ANGLE
Interior Coffeecorner.

DOUG
We on for tomorrow night?

ANN
After Drama Group.

DOUG
Drama Group?

ANN
Tuesdays and Thursdays. But after Play Practice, I'm yours.

DOUG
Go you Huskies...

He starts to exit and turns back.

DOUG
And I might have something important to tell you...

ANN
What is it, a surprise?

DOUG
That's right...

They exit.

MORRIS
She coulda done better than him.

SPUD
It takes all kinds.

MORRIS
Zat what it takes? I always wondered what it took...

We hear the traffic light beeping from the street.

EXT. BOOKSHOP - DAY

Joe, pacing in front of the window. Theatrical sign in the window. Sign in the window: "Out Will Return At..." Ann comes up to the door. Starts opening it with a key.

J O E
I, excuse me, the sign says you'll be back at two. It's quarter to three...

She looks at the sign, changes the hand to read a quarter to three.
She opens the door. Goes inside. He follows. Camera follows.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

Old Bookstore and stationary store. Several old typewriters for sale.

JOE
(off the sign)
You're doing a play...

ANN
Local Drama Group.
(she answers the phone)
Northern Books. No, it hasn't come in yet. As soon as it does. Yup, you too Marge.

She hangs up.

JOE
...small town. I suppose. You have to make your own fun.

ANN
Everybody makes their own fun.
(she answers another phone call)
F'you don't make it yourself, it ain't fun, it's entertainment.

She picks up half-knitted sweater off computer.

ANN
(to phone while knitting)
Northern Books.
(to Joe)
What can I do for you?

JOE
I need a typewriter.

ANN
We got em.
(to phone)
North... No, Henry James was the novelist, Frank James was a criminal...
(to Joe, of the typewriter)
Yep, you came to the right place.
(to the phone)
Jessie James was the Brother.
(pause)
Of the novelist, that's right. That's alright Susie. See you tomorrow, Susie.
He has picked up a typewriter, old, manual.

JOE
I want to rent this one.

ANN
Why don't you buy it, only forty bucks.

JOE
I have one, but they lost it.

Who?

ANN
The people in New Hampshire.

(shrugs)
That's why they have state borders... whyn't you get a replacement?

JOE
Well, it had sentimental value.

ANN
You buy the typewriter, I'll get it all spruced up, good as new. Better than new. It has some history.

JOE
Other one has history, too. I wrote my play on it.

ANN
You wrote a play on it, what play is that?

JOE
You haven't heard of it.

ANN
What's it called?

"Anguish."

Little kids enter to get candy. As Joe speaks, he takes off his regular glasses and puts on his reading glasses and inserts a piece of paper into the typewriter and types, "Everyone makes their own fun -- if you don't make it yourself, it's not fun, it's entertainment."

ANN
"Anguish" by Joseph Turner White...?

He looks up.

ANN
You're Joseph Turner White?

He switches glasses to look at her.

A very OLD WOMAN comes in, goes back to the coffee machine.

MAUDE (OLD WOMAN)

Afternoon Ann.

Ann takes down a book from a shelf.

ANN

Maude, this man wrote this play!

MAUDE

That a fact. Now, is it a good play?

ANN

Yes, Maude, it is. It is a very good play.

MAUDE

Well, then, what's he doing here?

ANN

What're you doing here...?

JOE

Writing the movie.

MAUDE

You're writing the movie...

JOE

Yes.

MAUDE

What's it about?

JOE

It's about the quest for purity.

INT. WALT'S ROOM - DAY

Walt, Bob Barrenger and the SCRIPT SUPERVISOR are savaging the script.

BOB

...because he wouldn't say that.

Look:

(flips through the script, reads)
"Sister, I've just come from a fire. There's some things I want to think out..." Now, come on, come on... "Leave me alone." A gesture...?

Alright?

Walt opens a case and extracts his lucky pillow which is embroidered "Shoot first. Ask questions afterward."