Director: Nick Marck

NORTHERN EXPOSURE

"Animals R Us"

#77505

EPISODE #4

Written by

Robin Green

FINAL DRAFT
July 2, 1991
August 14, 1991 (Blue)
(pgs. 1, 9, 20, 21, 24-27, 37, 41-44, 47, 52, 56, 57)

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CAST

REGULARS
JOEL FLEISCHMAN
MAGGIE O’CONNELL
MAURICE MINNIFIELD
HOLLING VINCOEUR
SHELBY TAMBO
CHRIS STEVENS
ED CHIGLIANK
RICK’S VOICE
MARILYN
RUTH-ANNE

GUEST CAST
JERRY THE INDIAN
CROW FLIES STRAIGHT
YOUNG WOODY ALLEN
FOXY GIRL
INTERIORS
HOLLING'S BAR
RUTH-ANNE'S STORE
JOEL'S OFFICE
MAGGIE'S HOUSE
ED'S ROOM
MAURICE'S HOUSE
MOVIE THEATER
MAGGIE'S BEDROOM
MAGGIE'S LIVING ROOM
JOEL'S WAITING ROOM

EXTERIORS
CICELY MAIN STREET
MAGGIE'S HOUSE
MARILYN'S YARD
MEADOW
RUTH-ANNE'S STORE
MOVIE THEATER
"ANIMALS R US"

PROLOGUE

FADE IN:

1 INT. HOLLING'S BAR - NIGHT

HOLLING and CHRIS sit at a table set with linen, fine cutlery, as in a New York brasserie. They wear black turtlenecks and tweed jackets. Chris stares into his empty scotch glass.

HOLLING
But that's no way to think, my friend. Life is precious. Life is good.

CHRIS
(bitterly)
Is it?

HOLLING
The sunrise. The sunset. The ring a glass of cold water leaves on a tabletop. The first mooseburger of the day sizzling on the grill.

CHRIS
It's all the same to me. The same faces, the same conversations. I know what people are going to say before they even open their mouths.

HOLLING
You don't mean that.

CHRIS
Work, eat, sleep. Work, eat, sleep. I see the days stretching out in front of me like an endless Bodhiharma meditation. Oh, I could move to a new place -- New York, Paris -- start over again. Things would be fresh and new...for a while. And then... what? Move on again? What's the point?

HOLLING
Aren't you forgetting one thing?

CHRIS
And what's that?

HOLLING
Love.

(CONTINUED)
"ANIMALS R US"

PROLOGUE

FADE IN:

1 INT. HOLLING'S BAR - NIGHT

HOLLING and CHRIS sit at a table set with linen, fine cutlery, as in a New York brasserie. They wear black turtlenecks and tweed jackets. Chris stares into his empty scotch glass.

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HOLLING
You don't mean that.

CHRIS
Work, eat, sleep. Work, eat, sleep. I see the days stretching out in front of me like an endless Bodhiharma meditation. Oh, I could move to a new place -- Seattle, Paris -- start over again. Things would be fresh and new...for a while. And then...what? Move on again? What's the point?

HOLLING
Aren't you forgetting one thing?

CHRIS
And what's that?

HOLLING
Love.

(Continued)
CHRIS
(ironic smile)
Love. I envy your simple nature.

HOLLING
You're tired and you've had too much
to drink. You'll feel better in the
morning.

A cryptic smile plays on Chris's lips. He gets a faraway
look.

CHRIS
Ah, yes. Morning.

Holling is troubled by his friend's despair.

ED
(O.C.)
Cut!

ANOTHER ANGLE

to reveal that ED is filming them. He unshoulders his
camcorder.

ED
That was excellent. Thank you, gentlemen.

Ed adjust the wing lights. Chris works out a kink in his
neck. Holling takes a sip of water.

FADE OUT

END OF PROLOGUE
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 EXT. CICELY STREET - DAY

4 TRACKING - A MALAMUTE

as the handsome, blue-eyed dog trots jauntily down one street and up another, then to --

5 EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

where he sees Ed approaching. The dog BARKS a greeting.

   ED
     (to dog)
     Well, ruff to you.

The dog continues on. STAY WITH ED, who goes into Ruth-Anne’s store.

6 INT. RUTH-ANNE’S STORE - CONTINUOUS

RUTH-ANNE is stocking shelves. Ed comes in, abuzz.

   ED
   Morning, Ruth-Anne.

   RUTH-ANNE
   Be right with you, Ed. I don’t know what it is, but every year about this time, there’s a run on Progresso Chicken with Escarole. I just can’t keep it on the shelves.

   ED
   They make very good minestrone, too.

Ruth-Anne steps down from the ladder, brushes off her hands.

   RUTH-ANNE
   I’ll bet you’re here looking for your editing equipment.

   ED
   I am.  (realizes, brightens) It’s here?

   RUTH-ANNE
   With this morning’s mail.

(CONTINUED)
Oh, yes! Now I’ll see how the scenes look cut together!

Ruth-Anne puts a sizable box on the counter.

RUTH-ANNE
How is your movie coming along, Ed?

ED
Really good. I think it may well be a Neo-realistic classic.

RUTH-ANNE
Well, that’s wonderful news.

ED
I owe a lot to Godard, certainly Bergman. But I think my greatest influence has been Louis Malle.

RUTH-ANNE
I like his early pictures, "Murmur of the Heart," "Lacombe Lucienne."

ED
He’s quiet, but very brave.

RUTH-ANNE
I suppose. But if you ask me, this Spike Lee’s the one to watch. So much energy. He can be a little preachy, but maybe he’ll grow out of it.

Ed lifts up the box, eager to begin.

ED
Well, here goes. Thanks, Ruth-Anne.

Ed heads for the door. As he goes out, MAURICE comes in.

MAURICE
Ed. Ruth-Anne.

RUTH-ANNE
Good morning, Maurice. What can I get for you today?
Razor blades...pound of two inch
brads...let’s see...oh, and why
don’t you throw in a couple cans of
that chicken with escarole soup...

Ruth-Anne fills his order. Maurice notices an object on the
counter - an egg the size of a basketball.

MAURICE
Good night! Will you look at this?!
What the hell is it?

RUTH-ANNE
It’s an ostrich egg.

MAURICE
Dinosaur, you mean.

RUTH-ANNE
It is big, isn’t it? Marilyn gave
it to me for a corn and jalepeno
souffle I’m fixing for church supper
this weekend.

MAURICE
You mean to tell me one of Marilyn’s
birds layed this monster?

RUTH-ANNE
Saves me having to break open
sixteen eggs.

MAURICE
Things grow big in Alaska, but this
is something else entirely.

Ruth-Anne totals up Maurice’s order. He inspects the egg.

7 EXT. MAGGIE’S HOUSE
MAGGIE is out front, gardening.

8 THE MALAMUTE
approaches. He sees Maggie. He stops. His ears lay back.
His nose twitches. He comes to the edge of her property,
sits.

MAGGIE
notices the dog.

(CONTINUED)
MAGGIE
Well, hey there.

The dog whines.

MAGGIE
What do you think? Is this bush dead? I keep pruning, but I don’t know exactly what’s supposed to happen.

The dog whines again.

MAGGIE

The dog comes up. She pets him, scratches behind his ears.

MAGGIE
Well, aren’t you a beauty boy, huh? Who’s dog are you, huh, boy? Huh, boy? Yes.

She pets him a little more, goes back to work.

MAGGIE
Maybe I’m cutting too much. I get carried away. I better quit while I’m ahead. If I am ahead.

She gathers her tools and goes into her house. The dog tries to follow. She keeps him out with her knee.

MAGGIE
Hey, hey! No you don’t! You’re a pushy one, aren’t you? Now you go on home.

THE DOG
looks at her, tail wagging, eager.

MAGGIE
makes a shooping motion.

MAGGIE
Go on, go home.

THE DOG
tilts his head, gives a soulful look, whines.
MAGGIE
What a charmer. You're breaking my heart. Now, git!

The dog moves off a few paces. Maggie goes in and shuts the door. The dog lies down, puts his heads between his paws, eyes trained on the door.

14 EXT. MARILYN'S YARD - DAY

Eight ostriches watch from their wire pen as Marilyn fills a pail with feed and heads their way. Maurice takes in the scene.

MAURICE
Nice little set-up you have here. Lot of overhead in an operation like this?

MARILYN
Just the feed.

They go into the pen. The ostriches vie for the bucket.

MAURICE
Hungry little sons of bitches, aren't they? Excuse my French.

MARILYN
They're Bluenecks. From Africa.

MAURICE
That right?

MARILYN
They eat themselves to death if you let them.

MAURICE
Oh?

MARILYN
I lost one to a blockage. (off Maurice's look) Digestive tract.

MAURICE
So...you got them on some special kind of diet, there, Marilyn?

MARILYN
Alfalfa-based grain. Lettuce.

(CONTINUED)
13 MAGGIE
shakes her head.

MAGGIE
What a charmer. You're breaking my heart. Now, git!

The dog moves off a few paces. Maggie goes in and shuts the door. The dog lies down, puts his heads between his paws, eyes trained on the door.

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MARILYN
They're Bluenecks. From Africa.

MAURICE
That right?

MARILYN
They eat themselves to death if you let them.

MAURICE
Oh?

MARILYN
I lost one to a blockage. (off Maurice's look) Digestive tract.

MAURICE
So...you got them on some special kind of diet, there, Marilyn?

MARILYN
Alfalfa-based grain.

(CONTINUED)
MAURICE
No, I mean steroids or growth hormones? Some kind of Native Indian potion?

MARILYN
Uh-uh.

MAURICE
Then how do you explain those eggs? They’re as big as basketballs.

