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BOOKWORM

by

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FADE IN

EXT SMALL ALASKAN AIRPORT DAY

ANGLE

CHARLES MORSE. A FELLOW IN HIS LATE FORTIES, DRESSED IN A VERY WORN CORDUROY JACKET, HORN RIMMED GLASSES. HE IS SEEN GAZING INTENTLY, LOVINGLY, AT SOMETHING OFF CAMERA, HIS EYES MOVE TO FOLLOW IT.

ANGLE, HIS POV

A VERY BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN, WITH A CAMERA, BEHIND HER A MAGNIFICENT MOUNTAIN SKYLINE.

MECHANIC (VO)

Ain't she something. . . isn't she just
somethin. . . ?

ANGLE

MORSE, WIDER ANGLE TO REVEAL THE HALF OPEN DOOR OF A SMALL AIRPLANE HANGAR. MORSE IS BEING ADDRESSED BY A YOUNG MECHANIC IN COVERALLS.

MORSE

Excuse me. . . ?

(PAUSE)

MECHANIC

Man, what wouldn't I do to get my hands
on her. . .

MORSE

To get your hands on what, sir. . . ?

MECHANIC (PAUSE)

...the G-2...The Gulfstream...

HE GESTURES, CAMERA PANS TO REVEAL, ON THE TARMAC, A GULFSTREAM, AND, BEYOND IT, ENGINES JUST TURNING OVER, A SMALL DEHAVILLAND "BEAVER" AMPHIBIAN, CIRCA 1940'S MANUFACTURE.

MECHANIC

...the Gulfstream. 20 million dollar
airplane. ...what'd you think I was
talking about...?

A JET PILOT, A FELLOW AROUND FORTY IN A WHITE SHIRT, HOLDING A CLIPBOARD, COMES OVER TO THE TWO, BEYOND HIM, WE SEE BOB GREEN, A HANDSOME FELLOW IN HIS LATE THIRTIES, SHEPHEARDING THE WOMAN (MICKEY, TOWARDS THE AMPHIBIAN) AND HE HOLDS A SMALL METAL SIGN. HE CALLS BACK TO MORSE.

GREEN (TO MICKEY)

Hey, look what I got...(TO CHARLES) Come on Charles, Boots and Saddles....!

JET PILOT

I took the liberty, Mr. Morse. . .

THE PILOT STARTS TO WALK MORSE TOWARDS THE AMPHIBIAN.

MECHANIC

Charles Morse...omigod...is that who you are...

CAMERA DOLLIES WITH THE TWO MEN TOWARD THE SMALL AIRPLANE.

JET PILOT

I took the liberty, sir, I've been talking with the pilot of the amphibian, looked at the engine log, seems the plane's in good shape, good avionics, and the fellow's been around. I would not advise you to fly in any low ceiling, any possibility of ice, or birdstrike... do not...

MICKEY

(CALLING BACK)

Oh, Charles, show a little gumption, for Lord's sake...

GREEN

(AS THEY CATCH UP WITH HIM)

What's birdstrike?

MORSE

Migrating birds, Hit a flock of birds, and...(HE MIMES A PLANE GOING DOWN)

CAPTAIN

That's absolutely right. This time of year, especially...

MORSE

Thank you. I'm sure that we'll be fine.

HE AND GREEN WALK TOWARD THE AMPHIBIAN, THE CAPTAIN TOUCHES HIS HAT.

JET PILOT

Any question, sir, I'll charter a helo, take you in, or out myself.

MORSE

(WALKING AWAY)

Thank you, Captain. (TO GREEN) (SOTTO)
...bit of a mother hen...

GREEN

Well, you've got a lot of responsibilities.

MORSE, FOLLOWS THE WOMAN WITH HIS EYES, AS SHE GETS INTO THE PLANE.

ANGLE, HIS POV

THE LOVELY MICKEY, SMILES AT MORSE, TAKES HIS PHOTO.

MICKEY

See, I told you you were gonna have a good time...

SHE GETS INTO THE PLANE.

ANGLE

THE PILOT, PUTTING MORSE INTO THE PLANE.

PILOT

Miss Stone asked me to give you this (HE HANDS MORSE A SMALL, WRAPPED PARCEL) And when will you require me back, sir?

MORSE

Robert...?

GREEN

They need the film in New York, 36 hours.
We'll need you here, ... 8 P.M. Tomorrow
night. (HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH)

THE JET PILOT NODS, AND WE SEE HIM, IN THE B.G. WALK UP TO
THE JET.

MORSE (TO GREEN)

New watch?

MORSE LOOKS DOWN AT THE SHINY OBVIOUSLY NEW STEEL WATCH ON
GREEN'S WRIST.

GREEN (OF WATCH)

Dual Time Zone. Tells you the time in
Two Places. So F'I'm in L.A., I need to
know the time in New York, I don't have
to go through the Anguish of adding
"three".

MORSE

What's the occasion?

GREEN

No occasion. Just thought I'd indulge
myself.

MORSE

...not an occasion...

GREEN

Nope.

GREEN (TO HIMSELF)

Just thought I'd indulge myself.

ANGLE, INT, THE PLANE. A SMALL, CRAMPED AMPHIBIAN.

DOLLYING DOWN FROM THE FRONT WE SEE JAMES, A MALE MODEL, WHO
IS SNEEZING.

WE SEE GREEN AND MORSE ENTERING AT THE BACK.

GREEN

Northern Weather, can't take it, eh Chum?

JAMES
I'll be alright.

BESIDE HIM SITS GINNY, A PRETTY YOUNG STYLIST IN HER TWENTIES, AND MICKEY, IN THE NEXT ROW, AS GREEN SITS NEXT TO THE PILOT, AND MORSE NEXT TO MICKEY. BEHIND THEM, IN THE LAST ROW, IS STEVEN, A PHOTOGRAPHIC ASSISTANT AROUND THIRTY.

GREEN
(OF THE SIGN, HE WAS SHOWING
PREVIOUSLY, TO MICKEY)
Steven, I borrowed this for the shoot.
Remember to send 'em a check for fifty
bucks, will ya?

ANGLE INS
A SMALL ENAMEL SIGN, READING "FIREARMS MUST BE UNLOADED
BEFORE BEING PLACED IN CHECKED BAGGAGE"
GREEN EDGES HIMSELF INTO THE COPILOT SEAT.
GREEN SETTLES HIMSELF INTO THE SEAT, UNCOMFORTABLY

GREEN
What am I jammed up on here...?

HE FEELS NEXT TO HIS SEAT, AND EXTRACTS A SHOTGUN

AMPHIBIAN PILOT
(AS HE ENTERS THE PLANE, OF
SHOTGUN)
For housepests.

THE GROUP LOOKS QUESTIONINGLY AT HIM

AMPHIBIAN PILOT (C) (AS HE POINTS)
Our housepests up here are six feet tall
and weigh eight hundred pounds.

ANGLE INS.
THE DASHBOARD OF THE PLANE. A SMALL SACK VIVIDLY MARKED
"FLARES", THE PILOT'S HAND COMES PAST THE SAC, AND CAMERA
PANS WITH IT TO A PHOTOGRAPH.

ANGLE, THE PILOT, AS HE TAKES THE PHOTOGRAPH OFF OF THE VISOR
OF THE PLANE, AND PASSES IT BACK.

ANGLE, INS. THE PHOTOGRAPH, AS IT CHANGES HANDS, IT SHOWS THE PILOT STANDING BY AN IMMENSE KODIAK BEAR, THE BEAR DEAD ON THE GROUND.

GREEN (VO)

Two guys in the woods. In a tent. Big bear comes up, he's gonna eat 'em. One guy, reaches in his pack, starts putting on his running shoes. The other guy "you idiot, you can't run faster than a bear..." Guy says, 'I don't have to run faster than the bear, I just have to run faster than you...'."

EVERYONE LAUGHS.

ANGLE: INT. THE PLANE.

MORSE

You know why that's particularly funny...? (PAUSE) The man would not be in the woods with his running shoes. (PAUSE) He wouldn't take them in the woods. So the joke indicates hidden hostility on the part of the man who brought the shoes. (PAUSE) It indicates, in effect, that he brought the other man into the woods to kill him. (PAUSE)

GREEN

How do you see that?

MORSE

...if we analyze it...

MICKEY

Oh, for godsake, it's a joke, Charles...

GREEN

How do you see hostility...?

ANGLE, ON THE PILOT. AS HE RUNS UP FIRST ONE ENGINE, AND THEN THE OTHER.

HE BEGINS TO TALK INTO THE RADIO, ASKING FOR CLEARANCE. CAMERA PANS BACK TO MICKEY AND MORSE.

MICKEY (SOTTO)

Darlin', it's just a way that people have
of being social... He was just telling
a...

WE HEAR THE ENGINE NOISE BUILD. GREEN, IN FRONT, TURNS BACK,
POINTS AT THE MOUNTAINS.

INT AMPHIBIAN AIRPLANE. DAY

MORSE, UNWRAPPING HIS PRESENT. WE SEE IT IS AN OLD, 19TH
CENTURY BOOK, CALLED "LOST IN THE WILDS," CLIPPED TO IT IS A
SMALL CARD.

ANGLE INS

THE CARD READS: "HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MR. MORSE, TO A MOST
THOUGHTFUL MAN, AND A WONDERFUL EMPLOYER, MS. HARRIET SMITH."

ANGLE

MORSE, TAKES THE CARD AND CLIP, AND PUTS THEM IN HIS POCKET.
HE HEARS THE SOUND OF CHATTERING, AND LOOKS UP AHEAD.

ANGLE, HIS POV

MICKEY AND GREEN, CONVERSING, AND LAUGHING.

DISSOLVE

EXT TAMARACK LODGE DUSK.

A FLIGHT OF DUCKS RISING FROM A LAKE. IN THE B.G. THE
AMPHIBIAN PLANE FLOATING ON THE WATER BY AN OLD WOODEN PIER.
IN THE B.G. THE OLD WOODEN LODGE.

INT THE LODGE.

AN ORNATE VICTORIAN LODGE. JOHN STYLES, A RUGGED, SCARRED
FELLOW AROUND SIXTY, CHECKING THE GROUP IN, IN THE LOBBY,
BEHIND HIM, ON THE WALL, A LARGE BEARSKIN, AND, A PHOTO OF AN
INDIAN.

MICKEY AND MORSE, ARM IN ARM, ARE IN A CORNER, CONVERSING,
EXAMINING THE LODGE.

MICKEY

...well, Charles, you aren't here to
enjoy yourself, you're here to
relax...AHA. A Library...

CHARLES STEERS HIMSELF INTO A LIBRARY.

...saved by the bell!

GREEN PICKS UP THE PHOTOGRAPH BEHIND THE COUNTER.

GREEN

Ah, you see...? (TO STEPHEN) This is
what I'm talking about. An Unsentimental
Photograph...

ANGLE

INT, THE SMALL LIBRARY OF THE LODGE, MORSE TAKING DOWN A
BOOK, IN THE BG, THROUGH THE DOOR, WE SEE THE GROUP IN THE
LOBBY.

GREEN (C)

Old photograph. When was this taken...?

STYLES

...took it Last Fall.

GREEN LAUGHS AT HIMSELF.

That's John Hawk. Friend of mine...

GREEN

...you took the photo...?

STYLES

....I took the photo, he took the Bear.

HE GESTURES TO THE LARGE BEARSKIN ON THE WALL.

ANGLE

FAVORING MORSE AS HE LOOKS ON.

John Hawk. Be out bearhunting with him
r'now, F'you folks were'nt here.

HE GESTURES TO HIS RIFLE, HANGING ON THE WALL.

N'if I had my rifle sighted-in.

JAMES, HOLDING A KLEENEX TO HIS NOSE, COMES UP, SNEEZING.

JAMES
...any chance of a cup of tea...

STYLES
I'll see to it. (STYLES WALKS THROUGH
THE LIBRARY)

STYLES (TO MORSE)
Y'interested in books...?

MORSE
(OVER HIS SHOULDER)
Why can't you get your rifle sighted-in?

STYLES
What? Oh,...need to rig up a benchrest.
(PAUSE)

MORSE
(AS HE PICKS UP A BOOK)
An ironingboard makes a good benchrest.

STYLES
No disrespect, but I'm surprised you know
what a benchrest is.

JAMES
(STICKING HIS HEAD IN)
I'm surprised he knows what an
Ironingboard is... (MORSE, HURT, TURNS
HIS HEAD AWAY) ..

GREEN, IN THE B.G., LOOKS DISAPPROVINGLY AT JAMES'S COMMENT.

STYLES
...go in the kitchen, they'll fix you up.

MORSE PICKS UP A BOOK FROM THE SHELF. HE TAKES ANOTHER BOOK
OUT OF HIS SHOULDERBAG, FIRST UNLOADING A SMALL DEVICE WHICH
LOOKS LIKE A TRANSISTOR RADIO. THE BOOK HE HAS REMOVED, FROM
HIS BAG, AND THE BOOK HE TOOK FROM THE SHELF ARE THE SAME
BOOK.

STEPHEN
(AS HE PASSES THE DOORWAY,
WITH AN ARMFUL OF SHIRTS, THE
PLAID SHIRTS THEY ARE TO
SHOOT.)

(MORE)

STEPHEN (cont'd)
Charles knows what everything is... If
you've got a question, ask him. Charles
knows everything.

STYLES
...take a mighty accomplished man to
claim that.

MORSE
I didn't claim it. I don't claim
anything.

STEPHEN
...you ask him, you see if I'm wrong.

STYLES TAKES DOWN THE INDIAN CANOE PADDLE HANGING OVER THE
DOOR. ON THE BLADE IS CARVED A BEAUTIFUL FIGURE OF A PANTHER.

STYLES
Well, I'll tell you what, I'll give you
five dollars, you c'n tell me what's on
the other side of this blade.

ANGLE, THE GROUP, MINUS JAMES, HAS GATHERED IN THE DOORWAY.

GINNY
...what's on the other side of the blade,
how would he know that?

STEPHEN
I'll bet he does.

MORSE
No, I...

STEPHEN
Come on, Charles.

MORSE
I...

GINNY
Oh, Stephen. Leave the poor man, al...

STYLES
(AS HE ATTEMPTS TO EASE
EVERYONE OUT OF THE ROOM)
Beg your pardon, beg your pardon -- F'you
come into the main lodge room ...

(MICKEY ENTERS)

MICKEY

...what's up?

MORSE (CALLING THE GROUP BACK)

It's a rabbit smoking a pipe. (PAUSE) On the reverse of the blade.

PAUSE

MICKEY

...what's going on?

MORSE

On the back of the blade. It's a rabbit smoking a pipe.

GREEN

A rabbit with a pipe. Why in the world would that be?

MORSE

It's a symbol of the Cree Cree Indians. On one side, the panther, on the other side, his prey, the rabbit sits unafraid. He smokes his pipe.

MICKEY

Why is he unafraid...?

STEPHEN

Why is he unafraid, Charles?

(PAUSE)

MORSE

Because he's smarter than the panther.

HE TURNS OVER THE PADDLE TO SHOW THE RABBIT SMOKING A PIPE.
HE STARTS SHEPHERDING THE GROUP OUT OF THE LIBRARY.

GREEN TAKES THE PADDLE, AND LOOKS AT IT.

GREEN PUTS THE PADDLE DOWN TO SHOW THE "PANTHER" SIDE - GREEN PICKS UP THE G.P.S. DEVICE.

GREEN

What's this?

GREEN AND MORSE WALK OUT OF THE LIBRARY, AND UP TO THE DESK, WHERE STEPHEN IS STRUGGLING WITH THE PHOTOGRAPHING EQUIPMENT THE AMPHIBIAN PILOT HAS JUST CARRIED UP.

STEPHEN

...and what's the weather meant to be tomorrow?

AMPHIBIAN PILOT

...clear to evening, some slight chance a storm, snow, perhaps, tomorrow-midnight...

STEPHEN

...cause' we've got to get this film out tomorrow...

GREEN AND MORSE WALK OUT TOWARD THE DESK. MICKEY, RUBBING HER EYES.

MICKEY

I'm exhausted...See ya upstairs.

MORSE (NODS)

...(OF THE DEVICE) Global Positioning System. To locate you, anywhere in the world, and broadcast your position.

STYLES (BY THE BEARSKIN)

Oh, one thing...who's the boss Hog in this caravan...?

STEPHEN INCLINES HIS HEAD TOWARD GREEN.

GREEN

...very flattering...

STYLES

(WALKING OFF. WITH GREEN)

Tell your people, will you, and I'll tell them: we've got a problem with bears around here, it's no joke. ...we got a problem with bears. (PAUSE) Never leave food uncovered. Even in the Lodge. Never. You see a bear, near you, stay still. Let 'em know that you know that he sees you, back up, real slow...someone's in trouble... (HE GESTURES TO THE RIFLE) get my attention real quick. This is no Joke.

GREEN

I'll take it up with them tomorrow.

STEPHEN, AT THE DESK, IS ALONE WITH MORSE.

MORSE

Where did everyone go...?

STEPHEN (LOOKING AROUND)

Fagged from their Journey. Something-to-eat...?

MORSE STANDS BY THE CALENDAR, SHOWING THE DATE, OCTOBER 10, ON A LARGE SHEET.

STEPHEN LOOKS AT HIM, LOOKING AT THE SHEET.

STEPHEN (C)

Important Date...?

MORSE

It's my birthday.

PAUSE

STEPHEN

Your birthday, Charles...? Today...?
(MORSE NODS)

HE COMES OVER AND HUGS HIM.

Happy Birthday. Happy Birthday, Charles.

CHARLES

Thank you, Stephen.

STEPHEN

Many more.

GREEN CALLS FROM THE BAR ROOM.

GREEN (O.S.)

Stephen.

STEPHEN

Yeah!

GREEN (O.S.)
Is that you...?

STEPHEN
Yes, Robert, it's me.

GREEN (OS)
Stephen! Could you get in here,
please...?

STEPHEN (SOTTO)
...coming... ...coming, Mister Benny...

EXITING

STEPHEN (C)
Happy Birthday, Charles.

CHARLES ALONE, LOOKS AT THE PICTURE OF THE INDIAN, PICKS IT
UP, REPLACES IT. LOOKS AT THE BEARSKIN.

PAUSE. HE SIGHS, THEN PICKS UP HIS SHOULDERBAG, AND CLIMBS
THE GRAND, ADIRONDACK-STYLE LOG STAIRS OF THE LODGE.

INT CHARLES AND MICKEY'S ROOM NIGHT.
A LOVELY, NEAT LOG ROOM, HUDSONBAY BLANKETS ON THE BED, A
VIEW OF THE LAKE, AND THE SEAPLANE BELOW. MICKEY ENTERS FROM
THE BATHROOM, BRUSHING HER TEETH, AS CHARLES COMES IN FROM
THE HALL.

MICKEY
Lord, I am bushed.

CHARLES TAKES OUT THE BOOK "ALONE IN THE WILD".

MORSE
See my new book

MICKEY
...well, you've always got a new one.

MORSE
Miss Smith gave me mine.

MICKEY
(AS SHE PASSES HER CLOTHES,
ARRAYED ON THE CHAIR)
(MORE)

MICKEY (cont'd)

Mm hmm.

MORSE

D'I tell you why?

MICKEY

...what?

HE OPENS THE COVER. WE SEE, ON THE FLYLEAF, HER INSCRIPTION
"TO CHARLES MORSE ON HIS BIRTHDAY..."

MORSE

D'I tell you why? She gave me the book?

MICKEY

(GETTING INTO THE BED)

Because she is one Thoughtful Human
Being. ...that guy gave me the creeps,
with all that talk about the Bear.
Dinney you...?

SHE YAWNS.

MORSE REACHES FOR HER.

MICKEY

Salt-of-the earth...(SHE TURNS OUT THE
LIGHT. MORSE REACHES TOWARD HER.) Not
tonight, Baby... I've got to get my
sleep. I'm sorry. I love you. You're
the Most Excellent Man, and that's why I
Married You.

HE GOES AND SITS BY THE WINDOW, LOOKING DOWN AT THE LAKE.

MORSE

You know, this is a Special Day for Me.

MICKEY (SLEEPILY)

Mm. Special day for me, too. I've got
to get some sleep, or tomorrow I'm gonna
break the camera.

MICKEY

Charles...? (PAUSE) Oh, Charles, I'm
sorry. I'm jazzed-up from the trip.
I've got to get a bite to eat. R'I won't
sleep. Would you go down and get me
something?

MORSE

I'm sorry...what?

MICKEY

Could you get me something to eat...?

MORSE

What would you like?

MICKEY

A sandwich. Anything... I'm sorry...

HE NODS, HE PULLS ON A T-SHIRT, FROM HIS SUITCASE, AND STARTS OUT OF THE ROOM.

I'm sorry.

MORSE

...perfectly alright.

MICKEY

Y'see? It's good you came along.

INT STAIRCASE/HALLWAY, THE LODGE, NIGHT.

WRAPPING A BLANKET AROUND HIS SHOULDERS. MORSE, COMING DOWN THE STAIRS. ALL THE LIGHTS ARE OFF.

CAMERA TRACKS WITH HIM DOWN TO THE RECEPTION AREA. HE STOPS BY THE BEARSKIN, RIFLE, AND PHOTO ON THE WALL, AND LOOKS MOMENTARILY AT THE PHOTO OF THE INDIAN, JOHN HAWK. HE LOOKS AROUND, AND STARTS ACROSS THE LOBBY AREA.

ANGLE INT KITCHEN

A SMALL, HOTEL/LODGE KITCHEN CIRCA 1890. A LARGE BUTCHERBLOCK PREPARATION AREA, AND A LARGE, HALF-EATEN HAM LYING ON IT ON A PLATTER.

MORSE LOOKS AT THE HAM, AND, BEYOND IT, AN OPEN WINDOW. A BREEZE COMES IN FROM THE WINDOW AND FLUTTERS THE WAX PAPER AROUND THE HAM.

THE SCREEN DOOR BANGS. MORSE GOES TO THE DOOR, AND CLOSES IT. HE RETURNS TO THE WORKTABLE AND BEGINS MAKING A SANDWICH.

HE CUTS A SLICE OFF THE HAM, AND PUTS THE HAM INTO THE REFRIGERATOR.

ANGLE, HALL/LOBBY AREA.

THE DOOR FROM THE KITCHEN OPENS, AND MORSE COMES OUT, HOLDING

A PLATE WITH THE SANDWICH ON IT. HE IS HEADED FOR THE STAIRS, WHEN HE HEARS A LARGE CRASH COMING FROM THE KITCHEN. BEAT, HE COMES BACK TOWARD THE KITCHEN DOOR.

ANGLE XCU MORSE.

HIS EYES GROW VERY WIDE, STARING AT THE DOOR.

ANGLE

OVER MORSE, THE DOOR TO THE KITCHEN, A LARGE BEAR HAS PUT HIS HEAD THROUGH THE DOORWAY, AND IS LOOKING AT MORSE. THE BEAR GRUNTS.

MORSE BEGINS BACKING UP VERY SLOWLY.

CAMERA PANS WITH MORSE, AS HE TURNS HIS HEAD, SLOWLY LOOKING AROUND FOR AN AVENUE OF ESCAPE.

ANGLE HIS POV

THE RIFLE, HANGING ON THE WALL.

ANGLE

MORSE, MOVING TOWARD THE RIFLE, VERY SLOWLY, THE BEAR CIRCLES HIM. MORSE PUTS DOWN THE SANDWICH ON THE RECEPTION DESK, AND BACKS UP TO THE RIFLE.

ANGLE

MORSE, AGAINST THE WALL. HE LOOKS AROUND. HE CANNOT SEE THE BEAR. BEAT. WE HEAR THE DEEP GRUNT OF THE BEAR. THE BEAR IS SEEN COMING AROUND A COUCH, TOWARD MORSE.

MORSE LOOKS DOWN. HE SEES THE SANDWICH ON THE COUNTER AND BEGINS BACKING AWAY FROM IT, HOLDING THE RIFLE. HE BACKS TOWARD THE DOOR TO THE LODGE MAIN ROOM, OVER HIM WE SEE THE BEAR, MOVING TOWARDS THE COUNTER. MORSE CONTINUES BACKING UP SLOWLY. HE STUMBLES. HE LOOKS DOWN.

