Director: Joshua Brand

NORTHERN EXPOSURE

"Pilot"

#78701

Written by

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and

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REV. FINAL DRAFT
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11850 Wilshire Blvd. #100, Los Angeles, CA 90025.
CAST

REGULARS
JOEL FLEISCHMAN
MAGGIE O'CONNELL
MAURICE MINNIFIELD
HOLLING VINCOEUR
SHELLEY
CHRIS
ED

GUEST CAST
MARILYN
RUTH-ANNE
RICK PEDERSON
STEWARDESS
BUSINESSMAN
PETE GILLIAM
TEENAGER
PATIENT #12
LOGGER
WIFE
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 INT. PLANE - NIGHT

We slowly PAN an aisle of seats, past darkened rows of sleeping passengers.

JOEL (O.C.)
Don't get me wrong, I'm not kidding myself. Anchorage isn't New York City but it's not Cambodia, right? Do you have any idea how many Chinese restaurants there are in Anchorage? Five. Fourteen movie theaters, two practically kosher delis and if we're talking about freezing our buns off, the median temperature is only five degrees lower than Frenchlick, Indiana, despite the differential in precipitation.

A STEWARDESS passes into frame as we HOLD on JOEL FLEISCHMAN who reaches out, stopping her. He's twenty-seven, verbal, quick-witted, a quintessential New Yorker who's never been west of the Mississippi. A ruddy-faced, beefy BUSINESSMAN sits next to Joel, magazine in his hands.

JOEL
(to Stewardess)
...One more ginger ale and another...
(indicating businessman)
...Scotch for the businessman.

Stewardess reaches across Joel, picks up three liquor bottles off the Businessman's tray and exits.

JOEL (CONT'D)
So, anyway, it's not as if Alaska was in my game plan. But the fact is I always felt medicine was for me ever since I played 'doctor' with Katie Kaplan in the second grade.

Businessman looks at Joel, who smiles.

JOEL (CONT'D)
I had the desire, the grades, I didn't have the bucks. Do you have any idea what it costs to go through medical school? A lot. I know what you're thinking -- scholarship, right? Let's face it, Jewish doctors are not exactly an endangered species.
CONTINUED:

Stewardess returns with the scotch and ginger ale.

STewardess
Three dollars, please.

Joel
(reaching into pocket)
So, seventy-five scholarship
applications later, seventy-four
turn downs -- only one comes
through. Alaska.

Businessman
(despite himself)
Whatdya mean?

Stewardess leaves.

Joel
Well, the State agreed to finance my
medical education to the tune of
125,000 dollars and in return I
agreed to be their indentured slave
for the next four years.

Beat, as Joel eyes the Businessman, waiting for a reaction.
None comes.

Joel
What?

Businessman
Have you ever been to Alaska?

Joel
Of course, of course -- what kind of
a schmuck do you think I am?
(_pulls photo out of wallet,
_hands to Businessman)
...Elaine -- she's a third-year law
student at N.Y.U. -- we came out
last summer and we loved the place.
Well, not loved, but we agreed that
it's definitely doable.
(pulls out brochure)
We've rented a brand-new
two-bedroom condo on Chicataqua
Lane: Olympic pool, sauna,
racquetball and tennis courts -- the
whole schmear -- not to mention
PGA-approved 18-hole golf course,
which in the winter is perfect for
cross-country skiing.
Joel smiles, nods expectantly, eyeing the Businessman as he holds the photo of Elaine in one hand, the brochure in the other, looking from one to the other, weighing them.

JOEL

So, what'dya think?

Businessman stares at photo of Elaine, burning a hole through it.

BUSINESSMAN

Not bad.

Joel grabs the photo of Elaine from him.

BUSINESSMAN

Do you hunt?

JOEL

No.

BUSINESSMAN

Fish?

JOEL

I've eaten them.

Businessman smiles, hands the brochure back to Joel.

JOEL

What're you saying? What're you trying to say? You trying to tell me something?

BUSINESSMAN

Good luck.

Joel nods, gauges the Businessman, who sips his scotch, then clicks off his overhead light. Eyes darting, Joel leans back... A long beat, then he clicks off his overhead lighting, throwing the plane into darkness.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AIRLINE TERMINAL - ANCHORAGE

Over the din of airplanes, we see Joel, bags in hand, golf clubs over his shoulder, exit the terminal.

JOEL

(calling)

Taxi!

Joel continues as two cabs fly by. He sees another cab and lets out a ferocious whistle.
ANOTHER ANGLE

As the taxi passes out of frame, then stops, and pulls back into view. The trunk pops open. On Joel tossing stuff into the open trunk --

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Joel sits with his suitcases and golf clubs on a hard wooden bench in a long empty hallway. We see a man, PETE GILLIAM, a mid-thirties yuppie, approaching.

GILLIAM

(cheerful)
Joel! Sorry, it's been crazy.

They shake, Pete picks up the golf clubs, enters his office. Joel stands, grapples with the suitcases.

GILLIAM (O.C.)

Great seeing you again. How was the flight?

As Joel enters the office.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE

Joel sits across from Gilliam, who sits behind his desk.

JOEL
I'm gonna need a day or two to get settled in at the condo -- phone, cable, that sort of thing.

GILLIAM
(studying paperwork)
Uh-huh, uh-huh.

JOEL
You know, before I check in at the hospital.

GILLIAM
(smiling, looking up)
I've got some very exciting news, Joe.

JOEL
Joel. Really?

Gilliam bends down, reaching into lower desk drawer.

(CONTINUED)
5 CONTINUED:

GILLIAM (O.C.)
Have you ever been to the French Riviera?

JOEL
In France?

Gilliam rises up with folder.

GILLIAM
My lady and I were doing Europe.
Did the Rivieras -- French and Italian -- then jumped up to
Scandinavia -- she's Danish, a model
-- before jumping down to Zermat...
It's in Switzerland.

JOEL
Sounds pretty good.

GILLIAM
You'd think. Actually it was incredibly unbelievably disappointing.

JOEL
Really? Why?

GILLIAM
Because, Joel, after you've experienced Alaska -- and I'm
talking about the Real Alaska -- everything pales in comparison.

Joel nods, impressed.

GILLIAM
Which brings me to my big surprise.
(smiling)
We don't need you.

JOEL
What are you talking about?

GILLIAM
You're expendable, Joel. You're superfluous.

JOEL
You're yanking my chain, right?

GILLIAM
(smiling)
Nope. We over-funded and at present have more physicians than we need.

(continues)
JOEL
(stunned)
This is great news.
(standing)
I mean, that is just -- that's incredible! So what you're saying is you don't need me.

GILLIAM
(smiling)
That's right.

JOEL
(beside himself, sitting)
This is incredible news.

GILLIAM
So we've decided to set you up in Cicely.

Joel looks up confused, smile fading.

GILLIAM
(smiling)
Situated in the area we Alaskans refer to as the Alaskan Riviera.

On this, Gilliam opens the folder, turns it to Joel.

GILLIAM
Ideal weather, breathtaking scenery -- shopping, dining -- Aspen has nothing on this place.

JOEL
(studying brochure)
Where is this Cicely?

GILLIAM
A bus ride from Anchorage.

JOEL
Uh--huh, uh-huh...

GILLIAM
We've arranged for lodging, an office facility and the city is extremely excited.

JOEL
Uh, huh. Uh, huh... what if I don't like it?

GILLIAM
Then you leave.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: 3

Joel looks at him. A beat.

JOEL
So, what you're saying is, if I don't like it, I can leave?

GILLIAM
Absolutely.

Joel takes brochures.

JOEL
It does look pretty.

GILLIAM
It's gorgeous. I don't mean to be rude, Joel, but I have a meeting and you have a bus to catch.

Gilliam stands, Joel stands.

GILLIAM (CONT'D)
We'll take care of your bags.
Maurice Minnifield, the head of the Cicely Chamber of Commerce, will be there to welcome you and help get you settled in. Great seeing you again, Joel.

