

Director: Mike Fresco

NORTHERN EXPOSURE

"Horns"

#77812

Episode #12

Written by

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*RED
ORIGINAL*

FINAL DRAFT

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(77812)

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

(77812)

NORTHERN EXPOSURE - "Horns"

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
VINCOEUR 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

1

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)

1 CONTINUED:

1

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 Minnifield Enterprises Company."

2 INT. CICELY WATER, INC. - OFFICE - NIGHT

2

Frenchman BERTRAND MONTPELIER, 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...

3 INT. PHIL'S OFFICE - EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

3

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)

3 CONTINUED:

3

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

Marsha's not gonna like it.

PHIL

Have her call if she has any problems.

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

MARILYN (O.S.)

Next.

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...Willa 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...

4 EXT. CICELY WATER, INC. - DAY

4

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 --

5 MAURICE

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.

(CONTINUED)

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)

5 CONTINUED: 2

5

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 --

6 BERTRAND

6

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

7 INT. CAPRA CABIN - KITCHEN - DAY

7

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)

7 CONTINUED:

7 -

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)

7 CONTINUED: 2

7

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...

8 INT. STORAGE SHED - DAY

8

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:

8

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)

8 CONTINUED: 2

8

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...

9 INT. BRICK - DAY

9

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 her.

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

JOEL
What?

SHELLY
Freebie. We're running a special promotion.

JOEL
Oh. No, thanks.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

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)

9 CONTINUED: 2

9

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 slimey.

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?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 3

9

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...

10 INT. ED'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

10

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.

11 EXT. ED'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

11

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...

12 INT. MAURICE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

12

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...

13 INT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

13

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)

13 CONTINUED:

13

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.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 2

13

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

14

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

15

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?

Cal enters through the window.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

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, gamey wing.

Phil doesn't shake, vary.

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.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 2

15

PHIL

Alright, I think we'd better stop this right now. I want some real answers.

CAL

I wasn't up to any hugger-mugger, 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)

15 CONTINUED: 3

15

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

16

Joel answers the door. Maggie looks fabulous.

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)

16 CONTINUED:

16

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, differnt 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)

16 CONTINUED: 2

16

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)

16 CONTINUED: 3

16

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 him; 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 outta here, okay? Enjoy your tea.

Maggie exits. As Joel sits, contemplating...

17 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

17

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

18

collects an acorn, runs off.

19 AN OWL

19

leaves his perch, flies away into the night.

20 CAL

20

sensing he has no audience, stops playing. He looks around, sags. HOLD for a beat.

21 INT. MAURICE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

21

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

Hmmm?

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:

21

MAURICE

You, ma...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

22

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

(sags)

They do? How?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

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 Grippe 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...

23 EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

23

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

MICHELLE

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!

MICHELLE

Foul!

MAGGIE

What?

MICHELLE

You got my wrist.

MAGGIE

Forget it.

MICHELLE

It was blatant.

MAGGIE

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

MICHELLE

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.

MICHELLE

Airball.

The shot drops. Swish.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

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 Cicely 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!

24 INT. ED'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

24

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...

25 EXT. PHIL'S OFFICE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

25

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.

26 INT. PHIL'S OFFICE - INNER OFFICE - NIGHT

26

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 --

27 A 5-GALLON DISPENSER

27

of Cicely Glacier Water sends up a large bubble.

28 PHIL

28

stares, realization dawning...

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

29 EXT. CICELY WATER, INC. - DAY

29

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)

29 CONTINUED:

29

PHIL (cont'd)

All I know is we have a health problem on our hands, and I believe Cicely 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 Cicely 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 Cicely 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. VINCOEUR APARTMENT - DAY

30

Holling opens door.

HOLLING
(surprised)
Hollo, 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?
(sees 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)

30 CONTINUED:

30

JOEL

Work what out? She stole my tapes.

SHELLY

I didn't steal a thing.

HOLLING

Shelly, Joel --

JOEL

Okay, fine.

Joel grabs a needlepoint pillow.

SHELLY

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.

SHELLY

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.

SHELLY

(hot)

What'd you do that for? I said I could handle it.

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

31 INT. RUTH-ANNE'S STORE - DAY

31

Phil, holding medical bag, talks with Ed behind the counter.

PHIL

You think you know where Cal might be hiding?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

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 --

32 SEMANSKI

32

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

33 ON SCENE

33

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)

33 CONTINUED:

33

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:

34 INT. RUTH-ANNE'S BASEMENT - DAY

34

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)

34 CONTINUED:

34

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

35

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)

35 CONTINUED:

35

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 Paxtil, 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

36

Joel enters. Marilyn sits at the desk, knitting.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

JOEL
Hey, Marilyn, is Phil in?

MARILYN
No.

JOEL
Got any Donnato! 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.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: 2

36

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

37

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)

37 CONTINUED:

37

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

38

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)

39 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 says 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.

CHRIS

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

39

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

40

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)

40 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)

40 CONTINUED: 2

40

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

41

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:

41

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

42

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)

42 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)

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: 2

42

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 SHELLY

43

puts down an order slip at the grill.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

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...

44 EXT. CICELY WATER, INC. - DAY

44

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 --

45 EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

45

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)

45 CONTINUED:

45

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)

45 CONTINUED: 3

45

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

46

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)

46 CONTINUED:

46

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
Sleetmute.

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...

47 EXT. BARN - NIGHT

47

Latecomers are admitted through a closely-watched door.

48 INT. BARN - NIGHT

48

Townfolk squeeze into the packed crowd including Phil,
Michelle, Maggie, Chris, Marilyn, Holling, Shelly,
Ruth-Anne, Walt. 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 c major, "La Caccia," by
Paganini. And please, no flash
pictures during the performance.
Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

- 48 CONTINUED: 48
 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.
- 49 PHIL 49
 impressed, smiles at Michelle.
- 50 SHELLY 50
 takes Holling's hand.
- 51 MAGGIE 51
 is absorbed by the music, reflective.
- 52 CHRIS 52
 grooves on it, holds a portable tape player, recording.
- 53 CAL 53
 plays on, inspired, drawing strength, drawing life from the audience.
- 54 MARILYN 54
 nods to herself.
- 55 RUTH-ANNE AND WALT 55
 exchange a smile.
- 56 ED 56
 takes in the whole scene -- Cal, the audience. He smiles.
- 57 EXT. POLICE CRUISER - MOVING - NIGHT 57
 Semanski drives; the radio SQUAWKS.

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

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

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

58 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

58

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

59 INT. BARN - NIGHT

59

CLOSE ON DOOR as Semanski bursts in to find --

60 SEMANSKI'S POV - ED

60

alone, sweeping up.

ED
 Evening, Officer.

61 ON SCENE

61

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 warn.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

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.

62 INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

62

Chris at the mike, wielding 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...

63 EXT. CICELY GLACIER WATER - NIGHT

63

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...

64 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

64

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

65 EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

65

Joel paddles up river, destination unknown.

FADE OUT

THE END