ANGLE HIS POV

HE HAS STUMBED OVER GINNY'S MAKEUP CASE AND FALLS ON THE FLOOR.

ANGLE, MORSE LOOKS UP, THE BEAR GRUNTS, AND BEGINS ADVANCING QUICKLY ON MORSE.

MORSE SCUTTLES UP, AND BACKS THROUGH THE DOOR INTO THE MAIN ROOM.

ANGLE INT, THE DARK, MAIN ROOM. MORSE'S SHAPE DIMLY SEEN BY THE LAST GLOW OF EMBERS IN THE LARGE FIREPLACE. HE TRIES TO COCK THE GUN. WE HEAR THE BEAR PANTING, ADVANCING ON HIM. IN HIS FEAR, HE CANNOT GET THE HAMMER BACK. MORSE CONTINUES

TO SCUTTLE BACKWARD.

MORSE (UNDER HIS BREATH)
No, no...oh, Lord...no.

ANGLE

OVER THE BEAR ONTO MORSE, WHO PULLS HIMSELF TO HIS FEET, WHIMPERING.

HE REVERSES THE GUN, HOLDING IT LIKE A CLUB.

...no, no, please, please...

THE LIGHTS GO ON, TO REVEAL THE MAIN ROOM IS FULL OF THE MEMBERS OF HIS PARTY.

BEAT. GREEN LOOKS AROUND AT THEM. AND FIRST HE, AND THEN THEY BEGIN SINGING "FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW".

MORSE LOOKS AROUND.

ONE OF THE LODGE EMPLOYEES SHRUGS OFF THE BEARSKIN HE HAS BEEN WEARING.

STYLES COMES OVER, SINGING, AND TAKES THE RIFLE FROM MORSE'S HANDS.

MICKEY COMES INTO THE ROOM, AND JOINS THE SINGING.

MORSE GOES TO THE COUCH AND SITS VERY SHAKILY DOWN. THE SONG FINISHES, AND THE ASSEMBLY BEGINS TENTATIVELY TO CLAP. GREEN LEADS THEM ON, TRYING TO MEND THE AWKWARDNESS OF THE MOMENT. STEPHEN GOES OVER TO AN OLD UPRIGHT PIANO, AND STARTS TO PLAY "HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU".

MICKEY COMES OVER TO THE COUCH AND SITS BY MORSE.

MICKEY

Charles...? Charles? Are you okay?

MORSE IS STILL SHAKING.

...Charles...?

HE LOOKS AT HER. BEAT.

Are you okay?

MORSE

What? No. (BEAT) I'm fine.

MICKEY

I'm so sorry. Darling. Can you forgive me?

MORSE

Yes, no. I'm fine.

MICKEY

No, tell me, though, do you forgive me?

MORSE

I'm alright. Yes.

(PAUSE)

MICKEY

Happy Birthday, Darling. (SHE KISSES HIM) I'd never forget you.

MORSE NODS.

ANGLE, THE ROOM.

IN THE B.G., THE EMPLOYEE SHEDS THE BEARSKIN, LAYING IT OVER A COUCH, AND WHEELS IN A CART FULL OF REFRESHMENTS.

...I hope this is an especially happy birthday for you, Charles, and I'm so very glad you came.

GREEN TAKES A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE FROM THE CART.

GREEN

May I have your attention? Could I have your attention, for a moment, please? C'I get serious for a moment...?

(PAUSE. THE PEOPLE IN THE ROOM SETTLE DOWN.)

Well, look here: sometimes it's hard to know what to say.

(PAUSE)

Y'hang around with a fellow, and, sometimes, only way you can express yourself...through ribbing, or a joke
(PAUSE) ...sometimes you can only do it through a joke. (PAUSE) The world that we move in...

MICKEY

God Bless it...!

THE GROUP LAUGHS.

GREEN

...that's right. But we know it to be a kind of a... (PAUSE) Let's face it: it's a superficial world. We don't often say what we mean. But I'm going to take it upon myself to speak, "for the group", and, say, what I think we all mean: Charles, thank you for your Good Nature, your intelligence, your generosity - forgive us for this 'charade', and, in short, Happy Birthday.

HE RAISES HIS GLASS, THE GROUP APPLAUDS. MICKEY COMES OVER AND KISSES MORSE.

ANGLE C.U. MORSE.

ANGLE HIS POV

THE HEAD OF THE BEARSKIN, IT SEEMS TO MOVE. WE SEE STEPHEN, WHO HAS DUCKED DOWN BEHIND THE COUCH, COMING UP, WITH A FEW WRAPPED PRESENTS, AND COMING TOWARD CHARLES, SMILING.

GREEN (VO)

A good companion, a good friend, and a good Sport!

MICKEY (INTERJECTING)

...and a very brave man...!

ANGLE

GREEN FINISHES THE TOAST, ALL CHEER, GREEN CLAPS STYLES ON THE BACK, STYLES STARTS OUT OF THE ROOM, HOLDING THE RIFLE.

STYLES

I want to tell you...

ANGLE

CHARLES ET AL, ON THE COUCH, HE IS OPENING HIS PRESENTS. AT THE FIRST, THE GROUP GIVES A MURMUR OF DELIGHT.

...in the true event, however...

GREEN (IN PASSING)

Well, this ain't the true event...

STYLES

...s'a textbook case what not to do: a bear? You've got to stand your ground, never, that hunting instinct kicks in, they'll be on you quicker...

STEPHEN (IN PASSING)
...it's just a joke.

GINNY
(OF PRESENT CHARLES IS
OPENING)

What is it, Charles...? What is it...?

ANGLE INS - A SMALL, WHITE BOX, THE COVER EMBOSSED "STEARNS & HARRINGTON - FINE JEWELERS AND ENGRAVERS SINCE 1867."
MORSE'S HANDS OPEN THE BOX, AND EXTRACT THE PRESENT. IT IS A GOLD POCKETWATCH, IN A HUNTERCASE, AN OLD, BEAUTIFUL WATCH WITH A GOLD CHAIN.

ANGLE
THOSE SEATED ON THE COUCH.

MICKEY
...there's a "sentiment" inside.

MORSE OPENS THE BACK OF THE WATCH AND READS THE INSCRIPTION.

ANGLE INS
THE INSCRIPTION READS: TO MY BELOVED HUSBAND, ON HIS BIRTHDAY, FROM THE LUCKIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD".

ANGLE
THE GROUP

STEPHEN
...what's it say, Charles...? ...what's it say. Something marvelously sentimental...? Well, if that don't this does...

HE HANDS CHARLES AN ENVELOPE. CHARLES OPENS IT AND LAUGHS.
IT IS A POSTCARD.

GINNY
...what is it...?

MORSE
This seems to be...

STEPHEN
...it is...

MORSE

A suggestive French Postcard...seems to be from the Twenties... (HE DISPLAYS IT) shows a Bistro, and a well-dressed man, leaving with his arm around a sailor, and the French reads..." I adore Seafood..."

EVERYONE LAUGHS

STEPHEN

"J'adore les Fruits-de-mer".

GREEN STEPS UP AND HANDS MORSE A SMALL WHITE BOX. MORSE OPENS IT. IT IS A SMALL, EXQUISITE POCKETKNIFE... ON THE BOLSTER OF WHICH IS ENGRAVED "C.M." HE SHOWS IT AROUND.

MORSE

Do you know...Do you know... The Victorians said: the two questions one gentleman never should ask another: "Do you have the Time? and: May I borrow your Knife." Thank you, Bob.

GREEN (SMILING)

Your Servant.

MORSE OPENS THE BLADE.

GINNY

Why should one gentleman never ask another that...?

GREEN

Cause if you're a Gentleman, you should have your own knife, and watch..

GINNY

...what if you left it home?

GREEN (LOOKING AROUND)

...where's James...?

MORSE (READS THE CARD)

"To Charles Morse. From a Friend."

STYLES RE ENTERS THE ROOM.

STYLES

Give'm a coin...give'm a coin... (PAUSE)
 You've got to give the Donor a coin...
 Old superstition. (PAUSE)

MORSE (TO MICKEY, ET AL)

Someone gives you a knife, you have to
 return him a coin, or it "cuts the
 friendship".

STEPHEN

Well, give'm a coin! For the love of
 Mike...

MORSE DIGS IN HIS POCKET FOR A COIN.

GREEN TAKES OUT THE ENAMEL "FIREARMS" SIGN.

GREEN

Oh. Stephen. Stephen! Tomorrow,

ANGLE

GREEN HANDING THE SIGN TO STEPHEN.

...where's James...?

MORSE LOOKS DOWN AT HIS WATCH. OPENS THE FRONT. IT BEGINS
 TO CHIME. ALL LISTEN, AS IT CHIMES ELEVEN, AND THEN ONE
 DIFFERENT PITCHED CHIME FOR THE QUARTER-HOUR, AND THEN THREE
 QUICK CHIMES.

MORSE

...this is a superb present.

MICKEY

...may you wear it in good health.

GREEN

...so let's pack it in, we want to be
 Taking-Of-The-Pretty-Pictures at 0-Light-
 Hundred, which is...?

STEPHEN

Dawn is at Six-Oh-Two.

GREEN

So let's pack it in...

HE STARTS OUT.

Happy Birthday, Charles...Mickey?

(MORE)

GREEN (cont'd)
Charles? You let her get some sleep, you hear...?

MORSE LEANS OVER AND IMPULSIVELY KISSES HIS WIFE.

ANGLE THE LODGE HALL.

GREEN COMING OUT, FOLLOWED BY STEPHEN. GREEN GESTURES AT THE CASES.

...get it unpacked and get out, gimme the lights in the big room, north is... (HE LOOKS ABOUT QUESTIONABLY. STEPHEN POINTS)

THEY WALK OUT OF THE SHOT. MICKEY AND MORSE COME INTO THE AREA, WITH STYLES, STYLES PICKS UP THE RIFLE, WHERE HE HAS LEANED IT AGAINST THE WALL, AND STARTS TO RE-HANG IT IN ITS POSITION OVER THE DESK.

MORSE
I take it the gun wasn't loaded.

STYLES
Wasn't loaded? No, sir.

MORSE
What if I had somehow, what if I had somehow...Gotten a...

STYLES
A "cartridge"...?

MORSE
...that's right. And put it in the Gun.

STYLES
Unlikely, but it's possible.

MORSE
Well...?

STYLES (NODS)
Plugged up the breech...
(HE OPENS THE ACTION, AND SHOWS MORSE, AND THE CAMERA, THAT THE BREECH IS PLUGGED WITH A BIT OF CARDBOARD. HE EXTRACTS THE CARDBOARD.)

MORSE

You plug up the breach, and the gun can't shoot...?

STYLES

Absolutely right.

MICKEY STARTS UP THE STAIRS.

MICKEY

I'll see you upstairs, Charles.

STYLES LOOKS UP AT THE BEARSKIN ON THE WALL. HE RUBS THE SCARRED SIDE OF HIS FACE UNCONSCIOUSLY. MORSE LOOKS AT HIM. STYLES, FEELING HIS GLANCE, LOOKS UP. STYLES CONTINUES HUNTING FOR THE BILL. HE FINDS THE BILL, AND HANDS IT TO MORSE.

STYLES

Nice-lookin'...lady your wife...?

MORSE TURNS TO STYLES

MORSE

Why did you ask me if she was my wife?

STYLES

...just like to know who everyone is.
(PAUSE) G'night.

PAUSE, THEN MORSE STARTS BACK UP THE STAIRS.

DISSOLVE

INT. MORSE'S ROOM. DAY.

ANGLE INS

THE NAVSAT G.P.S. TRANSMITTER DEVICE, THE INSTRUCTION SHEET NEXT TO IT, WE READ "TO FIND AND BROADCAST YOUR POSITION, ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD, SIMPLY..." NEXT TO THE NAVSAT WE SEE THE POCKETKNIFE AND THE WATCH. MORSE'S HAND COMES INTO THE SHOT AND TOUCHES THE STUD ON THE WATCH. IT CHIMES EIGHT O'CLOCK...

ANGLE

MORSE, GETTING OUT OF BED. LOOKS AROUND, RUBS HIS EYES.
 PICKS UP HIS WATCH AND SMILES AT IT. HE PASSES THE STUD, AS
 IT CHIMES 7:15.
 MORSE OPENS THE BACK, AND LOOKS DOWN.

ANGLE INS - THE INSCRIPTION ON THE POCKETWATCH.
 "TO MY BELOVED HUSBAND - ON HIS BIRTHDAY - FROM THE LUCKIEST
 WOMAN IN THE WORLD."

INT LODGE LOBBY. MORSE, COMING DOWNSTAIRS. HE LOOKS OUT THE
 FRONT DOOR.

ANGLE, HIS POV
 MICKEY, AND GREEN, ON THE PIER, GREEN PHOTOGRAPHING HER.

ANGLE
 MORSE, AND STYLES, WHO IS BEHIND THE DESK NIBBLING AT A BOWL
 OF FRUIT. MORSE NODS AT HIM. STYLES GESTURES AT THE
 BEARSKIN

STYLES
 Ready for breakfast...? Ain't he a
 beauty? Kodiak Bear. (PAUSE) Soon kill
 you as look at you. N'the ones killed a
 man? ...manhunter, the rest of his life.
 Nothing he'd rather eat. Get the taste
 of human flesh...? A man-killing
 machine. (PAUSE) Stink, they do. Like
 ten difrnt kind of skunks. You ever
 smell that in the wild... N'I'll tell you
 one other thing: You don't want to put
 the smell of your blood in the air. One
 of em? Smell that blood, ten miles off I
 am not jokin. Come for you n'kill you.
 That bear is a killer.

HE LOOKS UP AT THE BEAR.

MORSE
 (DISTRACTEDLY -- LOOKING OUT
 THE DOOR)
 Is that so?

ANGLE MORSE POV

OUT ON THE PIER, GREEN AND MICKEY. GREEN IS MANHANDLING HER
 INTO A POSITION FOR A PHOTOGRAPH.

MICKEY

"Officer, can I sunbathe nude on this beach?"

GREEN

"Sorry, Lady, Gainst the Rules. . ."

MICKEY

"... but I have a Divine Right."

GREEN

"Your Left ain't 'bad, either, but Rules is Rules..."

THEY LAUGH.

STYLES (VO)

...smell of blood...

ANGLE MORSE AND STYLES.

MORSE

...I'm sorry...?

STYLES

Smell blood for f'teen miles. (PAUSE)
Pine needle falls in the forest, that
bear's gonna smell it, 'fore it hits the
ground. And I'll tell you one other
thing: they know when you're after'em.
Play with you, toy with you, n'stalk you
while you're stalking them. (STYLES
UNCONSCIOUSLY RUBS THE SCARRED SIDE OF
HIS FACE.) (PAUSE) No, sir.

MORSE COMES UP TO THE DESK -- TAKES A BUNCH FROM THE BOWL.

N'other thing, this time of years, berry
patch? That's where you be careful.
That's where the bear is. He likes'em,
too.

HE LOOKS UP AT THE BEARSKIN.

Berrypatch...that's where I met mine.

PAUSE. THEY BOTH LOOK UP AT THE BEARSKIN.

Isn't he though...?

(PAUSE)

MORSE (ABSENTLY)
D'you get him?

STYLES
(RUBS HIS FACE)
No, mine's still up there. (PAUSE)
Still up there. (PAUSE) Goddamn killer.

THE TWO MOVE OUT ONTO THE PORCH.

STEPHEN, DISTRACTED, DESCENDS THE STAIRS, AS GREEN AND MICKEY ENTER. AS THEY ENTER THE LODGE, GREEN TAKES A LARGE LEATHER BELT WITH A METAL BUCKLE OFF OF MICKEY.

GREEN
Getting too much bounce off it.

HE HANDS IT ABSENTLY TO CHARLES.

And can we get her...

STEPHEN
Robert...

GREEN
Listen first, we've got to get to James.
So get her shoes shined, and...

STEPHEN
...Robert...

GREEN
If you can't find shoepolish, scrap the
shoes and...

MORSE
A bananna peel will shine shoes. (PAUSE)

GREEN
Get James down here, and...

STEPHEN
Robert, he's...

MORSE
The inside of a bananna peel will shine
shoes...

GREEN

A fount of information.

MICKEY

Not now, Charles.

STEPHEN

Robert. He's sick. (PAUSE) James is sick.

GREEN

He can't be sick. We've got to shoot him. (PAUSE) How sick is he?

STEPHEN

Forget about it.

GREEN, DISTRACTEDLY, PICKS UP THE PHOTO OF THE INDIAN, JOHN HAWK. HE HOLDS IT UP TO LOOK AT IT. ANGLE INS. THE PHOTO. THE LIGHT, IN THE PHOTO, GLEAMING OFF THE HILT OF HAWK'S KNIFE.

ANGLE MORSE

MORSE

...is there anything I can ddd...

GREEN (OF PHOTO)

Where is this guy? (PAUSE) He's your friend, right? Where is he? This Guy-In-The-Photo - Where is he?

STYLES

John? Cabin up North, eighty miles...

GREEN

Can we get to him? Does he have a phone...

STYLES

No phone, no radio; and, any case...

GREEN (TO STEPHEN)

Okay. Let's go get him. Bring the rags, bring the Brownie, get the Pilot, find out how to find the guy.

(GREEN, OF PHOTO)

This is the guy we should be shooting, the first place, You want to sell a Plaid

(MORE)

GREEN (cont'd)
Jacket... This is a guy's got some
character in his face...

HE GESTURES TOWARD THE PHOTOGRAPH.
SIGHS.

STYLES
In any case, he'll likely be out. He'll
likely be out on a Bear Hunt...

GREEN,
Well, we'll just go find him.

STEPHEN
We'll need two people. To carry the
equip...

GREEN
Charles is coming, too. (PAUSE)

MICKY (LAUGHS)
Charles?

MORSE
...that's right.

INT BEDROOM DAY

ANGLE INS
THE BEDROOM TABLE.
MORSE'S HAND COMES INTO THE SHOT AND SWEEPS UP THE G.P.S.
NAVSAT. CAMERA TILTS UP TO SHOW SEAPLANE, JUST TURNING OVER
ITS ENGINES, OUT THE WINDOW.

EXT THE PIER. DAY.
THE PILOT, GREEN, LOADING THE PLANE, STEPHEN, FESTOONED WITH
BAGS, HOLDING A MAP BEFORE HIM, COMES ONTO THE PIER. ALL
START ONTO THE PLANE IN THE BACKGROUND WE SEE MORSE, RUNNING
DOWN FROM THE LODGE, STRUGGLING INTO HIS JACKET.

MORSE
Wait a minute...wait...

THE GROUP IS LOADING ITSELF INTO THE PLANE, CHARLES JOINS
THEM.

ANGLE INT THE PLANE.

STEPHEN SITS NEXT TO THE PILOT, MORSE CLIMBS IN, NEXT TO GREEN.

CAMERA PANS OVER THE FILE, THE BEAR PHOTO, AND THE 'FLARES' BAG.

GREEN

...you take off with this load?

PILOT

Yeah. Where we going...?

STEPHEN SHOWS HIM THE MAP.

GREEN

Any problem?

PILOT

Nope. You got a weatherfront coming in, tonight... out of the North, snow, maybe, we'll be there...(POINTS TO THE MAP) n'hour...? And back by lunch - Beat it by a mile....

GREEN LOOKS AT HIS WATCH. NODS. THE PILOT STARTS RUNNING UP THE ENGINES. STYLES APPEARS ON THE PIER.

STYLES (YELLING TO THE PLANE)

Be careful of the Deadfalls...

THE PLANE PULLS AWAY FROM THE PIER, IN THE LAKE, AND STARTS ITS TAKEOFF RUN.

GREEN (TO MORSE)

What he say?

MORSE

He said be careful of deadfalls. Around the Hunters cabin.

GREEN

Deadfalls...?

MORSE (MIMES)

Digs a pit, sets stakes in it, covers it with brush. Bear falls in...

GREEN (NODS)

I get ya.

ANGLE, FROM THE PIER.

STYLES IN THE F.G. BEYOND HIM THE PLANE SKIMMING DOWN THE LAKE, AND IT BEGINS TO TAKE OFF.

INT THE PLANE DAY

AIRBORNE.

STEPHEN

(LOOKING AT MAP) (TO PILOT)

Jack hawk - north lake - eighty miles
north - north - west...

(THE PILOT LOOKS AT THE MAP,

NODS, ADJUSTS DIALS AND
INSTRUCTIONS)

GREEN (SHAKES HIS HEAD)

Oh, maan, if I knew a trade, I'd work for
a living... (TO STEPHEN) You remember
the Cameras?

STEPHEN NODS, LONG SUFFERING.

Well, cause I don't wanna have to take a
wax impression, alright? You remember
the product?

STEPHEN

No. (STEPHEN SHOWS A BOX, IN WHICH ARE
THREE PLAID WOOL SHIRTS.)

GREEN SETTLES BACK, SATISFIED.

GREEN (TO STEPHEN)

...worth every penny I pay you. I don't
care what anyone says.

GREEN (TO MORSE)

Glad to have you aboard, Charles.

MORSE

...need to get away.

GREEN

Bet you do, Charles - bet you do.

ANGLE C.U.

MORSE, THOUGHTFUL, LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW.

DISSOLVE

EXT LAKE IN THE WILDS. A FLIGHT OF DUCKS TAKES TO THE AIR, FILLING THE FRAME. WE HEAR THE SOUND OF THE AIRPLANE APPROACHING.

ANGLE

EXT A RAMSHACKLE CABIN, DAY. BEYOND IT THE LAKE, WE SEE THE PLANE LAND ON THE LAKE.

ANGLE

THE DOOR OF THE ROUGH CABIN, A NOTE ON IT, SCRIBBLED IN PENCIL.

"GONE BEAR HUNTING, BIG BASS LAKE. JACK HAWK"

ANGLE

THE LAKE, A RUBBER RAFT PULLING AWAY FROM THE BOAT, CARRYING MORSE, GREEN AND STEPHEN, PADDING TOWARD THE SHORE. THEY UNLOAD THE RAFT, AND WALK TOWARD THE RAMSHACKLE CABIN. MORSE LOOKS DOWN.

ANGLE, HIS P.O.V.

A PIT DUG IN THE EARTH, COVERED WITH BRUSH - MORSE ON THE EDGE OF IT.

ANGLE

MORSE

...careful of the Deadfall.

GREEN

What's a dead..oh, yes, yes, yes, we'll stick to the path.

STEPHEN

What are we being careful of...?

GREEN

They dig a Pit to catch the Bear...

THEY HAVE ARRIVED AT THE CABIN, AND READ THE NOTE.

GREEN (C)

Well, that's great. Our model's gone
bearhunting.

STEPHEN

Where's he gone...?

GREEN SHOWS THE NOTE TO STEPHEN, WHO BEGINS TO CONSULT A MAP.

GREEN

And we're left takin' a picture here of
Sweet Fanny Anne.

(AS HE CONSULTS HIS MAP)

Big Bass Lake, Podner. 'bout sixty miles
Northwest. (PAUSE) You want to Chance
it...? What do you say, Charles...?

MORSE

...What?

GREEN

Sh' we go find our subject? (PAUSE)
S'h'we 'press on?" Sh'we be bold?"

MORSE

You want to go find the hunter.

GREEN

I gotta get that film on the plane...a
good plan today's better than a perfect
plan tomorrow. (PAUSE) What do you say?

MORSE

Yes.. Let's be Bold.

GREEN

That's what I'm talking about.

HE LOOKS AT THE NOTE, TURNS IT OVER. IT IS AN OLD, CHEAP
ADVERTISING LITHO OF AN INDIAN IN A CLEARING HUNTING. A
COUGAR WITH A SPEAR - AN ADVERTISEMENT OF 50, OR 60 YEARS
AGO. THE TEXT READS "HANSMANS "STRIKE HARD" MATCHES. THE
CAMPER'S FRIEND."

GREEN (C)

...I'm not kidding you, get away from the
Womenfolk. Rule-our-lives, god bless'em,
but a guy's got to Get Away...

HE PUTS HIS ARM AROUND MORSE, AS THEY WALK DOWN TO THE DOCK.

DISSOLVE

THE GROUP IN THE PLANE, STEPHEN CONFERRING WITH THE PILOT,
SHOWING HIM THE MAP, HE NODS, THE PLANE BEGINS TO TAKE OFF.

