NORTHERN EXPOSURE - "Horns"

CAST

REGULARS
JOEL FLEISCHMAN
MAGGIE O'CONNELL
MAURICE MINNIFIELD
HOLLING VINCOEUR
SHELLY TAMBO
CHRIS STEVENS
ED CHIGLIAK
RUTH-ANNE MILLER
MARILYN WHIRLWIND

GUEST CAST
PHILLIP CAPRA
MICHELLE CAPRA
PETE GILLIAM
BERTRAND MONTPELIER
HAYDEN KEYES
EUGENE
BARBARA SEMANSKI
CAL INGRAHAM
MARSHA
INTERIORS
CICELY WATER, INC. - OFFICE
PHIL'S OFFICE - EXAM ROOM
       - WAITING ROOM
       - INNER OFFICE
CAPRAS' CABIN
STORAGE SHED
BRICK
ED'S APARTMENT
MAURICE'S HOUSE
GREENHOUSE
SOURDOUGH INN - JOEL'S ROOM
VINCIEUR APARTMENT
RUTH-ANNE'S STORE
RUTH-ANNE'S BASEMENT
TUNNEL
CHURCH
POLICE CRUISER
MAURICE'S OFFICE
RADIO STATION
BARN

EXTERIORS
MANONASH VILLAGE
CICELY WATER, INC.
ED'S APARTMENT
WOODS
PLAYGROUND
PHIL'S OFFICE
AIRPORT
RIVERBANK
BARN
POLICE CRUISER
ROAD
"Horns"

PROLOGUE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. MANONASH - DAY

Anchorage bureaucrat PETE GILLIAM, in business suit with attache case, walks through the village, ignoring stares. He approaches a bearded man skinning a caribou.

GILLIAM
(squints)
Joel?

JOEL turns, bloody knife in hand, stares calmly.

GILLIAM
(hearty smile)
My god, it's good to see you.
(extends hand)
Pete Gilliam.

Joel doesn't shake.

GILLIAM
State of Alaska? We had a pow-wow in my office five years ago, set you up in Cicely.

JOEL
(recalling, as if from another life)
Gilliam...

GILLIAM
(of caribou)
Some animal. I keep meaning to get into hunting...Why I'm here, Joel. Great news. Remember that extra year we tacked onto your contract? Well, guess what? We goofed.

Joel stares.

GILLIAM
There was a test case in North Dakota last year -- very similar circumstances to yours, and the judge ruled that mid-contract extensions like yours are illegal.

JOEL
Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GILLIAM
We blew it. Plain and simple. Innocent mistake, but nevertheless... Let me be the first to congratulate you.

(off Joel)
You're a free man, my friend. In fact, technically you've been free since September seventeenth. Naturally, we recognize this means you've been working several months without a contract, but I managed to shake loose a compensation check in the amount of twelve hundred dollars if you'll simply sign this release absolving the State of Alaska or any of its assigns from any wrongdoing...

He extends clipboard and pen. Joel takes it, considers.

GILLIAM
What do you say, Joel?

JOEL
Well, Pete, I could say twelve hundred dollars is a ridiculous offer under the circumstances.

Gilliam's smile fades.

JOEL
I could say I'm extremely angry, but it's more like I'm observing myself being angry...

(calming himself)
I'm on a boat, I see myself on shore being angry, but now my boat is sailing away, the figure's getting smaller, I can't see him anymore...

Joel signs, returns the clipboard. Gilliam hands over the check.

GILLIAM
Hey, give my regards to Broadway.

OFF Joel, a smile dawning. He's going home...

FADE OUT

END OF PROLOGUE
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. CICELY WATER, INC. - NIGHT

Establishing the newly-completed water processing plant. Trucks stacked with 5-gallon bottles drive past a smartly painted sign and logo -- "Cicely Water; The Taste of Time; Another Minnfield Enterprises Company."

INT. CICELY WATER, INC. - OFFICE - NIGHT

Frenchman BERTRAND MONTEPLIER, 45, chief engineer, sits anxiously at his desk, holding a phone that RINGS at the other end. A fellow worker walks by his window, waves goodnight. Bertrand puts on a bluff smile, waves back, stares at the 1.5 liter bottle of Cicely Water on his desk. There's a CLICK at the other end of the line.

MARIE (O.S.)

Hello?

The following conversation is conducted entirely in French with English subtitles.

BERTRAND

Marie?

MARIE (O.S.)

Bertrand, is that you?

BERTRAND

Yes, it's me.

MARIE (O.S.)

What is it? You sound terrible.

BERTRAND

(tears flowing)

Oh, Marie, I miss you so much. The children, how are the children?

MARIE (O.S.)

They're fine. Bertrand, what's wrong?

BERTRAND

I'm afraid. I'm so afraid, Marie.

MARIE (O.S.)

Afraid of what?

BERTRAND

(shaken; clutching bottle)

The water... There's something terribly wrong with the water...
HAYDEN KEYES, wearing his hat and a hospital gown, sits on the examining table with his back to camera as PHIL takes a final look at his groin.

PHIL
Okay, you can get dressed, Hayden.

Hayden hops down, gets dressed as Phil makes notes.

PHIL
That's quite an abrasion. You're sure it's not an allergic reaction? Maybe you changed laundry detergents or something?

HAYDEN
Unh-uh.

PHIL
It's purely the result of carnal activity?

HAYDEN
Uh-huh.

PHIL
Any recent change in your sexual habits?

HAYDEN
Not mine. Marsha's. Lately, she's been all over me.

PHIL
(writes prescription)
All over as in what, two, three times a week?

HAYDEN
Try two, three times a day.

Phil looks at Hayden tucking in his shirt.

PHIL
(jokes)
New cologne?

HAYDEN
What?

(CONTINUED)
PHIL

Nothing.
(hands him prescription)
I’m prescribing a topical
corticosteroid for the soreness, but
no intercourse for at least a week,
Hayden. Let’s give that appendage
time to heal.

Hayden nods fatalistically, hobbles out in a semi-crouch as
Phil writes in his file.

HAYDEN

Marsha’s not gonna like it.

PHIL

Have her call if she has any
problems.

EUGENE appears, walking painfully.

PHIL

Hey, Eugene, what can I do for you?

EUGENE

Double hamstring pull.

PHIL

I told you we’re getting too old for
those weekend football games.

EUGENE

It’s not that...Willia and I have
always had a very satisfactory love
life, Dr. Capra, but lately she’s
been particularly...aggressive.

PHIL

(struck by the coincidence)

Really...Well, drop anchor, Eugene.
Let’s have a look.

Eugene loosens his pants, OFF Phil...

EXT. CICELY WATER, INC. - DAY

A police cruiser pulls up to the plant, snow-capped
mountains in the distance. OFFICER BARBARA SEMANSKI asks a
workman for directions, proceeds past a lively hive of
activity, workmen stacking bottles, others loading trucks
bearing slogans: “Cicely Water; Oxygen, Hydrogen, Nothing
Else.” “Cicely Water; A Shot of Pure Alaska.” Nearby --
wearing a construction hardhat, stands near a wellhead, discussing a geological map with Bertrand.

MAURICE
We can put the fourth wellhead right here.

BERTRAND
Fourth wellhead? Are you sure?

MAURICE
You told me yourself this aquifer can put out twice the gpm we’re pulling now.

BERTRAND
Yes, but we can only bottle 10,000 gallons a day.

