for something, something really big to happen but I have absolutely no idea what it could or would be.

Wilfred comes back out onto the balcony and sits with his own drink in hand beside Charles.

CHARLES

Maybe you're waiting to fall in love.

ALLEN

(dreamily)

Maybe.

CHARLES

You know I wish you the best of luck.

ALLEN

Thanks. Listen, give my best to Linda, I... I'm not in the mood to call her right now.

CHARLES

Completely understandable. Now,
take care Allen. Perhaps we'll see
you back here soon.

ALLEN

Perhaps. Good bye.

INT. STANYAN PARK HOTEL - EVENING

Allen comes down the stairs with his plant, dressed in a hip
shirt and tight 'skinny' jeans. He goes to the reception
desk.

ALLEN

Good evening Angelica.

ANGELICA

Good evening Mister Walpole-Wilson.

ALLEN

I was wondering... could you
recommend a decent place around
here to have dinner? I'd like to
walk tonight, I'm getting bored of
taking trolley cars.

ANGELICA

Trolley cars! Nobody in this town
takes Trolley cars except for
tourists. Sorry, but you might want
to know that if you're planning on
staying here for a while.

ALLEN

I see. Noted.

ANGELICA

So, you want a nice restaurant
within walking distance....

(eyes the plant)

But Sir, your room is quite safe
here at the Stanyan Park Hotel. I
personally will make sure no-body
steals your plant.

ALLEN

Oh, the plant. Yes. I'm quite fond
of it, you see.

ANGELICA

(furrows eyebrows)

What kind of food are you in the mood for?

ALLEN

I was vegan back in England but since traveling, I'm not that particular anymore. I didn't drink either, but while abroad, I developed quite a taste for fine wine. I suppose I'm more interested in atmosphere.

ANGELICA

(waves arm in a direction)

Then don't go that way! The restaurants on Haight Street suck. There's some nice places over on Irving Street across the park. But oh, I know! There's a real sweet little bistro in Cole Valley, just up the hill that way. Californian/French cuisine and nice wines. I love it there. It also has a darling garden.

ALLEN

A garden?

ANGELICA

It's so lovely. There's even heat lamps for when the fog rolls in.

Allen looks at her closely, is attracted to her.

ALLEN

Sounds perfect. So I go...?

Angelica draws in the air with her hand.

ANGELICA

Go straight up Stanyan, make a left on Fredrick, or you could make a left on Carl, then a right on Cole... and there it is. It's called Zazi's.

ALLEN

Thanks.

He walks out the door with his plant but returns.

ALLEN
Listen, would you like to join me?

ANGELICA
I'm not off for another half hour.

ALLEN
I noticed a bar next door. I'll wait for you there.

ANGELICA
Wow. Cool. Okay.

She cutely waves as he goes out the door.

INT. KEZAR SPORTS BAR

Allen sits on a stool at the bar. The World Cup soccer tournament is playing on three obnoxious flat screen TV's. All the people in the bar, mostly men, are shouting, rooting for England. The BARTENDER comes over to take Allen's order.

ALLEN
(in normal voice)
A tonic water, please.

BARTENDER
What's that?

ALLEN
(louder)
Tonic water.

The bartender leans in closer with his hand behind his ear.

ALLEN
(shouts)
Tonic water!

HARRY, a middle-aged English man seated beside Allen, turns.

HARRY
(puts out his hand)
Harry Butts.

ALLEN
(shakes it)
Allen Walpole-Wilson.

HARRY
Name sounds familiar.

ALLEN
Probably because it sounds so
English.

HARRY
Rooting for England, I'm sure.

ALLEN
I'm not really into football.

HARRY
But it's the World Cup!

ALLEN
Sorry.

England scores a goal on the TVs. The bar crowd roars,
pounding their fists in the air like wild beasts. Allen and
his plant cower.

HARRY
(turns back to Allen)
Bet they're going mental back home.

ALLEN
I wouldn't know. Haven't been there
for a long time.

HARRY
Me neither. Not since 9/11.

ALLEN
9/11?

HARRY
(sips his pint of beer)
Yep.

ALLEN
Yes, but... what's the
significance?

HARRY
No significance, just coincidence.

Allen turns away to check on his plant. Harry tilts back to
see the plant set upon a bar stool beside Allen.

HARRY
Are you living in SF, then?

ALLEN

I'm seriously considering it.

HARRY

Nice town. A bit fucked, but nice.

ALLEN

Yes, I like it very much, what I've seen of it so far.

Another play on the TVs causes the bar crowd to scream and stamp foully, angrily.

ALLEN

(sips tonic water)

Most of it, so far, anyway.

HARRY

(looks away from TV)

Now England is out of the game for sure. Too bad. Not that I give a shit, though. I pretend to but in reality I feel as if I've lost my identity. Man in exile, that sort of rot. Not many Brits end up settling in San Francisco you know; French, Italians, Russians, Irish... hell a lot of Mexicans and Asians you know, but not that many ex-pats.

ALLEN

Wonder why that is?