MARILYN
They do it for me.

MAURICE
For you?

Marilyn hands the pail to Maurice, goes and sits in a rocking chair in the pen and starts knitting.

MARILYN
They like it when I sit with them.

MAURICE
You mean to tell me, they lay those big eggs just because they like having you around?

MARILYN
Uh-huh.

MAURICE
Marilyn, let me ask you something. You ever considered going into business with this thing?

MARILYN
No.

MAURICE
Hey, don’t sell yourself short, little lady. You’re possessed of a real talent. You take that woman with the cookies, Mrs. Fields? Turned her hobby into a multimillion dollar enterprise. Jenny Craig, same deal. Lost a few pounds, now she’s rolling in it.

MARILYN
Huh.

Marilyn knits, absorbing this new idea. Maurice feeds the birds.
INT. EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

Joel eats a breakfast burrito and reads the paper. Maggie pokes her head in the door.

MAGGIE
Got a second?

JOEL
Why should a man be allowed to eat breakfast in peace? Even if it is only a cold veggie burrito.

Maggie comes in, followed by the dog.

JOEL
What’s that?

MAGGIE
It’s a dog, Fleischman.

JOEL
You got a dog. Good. You’re by yourself too much, O’Connell. Besides, pets are said to have a humanizing effect.

MAGGIE
He’s not mine.

JOEL
What’d you do, steal him?

MAGGIE
He showed up this morning and he won’t go away. He’s a beauty, isn’t he?

JOEL
(doesn’t relate)

Maggie pats the examination table.

MAGGIE
(to dog)
Come on, boy, up you go.

The dog leaps onto the table.

JOEL
What do you think you’re doing, O’Connell? Get that mutt off the table! That’s a sanitary area! That’s disgusting!

(CONTINUED)
Joel eats a breakfast burrito and reads the paper. Maggie pokes her head in the door.

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Got a second?

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(doesn't relate)

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(to dog)
Come on, boy, up you go.

The dog leaps onto the table.

JOEL
What do you think you're doing, O'Connell? Get that mutt off the table! That's a sanitary area! That's disgusting!

(CONTINUED)
INT. JOEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Joel eats a breakfast burrito and reads the paper. Maggie pokes her head in the door.

MAGGIE
Got a second?

JOEL
Why should a man be allowed to eat breakfast in peace? Even if it is a burrito.

Maggie comes in, followed by the dog.

JOEL
What's that?

MAGGIE
It's a dog, Fleischman.

JOEL
You got a dog. Good. You're by yourself too much. Besides, pets are said to have a humanizing effect.

MAGGIE
He's not mine.

JOEL
What'd you do, steal him?

MAGGIE
He showed up this morning and he won't go away. He's a beauty, isn't he?

JOEL
(doesn't relate)

Maggie pats the examination table.

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(to dog)
Come on, boy, up you go.

The dog leaps onto the table.

JOEL
What do you think you're doing, O'Connell? Get that mutt off the table! That's a sanitary area! That's disgusting!

(CONTINUED)
MAGGIE
Come on, just take a look.

JOEL
Take a look at what?

MAGGIE
Y’know, check him over.

JOEL
You want me to examine this dog?

Yeah.

JOEL
I’m not a veterinarian, O’Connell. I deal exclusively with furless animals. Although with some of the people up here, the line’s fuzzy. Take it to, you know, the guy...

MAGGIE
The guy...?

JOEL
Yeah, the guy. That gives sheep haircuts.

MAGGIE
It’s called sheepsheering.

JOEL
Fine, him.

MAGGIE
"The guy’s" testing for anthrax in Swetborough until Tuesday.

JOEL
Yeah, well Fang looks healthy enough to survive until then.

MAGGIE
Thank you Dr. Schweitzer. All creatures great and small. I forgot how fragile your ego is, that you’d feel threatened by the idea of bending your Hippocratic talents.

JOEL
(peers in at dog)
Frankly, O’Connell, I’m not sure I’d even know what to look for.

(continues)
JOEL (stopped in mid-bite of burrito)
Ich. Please...Awright, awright...

Joel moves in tentatively. The dog growls. Joel pulls back.

MAGGIE
Don't tell me you're afraid of dogs?
Is this yet another Fleischman phobia to add to the list?

JOEL
I just don't trust anyone who sweats through their tongue.

MAGGIE
What a wimp.

JOEL
You don't think he's looking at me funny?

There's a low growl in the dog's throat.

JOEL
Hear that? That's growling. That is definitely not a greeting. That is a hostile...hostility.

MAGGIE
Relax, Fleischman.

JOEL
C'mon, here boy, nice doggie.

The dog snarls, springs out, bites Joel's hand.

JOEL
Ow!

MAGGIE
What happened? What'd you do?

JOEL
Me? What'd I do?! I didn't do anything!

Joel rushes to wash his hands.

(CONTINUED)
MAGGIE
(to dog)
Are you okay? Are you okay, sweet tooty? Did Fleischman frighten you?
Poor baby. Good boy. That’s right, it’s all right. Come on. Come on, boy. Let’s go.

JOEL
Wait! Nobody move! That animal stays where it is until I get blood and saliva!

MAGGIE
Look, you’re right, it’ll keep til the vet gets back.

JOEL
Oh no, no way. That dog broke skin! I’m testing it for rabies!

The dog growls low in his throat as Joel approaches.

INT. HOLLING’S BAR - NIGHT

Chris sits at the counter. Holling leans over the counter. Ed paces the floor. Holling and Chris exchange a look. They look at Ed.

CHRIS
Ed?

ED
Yes?

CHRIS
You said you wanted to talk to us?

ED
Right. (gathers himself, then --) Holling. Chris. I suppose you’re wondering why I’ve called you here today....

HOLLING
Well, yes, Ed. We’re waiting.

ED
(with difficulty)
I’m pulling the plug.
(off their confused looks)
On the production.

(CONTINUED)
16 CONTINUED:

HOLLING
On the movie?

ED
Yes.

CHRIS
How come?

ED
It's just not working.

HOLLING
I don't understand. We were going great guns. You said so yourself.

ED
That was before I saw it cut together.

CHRIS
"Brink of Emptiness" has been your total focus, Ed. An exploration of the meaning of life, that's important stuff. You're just gonna walk away from it?

ED
Sometimes you have to cut your losses. Joel Silver would've been a lot better off if he'd pulled the plug on "Hudson Hawk." Fifty million dollars down the tube. And for what?

HOLLING
It's me, isn't it? I told him I was no actor. I told him he'd be better off with somebody else. Anybody.

ED
No no no no, Holling, it wasn't you at all. You were great. Both of you. You gave it your all.

(sincerely)
I want to thank you. For your help, your devotion, your heart.

He is unable to continue. He pats Chris on the back and goes out, passing Joel, hand bandaged, and Maggie and the dog on their way in.

JOEL
Hey, Ed.

(CONTINUED;
HOLLING
On the movie?

ED
Yes.

CHRIS
How come?

ED
It's just not working.

HOLLING
I don't understand. We were going
great guns. You said so yourself.

ED
That was before I saw it cut
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no actor. I told him he'd be better
off with somebody else. Anybody.

ED
No no no no, Holling, it wasn't you
at all. You were great. Both of
you. You gave it your all.

(choking on it)
I want to thank you. For your help,
your devotion, your heart.

He is unable to continue. He pats Chris on the back and
goes out, passing Joel, hand bandaged, and Maggie and the
dog on their way in.

JOEL
Hey, Ed.

(CONTINUED)
HOLLING
On the movie?

ED
Yes.

CHRIS
How come?

ED
It's just not working.

HOLLING
I don't understand. We were going great guns. You said so yourself.

ED
That was before I saw it cut together.

CHRIS
"Brink of Emptiness" has been your total focus, Ed. An exploration of the meaning of life, that's important stuff. You're just gonna walk away from it?

ED
Sometimes you have to cut your losses. Michael Cimino'd been a lot better off if he'd pulled the plug on "Heaven's Gate." Twenty-eight million dollars down the tube. And for what?

HOLLING
It's me, isn't it? I told him I was no actor. I told him he'd be better off with somebody else. Anybody.

ED
No no no no, Holling, it wasn't you at all. You were great. Both of you. You gave it your all.

(choking on it)
I want to thank you. For your help, your devotion, your heart.

He is unable to continue. He pats Chris on the back and goes out, passing Joel, hand bandaged, and Maggie and the dog on their way in.

JOEL
Hey, Ed.
MAGGIE
Hi, Ed.

Ed just raises his hand in greeting, can’t look at them, goes past. Maggie and Joel come up to the counter.

JOEL
What’s the matter with him?

CHRIS
He’s calling off his movie.

MAGGIE
Why?

HOLLING
He told us why...Chris, why was it exactly?

CHRIS
It’s no good.

SHELLY
(to Joel)
What happened to your hand?

JOEL
That.

-- at which the dog hops up and sits on the corner stool.

HOLLING
Well, hello there, big fella.

MAGGIE
Hey, down, boy! Sorry. He’s been hanging around, I can’t shake him. Come on, boy, get off there.

She tries to tug the dog off the stool.

SHELLY
Let him stay. It’s kinda nice seeing somebody sit, you know, on, um...

MAGGIE
That’s all right, you can say it. Rick’s stool.

SHELLY
Nobody hardly sits there anymore, ever since Rick, you know...ate the satellite

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
SHELLY (cont'd)
(pets dog)
You're such a pretty boy, aren't you? Yes you are.

JOEL
I'd be careful. They can turn on you.

MAGGIE
Anybody know who he belongs to?

HOLLING
He does look kind of a familiar. But no, uh-uh. I've never seen this fella before.

The dog paws at a jar of beef jerky on the counter.