Gilliam exits. Joel stands a moment, then,

JOEL
Pete!

CUT TO:

6 INT. OUTER OFFICE

JOEL
My ticket.

GILLIAM
No flies on you.
(hands Joel ticket)
We'll talk. How is that pretty lady of yours?

JOEL
She's fine, thanks.

GILLIAM
You're a lucky guy. Give her my love.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Gilliam heads down the corridor. We HOLD on Joel as he smiles, looks down at brochures and ticket.

CUT TO:
6A EXT. BUS TERMINAL - DAY

As Joel, relaxed, boards along with other passengers. The door closes and the bus rolls out of the terminal. We see the Alaskan skyline in the b.g.

7 OMITTED

7A EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

We see the skyline of Anchorage in the background as a bus approaches over the hill. As the bus passes out of frame, we:

CUT TO:

8 INT. BUS

Almost filled.

9 ANGLE - JOEL

Relaxed, looking out the windows.

DISSOLVE TO:

10 OMITTED

10A TRACKING ANGLE BUS

Past cascade mountain lake.

CUT TO:

11 INT. BUS

Half filled. We see Joel looking across to lake. As he gets up to change seats:

11A TIGHTER JOEL

sitting by window, he cranes his head to get full view of lake and mountains as tighter Joel becomes Joel’s POV.

DISSOLVE TO:

12 THRU OMITTED

14

14A EXT. BUS - FRONT ANGLE

1/4 filled. As the bus moves down a two-lane highway we hear O.C. a loud blaring HORN.

CUT TO:
14B INT. BUS

1/4 filled. Joel sits, looking concerned, a MAN sleeping on his shoulder.

14C JOEL'S POV

Out front windshield. As a logging truck barrels down the highway toward the bus, HORN BLARING.

14D ANGLE - FROM REAR OF BUS

As bus slides off road as logging truck zooms past camera.

DISSOLVE TO:

14E EXT. BUS - ONE LANE ROAD

As the bus passes by.

CUT TO:

14F INT. BUS

We see three Native Americans scattered about the bus. We don't see Joel's face, but his leg is sticking into the aisle.

14G CU JOEL

From floor as he studies map. The bus jolts to a stop as Joel is thrown forward, bumping his head against the seat in front of him.

14H ANGLE

Joel looking up.

15 EXT. BUS - AFTERNOON

The bus is stopped, engine idling in the middle of nowhere. We hold a few beats. The driver appears around the rear of the bus. He slams shut the luggage compartment, gets in the bus, doors close. Then the bus takes off in a cloud

(CONTINUED)
of fumes, revealing Joel on the far side of the road, standing under a bus-stop sign -- golf clubs and luggage around him.

CUT TO:

16 ANGLE - TREETOPS - LATER

Lush, green. Woodpecker hammering away as the sun sinks.

17 ANGLE - JOEL

sitting on suitcase eat a candy bar, directly under the "BUS-STOP" sign. His foot tapping, checking his watch. He squints up at the treetops. He picks up a rock and throws it up at the trees. The woodpecker’s hammering stops. Joel sits. Beat, as the hammering starts up again.

17A ANGLE - WOODPECKER’S POV

18 ANOTHER ANGLE

He exhales, stands, moves into the open road and peers down it. Then sits again.

18A ANGLE - JOEL

takes out NY Times and begins to read. Hear a truck in the distance. As Joel looks up.

19 Omitted (19-21)

22 ANGLE - TRUCK

As the driver's window is rolled down, revealing Ed the Indian, eighteen years old.

ED
Dr. Fleischman?

JOEL
(hesitantly)
Yeah?...

(CONTINUED)
22 CONTINUED:

ED
(smiling)
Hi. I'm Ed.

On Joel --

CUT TO:

23 INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

As Ed the Indian and Joel bounce down the one-lane blacktop, in the middle of nowhere.

ED
Do you like black music?

JOEL
Huh? Yeah, sure...

Ed the Indian reaches back, pulls a cassette-carrying case up to the front seat.

JOEL (CONT'D)
So, how do you know Mr. Minnifield?

ED
I work for him. What about rap?

JOEL
What about it?

ED
(indicating cassette)
Are you into it?

JOEL
Not particularly.

He puts the cassette down, holds up another, smiling.

ED
Richard Berry, R & B.

He slips in the cassette. We hear: "Louie, Louie."

ED
(singing, softly)
'Louie, Louie...'

Ed turns, smiling to Joel.
staring, as Ed softly sings.

ED
You're a doctor, right?

JOEL
Yeah. Where are we?

ED
Not like Doctor Toni Grant.
   (Joel looks confused)
She's on the radio. She helps you
with your personal problems.
   (beat, quickly)
'He's in sinus tach, give me an
X-ray stat: cervical, spin, chest
and abdomen. Call ortho for his leg
and give thoracic a call. Tell them
we've got a penumo-thorax, possibly
secondary to fragment.'
   (beat, smiling)
St. Elsewhere. I loved that show.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. TRUCK - AFTERNOON

As it drives on, then abruptly stops, in the middle of
nowhere.

CUT TO:

26 INT. TRUCK

As Ed gathers up his tapes, opens the door and climbs out,
shutting the door behind.

ED
See you.

27 ANOTHER ANGLE - JOEL

Ed starts walking off as Joel slides quickly across the
driver's seat.

JOEL
Hey! You! Where you going?!

ED
(over shoulder)
Home.

(continued)
CONTINUED:

JOEL
What're you talking about? You've gotta take me to Mr. Minnifield.
Ed stops, turns, smiling, points up the road.

ED
You can return my box to me later.

On that, Ed vanishes into the woods.

ANGLE - JOEL
Looking around, panicked. A beat, and with great difficulty he grinds the truck into gear.

EXT. TRUCK
As it lurches down the road, gears grinding.

INT. TRUCK
Joel, driving, leaning forward -- tense, alert.

JOEL'S POINT OF VIEW - NOTHING BUT TREES

EXT. TRUCK (FROM REAR)
As it screeches to a stop. Gears grind, and it backs up.

JOEL'S POINT OF VIEW - MAILBOX
With the name Minnifield on it, on the side of a dirt road.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TRUCK
As it turns onto the dirt road.

INT. TRUCK
Joel, bouncing hard, as the truck rolls down the rocky dirt road, hands clenched around the steering wheel.
36  JOEL'S POINT OF VIEW

    As the truck approaches a clearing and a ramblin two-story log house. An Alaskan flag flaps on a pole in front of the house. A large satellite dish looms on the roof.

    CUT TO:

37  EXT. TRUCK

    stopping in front of the house. Joel exits the truck, looks around. Silence.

    We TRACK him up to the steps toward the front door. Then:

        MAURICE (O.C.)
        (loud, calling)
        Dr. Fleischman!

38  ANGLE - JOEL

    stopping, turning.

39  JOEL'S POINT OF VIEW - MAURICE MINNIFIELD

    Backlit, standing on the roof of opposite building hoisting flag.

40  ANGLE - JOEL

    confused.

    JOEL

    Minnifield?

41  ANGLE - MAURICE

    Rappelling down the face of the building and starting toward Joel.

41A ANGLE

    on Joel,

    FADE OUT:

        END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

42 INT. MAURICE’S LIVING ROOM

A spacious room decorated like a hunting lodge: stone fireplace, moose head mounted above it. There is an astronaut’s helmet with NASA and MINNIFIELD emblazoned on the front, next to Joel. We hear a shower turn off.

43 ANGLE - JOEL

sitting in an oversized chair, taking in the room and the helmet.

MAURICE (O.C.)
What part of New York you from, son?

JOEL
Flushing.

44 ANOTHER ANGLE

As Maurice enters buck naked, carrying his clothes.

MAURICE
What part’s that? The Bronx?

JOEL
Queens. Do you know New York?

45 ANGLE - MAURICE

dropping his clothes on the couch, he drops to the floor, begins to do PUSHUPS.