HARRY

Not enough English pubs probably!

He laughs and waves a twenty dollar bill at the Bartender.

HARRY (CONT'D)

What' ya drinking? Ready for another? Let me buy you a drink.

ALLEN

Oh, no, thank you. I'm actually just waiting for someone.

HARRY

A girl, I'll bet.

ALLEN

As a matter of fact--

HARRY

Young boy like you... you'll do well here with the birds, or 'chicks' as they say here. They certainly do fancy a bloke with a British accent, I tell you! Especially one like yours.

(drinks)

Oh, have I got some stories I could tell you!

The door from the street opens. Angelica walks in and comes up to Allen as he quickly gets off his bar stool and picks up his plant then turns to Harry.

ALLEN

Maybe some other time.

HARRY

Yeah, well you two love birds have a good time. Later!

EXT. COLE VALLEY - TWILIGHT

Allen and Angelica walk up a small residential hill as he holds his plant.

INT. THE GARDEN OF ZAZI'S RESTAURANT

Allen and Angelica are sitting diagonally next to each other at a table in the corner before a wall covered with wisteria beneath a heat lamp. A very pretty, flowery atmosphere. They are half way through their entrees, a bottle of wine on the table almost empty.

The plant, with the wisteria flowers tickling the tips of its leaves, appears delighted.

ANGELICA

... So then I moved up here from SO CAL and started my life a new.

ALLEN

Do you still talk to him?

ANGELICA

Never.

(takes a bite of food)

So, what was with that guy in the bar?

ALLEN

Some English bloke trying to be ingratiatingly friendly, that's all.

ANGELICA

You didn't like him?

ALLEN

Sure but... it's truly bizarre, yet when I'm out of England, it seems I'm not too keen on bumping into English people.

ANGELICA

Well, if you're thinking of settling here, you're going to want friends.

ALLEN

I suppose most people want friends, and I do too, of course, although it's not one of my priorities at this point.

ANGELICA

And what are your priorities Mr. Walpole-Wilson?

ALLEN

(sighs)

I don't know. I just feel. I feel...

ANGELICA

What?

ALLEN

I don't know.

Angelica takes the last bite from her plate and sips wine.

ANGELICA

I'll be your friend.

ALLEN

And I'll be yours, Angelica.

(drinks some wine)

By the way, what is your surname?

ANGELICA

Rivers.

ALLEN
 Angelica Rivers. Now that is a
 brilliantly fantastic name!

Angelica looks at the plant then speaks to Allen quietly,
 cautiously.

ANGELICA
 Does your plant have a name?

ALLEN
 No.

ANGELICA
 Whew!

ALLEN
 What?

ANGELICA
 I wasn't sure, I mean I thought
 maybe but... I'm glad....

ALLEN
 You thought I might be insane,
 didn't you?

ANGELICA
 Sort of.

ALLEN
 First of all, I doubt if one can be
 'sort of' insane and secondly,
 don't worry, I'm not. It's only a
 plant, a harmless, pretty plant.

ANGELICA
 It is pretty.

Allen leans closer to her and looks her in the eyes.

ALLEN
 So are you.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - MORNING

Allen comes down the stairs with his plant. A male
 receptionist is at the desk.

ALLEN
 (cheerily to receptionist)
 Good morning.

He goes outside.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - DAY

He enters Golden Gate Park.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Allen with plant pass by the Conservatory of Flowers.

He walks about in the Japanese Tea Garden.

He walks by the fountains between the De Jung museum and the Science museum.

He enters a gateway where a sign reads: Botanical Gardens.

Allen and plant happily traverse the various paths through different areas where plants from all over the world are grouped with little signs listing the botanical names. He turns down another path and suddenly stops, dumbfounded.

He stands staring at a patch of plants, exactly like his plant.

CLOSE SLOWLY ON

The patch of plants.

His plant pulsates as if its 'heart' was beating. Allen moves to read the little sign then looks at his plant.

The plant obviously wants to stay, needs to stay.

The other plants seem to call out to his plant.

His plant seems to turn to Allen and beg to stay.

Allen turns and is about to move away but his plant is almost magnetically locked to the patch of like plants.

ALLEN
(lovingly to plant)
Seriously?

The plant seems to bow, begging.

Allen sighs and sets it down in its mustard yellow pot amongst the other plants.

He sits on a near-by bench, takes a paperback book, "Anna Karenina", from his pocket and reads, looking over occasionally at the plants, apparently having a big party.

The light in the sky changes as hours pass.

It begins to rain.

Allen stands and goes to retrieve his plant but it seems glued to its spot on the ground. Rain pours harder.

ALLEN
(bends to speak to plant)
But I don't understand...

The plant, dripping with rain drops, appears confessional and apologetic.

ALLEN
Then... this is it?

The plant sadly and nostalgically smiles.

Allen walks slowly away, downcast. The rain pours. He walks on and sees a tool shed with shovels, rakes, etc. outside of it. He straightens himself up, breathes deeply, defiantly grabs a small shovel and turns to go back to the plant.