MAGGIE
Hey, hey!

HOLLING
Looks like he's hungry. You want to chew on some jerky, fella?

The dog barks.

HOLLING
Good boy. Here you go.

Holling feeds him the jerky.

CHRIS
That's funny. Rick was the only one that could stomach that stuff. Used to down those strips like M&M's.

HOLLING
He was the only one with teeth strong enough to chew it.

SHELLY
Rick did have nice teeth.

The dog bares his teeth, wags his tail. Everyone is stopped short, then they laugh. Shelly pets the dog. Maggie studies him.

17 INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Maggie finishes up a scramble of eggs, onions, and peppers.

(Continued)
17 CONTINUED:

MAGGIE
So I look and I look, but I can't find anything wrong with it. But I know the sound of my own airplane...

18 THE DOG

yawns widely, emitting a YEE-AWP.

19 MAGGIE

turns, looks down at the dog.

MAGGIE
I could have sworn you just said "manifold."

Maggie shakes the feeling off, finishes cooking. She puts some eggs on a plate for herself, sets the frying pan down for the dog.

MAGGIE
Devil's Mess Eggs, that okay with you, boy?

The dog licks his chops. Maggie sits and eats her meal. The dog eats, too.

MAGGIE
Because that's what it was, as usual, the manifold. I'm flying a couple fishermen up to Permut and there's that clunking sound -- (re dog's food) -- Boy, you wolfed that down. You want some more, big fella?

She reaches down and gets the frying pan. She looks at the plate, looks at the dog.

MAGGIE
You left the green peppers. (beat) Why?

20 THE DOG

watches her attentively.

MAGGIE
Rick didn't like green peppers. He said they repeated on him.
CONTINUED:
The dog whines.

MAGGIE
Why didn’t you eat the peppers?

The dog paws her knee. Maggie shakes the feeling off again.

MAGGIE
Because dogs don’t like vegetables, that’s why. Fleischman’s right. I’m spending too much time alone. I’m talking to myself. I’m imagining things. I’ll have a cup of tea, I’ll feel better.

She goes to the kitchen. The dog puts his front paws up on the door jam and stretches. Maggie turns and watches him.

MAGGIE
Stop that! What are you doing?

The dog continues to stretch on the doorjam.

MAGGIE
Rick used to do stretches against that doorjam. Every night after dinner.

The dog barks, wags his tail. Maggie kneels down, looks the dog in the eye.

(CONTINUED)
MAGGIE
Why didn't you eat the peppers?

THE DOG
paws her knee.

MAGGIE
shakes the feeling off again.

Because dogs don't like vegetables, that's why. Fleischman's right. I'm spending too much time alone. I'm talking to myself. I'm imagining things. I'll have a cup of tea, I'll feel better.

She goes to the kitchen.

THE DOG
rubs his back against the door jam.

MAGGIE
turns and watches him.

Stop that! What are you doing?

continues to rub his back on the doorjam.

Rick used to rub his back on that doorjam. Every night after dinner.

barks, wags his tail.
28 MAGGIE
kneels down, looks the dog in the eye.

MAGGIE
Rick?

29 THE DOG
whines.

30 MAGGIE
jumps back. She collects herself, steps back in.

MAGGIE
Okay, if you’re Rick, bark three times. Okay? Three.

The dog barks three times.

MAGGIE
(softly)
Rick?

The dog scratches a flea. Maggie doesn’t know what to think.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE
FADE IN:

INT. ED’S ROOM - DAY

Ed lies on the bed, at a low ebb. There’s a knock on the door. Then Joel pokes his head in.

JOEL

Ed?

ED

(eyes on tv)

Hello, Dr. Fleischman.

Joel comes in, looks around. There’s film stuff everywhere.

JOEL

Chris said you didn’t show up for “Wild Strawberries” last night. For you to miss a Bergman film, that’s not a good sign.

ED

I’ve seen it ten times.

JOEL

You’ve seen everything ten times.

Joel sits on the bed.

JOEL

So that’s it? You’re just giving up on your movie? Your entire raison d’etre out the window?

ED

(zaps off tv)

I don’t know what made me think I could do it in the first place. I’m only Ed Chigliak, a half Indian from Cicely, Alaska.

JOEL

You’re having an artistic crisis. It’s very common in the middle of a creative endeavor to be assailed by doubts.

ED

The movie’s no good. It’s garbage.

JOEL

It couldn’t be that bad.
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

31 INT. ED'S ROOM - DAY

Ed lies on the bed, at a low ebb, watching tv. There's a knock on the door. Then Joel pokes his head in.

JOEL
Ed?

ED
(eyes on tv)
Hello, Dr. Fleischman.

Joel comes in, looks around. There's film stuff everywhere.

JOEL
Chris said you didn't show up for "Wild Strawberries" last night. For you to miss a Bergman film, that's not a good sign.

ED
I've seen it ten times.

JOEL
You've seen everything ten times.

Joel sits on the bed.

JOEL
So that's it? You're just giving up on your movie? Your entire raison d'etre out the window?

ED
(zaps off tv)
I don't know what made me think I could do it in the first place. I'm only Ed Chigliak, a half Indian from Cicely, Alaska.

JOEL
You're having an artistic crisis. It's very common in the middle of a creative endeavor to be assailed by doubts.

ED
The movie's no good. It's garbage.

JOEL
It couldn't be that bad.

(CONTINUED)
31 CONTINUED:

ED
Oh no?

JOEL
What's wrong with it?

ED
The idea. The script. The execution.

JOEL
Oh.
(picks up manuscript)
Is this the screenplay? Okay if I take a look?

Ed shrugs. Joel starts leafing through.

JOEL
I'm no expert, but I might be able to make a few suggestions. You live in New York, you get familiar with a fairly broad scope of cinema.

Joel starts to read.

ED
I don't know. Maybe I have to rethink the whole thing. Carmine said the third act was unfocused.

JOEL
Who's Carmine?

ED
Francis' cousin. Then again, Marty said he liked things a little rough at the edges.

Joel looks up.

JOEL
Marty?

ED
He told me when he started "Mean Streets," all he had was the East Village and some hat he found.

JOEL
Ed, just so I know we're on the same planet, we're talking about Marty Scorcese? The director of "Mean Streets," the movie?

(CONTINUED)
31 CONTINUED:

ED
Oh no?

JOEL
What's wrong with it?

ED
The idea. The script. The execution.

JOEL
Oh.
(picks up manuscript)
Is this the screenplay? Okay if I take a look?

Ed shrugs. Joel starts leafing through.

JOEL
I'm no expert, but I might be able to make a few suggestions. You live in New York, you get familiar with a fairly broad scope of cinema.

Joel starts to read.

ED
I don't know. Maybe I have to rethink the whole thing. Carmine said the third act was a little unfocussed.

JOEL
Who's Carmine?

ED
Francis' cousin. Then again, Marty said he liked things a little rough at the edges.

Joel looks up.

JOEL
Marty?

ED
He told me when he started "Mean Streets," all he had was the East Village and some hat he found.

JOEL
Ed, just so I know we're on the same planet, we're talking about Marty Scorsese? The director of "Mean Streets," the movie.

(CONTINUED)
JOEL

Martin Scorcese, the movie director?

ED

Yeah.

JOEL

You know Marty Scorcese?

ED

Not really...we’re just pen pals.

JOEL

Pen pals? You and Marty Scorcese, Marty Scorcese, the director, are pen pals?

ED

Yeah.

Ed hands Joel a letter.

JOEL

(reads)
"Dear Ed, Good luck with your movie..."
(scans to end)
"...Marty."

Joel picks up another letter.

ED

That’s from Woody.

JOEL

(reading)
"Hannah takes the turkey out of the oven...."
(looks at Ed)
Hannah? As in "Hannah?" Woody Allen sent you a page of his script for "Hannah and Her Sisters...?"

ED

He wanted me to see how much he rewrites on the set.

Joel picks up a cap that says "Jaws."
ED

Yeah.

JOEL

Martin Scorcese, the movie director?

ED

Yeah.

JOEL

You know Marty Scorcese?

ED

Not really...we're just pen pals.

JOEL

Pen pals? You and Marty Scorcese, Marty Scorcese, the director, are pen pals?

ED

Yeah.

Ed hands Joel a letter.

JOEL

(reads)
"Dear Ed, Good luck with your movie..."
(scans to end)
"...Marty."

Joel picks up another letter.

ED

That one's from Woody.

JOEL

(reading)
"Hannah takes the turkey out of the oven...."

(looks at Ed)
Hannah? As in "Hannah?" Woody Allen sent you a page of his script for "Hannah and Her Sisters...?"

ED

He wanted me to see how much he rewrites on the set.

Joel picks up a cap that says "Jaws."
Ed hands Joel a letter.

JOEL
(reads)
"Dear Ed, Good luck with your movie..."
(scans to end)
...Marty."

Joel picks up another letter.

ED
That one's from Woody.

JOEL
(reading)
"Hannah takes the turkey out of the oven...."
(looks at Ed)
Hannah? As in "Hannah?" Woody Allen sent you a page of his script for "Hannah and Her Sisters...?"

ED
He wanted me to see how much he rewrites on the set.

Joel picks up a cap that says "Jaws."
CONTINUED:

JOEL
This hat...it isn't...?

ED
(nods)
Steven said it brought him good luck. Of course, that was a few movies ago.

Joël looks at the cap.

ED
You're right, Dr. Fleischman. I can't give up. Maybe I just need to think about it some more.

JOEL
(blown away)
Yeah...right...

INT. MAURICE'S HOUSE - DAY

Marilyn sits at one end of the dining room table. Maurice serves her from a platter of whole poached salmon.

