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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURES INC.

-ATUK-

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ATUK

adapted by

Tod Carroll

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Exec Producer: Elliot Abbott

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FADE IN:

1. ARCTIC WASTELAND - WINTER - DAY

1

Screen is frigid white; image resolves to powder swirling and rolling like smoke as wind howls and an eskimo appears in the distance, struggling across an infinite plain of ice, falling down one or two times but deliberate and determined.

He has a large round belly, wears a sealskin parka and polar bear pants, and carries a primitive harpoon. He spots something at his feet, stops and brushes snow away to expose a small hole in the ice, and as the camera moves tight he poises himself as a powerful action-warrior, hunched over the hole with his harpoon, waiting for the kill.

SUPER TITLE: ATUK

The wind blows him over; he gets up again and waits.

ATUK

(into hole, playful,
childlike)

Time for a little oxygen, don't
you think? Mmmmmmm, fresh air.

(assumes new stance
and waits, louder)

Come on, the whole gang's here--
we're all just sitting around...
breathing...

(waits)

This is the life, huh? 40 below
zero, little breeze, conversation...

(impatient edge)

As best we can, starving to death.

(over his shoulder,
childlike again)

Girls, stamp your flippers, girls...
(stamping his feet)

And these aren't just ordinary
girls, no sir, these are girls with
big white teeth, and fashionable
clothes, and earning power...

A seal pokes his cute whiskered nose up through the hole; Atuk raises his harpoon, the seal takes a few breaths, Atuk raises the harpoon higher, stares down at the nose and freezes--he can't do it.

2. EXT. VILLAGE - HUDSON BAY - EVENING

2.

A collection of sod, driftwood, and tin-roofed huts scattered around a larger meeting hall. Kayaks, whale boats, sleds and barking dogs litter snow drifts in between; Atuk, carrying his harpoon, walks to a hut with a wiry older man -- his STEPFATHER -- who's holding a string of fish.

ATUK

I just couldn't find anything,
you know--it's like they hear
me coming.

3. INT. KALEEYE HUT - NIGHT

3.

Atuk's family at dinner. The stepfather and several children -- ranging from Atuk's age, around 29, to a little girl four or five years old -- sit around a cramped floor while Mom and a daughter serve raw fish on a variety of old metal and ceramic plates; all eat with their hands.

Walls are papered with newsprint; an oil lantern burns overhead. The stepfather eyes Atuk stuffing his ample belly as he removes sealskin muckluks and socks of wadded straw.

STEFATHER

(to Atuk)

If you ate only what you caught,
maybe they wouldn't hear you.

Two younger kids giggle and point at their own stomachs, making fun of Atuk's.

ATUK

(to his mother)

This is getting a little old,
isn't it?

(mother hushes the kids,

Atuk addresses the family)

Look, I'm different from you,
allright? Mom made a little
mistake with the missionary...

(she gives an embarrassed
stern look, Atuk eats and
talks)

No, it's time there was some
realism in this household.

CONTINUED

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ATUK (cont)

3. CONT

Now, I know I'm not exactly a model specimen here, I don't look like you, I'm not the greatest hunter in the world...

CONT. 3

Dad, busily eating a raw whole fish, rolls his eyes.

ATUK

(cont)

You can stick an eight-inch spike in seal's nose--I can't. I can't help it.

(looks around, everyone's biting into fish, no one's listening)

My mind's on other things.

4. INT. KALEEYE'S HUT - ATUK'S BED - NIGHT - LATER

4.

He lies with his four-year-old sister by a dim lantern on a cot in the corner, staring at his sole personal decoration -- a faded poster showing a pretty girl in a Hawaiian shirt and sunglasses on a tropical beach. Someone snores; Atuk glances at his family, sleeping all around him under heaps of animal furs, then reaches beneath his bed and has his little sister help him lift out an old tea chest full of his possessions. They find worn, dog-eared copies of American magazines...Life, Reader's Digest, Road and Track, Country Life, New York, Opera News, American Philatelist, Byte, Boy's Life, Wrestling, Gourmet -- which he pauses at, then -- Psychology Today, Seventeen, Time, Metalurgy News, Architectural Digest, and finally a recent issue of Fortune.