Allen, broken, digs a hole in the patch of plants and plants his own plant, gently and with great care even though the rain is falling hard, in the ground.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - LATE AFTERNOON

Allen saunters through the hotel door, soaked, carrying the plastic, empty, mustard yellow pot. His eyes are on his muddy shoes. Angelica looks up at him from the reception desk. He glances at her then starts to climb the stairs.

ANGELICA
Allen?

He half turns to look at her but keeps his head down and goes up the stairs.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
Allen?

INT. ALLEN'S HOTEL ROOM - DARK STORMY SKY IN THE WINDOW

He is laying on his bed. The empty, mustard yellow pot is on the table.

The phone rings. He lets it ring then sits up to take off his wet shoes and clothes and goes into the bathroom.

LATER

He comes out with a towel wrapped around his waist.

The phone rings. He waits then answers.

ALLEN

Hello?

ANGELICA (V.O.)

Allen, it's me, Angelica.

ALLEN

Hi Angelica.

ANGELICA

Are you... you okay?

ALLEN

Yeah.

ANGELICA

When you came in I... you looked sad.

ALLEN

I am sad.

ANGELICA

What happened?

ALLEN

It doesn't matter. I'll be alright.

ANGELICA

But the pla-- ... can I send up anything? Tea?

ALLEN

I hate tea, always have. Listen, thank you but I need to be alone right now.

ANGELICA

Oh, sure. Of course. Well, I'm down here utill ten tonight if you need anything.

Allen nods and hangs up the phone.

EXT. BOTANICAL GARDENS - DUSK

The plant with the other plants dancing in the rain.

Night falls. The plant starts to become self-aware amongst the other plants.

INT. ALLEN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Allen tosses and turns in bed. Spooky moonlight pours through the bay windows.

EXT. BOTANICAL GARDENS - BLACK STORMY NIGHT

The plant is shivering. Isolated and alone.

THEN

The plant totally feels alienated beneath a brilliant moon.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAWN

A misty light comes through the bay windows.

Allen wakes and jumps out of bed. He quickly puts on a pair of jeans and a sweater, grabs the yellow pot and runs out of the room.

EXT. BOTANICAL GARDENS - DAYBREAK IN DENSE FOG

Allen digs up his plant, to the plant's relief, and puts it safely back in the mustard yellow pot.

HOTEL LOBBY - NOON

Allen jogs down the stairs with his plant. The plant does not look healthy. Angelica is on the customer side of the reception desk. The male receptionist hands her a smart phone that she puts in her purse. She turns to Allen.

ANGELICA

Hello Mr. Walpole-Wilson.

ALLEN

Oh, I'm so glad you're here.

Angelica becomes conscious of the male receptionist.

ANGELICA

I forgot my phone here last night.
I can't believe I did that!

(whispers)

ANGELICA
Guess I was so worried about you.

ALLEN
I'm better. Much better but my
plant....

Angelica waves to male receptionist.

ANGELICA
Thanks Frank!
(to Allen)
Yes, Mr. Walpole-Wilson, you wanted
to know where to get the N train,
I'm going that way, I'll show you.

They walk out the door.

EXT. STANYAN STREET - NOON

They walk up the street.

ANGELICA
Sorry 'bout all that. I don't think
I'm supposed to hang out with our
customers.

ALLEN
My plant--

ANGELICA
(points)
Let's go in here.

They enter a cafe. Allen follows Angelica as she approaches
the counter and speaks to the barista.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
A non-fat decaf soy latte. What do
you want Allen?

ALLEN
Coffee. Black. Listen, Angelica--

He follows her to a table where they sit.

ALLEN
I believe I've done something
extremely foolish.

ANGELICA
What?

ALLEN
Look at my plant!

ANGELICA
It looks a bit under the weather.

ALLEN
That's just it. I'm such an idiot.
I left it outside in the park in
the rain storm last night.

ANGELICA
It is a plant, Allen. I mean, that
is what plants do... be in
nature....

ALLEN
Yes, yes, I thought so too. But
this is a house plant, a special
plant. Imagine you had a little
kitten and you left it out in a
tumultuous tempest!

ANGELICA
That's rather dramatic.

ALLEN
Look at it!

ANGELICA
(examines plant closely)
Yeah, it doesn't look good, does
it?

She takes her smart phone out of her purse and searches
Google while he waits impatiently.

The barista brings thier drinks to the table.

ALLEN
(to Angelica)
What are you doing?

ANGELICA
Ah ha! Here.

She hands Allen her phone.

INSERT SCREEN ON HER PHONE

The website reads: Plant Doctor.

ALLEN

Brilliant! He's in Berkeley. How do I get to Berkeley?

ANGELICA

You have to take BART.

(sips latte)

It's my day off. Do you want me to go with you?

ALLEN

You would do that?

ANGELICA

Such are the things that friends are for.

INT. A BART TRAIN

Allen and Angelica are seated beside each other with the sick plant near the window beside Allen. He reaches over and takes her hand in his own.