MAURICE
Can’t say I do. I’ve only been to New York once. For a Parade.

JOEL
Macy’s Day?

MAURICE
Ticker-tape. We were riding down Fifth Avenue in an open Caddy. (stopping in mid-pushup, with gravity) I was an astronaut, son.

46 TWO SHOT - JOEL AND MAURICE

JOEL
Really? No kidding?

(CONTINUED)
Maurice resumes pushups. Joel watches him, Maurice's face reddening, muscles straining.

JOEL
Ever go into Outer Space?

MAURICE
I took my ride. By the way, let me be the first to take this opportunity to welcome you, Joel. When I heard that we had a crack at a Jew doctor from New York city, well, as I'm sure you can imagine -- I jumped. You boys do outstanding work.

JOEL
Thanks, I guess...

On that Maurice stops, stands.

MAURICE
Lot of opportunity in this corner of the world, Joel.

Maurice then sits on couch across from Joel, begins to dress.

MAURICE
When I came here twenty years ago, it was nothing but untouched natural surroundings that hadn't seen a white man since time began. First thing I did is I bought fifteen-thousand acres of land. The second thing I did was start a newspaper and radio station. Why? Communications.

Maurice stands, putting on blue jeans.

MAURICE
A man's got something to sell, something to say, you better let the world know about it. And, by golly, I had both. Still do. Now we're finally getting things right. We've got an outstanding town that's ready to step up, and we've got resources -- wildlife, land -- just crying out to be fondled. And now, Joel, we've got you.
47 ANGLE - MAURICE

dressed, standing, he pulls a cigar out of a beautiful cigar box.

MAURICE
C'mon, son. Let's do it.

Maurice heads to the door. Joel follows.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. CADILLAC (MOVING SHOT) - DAY

Baby blue, top down, white leather interior, racing down the road. Maurice is driving, Joel, wind plastering back his hair, holds on. Joel's luggage sticks out of the back seat.

MAURICE
(smiling, over wind)
What do you think?

JOEL
(over wind)
About what?

MAURICE
(over wind)
The car.

JOEL
(over wind)
It's fast.

Maurice laughs heartily.

MAURICE
(over wind)
Nothing like the feel of a V-8 vibrating under your ass.
(Joel looks at him)
This is what a car is supposed to be. Not like those rice cookers you can put your boot through. That's what screwed it all up, Joel.

JOEL
(over wind)
Screwed what up?

MAURICE
The U.S. of A. We were at the top of our game until the turban dwellers squeezed us in '72. This car's got a hearty appetite, no doubt

(MORE)
48 CONTINUED:

MAURICE (cont'd)
about it. America can't live on
just lean cuisine.
(patting stomach)
Our belly's too big. Now, we're
reined in, like a stallion with a
bit in its mouth. Except for this
baby, Joel,
(pounds dashboard)
and Alaska.

On Maurice speeding up, Joel pinned against the white
leather,

CUT TO:

49 EXT. TOWN - DAY

A dinky town set against a breathtaking backdrop of
snow-peaked mountains in the middle of nowhere. A single
traffic light swings in the wind. A banner is strung across
the street, welcoming visitors to the Summer Wonderland
Festival.

50 ANGLE - CADILLAC

As it pulls up Joel's office. Maurice turns off the
engine.

JOEL
(looking around)
Is this it? Is this the town?

MAURICE
This is it.

JOEL
Where's the rest of it?

MAURICE
It's coming, son.
(looking off)
Burgers Kings, Shopping Malls, 31
Flavors -- it's all gonna be here.
Maybe not today or tomorrow, but
it's coming. I can guarantee you
that.

Maurice climbs out of the car, strides erect and
purposefully up the sidewalk, Joel following qu.
Maurice stops at a door, flings it open.
INT. OFFICE

A large, empty space with a couple of rooms off to the side, in dire need of extensive repair: It's a pit. Maurice, bathed in light, looms in the doorway, Joel beside him, a step behind, as we see a cat scurry across the floor.

52 TIGHT SHOT - MAURICE

squinting.

MAURICE
Son of a ---.

53 ANOTHER ANGLE - MAURICE AND JOEL

stepping into the room, Maurice casually kicking a folding chair out of his way.

MAURICE
I told that Ed I wanted him to throw a new coat of paint on.

JOEL
This place needs more than a paint job, if you ask me.

MAURICE
Son, I had no idea that this wouldn't be taken care of before you got here.

JOEL
Before I got here?
(beat, sinking in)
This is my office?

MAURICE
A few curtains...
(flips light switch, nothing happen)
...a couple heads on the walls, a table to operate on and you're in business.

MAURICE
Here, have a seat...
(moves a chair upright with his foot)
...relax, get a feel for the place, while I find out what the hell Ed has been up to.

Maurice exits.
exhales deeply, runs his hand through his hair. He leans his head back, closes his eyes, rubbing his temples with his fingers. He HEARS something. He stops rubbing, opens his eyes.

standing in an inner doorway, staring stoically at him.

Who are you?

Marilyn. I'm here for the job.

As Joel bursts through the door, looking left then right, he begins to move quickly down Main Street, passing people on the sidewalk. A few more steps, then he starts to run. We TRACK him until he reaches a Sporting Goods Store with rifles and hunting and fishing gear in the window.

as Joel stops, opens the door, poking his head in.

Phone!

Try the Bar.

On Joel continuing quickly down the street --

Pool table, dart board, booths and tables and a long bar. Twenty men: tough-looking loggers, trappers, fishermen and Indians play pool and eat.

bursting open, Joel appears, panting.

not bothering to look up.

panting, stopped dead in his tracks.
62 ANOTHER ANGLE

as Joel composes himself, gently closes the door and walks to the back of the bar.

63 ANOTHER ANGLE

He approaches a pay phone hanging on a wall across from the men's restroom. He reaches deep in one pocket for a handful of coins, then into another pocket for a crumpled piece of paper. Unfolding the paper, he cradles the phone and dials. A few rings, then he pumps in a half-dozen coins.

JOEL

Pete Gilliam...

(beat)

Pete, Joel Fleischman. I'm in Cicely, I've taken a long look around, checked out the place, thought about it long and hard and I want out... No, I don't have my contract with me. I'm at a pay phone in a bar in the middle-of-nowhere.

(beat)

What?... It says what?... Hey, you -- you told me if I didn't like it I could leave! Well, I don't 'don't like it!' I hate it!! And I demand to leave!!...

(louder)

You're not the one who's supposed to spend the next FOUR YEARS OF HIS LIFE IN A GODFORSAKEN HOLE-IN-THE-WALL-PIGSTY WITH A BUNCH OF DIRTY, PSYCHOTIC, REDNECKS!!

64 ANOTHER ANGLE

as we see the patrons, looking up.

65 ANGLE - JOEL

realizing, he turns his back to them, continuing on phone.

JOEL

(yelling, sotto)

I am a graduate of Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons! I finished my residency at Beth Zion Hospital, one of the finest medical facilities in New York city if not the world, and I will under no conditions spend the best years of my life in the worst place on earth!! And if you think ---
stopping, looking at the phone, clearly being hung up on.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as the patrons look and listen to Joel with interest. A
toilet flushes and a three-hundred pound bear of a MAN
slides past Joel into the bar as Joel punches in numbers on
the phone. A beat, then --

JOEL
(excited)
Collect call from Joel.
(beat, downshifting sweetly)
Hi, honey. Well, I'm here...oh,
yeah, it's lovely, it's...listen,
sweetheart, would you take a quick
run through my contract and see if
there's any stipulation as to actual
location of medical practice?...
Well, such as, you know, suburban
Anchorage. Do you think you could
do that for me? Today. I miss you,
too... The number?
(reading number off phone)
907-555-7823. Thanks. I'll wait
for your call. Me, too.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Joel hangs up. He exhales. He looks up.

JOEL'S POINT OF VIEW - THE PATRONS

staring at him.

