

hostage.

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

**INT. THE HOUSE WHERE ALVY GREW UP**

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

**MOTHER**

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

**EXT. MANHATTAN STREET-DAY**

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

**ALVY**

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

**ROB**

You're crazy!

**ALVY**

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

**ROB**

Alvy, you're a total paranoid.

**ALVY**

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

**ROB**

Ah, Max, you, uh ...

**ALVY**

Stop calling me Max.

**ROB**

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

**ALVY**

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

**ROB**

Right, Max. California, Max.

**ALVY**

Ah.

**ROB**

Let's get the hell outta this crazy city.

**ALVY**

Forget it, Max.

**ROB**

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

**ALVY**

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

**ROB**

(Checking his watch)

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

**ALVY**

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

**EXT. BEEKMAN THEATER-DAY**

Alvy stands in front of glass doors of theater, the ticket taker behind him just inside the glass doors. The sounds of city traffic, car horns honking, can be heard while he looks around waiting for, Annie. A man in a black leather jacket, walking past the theater, stops in front of, Alvy. He looks at him, then moves away. He stops a few steps farther and turns around to look at Alvy again. Alvy looks away, then back at the man. The man continues to stare. Alvy scratches his head, looking for Annie and trying not to notice the man. The man, still staring, walks back to Alvy.

**1ST MAN**

Hey, you on television?

**ALVY**

(Nodding his head)

No. Yeah, once in a while. You know, like occasionally.

**1ST MAN**

What's your name?