ANGLE

INT, THE PLANE. THE PILOT EXPLAINING TO STEPHEN.

PILOT

...weather coming in from the North.
Snow, maybe.

STEPHEN

We can get there, and get back, and you
take the film south by...

PILOT

...no problem.

STEPHEN TURNS IN THE SEAT, AND MAKES "THUMBS UP SIGN" TO
GREEN.

DISSOLVE

INT THE PLANE SHADOWS NOW CREEPING ACROSS THE INTERIOR.
MORSE, SITTING BESIDE GREEN, IS READING HIS BOOK, AND TURNS
BACK TO LOOK BEHIND HIM, OUT OF THE WINDOW OF THE PLANE.
GREEN PUTS DOWN THE BROCHURE HE IS READING, ABOUT THE SHIRT
MANUFACTURING COMPANY, AND TURNS TO GREEN.

GREEN

...somethin' following us...?

MORSE

It says in the book always to look behind
you. Then, should you become lost, on
the return journey, you know what
landmarks to search for.

GREEN

Very sage. What are our landmarks in
this case?

MORSE

The Mountain range. (HE POINTS) Two peaks. Look just a gunsite. River runs between them, to the south of us. If we get lost, the river would lead us back to camp.

GREEN NODS.

What did the pilot say?

GREEN

We're fine. Don't worry...

MORSE

Any chance of the Storm?

GREEN

Don't worry, Charles. We're gonna beat it, f'that's what's on your mind. Forget about it. Get you back safe n'sound.

THEY BOTH SETTLE BACK. GREEN CHECKS HIS NEW, SHINY STEEL WRISTWATCH.

DISSOLVE

INT PLANE DAY. STEPHEN, READING THE "LOST IN THE WILDS" BOOK.

MORSE LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW.

GREEN NEXT TO HIM.

ANGLE INS

STEPHEN, WITH THE BOOK, THE BOOK OPEN TO "WILDERNESS MEDICINE".

STEPHEN CLOSES THE BOOK.

ANGLE, STEPHEN HANDS BACK THE BOOK TO GREEN.

STEPHEN

...Did you know: the Indians used Urine as a disinfectant....

GREEN

Disinfectant. More interesting they used it as a Party Favor.

STEPHEN

...Uh huh...

STEPHEN YAWNS. LEANS BACK IN HIS SEAT, AND CLOSES HIS EYES.
GREEN EYES THE BOOK, LEAFS THROUGH IT, AND HANDS IT TO MORSE.

MORSE TURNS TO GREEN.

GREEN

Charles. How y'doing?

MORSE NODS.

What do you got, a bunch of deep thoughts
in your head?

MORSE

No. Just looking at the countryside.

GREEN (NODS)

I tell you something? I admire the way
you took that joke last night. (PAUSE)
Took it very well. (PAUSE) Embarrassing
moment, but you took it well. Tough row
to hoe, y'think about it. (PAUSE) Hmm?
All your money...? How difficult that
must be. Never to know who your friends
are, n'what they value you for. (PAUSE)
Must be tough.

MORSE TAKES THE BOOK, AND LOOKS THROUGH IT FOR A BEAT, THEN
TURNS TO GREEN.

MORSE

What do you value me for?

GREEN

Well, I'll tell you what: I like your
style. (PAUSE) And I think your wife's
kind of cute, too.

HE SMILES. AND SETTLES HIMSELF INTO HIS SEAT.
PAUSE. MORSE NODS. LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW FOR A BEAT, HIS
FACE CLOUDS OVER. HE THINKS FOR A MOMENT. THEN TURNS BACK TO
GREEN.

MORSE

You're planning to kill me, aren't you?

GREEN TURNS TO HIM IN SURPRISE.

GREEN

...what?

MORSE

...you and my wife...

ANGLE XCU THE PILOT.

PILOT

Oh, no...

ANGLE EXT THE PLANE

A LARGE FLIGHT OF DUCKS FLIES THE SCREEN. AND THEN CHANGES COURSE.

ANGLE

INT, THE PLANE, AS IT FLIES INTO THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

ANGLE

THE PILOT, HIS FACE BLOODIED, AS THE WINDSHIELD SHATTERS.

ANGLE

EXT, THE PLANE, AS IT PITCHES UP.

ANGLE

A BENT PROPELLER, AS IT COMES TO A STOP.

ANGLE

INT, THE PLANE. THE PILOT, DAZED AND BLOODIED, TRYING TO REGAIN CONTROL.

ANGLE

HIS HANDS ON THE CONTROL YOKE, MANEUVERING THE CONTROLS.

ANGLE

SHOOTING ACROSS A SMALL LAKE.

EXT, THE PLANE, AS IT LEVELS OUT, CLIPPING A STAND OF TREES.

ANGLE

IN THE BACKSEAT, GREEN'S FACE, COVERED WITH BLOOD, TERRORSTRICKEN.

ANGLE

UNDER WATER, SHOOTING UP, AS THE SURFACE OF A LAKE IS SHATTERED BY THE PLANE PLUNGING INTO IT. THE PLANE STARTS TO

BREAK UP, THE WINGS SEPARATE.

ANGLE INT THE PLANE.

THE PILOT SLUMPED OVER THE CONTROLS. THE WATER POURING INTO THE CABIN.

ANGLE

MORSE, CLAWING AT HIS SEATBELT.

ANGLE

IN THE LAKE. THE RIFLE, AND VARIOUS CAMERA, FALLING, IN THE WATER THE PLANE FALLS THROUGH THE FRAME, FILLING THE FRAME, AS WE SEE STEPHENS FACE, PRESSED AGAINST THE GLASS, BUBBLES COMING FROM HIS MOUTH. HE TRIES TO LOOSEN HIS SEATBELT.

ANGLE

IN THE CABIN, GREEN, TEARING HIMSELF LOOSE FROM HIS SEATBELT, KICKING AT THE DOOR OF THE PLANE.

ANGLE - UNDERWATER

THE PLANE, FALLING THROUGH THE WATER, AND TURNING.

ANGLE

INT THE PLANE'S CABIN.

MORSE DIGGING HIS WAY OUT OF THE BACK SEAT, CAMERA STAYS WITH HIM, AS HE TURNS BACK.

ANGLE

HIS POV

STEPHEN, SLUMPED, UNCONSCIOUS, IN HIS SEAT.

ANGLE

MORSE SWIMS BACK TO STEPHEN AND TRIES TO LOOSEN STEVEN'S SEATBELT.

ANGLE

THE PLANE, FALLING THROUGH THE WATER.

ANGLE

IN THE PLANE, MORSE DIGS IN HIS POCKET, AND TAKES OUT THE SMALL WHITE BOX, AND TAKES THE POCKETKNIFE OUT OF IT.

ANGLE INS

THE EMPTY BOX. THE EMBOSSED WOOD ON THE LID. STEARNS AND HARRINGTON - JEWELERS AND ENGRAVERS SINCE 1868 - THE BOX FLOATS AWAY TO REVEAL MORSE, CUTTING STEPHEN LOOSE FROM THE SEATBELT, USING THE POCKETKNIFE HE SEVERS THE STRAPS AND

STARTS DRAGGING STEPHEN OUT OF THE PLANE.

ANGLE

MORSE DRAGGING STEPHEN FROM THE PLANE, THE PLANE, FALLING THROUGH THE WATER, BEHIND HIM. WE SEE THE NAVSAT, INSIDE THE COCKPIT OF THE PLANE, DRIFTING DOWN IN THE WATER.

MORSE SEES IT, AND TURNS BACK FOR IT, HIS HAND MISSES IT, AND GRABS THE SMALL SACK MARKED "FLARES".

ANGLE EXT THE LAKE DAY

GREEN'S HEAD BREAKS THE SURFACE, HE IS GASPING FOR AIR, HE BEGINS TO SWIM TOWARD A SANDBAR IN WHAT IS REVEALED TO BE A SMALL LAKE.

ANGLE

IN THE WATER, MORSE, DRAGGING STEPHEN, BY THE COLLAR, TO THE SURFACE.

ANGLE

MORSE, BREAKING THE SURFACE HE TAKES IN AIR FRANTICALLY AND THEN BEGINS DRAGGING STEPHEN ONTO THE SANDBANK. HE COMES OUT OF THE WATER, WHERE GREEN SITS, VOMITING, AND HAULS STEPHEN ONTO THE BAR.

MORSE HESITATES, LOOKS BACK AT THE WATER, POINTS AT THE PROSTATE FORM OF STEPHEN. TO GREEN.

MORSE

Give 'em...give'm give'm some air...

HE STARTS BACK TOWARD THE LAKE DROPPING THE "FLARES" POUCH ON THE BAR.

GREEN

Where'r you going...?

MORSE

...pilot.

GREEN

He's dead. ...man's dead...

MORSE NODS.

MORSE SINKS DOWN, AND STARTS TRYING TO REVIVE STEPHEN, GIVING HIM MOUTH-TO-MOUTH RESUSCITATION.

MORSE CONTINUES HIS C.P.R. ON STEPHEN, WHO COUGHS TO LIFE.

MORSE ROLLS HIM ONTO HIS SIDE, WHERE HE BEGINS VOMITING WATER.

BEAT.

GREEN SHAKES HIS HEAD. MORSE LOOKS AT HIM FOR A MOMENT.

GREEN (C)

Oh, lord, I'm cold...

HE STANDS, HUGGING HIMSELF.

ANGLE

THE THREE, ON A SANDBAR, SHIVERING, IN THE B.G. A DARK BANK OF CLOUDS MOVING SWIFTLY. .

ANGLE

ON THE SANDBAR. MORSE, STANDING, LOOKS AROUND, SLIPS HIS ARM THROUGH THE "FLARES" POUCH - PICKS UP STEPHEN UNDER THE ARMS, AND BEGINS TO DRAG HIM OFF THE BAR.

ANGLE INT, THE LAKE.

SHALLOW WATER, THE THREE MEN MOVING THROUGH THE SHALLOW WATER, LIGHT RAIN BEGINS TO DOT THE SURFACE OF THE LAKE.

ANGLE

THE SHORE OF THE LAKE, THE THREE, EMERGING FROM THE LAKE MORSE IS DRAGGING STEPHEN. GREEN TAKES OVER.

GREEN

Alright: I'll take 'em..I've got 'em.

HE DRAGS STEPHEN UNDER A TREE.

How are you...?

STEPHEN NODS HIS HEAD.

We've got to get some...

MORSE

Get some shelter, yes.

GREEN

Some shelter, and a fire...

MORSE GOES BACK TO THE WATER EDGE, STAGGERING, HE BEGINS PICKING UP DRIFTWOOD, HE LOOKS DOWN.

ANGLE, HIS POV.

THE LITTLE WHITE BOX, "STEARNS AND HARRINGTON - FINE JEWELERS AND ENGRAVERS SINCE 1867", WHICH THE KNIFE CAME IN, IS FLOATING INTO THE SHORE. HE STOOPS AND PICKS IT UP. HE GOES BACK TO GATHERING THE DRIFTWOOD. THE WIND, PICKING UP, STARTS WHIPPING ACROSS THE LAKE. WE SEE LIGHTENING IN THE DISTANCE, AND HEAR THUNDER.

ANGLE
UNDER THE TREE. STEPHEN AND GREEN.

MORSE COMES UP WITH THE WOOD.

GREEN (C)
Alright, we'll make the fire over here.

MORSE (CORRECTING HIM)
If we make it, if we make it between the two rocks, it will reflect the fire back on us.

GREEN NODS "GOOD IDEA".
THEY DRAG STEPHEN BETWEEN TWO LARGE ROCKS.

GREEN
...get some boughs, and we can improvise a shelter.

MORSE NODS.

GREEN LOOKS DOWN AT THE WHITE PAPER BOX MORSE HOLDS IN HIS HAND. GREEN STARTS TO LAUGH. HOLD.

MORSE
What? (PAUSE) What?

GREEN
(OVER HIS LAUGHTER) We're dying in the Wilds, and you're "neatening up..."

MORSE LOOKS DOWN AT THE PAPER BOX, THEN HE STARTS TO LAUGH.

MORSE (OVER HIS LAUGHTER)
I thought, I thought we might use it for kindling...

A LARGE GUST OF WIND BLOWS SPRAY IN THEIR FACES. THEY LOOK UP AT THE SKY CLOUDING OVER, HOLD, THEN THEY LOOK AT EACH

OTHER AND SET ABOUT GATHERING WOOD.

DISSOLVE

EXT WOODS DUSK

ANGLE INS

A SMALL "LOG CABIN" ARRANGEMENT OF TWIGS.

ANGLE

THE THREE MEN, IN A ROUGH BOUGH-LEAN-TO, BETWEEN TWO ROCKS. MORSE, LEANING OVER THE "LOG CABIN" ARRANGEMENT OF KINDLING. HE LOOKS AROUND AT THE TWO MEN, SHIVERING NEXT TO HIM, GREEN NODS, MORSE TAKES A MATCHBOOK FROM GREEN.

ANGLE INS, THE MATCHBOOK, FROM A NEW YORK CITY RESTAURANT. IT HAS TWO MATCHES IN IT. MORSE'S HANDS TAKE OUT HIS "LOST IN THE WILDS" BOOK. HE SHIELDS IT FROM THE WIND, AND BEGINS TO RIP OUT THE TITLE PAGE.

ANGLE INS.

"LOST IN THE WILDS", "BEING A TRUE ACCOUNT OF..." ET CETERA. WE SEE THE FLAME APPLIED, AS MORSE STRIKES THE MATCH, AND THE RIPPED OUT SHEET, NOW IN FLAMES, IS PUT UNDER THE "LOG CABIN".

ANGLE

C.U.'S PANNING OFF OF GREEN AND STEPHEN, BOTH APPREHENSIVE, AS THEY LEAN FORWARD, ONTO MORSE.

ANGLE INS

THE "LOG CABIN", AS THE FLAMING SHEET IS INSERTED.

THE WIND BLOWS THE FIRE OUT.

THE WIND BLOWS UP, AND A PORTION OF THE BOUGH "LEAN TO" SHELTER STARTS TO COME

UNDONE. MORSE LOOKS AROUND, TAKES OFF HIS BELT WITH THE LARGE METAL BUCKLE, AND "BUCKLES" SEVERAL OF THE BOUGHS TOGETHER, AND KNEELS BACK TO THE FIRE.

ANGLE

THE GROUP, AS MORSE, GINGERLY FEEDS SMALL TWIGS TO THE FIRE. THE FIRE BEGINS TO "CATCH" IN EARNEST. MORSE PUTS OUT HIS

HAND, AND GREEN PLACES A LARGER STICK INTO IT. MORSE BEGINS TO BUILD A "TEEPEE" OVER THE LOG CABIN. HE MOVES BACK FROM THE FIRE CAREFULLY.

ANGLE

A PANNING C.U. OF GREEN AND STEPHEN, WATCHING THE FIRE.

ANGLE

THE FIRE. IT STARTS TO CATCH, AND THEN THE WIND BLOWS IT OUT AGAIN.

ANGLE

THE THREE MEN, AS MORSE BENDS TO THE FIRE AGAIN.

STEPHEN

...I'm cold.

MORSE

...alright: if we...

GREEN PUSHES MORSE OUT OF THE WAY, HE REACHES FOR THE BAG MARKED "FLARES". HE EXTRACTS A FLARE. READS THE DIRECTIONS ON ITS SIDE, AND LIGHTS IT, AND PLACES IT UNDER THE TEEPEE, WHICH ERUPTS INTO FLAME.

BEAT.

THE THREE MEN MOVE CLOSER TO THE FIRE.

MORSE (QUIETLY)

Here, Stephen, you sit by the rock.

GREEN

...sit by the rock, Stephen. It'll keep you warm.

THE WIND WHIPS UP. MORSE LEANS FORWARD TO SHIELD THE FIRE WITH HIS BODY.

THE THREE MEN SIT HUDDLED AROUND THE FIRE SHIVERING.

DISSOLVE

EXT WOODS, LAKESIDE, DAY.

ANGLE INT

THE FIRE, BURNT DOWN TO ASHES. THE MATCHBOOK NEXT TO IT.

ANGLE

GREEN, STANDING, LOOKING OUT OVER THE EMPTY LAKE. A LEAD SKY ABOVE.

HE TURNS BACK.

ANGLE, HIS POV.

STEPHEN, AND MORSE, ASLEEP, BY THE BURNT-OUT FIRE.

ANGLE

MORSE, WAKES, LOOKS AROUND, LOOKS AT GREEN. HE GETS UP, STIFFLY, AND WALKS OVER TO GREEN.

MORSE (LOOKING BACK)

...let the fire burn out... (HE STRETCHES HIMSELF) Well...shouldn't be long... (HE LOOKS UP AT THE SKY) F'they can see anything in this.

HE HUGS HIMSELF, MOVES BACK TOWARD THE FIRE, GREEN ACCOMPANIES HIM.

ON THE WAY MORSE GATHERS WOOD.

Sh'we chance it...?

AT THE FIRE, STEPHEN IS WAKING UP.

Bob...?

GREEN

What?

MORSE

What is the prudent thing?

GREEN

What prudent thing is that, Charles?

MORSE

We've only got the few flares...

STEPHEN (GETTING UP)

...Good morning...

MORSE

Good morning. How are you? (STEPHEN NODS) (TO GREEN) We've only got the few... (HE LOOKS UP)

STEPHEN (WALKING OFF)
...light the fire, I'm freezing.

MORSE (TO GREEN)
But they'll be coming for us, soon as it
clears. (HE LOOKS UP)

GREEN
I thought your book had thirty ways to
make a fire.

MORSE
I suppose it does. (SHRUGS) F'it were
to come to that. (CALLING, TO STEPHEN)
Bring some wood in. (TO GREEN) F'it came
to that. (HE SHAKES HIS HEAD) What a
thing. (HE LOOKS OUT AT THE LAKE) That
poor man.
STEPHEN WALKS BACK INTO THE "CAMP" CARRYING SOME WOOD.

Right, now: we want to have wood
stacked, quite, a bit, F'a "signal
fire..." (HE TAKES OUT HIS POCKET WATCH,
LOOKS AT IT, SHAKES IT, SHRUGS) (TO
GREEN) What time is it?

GREEN
(LOOKS DOWN AT HIS WATCH)
...my watch stopped...

MORSE
So when they come for us...

STEPHEN
...Have we got anything to eat...?

MORSE
...so when they come for us...
(HE LOOKS DOWN AT HIS WATCH)
(HE BEGINS BUILDING A "LOG
CABIN" TO START A FIRE).

STEPHEN WANDERS OFF

GREEN
Why would they come for us?

MORSE (LOOKING UP)

Mm? (PAUSE) What do you mean? (PAUSE)
(STANDS) (COMFORTING)

Don't worry, Bob. They know we went to
the Cabin. When they go to the cabin
they'll see the note.

GREEN

What note is that...?

MORSE

The, uh, the Hunter. What's his name?
"Hawk". Left a note, on his cabin "gone
Bearhunting, Big Bass Lake..."

STEPHEN (OFF, CALLING)

Hello! Hey. I found something!!!

MORSE

...they'll see the note, and know where
we...

STEPHEN (OFF)

Hello?

MORSE

...they'll see the note. (PAUSE) Won't
they...?

GREEN TAKES A PIECE OF PAPER OUT OF HIS POCKET, SHOWS IT TO
MORSE.

ANGLE INS.

THE PAPER, IT IS THE NOTE THAT SAYS "GONE BEARHUNTING, BIG
BASS LAKE, JACK HAWK." WE SEE MORSE'S HANDS TURN THE NOTE
OVER, AND SEE THE "STANDFAST" INDIAN ADVERTISEMENT, SHOWING
THE INDIAN STABBING THE BEAR WITH A SPEAR.

GREEN (CALLING)

Stephen!

STEPHEN (OFF)

...I'm looking for something to eat...

GREEN (OF NOTE)

...I took it for the shoot... (PAUSE) As
a prop for the shoot. (PAUSE)

MORSE (TO GREEN)

Well. What do we do now?

GREEN

Don't the books say to stay in one spot,
and hope...

MORSE

Well. It would make sense if there were
any chance they'd know which way to come.

(PAUSE)

They won't be looking for us here. We
have to find the river, and get south of
the...

STEPHEN (COMING UP ON THEM)

I might have found Breakfast.

HE APPEARS, HIS HANDS FULL OF FERNS. HE OFFERS THEM THE
FERNS.

GREEN

Well, if that's what we have to do,
that's what we'll do, then. That's what
we'll do. Fine.

GREEN (TO STEPHEN)

It looks like, um... looks like we're in
for a bit of a walk. (PAUSE) I, um...
I... It seems I've made a bit of an
error, I...

(PAUSE)

MORSE

I read an interesting book one time. It
said that most people lost in the
woods...

STEPHEN

...What do you mean we're in for a walk?

MORSE

It said they die of shame. (PAUSE)
"What have I done?" "How did I end up
here?" "What will they say back at
Camp"... (PAUSE) And that prohibits them.
From doing the one thing which would save
their lives.

STEPHEN
And what is that, Charles?

MORSE
Thinking.

GREEN
Tell us.

(PAUSE)

Alright, let's hear it.

MORSE PICKS UP HIS STICK, AND DRAWS IN THE DIRT. HE
DESCRIBES THE DIAGRAM WHICH THE CAMERA SHOWS US AT THE SAME
TIME.

MORSE
Here is the lodge. Here is the
bearhunter's cabin, where we were
supposed to've gone. Here is where we
did go; through this pass.

ANGLE
THE THREE MEN.
BEAT.

GREEN
...yes...?

MORSE
They'll be looking for us. If we can get
South of this Pass by tonight, mm? We
can use the flares. We go South,
intersect the River...if we can get
through that pass...

HE LOOKS UP.

ANGLE HIS POV, AS THEY TURN.
"THE GUNSIGHT" PASS IN THE MOUNTAINS, THICK WOODS LEADING UP
TO IT.

ANGLE
THE THREE MEN.

STEPHEN
That's fine. We can see it from here.
How do we find it when we're in the
woods?

MORSE
(GESTURES TO HIS DIAGRAM.)
We simply head south.

GREEN
Aha. Well. Then. We have to Go South.
(PAUSE)
And how do we find south?

MORSE
(TAKES OUT HIS GOLD
POCKETWATCH)
We point the hour hand at the sun,
halfway between the hour hand and the
figure 12 is South... (OF WATCH) No,
this is broken. (TO GREEN) Give me your
watch.

GREEN LOOKS DOWN AT HIS WATCH.

GREEN (SIGHS)
Busted. (PAUSE)

MORSE
Mm. (PAUSE) Alright: I'll tell you
one: the birds will be flying South.
We'll follow them.

STEPHEN
And 'til we see them...?

PAUSE

GREEN
I'm sorry about getting us into this. I'm
so sorry. I...

HE GETS UP, GOES TO A STUMP OF A FALLEN TREE. THE TOP OF THE
STUMP IS FULL OF WATER.

ANGLE INS
THE STUMP. MORSE'S HAND PUTS A LEAF ON IT.

ANGLE
THE GROUP. LOOKING AT MORSE. HE TURNS TO THEM, TO EXPLAIN.

MORSE
You take a needle, rub it on wool,
magnetize it, put it on the leaf, here,
we've got a compass.

THEY COME OVER TO THE STUMP. PAUSE

GREEN

Who travels with a needle...?

PAUSE. MORSE'S FACE LIGHTS UP. HIS HAND GOES TO HIS LAPEL POCKET.

ANGLE INS
THE POCKET.

HIS HAND TAKING THE PAPERCLIP HE CLIPPED THERE ON THE PREVIOUS DAY.

ANGLE

THE GROUP. MORSE STROKES THE PAPERCLIP ON HIS WOOL JACKET. AS THEY LOOK ON MORSE CAREFULLY PLACES THE PAPERCLIP ON THE LEAF WHICH IS FLOATING ON THE WATER IN THE STUMP.

ANGLE INS

THE STUMP, MORSE BENT OVER, THE SUN GLINTS OFF THE METAL BELT BUCKLE, HE PLACES THE PAPERCLIP ON THE LEAF.

ANGLE

PANNING C.U. OF THE MEN, AS THEY LOOK DOWN.

ANGLE

THEIR POV

THE NEEDLE ON THE FLOATING LEAF, BEGINS TO TURN, IT FINALLY COMES TO REST.