MAURICE
So we’ll build another plant.

BERTRAND
We don’t want to expand too quickly, Monsieur Minnifield.

MAURICE
What’s with you, Bertrand? We’ve got to think big around here.

SEMANSKI
Maurice.

MAURICE
(jarred; hasn’t seen her in months)
Barbara.
(groping to recover)
What a pleasant surprise. Bertrand Montpelier, Officer Barbara Semanski. Bertrand’s chief engineer around here.

BERTRAND
Enchante.

SEMANSKI
This is a police matter, Maurice.

MAURICE
Yeah, sure, sure. (hands map to Bertrand)
Fourth wellhead. Get on it.

Bertrand goes.
MAURICE
So how ya been? What do you think of our little operation? Had a team in looking for oil when damn if we didn't hit the sweetest source of fresh water you've ever seen. Eleven hundred feet down, 70 million years old, the age of the dinosaurs.

SEMANSKI
I'm looking for escaped violinist Cal Ingraham.

MAURICE
Cal? Why?

SEMANSKI
We're getting reports: violin music in the night, looted trash cans. I believe he's in the area. Have you seen him?

MAURICE
No, why should I?

SEMANSKI
You have a relationship with the fugitive.

MAURICE
Relationship? I hardly know the man.

SEMANSKI
He tried to kill you over a violin. Later, you engaged in a criminal conspiracy to facilitate his escape from Ellisberg Mental Institute.

MAURICE
That was entirely unintentional. He tricked me.

SEMANSKI
We have reason to believe you harbored him for a time.

MAURICE
Barbara --

SEMANSKI
Cal Ingraham is a wanted felon who must be considered mentally unstable and potentially dangerous.

(MORE)
SEMANSKI (cont'd)
(hands over business card)
If you see anything, I expect you to
give me a call.

MAURICE
Fine.

She heads for her car.

MAURICE
I appreciate the interest.

SEMANSKI
Let's be clear about something,
Maurice. This is police business.
Any relationship we might have had
of a personal nature is over.

Maurice grabs a 1.5 liter bottle of Cicely water from a
passing worker.

MAURICE
Well, at least have a bottle of
Cicely Water on me.

She hesitates.

MAURICE
For god's sake, Barbara, it's only
water.

Reluctantly, she takes it. At a distance --

BERTRAND

watches Semanski take the bottle with her into her car. He
turns away, torn...

INT. CAPRA CABIN - KITCHEN - DAY

Phil emerges from the bedroom, rebuttons his shirt as
Michelle ties fishing flies at the kitchen table, taking
occasional drinks from a cup of coffee.

PHIL
Well, that was interesting. I
thought you called to have lunch...

Michelle smiles, concentrates on her work.

(CONTINUED)
PHIL
Any particular occasion? I mean, it's not like you, in full daylight...

MICHELLE
Just in the mood...

PHIL
You and half the women in this town all of the sudden.

MICHELLE
(not paying much attention)
Hmmm?

PHIL
You're all horny.
(reflecting)
And, you know, the men are acting funny, too. Take Eugene. I'm treating him this morning, he starts in on how busy he is planning his sister's wedding, how stressful it all is. Suddenly he starts weeping.

Michelle doesn't respond, continues to tie flies.

PHIL
Michelle?

MICHELLE
Hmmm?

PHIL
Have you been listening to me?

MICHELLE
(defensive)
Yeah. I heard you...Someone's getting married, right?

(off Phil)
Okay, I'm sorry. Say it again. What's the big deal?

PHIL
(struck)
Normally, I'm the one who doesn't listen, you're the one who gets ticked off.

(realizing)
And what are you doing tying flies, anyway? You don't even like to go fishing.

(CONTINUED)
MICHELLE
Maggie and I have been talking about it.

PHIL
Since when?

MICHELLE
(takes a sip of coffee)
I don’t know. Last week.

PHIL
Something strange is going on...

CAMERA FOLLOWS PHIL on his way out; HOLD ON coffee maker, PAN to coffee can and used filter beside it, and there, on the floor, a five-gallon dispenser of Cicely Water...

INT. STORAGE SHED - DAY

Pitch black. A sliding door is rolled open, silhouetting MAGGIE and Joel in doorway.

MAGGIE
Here it is, Fleischman.

She flicks on light, drinks from a 1.5 liter bottle of Cicely Water on a sling around her neck.

JOEL
This is all my stuff?

MAGGIE
Shelly helped me store it when the Capras moved in.

JOEL
I really appreciate it.

MAGGIE
You should.

Joel takes it in.

MAGGIE
Kinda weird, huh?

JOEL
(nods, holds up plaque)
Mrs. Anku gave me this...

Maggie takes another drink, admires Joel’s body.

(CONTINUED)
8 CONTINUED:

MAGGIE
You really look good, Fleischman.
(off Joel)
Rugged, I mean, you know? The
beard, the hair. Very Jeremiah
Johnson. Suits you.

JOEL
(looking around)
Thanks...

MAGGIE
Need a place to stay tonight?

JOEL
Thanks, but I took a room at the
Sourdough.

MAGGIE
Want to get together for dinner?

JOEL
Sure -- oh, I can't. I'm supposed
to meet Chris tonight.

MAGGIE
Too bad.

He rummages among stereo equipment. Maggie eyes him from
behind.

MAGGIE
Maybe I'll stop by after. You know,
catch up, hear about your plans.

JOEL
Yeah, sure -- hey, where are my
tapes?

MAGGIE
What?

JOEL
Those mixes I made for Founders Day
last year? I had about eight hours
of tapes. Some real rare stuff.

MAGGIE
Oh, I think Shelly took 'em.
(off Joel)
Well, who knew if you were coming
back?

JOEL
Not a problem...

(CONTINUED)
MAGGIE
Ten-thirty, say?

JOEL
What?

MAGGIE
Tonight.

JOEL
Oh, right.

JOEL
She didn't take anything else, did she?

MAGGIE
What?

JOEL
Shelly.

MAGGIE
I don't think so.

Joel nods, continues to poke around.

MAGGIE
See you tonight.

As Maggie exits, anticipating the night...

INT. BRICK - DAY

Bertrand sits morosely at the bar, nursing a scotch. The Brick is festooned with special promotions for Cicely Water. Shelly walks by with a tray full of bottles as Joel enters, heads for bar.

SHELLEY
Hey, Dr. Fleischman. Want some Cicely Water?

JOEL
What?

SHELLEY
Freebie. We're running a special promotion.

JOEL
Oh. No, thanks.

(CONTINUED)
SHELLY
Hey, is it true you're really bagging Alaska for the big apple?

JOEL
Yeah, it's true -- listen, Shelly, those tapes I made -- you know, the Founders Day mixes?

SHELLY
Totally awesome.

JOEL
So, you've got 'em. Great. Look, if you want, I'll be happy to make copies for you.

SHELLY
What?

They approach the bar.

HOLLING
Congratulations, Joel.

JOEL
Thanks, Holling.

HOLLING
Back to New York, huh?

SHELLY
What do you mean, "copies"?

JOEL
You know, dubs...
(off Shelly)
When I get the tapes back, I'll make you dubs.

SHELLY
No way.

JOEL
What?

HOLLING
What're we talking about?

SHELLY
I'll handle this.

JOEL
We're talking about my Founder's Day tapes.

(continued)
SHELLY
They were your tapes.