ANGLE - JOEL

forced ease, smiling weakly.

JOEL
(to patrons)
Women...

TRACKING ANGLE - JOEL

moving through the room to the long bar where he takes a
seat, smiles at Holling Vincoeur.

ANGLE - HOLLING VINCOUR

The owner. Sixty-two, rugged. He approaches Joel from
behind the bar.

(CONTINUED)
72 CONTINUED:

    JOEL
Stomach's a little sour. How about
a seltzer.

    HOLLING
Seltzer?

    JOEL
Yeah... You know seltzer -- water
with bubbles in it.

73 ANOTHER ANGLE

    Holling exits frame as Ed the Indian enters.

    ED
(to Joel)
Oh, hi. Say, have you heard the new
Milli Vanilli?

    JOEL
No.

    ED
It's gone platinum.

Ed smiles to Joel who just looks at him, as Holling enters
with seltzer.

    ED
(to Holling)
Maurice wants to know if you got the
sixteen cases of lemon-lime for me
and Festival, Holling.

    HOLLING
I couldn't get lemon-lime so I got
orange.

    ED
Oh, okay. That'll do.

    HOLLING
I was gonna give Maurice a call to
let him know about the change
myself.

73A ANGLE - HOLLING'S POV

    of Maurice leaning on Caddy.

74 ANOTHER ANGLE

    Holling resumes business as Ed and patrons all REACT to this
last statement.

(CONTINUED)
ED
You're going to call Maurice?

HOLLING
(nonchalant)
I'm thinking about it.

JOEL
(to Holling)
Happen to have a couple of aspirin?

Holling gets the aspirin.

ED
I don't think you should do that, Holling.

HOLLING
Do what, Ed?

ED
Call Maurice.

HOLLING
And why's that?

ED
It will set him off and the next thing you know he's blowing your brains out and we'll have to bury you, which will ruin the Festival for me and everybody.

Joel looks from Holling to Ed, back to Holling as he pops four aspirins into his mouth.

HOLLING
(beat)
I'll take that into consideration, Ed, but there's a time for everything and in my opinion it's time for me and Maurice to settle things once and for all.

ED
Well, I hope you don't do that.

Ed exits as Joel stares at Holling.
76 INT. BAR - NIGHT

Crowded, noisy, lively music on the jukebox: the dinner and darts set. We TRACK Holling across through the crowded room to Joel, sitting on a stool, next to the pay phone, hunched over working on a NY Times crossword puzzle in pen. His luggage next to him.

HOLLING
You’ve been perched here for a couple hours now, thought you might have worked up an appetite.

JOEL
Oh...Thanks. What do I owe you?

HOLLING
My pleasure.

JOEL
(putting his hand out)
Joel Fleischman.

HOLLING
(shaking)
Holling Vincoeur. Pleased to make your acquaintance.

Beat.

JOEL
I guess you heard when I was -- before -- anyway, no offense intended. I was a little upset.

HOLLING
(nodding)
You haven’t heard back from your Attorney yet, huh?

JOEL
Well, as I’m sure you know, it takes time to sort out these complex legal issues... Besides, she’s got finals.

HOLLING
(nodding, turning)
Well, best of luck...

JOEL
Excuse me, Mr. Vincoeur --

HOLLING
Holling.

(CONTINUED)
76 CONTINUED:

JOEL
Mind if I ask you a personal question? Why is Maurice gonna kill you?

HOLLING
Well, it's a long story.
   (beat, pointing)
See that young lady over there?
drop-dead, beautiful, waiting on tables.

HOLLING
She quite something to look at, isn’t she?

JOEL
She sure is.

HOLLING
Miss Northwest Passage. Maurice brought her down to marry him. At that time, Maurice and I were best of friends. Like most folks, he and Shelly spent a lot of time in this establishment. One day, Shelly appeared at the bar without Maurice and said if I wanted her, she was mine. I did. Well, Maurice hasn’t stepped in here since, and said if I ever tried talking to him again, he’d blow my brains out.

JOEL
(under his breath)
Wow...

Joel looks from Holling to Shelly, back to Holling.

JOEL (CONT’D)
And you haven’t talked since?

HOLLING
Not yet.
(beat)
Can I get you something else?

JOEL
No, thanks, this is fine.

Holling nods, walks off. Joel stares off at Shelly as he bites into his hamburger. In the b.g. we SEE MAGGIE CASEY, twenty-eight, pretty, enters. We SEE her stop Holling, talk to him.

The phone RINGS. Joel grabs it.

JOEL
(quickly)
Hello?
(pissed)
Just a second.
(beat, calling out)
Clem Tillman, telephone.
MAGGIE approaches Joel.

MAGGIE
Dr. Fleischman?

JOEL
(ignoring, impatient)
Clem Tillman!

MAGGIE
I’m Maggie Casey.

JOEL
Yeah, so?

MAGGIE
So, I’ve been looking for you.

JOEL
(scanning the bar, thinking)
What kind of name is Clem, anyway?
What’s it short for? Clemton, Clemlock?

MAGGIE
Look, I really haven’t got the time to --

Clem, the TRUCKER appears.

JOEL
You Clem?

Clem nods.

JOEL
(handing him receiver)
It’s about time. Let’s try to keep it short, Clem. I’m expecting a very, very important long distance call.

Clem eyes Joel, takes the phone.

MAGGIE
Look, if you’d rather spend the night here than at my place, don’t let me get in your way.

(CONTINUED)
JOEL
(snickering)
Where'd you go to trade school?
(off Maggie's angry look)
Look, I don't want to tell you how
to run your business, lady, but this
petulant, aggressive attitude is a
real turn-off.

MAGGIE
(with bite)
Look, buddy --

JOEL
(looking her up and down)
And second of all, I'm engaged to be
married to a knockout that I'm madly
in love with. So, why don't you do
yourself a favor and take your
business someplace else.

Beat, as Maggie glares at him with contempt and disdain.

MAGGIE
I'm not a hooker, you jerk, I'm your
landlord.

Maggie heads for the door. On Joel,

CUT TO:

79 INT. CABIN - NIGHT

rustic, one-bedroom, electrically furnished. The furniture
is second-hand. Door opens, Maggie enters, jaw-set, turns
on a light, passes CAMERA, exiting into kitchen. We HEAR
the outside kitchen door open.

80 ANGLE - FROM INSIDE CABIN

illuminated by porch light, Joel, at the truck, unloading
gear.

JOEL
(calling out, unloading)
Look, I wasn't trying to be rude.
If you'd been direct there wouldn't
have been any misunderstanding.
(staggering toward door)
By the way, I appreciate your help
with the luggage.

As Joel enters, we HEAR the outside kitchen door slam shut.
A beat, and Maggie re-enters, arms loaded down with firewood
and a green plastic bag. She walks directly to

(CONTINUED)
Continued:

the fireplace, begins to make a fire.

Joel
(indicating fire)
Good idea, it is a little nippy.
But what do you do for heat?

Maggie
(making fire)
This is the heat. And there's a
wood-burning stove in the kitchen.

Joel
What do you do for wood?

Maggie
Chop it.

Angle - Joel

wanting to break the ice, he walks deeper into the cabin.

Joel
(friendly)
You know, this place really is
charming in a sort of, you know,
that sort of way -- although I'm not
really big on the great outdoors, I
can see how a lot of people... so,
what, the state pays you to rent
this place out to me?

Maggie
(standing)
Maurice pays me.

Joel
Interesting profession...

Maggie
It's an investment. I fly.

Joel
Oh, a stewardess -- flight
attendant. Which airline?

Maggie
I have my own plane. I'm a pilot.

Joel
(surprised)
Oh.

(Continued)
MAGGIE
(dryly)
It’s not a 747. I run an air taxi.
There’s clean linens in the closet.

JOEL
Great. Does the phone work?
(she nod)
Just in case I get hungry, want to
order in some take-out.

Joel smiles, she remains stoic. Joel puts his hand out to
her, shakes it.