ANGLE

MORSE, AT THE STUMP, HE MOVES AROUND BEHIND THE NEEDLE, AND TAKES A SIGHT.
HE LOOKS UP.

MORSE

...that hill, the large birch tree on
that hill, is South

BEAT.

STEPHEN LOOKS AT GREEN, AS IF TO SAY "WHAT DO YOU THINK?"
GREEN LOOKS QUESTIONINGLY AT MORSE.

MORSE (GESTURES AT HIS COMPASS)
It works, you, you see -- it works.

GREEN
What if it doesn't?

MORSE
It has to. It has no choice. It...it's
drawn by the Earth's Magnetism to...

GREEN,
I know how a compass works, Charles. We
have to get South of the pass by tonight.

MORSE
This will take us there. (HE POINTS)
That hill is South.

GREEN
And what do we do when we get there?

MORSE (GESTURES AT HIS COMPASS)
We take a sight again.

GREEN LOOKS AT THE HILL.

GREEN
That doesn't feel "south".

MORSE
"Just Because you're Lost, doesn't mean
That Your Compass is Broken". (BEAT) It
is South.
GREEN LOOKS AT STEPHEN, THEN, QUICKLY.

GREEN (SHRUGS)
Alright.

MORSE BENDS DOWN AND PICKS UP THE PAPERCLIP.
THE GROUP SETS OUT.

ANGLE - AS THEY WALK.
MORSE TAKES OUT THE LITTLE WHITE PAPER BOX, FROM "STEARNS AND
HARRINGTON, FINE JEWELERS", WE SEE:
INSERT
THE BOX. A CORNER OF A PAPER MARKED "RECEIPT: JEWELRY AND
FINE FINE ENGRAVING".

AS MORSE OPENS THE BOX AND CAREFULLY PUTS THE PAPERCLIP INTO THE BOX.

ANGLE

THE GROUP, MORSE PUTS THE BOX IN HIS POCKET.

Alright. Let's go.

STEPHEN GESTURES TO THE FERNS.

STEPHEN

...how do we know if they're good to Eat?

GREEN

We wait until we're hungry enough, then we eat them. Let's go.

THE THREE SET OFF.

MORSE PICKS UP THE BELT AND BELTBUCKLE OFF OF THE LEAN-TO. HE BENDS DOWN, AND PICKS UP THE "FLARES" SATCHEL FROM NEXT TO THE BURNT-OUT CAMPFIRE. LEAVING THE BURNT-OUT FLARE.

ANGLE INS.

HOLD ON THE BURNT OUT FLARE, AS WE SEE THE BOOTS OF THE THREE MEN, RETREATING.

ANGLE

THE MEN WALKING THROUGH THE WOODS. GREEN MOVES OUT AHEAD.

MORSE (TO STEPHEN)

...the Vikings would steer with a rope.

STEPHEN

How did they do that, Charles?

MORSE

They would have two set-points on the land they left.

HE DEMONSTRATES WITH HIS HANDS AS THEY WALK.

...And they would line them up, and that would be their bearing. Then they would stream a long rope behind them, pointing at those points, the rocks, or whatever they...

GREEN (TURNING BACK)

You might want to conserve your breath.

GREEN AHEAD, PICKS UP THE PACE. STEPHEN AND MORSE FOLLOW.

DISSOLVE

INT WOODS DAY.

GREEN AND STEPHEN. THEIR JACKETS NOW TIED AND UNDER THEIR WAISTS, STRUGGLING UP A RAVINE.

GREEN

Okay, let's keep moving, let's keep moving, shall we...?

STEPHEN

I've got to rest.

HE SINKS DOWN ONTO A LOG.

GREEN

We've got to make it through the Pass by Nightfall.

STEPHEN

What difference does it make?

GREEN

...don't get ya.

STEPHEN

...If we can get through after nightfall, it'll still be dark. It'll be dark til dawn, they'll still see the flares...

GREEN

Yes. It'll be dark til dawn, but when it turns dark, we won't be able to move in the woods. (PAUSE) (TO MORSE) City boy...

BEAT. STEPHEN NODS. STARTS MOVING OFF.

STEPHEN

What're the odds that they'd see us? That they'll see the flare?

GREEN
Damned fine.

STEPHEN
Do you think so?

GREEN
Well, I don't know whether I think so or
not, but I have to say it, n'any case.
Don't I...? Where're you going...?

BEAT. STEPHEN WALKS OFF.

Make it quick. We're leaving here
presently.

MORSE COMES LABORING UP THE RAVINE. HEAVILY. HE SITS ON A
LOG ACROSS FROM GREEN. BEAT.

Hey, is it my imagination, or did you say
"how are you trying to kill me?"

MORSE (PANTING)
...gotta rest.

GREEN
...did you say that? (PAUSE) (MORSE
NODS) And what did that mean...? (PAUSE)
Why would I want to kill you, Charles?
(PAUSE) Why would I want to do that?

MORSE
For my wife.

GREEN
For Mickey?

MORSE
Yes.

GREEN
Huh. (PAUSE) Why would you think that?

MORSE
I don't know...

GREEN
Did I ever do, or...

MORSE

No, no...

GREEN

Then www...

MORSE

I don't want to talk about it.

GREEN

Uh huh. Why would you think that?

MORSE

...something you said.

GREEN

What? F'I can ask?

MORSE

(HE SHAKES HIS HEAD)

You said "I don't know what it must be like. To receive that inheritance."

(PAUSE)

GREEN

...you've lost me.

MORSE

On my birthday. Yesterday. I inherited full control of the family Estate. It wasn't mine until yesterday. Nobody knew that but my wife.

GREEN

The money wasn't yours until yesterday.

MORSE

That's right.

GREEN

And I said 'inheritance', n'that means I want to kill you.

(PAUSE)

Well. Baby, you know what, the rich are different.

GREEN (RISING)
You're a sick chappie, Charles.

MORSE RISES, AFTER HIM. CAMERA FOLLOWS GREEN AND MORSE TO A SLIGHT RISE, WHERE WE SEE AN EXPANSE OF BERRYBUSHES. HEAD-HIGH BUSHES COVERING SEVERAL ACRES.

MORSE
...do you think so...

GREEN
Well. Let's take it up when we get...Stephen...?!

THE TWO BEGIN EATING BERRIES OFF OF A BUSH.

ANGLE THEIR POV
A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY, STEPHEN, ENTERING INTO THE THICKET, WAVES AT THEM.

GREEN (CALLING)
Can we move on, Please...?

MORSE
...I'm sorry if I...

GREEN
...never Ask Sympathy for a Man Who Owns a Yacht.

HE SHAKES HIS HEAD, AND SMILES, WONDERINGLY, AT MORSE.

I don't mean to blow my own horn, but I'm a Fashion photographer, I got more ass than a proctoscope, love. I don't got to take somebody else's wife.

MORSE
It's wasn't The Wife. It was The Money.

GREEN (SHAKES HIS HEAD)
Now it's the broad, now it's the boodle - nothing is safe. That's what I'm saying about the Rich, Man. All anybody wants, to take something from you...?

MORSE LOOKS OUT OVER THE BERRY COVERED HILLSIDE.

GREEN (C)

I wouldn't want that gig for all the...

ANGLE, HIS POV, THE HILLSIDE, A CLUMP OF BUSHES MOVING IN THE BREEZE.

ANGLE

MORSE AND GREEN, AS GREEN EATS THE BERRIES.

MORSE

Do you feel a breeze...?

GREEN

What...?

MORSE

...is there a breeze...?

GREEN

...why in the world...?

MORSE (INDICATES, WITH HIS HEAD)

What's moving those... (MORSE LOOKS DOWN)

What's moving those bushes...?

GREEN LOOKS.

ANGLE, HIS P.O.V. THE BUSHES, SOME THIRTY YARDS OFF, MOVING.

ANGLE

MORSE AND GREEN, GREEN LOOKS BACK, TO SEE MORSE LOOKING DOWN.

GREEN

What is it:..?

HE LOOKS DOWN, FOLLOWING MORSE'S GAZED TO THE SANDY SOIL.

ANGLE THEIR POV

THE CLEAR IMPRINT OF A BEARTRACK. HOLD, GREEN SINKS INTO THE SHOT, PUTS HIS HAND NEXT TO THE BEARPAW PRINT, THE PRINT IS FOUR TIMES BIGGER THAN HIS HAND, HE LOOKS UP AT MORSE, AN AWED EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE.

ANGLE

MORSE AND GREEN, GREEN RISES TO HIS FEET.

ANGLE

FROM ABOVE, WE SEE THE SEA OF BERRYBUSHES, THE ONE CLUMP OF THEM MOVING, STEPHEN, PICKING BERRIES NEAR THEM, AND, AT THE END OF THE BERRYPATCH, MORSE AND GREEN.

ANGLE

MORSE, LOOKING AT THE MOVING SPOT, WHICH HIDES THE BEAR, AND STEPHEN, MOVING TOWARD THAT SPOT. MORSE MOVES OFF TOWARD STEPHEN.

HIGHER ANGLE.

A TRIANGLE, STEPHEN MOVING TOWARD THE (UNSEEN) BEAR, AND MORSE MOVING INTO THE BERRYPATCH TO INTERCEPT HIM.

ANGLE

IN THE BERRYPATCH, STEPHEN, FILLING HIS SHIRT POCKETS WITH BERRIES, HUMS SOFTLY.

ANGLE

THE MOVING PATCH, IN THE B.G., STEPHEN, MOVING TOWARD IT.

ANGLE

A SMALL CLEARING IN THE MIDST OF THE BERRYPATCH. THE MOVING BRANCHES (THE BEAR) ON ONE SIDE OF IT, STEPHEN ON THE OTHER.

ANGLE

STEPHEN, HUMMING, IS ABOUT TO MOVE INTO THE CLEARING. THERE IS A HAND ON HIS SHOULDER. STEPHEN TURNS TO SEE MORSE, AND IS ABOUT TO SPEAK, MORSE COVERS STEPHEN'S MOUTH, AND GESTURES THAT THEY MUST BE SILENT.

STEPHEN STARTS TO MOUTH THE WORD "WHY?" WHEN WE HEAR THE GRUNT OF THE BEAR.

HOLD.

STEPHEN LOOKS AT MORSE, TO SAY "WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?" MORSE GESTURES STILL. THEY LISTEN, AND, HEARING NOTHING, BEGIN TO BACK VERY SLOWLY OUT OF THE BERRYPATCH.

ANGLE

THE EDGE OF THE BERRYPATCH GREEN STANDING, WAITING AS MORSE AND STEPHEN EMERGE.

MORSE GESTURES FOR SILENCE, GREEN NODS, AND THE THREE RETREAT.

CAMERA HOLDS ON THE BERRYPATCH.

ANGLE

A RAVINE, THE THREE HURRYING. THEY START TO RUN, STEPHEN

FALLS, GREEN HELPS HIM TO HIS FEET.

ANGLE
THEIR FEET, AS THEY MOVE OFF.

ANGLE
AROUND A BEND IN THE RAVINE. THE THREE ARRIVE, PANTING,
MORSE PICKS UP A CLUMP OF GRASS, AND THROWS IT UP.

GREEN
What's that...?,

MORSE
Wind.

BEAT - GREEN NODS.
HE LOOKS AROUND. THROWS SOME MORE GRASS UP, AND LEADS THEM
IN THE DIRECTION THE WIND HAS BLOWN THE GRASS, ACROSS THE
RAVINE, AND INTO THE DEEP WOODS.

DISSOLVE

DAY.
EXT. WOODS. DAY.
STEPHEN, BENT OVER A SMALL PUDDLE IN THE FLOOR.

ANGLE INS
THE LEAF, THE PAPERCLIP FLOATING ON IT.

ANGLE
STEPHEN GETS UP, AND THE THREE, MOVE ON, FOLLOWING MORSE'S
DIRECTION.
CAMERA STAYS ON STEPHEN, WHO SHIVERS, AND REMOVES HIS JACKET
FROM HIS WAIST, AND STARTS TO PUT IT ON.

ANGLE
INT THE WOODS. DAY.
GREEN AND MORSE WALKING. STEPHEN BEHIND THEM. MORSE, AND
THEN GREEN, PUT ON THEIR JACKETS, AS THEY WALK.
THEY GLANCE UP AT THE SKY, AND PICK UP THEIR PACE, GREEN
TAKING THE LEAD.

DISSOLVE

EXTWOODS DAY. LONG SHADOWS ON THE FOREST FLOOR.
THE THREE WALKING. STEPHEN HANGS BACK. MORSE WALKS BACK TO
SEE STEPHEN BENT OVER. STEPHEN LOOKS UP.

STEPHEN

Stitch.. Stitch-in-my-side.

MORSE

Find a round stone.

HE STARTS LOOKING DOWN AT THE GROUND.

...Find a round stone. Spit under it.

(PAUSE)

STEPHEN

Old Indian remedy?

MORSE

...that's correct.

STEPHEN STARTS HUNTING FOR A ROUND STONE.
AS HE HUNTS, MORSE LOOKS UP AT GREEN, GAZING AT HIM. MORSE
WALKS OVER TO GREEN.
MORSE CATCHES UP TO HIM.

...You think I'm a fool.

STEPHEN JOINS THE GROUP AND GREEN WALKS OFF A BIT. MORSE
BENDS TO TAKE A SIGHT FROM HIS "PAPERCLIP COMPASS".

Feel better?

STEPHEN (NODS)

How far do you think it is? The pass?

MORSE

...couldn't have been more than the Ten
Miles.

GREEN (EXPLAINING)

Well, we could be in the Pass, we keep
heading South; until Dark.

STEPHEN

What if we're not headed south? What if the needle doesn't point south?

Morse

It has no choice.

HE RISES, AND POINTS. THEY MOVE OFF.
MORSE COMES UP TO GREEN.

GREEN

Do I think you're a fool? No. Old Indian Remedy. Makes a lot of sense. Fella's got a stitch in his side, make'm slow down, find a "round stone", take his mind off it. Make him stretch and bend over.

MORSE

No, you think I'm a fool. For what I said.

GREEN (AS THEY MOVE OFF)

Ah - Do I think you're a fool, For being Obsessed? Tell you what I think. I think (HE TAPS HIS HEAD) You've got some stew of too much money, latent Homosexuality, n'all kinds of other good stuff. Y'know what we'll do, we'll all get together, we get home, you n'me, n'your wife, n'we'll sit in a hot tub, and bare all our feelings, and...

(PAUSE)

Look, even if I wanted to kill you I need you to get me home. Ain't that a bitch... "needing" people...?

STEPHEN TURNS BACK TO REJOIN THE GROUP.

STEPHEN

Who are we talking about?

GREEN

We're talking about Fanny Farmer, the Mother of Modern Level Measurement.
(BEAT) How're you doing...?

STEPHEN NODS.

GREEN (C)

Alright: well, let's get moving again,
shall...

STEPHEN, LOOKING AT SOMETHING, BACKS UP, AND BEGINS RUNNING.
GREEN LOOKS AT MORSE, WHO HAS STIFFENED. GREEN FOLLOWS
MORSE'S GAZE DOWN THE HILL.

ANGLE

THEIR POV

THE BEAR, MOVING SLOWLY UP THE HILL.

ANGLE

GREEN AND MORSE, BEGIN RUNNING. THEY CATCH UP WITH STEPHEN,
AND THE THREE BEGIN TO RUN THROUGH THE WOODS.

ANGLE INT THE WOODS.

THE MEN RUN INTO THE SHOT. THEY PAUSE TO CATCH THEIR BREATH.
THEY ARE ABOUT TO START AGAIN WHEN MORSE STOPS THEM.

THEY START TO WALK. THEY COME UPON A CLIFF AND FIND THEY
STAND AT THE EDGE OF THE HIGH CLIFF. A RAVINE. THERE IS AN
EIGHT-FOOT GAP BETWEEN IT AND THE CORRESPONDING EDGE.
GREEN LOOKS AROUND. HE SPIES A FALLEN LOG, AND HAULS IT TO
THE EDGE.

THEY MANEUVER THE LOG, SHOVING IT ACROSS THE GAP. IT ALMOST
REACHES ACROSS.

ANGLE

THE THREE. SHOVING THE LOG. IT ALMOST REACHES ACROSS, AND
THEN IT FALLS INTO THE GAP. AS IT FALLS IT "LEVERS" STEPHEN
UP, AND HE STARTS OVER THE SIDE WITH THE LOG, GREEN REACHES
FOR HIM, AND GRABS HIM BACK.

BEAT.

MORSE WALKS OFF, TAKES A LARGE ROCK AND PLACES IT NEAR THE
EDGE.

THE OTHER TWO WATCH HIM, AS HE MOVES BACK INTO THE WOODS, AND
BEGINS TO DRAG A SMALL-DIAMETER LOG TOWARD THE ROCK. HE
DRAGS THE LOG UP TO THE ROCK, AND FITS ITS END AGAINST THE
ROCK, USING THE ROCK FOR A "BACKSTOP". GREEN GETS THE IDEA,
AND HE, AND THEN STEPHEN, FORCE THE LOG AGAINST THE ROCK, AND
THEN "WALK" IT UP SO THAT IT IS POINTING STRAIGHT UP, AND
THEY THEN PUSH IT OVER SO IT SPANS THE GORGE.

BEAT.

THEY LOOK AT THE SLIM LOG. THEY LOOK DOWN AT THE GORGE.

BEAT.

STEPHEN TAKES OFF HIS SHOES, HANGS THEM AROUND HIS NECK, AND WALKS OUT ON THE LOG, AND QUICKLY ACROSS TO THE OTHER SIDE. GREEN AND MORSE LOOK AT EACH OTHER.

GREEN

...well...? (HE LOOKS AROUND - HE
GESTURES MORSE TO GO FIRST)

MORSE STEPS OUT ONTO THE LOG. HE INCHES HIS WAY ACROSS. HE STARTS TO LOSE, AND THEN REGAINS HIS BALANCE.

ANGLE C.U.

STEPHEN, AS HE LOOKS ON.

ANGLE

OVER STEPHEN, ONTO MORSE ON THE LOG, AND GREEN BEYOND.

ANGLE

MORSE'S FEET, AS HE INCHES ALONG THE LOG.

CAMERA PANS WITH HIM UNTIL WE SEE THAT HE HAS INCHED HIS WAY ONTO SAFETY, ON THE FAR SIDE.

ANGLE

ON MORSE, STANDING NEXT TO STEPHEN, AS HE MOPS HIS BROW. WE SEE GREEN COME INTO THE SHOT. MORSE SMILES AT HIM. THEY START UP THE SLOPE AHEAD OF THEM, CLIMBING UP FROM THE GORGE. GREEN TURNS BACK. HE GESTURES TO MORSE.

GREEN

...the Log...The Log...kick it in!

MORSE NODS, HE SCRAMBLES BACK DOWN THE SLOPE. HE KICKS AT THE LOG. IT DOES NOT MOVE. HE KICKS AGAIN. HE LOOKS UP.

ANGLE, HIS POV

ACROSS THE LOG, ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE RAVINE, THE BEAR, CRESTING THE RISE.

ANGLE

MORSE, REDOUBLES HIS EFFORTS. HE BENDS AND LIFTS THE LOG, AND STARTS TO MOVE IT OVER THE EDGE.

ANGLE INS

THE STRAP OF HIS "FLARE". SATCHEL HAS CAUGHT ON ONE OF THE

PROTRUSIONS ON THE LOG.

ANGLE

MORSE MOVING THE LOG. BREATHING HARD. HE STARTS TO PUT THE LOG DOWN.

MORSE (CALLING)

I need some hhhhh...

AS HE PUTS THE LOG DOWN HE IS PULLED FORWARD, OVER THE EDGE, BY THE STRAP.

ANGLE INS

THE LOG. MORSE'S HANDS COMING UP, AND GRASPING THE LOG.

ANGLE

MORSE, TRYING TO PULL HIMSELF UPON TO THE LOG. HE LOOKS DOWN.

ANGLE

THE DROP BELOW.

ANGLE

THE TWO OTHER MEN, COMING DOWN TO HELP MORSE. MORSE SCRAMBLES, FEARFULLY, UP ONTO THE LOG, AND REACHES OUT TOWARD THE TWO MEN. HE FINDS HE CAN'T MOVE.

ANGLE

MORSE, HELD BACK BY THE STRAP.

ANGLE

MORSE, WORKING HIS WAY OUT OF THE STRAP. HE MOVES ONTO THE SOLID GROUND AND BEGINS TO PUSH THE LOG, FRANTICALLY, LOOKING ACROSS AT THE OTHER SIDE.

MORSE

Come on...come on, for godsake...

MORSE LOOKS BACK IN TERROR.

ANGLE, HIS POV

THE BUSHES, ON THE FAR SIDE ARE MOVING.

ANGLE

MORSE, STRUGGLING TO FREE HIMSELF.

ANGLE

THE FLARESACK, CAUGHT ON THE BRANCH.

ANGLE

THE TWO MEN UP THE HILL, LOOKING DOWN, TRANSFIXED.

ANGLE

MORSE, AS HE MAKES AN ABRUPT EFFORT TO PULL FREE. HE DROPS OFF OF HIS PERCH, AND FALLS BELOW THE LOG.

ANGLE

C.U. MORSE, HANGING BELOW THE LOG, WHIMPERING. HE LOOKS BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER, HE LOOKS UP.

ANGLE

HIS HANDS, SLIPPING OFF OF THE LOG.

ANGLE

XCU, MORSE'S HANDS AS THEY SLIP OFF OF THE LOG.

ANGLE

XCU, MORSE'S FACE TERRIFIED, SUDDENLY HIS EXPRESSION CHANGES, HE LOOKS UP.

ANGLE

ABOVE, ON THE LOG, GREEN, PULLING MORSE UP.

ANGLE

GREEN'S HANDS RIP THE FLARE SACK OFF OF THE BRANCH.

ANGLE

GREEN ROUGHLY PULLS MORSE TO SAFETY ON THE CLIFF. MORSE GETS UP OFF OF THE GROUND, AND STARTS TO PICK UP THE LOG.

MORSE

...comeon...

GREEN JOINS IN, AS DOES STEPHEN, AND THEY LIFT THE LOG OVER THE EDGE.

ANGLE

THE "FLARE" SACK, CAUGHT ON THE LOG, AS THE LOG DROPS INTO THE GORGE.

ANGLE

THE THREE MEN, STANDING ON THE CLIFF. MORSE LOOKS BACK.

ANGLE, HIS POV.
THE FAR SIDE OF THE CLIFF. THE BEAR ISN'T SEEN.

ANGLE
THE THREE MEN. MORSE'S CHEST HEAVING.
GREEN LOOKS AT MORSE, THEN BACK ACROSS THE CHASM. HE LOOKS
AT MORSE.

MORSE (C)
I lost the flares.

GREEN
We're going to get by without them.

MORSE
How?

GREEN
I have two matches left. We'll make a
signal fire.

MORSE STARTS SHAKING HIS HEAD.

GREEN (C)
We'll make a signal fire. We'll use a
match. The plane will see us. (GREEN
SHAKES MORSE LIGHTLY) Snap out of it,
pal...

STEPHEN
...It's going to be fine, Charles.
Charles. You're the one's navigating us
out of here. It's going to be fine. Now:
which way is it? Up the hill. Come on,
we've got to go.

STEPHEN MOVES OFF.
BEAT.

MORSE
You saved me.

GREEN
'Get about it, Charles.

MORSE
No, you...

GREEN

Well, I couldn't kill you when Stephen was around.

THEY START TO WALK.

I'd of haved to kill him, too. (BEAT)
and he's the only one knows how I take my coffee.

THEY WALK ON.

MORSE

I lost the flares.

GREEN

Why do people die in the woods,
Charles... (PAUSE) Why do they die...?

MORSE

They die of shame.

GREEN

Then take a lesson from it.

MORSE

BEAT

You saved my life.

GREEN

Buy me something nice when we get home.

BEAT

THEY WALK UP EVEN WITH STEPHEN, COMING OUT ON A PLATEAU.

MORSE

How do you like your coffee?

GREEN

I like my coffee like I like my women.

STEPHEN

Bitter and murkey.

GREEN

No, that's how I like my pictures.

GREEN LOOKS AROUND.

Come on, let's get ourselves out of here.