MAURICE
The temptation with salmon is to do too much. I just bring the broth to a boil, lay in the fish, turn off the heat and she poaches herself.

Marilyn nods.

MAURICE
Chardonnay?

Maurice pours Marilyn wine then goes and settles at the other end of the table.

MAURICE
Napa Valley Reserve. Cellared a case of it.

MARILYN
Fruity.

They eat and drink in silence. Maurice watches Marilyn eat. Marilyn looks at Maurice, then continues eating.

MAURICE
How's your fish?

MARILYN
Good.
JOEL
This cap...it isn't...?

ED
(nods)
Steve's. He said it brought him good luck. Of course, that was a few movies ago.

Joel looks at the cap.

ED
You're right, Dr. Fleischman. I can't give up. Maybe I just need to think about it some more.

JOEL
(blown away)
Yeah...right...

INT. MAURICE'S HOUSE - DAY

Marilyn sits at one end of the dining room table. Maurice serves her from a platter of whole poached salmon.

MAURICE
The temptation with salmon is to do too much. I just bring the broth to a boil, lay in the fish, turn off the heat and she poaches herself.

Marilyn nods.

MAURICE
Chardonnay?

Maurice pours Marilyn wine then goes and settles at the other end of the table.

MAURICE
Napa Valley Reserve. Cellared a case of it.

MARILYN
Fruity.

They eat and drink in silence. Maurice watches Marilyn eat. Marilyn looks at Maurice, then continues eating.

MAURICE
How's your fish?

MARILYN
Good.

(continuing)
MAURICE (beat)
Cooked enough for you?

Marilyn nods.

MAURICE
I like it on the rare side myself.
(no response)
You know where they serve a nice piece of fish? Little place right over here on Samsuk Bay. What's the name of it?
(no response)
Can't remember. No matter. Nice fat fillet.
(studies Marilyn)
You people don't say much, do you?

Marilyn shrugs. They eat in silence another long beat. Maurice can't stand the silence, plunges ahead.

MAURICE
Y'know, Marilyn, more I investigate this ostrich business, better it looks. The day is not far off when ostrich farming will be as big as the chicken or beef industry. Hell, every part of this animal's marketable -- eggs, feathers, hide, meat. But I'm not concerned with slaughter for the moment. Do you realize, in the past five years, the price for breeding pairs has tripled?

MARILYN
No.

MAURICE
Well, I can assure you it has. And the price has yet to level off. This is an industry poised for takeoff.

MARILYN
I give the eggs away.

MAURICE
You've got a premium product, no question. But it's like anything else in market driven economy. You've got to create the demand. (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
MAURICE (cont’d)
Show me the finest goods in the world, and if you don’t have marketing you don’t have squat. Take for example Beta and VHS video equipment. Betamax? Better sound, better picture. But Sony got the shellac kicked out of it. Why? Marketing. In the business world, it’s ten percent product, ninety percent product perception.

Marilyn listens, eats.

MAURICE
Now, don’t misunderstand me. I’m talking about a fifty-fifty proposition all the way. You’ve got the touch. I’ve got the know-how. An unbeatable combination, I’d say. That is, if you’re interested.

Marilyn
Maybe.

MAURICE
You like money, don’t you?

Marilyn
Everybody likes money.

MAURICE
Amen to that.

They eat and drink.

33 INT. HOLLING’S BAR - DAY

Shelly puts burgers down in front of Ed, Joel and Chris at the counter.

SHELLY
If I was going to make a movie it’d be like the "Terminator." Nobody blows you away like Arnold.

(Arnold-like, to Joel)

‘Hasta la vista baby.’

Shelly moves off.

CHRIS
Kurosawa’s "Roshamonn." The final word on reality. Namely, there isn’t any. Not just one, anyway.
MAURICE (cont’d)
Show me the finest goods in the world, and if you don’t have marketing you don’t have squat. Take for example Beta and VHS video equipment. Betamax? Better sound, better picture. But Sony got the shellac kicked out of it. Why? Marketing. In the business world, it’s ten percent product, ninety percent product perception.

Marilyn listens, eats.

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(Arnold-like, to Joel)

‘Hosta la vista baby.’

Shelly moves off.

CHRIS
Kurosawa’s "Roshamon." The final word on reality. Namely, there isn’t any. Not just one, anyway.
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Show me the finest goods in the world, and if you don’t have marketing you don’t have squat. Take for example Beta and VHS video equipment. Betamax? Better sound, better picture. But Sony got the shellac kicked out of it. Why? Marketing. In the business world, it’s ten percent product, ninety percent product perception.

Marilyn listens, eats.

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Marilyn
Maybe.

MAURICE
You like money, don’t you?

Marilyn
Everybody likes money.

MAURICE
Amen to that.

They eat and drink.

33 INT. HOLLING’S BAR - DAY

Shelly puts burgers down in front of Ed, Joel and Chris at the counter.

SHELLY
If I was going to make a movie it’d be like “Die Hard.” Bruce Willis had all that glass in his feet and he kept on fighting. I get one little sliver and it’s all over.

CHRIS
Kurosawa’s “Roshamon.” The final word on reality. Namely, there isn’t any. Not just one, anyway.

Maggie comes up.
CONTINUED:

Maggie comes up.

(continued)
CHRIS
What's your favorite movie, Maggie?

JOEL
"Rin-Tin-Tin."

MAGGIE
Funny, Fleischman.

The dog jumps up onto Rick's stool.

CHRIS
Looks like you got yourself a friend for life.

MAGGIE
(uncomfortable)
Yeah...

SHELLY
(feeds dog jerky)
He's such a cutie.

MAGGIE
Yeah, well, see, the thing is... (off their looks)
Forget it.

What?

JOEL

MAGGIE
The dog... (glances at Joel, forges ahead)
...the dog is Rick.

Who?

MAGGIE

Rick.

Rick?

CHRIS

Maggie nods. The dog barks.

SHELLY
(to dog)
You are?

No...

(CONTINUED)
SHELLY
What's your favorite movie, Maggie?

JOEL
"Rin-Tin-Tin."

MAGGIE
Funny, Fleischman.

The dog jumps up onto Rick's stool.

CHRIS
Looks like you got yourself a friend for life, Maggie.

MAGGIE
(uncomfortable)
Yeah...

SHELLY
(feeds dog jerky)
He's such a cutie.

MAGGIE
Yeah, well, see, the thing is... (off their looks)
Forget it.

What?

JOEL

MAGGIE
The dog... (glances at Joel, forges ahead)
...the dog is Rick.

Who?

ROBERT

Rick.

CHRIS

Rick?

Maggie nods. The dog barks.

SHELLY
(to dog)
You are?

No...

JOEL

(CONTINUED)
CHRIS

He’s Rick?

MAGGIE

I don’t know how or why, but yes. He is Rick. Rick is he.

JOEL

(matter of fact)

You have completely lost your mind, you realize that, don’t you, O’Connell?

MAGGIE

He does everything Rick does. He knows things only Rick would know.

SHELLY

Maybe he’s Rick’s mother.

Holling comes up.

CHRIS

(to Holling)

Maggie says the dog is Rick.

HOLLING

Is that right?

JOEL

That dog is not Rick! This conversation shouldn’t even be happening!

SHELLY

Well, Dr. Fleischman, he does sit on Rick’s stool and eat Rick’s food.

MAGGIE

Last night, I put on Rick’s favorite tape.

CHRIS

R.E.M. "Green."

MAGGIE

(nods)

He went to the window, like Rick used to do, looked out, and he...he kind of howled along with the song. It sounded just like Rick.

SHELLY

Rick never could carry a tune.

(CONTINUED)
CHRIS
He’s Rick?

MAGGIE
I don’t know how or why, but yes. He is Rick. Rick is he.

JOEL
You have completely lost your mind, you realize that, don’t you, O’Connell?

MAGGIE
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Maybe he’s Rick’s mother.

Holling comes up.

CHRIS
(to Holling)
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MAGGIE
(nods)
He went to the window, like Rick used to do, looked out, and he…he kind of howled along with the song. It sounded just like Rick.

SHELLY
Rick never could carry a tune.

(CONTINUED)
JOEL
You people can't be serious about this!

MAGGIE
(ignoring Joel)
He likes to be scratched on this certain place on his back just like Rick. He won't go near green peppers. So I asked him, straight out, if he was Rick...

JOEL
You asked the dog to tell you whether or not he was Rick?!

MAGGIE
(extremely patient, to Joel)
I said, if you are Rick, bark three times.

SHELLY
Did he?

Maggie gives her a "What can I say?" look. Shelly gasps.

JOEL
This dog is not Rick! People don't become dogs when they die! Dogs are dogs and people are people! That's it! End of story!

SHELLY
He does sort of look like Rick...in a way.

JOEL
Why are you people fostering this delusion? It's such a patently obvious pathology! She's displacing her grief and guilt over Rick's death by anthropomorphizing a dog!

Ed approaches, sits.

CHRIS
Well, Joel, you know, there are many systems of belief that embrace concepts of reincarnation. Buddhism, Hindu, Chipawa.

SHELLY
Ed, you're mostly Indian. Is that Rick?
JOEL
You people can't be serious about this!

MAGGIE
(ignoring Joel)
He likes to be scratched on this certain place on his back just like Rick. He won't go near green peppers. So I asked him, straight out, if he was Rick...

JOEL
You asked the dog to tell you whether or not he was Rick?!

MAGGIE
(exremely patient, to Joel)
I said, if you are Rick, bark three times.

SHELLY
Did he?

Maggie gives her a "What can I say?" look. Shelly gasps.

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He does sort of look like Rick... in a way.