JOEL
They are my tapes, Shelly.

SHELLY
You ditched 'em.
(off Joel)
They were in a cardboard box getting all mildewed. If it wasn't for me, they'd be sludge. As it was, I had to throw one out.

JOEL
What?

SHELLY
Just a bunch of crazy drumming.

JOEL
You threw out my koto drummers?

SHELLY
It was all slimy.

JOEL
You have no right to throw out my music. I borrowed stuff from all over the country to make those tapes. My Uncle Manny sent me klezmer music. 78's. Who knows where those records are now?

HOLLING
(the conciliator)
Why don't we just make copies like Joel said?

SHELLY
I don't want copies. You lose a whole generation in quality.

JOEL
Look, when I get to New York, I'll have a professional sound lab make copies, alright? No degradation.

SHELLY
Fat chance.

JOEL
What?

(continues)
CONTINUED: 3

SHELLY
You snooze, you lose.

Shelly walks away to get an order. Joel is stunned, turns to Holling.

HOLLING
Shelly hasn’t quite been herself lately, Joel. Let me talk to her.

JOEL
They’re my tapes...

INT. ED’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ed eats popcorn on the couch as a tape of “Yojimbo” plays on the television. He watches for a moment, then frowns. What was that? He pauses the picture. The sound of a SOLO VIOLIN comes from outside. Ed walks to the window, opens it. The MUSIC STOPS. Ed shrugs, is about to restart the movie when he hears SCRAPING noises on his ceiling, like someone fighting for balance, losing. There’s A LOUD “Whoa!” and a body flies past the window, followed by a THUMP. Ed hurries for the door.

EXT. ED’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ed looks around, comes upon a figure on top of a tool shed, dazed.

ED
Cal?

CAL INGRAHAM looks down, embarrassed.

CAL
Hello, Ed.

ED
Are you okay?

Cal tries to move.

CAL
Shoulder’s a bit dodgy.
(raises violin with other hand)
Saved the violin, though.

OFF Ed...
INT. MAURICE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Maurice comes to the door, where there's a STEADY POUNDING.

MAURICE
Alright, alright...
(Opens door)
Barbara?

Semanski steps in, holds a bottle of Cicely Water.

SEMANSKI
Got a call. Hot prowl. Possible 459. Like permission to make a perimeter search.

MAURICE
Sure. Let me get my coat.

SEMANSKI
Nice haircut.

MAURICE
(off guard)
Huh? Oh, thanks...

As Semanski takes a drink...

INT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

From inside, we dimly perceive Semanski leading Maurice by flashlight.

SEMANSKI
You have a key?

MAURICE
How could he be in the greenhouse?

SEMANSKI
Open it please.

They enter. Semanski looks around. Nothing.

SEMANSKI
Hmm...

MAURICE
Want to check the barn?

SEMANSKI
(turns on him)
We're in no hurry, are we?

(CONTINUED)
MAURICE
(off balance)
I don't know. I thought we were on a search.

SEMANSKI
You know, Maurice, when I saw you standing by all that heavy equipment this morning, I said to myself, "That's one good-looking flyboy."

MAURICE
You did?

SEMANSKI
I like it in here, don't you? Steamy. Hot.

She plunges her hand into a large planter of potting soil, lets it run through her fingers.

SEMANSKI
The smell of the earth. The pistils and stamens...

She loosens her tie, undoes her collar.

MAURICE
Barbara?

SEMANSKI
C'mere.

MAURICE
Barbara?

She motions him over with her finger.

MAURICE
I thought we were estranged.

SEMANSKI
(takes him by the collar)
Is that what you want?

MAURICE
Well, no, but --

She tosses her hat aside, shakes her hair free.

SEMANSKI
Neither do I.
(pulls him into a passionate kiss)
Right here, right now.
MAURICE

In the greenhouse?

She pulls him down OUT OF FRAME. As droplets of condensation streak the window panes...

FADE OUT

END ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

14 INT. PHIL’S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Ed and Phil enter from outside.

PHIL
You sure this couldn’t wait til morning?

Phil turns on the lights.

ED
(shocked)
No!

Ed turns off the lights.

ED
(off Phil)
One thing I forgot to tell you, Dr. Capra. Cal’s kind of a wanted criminal.

PHIL
What?

Phil follows Ed into --

15 INNER OFFICE

ED
But he’s pretty nice.

Ed opens the window.

PHIL
What do you mean he’s a wanted criminal?

ED
You know, a fugitive from justice. He escaped from Ellisberg.

PHIL
The state mental institution?

ED
He didn’t like it much. (sticks head out window)

Cal enters through the window.

(CONTINUED)
PHIL
What's going on here, Ed?

ED
Cal Ingraham, Dr. Phillip Capra.

Ed closes the window, draws the blinds as Cal extends his left hand to Phil.

CAL
(of right hand)
Sorry, gamy wing.

Phil doesn't shake, wary.

PHIL
You were at Ellisberg?

CAL
Briefly. Depressing place -- you've heard stories, I'm sure.
(off Phil)
I'm really not a dangerous man, doctor. It's true I did blow up Mr. Minnifield's truck with a homemade explosive device -- a violin was at issue, but that's all water under the bridge now.

PHIL
But you're still wanted.

CAL
Technically, yes. Does that present a problem?

ED
I'll vouch for him, Dr. Capra.

PHIL
Oh, good. I feel a lot better now.
(to Cal)
What's wrong with your shoulder?

ED
He fell off my roof.

PHIL
You were on Ed's roof?

ED
Playing his violin.

(continue)
PHIL
Alright, I think we’d better stop this right now. I want some real answers.

CAL
I wasn’t up to any huggar-muggar, doctor, I assure you.

PHIL
You were playing violin on Ed’s roof?

CAL
Marvelous acoustics -- the surrounding hills, you know. I have my own home some twenty miles outside town -- I call it a home; it’s an abandoned bear cave, actually. Quite snug, though. Occasionally, I slip into town for supplies, scrounge a bit to eat.

PHIL
Hold on. By any chance, did you take a honey-baked ham from our back porch a couple weeks ago?

CAL
(guilty)
I’d like to think my violin playing is some recompense.

PHIL
I told Michelle it wasn’t a racoon.
(to Cal)
Look, why don’t you save everyone a lot of trouble and turn yourself in?

CAL
Out of the question.

PHIL
You can’t live like this forever -- sleeping in bear caves, playing on people’s roofs. Besides, you need proper medical attention.

CAL
Just a little salve is all.

ED
You’d better watch it, Cal. Officer Semanski’s been snooping around.

(CONTINUED)
CAL
Ah, yes, Officer Semanski. My
Inspector Javert. Doctor, if you'll
just take a look, I guarantee I'll
be on my way at once.

PHIL
If I treat you, you'll leave Cicely?
You promise?

CAL
Soon as we're through, I'll pack my
kit, and it's hi-ho, cried Raleigh.

PHIL
Let's get to it, then.

As Phil leads them towards the examining room.

CAL
I'm terribly sorry about the ham,
doctor. I fully intend to pay
people back.

As they exit...

16 INT. SOURDOUGH INN - JOEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Joel answers the door. Maggie looks fabulous.

Hi.

MAGGIE

Hi.

JOEL

Hi.

She leans in for a kiss; Joel gives her a cursory peck,
distracted, much on his mind.

JOEL

Why don't you leave your shoes at
the door?