EXT. A HOUSE IN BERKELEY - AFTERNOON - SUNNY

Allen and Angelica walk up to a funky bungalow style wooden house with a front garden overflowing with plants and flowers. A sign planted on the lawn reads: Plant Doctor.

They ring the door bell. The doctor, PAUL, a hipster type of dude in his early 30's, wearing jeans, sandals and no shirt opens the door.

ANGELICA

Hi. We have a two o'clock appointment. I called about an hour ago.

PAUL

Rad. Come on in. I'm Paul.

ALLEN

The doctor?

PAUL

I am the doctor.

(looks at plant)

Is this the patient?

ALLEN

Yes.

Paul walks through the house and they follow him. Plants are everywhere. He stops before a typical doctor's table and pats the top.

PAUL
 (to plant)
 Up you go!
 (to Allen)
 What's its name?

ALLEN
 Un-named.

PAUL
 (frowns)
 Would you two mind waiting in the other room?

ALLEN
 I'd rather....

ANGELICA
 Come on, Allen.

They sit on a couch in the other room and look through magazines.

LATER

Paul comes out with the plant and gives it to Allen.

PAUL
 That will be seventy five dollars.

ALLEN
 And... so... what's wrong with my plant?

PAUL
 The plant will be fine. Here--

Paul scribbles something on a little note pad and gives the paper to Allen.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 I wrote you a prescription.

INSERT THE PRESCRIPTION

It reads: Music.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. "DAVIS SYMPHONY HALL" - EVENING

People get out of taxis and enter the hall from street, all dressed up.

INT. "DAVIS SYMPHONY HALL"

Allen, handsomely dressed in a suit and Angelica, in a beautiful gown, take their seats, Orchestra Center, with the plant. The final call BELLS are ringing in the background.

The audience quiets as the curtain goes up. The conductor comes on stage and bows. Audience claps. Silence. Beethoven's 9th begins. Allen looks at his plant.

The plant livens slightly.

EXT. THE "FILLMORE" - NIGHT

Theater sign reads: "The Flaming Lips"

INT. THE "FILLMORE"

The band plays on stage.

Allen and Angelica are up front below the stage. The plant glows healthily in a red light.

EXT./INT. "KIMBALL'S" JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

Jazz band plays. Allen and Angelica are seated at a table with drinks. The plant looks much better.

EXT./INT. THE MISSION DISTRICT - "VIRACOCHA" - NIGHT

A girl on stage is playing guitar and singing an original indie folk song.

Allen, Angelica and the plant are moved by the music in a perfect picture frame.

EXT. THE MISSION DISTRICT - VALENCIA STREET - NIGHT

Allen and Angelica walk with the plant, passing by all the trendy bars and restaurants. People are scattered about on the street, smoking cigarettes, partying, etc.

ANGELICA

Your plant seems to be better.

ALLEN

It does. I guess Doctor Paul wasn't a quack after all.

ANGELICA

Well, for seventy-five bucks!

ALLEN

I'm going to have to start being more careful about money.

(beat)

I'll have to leave the hotel soon.

(glances at her)

Look for a room in the city somewhere.

They walk past a dread headed fellow grilling chicken sticks and selling them from the street.

They pass a biker bar where two heavy set guys are jokingly arguing on the sidewalk.

They pass a group of hipsters smoking cigarettes laughing.

They pass by two dudes smoking a joint.

ANGELICA

I have a room.

They stop on the street and look at each other.

ALLEN

I am a question mark.

ANGELICA

I mean there's a room available in my flat. One of our roommates moved out. She gave us late notice and we've only just posted it on Craigslist. It is rather pricey though, twelve hundred a month... but this is San Francisco.

ALLEN

That's not unreasonable. It's the same in London. A thousand pounds for anything remotely livable.

ANGELICA

It's quite livable, it's the best room in our flat, actually. Do you want to see it?

ALLEN

Now?

ANGELICA

Sure.

ALLEN

Where do you live?

ANGELICA

Cole Valley, near Zazi's, the restaurant, remember?

ALLEN

(moves closer to her)

Of course I remember.

He kisses her. They make out then walk on. He puts his arm around her. His other arm is around the plant.

INT. ANGELICA'S FLAT - NIGHT

They walk in and climb the stairs to a landing where bikes and skateboards are sloppily stacked up. A young guy named MIKE walks down the hall eating a bowl of cereal.

MIKE

Hey Angelica.

ANGELICA

Hey Mike. Allen here might take the room.

MIKE

Cool.

Mike goes into his own room and shuts the door. Allen follows Angelica down the long hall.

ANGELICA

That's Kate's room, that's Brendan's, Cherise and Simone are in there, they're together, that's Tyler's room and--

She opens a door at the end of the hall.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)

This is the vacant one.

He enters. She switches on the light. The room is spacious, clean, hardwood floors and bay windows. He looks to see the plant's response and it is definitely positive.

ALLEN
We'll take it!

ANGELICA
Great... but it's not solely up to me. All my housemates have to meet you first.

ALLEN
Of course.
(moves closer to her)
So, where's your room?