THEY EXIT THE FRAME, CAMERA TILTS UP TO SHOW A SUN RESTING ON THE TREES.

DISSOLVE

EXT WOODS DUSK
THE THREE MEN WALKING TOGETHER.
STEPHEN LOOKS AROUND.

STEPHEN
What do you think?

Green
Push on few minutes more, make a fire.
Charles: you make the fire.

HE NODS.

We want to get up, the top of that rise,
get up high as possible, let the plane
see the fire.

STEPHEN
...we're through the pass.

GREEN
...Charles...?

MORSE
Yes. We must be through the Pass.

GREEN
Been hiking South all Day. Pass was
South, Must be through the Pass. "For it
Shall Follow As the Night the Day..."

STEPHEN
...The planes will be looking for us?

GREEN (OF MORSE)
Friend's a billionaire...never travel
without one.

BEAT

STEPHEN

...Going to make some story to tell back home.

GREEN

Yes. Quite a rest from "The Cabdriver was So Rude To Me."

TO MORSE

...How you doing?

MORSE (GESTURES AHEAD)

Top of the Rise, and we'll make the Fire.

GREEN

...that's it.

MORSE

...we'll all have to gather wood, have it standing by.

GREEN

That's right. You got that. Stephen? Got to keep the fire going, all night.

STEPHEN

That's right.

THEY HIKE ON.

MORSE

Well, I've been a fool.

GREEN

Forget about it, Charles.

MORSE

...I have.

GREEN

Y'know, you got a tough gig, Charles.

MORSE

No, d'you know what, Bob? I've lived foolishly. (SHRUGS) That's the truth. Always thinking "what do people want from me..." How arrogant. (PAUSE) How awful.

(MORE)

MORSE (cont'd)

It's not a tough gig, it's my life, and I've been wishing it away.

(PAUSE)

GREEN

Fashion shoots, on the street, Cops stand around, look at me, thinking "What must it be, to live that life...?" "Fast Life". Women. Bread... (PAUSE) "What must it be like...?"

(PAUSE)

And I think the same of them, I look at them and think...

MORSE

...would you think that's a life of adventure? To be a policeman?

GREEN

Sometimes, I just think, do you know, I just we're caught in our... caught in the same old...

HE GESTURES, MEANING, YOU SEE WHAT I'M REFERRING TO. THE TWO MEN LOOK AT EACH OTHER. THEY BOTH BEGIN LAUGHING.

MORSE

"Caught in a Rut, and Chained to our Desks..."

GREEN

"...caught in the Same Old Rut...!!!"

STEPHEN WALKS UP.

STEPHEN

What is so funny...? (TO GREEN) What is he laughing at?

GREEN

He's laughing at the unutterable Folly of the Universe.

(POINTS)

Let's walk on to the Clearing and let's make our fire. N'lets get out of here.

THEY WALK ON. WE HEAR THE SOUND OF GEESE OVERHEAD.

STEPHEN LOOKS UP.

STEPHEN
We've been walking south...?

GREEN
Just cause you're lost, don't think your
compass is broken. Yes - we're walking
South.

MORSE
...south as there Ever Was.

THE GROUP WALKS ON, STEPHEN LOOKS UP, AS THEY WALK, THE OTHER
TWO MEN DO LIKEWISE, CAMERA TILTS UP TO SHOW THE FLIGHT OF
GEESE, FLYING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.
THEY WALK A FEW MORE STEPS. STEPHEN LOOKS DOWN.

ANGLE
XCU, STEPHEN, LOOKING DOWN.

ANGLE, HIS P.O.V.
ON THE GROUND, THE BURNT-OUT FLARE, AND THE BURNED AREA OF
THEIR LAST NIGHT'S CAMPFIRE.

ANGLE
THE GROUP, AS THEY COME UP AND STAND AROUND THE FLARE.

BEAT. MORSE TAKES OUT THE LITTLE WHITE BOX, AND REMOVES THE
PAPERCLIP.
HE LOOKS DOWN WONDERINGLY AT IT. GREEN BATS IT OUT OF HIS
HAND.
MORSE FALLS TO THE GROUND, AND BEGINS LOOKING FOR THE
PAPERCLIP. GREEN KICKS THE GROUND, AND STALKS OFF.

STEPHEN (TO HIMSELF)
Oh, my god.

MORSE, CONTINUES ON THE GROUND, SEARCHING FOR THE PAPERCLIP.
HE GIVES UP AND RISES, HE STANDS A MOMENT, AND THEN TAKES OFF
HIS BELT AND LOOKS AT THE METAL BUCKLE.
GREEN BENDS AND PICKS UP THE BURNT-OUT FLARE AND STANDS
LOOKING AT IT, SHAKING HIS HEAD. MORSE COMES OVER TO HIM.

MORSE (SOFTLY)
It was the buckle. (HE HOLDS IT UP) The
belt buckle threw it off.

STEPHEN

What are we going to do...?

GREEN

...we're going to...

STEPHEN

...What are we going to do? What are we...

GREEN

It's alright, now! Alright: Look here. Look here! Stephen, you, you...

(HE LOOKS TO MORSE)

MORSE

Alright. We're going to be fine. Look. Look here.

(HE OPENS HIS BOOK)

STEPHEN

We're going to die out here, no one knows where we are, and...

GREEN WALKS OFF SEVERAL PACES, SHAKING HIS HEAD, AND SINKS DOWN ONTO A LOG.

MORSE

...Stephen...

STEPHEN

...We're going to die, we have nothing to eat, no one knows where...

MORSE

Alright, Stephen, Look: look here:

HE SHOWS STEPHEN THE BOOK.

ANGLE INS, THE "LOST IN THE WILDS BOOK", A LINE DRAWING OF A MAN SPEAR FISHING WITH A HOMEMADE SPEAR.

ANGLE

MORSE CLOSES THE BOOK DIGS OUT HIS POCKETKNIFE, HANDS IT TO STEPHEN, WITH THE BOOK.

Alright: you see this drawing? Fish spear. You make one. Stephen! Here.

(MORE)

MORSE (cont'd)

(HE OPENS THE KNIFE AND HANDS IT TO HIM)
We need you to make one... Good. Fine.
Alright: Look here. Stephen?!!! Look
here: look what we're going to do: I'm
going to gather wood. Bob and me. We'll
make a fire. A fire. Like we did last
night. We're going to catch our
dinner...

MORSE WALKS STEPHEN TO A LOG, AND SITS HIM ON IT. HE HANDS
STEPHEN THE DIAGRAM, AND HIS POCKETKNIFE.

This is what you have to do. You have to
make us a spear.

STEPHEN

...They'll never find us.

MORSE

They will find us, n'even if they don't
we can walk out of here. Now You Do What
I Tell You. I'm going to make the fire.

MORSE MOVES OFF.

STEPHEN LOOKS AT THE DIAGRAM IN THE BOOK AND PICKS UP A
STICK. HE SITS ON THE LOG, LAYS THE STICK ACROSS HIS THIGH.
IN THE B.G. MORSE, LOOKING BACK, CALLS TO HIM.

MORSE (C)

Come on. Stephen! Get on with it.

MORSE LOOKING BACK AT STEPHEN, COMES OVER TO GREEN.

GREEN (TO MORSE)

What is he going to do, make a "spear"?
What, is he going to "fish" for our
dinner...?

MORSE

I wanted to give him something to do.

GREEN, BITING HIS LIP, TURNS TO LOOK AT THE SKY.

GREEN

They going to come looking for us...?
(PAUSE) I mean, you're an 'important
guy'!, right...? (PAUSE) Right? Lookit,
I'm talking to you.

MORSE CONTINUES TO HOLD THE GLASS CRYSTAL, NEAR THE SHEET OF PAPER.

MORSE

...I hear you.

GREEN

Do You Think They'll...

MORSE (TURNING BACK)

Look, I'm trying to, I, Can we just, can we just...

MORSE GETS UP AND STARTS GATHERING THE WOOD. GREEN COMES TO STAND BY HIM.

GREEN

Can we just what?

MORSE

What would you like to do? Shall we lay down and die? DO YOU WANT TO LAY DOWN AND DIE...?

(PAUSE)

GREEN

You're right.

MORSE STARTS TO GATHER WOOD. GREEN COMES TO HELP HIM.

You're right. I'm sorry, I...

WE HEAR THE SOUND OF STEPHEN SCREAMING. THE TWO MEN TURN.

ANGLE

STEPHEN, SITTING ON A LOG. HAS GASHED HIMSELF WITH THE KNIFE. BLOOD IS SPURTING FROM A WOUND ON HIS THIGH. GREEN AND MORSE RUN UP.

MORSE KNEELS BY STEPHEN. HE TEARS SOME OF HIS SHIRTTAIL, AND STARTS TYING UP THE WOUND.

STEPHEN

...what have I done...?

MORSE TAKES HIS POCKETKNIFE FROM STEPHEN, USES IT TO CUT THE

STRIPS OF SHIRT. HE CUTS THROUGH THE PANTLEG.

MORSE
...you're going to be alright.

STEPHEN
...what have I done...?

MORSE CUTS THE PANTLEG OFF.

MORSE
Bury this. (TO GREEN) (OF PANTLEG)

GREEN PICKS UP THE BLOODY FABRIC WITH A STICK.

MORSE
Start on the fire, start building the
fire.

STEPHEN
...what have I done...?

MORSE (CALLING AFTER HIM)
Bury it. We don't want the smell of
blood in the...

STEPHEN
What have I done to myself? ...I'm not
going to lose my leg...? I'm not going
to...

MORSE
Sshhhhhhhh

DISSOLVE

INT WOODS NIGHT.
A CAMPFIRE. STEPHEN PROPPED UP AGAINST A ROCK.
LOOKING AT SOMETHING.

ANGLE
HIS POV

MORSE, READING HIS "LOST IN THE WILDS" BOOK.

ANGLE INS. THE BOOK
OPEN TO A PAGE, SHOWING "FIELD DRESSING OF VARIOUS WOUNDS".

GREEN (VO)
...what do we think...?

ANGLE, THE THREE MEN AT THE FIRE.
GREEN IS SEEN TEARING STRIPS OF A SHIRT INTO BANDAGES. AS
MORSE LAYS DOWN THE BOOK, HE TAKES THE BANDAGES FROM GREEN,
AND KNEELS BY STEPHEN.

MORSE
It's a clean cut, I think it bled clean,
and if we change the bandages
regularly...

HE REMOVES THE OLD BANDAGES. TO GREEN:

...Will you bury these, too? If we
change the bandages regularly, I think
it's going to knit up fine.

STEPHEN (FRIGHTENED, JOKING)
...you aren't going to have to Take My
Leg Off...?

MORSE (SMILING)
...well...

STEPHEN
It passed the time. Didn't it...?
(PAUSE)

MORSE
mmm?

STEPHEN
Didn't it Pass the Time...? (PAUSE) My
"Presentation".

MORSE
I know you're frightened.

STEPHEN
...How in the world would you know
that...?

MORSE

...sshhh.

STEPHEN

I guess I'm not a Lumberjack.

MORSE

You're doing fine.

STEPHEN

...just a slight fellow from Gotham.

MORSE

Most of the Voyageurs were slight.
(PAUSE) Did you know what?

STEPHEN

...the Voyageurs...?

MORSE

The French Canadian Explorers. (PAUSE)
Travelled by Canoe. They opened up this
Continent. By Canoe. A boy grew over
five feet-five, he was too large to fit
in the canoe. He'd weep, because he
couldn't be a Voyageur.

STEPHEN

He'd weep.

MORSE

...that's right.

STEPHEN

Well: I hope that there was someone
there to comfort him.

MORSE (SMILES)

I'm sure there was.

STEPHEN LOOKS AT MORSE, AND HE SMILES, TOO.

STEPHEN

Yes. I'm sure that there was, too.

MORSE STARTS TO GET UP.

Charles...?

MORSE

...yes...?

STEPHEN

Do you know something...?

MORSE

What is that?

STEPHEN

You're alright.

Morse

Why, thank you.

STEPHEN

No, I mean it. You're a good man,
Charles.

PAUSE

Very thoughtful fellow.

MORSE

Thank you.

STEPHEN

I've always admired you. (TO HIMSELF)
yes I have... Well...

HE SIGHS

Now: are we getting out of here?

MORSE

Yes.

STEPHEN

How?

MORSE LOOKS UP AT THE STARRY SKY.

MORSE

Do you see that? That is Cassiopeia.
The Big Doubleyou?

MORSE AND STEPHEN LOOK UP.

ANGLE, THEIR P.O.V., THE CONSTELLATION CASSIOPEIA, IN A

CLOUDY SKY, SHAPED LIKE A "W".

MORSE (C)

The right end, at forty-five degrees,
points to the North Star...

CAMERA PANS, AFTER HIS DESCRIPTION, TO THE NORTH STAR. THE
SKY NOW CLOUDS OVER, AND FAINT THUNDER IS HEARD.

ANGLE

MORSE AND STEPHEN. AS MORSE STANDS, AND STARTS ARRANGING
STONES ON THE GROUND.

And the north star is north. (HE GLANCES
AT THE SKY) and tomorrow we walk south.
And that will take us to the river, and
the river will bring us home.

ANGLE

ON THE GROUND, A SERIES OF ROCKS HE HAS ARRANGED AN ARROW.

ANGLE

MORSE AND STEPHEN (STEPHEN YAWNING)

We follow the arrow and that will take us
out.

(PAUSE)

STEPHEN

(SETTLES HIMSELF SLEEPILY ON
THE GROUND)

Why do people die in the woods,
Charles...?

MORSE

"They Die of Shame."

MORSE LOOKS DOWN AT HIS HANDS. HE STARTS OFF.

STEPHEN (ALMOST ASLEEP)

Where are you going?

MORSE

I have to go down and get the blood off
of my hhh...

STEPHEN (ROUSING HIMSELF SLIGHTLY)

Charles: I have to tell you something.

MORSE (LOOKING DOWN AT HIS HANDS)

. You rest now.

MORSE WALKS OFF. AS

STEPHEN (VERY SOFTLY, FALLS ASLEEP).

STEPHEN

...I have to tell you something about Robert...

MORSE

Shhh. . .

STEPHEN

He wanted you to come here be...

MORSE (OVER HIS SHOULDER)

Shhhh. You sleep now. Go to sleep.

ANGLE

DOWN BY THE LAKE. THE STARRY NIGHT. MORSE BENDS AND WASHES HIS HANDS IN THE LAKE. HE STARTS BACK, TOWARD THE CAMPFIRE. ON THE WAY HE RUNS INTO GREEN. THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER FOR A MOMENT.

THEY WALK UP THE SLIGHT RISE TOWARD THE CAMPFIRE. GREEN LOOKS OUT AT THE RAIN SPATTERING THE WATER.

GREEN

Starting to Rain.

MORSE (LOOKS AT THE SKY)

(PAUSE) May turn to snow before tomorrow. Snow'll be coming soon.

GREEN

...puts things into perspective, dunnit?

THEY TURN UP THEIR COLLARS AND START UP TOWARD THE CAMPFIRE, SOUND OF THUNDER GETS LOUDER.

MORSE

What's that?

GREEN

...out here. Little bit different from snorting Coke off the girls' hipbones.

MORSE

In what way?

PAUSE. GREEN LOOKS AT MORSE, THEN BURSTS OUT LAUGHING.

GREEN

Well, what a Jokester, it is...!

HE SLAPS MORSE ON THE BACK.

...You're more bracing than a game of lacrosse...!

MORSE LAUGHS WITH HIM, AS THEY WALK TOWARD THE CAMPFIRE.

MORSE SHUSHES GREEN, AS THEY WALK UP TOWARD STEPHEN.

BEAT. AS THEY STAND LOOKING AT THE SLEEPING FORM OF STEPHEN.

MORSE

He's not that badly...d'you get the blood off your hands...?

(GREEN SHOWS HIM HIS HANDS.)

MORSE (C) (OF STEPHEN)

He's not that badly hurt. Tomorrow...

THEY HAVE WALKED UP TO THE FIRE, AND THE SLEEPING FORM OF STEPHEN. THEY SPEAK IN WHISPERS.

GREEN

N'what're our chances, when all is said-n-done? No - you're right. We cn' walk out and probably die, or we can stay home and certainly die. You're right, pal. (PAUSE)

MORSE

I think our chances are good.

GREEN

Seriously...

MORSE

I think they're better than good... Look here: (HE TAKES OUT HIS LOST-IN-THE-WILDS-BOOK)

(PAUSE)

GREEN

...what...?

IT HAS STARTED RAINING AND THUNDERING AND LIGHTENING HEAVILY.
MORSE, LOOKS AROUND, SNIFFS THE AIR. HE WALKS AROUND IN BACK
OF THE ROCK, WHERE GREEN FOLLOWS HIM.

MORSE

Do you smell something...? (PAUSE)

GREEN (DISTRACTED)

...what?

MORSE

It's...it's like an animal...

GREEN (SNIFFS - INDICATES STEPHEN)

...Did he foul himself.

MORSE. HE LOOKS AROUND.

MORSE

What? No. What's that?

GREEN TURNS. ANGLE HIS POV.

THE BLOODY RAGS, THROWN UP INTO A TREE, BLOWING IN THE WIND.

ANGLE

GREEN AND MORSE.

GREEN

What? It's the bandages.

MORSE

I told you to bury them.

GREEN

...what difference does it make?

MORSE

We've got to get them down...

GREEN

...why?

MORSE (MORSE SNIFFS THE AIR)

Get'em Down.

GREEN

Why?

MORSE

Why? It puts the scent of blood... The scent of blood in the air.

GREEN

I'm not going up there after them...Charles...

MORSE

What?

GREEN

I'm not going to go up in a tree in a thunderst...

MORSE

OhmiGod - It's a Bear.

GREEN

...what?

MORSE

The smell, do you smell it? It's a Bear...

MORSE, FOLLOWED BY GREEN, STARTS AROUND THE ROCK.

...Stephen, do you...?

HIS SPEECH IS DROWNED OUT BY A HUGE ANIMAL ROAR. MORSE CONTINUES AROUND THE ROCK.

ANGLE, HIS P.O.V.

XCU

STEPHEN, ON THE GROUND, BACKING UP AGAINST THE ROCK, HIS FACE TERRIFIED.

ANGLE

OVER MORSE, ONTO THE SCENE IN THE SHELTER, A VAST BROWN BEAR IS ADVANCING ON STEPHEN.

MORSE STEPS TOWARD STEPHEN, AND THE BEAR TURNS ON HIM REARING UP TO ITS FULL HEIGHT, MORSE RETREATS.

THE BEAR TURNS BACK ON STEPHEN, WHO IS NOW SCREAMING, AND SLASHES AT HIM.

MORSE BACKS UP, HE FALLS, OVER THE ROCKS ARRANGED IN THE "ARROW", THE BEAR TURNS BACK ON STEPHEN, WHO IS NOW

WHIMPERING.

ANGLE

MORSE, XCU, LOOKING ON IN TERROR.

WE HEAR THE SOUNDS OF THE BEAR. AND OF STEPHEN SCREAMING.
MORSE BENDS TO THE GROUND AND PICKS UP A CHUNK OF WOOD.

ANGLE

FROM THE BACK, MORSE'S FEET, THE WOOD HELD IN HIS HAND,
BEYOND HIM, WE SEE THE HINDQUARTERS OF THE BEAR, THE REST OF
HIS BODY OBSCURED BY THE ROCK. WE HEAR STEPHEN SCREAMING,
AND SEE MORSE'S FEET BEGIN TO MOVE TOWARD THE BEAR.

ANGLE

CU

MORSE.

ANGLE

HIS POV. THE BEAR, TURNING FROM STEPHEN TO MENACE MORSE. HE
STARTS TO RAISE HIMSELF UP.

ANGLE

GREEN'S HAND ON MORSE'S SHOULDER.

ANGLE

THE BEAR TURNING BACK ON STEPHEN AS STEPHEN SCREAMS.

ANGLE

GREEN DRAGGING MORSE AWAY FROM THE SPOT. THE TWO BEGIN TO
RUN.

INT. THE WOODS. IN THE STORM. MORSE AND GREEN RUNNING. IN
THE BACKGROUND TERRIBLE SCREAMS, AND THE BEAR GROWLING.
MORSE LOOKS BACK.

ANGLE HIS POV

IN A LIGHTENINGFLASH WE SEE THE BEAR REAR UP AND LOOK TOWARD
MORSE AND GREEN, ABOUT TO START AFTER THEM. THEN STEPHEN
MOVES ON THE GROUND AND THE BEAR TURNS HIS ATTENTION AGAIN
BACK TO THE FALLEN MAN.

ANGLE

INT. THE WOODS. BRANCHES WHIPPING THE MEN, AS THEY RUN.
GREEN FALLS, MORSE HELPS HIM TO HIS FEET.
THEY MOVE OFF TOGETHER THROUGH THE WOODS, MORSE SUPPORTING
GREEN.

THEY PAUSE TO CATCH THEIR BREATHS, PANTING. AFTER A MOMENT, WE HEAR THE BEAR ROARING AGAIN. GREEN LOOKS BACK IN FRIGHT, AND LURCHES AWAY FROM MORSE.

INT WOODS, NIGHT.

GREEN, RUNNING, ILLUMINATED BY LIGHTENING, MORSE CATCHES UP WITH HIM, AND ENDEAVORS TO STOP HIM. GREEN FIGHTS HIM OFF. MORSE KNOCKS HIM DOWN, AND GREEN GETS UP FROM HIM, AND STARTS OFF AGAIN, MORSE, AGAIN TRIES TO STOP HIM.

MORSE,
...the wind... the Wind...

THE WIND IS BLOWING LEAVES IN THEIR FACES. MORSE TURNS GREEN TO SHOW THE BLOWING LEAVES, GREEN NODS, AND THEY BOTH HEAD DOWNWIND.

ANGLE

LEAVES BLOWING ACROSS THE SCREEN, MORSE AND GREEN ENTER, AND RUN IN THE SAME DIRECTION AS THE LEAVES. WE HEAR THE SOUND OF THE BEAR GROWLING.

THEY LOOK BACK AT THE LEAVES ILLUMINATED BY A LIGHTENING FLASH. GREEN SCREAMS, AND FALLS BACKWARDS, OUT OF THE FRAME.

ANGLE

GREEN, TUMBLING DOWN A HILLSIDE, MORSE RUNS DOWN THE HILL AFTER HIM.

ANGLE

GREEN, AND THEN MORSE, IN A SMALL BOG, MORSE HELPS GREEN OUT OF THE MIRE, AND THEY SET OFF. GREEN FALLS TO THE GROUND, GETS UP, AND LIMPS BADLY, MORSE HALF-CARRIES HIM, AND THEY MOVE OFF.

INT WOODS DAWN.

GREEN, DRENCHED, DISHEVELED, NOW HOBBLING ON A STICK USED AS A CRUTCH, WALKS UP ON MORSE, WHO IS STANDING STILL.

ANGLE

THE TWO MEN. MORSE, AND THEN GREEN LOOK UP. CAMERA TILTS UP, TO SHOW SNOW FALLING.
BEAT.

GREEN

I...

MORSE SHUSHES HIM.

GREEN (SOFTLY)

...what?

MORSE

I just think it's a good idea, be quiet
in the woods.

BEAT.

MORSE STARTS GATHERING WOOD.

GREEN EXTRACTS AND OPENS THE MATCHBOOK.

ANGLE INS

THE MATCHBOOK, SHOWING THREE MATCHES LEFT.

GREEN KNEELS NEAR THE FIRE MORSE IS CONSTRUCTING. HE, AND
THEN MORSE, LOOK AROUND.

ANGLE

MED. LONGSHOT, MORSE AND GREEN, SHIVERING, KNEELING OVER THE
FIRE, SNOW FALLING IN THE WOODS.

DISSOLVE

INT WOODS DAY

THE CAMPFIRE, BURNING DOWN. SNOW FALLING. WE HEAR THE
VOICES OF GREEN AND MORSE.

MORSE (VO)

...and then try to head South.

GREEN (VO)

How do we go Ss...

MORSE (VO)

We'll navigate-by-the-stars. We'll travel
at night, if there's a moon.. (BEAT) We
can't live out the Winter up...

GREEN

No, you're...what do we eat?