MAGGIE

Okay...

Maggie enters, sees that Joel has set the room up as an
Alaskan version of a Japanese tea ceremony -- mats on the
floor, low table featuring a flower arrangement with a
single bloom, a hanging scroll with Alaskan iconography, a
portable brazier heating a tea kettle.

MAGGIE

Wow, what is this, Fleischman?

(CONTINUED)
JOEL

Tea ceremony. Kind of an Athabascan variation on an 18th century Rinzai ritual. My own adaptation.

Joel reenters from the kitchenette with a tray bearing tea cups, a pot, two spoons, a small plate of sweets.

JOEL

Remember those tapes we were talking about? Shelly won’t give them back --

(catching himself)

But never mind. It’s okay, it’s cool.

He indicates a place to sit.

MAGGIE

When did you get interested in tea?

JOEL

Oh, I’ve been reading up on Zen, different world views of higher consciousness. The whole point of the tea ceremony is to contemplate the eternal, not let annoying, everyday disturbances intrude -- which I could really use right now, believe me.

MAGGIE

Yeah, you look a little tense.

JOEL

I’m okay. Let’s begin by observing the flower, shall we?...Notice how perfect it is. Every petal, every vein...

A beat.

MAGGIE

(admiring)

You’ve lost weight, haven’t you?

JOEL

O’Connell.

MAGGIE

Sorry...But you have.

They stare at the flower. A beat.

(continued)
JOEL
I just don’t understand her position. She seems to think she’s entitled to those tapes somehow. I mean, it’s really nuts.

Maggie comes over, starts to massage his shoulders.

MAGGIE
You’re all wound up, Fleischman. You need to relax.

JOEL
Not that it’s such a big deal or anything.

MAGGIE
Shhh...

JOEL
I mean, in the greater scheme of things, what are a few cassette tapes, after all?

MAGGIE
Maybe you’d feel better if you’d lie down.

She eases him onto his stomach, massages his back.

JOEL
But you can’t just take a person’s property with impunity. Besides, those tapes mean a lot to me.

MAGGIE
Relax... Just let it happen, Fleischman.

She nuzzles his neck, kisses it. He turns over.

JOEL
What’re you doing?

MAGGIE
We may not be a couple anymore, but what the hey?

She kisses him fully on the mouth. No response.

JOEL
Don’t take it personally, O’Connell, but I’m trying to reach the place of no want.

(CONTINUED)
MAGGIE
What?

JOEL
You know, a higher plane; free
myself of all physical and material
desire.

(beat)
But I really want those tapes.

MAGGIE
(rolls off his; frustrated)
Fleischman...

JOEL
I’m trying to sail past them, but
they’re staring me right in the
face.

MAGGIE
Let me understand this. You don’t
want to get laid?

JOEL
Not at this point in time.

(back to his thoughts)
It’s like I’m stuck on this sandbar.
There’s me and there are those
tapes...

MAGGIE
(rises)
Well, take your time, Fleischman.
No offense, but the night is still
young, this is too weird. I think
I’m cuttta here, okay? Enjoy your
tea.

Maggie exits. As Joel sits, contemplating...

17 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Cal walks with his violin case and a hobo’s sack tied up at
the end of a stick. Feeling inspired, he unpacks his violin
and starts a bit of Bach.

18 A SQUIRREL

collects an acorn, runs off.

19 AN OWL

leaves his perch, flies away into the night.
sensing he has no audience, stops playing. He looks around, says. HOLD for a beat.

21 INT. MAURICE’S HOUSE – BEDROOM – NIGHT

Maurice and Semanski fall back on the bed from the final throes of passion. Semanski turns away and immediately begins to fall asleep. A bottle of Cicely Water sits on the nightstand.

MAURICE
Barbara?...Barbara?

SEMANSKI
Hmm?

MAURICE
Don’t fall asleep.

SEMANSKI
(turns over, smiling)
You want more?

MAURICE
No, I, uh...I just don’t want you to go to sleep right now, that’s all.

Semanski shrugs, throws on a NASA robe, starts to rise.

MAURICE
Where you going?

SEMANSKI
Refrigerator.

MAURICE
What?

SEMANSKI
You want a slice of that cold pizza?

MAURICE
Don’t you want to talk first?

SEMANSKI
Talk about what?

MAURICE
I don’t know. I mean, this whole thing’s kinda sudden, isn’t it?

SEMANSKI
(takes swig of water)
What is?

(CONTINUED)
21 CONTINUED:

MAURICE
You, me... What made you change your mind from yesterday morning?

SEMANSKI
I don't know. Does it matter?

MAURICE
Well, yeah. To me it does. You think this means we have a future?

SEMANSKI
(shrugs)
I guess so.
(of kitchen)
How about one of those kosher dills?

MAURICE
No, thanks...

SEMANSKI
(seductive)
Don't go away...
(exits, singing)
"Take a load off, Annie. Take a load for free..."

OFF Maurice, pleased, yet somehow disturbed, too...

22 INT. PHIL'S OFFICE - INNER OFFICE - DAY

Phil sits in his office, troubled, staring at notes. Marilyn enters, replaces a file.

MARILYN
How's Cal?

PHIL
Who?

MARILYN
Cal?

PHIL
Do we have a patient named Cal, Marilyn?

MARILYN
Everyone knows.

PHIL
(says)
They do? How?

(CONTINUED)
MARILYN
They just know.

PHIL
(bit unnerved)
If anyone comes asking, I took an oath, Marilyn. I'm obligated to heal the sick regardless of circumstance.

MARILYN
Okay.

Marilyn begins to exit.

PHIL
Listen, Marilyn, have you noticed anything peculiar about the way men and women in this town have been acting lately? A little role reversal, maybe?

MARILYN
(thinks)
...I saw Lowell Grippo at the wash-n-dry. He never does his own laundry.

PHIL
Yesterday, we're driving to Nipnuk, Michelle insists on taking the wheel. Sure enough, we get lost. You think she stops for directions? No way. "I know what I'm doing," she says. Three hours later, we finally get there. That's guy behavior, Marilyn. That's not girl behavior.

(of notepad)
In the last five days, I've seen fourteen cases of genital abrasion, three groin pulls, two hamstrings, and one hernia -- all directly attributable to aggressive female behavior. There's a pattern here, Marilyn, a very disturbing pattern.

MARILYN
I have cup-of-soup in the microwave.

Phil nods. Marilyn exits. As Phil stares at his notes...
EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Maggie and Michelle play a spirited game of one on one. Both sweat freely, breathing hard. Michelle dribbles in place as Maggie crouches, waiting for her to make her move.

MICHIELLE
Your left, watch your left, going to your left...

MAGGIE
You gonna play or you gonna talk?

Michelle fakes right, breaks left, drives for the bucket, goes for the lay-up. Maggie swats it away, recovers ball.

MAGGIE
Denied!

MICHIELLE
Foul!

MAGGIE
What?

MICHIELLE
You got my wrist.

MAGGIE
Forget it.

MICHIELLE
It was blatant.

MAGGIE
(dribbles at half-court)
O’Connell with the ball, game tied, seconds remaining.

MICHIELLE
Yeah, yeah.

Maggie breaks to the outside. Michelle guards loosely, waiting for Maggie to drive, but Maggie has other ideas.

MAGGIE
She pulls up in three-point land.

Maggie launches an outside jumper.

MICHIELLE
Airball.