*

*

Atuk opens it and begins to whisper-read to his sister -- like a child himself, in his own world, venturing off to fantastic places.

*

ATUK

"...some believe the company introduced Classic Coke to offset lackluster profits and market share in the previous six quarters..."

CONTINUED

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4A. INT. KALEEYE'S HUT - NIGHT - MOTHER AND STEPFATHER

4A.

He wakes and looks annoyedly at Atuk; mother, protecting Atuk, pulls her husband back to sleep.

5. EXT. VILLAGE - MORNING

5.

Weak sun appears on the horizon as men head out for a day on sleds. A plain, plump girl -- MISA -- around 16 or 17 years old, pulls up to Atuk's hut with a sledload of seal and walrus hides as Atuk emerges, barely awake, barely ready for more endless drudgery.

MISA

(yells at him, bossy)

Hey! Come on!

6. INT. MEETING HALL - DAY

6.

Village women chew hides to soften them -- the older ones' teeth are ground to nubs -- while other women sew softened hides around a boat frame. Atuk and Misa struggle in with enormous loads from her sled and spread them on the floor.

ATUK

(to Misa, while
struggling)

All right, here's a question for
you...How many of the top 20
banks in the world are in the
United States?

Misa pays no attention.

ATUK

(enthusiastic)

Are you ready for this? One.
The greatest economic power
in the world, and all they
got anymore is one...

(follows her to the
door as she gets
another load)

So you know what they're going to
do, they're going to start merging
their industries with their banks,
and they're going to have these
huge super banks that'll change the
whole American system of banking.

*

*

CONTINUED

6. CONT.

CONT.

6.

Misa reappears with more hides, shoves them into his arms and leaves.

ATUK

(cont)

I know, I know, so what? -- but it's not "so what?" -- these are the kinds of things that effect the whole world.

He looks to see all of the women staring at him, dumps the hides and goes outside.

7. EXT. MEETING HALL - DAY

7.

Misa rides off on her sled; Atuk yells to her, frustrated.

ATUK

The whole world!

He watches her for a moment, then looks up to see a red twin-engine plane roar overhead. Locals pop from their huts and run to greet it as the plane circles and lands on skids near the village.

8. EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY

8.

A Canadian Indian Affairs agent climbs out with an American documentary film team, led by an ambitious, self-assured, very good looking 25-year-old woman -- MICHELLE ROSS. She braces herself against a freezing blast of wind.

9. INT. MEETING HALL - DAY

9.

Filled with tobacco smoke; lanterns burn; the entire village is seated on chairs and the floor -- stone-faced -- as Michelle stands before them trying to win them over. Misa sits down next to Atuk; sees him eyeing Michelle.

MICHELLE

Hello, everyone -- my name is Michelle. I'm from New York City, and as our friend from the Indian Bureau's already explained, we're making a documentary film for American television.

(silence from Eskimos,
a little nervous)

CONTINUED

9. CONT.

CONT.

9.

MICHELLE

(cont.)

Our purpose is to experience your great, ancient culture -- so little understood by the outside world...

Atuk continues to stare at Michelle; Misa knocks his head smartly with her knuckles; Atuk's sisters giggle.

MICHELLE

(struggling)

Now we've been told some of you are going out hunting tomorrow...

(to agent)

For reindeer, is that right?

(to Eskimos)

So what we'd like to do is team up with your best hunter and have him show us how it's done.

(looks at file card)

Where is Mr. Kaleeye?

Everyone looks at Atuk's stepfather; he reluctantly signals with his hand.

MICHELLE

Well, sir, we hear you're the ace in these parts...

(sensitive to egos)

But anyone else who'd like to help us, you're certainly welcome.

Atuk looks at her and his stepfather, then eagerly stands up. Everyone laughs, except Misa.

ATUK

My name is Atuk.

Michelle lights up, having finally gotten a response from someone, while Kaleeye again rolls his eyes at his peculiar, inexplicable ward.

10. INT. ARCTIC TENT - NIGHT

10.

State of the art, filled with equipment. Michelle sleeps in a bag on a cot. We hear an odd clanging noise O.C.; her eyes open, noise continues, she scrambles to her feet.

11. EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

11.