JOEL
Listen, again, sorry about the
brouhaha. I’m leaving tomorrow and
if I don’t get a chance to say
goodbye, thanks for your
hospitality.

MAGGIE
Good-bye.

Maggie turns, heads toward door. Joel notices the Hefty
trash bag, picks it up.

JOEL
What about this?

MAGGIE
(exit ing)
Drop it out back. I reset the trap
in the kitchen.

Joel, with a look of confusion, looks in the bag, recoils,
flinging the bag. He throws the door open.

82 JOEL’S POINT OF VIEW - MAGGIE

in truck, engine loud.

JOEL
(yelling over engine)
It’s a gigantic dead rat!

MAGGIE
(smiling)
Yeah.

Maggie drives off. On Joel,
INT. JOEL'S CABIN - NIGHT

Lights out. We HEAR the scurry of little rodent feet as the CAMERA moves off the floor onto the foot of the bed and slowly up the blanketed outline of Joel's body, stopping on Joel's face, eyes as wide as saucers, following the SOUND of the scurrying feet. Long moments and we HEAR the loud SNAP of a trap, and the scurrying feet sounds stop.

On Joel, relaxing, closing his eyes,

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

84 EXT. CABIN - MORNING

We HEAR:

JOEL (O.C.)
(horrified)
Oh god oh god oh god oh god --

85 Omitted (85)

86 EXT. CABIN

A cabin in the middle of nowhere as the front door opens and Joel appears. He steps off porch, turning left, then right, not knowing where or how to dispose of the rat.

JOEL (relieved)
Oh god.

He looks up, looks around.

87 JOEL’S POINT OF VIEW - A FOREST

that goes on forever. Mountains rising to the heavens.

JOEL (queasy, insecure)
Oh, god...

CUT TO:

88 EXT. TOWN - DAY

One road leading into town. Empty, then a solitary figure in soft focus emerges in the distance, running towards town. Then slowly, the figure reveals himself to be Joel.

89 EXT. GENERAL STORE

Joel running, in a sweatshirt, pants and sneakers. Sweating, face red, he runs into town. Exhausted, he stops running, panting as he walks towards the General Store. He opens the door.
INT. GENERAL STORE

A little bell over the door rings as Joel enters and goes directly to the refrigerated section. He grabs two containers of orange juice, ripping open one, guzzling as he approaches the check-out counter. RUTH-ANNE, sixty-five year old proprietor, stands behind the counter. We HEAR a song from David Byrne's "Rei Momo" album coming from the radio. As the song ends, we HEAR the disc jockey, CHRIS STEVENS...

RUTH-ANNE
Did you run all the way into town, Doctor Fleischman?

Joel nods, guzzling.

RUTH-ANNE
That's a seven-mile run.

Joel nods.

RUTH-ANNE
You must be a serious runner.

ANGLE - JOEL

satiated.

JOEL
Not since the seventh grade.

RUTH-ANNE
(impressed)
Just the juices then?

JOEL
Yeah, -- no, a bagel and cream cheese.

RUTH-ANNE
What's a bagel?

JOEL
(looking around)
I'll take the beef jerky instead.

CHRIS (O.C.)
(southern accent)
This is Chris Stevens coming to you on KBEAR radio from Cicely, Alaska, in the heart and soul of Arrowhead County and you were listening to a cut off of David Byrne's 'Rei Momo' album. This morning we're starting our annual countdown toward the Summer Wonderland Festival. On a sorry note, Ray Onetka's prize dogfish, Bonnie, passed away last night. As you all know, Bonnie was two-time defending champion of the Ugly Fish Contest. On a happier note we'd like to congratulate Greg and Marsha Weed on their ninth wedding anniversary, Annie O'Shea on her sixth birthday, and we here at the Minnifield Communications Network would also like to extend a hearty welcome to New York City's Joel Fleischman -- Arrowhead County's very own physician. This one's for you, Doctor Fleischman.

On that we hear Frank Sinatra belt out "New York, New York." Joel looks at the radio.
90 CONTINUED:

RUTH-ANNE
Try the spicy one. That's six dollars and forty cents.

JOEL
(handing over money)
I heard a rumor out there on the road that the first bus out of here leaves today.

RUTH-ANNE
Today? No, I haven't heard that. Would you like a schedule?

Joel nods.

CUT TO:

91 INT. JOEL'S OFFICE

"New York, New York" still plays on the radio as Joel enters. An assortment of twelve PEOPLE and one BEAVER sit quietly against a wall. Joel stops short at the sight of them. The office has been spruced up, furniture in place.

JOEL
What are you all doing here?

Marilyn
They're waiting to see the doctor.

JOEL
(to everyone)
Well, I am the doctor, but I'm very sorry I can't see any of you because I'm not staying.

Beat. No response. Joel pulls out a bus schedule.

JOEL
See, I've got a bus schedule so although I'm a doctor, I'm not really the doctor and I think it might be improper for me to establish relationships -- doctor-patient -- in a situation that's... that's, uh... going nowhere.

Beat. No response. No one moves.

JOEL
Anyway, it was nice meeting all of you. I wish you the very best.
CONTINUED:

Beat. No one moves.

JOEL (CONT'D)
Suit yourselves.

He turns, walks, stops.

JOEL (CONT'D)
(to Marilyn)
There is no job.

On that, Joel turns, exits.

EXT. JOEL'S OFFICE

He closes the door behind him. He considers, shakes his head, exhales, then re-enters office.

INT. OFFICE

Joel moves quickly down the line of patients pointing,
CALLING OUT numbers one through twelve as he exits into office room.

INT. JOEL'S OFFICE

He sits behind desk.

JOEL
Number One!

A few beats, then patient Number #1, robust, rugged man enters, sits.

JOEL
What's your problem?

PATIENT #1
I'm feeling achy and I'm hot.

JOEL
How long?

PATIENT #1
'Bout three years.

Joel gets up, touches Patient #1's cheek.

JOEL
You do feel a little warm. Let's get a temperature.
(stopping; to Patient #1)
How the hell am I gonna get your temperature without a thermometer?

(CONTINUED)
On that, Marilyn enters, tray of medical basics in hand. She sets down tray, hands Joel thermometer.

JOEL
(shrugging)
There's no job.

Marilyn exits, serene. Joel sticks thermometer under man's tongue.

JOEL
Take a seat out there for a few minutes.

Patient #1 exits.

JOEL
Number Two!

Patient #2, a teenager enters, sits holding a beaver in her lap.

JOEL
Hello.
(indicating beaver)
What's that?

TEENAGER
It's a beaver.

JOEL
Really? I've seen those before on P.B.S. Cute.

Joel leans down to look at beaver as a MAN knocks on door.

JOEL
(looks up, annoyed)
What number are you?

MAN
Twelve.

JOEL
Then go out there, Number Twelve and wait your turn like everybody else.

Number Twelve, turns, exits.

JOEL
(to Teenager)
So, anyway, what's your problem?

TEENAGER
I think his teeth hurt.

(CONTINUED)
JOEL

The beaver's?

TEENAGER

Yeah, he hasn't been gnawing on any wood lately.

A knock on the door, Joel looks up, see Patient #12 again.

JOEL

(angry)

Look, Number Twelve, I told you to sit down and wait your turn like everybody else. If you can't do that, I'm gonna ask you to leave.

Patient #12, looks down, exits.

JOEL

(to Teenager)

I'd like to help you with the beaver, but I'm not a dentist.

TEENAGER

Couldn't you just look at him?

JOEL

(beat)

All right. Lift his lip.

She does, revealing the full-figure of his enormous teeth.

ANGLE - JOEL

bending down, he looks at beaver, then eyes widening past beaver to expanding pool of blood in the doorway.

JOEL

Oh my god...

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Joel moves to doorway, hops the pool of blood into outer office.

INT. OUTER OFFICE

as he quickly follows trail of blood to Patient #12 who sits, his legs folded in lap, waiting, his left leg now soaked with blood.