The shot drops. Swish.

(CONTINUED)
MAGGIE
Yes! O'Connell hits at the buzzer!
Pistons win!

Maggie pumps a fist in the air, does a victory dance.
Michelle shakes her head, grins, sits on the bench. Maggie
joins her. They wrap towels around their necks, drink from
bottles of Ciscely Water.

MAGGIE
...One more? Game to five?

MICHELLE
Yeah, maybe.

A good-looking Young Man jogs by.

MAGGIE
Nice buns.

MICHELLE
Perky.

The women share a laugh.

MAGGIE
(watching jogger)
Man, I am dying...

MICHELLE
I thought you had a date with Joel
last night.

MAGGIE
Fleischman's on another planet. All
he wanted to do is serve tea.

MICHELLE
Tea?

They laugh. Michelle jumps up.

MICHELLE
Okay. One more, but I take it in.

MAGGIE
On second thought, think I'll get in
a little run instead.

MICHELLE
What?...Oh.

Maggie tosses Michelle the ball, starts after the jogger,
puts fingers to her mouth, lets loose with a WHISTLE.

MAGGIE
Yo! Wait up!
INT. ED’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ed enters, turns on light, frowns as he picks up an empty can of baked beans from the coffee table, the spoon still stuck in it. He looks around.

ED

Hello?

Nobody. He picks up the box for the film "Humoresque" lying by the VCR, turns on the tv, pushes "play." The screen comes alive with the image of Joan Crawford walking into the ocean intercut with John Garfield playing the violin in concert. OFF Ed, watching...

EXT. PHIL’S OFFICE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Late, the light from Phil’s office the only sign of life.

PHIL (O.S.)

Eleven thirty-seven p.m.
Correlation of blood types negative.

INT. PHIL’S OFFICE - INNER OFFICE - NIGHT

Phil’s worn out, frustrated. He pushes aside paperwork, checks watch, talks into a microcassette tape recorder.

PHIL

Have now ruled out blood, race, age, occupation, place of residence...
There has to be some common link to these gender disturbances, some causative agent, but I’m running out of ideas what it could be...

He clicks off the tape recorder, lays it down. A beat.
BLOOP. Phil looks over to the corner of the office where --

A 5-GALLON DISPENSER

of Cicely Glacier Water sends up a large bubble.

PHIL

stares, realization dawning...

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

29 EXT. CICELY WATER, INC. - DAY

Phil stands opposite Maurice and a tense Bertrand. In b.g., workers load trucks.

MAURICE
That is the stupidest thing I’ve ever heard.

PHIL
All I’m asking is what do you know about your water?

BERTRAND
We have run every test available.

MAURICE
This water predates history, Capra. It’s as pure as it gets.

PHIL
What about your equipment? Isn’t there always the possibility of contamination?

BERTRAND
(in French)
You bastard! You go to hell! How dare you talk about contamination?!

Maurice has to restrain him from attacking Phil.

MAURICE
Take it easy, Bert. Calm down!
(releases him)
Why don’t you check the inflow valve on number two tank? I can deal with this.

Bertrand stalks off.

MAURICE
Bertrand took the fall for that benzene fiasco at Source Perrier a couple years ago. Cicely Water is his ticket back to the world of big-time bubbly.

PHIL
Look, I didn’t come here to insult you or your chief engineer, Maurice.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
PHIL (cont’d)
All I know is we have a health problem on our hands, and I believe Ciscely Water is involved.

MAURICE
(chuckles)
You need to take some time off, son.

PHIL
I did a quick study of seven patients in my office. It shows a direct link between daily consumption of Ciscely Water and incidence of aberrant behavior.

MAURICE
My water exceeds all EPA standards a thousandfold, Capra. Those tanks and fittings are stainless steel, the finest made.

PHIL
I’m not accusing you of any malfeasance. In fact, I was thinking we could work out some sort of double-blind test together, get to the bottom of this. In the meantime, of course, I’d encourage you to pull Ciscely Water from the shelves.

MAURICE
Are you nuts? If you think I’m gonna put my national roll-out on hold because your wife’s shooting baskets instead of cooking dinner, you got another thing coming.

Maurice walks away.

PHIL
As primary health care provider for this community, I have an obligation to share my concerns with the public, Maurice.

Maurice stops, turns.

MAURICE
You put one word out of this out there and I’ll have you at the wrong end of a lawsuit faster than you can say punitive damages.

Maurice goes. OFF Phil...
30 INT. VINCOUR APARTMENT - DAY

Holling opens door.

HOLLING
(surprised)
Hello, Joel.

Joel enters, glances around apartment.

JOEL
Holling. I'll just pick up my tapes and be on my way.

HOLLING
(nervously)
I'd better get Shelly. Uh, Shelly? Joel's here.

Holling smiles at Joel as he takes a few steps around, looking for the tapes. Shelly enters.

SHELLY
What'd you say?
(see Joel)
What do you want?

JOEL
They're my tapes, Shelly. I paid for them, I recorded the music. They're mine, okay?

SHELLY
I think you'd better leave.

HOLLING
Now, Shelly, let's listen to what Joel has to say.

SHELLY
I know what he has to say.

JOEL
Ethically, legally, you don't have a leg to stand on.

SHELLY
Oh, yeah? Ever hear of a little thing called finders keepers?

HOLLING
I'm sure we can all work something out.

SHELLY
(to Holling)
I'll handle this.

(CONTINUED)
JOEL
Work what out? She stole my tapes.

SHELLEY
I didn’t steal a thing.

HOLLING
Shelly, Joel --

JOEL
Okay, fine.

Joel grabs a needlepoint pillow.

SHELLEY
Gimme that.

JOEL
Gimme the tapes.

HOLLING
Let’s all calm down, shall we?

Shelly advances on Joel. He hides the pillow behind his back.

SHELLEY
Give it to me.

Shelly struggles with Joel. Holling, desperate, grabs the tapes from their hiding place in a cabinet.

HOLLING
For crying out loud, stop acting like children. What’s so important about a bunch of tapes, anyway? You want tapes? Go get ‘em.

Holling tosses the tapes out the window. Joel runs out.

SHELLEY
(hot)
What’d you do that for? I said I could handle it.

Shelly retreats into the next room. OFF Holling...

INT. RUTH-ANNE’S STORE - DAY
Phil, holding medical bag, talks with Ed behind the counter.

PHIL
You think you know where Cal might be hiding?
ED
I have a pretty good idea.

PHIL
Can you take me there?

ED
I guess I could close up for a few minutes -- Shhh! Dr. Capra.

Ed jerks his head towards the door where --

SEMANSKI
enters, grabs a six-pack of Cicely Water from a prominent display, approaches counter.

ON SCENE

PHIL
Uh, where do you keep the dental floss, Ed?

ED
Aisle two.

Phil goes as Semanski puts the six-pack on the counter.

ED
Afternoon, Officer Semanski.

SEMANSKI
What's the matter, Chigliak? You don't look well.

ED
Well, you know, it's going around. (quickly rings up order) That's a dollar ninety-six, please.

SEMANSKI
Gimme me a pack of that turkey jerky, too...You wouldn't know anything about Cal Ingraham, would you?

ED
Cal Ingraham? Uh, no...

SEMANSKI
Your landlord says she heard violin music the other night.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

ED
She did? Huh...Four dollars, twenty cents, please.

Semanski puts the money on the counter. As Ed takes it, she leans in.