INT. ANGELICA'S ROOM - EARLY HOURS OF MORNING

They are naked in her bed. He kisses her passionately, sweetly. He touches her hair, shoulders, breasts. She sighs lustily. He mounts her and smoothly, tenderly goes into her.

They kiss while he is inside her. He lifts his head to look her in the eyes as he moves in and out of her. She opens and closes her eyes in amorous ecstasy.

LATER

They reach climax together. The plant, on a desk before a window in the moonlight appears emotionless yet healthy.

INT. ANGELICA'S FLAT - THE KITCHEN - LATE MORNING

Mike is at the table eating cereal. BRENDAN is pouring a cup of coffee, CHERISE, wearing a skimpy tank top and underpants, is scrambling eggs and KATE is washing dishes from the night before.

Allen and Angelica leave her room. We see the plant on her desk through the open door behind them. They go into the kitchen. Angelica pours out two cups of coffee and gives one to Allen.

ANGELICA
Morning guys.

BRENDAN AND KATE
Morning!

Mike and Cherise say nothing. TYLER comes in, opens the refrigerator and takes out a beer.

TYLER
Girlfriend! Cherise, put some
clothes on.

CHERISE
No body cares.

BRENDAN
I care.

CHERISE
You know you shouldn't.

MIKE
(to Tyler)
You're only saying that 'cause it
makes you hot.

TYLER
And you're only saying that 'cause
it makes you hot.

MIKE
Which is why I say nothing.

ANGELICA
Where's Simone?

CHERISE
Sleeping.

ANGELICA
Everybody, this is Allen.

ALLEN
Hello.

They all turn and look at him then go back to their own
business. Kate noisily stacks plates in a dishtray.

ANGELICA
He's moving in.

CHERISE
You're renting the big room?

ALLEN
Well....

ANGELICA
We are... together... I'm going to
move in there with him.

KATE

But what about your room? You're going to have to find someone quick. Rent is due in a week.

ALLEN

(to Angelica)

You know, I can help with that, if you need the money.

ANGELICA

It won't come to that. My room is only seven fifty, a deal for this town. Anyway, I have to sublet it for two months and then move back in because...

(sighs)

then you'll be leaving.

(to Kate)

Don't freak. I'm sure I'll find someone.

BRENDAN

I know someone.

ANGELICA

You do?

KATE

Who?

BRENDAN

This dude at work.

ANGELICA

So, it's all good everyone?

KATE

If Simone doesn't complain.

CHERISE

She won't complain.

ALLEN

Wonderful. Thank you all very much. I really love San Francisco.

BRENDAN

Hey, you're British. How cool.

ALLEN

Why thank you. And you seem quite cool yourself... Brendan, was it?

BRENDAN
(walks out of kitchen)
Yeah. Catch ya later.

INT. ANGELICA'S FLAT - THE BIG ROOM - DAY

Angelica's furniture has been moved into the room. Allen is sitting up on the neatly made bed reading "Sentimental Education" by Gustav Flaubert.

Angelica moves in and out of the room carrying clothes from her old room and putting them in the new room's closet. The plant, grown now to three feet tall, is on the floor before the bay windows.

ALLEN
Flaubert can make me weep! Gorgeous stuff, this.

ANGELICA
I have to go to work soon, Allen.

ALLEN
I think I'll stay here and read for a while, then wander about town. Shall I pick you up at the hotel later? We can have dinner.

She turns from the closet and looks at Allen who has gone back to reading.

ANGELICA
What's going to happen, Allen?

ALLEN
What do you mean?

ANGELICA
I mean, we have two and a half months...
(beat)
I'm going to work and you're going to read and wander about town and we're going make love and eat dinners and go to concerts and bars and make love and take walks on the beach and in the park and make love... and then?

ALLEN
Then my visa will have expired and I'll have to return to England.

(he puts the book down)
 I know, I know, Angel, I feel the
 same way. It's not fair, is it?

SERIES OF SHOTS

Allen and Angelica are in bed kissing, she moves on top of
 him beneath the sheets.

They are in a club, dancing with the plant.

They are in the kitchen, drinking wine and cooking together.
 The plant is on the table.

Brendan walks in, goes to the refrigerator and takes out a
 beer.

BRENDAN
 Hi Angelica. Hi Allen.
 (raises beer bottle)
 Hello Plant.

He leaves the kitchen.

Allen and Angelica are in a club, drinking and dancing and
 with the plant.

They run down the hall of their flat, laughing. Kate comes
 out of the bathroom and Angelica darts in, laughing
 hysterically and is about to shut the door on Allen but he
 pushes it open and shuts and locks it behind them. He kisses
 her, turns the shower on then takes off her clothes and his.

They walk on the beach with the plant.

They walk along the marina with the plant.

They are in bed kissing, he moves on top of her beneath the
 sheets. The plant is peaceful in the window behind them.

INSERT

TWO MONTHS LATER

EXT. BAKER BEACH - DAY

They walk on the beach with the plant.

ALLEN
 I don't want to go.