JOEL
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CHRIS
Well, Joel, you know, there are many systems of belief that embrace concepts of reincarnation. Buddhism, Hindu, Chipawa.

SHELLY
Ed, you're mostly Indian. Is that Rick?

(CONTINUED)
Continued:

ED
Dr. Fleishman's right. It's not Rick.

JOEL
Case closed.

ED
Rick wouldn't come back as a mutt. He'd be a Malamute.

JOEL
The dog is not Rick! I am stating categorically and in no uncertain terms as a scientist and as a human being that no dog can come back to earth and be Rick!

The dog lunges out and bites Joel's unbandaged hand.

JOEL
Ow!

SHELLEY
Are you okay, Dr. Fleischman?

JOEL
No, I'm not okay! How could I be okay?! I'm in agony! I've been bitten by a dog! People who have been bitten by wild animals are by definition not okay!

(starts to go)
In New York they'd have that animal on a leash. They'd have it in a cage!

Joel goes out. Holling looks after him.

HOLLING
(to Maggie)
Rick never did warm up to Joel, did he?

INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

From the back of the theater, we see onscreen a dark, moody scene from a black and white movie. A Viking ship has washed up on the rocky shore. A knight lies in the sand, but he's not dead yet. There's a chess set next to him. Waves crash. Toward the front of the empty theater is the silhouette of two men, sharing popcorn. It's Ed and a young boy who looks like a young Woody Allen.

(CONTINUED)
ED
Dr. Fleishman's right. It's not Rick.

JOEL
Case closed.

ED
Rick wouldn't come back as a mutt. He'd be a Malamute.

JOEL
The dog is not Rick! I am stating categorically and in no uncertain terms as a scientist and as a human being that no dog can come back to earth and be Rick!

The dog lunges out and bites Joel's unbandaged hand.

JOEL
Ow!

SHELLY
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JOEL
No, I'm not okay! How could I be okay?! I'm in agony! I've been bitten by a dog! People who have been bitten by wild animals are by definition not okay!

Joel goes out. Holling looks after him.

HOLLING
(to Maggie)
Rick never did warm up to Joel, did he?

34 INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

From the back of the theater, we see onscreen a dark, moody scene from a black and white movie. A Viking ship has washed up on the rocky shore. A knight lies in the sand, but he's not dead yet. There's a chess set next to him. Waves crash.

Toward the front of the empty theater is the silhouette of two men, sharing popcorn. It's Ed and WOODY ALLEN.
CONTINUED:

YOUNG WOODY
Look at that, look at the lowering clouds and the bleak sea. It's so threatening, so hopeless, so completely joyless. It's wonderful, isn't it?

TWO SHOT - WOODY AND ED

watching, Bergman's "Seventh Seal" playing on their faces. They share a box of popcorn.

ED
(rapt)
Yeah.

YOUNG WOODY
Probably he shot in daylight and pushed the film.

ED
(rapt)
Yeah.

YOUNG WOODY
The thing that's so amazing about Bergman, besides all this great, cold, cerebral Swedish guilt, he doesn't try to explain away the apparent meaninglessness of life. His films aren't mere ethical exercises to evoke quietism, nor are they expressions of radical-subjectivism or narcissism, any more than they are wholly negative satires, on the one hand, or optimistic polemics for moral reform, on the other.

ED
(rapt)
Yeah.

Young Woody takes a handful of popcorn, eyes on the screen.

ED
Young Woody?

YOUNG WOODY
Mm?

How will you do it?
WOODY
Look at that, look at the lowering clouds and the bleak sea. It’s so threatening, so hopeless, so completely joyless. It’s wonderful, isn’t it?

35 TWO SHOT - WOODY AND ED

watching, Bergman’s "Seventh Seal" playing on their faces. They share a box of popcorn.

ED
(rapt)
Yeah.

WOODY
Probably he shot in daylight and pushed the film.

ED
(rapt)
Yeah.

WOODY
The thing that’s so amazing about Bergman, besides all this great, cold, cerebral Swedish guilt, he doesn’t try to explain away the apparent meaninglessness of life. His films aren’t mere ethical exercises to evoke quietism, nor are they expressions of radical-subjectivism or narcissism, any more than they are wholly negative satires, on the one hand, or optimistic polemics for moral reform, on the other.

ED
(rapt)
Yeah.

Woody takes a handful of popcorn, eyes on the screen.

ED
Woody?

WOODY
Mm?

ED
How do you do it?

(CONTINUED)
YOUNG WOODY

Do what?

ED

Make movies?

YOUNG WOODY

Me? I'll get an idea, I'll write it down and then I film it. Again and again and again.

ED

You're a perfectionist.

YOUNG WOODY

No, I'm just obsessively compulsive. It's not such a good thing, Ed.

ED

What if you don't get any ideas?

YOUNG WOODY

Well, if nothing comes to mind, I'll do a few homages, one to Bergman here, one to Fellini there.

ED

"Interiors" and "Stardust Memories."

YOUNG WOODY

You saw them?

ED

Of course.

YOUNG WOODY

So, what did you think? No, don't tell me. I hate them too. I hate all my movies even if I haven't done them yet.

ED

You do?

YOUNG WOODY

Well, not hate. Loathe, maybe, despise. But the thing is, think of your movies as documentaries, you can't go wrong.
WOODY

Do what?

ED

Make movies?

WOODY

Me? I get an idea, I write it down and then I film it. Again and again and again.

ED

You're a perfectionist.

WOODY

No, I'm just obsessively compulsive. It's not such a good thing, Ed.

ED

What if you don't get any ideas?

WOODY

If nothing comes to mind I steal from someone else.

ED

You do?

WOODY

It's called an homage. I've done a few homages, one to Bergman here, one to Fellini.

ED

"Interiors" and "Stardust Memories."

WOODY

You saw them?

ED

Of course.

WOODY

So, what did you think? No, don't tell me. I hate them too. I hate all my movies.

ED

You do?

WOODY

Well, not hate. Loathe, maybe, despise. But the thing is, think of your movies as documentaries, you can't go wrong.
You mean like on PBS, "Sea Turtles, the Ancient Nomads?"

Well, yeah, but capture the animals you see around you, namely human ones. Because all we are, basically, is monkeys with car keys.

Huh.

All a filmmaker can do is show what it's like to be alive at a certain place and time. And it'll be different from anybody else's movie. My movie will not look like Fellini's movie and or Bergman's movie...or your movie.

(reverent)
My movie.

(re onscreen movie)
Ssh. Here's Death.
(off screen)
My Aunt Ceil has a dress just like that.

They watch the movie, share the popcorn.
ED
You mean like on PBS, "Sea Turtles, the Ancient Nomads?"

WOODY
Well, yeah, but capture the animals you see around you, namely human ones. Because all we are, basically, is monkeys with car keys.

ED
Huh.

WOODY
All a filmmaker can do is show what it's like to be alive at a certain place and time. And it'll be different from anybody else's movie. My movie will not look like Fellini's movie and or Bergman's movie...or your movie.

ED
(reverent)
My movie.

WOODY
(re onscreen movie)
Ssh. Here's Death.
(off screen)
My Aunt Ceil has a dress just like that.

They watch the movie, share the popcorn.

36 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Joel walks down the sidewalk in front of the movie theater, both hands now wrapped in bandages. Maggie rounds a corner. Joel is not happy to see the dog.

MAGGIE
Listen, Fleischman, I'm really sorry...

JOEL
(hands up)
Just back up a couple steps, O'Connell.

(CONTINUED)
37 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Ed comes out of the movie theater, stops in front of the display, a one-sheet of "Seventh Seal." He lets his eyes adjust to the light of day. Then --

38 HIS POV MAIN STREET

Marilyn and Maurice approach at some distance, Maurice holding forth, Marilyn listening with interest.
MAGGIE  
(to dog)  
Back, Rick. Good boy.  
(to Joel)  
You two never did get along.

JOEL  
That dog is not Rick. That is a  
viscious, unpredictable, dangerous  
animal and it should be on a leash.  
In New York, it would be on a leash.  
In New York, they have leash laws.  
In New York they would put this dog  
in a cage. They would put it to  
sleep!

The dog snarls.

MAGGIE  
I’d cut it out if I were you, you’re  
getting him all worked up again.

JOEL  
(hushed voice,  
ultra-reasonable)  
Look, just back him up and I’ll go  
right over here and you keep him  
there and everybody will be just  
fine...

The dog’s snarling intensifies.

JOEL  
Stop him!

MAGGIE  
RICK! SIT!

The dog whines and sits. Joel glares at Maggie. Then they  
walk on in opposite directions.

ED  
comes out of the movie theater, stops in front of the  
display, a one-sheet of "Seventh Seal." He lets his eyes  
adjust to the light of day. Then --

HIS POV MAIN STREET  
Marilyn and Maurice approach at some distance, Maurice  
holding f-.th, Marilyn listening with interest.
head cocked as he watches, really seeing, seeing them as if for the first time.

as Marilyn and Maurice come closer. He can hear the conversation now.

MAURICE
-- The big decision then is do you remain a privately held concern, or should you incorporate. Either way, there's upsides and downsides. Biggest advantage to incorporation, you decrease your liability, which with this kind of product, is not a small consideration.

Marilyn
Mm-hm.

to include Ed as they pass. His eyes stay on them.

watching the odd couple walk away, Maurice continuing to hold forth --

MAURICE
On the other hand, with a fledgling business, do you really want to put upfront money into legal fees and costs of incorporation...?

-- until his voice is out of range. We stay on their retreating figures a beat, then --

a small smile forming on his face as he watches them go.

Maggie prunes her bushes. The dog chews a large bone.

Maggie
(to herself)
Do you cut below the apical maristem...
MAGGIE
...or above it...?

