

EXT. BUSY URBAN STREET - NIGHT

Two friends are walking home, deep in conversation.

THEODORE

I don't know *what* I'm saying Sam. I guess I'm saying I'm done with this town. I need to be true to myself as an artist.

SAM

And that means moving to the sticks?

THEODORE

It's what the sticks are attached to: *trees*. Lots of great writers worked in secluded settings.

CUT TO:

INT. LOG CABIN - DAY

THEODORE takes a deep breath and exhales just as deeply while staring out of a large window at a great vista of trees, mountains, and one really nice bush.

THEODORE

This is exactly what I need to write the next great American novel.

THEODORE sits down at a sturdy oak desk and carefully loads his Corona No. 3 typewriter with a single blank page. He pauses.

THEODORE (CONT'D)

Hmm. Actually, come to think of it, this is more or less the exact same situation that I had in my modest apartment in the city. I'm still just a man at a typewriter.

My circumstance haven't changed at all. Being in nature hasn't improved me as a writer. The only difference is now I have no mobile phone signal.

A wolf howls in the distance.