SEMANSKI
You know, Chigliak, aiding and abetting is a felony.

Ed nods.

SEMANSKI
You have a nice day now.

Semanski exits. Phil appears from the aisle, makes eye contact with Ed. Ed’s shaken.

CUT TO:

INT. RUTH-ANNE’S BASEMENT - DAY

Ed and Phil walk down the stairs.

ED
She knows.

PHIL
She doesn’t know.

ED
She knows I’ve seen him.

PHIL
She’s just fishing. If she knew, she’d be here now.

Alarmed, Ed looks around, then leads Phil to the furnace where a threadbare blanket lies beside a hook rug, the kind dogs sleep on. Half-eaten candy bars, scraps of clothing, and other personal items encircle the area.

PHIL
This is where he stays?

ED
Sometimes.

PHIL
Looks like a little nest.

Ed moves aside a sheet of weathered plywood, revealing a crude tunnel.

(CONTINUED)
ED
(off Phil)
They built the tunnel during the blizzard of '56 to connect with the Brick.

Ed turns on a storm light with a long extension cord, crawls into the tunnel. Phil follows.

35 INT. TUNNEL - DAY

Ed leads the way.

ED
Cal? It's Ed. I've got Dr. Capra.

They crawl on.

CAL
Over here.

Ed turns, illuminating a cubbyhole-like space where the men can sit up.

CAL
I appreciate the housecall, Doctor, but it really isn't necessary. Shoulder's much improved --

PHIL
You promised you'd leave, Cal.

CAL
And I fully intend to. Haste post haste.

PHIL
Ed tells me you snuck back into his apartment --

CAL
I don't know if "snuck" is the proper word. The door was open.

PHIL
Let's not split hairs. There's a larger issue to discuss here, Cal. In my opinion, you're suffering from acute depression.

CAL
Depression? Me?

(Continued)
PHIL
These unnecessary visits to town, playing on peoples' roofs. This is the behavior of a man who wants to be caught or seriously hurt -- perhaps both.

CAL
Not a bit of it.

PHIL
Now you're sleeping all day, underground, in the dark. Ed tells me you're watching depressing movies -- unhappy violinists, women walking into the ocean. Normally, I'd recommend a program of short-term psychotherapy and medication, but under the circumstances... Cal, have you ever tried any serotonin reuptake inhibitors?

(off Cal)
Prozac is the most widely known, but there's also Paxil, Zoloft. I think you might see some immediate results.

CAL
Thanks for your concern, doctor, but I'm in tip-top shape.

PHIL
Cal --

Phil's BEEPER goes off. He checks it.

PHIL
555-4759...

ED
That's Hayden Keyes' house.

CAL
Go ahead, take your call, doctor. I've got to shore up some planking, anyway.

OFF Phil...

36 INT. PHIL'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY
Joel enters. Marilyn sits at the desk, knitting.
JOEL
Hey, Marilyn, is Phil in?

MARILYN
No.

JOEL
Got any Donnatol samples?

MARILYN
Stomach problems?

JOEL
Yeah...

Marilyn goes to the cabinet.

MARILYN
Bad caribou?

JOEL
No, no, my diet's fine, Marilyn, thank you very much.

She returns with sample package, hands it over. Joel takes a couple tablets, washes them down with coffee. Marilyn observes.

JOEL
What?

MARILYN
You never had stomach problems before.

JOEL
Right, right... (takes tapes from pocket)
You see these? I just got in a fight over these, Marilyn. I was actually prepared to do physical harm over some cassette tapes.

(off Marilyn)
I know. It was like I was obsessed or something, like some kind of disease. I had to have these back. And you know what's funny?

MARILYN
Uhn-uh.

JOEL
I didn't think about these once while I was away.
MARILYN

Oh.

JOEL

Look at me, Marilyn. After all I've been through, all the things we discussed in Manonash, the soul-searching, the pursuit of deeper meaning, am I still so hung up on "things?" Is it possible my whole gestalt could be levelled by a few pennies' worth of magnetic oxide?

MARILYN

Maybe.

JOEL

What is wrong with me?

Joel exits, holding the tapes. OFF Marilyn...

37 EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Phil and other townspeople help unload Hayden Keyes on a stretcher from the back of a pick-up truck, moving to a waiting airplane. Hayden's girlfriend, MARSHA, walks beside, looking guilty.

HAYDEN

My legs, I can't feel my legs.

PHIL

Try to relax, Hayden. Most likely you suffered some peripheral nerve root compression affecting the sciatic nerve.

(grips Hayden foot)

There, can you feel that?

HAYDEN

Yeah.

PHIL

(calming)

Don't worry, you're going to be fine. The sciatic nerve is the largest nerve in your body, Hayden. It can trigger a variety of symptoms from your back all the way down your legs.

HAYDEN

Oh, man.

(CONTINUED)
PHIL
I don't think this is too serious, but we're not going to take any chances. The back clinic in Anchorage has the facilities to make a complete diagnosis. Just find a comfortable position, keep taking those aspirin every four hours.

HAYDEN
Okay.

They load him into the plane. Phil finds Marsha.

PHIL
I need to talk to you.
(takes her aside; tries to rein in his anger)
I gave specific instructions. No intercourse for at least a week.

MARSHA
He was on the bottom.

PHIL
I don't care where he was! You violated a doctor's order and this is the result.

MARSHA
Sorry.

PHIL
Sorry? That's all you can say?
(catches himself)
Okay. Just...listen next time, alright? Go on, Hayden needs you.

Marsha gets into the plane. OFF Phil as the plane engine COUGHS INTO LIFE...

38 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

CLOSE on Maggie, who bangs gavel.

MAGGIE
Alright. Let's come to order. I turn the floor over to Dr. Phillip Capra.
Townsfolk -- including all regulars except Maurice -- look up as Phil takes the podium. A chart on an easel stands to one side.

PHIL
Thank you, Maggie. As many of you know, I believe Cicely is experiencing a highly unusual health problem -- an epidemic, actually -- characterized by a marked reversal of gender-prevalent behavior. Put simply, men are acting like women, and women are acting like men.

The audience regards Phil warily.

PHIL
This condition, which I’m calling Cicely Syndrome, appears directly linked to consumption of Cicely Water.

(looks around; no Maurice) Suffice it to say, Maurice doesn’t share my conclusions. Nevertheless, I’ve asked the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta to investigate. In the meantime, I think it’d be a good idea if we all stopped drinking Cicely Water until we have more information.

(recognizes hand) Shelly.

SHELLY
How come when men get horny it’s okay, but when women get horny, it’s a disease?

Maggie, who’s been drinking Cicely Water, applauds.

PHIL
That’s not exactly what I’m saying, Shelly. Obviously, there’s nothing inherently pathological about a woman displaying strong sexual drive. Far from it. But physicians are trained to look for patterns, and what we’re seeing here is a significant deviation from the norm.

RUTH–ANNE
Who says what’s normal, Phil?

(CONTINUED)
PHIL
There have been numerous studies, Ruth-Anne.

(produces document)
For example, this one says the typical male thinks about sex 6 times an hour, an average of 750 times a week. The figures for females are less than half that. Right now, in Cicely, I'd say these trends have been turned upside down.

MAGGIE
That threatens you?

PHIL
No. All I'm saying is that mass aberrations in behavior, even when the changes in question are apparently benign, are cause for concern. We're dealing with something powerful here, something we don't understand, and we need to go slow.