ANGELICA

I don't want you to go.

They walk hand in hand listlessly along the shore in silence then she stops and turns to him.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)

What if I came with you!

ALLEN

To London?

She stares at him blankly.

ALLEN

You don't want to go to London, babe, believe me.

ANGELICA

But then we'd have three more months.

ALLEN

Listen, I can go back to London, work a bit, get some money together and come back here.

She starts to cry.

ANGELICA

I don't want you to go!

ALLEN

(tears come to his eyes)
Neither do I.

EXT. PAN SHOTS OF LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

INT. A LITTLE WEDDING CHAPEL

Allen and Angelica walk up the isle towards a PREACHER.

She wears a simple white dress and carries a bouquet of flowers. He wears a hip shirt and skinny jeans and carries the plant.

PREACHER

I now pronounce you man and wife.

They make out.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO - EMPLOYMENT AGENCY OFFICE

Allen and plant are in a waiting room where a sign reads "Land's End Employment Agency". His name is called out by the secretary. He enters an office and sits across from a middle-aged female INTERVIEWER.

INTERVIEWER

(looks at his resume)

You were a copy writer in London for six months and graduated from Oxford with a degree in literature.

ALLEN

That's right.

INTERVIEWER

And you have a green card?

ALLEN

Just got it... yesterday as a matter of fact.

INTERVIEWER

You don't waste time.

ALLEN

Don't have time to waste.

INTERVIEWER

When you get to be my age... never mind.

The interviewer looks up from his resume, sits back and stares at Allen curiously for a moment then lets out a deep, exhausted breath.

INTERVIEWER

What's the plant for?

ALLEN

It's just a plant.

INTERVIEWER

(scowls)

Let's see...

(looks on her computer)

Literature, huh? You're in luck. I got a publishing company on the Embarcadero that needs a copy editor.

ALLEN
Why, that's fantastic!

INTERVIEWER
Full-time. Forty thousand a year.

ALLEN
Terrific!

Interviewer sends info. to a printer and gives him the page.

INTERVIEWER
Here ya go. I'll call them and tell
them you're on your way.

ALLEN
Oh! You are a lovely, lovely woman.
Thank you, thank you so very much.

INTERVIEWER
Mmm, hmm. Good luck.

INT. PUBLISHING COMPANY ON THE EMBARCADERO - DAY

Allen sits at one of four desks in a very nice office. The plant, now 3 1/2 feet tall, is on the floor beside him. His desk is in front of a large window with a beautiful view of the bay. MARSHA, a pretty secretary, comes into the office.

MARSHA
(smiles)
Allen?

ALLEN
Yes?

MARSHA
Mr. Jenkins would like to see you.

ALLEN
Me? Why?

MARSHA
Don't worry. I think it's good
news.

He walks into Jenkins' office with the plant.

ALLEN
You wanted to see me, Mr. Jenkins?

JENKINS
Please sit down.

He sits and sets down the plant.

JENKINS
You've been here... how long now?

ALLEN
A year, Sir.

JENKINS
One whole year. Good work,
Walpole-Wilson, very good work.

ALLEN
I aim to please.

JENKINS
Married?

ALLEN
Yes, I am married.

JENKINS
Kids?

ALLEN
Not yet, Sir.

JENKINS
And the plant?

ALLEN
It's just a plant that I carry
around with me.

JENKINS
Well, I suppose you're allowed to
have a plant-- not like you're
bringing a Pitt bull into the
office with you everyday!

ALLEN
It's a quiet plant.

JENKINS
Yes, plants tend to be quiet.

ALLEN
(beat)
I did put the Farley novel in your
box on time, Mr. Jenkins. Six days

ALLEN
early actually. I hope you received it?

JENKINS
Oh, I got it. Great job. Very fine... you have a sensitive approach to copy-editing the books we publish, but you are also quite sensible.

ALLEN
(with a tinge of sarcasm)
If anything, we English tend to be sensible.

JENKINS
I've always thought so too, which is why I've called you in here. You see, most novelists, in my vast experience, I'd say ninety percent of them, are full of sensitivity yet they lack sensibility. All subjectivity and no objectivity.

Jenkins' phone rings. He answers on speaker.

MARSHA (V.O.)
Walter Farley is on line one.

JENKINS
Not now, Marsha. Say I'm out to lunch or that my cat died or something.

Jenkins looks at Allen then the plant, trying to regain his train of thought.

JENKINS (CONT'D)
Where was I?

ALLEN
All subjectivity no objectiv--

JENKINS
Ah, right. Now a good editor, and we're no longer talking about just copy but narrative, the literary fabric of the entire book... a good editor knows how to downplay the sensitive while elevating the sensible so that the average reader, who, today has the

JENKINS
 imagination of a Pitt bull-- will
 be interested enough in the printed
 word to read past the first page.

ALLEN
 I am in complete and sympathetic
 agreement with you.

JENKINS
 So, how would you like to take a
 crack at it? Move up from mere copy
 and do some serious editing?