RICK'S VOICE
(o.c.)

Above.

MAGGIE
(smiles, keeps working)
C'mon, Rick. You keep changing the rules just to confuse me.
(stops cold, realizing)
Rick?!

She wheels, looks around. All she sees is the dog.

MAGGIE
I did hear what I just heard, didn't I?

The dog stops chewing and looks at her.

DOG
(with Rick's voice)
You did.

Maggie leaps back against the bush. The dog comes over.

DOG
It's all right, Maggie.

MAGGIE
So it is you. And you can talk.

DOG
Of course, silly.

Maggie's eyes search the Malamute's face.

MAGGIE
But how...how did you get here? And where were you before?

DOG
You want me to answer that in one sentence?

MAGGIE
Well, okay, but...why?

DOG
I didn't think it was fair to leave you for eternity. I mean, we still have alot of unfinished business.

(CONTINUED)
MAGGIE
Oh, Rick. I wanted to apologize about the FAA thing. I'm sorry I flunked you.

DOG
Hey, it was a tough call and I respect your decision. So I lost my pilot's license, my livelihood. I don't hold a grudge. You know, stuff happens.

MAGGIE
Yeah, right.

DOG
You know about the woman in Juneau.

MAGGIE
And Barrow. And Nome.

DOG
Hey, look...you're not perfect, I'm not perfect...

MAGGIE
But I don't want to talk about the past anymore. You're here now. We're together. That's all that matters.

The dog licks her face.

INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT
Maggie smiles in her sleep.

MAGGIE
Oh, Rick...

She awakens with a start, peers over the side of the bed. The Malamute sleeps.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN

47 EXT. MAIN STREET - MORNING

ON CHRIS

in the window at KBHR, broadcasting.

CHRIS

(on air)

This is Chris-in-the-Morning on
KBHR, and it's time once again,
Cicely, time to rise and shine and
give God your glory glory... Couple
billboard notes to start our
engines...

48 VARIOUS SHOTS

of an awakening town, including --

49 RUTH-ANNE

turns her CLOSED sign to OPEN.

50 HOLLING

sweeps dirt out of the bar.

51 ED

with his Camcorder, films his own feet walking.

CHRIS

(v.o.)

...Tom Peets, you can go home.
Carla feels better now. She says to
pick up a tube of Elmers at
Ruth-Anne's, she'll glue together
your Fiestaware good as new.
Another item, and this'll be the
last call, to the owner of a found
mutt...

52 INT. MAGGIE'S LIVINGROOM - MORNING

ON RADIO

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

CHRIS
(v.o.)
...answers to the name of Rick:
Even if you don't want the dog,
please come forward.

In b.g. Maggie comes out of the bedroom, tying on her robe,
heading sleepily for the kitchen to make coffee.

CHRIS
(v.o.)
There's some people here curious to
see his papers.

THE DOG
pads out of the bedroom. Stops, stretches. First the front
legs, then the back.

CHRIS
Maggie, if you're listening, here's
a tune especially for you...

MUSIC plays over. The dog paws the fridge.

MAGGIE
Right. You want breakfast.

Maggie looks inside the fridge.

MAGGIE
I think there's still one in here
somewhere. Aha.

She gets out a bottle of beer.

MAGGIE
Narragansett. No one drinks this
stuff but you, if you are you.

She opens it.

MAGGIE
I never understood how a grown man
could fuel an entire day on a bottle
of beer and a handful of sunflower
seeds.

She looks at the dog, the bottle.

MAGGIE
I guess you'll need a bowl for this.

(CONTINUED)
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Even if you don’t want the dog,
please come forward.

In b.g. Maggie comes out of the bedroom, tying on her robe,
heading sleepily for the kitchen to make coffee.

CHRIS
(v.o.)
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see his papers.

53 THE DOG
pads out of the bedroom. Stops, stretches. First the front
legs, then the back.

CHRIS
Maggie, if you’re listening, here’s
a tune especially for you...

MUSIC plays over, maybe Blood, Sweat and Tears, "Living with
the Animals." The dog paws the fridge.

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She looks at the dog, the bottle.

MAGGIE
I guess you’ll need a bowl for this.

( CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Maggie pours some beer into a bowl, sets it down. The dog laps it up. She's about to give him a refill when --

MAGGIE
No! Look at me, waiting on you hand and foot! Boy, isn't this just like you?!

THE DOG

MAGGIE
You waltz back in here and turn on the charm like nothing ever happened.

THE DOG

MAGGIE
What do you think you're doing? Why did you come back?

THE DOG

MAGGIE
Well, you can just forget it. There's been too much water under the bridge. I've had time to think, sort things through. Sure, I blamed myself at first. I thought it was something I did, or didn't do, that made you run around on me.

THE DOG

MAGGIE
But it wasn't me, Rick! It was you!

THE DOG

d (CONTINUED)
MAGGIE
You had your chance and you blew it!
You hurt me! And frankly? Bottom line? I’m not going to let it happen again!

Maggie flings open the front door.

MAGGIE
Out! Go on, get out!

THE DOG
wears a soulful expression.

MAGGIE
Don’t try that look on me! It’s not going to work this time! Go! You heard me! Scat!

THE DOG
pleads with his eyes.

MAGGIE
is stony.

THE DOG
slinks away.

MAGGIE
shuts the door after him, angry and upset.

Marilyn sits among the ostriches, knitting. Maurice and Chris get out of the Caddy and come over. Maurice carries a large cardboard cutout.

MAURICE
How do, Marilyn. Just thought I’d give Chris the grand tour.

CHRIS
Hey, Marilyn.

(Continued)
MARILYN

Hey.

MAURICE

See here, Chris. Ratite ranching, the fresh water fish farming of the nineties. Fella down in Oklahoma, he’s realizing a million bucks a year from his herd.

CHRIS

I draw the line at eating flightless birds, Maurice. I feel too close to being one myself.

MAURICE

You need to develop more of a stomach for commerce, son. You know what these babies go for? Conservatively, fifty g’s a pair. That’s more than you’d pay for prize bull semen. How about it, Marilyn, what’s the good word?

MARILYN

We got two more.

Maurice takes a giant egg out of the bin.

MAURICE

Lookee here, Chris. You gonna tell me this isn’t a gold mine?

CHRIS

Wow. Okay, I’m impressed.

MARILYN

That’s it for today.

MAURICE

Hold your horses, there, Marilyn. Something I want to show you.

Maurice sets the cardboard thing upright. Marilyn looks at it.

MARILYN

That’s me.

MAURICE

Exactly. A way for us to step up production. No sense these critters standing idle just because you’re not here.

(CONTINUED)
Maurice starts setting up the cutout. The ostriches, Marilyn and Chris watch.

MARILYN
I have to go. Doctor Fleischman’s lancing a boil.

MAURICE
You run right ahead. I’ll mind the store. Chris, why don’t you throw some feed out? Y’know, in Switzerland this meat is considered a delicacy.

Marilyn goes. Chris heads for the feed. Maurice continues his work. The birds edge away.

INT. ED’S ROOM - DAY - CLOSE ON TV

A black and white movie on the vcr. It’s that rocky beach again. Max von Sydow prays in the weird dusk light. The chess set sits on the rocks. The waves crash. A figure in a black cowl and white face appears. Max speaks to him in Swedish. An English subtitle appears. It says, "Who are you." We HEAR in English --

ED
(O.C.)
"Who are you?"

We see the man in the black outfit. He also speaks Swedish. Another subtitle appears: "I am Death."

ED
(O.C.)
"I am Death."

The knight asks a question. A subtitle appears: "Have you come for me?"

ED
(O.C.)
"Have you come for me?"

Death smiles and speaks. A subtitle appears: "I have been a long time at your side."

ED
(O.C.)
"I have been a long time at your side."
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ED
(O.C.)
"I have been a long time at your side."
66 ANGLE - ED

at work at his desk, editing his film. His back is the the tv, visible in b.g. Ed recites the subtitles verbatim as they appear, though he can’t see the screen.

   ED
   "That I know."
   (beat)
   "Are you prepared."
   (beat)
   "My body is, but I am not."
   (beat)
   "Wait a minute."
   (beat)
   "You all say that...but I grant no reprieves."

Ed peers in at his monitors. He makes a cut with his joy stick. He is a picture of involved contentment.

   ED
   "You play chess, don’t you?"

67 INT. JOEL’S WAITINGROOM - DAY

Marilyn sits at her desk, leafing through a BMW brochure. Two INDIANS, JERRY and CROW FLIES STRAIGHT are there, too. Jerry has the "Wall Street Journal."

   JERRY THE INDIAN
   Telefonos de Mexico looks good.

   CROW FLIES STRAIGHT
   What did it close at?

   JERRY THE INDIAN
   Three dollars and forty cents, up one and a third.
   (to Marilyn)
   What are you leaning toward?

   MARILYN
   Condos in Aspen.

   JERRY THE INDIAN
   Can’t go wrong with real estate.

   (CONTINUED)
at work at his desk, editing his film. His back is the tv, visible in b.g. Ed recites the subtitles verbatim as they appear, though he can't see the screen.

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(beat)
"Are you prepared."
(beat)
"My body is, but I am not."
(beat)
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(to Marilyn)
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MARILYN
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JERRY THE INDIAN
Can't go wrong with real estate.

Joel, bandages on his hands, sees a LOGGER out of the examining room. The man has a large bandage on his face.

JOEL
(to logger)
Come back in three days, we'll take out the stitches. And, Leslie, in
(MORE)
(CONTINUED)
Joel enters.

JERRY THE INDIAN
Morning, Dr. Fleischman.

CROW FLIES STRAIGHT
Doctor.