ANGLE - JOEL

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

JOEL
Number Twelve, you’re bleeding all over the floor!!

CUT TO:

INT. JOEL’S OFFICE - EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

CLOSEUP - BULLET

JOEL (O.C.)
I’ve seen this caliber before.

PULL BACK TO SHOW: THE EXAMINING ROOM

Patient #12 lies on old, wooden operating table, pants off, legs dangling. Joel holds the bullet in a pair of calipers. Marilyn stands next to them, holding a stainless-steel bowl.

JOEL (CONT’D)
Saturday night special, but nowadays you see it seven days a week.

Joel turns, drops the bullet into the bowl. It pings. He applies a gauze pad.

JOEL
Gun of choice for your basic pimps, drug dealers and pre-AK 47 gangsters.

Joel picks up a bandage.

Marilyn
I’ll wrap him.

JOEL
I’ll wrap him.

Marilyn shrugs, exits with bullet.

JOEL
So what happened?

PATIENT #12
My wife shot me.

JOEL
Why?

PATIENT #12
She said, "loud doesn’t work with me anymore."

(off Joel’s look)
We’ve been married seventeen years.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

We HEAR a KNOCK on the door, it opens and Ed enters.

ED
Excuse me, Doctor Fleischman.
(to Patient #12)
Oh hi, Walter.

PATIENT #12
Hello, Ed.

ED
What happened to you?

PATIENT #12
Edna shot me.

ED
Man, oh man...

JOEL
(annoyed; to Ed)
What are you doing here?

ED
Maurice wants to talk to you.

JOEL
Yeah, well, tell him to take a number. I've got people out there.

ED
Okay, I'll wait.

Ed exits. On Joel, wrapping Walter:

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE - DAY - JOEL’S POINT OF VIEW

Serene, beautiful, quiet. MAURICE sits in a rowboat, rifle cradled in his arms. A golden retriever sits poised, erect, behind him. We HEAR the WHIRR of an outboard motor.

ANGLE - JOEL AND ED

approaching in a boat, Ed seated in the back, steering.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ED’S BOAT

as he cuts the engine and the boat drifts up to the rowboat. Maurice takes hold of it.

MAURICE
Hop in, Joel.

Joel climbs out of the boat and into the rowboat, rocking it as he does.
Joel climbs out of the boat and into the rowboat, rocking it as he does.
as it re-starts, heads back for shore. As the sound of the engine recedes:

MAURICE
(looking to the sky)
Ever do much hunting, Joel?

JOEL
Only on the lower East Side.
(Maurice looks at Joel)
For bargains.

Maurice squints back up at the sky, brings a duck whistle, dangling around his neck, to his mouth and blows. Long moment of pristine silence.

MAURICE
What I value most in life is friendship. I’ve never believed the written word was necessary when a rock-steady handshake would do. A man’s word is his honor. I’m talking about loyalty, son, commitment. I believe your people refer to it as "The Ethics of the Fathers." Do you get my drift?

JOEL
Well, I’m sure I will.

MAURICE
You signed a contract, Joel, but more important than that, you gave your word. And I intend to hold you to that word within the bounds of the law or, if need be, without the bounds of the law.

JOEL
Are you threatening me?

Maurice looks from the sky to Joel.

MAURICE
The reason you’re in Cicely is because I wanted a doctor here --

JOEL
(shocked; indignant)
I don’t believe this! --

(CONTINUED)
MAURICE
-- and if you have any notion of running, there's the matter of $125,000 that the good people of Alaska paid for your medical education. As far as I'm concerned, Fleischman, that's my money.

ANGLE - MAURICE

glaring at Joel, steely-eyed.

JOEL
(controlled rage)
I don't know who you think you're talking to, Minnifield, but I'm not some putz just off the caribou farm. I'm from New York City. I've walked down 42nd Street at midnight. I've ridden the Lexington Avenue Line at two a.m., I've stiffed cabbies, so don't you try this strong arm cowboy crap with me 'cause it doesn't do squat!

TWO SHOT - MAURICE AND JOEL

eyeball to eyeball.

ANOTHER ANGLE

We HEAR the sound of ducks overhead and in one rapid motion the gun comes up, pointing at Joel. Joel screams. Maurice fires directly over Joel's head. Joel clamps his hands over his ears. The dog turns, barks. We HEAR a far-off splash into the water. The dog leaps into the water, swimming strongly, swiftly.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

107 INT. HOLLING'S BAR - NIGHT
A full crowd of diners and drinkers, engrossed in serious talk.

108 ANGLE - BOOTH
Chris Stevens, 27, the radio D.J., sits across from Maggie and Ed the Indian.

MAGGIE
(to Chris)
He said he's going to do it?

CHRIS
(southern accent)
That's what he said.

MAGGIE
Not that maybe he'll do it, or that he's thinking about doing it, but that he's actually going to do it?

CHRIS
What Holling said to me, Maggie, was the following: "I am going to talk to Maurice."
(beat)
It left little room for doubt.

ED
(shaking head)
Maybe there's something you can say on your radio show that'll talk him out of it.

CHRIS
I don't think that would work, Ed.

Suddenly, they all look up, then become quiet.

109 ANGLE - HOLLING
standing in front of them, holding food.

(CONTINUED)
HOLLING
(aware of silence)
Everything all right here?
Concurrences, as Holling places the food on table.

HOLLING
Enjoy.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Their eyes follow Holling as we TRACK him past booths and customers, all of whom stop in mid-sentence and stare up at Holling as he passes by.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Marilyn sits in a booth with her two children.

MARILYN
(calling)
Holling.

Holling stops.

MARILYN
Odds are five to one Maurice is going to blow your brains out when you talk to him tomorrow.
(beat)
Should I take it?

HOLLING
(conconsidering)
Five to one... pretty good odds.

We TRACK Holling to bar, then down length of bar where he stops, looking at Joel who sits at the bar, nursing a beer, reading the paper.

HOLLING
(wiping off bar)
As you were saying, Joel...

JOEL
Listen to this...
(reading)
"Arrowhead County extends a hearty welcome to Joel Fleischman, a Jew doctor from back East who we know will be with us for a long time to come."

(MORE)
JOEL (cont'd)
(angrily)
There's a Constitution in this
country and a Bill of Rights that
implicitly states that an
individual can live any place he
pleases. Hey, I'll pay that state
back its money with interest, but
I'll be damned if I'm gonna let
myself be shaken down by a
right-wing nut who thinks he can
keep me here just because he's got
friends in high places, a souped-up
Caddy, and a 10-gauge shotgun with a
telescopic scope!

HOLLING
(taking it in)
10 gauge, huh...

Joel looks back at paper as Holling moves off. A tap on
Joel's shoulder, he looks up.

OMIT (112)

JOEL'S POINT OF VIEW - A "LOGGER"
stands over him.

LOGGER
I want to buy you a drink.

JOEL
Thanks, but I don't --

The Logger pours his drink into what's left of Joel's beer.

JOEL (CONT'D)
-- drink.

LOGGER
(clinking glasses)
To Walter.

JOEL
Who?

LOGGER
My buddy. You took the lead out.

JOEL
Oh, yeah. Number Twelve.

They drink. Joel grimaces.
CONTINUED:

LOGGER
Uno mas...

JOEL
Hold that thought.

Joel, wanting to escape, gets up, moves across room to Maggie, Ed and Chris. They look up. Joel sits down next to Chris. Joel looks back at Logger who looks back at Joel.

JOEL
(fake smile)
Talk like you know me.

On their expressions,

Dissolve To:

INT. BOOTH - LATER

Joel sits across from Maggie. Ed and Chris are gone. The bar has thinned out. A bunch of empty glasses on the table.

JOEL
So, anyway, after med school, me and Elaine moved into her place in the Village while I did my residency. Elaine's from Brooklyn, Canarsie -- you're from --

MAGGIE
Grosse Point.