ALLEN
 Oh, yes, I would like that very
 much, Mr. Jenkins.

JENKINS
 (hands him a fat manuscript)
 Alright then! Now take this
 manuscript and your plant and move
 on down the hall. You've got your
 own office plus a twenty percent
 increase in salary.

He stands, shakes Jenkins' hand and picks up his plant.

ALLEN
 Thank you so much. I can't wait to
 tell my wife!

Jenkins rises and walks Allen to the door.

JENKINS
 Just remember Walpole-Wilson, this
 is not about 'American dreaming'...
 No, no, it's all about you!

EXT. THE MISSION DISTRICT - AN APARTMENT BUILDING

Allen walks up the front steps with plant, takes keys from
 his pocket and opens the door.

INT. A STUDIO APARTMENT

He enters the studio apartment. Angelica is in a little
 kitchen unpacking groceries.

He sets the plant on the floor before foggy bay windows.

ALLEN
Honey, I'm home!

She comes up to him waving a head of lettuce in her hand.

ANGELICA
Baby! I've got great news!

ALLEN
So do I.

ALLEN
I got promoted!

ANGELICA
I got promoted!

ANGELICA
I'm the new manager of the hotel!

ALLEN
And I'm a real editor.

They hug and kiss each other.

LATER

They lay in bed side by side. Her hair is mussed and his cheeks are flushed and he's breathing a bit hard. She has her head on his shoulder and is stroking his chest. He turns to look at the plant in the twilight.

ALLEN
It's really growing.

She moves her hand to touch his crotch.

ANGELICA
Again already?

ALLEN
(smiles)
I meant the plant.

He turns on his side to face her.

ALLEN (CONT'D)
But if you give me a few minutes...
(looks into her eyes)
You know, Angel, I was thinking on the way home, why don't we take a holiday soon? In a few months, after we've settled into our new jobs.

ANGELICA

Oh, I'd love to. Where should we go? Let's go to Hawaii!

ALLEN

Yes, I suppose we could do that. But I was thinking more along the lines of, that is the longitude and latitude of... Paris.

ANGELICA

France? I've never been to Europe!

ALLEN

I know. I'd love to show you. And... we could fly into London first and well, I've met your family, I'd like you to meet mine.

ANGELICA

(kisses him)

You're so sweet!

She starts touching his penis beneath the sheets and he climbs on her.

PANORAMA OF LONDON IN POURING RAIN

INT. CHARLES' GRAND FLAT - EVENING

Charles, Wilfred, Jane, Allen and Angelica are seated in posh chairs before a hearth drinking tea. Charles is also drinking a glass of scotch. Rain pours against the French double doors that lead out onto the balcony. The plant is on the floor between Allen and Angelica.

CHARLES

I can't believe you're still carting that absurdity around with you! And she doesn't mind?

ANGELICA

I don't mind at all.

JANE

Allen was always rather introverted, you know. I was worried he might never find... oh, it is truly a pleasure to finally meet you. Now, how long have you been married?

ALLEN
One year and a half.

CHARLES
(leans forward)
Now, Allen, do you remember when
you first called me from California
and you said you were expecting
something wonderful to happen?

ALLEN
I forgot about that, Charles! But
you're right. I did say that.

Charles leans back in his chair and drinks scotch. Allen
takes Angelica's hand.

WILFRED
Ah, young love!

JANE
(to Angelica)
So, is this your first time out of
America?

ANGELICA
I did go to Mexico once but I'm not
so sure if that counts.

JANE
Of course it counts!

CHARLES
No, it doesn't count.

WILFRED
I'd have to agree with Charles.

JANE
Well, I know you'll love Paris! My
husband, kids and I try to go every
year--

CHARLES
Wilfred and I try to go every
weekend.

ALLEN
I wish we were staying abroad
longer.

ANGELICA

But we have to get back to work.

CHARLES

Oh, that's right. American's work quite a bit don't they?

ALLEN

Charles, you'll like this one... do you know what my boss said to me when I became an editor?

CHARLES

I don't, dear.

ALLEN

He said, "This is not about American dreaming, it's about you"!

CHARLES

(drinks, laughs)

Oh, that's clever! Really very clever indeed!

The doorbell rings. Wilfred rises and opens the door. Linda, her umbrella dripping, walks in.

LINDA

What a time to schedule a family re-union... dinnertime on a Saturday no less! It's awfully wretched out there.

She hands Wilfred her soaking wet coat. He hangs it up with an insulted expression.

LINDA

But there he is! Our sweet little Allen!

Allen rises as she moves into the tea party and hugs her.

LINDA

And this must be Angelina, how lovely you are.

ALLEN

Angelica.

LINDA

What?

ANGELICA
My name is Angelica.

LINDA
That's what I said.
(to Jane)
So, where is Geoffry?

JANE
He's watching the children. But
where is Peter?

LINDA
On a Saturday at this time? He's at
his club, of course. Hello Charles,
you're looking paunchy as ever.
Hello Wilfred.
(she pours herself some tea)
Don't we have any sandwiches or
cakes or something? After all, it
is six o'clock on a Saturday.