JOEL
Jerry. Crow Flies Straight. Let me ask you people something. What do you think about dogs?

JERRY THE INDIAN
I enjoy them.

CROW FLIES STRAIGHT
If cooked properly.

JOEL
You’re kidding, right?

CROW FLIES STRAIGHT
Particularly this part here, above the withers.

JOEL
No. I mean... really? You mean you...? Well, why not? It’s all just a cultural bias anyway. They’re really just pigs with fur... But what I want to know, in terms of Rick, what do you think? Do you think it’s possible that Rick somehow got inside that dog?

JERRY THE INDIAN
Well, much is written in Indian lore.

CROW FLIES STRAIGHT
The souls of the dead often appear in the guise of the wolf, both in dreams and in reality.

JERRY THE INDIAN
Especially when they leave unresolved issues on earth.

(CONTINUED)
the future when you chop wood, the idea is to hold the ax blade-side-out.

The logger nods and goes out.

JOEL (cont’d)

JERRY THE INDIAN
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CROW FLIES STRAIGHT
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JERRY THE INDIAN
Especially when they leave unresolved issues on earth.
JOEL
So is the Malamute Rick, or is it... Memorex?

JERRY THE INDIAN
Now that I can't say. There hasn't been much documentation about dogs per se.

Crown Flies Straight and Marilyn concur.

JOEL
Huh.
(beat)
Well, come on in, Jerry. Let's see about that boil.

Joel ushers Jerry into his office.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Maggie is vacuuming. Her mood is blue.

The vacuum cleaner strikes a hard object under the couch. Maggie reaches in to retrieve it. She brings out a large bone, turns off the vacuum. She sits on the couch, turning the bone over in her hand, wistful. She misses that dog. She gets up to throw the bone away. She thinks she hears something. She listens. Nothing. She listens again. Now she does hear something - a definite SCRATCHING at the door. She goes to the window, looks out. Her face lights up. She rushes to the door, throws it open.

MAGGIE
Rick!

THE DOG
stands with a bunch of longstemmed wildflowers in his mouth.

DOG'S POV MAGGIE
who takes the flowers, clearly touched.

MAGGIE
Oh, Rick!

She steps aside. The dog goes in. She shuts the door.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE
Joel

Joel

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END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN

71 EXT. MEADOW - SOFT FOCUS - DAY

Lush, romantic classical music PLAYS OVER as Maggie and the dog loll on a picnic blanket set with wine, turkey carcass, baguette.

72 MAGGIE

in a flowery summer dress, gazes at the dog.

73 THE DOG

lies nearby, panting and looking at nothing in particular.

74 MAGGIE

languidly holds out her hand.

75 THE DOG

gets to its feet and comes over.

76 MAGGIE

props herself on an elbow and peels a strip of meat off the turkey.

77 THE DOG

licks his chops.

78 MAGGIE

tosses him the meat.

79 THE DOG

snaps it up mid-air.
laughs delightedly. She peels off another piece of meat. This time, she lets the dog take it out of her hand, lick her fingers. She smiles. Maggie takes a sip of wine. The dog nuzzles her neck. She laughs and scratches the dog behind the ears. They wrestle playfully on the blanket. Maggie grabs a frisbee, gets to her feet and scampers off with a coquettish, "chase me" smile. The dog pursues her. She flings the frisbee into the air. They run in SLO MO -- "ELVIRA MADIGAN" music playing.

EXT. MARILYN'S YARD - DAY

Marilyn sweeps the ostrich pen. Maurice comes up.

MAURICE
Marilyn, great news. The Anchorage Times is doing an article on us. Photos, everything, Sunday feature, you and me with the eggs.

MARILYN
It's not a good idea.

MAURICE
It's pr, Marilyn, part of the game plan. Anchorage Times, Newsweek, CNN.

Sweeping is Marilyn's answer. Maurice looks in the egg bin. He picks up a small egg.

MAURICE
You raising chickens, too?

MARILYN
No.

MAURICE
Well, what happened? It looks like a prune pit. We got a problem here, Marilyn?

MARILYN
Uh-huh.

MAURICE
Well, do you know what's the matter with them?

MARILYN
You. (CONTINUED)
MAURICE
Me?
(beat)
Me?

MARILYN
They don't like you.

MAURICE
What'd I do?

MARILYN
You make them nervous.

MAURICE
They got brains the size of bee-bee's! Which one is it?

MARILYN
All of them.

MAURICE
Well, fine, then, let 'em pay for their own food and water. Let 'em work for a living, put 'em on the first plane back to Africa. This is business. They don't like me, I didn't ask them to like me.

MARILYN
We better forget it.

MAURICE
What, you're gonna turn your back on a multimillion dollar venture because of a couple of rotten apples? Okay, if that's the way they want to play it, I can take the hint. You babysit 'em, I'll hold up my end.

MARILYN
It's not going to work.

MAURICE
We're experiencing a minor setback, Marilyn, nothing more.

Marilyn hands Maurice the cardboard cutout.

MAURICE
You don't want to sleep on it, see how everybody feels in the morning?

Marilyn shakes her head. Maurice gives the ostriches one last look, then goes. Marilyn watches him go. So do the ostriches. Marilyn resumes sweeping.
MAURICE
Me?
(beat)
Me?

MARILYN
They don’t like you.

MAURICE
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Joel sits at the counter, nursing a beer between his bandaged hands. Maggie comes in, whistling a tune.

MAGGIE
Hey, Fleischman.

JOEL
What's the matter with you, O'Connell? You're so...I don't know...preternaturally cheery.

MAGGIE
I can't remember when I've had a nicer day. We went for a picnic, walked in the woods...

JOEL
Who? Wait, you don't mean you and...?

Maggie nods, smiles.

JOEL
(looks around, fearful)
Where is he, anyway?

MAGGIE
In my truck sleeping. Poor guy was all tuckered out.

Shelly comes up.

SHELLY
Hi, Maggie. What can I do you for?

MAGGIE
Two coffees to go, one no sugar, and one burger very rare, hold the bun. Better yet, don't cook it at all.

Shelly moves off.

JOEL
Don't you think you're spending an awful lot of time with that dog?

MAGGIE
Do I detect a note of jealousy, Fleischman?

(CONTINUED)
Joel sits at the counter, nursing a beer between his bandaged hands. Maggie comes in, cheerful.

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Hey, Fleischman. How ya doin'?

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Shelly moves off.

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Don't you think you're spending an awful lot of time with that dog?

MAGGIE
Do I detect a note of jealousy, Fleischman?

(continues)
JOEL
Me, jealous of a dog?! I'm just trying to point out that it's unhealthy, unbalanced, not to mention disgusting for a grown woman to take on a dog as her life's partner, even if it is Rick, which it isn't, unless, of course, we're talking about in the kind of beastiality flick usually shown to men in raincoats on Times Square.

MAGGIE
You would see things that way.

JOEL
Look, I know you've been lonely, you miss Rick.

MAGGIE
I've never been happier in my life.

JOEL
He's a dog!

MAGGIE
Will you stop saying that!

JOEL
He's not a dog?

MAGGIE
Love comes in many forms, Fleischman. You can't put relationships in a box. All I know is how I feel when I'm with him.

JOEL
Which is?

MAGGIE
Content, comfortable and happy.

JOEL
Happy?

MAGGIE
Rick's changed. Death has really brought out the best in him. He's got a wonderful disposition now. He makes me laugh.

JOEL
And he doesn't pee on the carpet.

(CONTINUED)
Shelly arrives with food to go.

SHELLY
Here you go.

MAGGIE
Thanks, Shelly.

JOEL
Send me an invitation to the wedding.

MAGGIE
Fleischman, even you cannot bring me down today.

SHELLY
Whose wedding?

JOEL
Maggie and the dog.

SHELLY
Congratulations! I love weddings!

Shelly moves off. Maggie puts money on the counter and goes. Joel puts his head in his bandaged hands. Maurice comes in and sits down next to him.

MAURICE
Afternoon, Fleischman.

JOEL
(peeking out)
Maurice.

MAURICE
Mind if I ask you something?

JOEL
As long as it doesn't involve transmogrification.

MAURICE
What do you think of me?

JOEL
Could you be a little more specific?

MAURICE
Do you think of me as a kind person?

JOEL
Kind? No...
MAURICE
Well, you know. A good person? A well-meaning person?

JOEL
Keep going.

MAURICE
Well, do I strike you as a person with a hidden agenda, a person who means harm?

JOEL
There's nothing hidden about your agendas, Maurice.

MAURICE
Of course, animals can often sense things that are all-but-invisible to homo sapiens. You know, the way dogs can hear high-pitched sounds we humans are deaf to, or the way elephants communicate over long distance using a low frequency.

JOEL
Elephants? They do that?

MAURICE
You ever have a pet, Joel?

JOEL
No.

MAURICE
Me neither. Oh, I've had my share of hunting dogs, but they weren't pets, they were...

JOEL
Employees.

MAURICE
That's it.

JOEL
Actually, I lied. I did have a turtle once, Jimmy.

MAURICE
What happened to him?
JOEL
Died. I buried it under the terrace. We lived on the second floor and there was this place in the dirt.

MAURICE
Did you ever consider it a sign of something lacking... in yourself?

JOEL
That turtle liked me. Used to poke its little head right out of its shell when I came home from school. I don’t know why dogs don’t like me. Maybe they feel I judge them.

MAURICE
I had this one yellow lab bitch, she had a nose sharp as a Tomahawk cruise missile.

JOEL
... But the truth is I think they’re judging me. They can tell I’m afraid. It’s worse when I try and fake it.

MAURICE
When I took aim, that lab used to watch me out of the corner of her eye. Never once got a clean kill if she was anywhere around.