JOEL
Michigan. Right, right. Grosse Point -- what an ugly name for a rich city. So anyway, you left college, came out here with the mountain climber --

MAGGIE
He was a graduate student writing a book about mountain climbing...

JOEL
The book, right -- "Mountain of something, something?"

MAGGIE
(matter of fact)
"Mountain of My Misgiving."

Joel starts to laugh.

(CONTINUED)
MAGGIE
Something funny about that?

JOEL
(laughing)
No, no...

MAGGIE
(defensive)
It was published, okay?

JOEL
(straight up)
So whatever happened to him up there on the mountain?

MAGGIE
He never actually climbed it. He... left...

JOEL
(confirming)
He dumped you.

MAGGIE
No, he didn't "dump me," not that it's any of your business. He happened to be wildly in love with me.

JOEL
You got cold feet, huh?

MAGGIE
(annoyed)
No, I did not get "cold feet." I liked him okay. I just didn't love him, okay? Besides... he's dead.

JOEL
Dead? Dead as in deceased?

Maggie nods.

JOEL
Oooh...

MAGGIE
What do you mean, "oooh"? I didn't kill him.

(beat)
We were on a glacier. I went for a hike. He decided to take a nap. And froze.

(continued)
Maggie looks at Joel who looks back.

MAGGIE
I can’t believe I told you that. I never tell anyone that. Hypothermia’s one thing, but a nap on a glacier. It was such a ridiculous way to die.

OMIT (115)

ANGLE - JOEL
leaning in, staring intently.

MAGGIE
What?

JOEL
(leaning in)
You have the reddest lips I’ve ever seen in my life. Elaine has red lips, but I’ve never seen red like that, I mean, except maybe on a birthday balloon.*

MAGGIE
You’re drunk.

JOEL
Not only that, you’re good-looking. Not great looking, but definitely pretty in a clean sort of way.

MAGGIE
I’m getting the check.

JOEL
Not only that, but you’re --

ANGLE - JOEL
as he stops...

ANGLE - MAGGIE
looking at him.

ANGLE - JOEL
as a wave of nausea hits. As he rises quickly:

CUT TO:
120 INT. NEAR MEN'S ROOM

Maggie stands, casually leaning against a wall, as we HEAR
the sound of Joel wretching.

HOLLING (O.C.)
C'mon, now, give me one more.

Beat. Then another wretch. Silence.

MAGGIE
Everything all right in there?

121 OMIT (121)

CUT TO:

122 INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Joel wakes up in Maggie's bed, in Maggie's room, in Maggie's
house. He sits up, hung over, clearing his head, pulls a
high heel shoe out from underneath him. He looks at it,
holding it, thinking.

CUT TO:

123 EXT. MAGGIE'S PORCH - DAY

Where RICK PEDERMAN, strapping, handsome, sits at the table,
drinking coffee, reading paper. He notices Joel standing in
the doorway holding a high heel shoe.

RICK
Morning.

Long beat.

JOEL
Where am I?

RICK
Maggie's. She had a mail run this morning.

JOEL
(nodding; beat, pointing to
cinnamon roll)
Mind if I --

RICK
(pushing plate over)
Help yourself.

(CONTINUED)
Joel sits, takes a bite of the roll.

JOEL
Who are you?

RICK
Rick.
(pushing keys to him)
She left the keys to her truck.
(smiling)
She didn’t think you’d feel much
like jogging into town today.

JOEL
(nodding, beat)
So, the bed I slept in last night,
is that the same bed Maggie slept in
last night?

RICK
No. We sleep in the other room.

JOEL
Oh.
(realizing)
Oh.

Rick smiles. Beat.

JOEL
So, I guess I was pretty out of it
last night?

RICK
(smiling)
Yeah.

JOEL
It’s been a very rough twenty-four
hours.

RICK
Must of been.

JOEL
I didn’t say or do anything that’s,
you know, out of line, did I?

RICK
No, just unbelievably embarrassing.
You kept going on about how green
Maggie’s eyes were, how long her
legs were, her boobs, her lips, her
butt...

(CONTINUED)
Rick smiles, sips his coffee, goes back to his paper. On Joel, wanting to crawl into a hole.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

As Joel, driving Maggie's truck, pulls up, his luggage, golf clubs, etc., protruding out of the back. We SEE that other cars and PEOPLE from the surrounding towns have begun to filter in for the Festival. Joel gets out of the truck, begins to walk down the sidewalk.

TRACKING SHOT - JOEL

as he passes Ed and OTHERS standing in a group, talking.

ED
Dr. Fleischman?

JOEL
Yeah, what?

ED
Point of information: if a man tells you he's going to kill you before he kills you, is that voluntary manslaughter, involuntary manslaughter or just a fair warning?

Beat.

JOEL
How the hell should I know?

ED
Well, you're a doctor.

Joel, shaking his head, keeps walking. As he approaches his office he is stopped by Ruth-Anne, who hands him a flier.

RUTH-ANNE
Hope to see you at the Festival.

Joel grunts, takes the flier, enters the office.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE

Marilyn, exiting the Examining Room, is heading to Joel's office as Joel enters.

(CONTINUED)
126 CONTINUED:

JOEL
Hey!
(approaching)
This is the last time I'm ever gonna
have to say this to you, Marilyn:
There is No Job.

Marilyn smiles.

JOEL
And will you please stop smiling at
me. You are constantly...
(surprised)
What's he doing here.

Marilyn
She did it again.

126A INT. EXAM ROOM

Patient #12 lies on his stomach in the Examining Room, a
bloody towel over his left shoulder. Joel moves quickly
into the Examining Room, shutting the door. He lifts up the
towel.

JOEL
Oh, for godssake... what'd she use
on you, a butcher knife?

PATIENT #12
Steak. She snuck up behind me.
If I didn't bury the gun, I'd be
dead by now.

On that the door flies open and Patient #12's WIFE,
wide-eyed, vibrating, appears. Marilyn stands behind her.

WIFE
Gimme the keys!

PATIENT #12
Like hell I will!

WIFE
Gimme the keys, Walter. It's my
truck!

JOEL
Who're you?

PATIENT #12
Over my dead body!

Marilyn
#12's wife.

(Continued)
WIFE
If that’s the way you want it, Walter!

On that she charges him. Joel stops her. Patient #12 tries to move off the table. Marilyn pushes him back down, holding him down.

JOEL
What is the problem here?!

WIFE
Him! He’s the problem.
(to Walter)
You’ve gnawed through my nerves like a rat through plaster, Walter and I’ve had it!

PATIENT #12
That’s right. Lay it off on me.

WIFE
I’m gonna finish you!

PATIENT #12
Come on! Come on! You want to do it. Let’s do it.

JOEL
Shut up!

They both keep yelling.

JOEL
(louder)
SHUT UP!

They stop.

JOEL
This is my office. People get sick, people get shot, people get hurt and I haven’t got a problem with that. That’s fine, that’s life -- I wouldn’t have it any other way.
(to Wife)
Do you realize how close you came to killing this man? If you hadn’t hit the tip of the scapula and bounced off a rib or two, you could’ve punctured his aorta or gone through his lung. Or if he had really bad luck you could have
(MORE)
JOEL (cont'd)
gone right through the muscle itself
which would have strangled his
heart. And if by some stroke of
luck that didn't finish him off,
you might've severed his spinal
chord, and left him belly up, like a
bug on its back.

A beat, Joel looks at Patient #12 and his wife, who look
confused and horrified.

WIFE
I had no idea it was this
complicated.

JOEL
Well, it is.
(beat)
So, I ask you again. What has this
man done to deserve a cardiac
tampinod?

A beat, Wife starts to cry.

WIFE
I'm invisible.

PATIENT #12
I told you, -- I don't --

Joel stops him with a raised hand.

WIFE
He never listens to me. He never
hears me. He doesn't see me unless
I shoot him or stab him. I've tried
kindness, I've tried anger, I've
tried crying, I've tried laughter.
I'm at the end of my rope, Walter.
If I don't kill you, I don't know
what I'm gonna do.