WALT
I can't speak for everyone, doc, but, frankly, I've found the experience of the last few weeks not altogether unpleasant.

A smiling Ruth-Anne pats his hand.

CHRI
I see the whole thing as an opportunity, Phil. Walk a mile in their espadrilles, you know? It's like Deborah Tannen says, basically, we grow up in different cultures. Men see life as a battle to be won. Women see it as a community to be preserved. I say, let the ladies fight it out for once. I'm digging this non-competitive groove.

MAGGIE
Frankly, I don't think this is our problem, Phil. I think it's your problem.

(to audience)
Motion to adjourn?

PHIL
Adjourn? Wait.

(continued)
39 CONTINUED: 2

Shelly sticks her hand up.

MAGGIE
Second?

MARILYN
Second.

MAGGIE
All in favor?

PHIL
You really should reconsider --

MAGGIE
All opposed?
(bangs gavel)
Meeting adjourned.

The crowd files out. Phil looks at Michelle, gets a sympathetic shrug, wonders where he lost control...

40 INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Maurice dozes under a blanket in the back of Semanski's 4x4. She sits -- hair down, uniform untidy, drinks from a bottle of Cicely Water. Maurice stirs, surprised to see it's dark, checks his watch.

MAURICE
Good lord, it's nine-thirty! Why didn't you wake me?

SEMANSKI
You looked so peaceful.

MAURICE
I missed the meeting.

SEMANSKI
Wasn't it worth it?

Maurice sits up, buttons up his shirt.

MAURICE
I can't believe it. I should never have let you take me here. I should've known...

SEMANSKI
It's only a meeting, Maurice.

MAURICE
That meeting was important to me.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SEMANSKI

Sorry.

She takes a drink.

MAURICE

This has gotta stop, Barbara.

SEMANSKI

C'mere.

MAURICE

(tempted)

No...I can't. This isn't right. We can't keep going on this way.

SEMANSKI

Can I help it if I'm attracted to you?

(moves in on him)

I thought the feeling was mutual.

MAURICE

(resisting)

I need more than sex, Barbara. I need conversation, quiet time together. I'd like to feel we have more to share than simple lust.

She takes another swig of water. Annoyed, Maurice grabs the bottle away from her.

MAURICE

Would you stop drinking that for one minute and listen to me?!

SEMANSKI

I'm thirsty.

Maurice stares at the bottle in his hand, stunned by a moment of realization.

MAURICE

Wait a minute...Good lord.

SEMANSKI

What?

MAURICE

Capra was right.

SEMANSKI

Right about what?

(CONTINUED)
MAURICE
This isn't you talking, and it's not me, either. It's this.

SEMANSKI
Make sense, Maurice.

MAURICE
It's the water...

Maurice steps out of the car, holding the bottle.

SEMANSKI
Maurice?...Maurice?

He walks on. OFF Semanski, watching him go...

FADE OUT

END ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

41 INT. ED’S APARTMENT – NIGHT

Ed enters, turns on light to find Cal sitting on the couch eating from a bowl of pistachio nuts.

ED

Cal?

CAL

Sorry, Ed.
(of nuts)
I’m keeping strict accounts, you know.

ED

(sweeps up shells)
I thought you were leaving.

CAL

I am. Yes, indeed. Just getting fortified.

ED

Are you okay?

CAL

Perfectly. In the pink.

ED

Really?

PHIL

I have been thinking, though. Perhaps one or two of Dr. Capra’s little pep pills mightn’t be such a bad idea after all -- just on the off chance there may be something to his little theory.

ED

Oh... Are you depressed, Cal?

CAL

To be frank, I really can’t explain what’s happening to me, Ed.
(embarrassed)
I can’t seem to leave town. Quite puzzling, actually.

ED

Maybe you’re lonely.

(Continued)
41 CONTINUED:

CAL
Yes, yes, you may be onto something there. Interesting. I've never been a social animal, Ed. Even as a lad, I was quite accustomed to long periods of solitude, but this, this is different...Lonely...That's getting close. I suppose what it comes down to is this: if a violinist plays in the woods and there's no one there to hear him, does he really make a sound?

ED
(nods)
Huh...

(beat)
What do you mean?

CAL
Playing for the amusement of voles and marmots, it's just not the same as playing for people. Even in the dark, from a rooftop, even when you can't see who's listening, there's something about a live performance, knowing someone's out there, just one person, perhaps, who's touched by your music...

ED
Oh, I get it...

(beat; thoughtful)
But, you know, if someone really did play a violin alone in the woods, I'm pretty sure he'd make a sound.

Cal stares at the floor, doesn't respond. OFF Ed, sympathetic, concerned...

42 INT. BRICK - DAY

A quiet Phil sits at a booth making notes as Maurice enters with Bertrand in tow.

MAURICE
A word?

PHIL
Sure.

Maurice and Bertrand sit.

(CONTINUED)
MAURICE
Make your case, Capra. What's wrong with my water?

PHIL
I can't tell you what exactly, Maurice, but something's in there, something that modifies behavior.

BERTRAND
I'll be glad to show you my results. OSHA, EPA --

PHIL
You've only been testing for things we already know about: E-coli, cryptosporidium. What if there's something we've never seen before? If this water is as old as you say it is, it's conceivable it could be different from what we get out of the tap today, isn't it? We've evolved as a species, why couldn't the environment evolve, too?

BERTRAND
Water is water.

PHIL
I've been doing some reading, Maurice, and it turns out pure water like yours is notoriously unstable.

MAURICE
Unstable?

PHIL
The purer the water, the more aggressive.

MAURICE
(to Bertrand)
You didn't tell me my water's aggressive.

BERTRAND
It's a technical term.

PHIL
Unstable water wants to balance itself with anything around it. That's why distilled water is so good for cleaning.

(MORE)
PHIL (cont'd)
It'll eat through anything
eventually -- copper, lead. Who's
to say this water isn't being
aggressive in a new way, that it's
trying to balance itself somehow in
the human metabolism?
(on a roll)
Maybe it wasn't a comet that killed
off the dinosaurs, Maurice. Maybe
it was the water. You get a bunch
of sex-crazed lady velociraptors
chasing down some understandably
terrified males. Who knows? Could
be Tyrannosaurus Rex went to the
well once too often and got himself
humped to death. And now we're
drinking that very same water.

BERTRAND
(unable to contain himself
any further; breaking down)
Assez! Assez!
(crying)
I told myself it couldn't be. The
tests, they were perfect. I ran
them over and over. But I knew, I
could feel. There was something
wrong, something terribly wrong.

Maurice looks on in astonishment as Bertrand puts his head
on the table, covers his face with his hands.

BERTRAND
Je suis ruine...

A beat. Maurice grimly makes his decision.

MAURICE
I'll cap off the wellheads, recall
all stock immediately...

Maurice rises, looks at Bertrand, head still on table.

MAURICE
(to Phil)
Take care of him, will you?

As Maurice goes --

43 SHELLEY

puts down an order slip at the grill.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SHELLY
One mooseburger, curly fries.

She notices a bundle on the grill counter. It’s Joel’s cassette tapes bound with rubber bands.

SHELLY
What’s this?

EUGENE
Oh, Dr. Fleischman left those for you.

SHELLY
He did?

EUGENE
About an hour ago.

SHELLY
Thanks...

