



THE NOTEBOOK by Jeremy Leven

ALLIE: (*Allie puts two fingers together*) We're like this, remember? Right? This isn't a summer thing. Not for me, anyway. Oh, hell. Why wait until summer ends? Why not do it right now? Go ahead. No, I'll do it. It's over between us. You hear me, Noah Calhoun? Over. Don't touch me. I hate you, you know that? I hate you! Just leave. Get out. Go.

Noah walks away from the house, disappearing into the moonlight. Allie calls out after him.

ALLIE: Wait a minute, Noah. We're not really breaking up forever, right? This is just a thing we're having, a difference of opinion, and tomorrow it'll be like it never happened, right? Because it still was kind of a special night for me. . .