ANGLE

MORSE AND GREEN SEATED NEAR THE FIRE, MORSE, LOOKING AT HIS
"LOST IN THE WILDS" BOOK", HE GESTURES TO GREEN, MEANING "I'M

WORKING ON IT".

MORSE

F'we find the river, we can take it
South.

GREEN

...find the river, take it South.

MORSE STANDS UP.

...They, they won't be looking for us,
this far north...?

MORSE

We have to walk out.

GREEN

...and what do we eat...?

ANGLE

MORSE, WHO IS STANDING, OPEN BOOK IN HAND.

ANGLE, INS. THE BOOK.

THE "LOST IN THE WILDS" BOOK, OPEN TO A PAGE HEADED "TRAPS
AND SNARES", SHOWING A SNARE, AND THE CAPTION "HOW TO CATCH A
SQUIRREL".

ANGLE

MORSE, LOOKS UP, AS GREEN COMES OVER TO HIM.
MORSE LOOKS AROUND, CLOSES THE BOOK, AND MOVES OFF SLOWLY,
FOLLOWED BY GREEN.

INT WOODS DAY

THE BOOK PROPPED OPEN BY A STICK LAID ACROSS TWO PAGES, LYING
ON THE GROUND.

ANGLE

MORSE AND GREEN, SITTING BY THE BOOK. GAZING INTENTLY AHEAD
OF THEM.

ANGLE THEIR POV

THE ACTUAL SNARE. SEVERAL SHARPENED STICKS UNDER TENSION,
HELD BACK BY A BENT SAPLING. A SQUIRREL, SITTING, LOOKING AT
THE TRAP.

ANGLE

MORSE AND GREEN. HOLD. GREEN TURNS TO MORSE, AS IF TO EXCLAIM AT THE FACT THAT THE SNARE SEEMS TO BE WORKING. MORSE SHUSHES HIM.

ANGLE

MORSE'S HAND, HOLDING THE POCKETKNIFE OPEN, DESCENDS TO A STRING, CAMERA TILTS DOWN TO SHOW THE KNIFE CUT THE STRING, AND WE HEAR THE THWACK OF THE TRAP BEING SPRUNG. MORSE AND GREEN LOOK AT EACH OTHER IN AMAZEMENT.

INT WOODS DAY

THE BOOK PROPPED OPEN BY A STICK LAID ACROSS TWO PAGES, LYING ON THE GROUND.

ANGLE

MORSE AND GREEN, SITTING BY THE BOOK; STILL, GAZING INTENTLY AHEAD OF THEM.

ANGLE THEIR POV

THE ACTUAL SNARE, CONSTRUCTED OUT OF STICKS. A SQUIRREL SITTING BY THE TRAP, LOOKING AT IT.

ANGLE

MORSE AND GREEN. HOLD, GREEN TURNS TO MORSE AND BEGINS TO WHISPER SOMETHING.

WE HEAR THE "THWACK" OF THE TRAP FALLING. BEAT. MORSE AND GREEN LOOK AT EACH OTHER IN AMAZEMENT.

THEY THEN LOOK TOWARD THE TRAP.

THEIR FACES LIGHT UP. GREEN STARTS LAUGHING. HE CLAPS MORSE ON THE BACK, HE LOOKS AT THE TRAP AGAIN, UNBELIEVINGLY.

ANGLE

THE TRAP, NOW SPRUNG, THE TWO MEN START WALKING UP TO IT, WE SEE THEM FROM THE BACK, CLAPPING EACH OTHER ON THE BACK. SUDDENLY THEY STOP STARK STILL. HOLD.

ANGLE

TIGHT TWO SHOT OF THE TWO MEN. THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER. AFTER A BEAT WE HEAR THE FAINT SOUND OF AN AIRCRAFT ENGINE.

ANGLE

TWO MEN AT THE TRAP, THEY TURN, AND START SCANNING THE SKY.

ANGLE, THEIR POV. A CLOUDY SKY, THEN THE SPECK OF A PLANE ENTERS THE FRAME.

ANGLE EXT, HILLSIDE, FOREST, DAY.

THE TWO MEN, RUNNING UP THE HILL, TAKING OFF THEIR SHIRTS,

AND WAVING THEM, AND SCREAMING AT THE PLANE.

ANGLE

THE PLANE, FAR OFF, MAKES A TURN TOWARD THE CAMERA, CLOUDS BLOWING IN.

ANGLE

THE TWO MEN, WAVING AND SCREAMING.

GREEN

Shines! Something that... What have we got that...?

MORSE TAKES OFF HIS BELT WITH THE LARGE METAL BUCKLE, HE STARTS TRYING TO CATCH THE SUN IN.

ANGLE

THE PLANE, FLYING TOWARD THE TWO, A CLOUD, BLOWING IN FROM THE SIDE.

ANGLE

MORSE, AND THE BUCKLE, TRYING TO CATCH THE SUN.

ANGLE

THE PLANE AND THE CLOUD, THE CLOUD BLOWS INTO THE PATH OF THE PLANE (INTO THE CAMERA'S, THE MEN'S POV) AS THE PLANE FLIES INTO IT.

ANGLE

FROM BEHIND THE TWO MEN. THE PLANE OVERHEAD, HEARD BUT NOT SEEN, THE CLOUD OVERHEAD, AS THE TWO MEN NOW TURN TOWARD THE CAMERA (TOWARD THE NOW-RETREATING PLANE), STILL SCREAMING.

ANGLE

CLOSE ON THE TWO. MORSE DROPS THE BELT AND BUCKLE, GREEN CONTINUES TO SHOUT AND WAVE, AS THE GROUND BRIGHTENS, AS THE SUN COMES OUT. GREEN DROPS TO THE GROUND, AND PICKS UP THE BUCKLE AND BELT, AND STARTS SHINING IT, CATCHING THE SUN, AT THE PLANE.

ANGLE

THE TWO MEN, GREEN STILL GESTICULATING, THE PLANE FLYING OFF.

ANGLE

THE TWO MEN ON THE HILL. AS GREEN DROPS TO THE GROUND NEXT TO MORSE.

THE TWO SIT, AS WE HEAR THE PLANE DRONE OFF.

ANGLE THEIR POV

FAR AWAY, THE PLANE IS SEEN TO MAKE A NINETY-DEGREE TURN, AND HEAD OFF.

ANGLE

THE TWO MEN.

GREEN

...well.

(PAUSE)

HE TAKES OUT THE MATCHBOOK, AND SHOWS THE LAST TWO MATCHES LEFT.

MORSE

Did you know you can make Fire from Ice...?

GREEN SHAKES HIS HEAD, DEJECTED, MEANING "NOT NOW..."

You can make fire from ice. Hello? I'm talking to you... Do you know how that would be done? (PAUSE) Robert? (PAUSE) Robert. Can you think?

GREEN

You Yankees. Isn't it...? Isn't it?

MORSE

Fire from Ice, can you think how?

GREEN

Sit up there... Drinks and Golf. Screwing the Maid. (PAUSE) But get you in an Emergency...

MORSE

...that's right.

GREEN

N'you bloom. You make me sick. You make me sick, d'you know that...?

MORSE

I'm sure that I do.

GREEN

You make me sick. What the hell puts you off? Jews and Public Speaking, I'd bet.

MORSE

Fire from Ice. Can you think how? Can you think how?

GREEN

I don't care how, Charles.

MORSE

Do you want to die?

GREEN

Y'know something? Maybe we're right to've let you people run the country, all these years.

(PAUSE) (SHAKES HIS HEAD)

Maybe. . . (SIGHS)

Maybe you're the only people dense enough.

MORSE

I'm not dense, Robert, I just have no imagination.

GREEN

...huh. (HE GETS TO HIS FEET)

MORSE

Fire from Ice.

GREEN

Fire from Ice. Yes. Fine. Fire from Ice.

MORSE STARTS HELPING GREEN DOWN THE HILL. GREEN KEEPS LOOKING UP.

We can't think they'd come back.

MORSE

No, we shouldn't think they'll be back, they've scouted here, and they'll... (HE GESTURES, MEANING, "THEY'LL MOVE ON...".)

GREEN NODS. (SIGHS)

GREEN
Alright. Fire From Ice. (THEY STOP.
MORSE ADDRESSES HIM.)

MORSE
Ice. If you take it in your hands, can
be moulded into a lens , which will
concentrate sunlight into fire.

GREEN
Geddoudahere.

MORSE
But I doubt we'll be reduced...we still
have the matches.

GREEN NODS, SHOWS THE MATCHBOOK.

GREEN
We've got the two...

MORSE
I believe that's all we'll need. What the
Indians did: carried smouldering tinder,
one place to the next, N'that was the
first lighter.

GREEN
Thank you, Charles.

THEY CONTINUE TO WALK DOWN THE HILL.

MORSE
...n'd we still have your watch crystal.

GREEN
(LOOKS DOWN AT HIS WATCH)
Be damned if I can get it off, damned
thing's waterproof, I think they've
screwed it together with A...

MORSE
...any case...

MORSE STARTS GATHERING STICKS, GREEN DOES LIKEWISE, AS THEY

WALK.

THEIR WALK HAS BROUGHT THEM BACK INTO THE CLEARING, WHERE WE SEE THE SPRUNG SNARE TRAP AT THE FAR END.

THEY STOP. PUTTING DOWN THEIR WOOD. MORSE STARTS TO BUILD A FIRE.

MORSE STOPS, PICKS UP A STICK, AND DRAWS IN THE DIRT.

MORSE (C)

We go south. To the river. The stars at night, the prevailing wind, during the day, which is from the Northeast, the prevailing slope of the land, which is to the East.

MORSE REACHES IN HIS POCKET. TAKES OUT THE WHITE "JEWELRY" BOX, REMOVES THE RECEIPT, TEARS IT IN TWO, AND PUTS IT UNDER THE TWIGS IN THE LOG CABIN.

ANGLE INS

THE SMALL LOG CABIN ARRANGEMENT OF TWIGS. MORSE'S HAND, AS HE DETACHES THE LAST MATCH IN AND IS ABOUT TO STRIKE IT.

ANGLE CU

And the...

MORSE LOOKS UP, DOES A DOUBLETAKE. PAUSE.

ANGLE

GREEN AND MORSE, BEAT.

GREEN

The...? The what?

ANGLE INS. THE LOG CABIN OF TWIGS, MORSE REMOVES THE WHITE PAPER.

MORSE'S HAND REPLACING THE MATCH IN THE MATCHBOOK.

ANGLE

MORSE AND GREEN. MORSE STANDS. PUTTING THE MATCHBOOK AND THE WHITE PAPER INTO HIS POCKET.

ANGLE

GREEN, LOOKING IN THE DIRECTION MORSE IS WALKING.

ANGLE

MORSE, WALKING UP ON THE SPRUNG SNARE.

ANGLE

OVER THE TRAP, ONTO MORSE, WALKING UP, AND GREEN IN THE B.G.

ANGLE CU

MORSE, AS HE LOOKS DOWN.

ANGLE HIS POV.

THE SNARE, SPRUNG, EMPTY. MORSE'S FEET COME INTO THE SHOT.

ANGLE

SINGLE OF MORSE, LOOKING DOWN. GREEN HOBBLER INTO THE SHOT.

GREEN LOOKS DOWN, HIS GAZE FOLLOWING MORSE'S.

ANGLE

THEIR POV

MORSE'S FEET, NEXT TO THEM, THE TRACKS OF THE BEAR.

ANGLE

MORSE AND GREEN, SCAN THE WOODS.

MORSE PICKS UP SOME GRASS, THROWS IT INTO THE AIR.

HE STARTS MOVING IN THE DIRECTION THE GRASS HAS BLOWN, GREEN BEGINS TO FOLLOW HIM.

INT WOODS DAY

A PEELING BIRCH TREE. HOLD. MORSE'S HAND COMES INTO THE FRAME AND STARTS PEELING OFF THE BARK.

ANGLE

MORSE AND GREEN. IN THE SNOWY WOODS.

GREEN LOOKS QUESTIONINGLY AT MORSE.

MORSE

Kindling. Take as much as you can.

THEY PEEL THE BIRCHBARK.

Stuff it in your shirt. It'll keep you warm.

WE HEAR THE SOUND OF GEESE. THE TWO MEN LOOK UP.

ANGLE THEIR POV

OVERHEAD, A FLIGHT OF GEESE FLYING SOUTH.

ANGLE
THE TWO MEN WALK ON.

DISSOLVE

INT WOODS DAY

ANGLE
THEIR FEET, THEIR SHOES SHREDDED OFF OF THEM, TRODDING
THROUGH THE SNOW.

ANGLE
THEIR FACES, FILTHY, BEARDED, AND DRAWN.

ANGLE
THE TWO MEN WALKING IN THE WOODS. GREEN, NOW LIMPING BADLY,
STUMBLES, AND MORSE SUPPORTS HIM. THEY MOVE ON FOR A BEAT,
AND THEN STOP.
WE HEAR THE SOUND OF RUNNING WATER.
BEAT. THE TWO MEN MOVE FORWARD, PUSHING SOME BUSHES ASIDE,
AND FIND THEMSELVES ON THE BANK OF THE RIVER.
HOLD.

ANGLE
TIGHT TWO SHOT, AS THEY LOOK AT THE RIVER, AND THEN AT EACH
OTHER.

DISSOLVE

INT WOODS DUSK

A CAMPFIRE, NEXT TO IT A LARGE PILE OF WOOD. GREEN ADDING TO
THE PILE OF WOOD.
HE LOOKS UP.

ANGLE HIS POV
MORSE WALKS UP TO THE CAMPFIRE, HOLDING SOMETHING IN HIS
HAND.

ANGLE INS
IT IS A THORN AND, HE IS SECURING "FISHINGLINE" TO IT. THE
"FISHINGLINE" IS MADE FROM THE YARN IN HIS SWEATER, WHICH HE
UNRAVELS.

ANGLE

MORSE AND GREEN, AS MORSE SITS NEXT TO HIM AT THE FIRE.

MORSE

Theoretically. (BEAT) Theoretically.

We should be able to take a log, and burn it into a dugout canoe. (BEAT) By the time we got such a canoe made, however, the river's be frozen. The river will, in any case, take us home.

GREEN

And how do we live?

MORSE

Well, there's fish in there, we've got our fishing tackle....

GREEN

...what do we bait it with?

MORSE NODS TAKES OUT HIS GOLD POCKETWATCH, AND REMOVES ONE OF THE GOLD LINKS ON THE CHAIN, HE ATTACHES THAT TO THE THORN "HOOK".

MORSE

...wouldn't you find that attractive...?

GREEN

...I don't know. I...

MORSE

Don't "go Native" on me, Bob...

(PAUSE)

GREEN

Alright. I'm just tired, I...

MORSE

I know you are. You, why don't you just rest. You just rest.

HE GETS UP AND LOADS MORE WOOD ONTO THE FIRE.

I'll be back in a bit.

MORSE WALKS TOWARD THE RIVER.

ANGLE INS

HIS HANDS, AS HE "TESTS" THE STRENGTH OF THE FISHING TACKLE.

ANGLE

MORSE, WALKING AWAY.

MORSE (OVER HIS SHOULDER)

...I'll be back in a bit.

ANGLE

MORSE WALKING TOWARD THE RIVER. IN FRONT OF HIM, A HILLOCK COVERED BY SNOW. MORSE PASSES IT, AND, BEHIND HIM, WE SEE THE HILLOCK RISE UP, TO REVEAL THAT IT IS THE BEAR. MORSE CONTINUES DOWN TO THE RIVER. THE BEAR PASSES OUT OF THE SHOT.

ANGLE

MORSE, AT THE RIVER, UNWINDING HIS "FISHING TACKLE", HE THROWS THE HOOK INTO THE RIVER. HOLD. HE LOOKS DOWN AT THE RIVER.

ANGLE HIS POV

A TROUT, IN THE RIVER, SWIMS PAST THE HOOK.

ANGLE, HIS POV

GRASS ON THE HILLOCK. UNMOVING.

ANGLE. MORSE TURNS AWAY, AND PROCEEDS TO HIS FISHING. IN THE FOREGROUND, WE SEE THE HILLOCK "MOVE."

ANGLE

MORSE, AS HE TURNS, AGAIN, AND SNIFFS THE AIR.

ANGLE

MORSE, AS HE TURNS BACK, AGAIN, TO FISHING, AND RETRIEVES THE HOOK, AND STARTS TO MAKE ANOTHER THROW. HE SENSES SOMETHING BEHIND HIM, LOOKS TO HIS SIDE, SEES NOTHING, SHRUGS, AND PROCEEDS AROUND A SMALL BEND IN THE RIVER, AND DRAWS HIS ARM BACK TO THROW AGAIN.

AS HE COMES AROUND THE TURN THE BEAR, FIVE FEET FROM HIM, REARS ONTO HIS HIND LEGS AND ROARS.

ANGLE, MORSE, RUNNING BACKWARD. STUMBLING BACK TOWARD THE CAMPFIRE, SCREAMING, HE LOOKS AROUND.

ANGLE, HIS POV, THE WOODS, AGAIN EMPTY.

ANGLE

MORSE CONTINUES BACK TO THE "CAMPSITE".

MORSE BACKS UP TO THE FIRE, AND BEGINS THROWING WOOD FRANTICALLY ON THE FIRE, AND THROWING BURNING BRANDS IN THE DIRECTION OF THE BEAR.

MORSE BEGINS CONSTRUCTION A "CIRCLE OF FIRE", AROUND HIMSELF AND GREEN. MORSE STARTS EMPTYING HIS POCKETS AND HIS SHIRT OF ANYTHING THAT WILL BURN. HE BEGINS BABBLING.

MORSE

...he's a mankiller. He's been stalking us from the first. He's toying with us.

GREEN

...what are we going to do?

MORSE

...when they get the scent of blood...

GREEN (STANDS AND GRABS MORSE)

What Are We going to Do...?

MORSE THROWS HIM OFF.

MORSE SINKS TO HIS KNEES. HE STARTS BUILDING UP THE FIRE. GREEN COMES INTO THE SHOT THROWING WOOD ON THE FIRE.

DISSOLVE

EXT WOODS, CAMPFIRE. NIGHT.

MORSE AND GREEN, SITTING BY THE CAMPFIRE, IN A CIRCLE OF BURNING BRUSH, HUDDLED AGAINST THE NIGHT.

WE HEAR THE SOUND OF A TWIG SNAPPING, AND BOTH TURN THEIR HEADS, TERRIFIED. HOLD. THEY COMPOSE THEMSELVES AND GREEN, SENSING SOMETHING, PEERS OUT BEYOND THE FLAMES.

ANGLE, THEIR POV

THE FLAMES, AND THE DARKNESS BEYOND.

ANGLE

THE TWO MEN. BEAT.

GREEN

What are we going to do?

MORSE

What? Do I have a plan? Am I supposed
to have a plan...?

MORSE MOVES TO A PIECE OF THE ENCIRCLING FIRE, WHICH HAS
BURNT DOWN, HE STARTS TO BUILD IT UP. HE TAKES THE NOTE
"GONE BEARHUNTING, JACK HAWK" FROM HIS POCKET.

GREEN (PEERING OUT PAST THE FLAMES)

What are we going to do, Charles...?

ANGLE

MORSE PAUSES. HE TURNS OVER JACK HAWK'S NOTE, AND WE SEE THE
19TH CENTURY ADVERTISEMENT "STRIKE FAST" MATCHES, THE
CAMPER'S FRIEND. AND THE DRAWING OF THE INDIAN SPEARING THE
BEAR.

ANGLE

MORSE AND GREEN, AS MORSE LIGHTS THE FIRE.

...What are we going to do?

MORSE

We're going to kill the bear.

DISSOLVE

EXT WOODS CAMPFIRE NIGHT. SPARKS FLYING INTO THE SKY.
CAMERA TILTS DOWN TO A CIRCLE OF BURNING BRUSH. MORSE AND
GREEN SITTING IN THE CIRCLE.
MORSE HOLDS A LONG STRAIGHT SAPLING. HE WHITTLES WITH A
POCKETKNIFE ON THE END.
HE TAKES THE POCKETKNIFE AND STARTS TO SHARPEN IT ON A STONE.
BOTH LOOK OUT WARILY OVER THE FIRE, INTO THE WOODS.

GREEN

Who was Nebuchadnezzar?

MORSE

...MMM...?

GREEN

Fellow who ate grass...

MORSE
The King of Ancient Assyria.

GREEN
How, uh...how are we going to kill the
bear?

MORSE
(PASSES HIM THE "LOST IN THE
WILDS BOOK)
We have to get him to attack. (PAUSE)
Spear (HE GESTURES TO THE SPEAR HE IS
WHITTILING) Bait. Induce a Charge. Bear
Charges and Rears.

ANGLE INS
THE BOOK, HELD BY GREEN. OPEN TO A LINE DRAWING OF THE
PROCEDURE BEING DESCRIBED BY MORSE, A MAN SPEARING AN
ATTACKING BEAR.

MORSE (VO)
As he falls, he impales himself on the
spear.

ANGLE
MORSE AND GREEN.

MORSE
Same principal's a deadfall. Use his own
weight to kill'm.

MORSE TAKES THE SPEARPOINT, AND PUTS IT INTO THE FIRE.

GREEN
...what do we use for bait?

MORSE (ABSENTLY)
...we 'lure' him - you know, Masai boys,
in Africa. Eleven years old. They kill
lion with spears.

GREEN
Uh huh. (PAUSE) ...how do we lure him?

MORSE WITHDRAWS THE SPEARPOINT FROM THE FIRE, LOOKS AT IT, HE
NODS AND REPLACES THE SPEARPOINT, REVOLVING IT IN THE FIRE.

MORSE

...and what One can do, another can do.
(PAUSE)

GREEN

And how do we lure him?

MORSE

(PAUSE) ...eleven-year-old Boys. Kill a lion.

Indian boys. Used to run up to the bear
and slap him. Count coup on him.

Green

...how do we lure him, Charles...?

MORSE

Blood. (PAUSE) Blood. You see...?
What one man can do, another can do. (A
PAUSE) We'll have to distract him,
we'll have to trap him. But it can be
done. It can be done. The boys would do
it... Do you believe it, Bob? (PAUSE)
Do You believe it? (PAUSE) Bob. Do You
Believe It?

Green

I don't know, Charles. It won't work,
Charles.

MORSE

It will. It's true. It will work.

GREEN

No.

MORSE

Well, man, why isn't it true? It must be
true. What one man can do, another can
do.

ANGLE. THE OPEN PAGE, SHOWING THE BEAR BEING SPEARED.

MORSE (VO)

DO YOU BELIEVE IT?

GREEN

You can't kill the bear, Charles.
He's...he's... he's (SHAKES HIS HEAD)
Been ahead of us, the whole, he's been
playing with us, he can read our minds,
he...

MORSE

What one can do, another can do. You
weakling. Do you want to die out here...?
(PAUSE)
Do you? (PAUSE) You coward. (PAUSE) Do
you hear me? (PAUSE) "I'm going to Kill
the bear." Say it...

GREEN

...I...

MORSE

Say it... 'I'm Going to Kill the Bear'.
Say it:

GREEN

I'm going to kill'im.
MORSE TAKES THE KNIFE AND GASHES HIS ARM. HE RIPS A PORTION
OF HIS SHIRT, AND WIPES THE BLOOD FROM HIS ARM, ONTO HIS
SHIRT. HE TIES THE SHIRT ONTO A STICK.

MORSE

...why shouldn't it be true...?

HE THRUSTS THE STICK IN THE GROUND, WHERE THE BLOODY FABRIC
WAVES IN THE WIND.

GREEN

Why wouldn't it be true?

MORSE

You're goddamn right.

GREEN

What One Man Can Do, another can do.

ANGLE

MORSE, SHARPENING HIS SPEARPOINT.

MORSE (VO)

What One Man Can Do, Another Man Can Do.

ANGLE CU. MORSE.

WE HEAR THE KNIFE, SHARPENING THE SPEAR. MORSE LOOKS WIDE-EYED AND RUGGED.

MORSE

And tomorrow I'm going to kill the
motherfucker.

DISSOLVE

EXT FOREST DAY.

THE CIRCE OF BRUSH. BURNT DOWN. TILT UP TO SHOW THE
"BLOODFLAG" FLUTTERING IN A SLIGHT BREEZE. IN THE B.G. WE
SEE GREEN, BY A SMALL RIVER, HE BENDS OVER.