Shelly walks away with the tapes, surprised...

EXT. CICELY WATER, INC. - DAY

Maurice looks over his water plant a final time, raises a sledgehammer and smashes the drain cock off a big holding tank. Water gushes out. Maurice watches it run into the ground. HOLD for beat...

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - CAMPFIRE

blazing. Recognizable in the flames are various pieces of Joel’s possessions. PULLBACK REVEALS WE’RE AT --

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

Joel impassively watches the fire. In b.g., a canoe rests by water’s edge. Maggie pulls up in her four-wheel, exits.

MAGGIE
Hey, Fleischman. Today’s not a burn day, you know.

JOEL
I know.

(CONTINUED)
MAGGIE
Hey, the other night, the tea
ceremony? Turns out Maurice's water
was making everyone a little crazy,
so let's just forget the whole thing
ever happened, okay, Fleischman?

JOEL
Okay.
(takes his Gameboy from his
pocket)
You want my Gameboy?

MAGGIE
Are you kidding? You know I hate
those things. All that beeping.

Joel throws the Gameboy into the fire?

MAGGIE
What are you doing, Fleischman?
(of fire)
...Hey, aren't those your golf
clubs? And your Armani blazer?

JOEL
I made a list. My favorite things.
Just like the song.
(of fire)
There they are.

MAGGIE
(looks in flames)
Your med school diploma, your Joseph
Abboud sweater...Why?

JOEL
Felt like the right thing to do.

MAGGIE
What about the rest of your stuff?

JOEL
It's still in storage. Do me a
favor, will you? See that it goes
to people who can use it.

MAGGIE
Why? I don't get it. What's
happening, Fleischman?

JOEL
I'm not going.

(CONTINUED)
MAGGIE

What?

JOEL

New York. I'm not going.

MAGGIE

You're not?

JOEL

I'm not where I want to be.

MAGGIE

Be what where? What're you talking about?

Joel walks to the canoe.

JOEL

I have more work to do.

MAGGIE

Work? Wait a minute. For five years, I've had to listen to you whine about how you can't stand this place, how you can't wait to get back to New York, and now that you can, now that nothing is holding you back, are you honestly telling me you're not going? You're going to stretch animal hides in a primitive fishing village instead?

JOEL

Yep.

MAGGIE

Huh... Well, that's kinda nice, Fleischman. You're still gonna be around. I like that, actually.

JOEL

Me, too.

(gets in canoe; of fire)

Would you watch that for me? I'd like to make Manonash before dark.

MAGGIE

Yeah, sure. Listen, maybe I'll put the pontoons on the plane, drop in and see you next week.

(CONTINUED)
JOEL
Next week doesn't work for me.
We're going after walrus. How about
the week after?

MAGGIE
Fine.
(puts her hands on the bow;
looks at him)
I know you've said it before, but
tell me again. This isn't my
responsibility, right? You're not
just acting out, are you,
Fleischman?

JOEL
(smiles)
I'm fine, O'Connell. Never better,
in fact.

MAGGIE
Yeah? Okay. Well...See ya,
Fleischman.

She gives him a gentle push. Joel swings the bow into the
current, takes a few sure strokes and is on his way. Maggie
turns to the flames, stares as the fire continues to consume
Joel Fleischman's most valuable things. She turns back to
the river where Joel rounds a bend and is gone from view...

46 INT. MAURICE'S OFFICE - DAY

Maurice works at his desk as Semanski enters, uniform tidy,
squared away once again. Maurice barely acknowledges,
continues to work.

SEMANSKI
I came to apologize, Maurice. I
should have recognized the influence
of a chemical substance. I was
totally out of regs.

MAURICE
(doesn't look at her)
Apology accepted.

SEMANSKI
Good...I'm sorry to hear about your
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SEMANSKI (cont’d)
bottling plant.

MAURICE
Wasn’t a total loss. Managed to
sell some of the equipment to
Sparkletts, but...

(looks up)
Thank you.

SEMANSKI
I’ve gotta go. Chokehold seminar in
Sleutmute.

MAURICE
Sure.

Semanski goes to the door.

SEMANSKI
Maurice.

He looks at her.

SEMANSKI
Maybe next time, we can have a cup
of coffee, talk.

Maurice nods. As Semanski exits...

EXT. BARN - NIGHT
Latecomers are admitted through a closely-watched door.

INT. BARN - NIGHT
Townfolk squeeze into the packed crowd including Phil,
Michelle, Maggie, Chris, Marilyn, Holling, Shelly,
Ruth-Anne, Wait. They sit on hay bales, pieces of farm
equipment. Ed steps onto an impromptu stage.

ED
Ladies and gentlemen, please note
there’s been a change in this
evening’s program.

(checks notes)
The third piece, the Khatchaturian,
will be replaced by Caprice number
nine in e major, “La Caccia,” by
Paganini. And please, no flash
pictures during the performance.

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Ed retreats and the crowd APPLAUDS as Cal emerges with violin. He acknowledges, raises the bow, waits for silence, then plunges into the Preludio from Partita No. 3 in E-major by Bach. As the music pours out, we see its impact on the audience.

PHIL
impressed, smiles at Michelle.

SHELLY
takes Holling's hand.

MAGGIE
is absorbed by the music, reflective.

CHRIS
grooves on it, holds a portable tape player, recording.

CAL
plays on, inspired, drawing strength, drawing life from the audience.

MARIlyn
nods to herself.

RUTH-ANNE AND WALT
exchange a smile.

ED
takes in the whole scene -- Cal, the audience. He smiles.

EXT. POLICE CRUISER - MOVING - NIGHT
Semanski drives; the radio SQUAWKS.

RADIO
"416, McKelevy's barn. Possible violin activity."

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SEMANSKI
(into radio)
Unit four responding. I'm on it.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The cruiser fishtails through an emergency turn, barrels towards Cicely, SIREN ROARING, bubbletop flashing, MUSIC FADEIN...

INT. BARN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON DOOR as Semanski bursts in to find --

SEMANSKI'S POV - ED

alone, sweeping up.

ED
Evening, Officer.

ON SCENE

as Semanski walks around, wary, suspicious.

SEMANSKI
...Little late to be working, isn't it?

ED
Oh, I don't mind.

SEMANSKI
All by yourself this evening?

ED
Yep.

She looks around, reaches down to pick up a half-empty coffee cup left in the corner.

SEMANSKI
Missed this one.

ED
Thanks.

She puts her finger in the cup.

SEMANSKI
Still warm.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ED
Huh.
She hands cup to him. They regard one another.

SEMANSKI
You're an okay kid, Chigliak. I'd hate to hear you've fallen in with the wrong crowd...

Ed nods, respectful.

SEMANSKI
Think about what I'm telling you.
She goes. OFF Ed, holding the coffee cup.

INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

Chris at the mike, yielding a cassette tape.

CHRIS
Hey, friends and neighbors, Chris-in-the-Morning with a bootleg tape that won't wait. "Cicely Tonight, Volume One."

He shoves it in. The tape beings to PLAY OVER...

EXT. CICELY GLACIER WATER - NIGHT

Maurice stands at the production site as the last truck hauls the final piece of equipment away. He stares at a sealed-off wellhead, a few drops still falling to the ground. Drip, drip, drip...

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Cal walks through the woods, carrying his violin, heading home.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

Joel paddles up river, destination unknown.

FADE OUT

THE END