

All the Boys and Named William
Screenplay based upon Jean Luc Godard's "All the Boys are Named Patrick".
Interpreted and adapted by Gerald Saul
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Open with a shot of an old clock.

Master shot, balcony like are overlooking a park. Teagan is sitting on a chair at a table reading a book. William comes in from screen right and sees her. He approaches and sits beside her.

He fumbles with his sunglasses to get her attention.
Unless otherwise indicated, she ignores him and reads her book.

WILLIAM

I must have the jitters.
Hey, if you squint like that you'll ruin those lovely eyes. Here, take my sunglasses.

She glances up and shakes head and returns to reading.

WILLIAM

They'll look great on you.

He puts them down on table in front of her. Then reaches over and picks them back up.

WILLIAM

How about a drink. In the shade over there? You know who planted all the trees in Regina? J.E. Park and the Athabasca Ladies Horticultural Society in 1896.

He gets up and begins walking.

So, are we off?
Are we going or what?

He returns and looks over her shoulder

WILLIAM

That looks fascinating. Oh, French. I guessed you were English. Parlez-vous François? No? Au, Icelandic? Yeg ilska thig. That means "I love you". A bit abrupt but it's all I know. Norwegian? Finnish? German? Sprechen sie Deutch? Not Spanish. Japanese. Not Japanese. Ha ha.

He taps her on the shoulder. She still is not paying attention. Insert shot of him turning aside.

WILLIAM

Nothing doing!
You think I'm a pest, no? Monologues always sound silly.
You should wear blue. Green's not your colour.

She checks her watch.

WILLIAM

I know! You're waiting for your boyfriend.
Idiotic! Never wait for a man! You'll spoil him!
Is he nice?

She looks at him from behind her book, keeping her face covered.

WILLIAM

Obviously, if he loves you.
I bet he has a 300SL Mercedes! They got that name because the company went broke and a guy comes along who says put my girl's name on them and I'll pay the tab.

He puts on sunglasses and goes behind her, plays with her hair for a moment then kneels down beside her.

WILLIAM

What other clever things can I tell you?
Do you love this guy? What is he like? Like me?

She closes her book and puts it into her purse.

WILLIAM

Oh. You're afraid he'll be jealous if he sees you with me.
Be mean to men! It keeps them on their toes.

Cut to her, she pulls out a comb and quickly combs her hair.

TEAGAN

Suppose I'm waiting for a girl?

WILLIAM

Don't be ashamed! It's grand to be in love.
Don't worry, he'll show up.

She pulls off her scarf with her right hand, stands up and starts leaving.

TEAGAN

I tell you it's a girl and she isn't coming.

He jumps up and follows.

WILLIAM

You're leaving? Why?

TEAGAN

To paraphrase the bourgeois misogynist Freud, "if lips are silent, fingertips chatter and betrayal oozes out of every pore." I have therefore already said enough.

WILLIAM

All the girls say that.

TEAGAN

No doubt. Laura Mulvey's seminal article on visual pleasure would suggest that I must reject the stereotypical role of object of the gaze, of sitting and reading without eye contact, and instead I should enter into an exploration of active participant in my own narratives. Therefore NO, I will not go for a drink with you.

WILLIAM

I haven't picked up a girl in nine years.

TEAGAN

That is certainly symptomatic of the heterosexual crisis.

WILLIAM

How about ice cream then?

TEAGAN

Okay.

Both exit, walking away from camera as credits role.