JOEL
#12?

PATIENT #12
I don't listen to her because no
matter what I do, it's wrong. She
didn't want me to drink in bed, I
don't drink in bed. You don't want
me to run around with the boys, then
(MORE)
PATIENT #12 (cont'd)
you complain I'm home too much. So, I've tuned you out.

JOEL
(long beat)
Well, what do we do now?
(beat)
As far as I can tell, we've got three ways to go -- divorce, separation, or you can start talking to each other. How many hands do I see for divorce? Separation?

Marilyn raises her hand.

JOEL
Well, then...

The phone rings.

JOEL
Is that a telephone?

It rings again.

JOEL
That's definitely a telephone.

He moves to the door, stops.

Marilyn
I took care of it.

Joel moves to door, stops.

JOEL
(to patient)
Start talking.

On that, he enters his office.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Joel enters, answers phone on desk.

(CONTINUED)
on automatic pilot, he puts the phone down gently on the desk as Elaine drones on.

EXT. OFFICE - DAY

The door blows open and Joel, a man possessed, races across the street, jumps in Maggie's truck.

LONG ANGLE - TRUCK

Joel sitting motionless for a long beat, suddenly begins to flip out -- writhing, banging on the steering wheel, dashboard, punching up at the ceiling. As townspeople watch him, we HEAR his muffled screams coming through the rolled-up windows.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TRUCK

As Joel, spent, collapses draping his head and arms over the steering wheel.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TRUCK DOOR

As it opens, and Joel climbs out, sits down on the running board staring at the ground, lowering his chin into his cupped hands. A long beat, then Marilyn's feet enter frame. Joel looks up.

Marilyn
They're still talking.

Off Joel's expression.

Marilyn
I'll stitch him up?

Joel
No. (beat)
I'll do it.

Joel stands, turns, walks toward the office, Marilyn several steps behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE FRONT

A sloping, expensive green meadow stretching to a broad lake filled with campers, pickup trucks, late model cars with their owners cooking on outdoor barbecues, sitting in beach chairs as the smoke rises from grills. Kids running, playing. Boats in the water and in the middle of the meadow is a bandbox with COUNTRY MUSICIANS playing and a

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

banner welcoming the people to the Summer Wonderland Festival. Sounds of LAUGHTER, and MUSIC and the smell of an outdoor barbecue all blend together.

ANGLE - CHRIS STEVENS

sitting on the back of an open pickup truck, soda in hand, laughing with a group of townsmen, one of whom mimes casting a fishing rod.

ANGLE - MAGGIE

laughing as she dances with Rick. They change partners.

ANGLE - ED THE INDIAN

dancing with Ruth-Anne. Ed, sunglasses and walkman on, dances like an urban black kid to the beat of his own music.

ANGLE - MARILYN

cooking fish on a grill, while her kids play tag and her five Huskies stand attentively staring up at the fish.

ANGLE - HOLLING

standing with Shelly and listening to several Indians. Holling nods, stubs out a cigarette.

ANGLE - MAURICE

moving up from the dock to the bandbox. He climbs the bandbox, standing in front of a microphone as the music dies down.

MAURICE

(over loudspeakers)

The town of Cicely welcomes you all to the ninth annual Arrowhead County Summer Wonderland Festival.

Cheers.

MAURICE

This year we are proud to announce that we have attracted celebrants from as far away as Ninilchik -- three hundred miles as the crow flies.

More cheers.

(CONTINUED)
MAURICE
I have a couple of announcements to make. KBHR, the flagship of the
Minnifield Communications Network, can now be heard over six outlying
townships from seven A.M. to nine P.M. daily, excluding Sundays, on
your 57 A.M. band.

Maurice smiles broadly to little reaction.

MAURICE
For those of you who lose track of
dial numbers, just check the
entertainment section of the Cicely
News and World Telegram which is
published weekly and on sale here
today.

Maurice smiles even more broadly.

WIDE ANGLE - CROWD

People listening as over the ridge we SEE Joel, hands thrust
in pockets, coming down through the meadow, taking a seat by
himself, on a tree stump, off from the crowd as Maurice
continues.

MAURICE
I am proud to say that I am proud to
be an Alaskan. And I am proud to be
here to celebrate that fact.

A CHEER goes up. Maurice leans down as someone whispers to
him.

MAURICE
(quickly)
The hammer throw scheduled for
two-thirty has been pushed back to
three o'clock which means we're
gonna flip the Big Sweat and the
Beard Pull. So sit back, enjoy the
food, the fellowship, and have a
helluva good time!
(arms raised)
North to the Future!

Maurice, arms pumping, smiling, descends the bandbox into
the crowd.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Ed sits down next to Joel. Joel looks up. Ed has a
hamburger in one hand, hot dog in the other.
ED
Mooseburger or Caribou dog?

JOEL
(beat)
Mooseburger.

Ed hands Joel the burger. Joel bites, chews.

PATIENT #12 (O.C.)
Doctor Fleischman...

Joel turns, sees Patient #12, and his wife. #12 moves stiffly.

JOEL
Oh, no --

WIFE
No, no. We're getting along fine.

PATIENT #12
We just wanted to thank you for getting us to break the ice.

WIFE
After seventeen years it gets pretty thick.

JOEL
Well, I'm glad I could help.

PATIENT #12
Me and the wife and everybody here are real happy that you're with us, I mean, you're a real doctor.

A beat. Joel is touched.


ED
What time is it in New York City now?

Joel looks down at his watch. A beat.

JOEL
Around midnight.

(CONTINUED)
ED
(nodding, thinking)
So, I guess maybe you and your fiancee could be coming back from
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
ED (cont'd)
a movie right about now. Maybe
stopped by a little cafe for a cup
of Espresso, picked up the Sunday
edition of the New York Times, and
some fresh, hot bagels for breakfast
tomorrow.

JOEL
(wistfully)
Sounds about right.
(catching himself)
How do you know about bagels?

ED
I saw "Manhattan." I think Woody's
a genius.

CUT TO:

145 TRACKING ANGLE - HOLLING
walking toward the lake, a gathering crowd following behind.

146 ANGLE - MAURICE
sitting at a folding card table by the dock, going over
Festival business. A .357 Magnum rests on the table as
Holling's legs come into frame. Maurice looks up.

147 MAURICE'S POINT OF VIEW - HOLLING
People in the background, looking, waiting to see what
happens.

148 TWO SHOT - HOLLING AND MAURICE
as Holling sits next to Maurice, both facing off into the
lake. Maurice's hand goes to his gun. Holling looks down,
spits, then looks off into the golden sunlight. A long beat
as they both stare into the distance, the gun between them.

HOLLING
(looking off;
matter-of-fact)
I got nothing to say to you,
Maurice.


HOLLING
But I'm saying it anyway.

A beat. Maurice looks at Holling.
149 OMITTED 149
150 OMITTED 150
150A MAURICE POV 150A
As Holling lowers his head we rack focus and reveal Shelly
in the b.g. watching them.
150B ANGLE MAURICE 150B
staring at Shelly for a moment.
150C ANOTHER ANGLE 150C
MAURICE
How's she doing?

HOLLING
She's fine. I miss you, Maurice. I
miss you bein' around. Things
turned upside down.

MAURICE
Gravity.
(off Holling's look)
It keeps you planted. Up in space,
you got no gravity, it takes you off
your feet and you just float around.
Is that what it's like, Holling?

HOLLING
What?

MAURICE
Being in love?

CUT TO:

151 TWO SHOT - JOEL AND ED 151

ED
How do you like the Mooseburger?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JOEL
A little gamy.

ED
You'll get used to it.

Joel looks at him. Ed hands him a napkin and smiles. Joel begins to wipe his face as CAMERA cranes up and away revealing the continuing festivities against the golden hues of a late afternoon summer Alaskan sun.

FADE OUT.

THE END