In darkness on the tundra. Camera pans slowly to a figure in the pilot's seat, talking on the radio, as Michelle and a CREW MEMBER approach from the village.

ATUK

This is Air Force I. We're at 70,000 feet and I've got the President aboard, plus, oh... George Bush and Margaret Thatcher, Prince Carlos of Spain, Prime Minister Mulroney, Helmut Kohl, Mr. Nokasone, and Mr. Mitterand, and we've got a crisis mayday situation here... Roger... A debt crisis, actually -- third world debt crisis and we've got to deliver an infusion of monetary credits -- we've got ten trillion in credits on board and request priority to land... Okay, I'll wait, but make it fast.

Michelle creeps up to the plane; hears garbled static from the radio.

MICHELLE

(whispers)

It's that guy, Atuk...

ATUK

Okay, that's a roger, and we've also got ten, make that fifteen, Backfire bombers all around us, and the President's asleep so if you'll just connect me to Moscow I'll see if I can't straighten this thing out.

CREW MEMBER

What the hell's he doing?

MICHELLE

He sounds like a kid.

(crewman starts to open cockpit door, savvy)

No, wait, you'll embarrass him.

CREW MEMBER

He's in a \$400,000.00 plane, for Christ's sake.

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11. CONT.

CONT. 11.

MICHELLE

And he's the only one who's volunteered to do anything with us.

ATUK

Well, okay, I'm going to have to take some evasive action. Plus I'm activating my stealth systems...Stand by.

Michelle and Crew Member look at each other, sensing trouble as Atuk reaches forward and pokes the instrument panel, accidentally turning on one of the engines. The plane begins to turn in a slow circle; Atuk jumps out the door, screaming in terror; falls on Michelle and the Crew Member, as the pilot and other crew race toward the plane. Atuk stands up; Michelle shouts as the plane's tail sweeps over his head. Atuk drops to the ground; the pilot jumps in the cockpit and shuts off the engine.

12. EXT. VILLAGE - MORNING

12.

Atuk's stepfather hitches up his ace dog team; Atuk appears from behind a hut with a pack of completely unmanageable dogs, running circles around him, snapping at him, wriggling from their harnesses and darting in all directions. He chases them, tackles one or two, then finally distracts them with a scrap of meat as the film crew walks up with their equipment and begins to load it on the sleds. Michelle rubs her neck.

ATUK

(over-eager, self-conscious,
like a guilty child)
Oh, hi, just getting my team
ready.
(crew eyes him skeptically)
Don't let them bother you -- you
keep them hungry, they go faster.

Kaleeye's ready to go; all crew members climb aboard, keeping distance from anything controlled by Atuk. Kaleeye snaps his whip and they're off. Michelle musters a polite smile, secures herself on Atuk's sled; Atuk herds the dogs into a more or less straight line, cracks his whip, and nothing happens. He cracks it again and they turn and run at him -- growling -- nearly up-ending the sled.

CONTINUED

12. CONT.

CONT.

12.

ATUK
(to Michelle)
I'm sorry. These aren't my
dogs, really...

Her smile grows morw wary as he begins to pet the dogs;
they finally calm down.

ATUK
(goes back to her)
I'm sorry about last night in
the airplane too. I just
wanted to see what it was like.

MICHELLE
Don't worry about it.
(looks off towards other
sled, now on the horizon)
Can we catch up?

Misa walks up, looks at Atuk and Michelle talking, and
shouts at the dogs. They instantly blast off, pulling the
sled and Michelle. Atuk turns to Misa, closes his eyes to
forebear from cuffing her, then chases after the sled.

13. EXT. GLACIAL PARADISE - DAY

13.

Atuk and Michelle sled in the distance across remarkable
blue-white sheets and folds of ice. The weather's clear
now; sun and sky are brilliant.

ATUK (V.O)
Have you ever been to a ballet?

MICHELLE (V.O)
Yes...

ATUK
How tall is the World Trade
Center?

MICHELLE
I'm not sure.

ATUK
Why did they build two buildings
right next to each other like
that? Why not just one big
building?

CONTINUED

13. CONT.

CONT. 13.

MICHELLE

How do you know about all these things?