We HEAR O.C. the CLANG of a spoon on a glass.

ED
(O.C.)
Uh, excuse me, everybody?

83 ED
stands with spoon and glass. Everyone settles down.

ED
I wanted to invite you all to the opening of my movie. It’s tonight. It’s at the movie theater at eight o’clock. Admission is free. (beat, thinks) That’s it.

Ed thinks a beat, then he goes.
JOEL
Died. I buried it under the terrace. We lived on the second floor and there was this place in the dirt.

MAURICE
Did you ever consider it a sign of something lacking... in yourself?

JOEL
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(beat, thinks)
That's it.

Ed thinks a beat, then he goes.
Maggie is pruning her bushes. A pickup truck pulls up. A FOXY GIRL, about Maggie's age, gets out, comes up the walk.

FOXY GIRL
Hi. Are you Maggie O'Connell?

MAGGIE
Yes.

FOXY GIRL
I'm looking for my dog.

MAGGIE
Your dog?

FOXY GIRL
I heard a thing on the radio...

MAGGIE
Oh. Oh, right...

FOXY GIRL
Where is he? Don't tell me he took off again.

MAGGIE
I don't think so. He was just...

Just then the dog trots around the corner of the house. The dog sees the girl and stops short.

FOXY GIRL
There he is! Butch!

MAGGIE
Butch?

The dog trots obediently over. The girl kneels down and lavishes the dog with attention.

FOXY GIRL
You sweet baby thing. Mama missed you.

MAGGIE
You're sure that's your dog?
FOXY GIRL
I never know where I’ll find him. I spend half my time chasing after him. He’s such a mooch! But he’s a charmer, isn’t he?

MAGGIE
A mooch, yeah.

FOXY GIRL
He’s got a faithless heart and a wandering soul, but I love him anyway.

MAGGIE
Well, you can have him.

FOXY GIRL
I better hit the road. We’ve got a four hundred mile ride back to Soldatna. Listen, thanks a lot.
(to dog)
Come on, loverboy, let’s go home.

The foxy girl goes back to her car. The dog trots after her, tail wagging.

FOXY GIRL
...seems embarrassed by all the attention.

The dog and girl get into the truck—and go. Maggie picks up her pruning shears and attacks the bush.

RUTH-ANNE’S STORE — DUSK
Ruth-Anne fills Joel’s order at the counter.

RUTH-ANNE
Sorry, Joel. There was a big rush on Gummy Bears today.

JOEL
Milk Duds’ll do it. A movie isn’t a movie without sugar shock.
CONTINUED:

FOXY GIRL
I never know where I’ll find him. I spend half my time chasing after him. He’s such a mooch! But he’s a charmer, isn’t he?

MAGGIE
A mooch, yeah.

seems embarrassed by all the attention.

FOXY GIRL
He’s got a faithless heart and a wandering soul, but I love him anyway.

MAGGIE
Well, you can have him.

FOXY GIRL
I better hit the road. We’ve got a four hundred mile ride back to Katchikan. Listen, thanks a lot. (to dog) Come on, loverboy, let’s go home.

The foxy girl goes back to her car. The dog trots after her, tail wagging.

stops, looks back at Maggie, whines, gives a soulful look.

MAGGIE
Yeah, right.

The dog and girl get into the truck and go. Maggie picks up her pruning shears and attacks the bush.

INT. RUTH-ANNE’S STORE – EVENING

Ruth-Anne fills Joel’s order at the counter.

RUTH-ANNE
Sorry, Joel. There was a big rush on Gummy Bears today.

JOEL
Milk Duds’ll do it. A movie isn’t a movie without sugar shock.

(CONTINUED)
Maggie appears from behind the shelves. She holds up a bag and puts some money on the counter.

MAGGIE
Popcorn.

JOEL
Evening, O'Connell. What, no Bon Bons for the pooch?

MAGGIE
Drop dead. Thanks, Ruth-Anne.

Maggie heads away. Joel follows.

RUTH-ANNE
Don't let Ed start without me.

Maggie comes out. Joel hesitates at the doorway.

MAGGIE
You can come out now, Fleischman. The "pooch" is gone.

JOEL
(looks around)
Gone?

Really?

Maggie heads away. Joel ventures out, catches up with her.

as they head for the movie theater.

JOEL
Where'd he go?

MAGGIE
If you must know, Fleischman, his owner came and got him. And I don't want to hear anymore jokes about it.

JOEL
Oh. Okay. Sorry.

MAGGIE
Too bad you missed her. She was gorgeous.
JOEL
Rick always did have an eye for the ladies.

Maggie stops and faces Joel.

MAGGIE
Okay, so what, Fleischman? Maybe you were right -- and I know how important it is to you to be right about everything -- maybe I did have some leftover things about Rick to work out. And maybe I worked it out with a dog, okay? What's it to you?

Maggie heads away, stops.

MAGGIE
And for your information, you sceptical, rational, empirical know-it-all, the dog was Rick.

She continues on, leaving him there thinking a beat. Then --

JOEL
(nodding, to himself)
Right.

91 TRACKING JOEL

92 EXT. MOVIE THEATER

On the movie marquee, "An Ed Chigliak Film." Ed stands at the entrance, greeting townspeople as they file into the theater. Joel goes inside.

93 INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Everyone settles in, including Shelly and Holling, Marilyn and Chris, Maurice, Joel and Maggie and finally Ruth-Anne.

Ed goes to the front of the theater. He takes a deep breath, gathers his thoughts a good beat.

ED
Thank you for coming. Here's my movie.

Ed signals to the rear of the theater.
JOEL

Rick always did have an eye for the ladies.

Maggie stops and faces Joel.

MAGGIE

Okay, so what, Fleischman? Maybe you were right -- and I know how important it is to you to be right about everything -- maybe I did have some leftover things about Rick to work out. And maybe I worked it out with a dog, okay? What's it to you?

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JOEL

(nodding, to himself)

Right.

---

91 TRACKING JOEL

as he continues on to --

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Ed goes to the front of the theater. He takes a deep breath, gathers his thoughts a good beat.

ED

Here's my movie.

Ed signals to the rear of the theater.
Marilyn hits the lights. The room goes dark.

Ed watches the screen from the sidelines. He swallows hard.

A new card says, "With thanks to Woody, Marty, Steven, Francis, Carmine and Doctor Fleischman."

The film begins. It is in black and white. The narrator is Ed.

Ed's POV - His feet walking down the Cicely sidewalk.

Ed (V.O.)
Earth, that's my home. Gravity keeps me from falling out into space. I can only be in one place at one time.

Int. Theater - Maurice looks mystified.

Chris smiles in appreciation.

Ed (V.O.)
For the nearly twenty years I've been on Earth, that place is Cicely, Alaska.
The room goes dark.

ED (V.O.)

Earth, that’s my home. Gravity keeps me from falling out into space. I can only be in one place at one time.

The film begins. It is in black and white. The narrator is Ed.

ED’s POV – HIS FEET WALKING
down the Cicely sidewalk.

ED
(V.O.)
Earth, that’s my home. Gravity keeps me from falling out into space. I can only be in one place at one time.

INT. THEATER – MAURICE
looks mystified.

CHRIS

smiles in appreciation.

ED
(V.O.)
For the nearly twenty years I’ve been on Earth, that place is Cicely, Alaska.
94 MARILYN

hits the lights. The room goes dark.

95 ONSCREEN

The film comes up. On a black card in white letters: "An Ed Chigliak Movie." On the next card: "Written and Directed by Ed Chigliak."

96 ED

watches the screen from the sidelines. He swallows hard.

97 ONSCREEN

a new card says, "With thanks to Woody, Marty, Steven, Francis and Carmine."

The film begins. It is in black and white. The narrator is Ed.

98 ED’S POV - HIS FEET WALKING

down the Cicely sidewalk.

ED

(V.O.)
Earth, that's my home. Gravity keeps me from falling out into space. I can only be in one place at one time.

99 INT. THEATER - MAURICE

looks mystified.

100 CHRIS

smiles in appreciation.

101 ONSCREEN - FEET WALKING

ED

(V.O.)
For the nearly twenty years I've been on Earth, that place is Cicely, Alaska.
102 PAN UP TO - CICELY MAIN STREET
nothing in particular going on.

ED
(V.O.)
This is Cicely.

103 PAN UP AND DOWN MAIN STREET

ED
(V.O.)
Population about eight-hundred and thirty nine.

104 ONSCREEN - JOEL
in his office, gives a newborn a vaccination.

ED
(V.O.)
Make that eight-hundred and forty.

105 INT. THEATER - JOEL
is pleased. Audience AD LIBS "Hey, there's you, Joel,"
"There's Dr. Fleischman," etc.

106 ONSCREEN
the baby cries. Joel hands it over to the mother, shoos the
camera away.

ED
(V.O.)
In Cicely, there's a gas station...

107 GAS STATION
a kid puts air in his bicycle tire.

ED
(V.O.)
...a barbershop...

108 BARBERSHOP
Through the window, we see the barber cutting an old lady's
hair. We see Maurice walking down the sidewalk.
INT. THEATER - MAGGIE

watches the movie, eyes welling up.

JOEL

sees her starting to cry. He offers her some popcorn. She

nods, takes some.

ONSCREEN - CHRIS

comes out of the radio station. He hands Maggie a frisbee.
He points at Ed, waves at the camera. So does Maggie.

ED

(V.O.)
Things are always the same in
Cicely, but something new is always
happening.

INT. THEATER - CHRIS

smiles. He looks to the sidelines at Ed.

PUSH IN ON ED

watching his film.

ED

(V.O.)
You want to wake up each morning
just to find out what will happen
today...

FADE OUT

THE END