Charles motions to Wilfred who leaves to prepare sandwiches.

JANE
Where are you two staying, Allen?

ALLEN
The Phoenix Hotel.

CHARLES
Ah, fine choice. No more hostels or
gypsy carts for the married man
then, I see!

ANGELICA
Gypsy carts? How cool!

ALLEN
Yeah, I'll tell you all about it
later.

LATER

INT. CHARLES'S FLAT

CLOSE ON

A plate of crumbs and the remains of a few salt beef sandwiches, another plate of a mostly eaten wedge of matured cheese and the stems from a bunch of grapes. Three empty bottles of wine and a half empty bottle of scotch are on a table before the last glowing embers in the hearth.

Rain still pours darkly against the reflective balcony doors as the Walpole-Wilson family say their good-byes.

SERIES OF SHOTS - PARIS - DAY AND NIGHT

Allen, Angelica and the plant walk on the quay of the Siene past the house boats.

They sit beneath the awning of cafe, sipping wine, staring lovingly into each others eyes.

They walk arm in arm about the spaghetti-like avenues in the Latin quarter.

They dreamily regard the panoramic view of Paris from the heights of Montmarte.

They stroll through La Pere-Lachaise, past famous graves.

They wait in the long line to the Musee de Louvre.

They kiss, plant in Allen's arm, on Le Pont Alexander III.

They are a top the Eiffel Tower, utterly in love.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO - ALLEN'S PRIVATE OFFICE ON THE EMBARCADERO - DAY

He is assiduously editing a manuscript at his desk, the plant, now 5 1/2 feet tall, is on the floor. Marsha, now pregnant, knocks on the open door.

ALLEN

Yes, Marsha?

MARSHA

Mr. Jenkins would like to see you.

ALLEN

Oh, good. I'm on the last chapter.
He'll be very pleased, I
should think.

He rises, grabs the plant, exerting a bit of muscle, and follows Marsha out of his office.

INT. MR. JENKINS' OFFICE

JENKINS

(sympathetically)
Sit down Allen.

He sits, places plant on floor.
How long have you been with us now?

ALLEN

Six years.

JENKINS

Six years. Six years. Do you know how long I've been here?

ALLEN

I do not, Mr. Jenkins.

JENKINS

Thirty seven years. Thirty seven years in this very building, in this very office with this very nice view of the San Francisco Bay... thirty seven years in this very office... and I don't even have a plant!

Allen looks at his plant, protectively.

JENKINS

I've been dreading this day for some time now, Walpole-Wilson.

ALLEN

Sir?

JENKINS

It's over. The publishing industry is finished-- dead. Dead! People don't read at all anymore, not from books, real, physical books, beautiful books!

(almost weeps)

That's right. A history is buried-- from Gutenberg to these last few drops of ink...

(holds up a manuscript)

My own memoirs. The last book on earth. And I can't even write! How tragic is that?

ALLEN

Very tragic, Mr. Jenkins.

(pauses nervously)

Do you want me to edit it?

JENKINS

No. I'm only publishing it out of vanity. It's over, Allen. I'm sorry. It's all over. We're closing all the offices today. Closing the whole damn company as we speak!

Jenkins, his eyes tearing, stands and shakes Allen's hand.

JENKINS

I wish you luck, kid, you and your plant.

Allen, shocked and sad, takes his plant and turns to leave.

JENKINS

Oh, and one more thing. I can't even pay you for this month. I can't pay anyone. I know it's wrong but I've already filed bankruptcy and there's nothing... nothing!
(he weeps as Allen leaves)

EXT. AN EDWARDIAN APARTMENT BUILDING ON DOLORES STREET -
AFTERNOON

Allen walks up the steps with his plant, takes his keys out of his pocket and opens the door. He enters a large, handsome one bedroom apartment and sets down his plant.

ANGELICA

(voice calling from bedroom)

Allen?

ALLEN

(softly, sadly)

Hi, honey, I'm home.

Angelica comes out of the bedroom with her hair mussed up, make-up smeared and a robe wrapped around her.

ANGELICA

Allen--

ALLEN

We're you sleeping? It's only the middle of the day.

ANGELICA

Allen--

ALLEN
Angel? What's going on?

He moves toward the bedroom but she abruptly stops him.

ALLEN
Is somebody here? My God! Who's
here Angelica? What the fuck is
going on?

ANGELICA
I wanted to tell you before but....

ALLEN
(pushes past her)
Who the fucking hell is here?

He walks into the bedroom. Camera stays on Angelica. He comes out, takes his plant and leaves the apartment, slamming the door.

DISSOLVE TO BLACK SCREEN:

INSERT

ONE YEAR LATER - LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Allen and his plant, now as tall as he is, are on a street leaning against a graffiti covered wall.

He has a beard, is thin and haggard and his clothes are soiled and worn. The plant looks feeble, is wilting and its leaves are brown.

He holds a cardboard sign that reads:

"WILL WORK FOR WATER".

FADE OUT.

THE END