ANGLE

GREEN, IN THE RIVER, BENT OVER, HOLDING HIS SHIRT, TWO STICKS
THROUGH THE ARMS, OPEN TO MAKE A "NET". GREEN LOOKS DOWN.

ANGLE

GREEN'S POV

A SMALL FISH, SWIMMING IN THE RIVER, SWIMS CLOSE TO THE NET.

ANGLE

GREEN'S FISHING. HE LOOKS UP.

ANGLE HIS POV

THE BANK OF THE SMALL RIVER. MORSE, STANDING GUARD. MORSE
BEGINS TO WALK, LOOKING OUT AT THE FOREST.

ANGLE

OVER THE "BLOODFLAG." WE SEE MORSE IN THE B.G., AND GREEN
FISHING.

WE SEE THE WIND SHIFT. AND THE FLAG BLOWN IN A NEW
DIRECTION.

ANGLE

ON THE RIVERBANK, OVER MORSE, ONTO GREEN, FISHING IN THE B.G.
MORSE, WALKS INTO A C.U., TURNS AROUND, GIVES AN OKAY SIGH TO
GREEN, AND MOVES OUT OF THE FRAME.

ANGLE

GREEN NODS TO MORSE.
LOOKS DOWN.

ANGLE, HIS P.O.V.

IN THE RIVER, THE FISH, ABOUT TO SWIM INTO THE NET, CHANGES HIS DIRECTION AND MOVES UPSTREAM.

ANGLE

GREEN. STARTS TO WALK UPSTREAM. HE LOOKS UP.

ANGLE

OVER GREEN. ON THE BANK, HOLD - THEN: TWENTY FEET BEHIND HIM, LOOMING UP, IS THE BEAR.

ANGLE

OVER THE BEAR, ONTO GREEN, IN THE RIVER, AND MORSE, ON THE OPPOSITE BANK.

GREEN STARTS TO BACK UP. THE BEAR WADES INTO THE RIVER, AND REARS TO HIS FULL HEIGHT, AND ROARS.

ANGLE

ON THE OPPOSITE BANK, MORSE TURNS AT THE SOUND. OVER MORSE ONTO THE BEAR; AS IT ADVANCES ON GREEN, WHO LIMPS BACKWARDS, UP THE BANK, AND FALLS, REPEATING "OHMIGOD...OHMIGOD...OHMIGOD..."

THE BEAR ADVANCES ON GREEN.

ANGLE

MORSE. HOLD, THEN HE BEGINS TO YELL, AND RUNS INTO THE RIVER, AND ACROSS TO THE OTHER BANK, TAKING OFF HIS SHIRT.

MORSE (YELLING)

Hey! Hey! LEAVE HIM ALONE. LEAVE HIM
ALONE.

THE BEAR ADVANCES ON GREEN.

MORSE PICKS UP A STONE FROM THE RIVER, AND HURLS IT AT THE BEAR, WHO ROARS AT MORSE, AND TURNS ON HIM.

MORSE BACKS UP, ACROSS THE RIVER, LEADING THE BEAR AWAY FROM GREEN.

GREEN

Charles...

MORSE

Leave him alone!

THE BEAR MOVES UP ON MORSE, WHO TRIPS. AND BEGINS TO SCOOT HIMSELF BACKWARDS.

MORSE REGAINS HIS FEET.

THE BEAR CONTINUES TO ADVANCE ON MORSE, ROARING.

MORSE BACKS UP AGAINST A TREE. HE BEGINS TO REACH BEHIND THE TREE.

ANGLE

BEHIND THE TREE, A LARGE, SPEAR, THE BLACKENED SPEARPOINT, MORSE'S HAND TAKING THE SPEAR.

MORSE BRINGS THE SPEAR OUT AND THRUSTS IT AT THE BEAR.

ANGLE

THE BEAR

ENRAGED, DRAWS HIMSELF UP TO HIS FULL HEIGHT AND SCREAMS.

ANGLE

THE BEAR DESCENDS, SWIPING HIS PAW AT MORSE AND THE SPEAR.

MORSE THRUSTS, AND RETREATS.

ANGLE CU. MORSE, HE SEES SOMETHING OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE.

ANGLE HIS POV

GREEN, COMING INTO THE SHOT, WITH ANOTHER SPEAR. THEY BOTH STAND JABBING AND FEINTING, AND YELLING AT THE BEAR.

ANGLE

THE BEAR, AS HE DARTS FORWARD AND KNOCKS GREEN TO THE GROUND.

MORSE THRUSTS THE SPEAR AT THE BEAR, AS THE BEAR TURNS ON MORSE. THE BEAR KNOCKS THE SPEAR OUT OF MORSE'S HANDS, THE SPEAR GOES FLYING.

MORSE, RETREATS AROUND A SMALL TREE. THE BEAR REARS UP AND KNOCKS THE TREE TO THE GROUND, AND ADVANCES ON MORSE.

ANGLE XCU

THE BEAR, HIS FACE FILLS THE SCREEN, AS HE COMES FORWARD.

ANGLE

THE BEAR HAS MANEUVERED MORSE INTO A CUL-DE-SAC FORMED BY BOULDERS.

ANGLE

MORSE, BACKING UP, CAMERA TILTS DOWN TO SHOW HIS HAND GOING TO HIS POCKET.

ANGLE INS.

THE HAND COMES OUT WITH THE POCKETKNIFE. HE OPENS IT ONE HANDED.

ANGLE

THE BEAR, FIVE FEET FROM MORSE, WHO IS BACKED UP AGAINST THE BOULDERS.

THE BEAR REARS UP.

ANGLE

MORSE'S HAND WITH THE POCKETKNIFE.

IT MOVES TO REVEAL MORSE'S BELT HOLDING BACK A TRAP-DEVICE OF THE SAME KIND WE SAW USED EARLIER TO TRAP THE BIRD.

MORSE'S HAND CUTS THE ROPE.

ANGLE

THE BEAR TURNS, AS THE SHARPENED STAKES OF THE TRAP DEVICE TEAR THROUGH THE AIR.

ANGLE

THE BEAR, BATTING OFF THE IMPALING STAKES, ONE LODGES IN HIS SHOULDER, AND HE ROARS, AND TEARS IT OUT WITH HIS TEETH, AND TURNS BACK TO MORSE.

ANGLE

MORSE AND THE BEAR. AS THE BEAR BEGINS TO CHARGE. WE HEAR THE SOUND OF GREEN SCREAMING. THE BEAR TURNS. WE SEE GREEN THRUSTING WITH THE SPEAR AT THE BACK OF THE BEAR. THE BEAR TURNS ON GREEN.

ANGLE

ON MORSE, AS HE SLIPS FROM THE BOULDER CUL-DE-SAC.

ANGLE

THE BEAR AND GREEN. THE BEAR ADVANCES, AND GREEN RETREATS, SCREAMING, AT HIM.

IN THE B.G. WE SEE MORSE, AS HE BEGINS SEARCHING THE GROUND FRANTICALLY.

ANGLE

GREEN FIGHTING THE BEAR, AND SWEARING AT HIM.

IN THE B.G., MORSE, SEARCHING THE FOREST FLOOR.

THE BEAR KNOCKS GREEN TO THE GROUND.

ANGLE

GREEN, ON THE GROUND, THE VAST BEARS PAW SWEEPS DOWN AT HIM, HE ROLLS AWAY. THE BEAR STRADDLES HIM.

MORSE (VO)

You sonofabitch... you sonofabitch...

ANGLE

PANNING OVER THE FOREST FLOOR, WE SEE MORSE'S SPEAR.

ANGLE

MORSE, PICKING UP HIS SPEAR. SCREAMING.

MORSE

You sonofabitch... you want to kill
somebody...?

HE PICKS UP THE SPEAR, AND RUNS AT THE BEAR, WHO IS OVER
GREEN. HE RUNS THE SPEAR INTO THE BEAR'S BACK.

MORSE (SCREAMING)

You want to kill somebody...?

THE ENRAGED BEAR LEAVES GREEN AND TURNS ON MORSE.

MORSE (SCREAMING)

You sonofabitch. You want to kill
somebody?

THE BEAR ADVANCES ON MORSE, WHO HAS SCOOTED HIMSELF BACK NEAR
A LARGE TREE.

YOU WANT TO KILL SOMEBODY, KILL ME!!!
KILL ME!!! IT DOESN'T MATTER ANYMORE!

THE BEAR ADVANCES, SLAVERING. ON MORSE.

KILL ME!!! YOU KILLED MY FRIEND...KILL
ME!!!

MORSE BACKS UP AGAINST A BOULDER, SCREAMING AT THE BEAR.
THE BEAR CHARGES MORSE.

ANGLE

MORSE PUTTING THE BUTT OF THE SPEAR DOWN AGAINST THE BOULDER.

ANGLE

THE BEAR CHARGING MORSE, AS HE ANGLES THE SPEAR UP INTO THE
BEAR.

ANGLE

MORSE, HOLDING THE SPEAR UP, TO ANGLE IT UP INTO THE BEAR.

ANGLE

FROM THE BACK, THE BEAR LUNGING FORWARD AND DOWN, AT MORSE.

ANGLE

THE FOREST FLOOR. THE BEAR FALLS. CAMERA TILTS UP TO REVEAL THE SPEAR STICKING THROUGH HIS BACK.

BEAT.

ANGLE

CU

MORSE. SWAYING BACK AND FORTH. HE PUTS HIS HAND TO HIS FOREHEAD, HE SINKS DOWN.

ANGLE

MORSE, SITTING AGAINST THE DEAD BEAR. MORSE ROCKING SLOWLY BACK AND FORTH.

BEAT.

ANGLE

GREEN, GETTING UP FROM THE GROUND OF THE FAR BANK. HE COMES UP TO MORSE. AND SINKS TO THE GROUND NEXT TO HIM. BEAT. MORSE TURNS HIS HEAD TO LOOK AT HIM WITH DISBELIEF. BEAT.

THEY SIT WITH THEIR BACKS AGAINST THE BEAR.

HOLD.

MORSE SLOWLY. EXHAUSTED, GETS TO HIS FEET. AND HE TAKES SEVERAL STEPS, AND TURNS TO LOOK AT THE BEAR.

ANGLE

THE BEAR, GREEN PROPPED UP AGAINST IT.

ANGLE

MORSE SITS ON THE GROUND, HIS BACK AGAINST THE TREE, LOOKING AT THE BEAR.

ANGLE

OVER THE BEAR, ONTO MORSE, IN THE B.G.

DISSOLVE

EXT WOODS DAY

ANGLE INS. THE "ARROW", BUILT OF STONE, ON THE GROUND. PAN TO SHOW.

THE "LOST IN THE WILDS BOOK" SHOWING A LINE DRAWING FOR

CURING A HIDE, THE HIDE STRETCHED ON AN IMPROVED SQUARE FRAME.

THE BOOK IS HELD OPEN BY A ROCK. TILT UP TO SHOW THE ACTUAL BEARHIDE, SIMILARLY STRETCHED ON A FRAME, CURING IN THE SMOKE OF A FIRE.

ANGLE

MORSE AND GREEN, BY A FIRE, TOASTING MEAT ON STICKS. THEY CARRY SEVERAL DAYS BEATED. AND THEIR HAIR IS LONG AND MATTED.

GREEN

...wish we had some salt.

MORSE

You can season meat with gunpowder, d'you know that?

GREEN

...if we had some gunpowder.

MORSE STARTS TO LAUGH.

MORSE LOOKS OUT AT THE BEARSKIN, AND GROWS THOUGHTFUL.

...what?

MORSE SHAKES HIS HEAD, "NOTHING".

...what?

MORSE

All my life I wanted to do something that was unequivocal.

GREEN

WELL, Lad, I think this qualifies.

MORSE GETS UP, AS IF HE HAD SUDDENLY REMEMBERED SOMETHING, AND GOES TO STAND BY THE HIDE. HE LOOKS DOWN.

ANGLE, INS, HIS POV

ON A ROCK, ARE TEN BEARCLAWS. MORSE TAKES HIS POCKETKNIFE, AND CUTS A THIN STRIP OFF OF THE HIDE.

ANGLE

GREEN, SEATED, EATING.
(HE LOOKS UP)

ANGLE

MORSE, SETTling BACK DOWN TO HIS SEAT, AROUND HIS NECK, TIED BY THE THONG, IS A BEARCLAW.

GREEN

I don't suppose you made one for me...?

MORSE HANDS HIM A SIMILAR THONG AND BEARCLAW. GREEN BEGINS TO PUT IT AROUND HIS NECK. HOLD AS THE TWO MEN LOOK AT EACH OTHER.

EXT WOODS DAY

ANGLE INS

MORSE'S HANDS, HOLDING THE PENKNIFE. WE READ ENGRAVED ON THE KNIFE "TO CHARLES MORSE FROM A FRIEND". THE HAND MOVES THE PENKNIFE TO THE GOLD POCKETWATCH, WHERE WE SEE MORSE PRY OFF THE HOUR HAND.

ANGLE

A HOLLOW-TOPPED ROTTEN STUMP. A LEAF, MORSE PLACING THE HOUR HAND ON IT, COMES DOWN ONTO THE TOP, AND FLOATS IN THE WATER HELD THERE.
THE "COMPASS NEEDLE" BEGINS TO TURN THE LEAF. THE BEARCLAW-ON-A-THONG SWINGS INTO THE SHOT.

ANGLE

MORSE, TAKING A SIGHT ALONG THE NEEDLE.
HE NODS TO HIMSELF. HE IS NOW COVERED WITH A TWO-WEEK BEARD, LONG HAIR, GRIMY, AND WEARING A ROUGH CAPE/PONCHO, FASHIONED OF HIDE, HIS LEATHER BELT, WITH THE LARGE METAL BUCKLE FASTENED AROUND IT.

ANGLE

MORSE AND GREEN. GREEN SIMILARLY BEARDED AND GRIMY, AS MORSE PUTS THE NEEDLE BACK INTO HIS MATCHBOOK, AND THEY SET OFF.
GREEN. ATTIRED SIMILARLY TO MORSE, CARRIES A SMALL TWIG-MADE PACK FRAME, WITH THE BEAR MEAT ON IT.
GREEN'S LIMP HAS LESSENED, AND HE WALKS WITHOUT THE USE OF THE CRUTCH.

MORSE (RESUMING A CONVERSATION)
...and so I said, and so I said, "If this is my life, then this is my life...but you can change your life. (PAUSE) Is that true?

GREEN

Why wouldn't it be true?

MORSE

"Am I good enough"? Do you Really Love me..." Could my wife really love me...?

GREEN

...Huh.

MORSE

Well - Why shouldn't she tell me? I'm a man...

GREEN

...that's right...

MORSE

Did you Marry me For My Money..." What a load of trash... and I'll tell you what.

GREEN

That was the thing? Are you telling me that was the thing? The Are You Going to Kill me...?

(PAUSE)

GREEN (C)

That's the thing, isn't it? Everybody in the World. Just wants something from you. (PAUSE) You poor sap. N'that's what your money buys you...

MORSE

How about that.

GREEN

N'so I was boffing your wife, and we plotted to kill you. (PAUSE) Why would we want to do that?

MORSE

Money.

GREEN

But if she wanted your money, why'dn't she just divor...granted, I am a better-looking fellow than you, but if she

(MORE)

GREEN (cont'd)
wanted me and the money, why'nt she just
divorce you?

MORSE
Pre-Nuptual agreement.

GREEN
Uh huh. Which means what?

MORSE (PAUSE)
She, F'she was stepping out on me. F'she
left me, she wouldn't get anything.
(PAUSE)

GREEN
How can you marry a broad and put that in
paper up front?

MORSE
Uh. My attornies...I know, I know
it's...

GREEN (PAUSE)
And what changed your mind?

MORSE
What do you mean "changed my..."

GREEN
...why did you suddenly decide I didn't
want your wife and life n'so on...

MORSE
Well, you know, I couldn't tell you.
(SHRUGS) It was just...like, God willing,
any delusion, one day...

GREEN
(NODS) 'Cause if I'd wanted to kill you,
what better situation than...(HE GESTURES
AROUND HIM)

MORSE
Well, no, of course, you couldn't do
that, as you...

GREEN HOLDS BACK. CAMERA REMAINS ON MORSE.

You needed me to navi...

(HE REALIZES GREEN IS NO LONGER BESIDE HIM.)

PAUSE. HE WALKS BACK. CAMERA PANS HIM TO GREEN.

ANGLE
FROM THE FRONT, GREEN, LOOKING OUT, AS MORSE JOINS HIM.

ANGLE
THEIR POV
AT THE FOOT OF A SMALL RISE, ON THE RIVER. A SMALL LEAN-TO
CABIN BUILT ON IT.

ANGLE
GREEN AND MORSE. THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER.

ANGLE INT THE LEAN TO CABIN DAY
SEEN FROM THE WINDOW, GREEN AND MORSE SLOWLY DESCENDING THE
RISE.

ANGLE
EXT THE LEAN TO CABIN. THEY HESITATE OUTSIDE THE DOOR.
IN THE RAFTERS OF THE CABIN PORCH, UPSIDE DOWN A SMALL CANOE.

MORSE LOOKS DOWN THE RIVER, AS IF AT SOME UNEXPLAINABLE
PHENOMENON.
GREEN ENTERS THE CABIN.

ANGLE INT THE CABIN.
A ROOM TEN-BY-TEN. A SMALL ROUGH-HEWN TABLE IN THE CENTER.
OVER THE DOOR A RIFLE. ON THE WALL A MAP. A SMALL CAMP
STOVE. OUT THE ONE WINDOW WE SEE MORSE, LOOKING DOWN THE
ROAD. HE TURNS TO COME INTO THE CABIN.

ANGLE EXT THE CABIN.
MORSE, WALKING, STUMBLES, CATCHES HIS BALANCE. LOOKS DOWN.

ANGLE
MORSE, LOOKING DOWN AT THE GROUND. HE SKIRTS THE AREA HE WAS
ABOUT TO WALK OVER.
PROCEEDS TOWARD THE CABIN.

ANGLE INT THE CABIN.
GREEN. LOOKING AT THE MAP. MORSE ENTERS. PAUSE.
MORSE LOOKS AT THE BOWIEKNIFE HANGING ON THE WALL, HE DRAWS
IT FROM THE SHEATH, AND REPLACES IT. HE PROCEEDS TO GREEN

WHO IS LOOKING AT THE MAP. ON A SHELF OVER THE MAP ARE TWO PINT UNOPENED BOTTLES OF WHISKEY, GREEN FETCHES ONE DOWN, TAKES A SWIG, AND HANDS IT TO MORSE, WHO DOES LIKEWISE.

MORSE (GESTURING)

Outside, I found a...

(MORSE IS AT THE WALL, LOOKING AT THE ACTION OF THE RIFLE - HE CLOSES THE ACTION. REPLACES THE RIFLE AND REHANGS IT ON THE WALL AND PROCEEDS TO THE TABLE.)

AT THE TABLE. GREEN, THE MAP SPREAD OUT. MORSE DRAWS HIS FINGER THROUGH MANY YEARS OF DUST.

MORSE (C)

No one been here in...

GREEN (OF MAP)

Lookhere: what do you make of it?

ANGLE INS

THE BOLD TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP. A LARGE RED X ON IT.

ANGLE

MORSE AND GREEN.

MORSE

If we're here, I'd say that canoe's going to take us out.

HE SMILES.

I'd say it's going to take us home.

MORSE PICKS UP A TIN COFFEETOP, FROM A SHELF. HE WALKS BACK OUT ONTO THE PORCH. FOLLOWED BY GREEN. THEY TAKE DOWN THE CANOE, AND CARRY IT TO THE RIVER. THEY PUT THE CANOE IN THE RIVER. GREEN GINGERLY GETS INTO THE CANOE, AND TRIES IT. HE LOOKS UP AT MORSE, LAUGHINGLY, TO SAY "IT FLOATS". THE TWO MEN LAUGH.

...cuppa Tea?

HE HANDS GREEN THE TIN COFFEETOP. GREEN SMILES. MORSE STARTS UP THE HILL TO THE CABIN. GREEN SITS ON THE CANOE, SHAKING HIS HEAD. HE STARTS TO PULL THE CANOE UP ONTO THE

SHORE.

INT THE CABIN.

MORSE ENTERS. HE GOES TO THE SHELF HOLDING THE TEA, AND TAKES DOWN A BOX OF MATCHES. HE HOLDS THEM AS IF THEY ARE IMMEASURABLY VALUABLE, AND HE EXTRACTS ONE. HE GOES TO THE CAMPSTOVE. OPENS IT, AND STARTS FEEDING IN KINDLING, FROM A STACK NEXT TO THE STOVE.

HE HUNTS IN HIS POCKET, AND TAKES OUT THE MATCHBOOK AND THE OLD, WHITE JEWELER'S BOX HIS KNIFE CAME IN. HE EXTRACTS A PIECE OF PAPER FROM IT, AND LIGHTS A MATCH, AND MOVES THE MATCH TO THE PAPER, TO LIGHT THE STOVE.

MORSE (CALLING TO GREEN)

Be Careful of the...

HIS ATTENTION SHIFTS TO THE PAPER.

ANGLE EXT THE CABIN. GREEN AT THE STREAM.
THE CABIN IN THE B.G.

GREEN

What...? What...?

HE SHRUGS, AND BEGINS TO FILL THE PAIL. CAMERA STAYS WITH HIM AS HE FILLS IT, STRAIGHTENS UP, LOOKS AROUND, LOOKS AT THE ROAD, AND PROCEEDS BACK TO THE CABIN.

ANGLE

INT, THE CABIN. MORSE, SITTING, HOLDING THE WHITE SHEET OF PAPER, AND HIS GOLD POCKETWATCH, THE BACK OPEN. GREEN ENTERS WITH THE PAIL. BEAT. LOOKS AT MORSE.

Y'ain't got the fire going yet...?

MORSE LOOKS UP, AS IF TAKEN FROM A REVERIE.

MORSE

What...? No.

HE TAKES A MATCH FROM THE BOX. TAKES OUT HIS "LOST IN THE WILDS" BOOK, TEARS A SHEET OUT OF IT, LIGHTS IT, AND USES IT TO LIGHT THE STOVE.

GREEN

Burning the precious book...?

MORSE

Well, we won't need it anymore.

GREEN

What? No. We won't need it anymore.

MORSE

The canoe take us right out.

GREEN

Mm. Yes. That's right.

GREEN GOES TO THE WHISKEY, AND TAKES A LARGE DRINK. (OF MAP)

GREEN (C)

What'd'ye figure?

MORSE

Three, four days paddle... (OF GREEN'S DRINKING) Drinking up the Other Fellow's supplies, mmm.

GREEN

(PAUSE) Get back, send'm a check...

(SMILES) Nobody been here,

Twenty years...

MORSE NODS. GREEN TAKES ANOTHER DRINK. GETS UP, AND MOVES AROUND THE CABIN, LOOKING AT IT AS AT A MARVEL.

GREEN (TO HIMSELF)

...send'm a check...

MORSE

...yes. (PAUSE)

GREEN

...hell of an adventure.

MORSE

...wasn't it?

GREEN

I hope to tell you. (PAUSE) F'I had my Camera, I would of made my Fortune out there.

MORSE

Mmm.

GREEN (TO HIMSELF)

...woulda made a fortune...

HE LOOKS DOWN AT MORSE'S GOLD WATCH.

Well, that goddamn thing's busted to
shit, innit?

MORSE

Still has some sentimental value.

GREEN

Spose it does.

MORSE

...I never gave you a coin. For the
knife.

GREEN ABSENTLY TAKES DOWN THE RIFLE FROM THE WALL

GREEN

...MMM...?

ANGLE

MORSE, AS HE LOOKS DOWN AT HIS POCKETWATCH.

ANGLE INS

HIS HANDS OPEN THE BACK OF THE WATCH, WE SEE, ENGRAVED, "TO
MY HUSBAND, ON HIS BIRTHDAY, FROM THE LUCKIEST WOMAN IN THE
WORLD".

