

Annie Hall

(Spider Scene)

> INT. ANNIE'S APARTMENT HALLWAY

>

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

>

>

ALVY

>

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

>

>

ANNIE

>

(Opening the door)

>

Oh.

>

>

ALVY

>

Are you okay? What's the matter?

>

(They look at each other, Annie

>

sighing)

>

Are you all right? What-

>

>

ANNIE

>

There's a spider in the bathroom.

>

>

ALVY

>

(Reacting)

>

What?

>

>

ANNIE

>

There's a big black spider in the bathroom.

>

>

ALVY

>

That's what you got me here for at three

>

o'clock in the morning, 'cause there's a

>

spider in the bathroom?

>

>

ANNIE

>

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

>

>

ALVY

>

(Interrupting, sighing)

>

Oooh.

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

> ANNIE
> It was just great!

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

> He tosses the book down on the cabinet.

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

> She hands him a magazine.

> ALVY
> (Looking down at the magazine)
> What is this? What are you, since
> when do you read the "National Review"?
> What are you turning in to?

> ANNIE
> (Turning to a nearby chair for
> some gum in her pocketbook)
> Well, I like to try to get all points
> of view.

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

> ANNIE
> (Spinning around to face him)
> Alvy, you're a little hostile, you

> know that? Not only that, you look
> thin and tired.

> She puts a piece of gum in her mouth.

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

> ANNIE
> (Sitting down on a chair arm
> and looking up at Alvy)
> Would you like a glass of chocolate milk?

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

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

> ALVY
> Yeah, where is the spider?

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

> ALVY
> Is he in the bathroom?

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

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

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

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

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

>
> He walks into the bathroom, Annie looking after him.

>
> ANNIE
> Well, okay. Oooh.

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

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

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

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

> (Alvy turns and starts swapping
> the racquet over the shelf, knocking
> down articles and breaking glass)
> Don't worry!
> (He continues to swat the racquet
> all over the bathroom. He finally
> moves out of the room, hands close
> to his body. He walks into the

> other room, where Annie is sitting
> in a corner of her bed leaning against
> the wall)
> I did it! I killed them both. What-what's
> the matter? Whatta you-
> (Annie is sobbing, her hand over
> her face)
> -whatta you sad about? You- What'd you
> want me to do? Capture 'em and rehabilitate
> 'em?

> ANNIE
> (Sobbing and taking Alvy's arm)
> Oh, don't go, okay? Please.

> ALVY
> (Sitting down next to her)
> Whatta you mean, don't go? Whatta-whatta
> -what's the matter? Whatta you expecting
> -termites? What's the matter?

> ANNIE
> (Sobbing)
> Oh, uh, I don't know. I miss you. Tsch.

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

> ALVY
> Oh, Jesus, really?

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

> ALVY
> What?

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

> ANNIE

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

> ALVY
> W-w-whatta you mean?

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

> ALVY
> Oh, I had the radio on.

> ANNIE
> Yeah?

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

> ANNIE
> Yeah.

> Alvy pulls her to him and they kiss again.

> CUT

> TO:

> INT. ALVY'S BED

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

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

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

>