CAMERA PANS TO THE PIECE OF PAPER MORSE TOOK OUT OF THE
KNIFEBOX, ON WHICH WE READ THE LETTERHEAD "STEARNS AND
HARRINGTON-FINE JEWELERS AND ENGRAVERS SINCE 1867". WE SEE
THE TWO CRUMPLED AND TORN PIECES OF PAPER, WHICH HE HOLDS
TOGETHER TO ALLOW US TO READ THAT IT IS AN INVOICE, ITEMIZED,
AND WE READ: 1) ONE POCKETKNIFE, ENGRAVED C.M. 2)
"ENGRAVING, ONE MAN'S GOLD POCKETWATCH: TO MY BELOVED
HUSBAND, ON HIS BIRTHDAY, FROM THE LUCKIEST WOMAN IN THE
WORLD." CAMERA PANS DOWN TO SEE THE NEXT ENTRY, WHICH READS,
"ENGRAVING,

ANGLE

MORSE, AND GREEN, WHO IS TAKING ANOTHER DRINK, CRADLING THE
RIFLE ON HIS LAP.

MORSE

Could I see your watch...?

GREEN (LOOKS DOWN AT HIS WRIST)

My watch? Don't work. Told you.

MORSE

No, I know it doesn't, but could I see it...?

GREEN

...new when we left. It's a piece of Junk now...

MORSE

Yes, but we spoke of sentimental value...

MORSE LOOKS DOWN.

ANGLE HIS POV. INS.

THE ENGRAVING RECEIPT. WE READ: THE THIRD ENTRY:
"ENGRAVING: ONE MAN'S WRISTWATCH:" TO BOB FROM MICKEY. FOR
ALL THE NIGHTS."

ANGLE

MORSE, LOOKING UP. BEAT. GREEN IS LOOKING AT THE MAP.

MORSE (C)

I suppose you don't need me anymore.

BEAT. GREEN TAKES A DRINK.

What's the matter, Bob; can't do it sober?

GREEN

Well, you had no business with that broad, anyway.

(PAUSE)

You know you don't.

(PAUSE)

You know that you don't, Charles. Hey, hey... Hey: Look at it: why did she go with you? Why the hell did she go with you? YOUR MONEY, for the love of God. Everyone in the World knew that. (PAUSE) Are you Nuts? You walked through the airport with her, guy, saw you with her, guy said, "There Goes a Guy with a Plane". (PAUSE)

(MORE)

GREEN (cont'd)
THERE GOES A GUY WITH A PLANE.
Say it was tough luck, Charles, that's
what you drew this time, but that was
your life.

(PAUSE)

MORSE
Well.

GREEN
...that's right.

GREEN TAKES ANOTHER DRINK.

MORSE
You working yourself up to it?

GREEN
What if I am? What in the world if I am?
Don't you think there's an end to it...?
eh?

MORSE
"Thank you For the Nights".

GREEN
Why torture yourself.

MORSE
...very thoughtful.

GREEN TAKES A PACK OF CIGARETTES OFF OF THE SHELF, LIGHTS
ONE.

GREEN
Stale.

(PAUSE)

MORSE
When?

GREEN
When I finish the smoke.

MORSE
How long has it been going on between
you.

GREEN

Like I said, why torture yourself,
Charles. It's just What Happened...

MORSE

..from the First...? (PAUSE) Was she
with you from the first...?

GREEN MAKES A MOTION, TO SAY "I'M NOT GOING TO GET IN TO IT."
HE SITS THERE SMOKING. THE WATER BEGINS TO BOIL UP ON THE
STOVE.
GREEN GLANCES AT IT.

GREEN

Whatever it is, that's what it was, it's
over now; let's go outside.

HE GESTURES WITH HIS RIFLE.

ANGLE EXT THE CABIN.

MORSE, FOLLOWED BY GREEN, A BEAUTIFUL DUSK, A FEW STARS IN
THE SKY.
MORSE WALKS TO THE SIDE OF THE CABIN, AND LOOKS DOWN THE
RIVER.

MORSE

"River"-will-take-you-home...

GREEN

...that's right.

MORSE

You don't need me now.

GREEN

Well, why make a big thing of it.

MORSE

Just tell me this one thing: was it from
the first...?

ANGLE GREEN, HE HAS SMOKED THE CIGARETTE DOWN TO HIS FINGERS.
HE LOOKS AT IT.

(PAUSE)

MORSE (C)

...you and my wife...was it from the
first...?

GREEN
...come on, Charles...

MORSE
What? Is that an indelicate question?

GREEN
Come on, Charles, done-is-done.

GREEN SIGHS.

MORSE
You don't have to do this...Bob...?
Bob...? You don't have to...

GREEN
Well, hell, well, you know I do. (PAUSE)
What're you talking about...?

GREEN (SHAKES HIS HEAD)
It's time. I'm sorry.

GREEN DROPS THE STUB OF THE CIGARETTE, AND GRINDS IT OUT.

ANGLE
MORSE. LOOKING DOWN THE ROAD. TURNS TO FACE GREEN.
GREEN LEVELS THE RIFLE AT MORSE.

MORSE
I took the shell out of the chamber.

BEAT

And I plugged up the breach.

GREEN DISPLAYS THE CRUMPLED MATCHBOOK, TAKING IT OUT OF HIS
SHIRT POCKET.
GREEN WORKS THE LEVER ON THE RIFLE.

GREEN
Get serious.

HE FIRES THE RIFLE INTO THE AIR.

ANGLE
MORSE, FRIGHTENED, BEGINS TO BACK UP.

ANGLE

GREEN, AS HE COUNTERS MORSE'S MOVE.

GREEN (C)

You 'plugged up the breach'. That's very sweet. You see, that's what I'm saying, Charles.

MORSE

Don't do this.

GREEN

Turn your back.

MORSE

I'm telling you, we...

GREEN

I said Turn Your Back, Charles, N'I don't want to hear your Goddamn Nonsense. I don't want to Hear it, n'how close we've been to Each Other and how This and how That? You stupid sonofabitch... You would of died out here, if not for me. With all your "wealth". Y'understand me? Turn your Goddamn Back!

MORSE

Bob: listen to me:

MORSE MOVES AGAIN. GREEN FIRES THE RIFLE IN THE AIR.

GREEN

That's far enough. Now turn your back.
(PAUSE) No...?

GREEN LEVERS ANOTHER SHELL INTO THE CHAMBER.

GREEN (C)

...You know, life is a short thing, Charles. ...Full of betrayal. ...In many ways you're well out of it.

HE RAISES THE RIFLE TO HIS SHOULDER.
MORSE BEGINS TO MOVE AGAIN.

Good-bye Ch...

GREEN TAKES A HALFSTEP FORWARD TO COUNTER MORSE, GREEN
DISAPPEARS.
BEAT.

MORSE (TO HIMSELF)
...be careful of the deadfall.

BEAT.
MORSE WALKS FORWARD TO REVEAL GREEN, FALLEN INTO THE DEADFALL
PIT, IMPALED GROTESQUELY ON SEVERAL SPEARS.

ANGLE MORSE

...that's right...

HOLD ON MORSE, STANDING OVER THE PIT.

TILT DOWN TO SHOW GREEN, IMPALED ON THE STAKES IN THE
DEADFALL. MOANING.

GREEN
Oh, God... Oh, God...

ANGLE
TIGHT ON GREEN, LYING AT A TWISTED ANGLE IN THE PIT.

GREEN (WEAKLY)
I think, I think I've broke my...

MORSE LOWERS HIMSELF DOWN INTO THE PIT, AND SITS BY GREEN.
PAUSE.

GREEN
I think I've broke...

BEAT.

ANGLE CU.
MORSE, LOOKING DOWN AT GREEN.

ANGLE
CU. GREEN.

GREEN (C)
...I think I've broke my leg, Charles.

ANGLE

THE TWO MEN.

ANGLE

THE RIFLE. MORSE'S HAND COMES INTO THE SHOT, TAKES THE RIFLE, PULL BACK TO SHOW MORSE, WITH THE RIFLE, AND GREEN NEXT TO HIM. MORSE LEVERS A SHELL INTO THE CHAMBER.

ANGLE

XCU GREEN. LOOKING TERRIFIED AT MORSE. THEN WE HEAR ANOTHER SHELL BEING LEVERED INTO THE CHAMBER.

ANGLE

MORSE, CONTINUES TO WORK THE LEVER, EMPTYING THE RIFLE. HE BENDS OVER GREEN, AND BEGINS TO STRAP THE RIFLE TO GREEN'S LEG, AN IMPROVISED SPLINT. GREEN GASPS IN PAIN.

MORSE

Be quiet.

HE REMOVES THE HEAVY BELT, AND USES IT TO COMPLETE THE SPLINTING OF THE LEG.

MORSE (TO HIMSELF)

Be quiet, it's alright now. (PAUSE)
It's alright.

ANGLE EXT. THE DEADFALL. BEAT, THEN WE SEE MORSE COME INTO THE SHOT, RAISING HIMSELF OUT OF THE PIT, AND BEGIN TO HAUL GREEN OUT.

INT CABIN DAY.

THE DOORWAY. AS MORSE DRAGS GREEN INTO THE CABIN. SOUND OF FURNITURE SCRAPING, AND GREEN'S LOW CRIES OF PAIN.

ANGLE

THE CABIN TABLE. MORSE'S ARM COMES INTO THE SHOT, AND SWEEPS IT CLEAR OF THE MAPS, ET CETERA, AND WE SEE GREEN MANEUVERED TO THE TABLE. WE SEE HIS BLOODIED AND TORN PANTS LEG.

ANGLE

MORSE AND GREEN.

MORSE

We're going to take a look and see what's wrong.

GREEN

What...? I don't feel good, Charles...?

MORSE REACHES ACROSS FOR THE WHISKEY JUG.

MORSE

Yes. Here. You take a shot of this,
now...

HE DRIBBLES THE WHISKEY INTO GREENS MOUTH.

MORSE (C)

Now, I'm just going to...

ANGLE

THE PANTS LEG. IT IS SEEPING BLOOD, AS WE SEE MORSE'S HANDS
START TO PEEL BACK THE FABRIC FLAPS.

ANGLE

MORSE AND GREEN.

GREEN

...what is it, Charles...?

MORSE

It's...

ANGLE

XCU MORSE, AS HE LOOKS DOWN AT THE LEG, HE GOES ASHEN WHITE.

GREEN (VO)

Charles...? I don't feel very... I can't
say that I feel very good...

MORSE BRINGS HIS HANDS UP INTO THE SHOT, THEY ARE COVERED IN,
AND DRIPPING BLOOD. HE LOOKS AT HIS HANDS.

GREEN (BEAT) (VERY WEAKLY)

Charles...Charles...?

ANGLE

MORSE AND GREEN, AS MORSE TAKES OFF HIS OWN SHIRT AND PRESSES
IT DOWN INTO THE WOUND.

WITH HIS OTHER HAND HE REACHES INTO HIS POCKET, AND EXTRACTS
THE "LOST IN THE WILDS" BOOK, AND TURNS THE PAGES.

ANGLE INS
THE PAGES TURNING, BLOODY FINGERMARKS LEFT ON EACH.

GREEN (VO)
...Charles...? What, what, what, what is
the...? (HE PASSES OUT)

ANGLE
MORSE AND GREEN, MORSE TRYING TO HOLD THE BOOK AND HOLD DOWN
ON THE BLEEDING WOUND.

ANGLE
MORSE, LOOKING DOWN AT THE BOOK.

ANGLE INS
THE BOOK, OPEN TO A PAGE HEADED "EMERGENCY MEDICAL
PROCEDURES", AND SHOWING AN OLD FASHIONED LINE DRAWING OF THE
VEINS IN THE LEG.

ANGLE
MORSE AND GREEN. MORSE TRYING TO READ THE BOOK.

MORSE OPENS HIS POCKETKNIFE, AND WE HEAR THE RIPPING OF THE
FABRIC ON GREENS PANT LEG. MORSE LOOKS DOWN, SHAKES HIS
HEAD, AS IF TO CLEAR IT.

ANGLE
MORSE, LOOKING DOWN AT HIS BOOK, NEXT TO IT HE LAYS HIS
KNIFE.
THE PAGE IS HEADED "TRAUMATIC AMPUTATION" AND SHOWS AN OLD-
FASHIONED SAW.

BEAT

MORSE
Bob... (PAUSE) Bob...

GREEN
Uh huh.

MORSE LEAVES GREEN ON THE TABLE, AND STARTS GATHERING THINGS
AROUND THE CABIN.

MORSE
(TO GREEN, BACK ON THE TABLE)
We're going to get you out of here.

EXT THE CABIN. NIGHT

THE CANOE, AT THE SMALL PIER. THEIR PACK IN IT.

ANGLE

MORSE, CARRYING GREEN IN HIS ARMS, PUTS HIM IN THE CANOE, AND SETS OFF DOWN THE RIVER.

ANGLE

THE CABIN, THE CANOE BEYOND IT, MORSE PADDLING IN THE STERN.

DISSOLVE

THE CANOE. MORSE PADDLING. MORSE LOOKS DOWN AT A SOUND.

ANGLE HIS POV. IN THE BOW OF THE CANOE, GREEN. LOOKS UP AND ORIENTS HIMSELF.

GREEN (WEAKLY)

Hell of a way to end an outing.

MORSE

You keep still, we're going to be fine.

GREEN

...you speak with great authority.

MORSE

...just keep heading South.

GREEN

Must be quite a thing. Quite a thing. To have that much authority. (PAUSE) So much money...Everyone wants something from you...(PAUSE) Everyone dependent on you...(PAUSE)

HE LOOKS AROUND

River's getting wider. Is the river getting wider, Charles?

MORSE

Why don't you try to conserve your strength?

GREEN

Well, what's the point of it? You see, I'm dying...

ANGLE
THE CANOE LEAVES THE RIVER, AND ENTERS ONTO A VAST LAKE.

GREEN (LOOKING AROUND)
...where are we...?

MORSE TAKES OFF HIS WRAP AND LAYS IT OVER GREEN.

GREEN
You're going to be cold.

MORSE LOOKS UP AT THE STARS.

ANGLE, HIS POV. THE SKY CLOUDING OVER.

ANGLE
GREEN AND MORSE.

GREEN
....where are we Charles.

MORSE
Please don't die.

GREEN
...why would you want to save a piece of
shit like me.

MORSE
...please hold on...

GREEN
...why would you want to save me...?
Hell of a guy. (HE COUGHS) Hell of a
guy, you are, actually...

MORSE
...Please...

GREEN
But you, you, what are you, one of those
guys who "never had a friend"...

MORSE
That's right.

GREEN
...poor fella. (PAUSE) Aren't we
all... (HE BEGINS SHIVERING)

MORSE

Hold on, Bob, Sun'll come up, we'll find the river...

GREEN

Oh, Bullshit. Hey. I'm dying, and I never did a goddamn thing. But, wait, I got to tell you, Charles I'm sorry.
(PAUSE) I'm sorry. What I did.

MORSE

...alright.

GREEN

...and your wife, Charles?
Charles...listen to me. She was never in it. Charles? She never...

MORSE

Is that true?

GREEN

I swear it on my life. Charles...?
Charles? You saved me. Look: here's what: You're a right guy. I should of been like you. Here: Look: here: keep it for me. Will you...? (HE TAKES OFF HIS WRISTWATCH AND HANDS IT TO MORSE) A souvenir. Our Friendship...here...

MORSE MOVES FORWARD AND TAKES THE WRISTWATCH.

MORSE

...thank you.

GREEN (TO HIMSELF)

Never too late for a kind gesture.

ANGLE

MORSE LOOKING DOWN AT GREEN.

ANGLE. THE CANOE, IN THE LAKE. NIGHT, STARTING TO SNOW.
MEDIUM LONGSHOT. MORSE SITTING, LOOKING DOWN AT GREEN.

DISSOLVE

EXT SHOREFRONT, THE LAKE, DAY.

SNOW FALLING. SOUND OF A FLIGHT OF GEESE.

ANGLE
MORSE, LOOKING UP.

ANGLE, HIS POV
A LARGE FLIGHT OF GEESE.

ANGLE
MORSE, A SHOVEL IN HIS HAND, STANDING OVER A HALF-FILLED-IN GRAVEL. HE STICKS THE SHOVEL INTO THE EARTH.

THE RIFLE, ITS ACTION OPEN, LYING ON THE GROUND WITH GREEN'S WRISTWATCH. MORSE PICKS UP THE WRISTWATCH. HE PICKS UP THE RIFLE. NEXT TO THE RIFLE IS A BIT OF PAPER. MORSE PICKS IT UP. WE SEE IT IS THE "QUARTERMOON" MATCHBOOK.

ANGLE INS
THE HANDS OF MORSE, AS HE REPLACES THE MATCHBOOK IN HIS SHIRT, AND AS HE IS HOLDING THE WRISTWATCH, WE READ "TO BOB, FROM MICKEY.
FOR ALL THE NIGHTS."

ANGLE, THE GRAVE.
HE TAKES OUT HIS POCKETWATCH AND THROWS THAT INTO THE GRAVE. HE TAKES OUT HIS POCKETKNIFE, AND THROWS THAT, HE STARTS TO SHOVEL ON THE EARTH.
MORSE PUTS ON THE WRISTWATCH.

HOLD. HE STANDS BY THE GRAVE FOR A MOMENT, AND THEN, AS IF RECOGNIZING THAT HE HAS NOTHING TO DO THERE, HE PICKS UP THE SHOVEL, AND STARTS BACK TOWARD THE CANOE.

MORSE, COMING DOWN TO THE CANOE. HE PUTS THE CANOE IN THE RIVER. HE SETS HIS PACK IN THE CANOE, AND BEGINS TO STEP INTO IT. HE HESITATES. HOLD. HE STEPS OUT OF THE CANOE. TURNS THE CANOE OVER ONTO ITS SIDE, TAKES OUT HIS PACK, AND PUTS IT ON AGAIN.

ANGLE
MORSE, WALKING AWAY FROM THE RIVER, WALKS PAST THE GRAVE. HE MOVES TO THE GRAVE.

ANGLE INS.
MORSE TAKES OFF HIS WEDDING RING AND THROWS IT INTO THE GRAVE
HOLD ON THE GRAVE.

ANGLE
MORSE, WALKING AWAY FROM THE RIVER BACK INTO THE WOODS.

ANGLE
INT THE WOODS, THE CANOE IN THE B.G., MORSE ENTERING THE WOODS.

INT HELICOPTER, DUSK
TWO MEN IN A HELICOPTER. THE PASSENGER IS OF MORSE'S JET PILOT. HE IS SCANNING THE TERRAIN BELOW.

ANGLE, HIS POV.
THE LAND BELOW, THE STREAM, THE CABIN.

ANGLE
INT THE HELICOPTER. THE HELICOPTER PILOT LOOKS, TO SAY, "ANYTHING?"

ANGLE, HIS POV
ON THE GROUND, MOVING AWAY FROM THE CABIN, IN THE WOODS, WHAT APPEARS TO BE A BEAT.

ANGLE INT THE HELICOPTER.
MORSE'S PILOT SHAKES HIS HEAD, "NOTHING", AND THEN LOOKS BACK.

ANGLE, ON THE GROUND, MORSE, THE HELICOPTER IN THE B.G., MORSE MOVING AWAY FROM IT.
WE SEE HIS BELTBUCKLE CATCH A GLINT OF THE LAST SUN.

ANGLE
IN THE HELICOPTER. MORSE'S PILOT LOOKING DOWN.

ANGLE HIS POV
THE SHAPE MOVING IN THE WOODS, THE SUN GLINTING OFF OF IT.

ANGLE
IN THE HELICOPTER. MORSE'S PILOT, SIGNALLING THE OTHER MAN TO LOOK AND SEE WHAT HE SEES.

ANGLE
IN THE WOODS, MORSE WALKING, THE HELICOPTER DESCENDS SOME FIFTY YARDS FROM HIM, IN A SMALL CLEARING. IT'S DOORS OPEN.

ANGLE
MORSE, STANDING, LOOKING AT THE HELICOPTER. HE HESITATES A

MOMENT, HANGS HIS HEAD. THEN HE RAISES HIS HEAD, SIGHS, AND STARTS TOWARD THE HELICOPTER.

DISSOLVE

EXT TAMARACK LODGE DUSK.

ANGLE C.U.

MICKEY, IN PROFILE.

SHE LOOKS UP, WE HEAR THE SOUND OF A HELICOPTER.

INT HELICOPTER DUSK.

MORSE, SITTING IN THE HELICOPTER, LOOKS OUT OF THE WINDOW.

ANGLE, HIS POV

THE PRISTINE LODGE.

ANGLE

THE HELICOPTER SWEEPS OVER THE LODGE, CRANE SHOT TO REVEAL, ON THE FAR SIDE FIVE OR SIX HELICOPTERS PARKED, AND A HORDE OF PEOPLE.

ANGLE

THE HELICOPTER, AS IT LANDS, WE SEE THE PEOPLE ARE NEWSPEOPLE, AND THEY PUSH IN ON MORSE, WHO EMERGES, WRAPPED IN A BLANKET, FROM THE HELICOPTER. VARIOUS SECURITY GUARDS HOLD BACK THE THRONG, AS MORSE WALKS THROUGH THEIR MIDST.

ANGLE

THE PORCH OF THE LODGE, A BUSINESS-TYPE MAN IN A SUIT, ADDRESSING THE NEWSPEOPLE, MICROPHONES PLACED IN FRONT OF HIM.

MORSE WALKS ONTO THE PORCH.

ANGLE

ON THE PORCH, JAMES AND GINNY LOOKING ON, WONDERINGLY, AS MORSE PASSES THEM BY. IN THE B.G. WE HEAR THE REPORTERS SHOUTING QUESTIONS, "MR. MORSE...MR. MORSE..." ET CETERA. MORSE PASSES BY STYLES, WHO LOOKS HARD AT HIM. MORSE PASSES OUT OF THE SHOT, LEAVING STYLES IN A C.U., LOOKING AFTER MORSE.

ANGLE

STYLES' POV

ON MORSE'S NECK, THE BEARCLAW HANGING. AND MORSE COMES

FORWARD INTO A XCU, AND IS LOOKING INTENTLY AT SOMETHING.

ANGLE HIS POV

MICKEY, COMES OUT THROUGH THE DOOR, LOOKS AT MORSE.

ANGLE CU.

MORSE LOOKING AT HER EXPECTANTLY.

ANGLE

MICKEY, SHIFTS HER GAZE BEYOND MORSE, SEARCHING, AND THEN TOWARD MORSE, AND DOWN. AND COVERS HER MOUTH IN A GESTURE OF GRIEF.

ANGLE HER POV

GREEN'S LARGE STEEL CHRONOGRAPH, ON MORSE'S WRIST.

ANGLE

MORSE. HIS FACE FALLS. NODS TO HIMSELF.

ANGLE

MICKEY AND MORSE. AS SHE REACHES TOWARD HIS WRIST FOR THE WATCH.

BEAT. MORSE TAKES OFF THE WATCH AND GIVES IT TO HER.

MORSE (SOFTLY) (TO HIMSELF)

...they die of Shame...

MORSE, FEELING SOMEONE LOOKING AT HIM, TURNS.

ANGLE MORSE AND STYLES

MORSE, STYLES LOOKING AT HIM.

MORSE FINGERS THE BEARCLAW AROUND HIS NECK.

IN THE B.G. WE SEE MICKEY, IN TEARS, WALKING AWAY.

REPORTER (TO A T.V. CREW.)

...his wife, obviously overcome by her husband's safe return...

STYLES WALKS UP TO MORSE, AND GESTURES AT THE BEAR CLAW, ABOUT TO SPEAK. MORSE MOVES PAST HIM TO THE MICROPHONES.

BUSINESS-TYPE (TO REPORTERS)

Just a very few questions. A very few questions, please.

MORSE WALKS TO THE MICROPHONES. THE REPORTERS SHOUT
QUESTIONS AT HIM.
HE LOOKS OUT OVER THEM, AND THEY QUIET.

MORSE (INTO THE MICROPHONES)
...very glad to be back. (PAUSE)
...very glad to be back. (PAUSE) Most
sorry about, about the deaths of...

REPORTER
How did they die?

MORSE (LOOKING UP FROM A REVERIE)
...what?

REPORTER
...how did they die?

BEAT

MORSE
(AS IF REALIZING IT FOR THE
FIRST TIME.)
How did they die...? They died saving my
life.

REPORTERS SHOUT QUESTIONS. HOLD ON MORSE.

FADE OUT.

END

BOOKWORM

BY DAVID MAMET

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