ATUK

I read about them. You see, with one building there'd be two less walls. Do you use a conditioner?

MICHELLE

Pardon me?

DISSOLVE TO:

14. EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

14.

Crew sets up camera and audio as Kaleeye and Atuk unload the other sled and feed the dogs. Michelle stands near Atuk as the crew sets up in the background.

ATUK

(to Michelle)

Do you have an active sexual life?

(off her look)

I was wondering what that means, you know -- if you bounce around a lot, or you have it while you're running or something...

MICHELLE

(seeing crew is set up)

Atuk, I think we're almost...

ATUK

I'll bet sex during a ballet would be pretty active -- you ever see anything like that? -- You know, people having sex while they're jumping around in a ballet. That's something I'd like to see.

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14. CONT.

CONT. 14.

MICHELLE

(patronizing again, as if
to a child)

Atuk, I think you have a...very special imagination, but as far as the film goes, we have a lot of pressure to finish...reasonably soon, so we have to focus and work very quickly. Do you know what I'm saying.

ATUK

(stares at her, then smiles,
wanting to please her)

Oh, yeah, exactly.

15. EXT. SNOW HOUSE - CREW FILMING SEQUENCE - ATUK - DAY LATER 15.

Kaleeye packs a boulder of snow, takes a long ivory knife, licks its blade, to give it a keen icy edge, then with the dexterity of a Japanese chef, slices a perfectly-dimensioned brick and places it on a half-finished dome. -- Atuk, nearby, away from filming, chips manically at a block of ice with a knife. -- Kaleeye adds more snow bricks to the igloo, as Atuk runs up behind the nearly finished dome with a large, thin block of ice. Kaleeye walks around to check what Atuk's doing; the film crew follows -- sees that Atuk has installed a large ice window on the back side of the igloo, complete with a decorative balcony, formed from snow. Kaleeye will have none of this silliness; yells at Atuk -- Atuk grudgingly removes the balcony.

16. EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY - LATER - ATUK 16.

He sits crosslegged on a moss mat, smoking a hand-rolled cigarette and holding a string with a lure on it over a hole in the ice. He lowers it into the hole and wiggles it.

ATUK

(to camera, stiff)

Uh...this is called jiggle-fishing.
You just tie a piece of ivory on
the end of some seal hide, and you
do this until you catch a fish.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

How long does it take?

CONTINUED

16. CONT.

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CONT. 16.

ATUK

It depends.

(line is pulled from his
hand, disappears down hole)

On how good you are.

Sounds of a seal and puffs of breath emerge from the hole. *

MICHELLE (O.S., to crew)

Get that!

Kaleeye's face lights up instantly at the sight -- food. He lunges at the hole with his harpoon; the seal ducks beneath the ice; Kaleeye jabs through the hole, hooks the seal, and hands Atuk a rope attached to the harpoon. Atuk isn't too keen on this, but for the camera he takes hold as the seal jerks the rope and practically pulls Atuk down the hole. Kaleeye lets Atuk struggle in this losing tug-of-war for awhile, then finally helps him.

17. INT. SNOW HOUSE - NIGHT

17.

Open on a kettle of tea sizzling over a moss fire. Everyone has a plateful of raw meat; Kaleeye gestures, asking if they all approve of the taste. Michelle and the crew cover their repugnance with hearty smiles.

*

*

ATUK

Any of you guys ever had
vinaigrette?(they look at him with
full mouths)

What's it like? Is it good?

(to Kaleeye, as he turns
away disdainfully)Oh, now come on, it was just a
simple question.

KALEEYE

(cutting)

From a simple mind.

An awkward silence follows; it's useless, as far as Atuk's concerned, arguing with a man so unwilling or unable to understand him.

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18. OMIT

OMIT 18.*

19. EXT. CARIBOU HERD - MORNING

19.*

A huge swarm of them, suddenly invaded by Atuk and Kaleeye, chasing after them with lariots. Atuk clearly has a good time running among the animals, falling down, laughing, being chased by them. He finally lassos a deer; the animal drags him full speed across the snow -- the ultimate sled ride.

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13A

20. EXT. GLACIAL PARADISE - TWILIGHT

20.

The hunters and film crew return home; we see several pairs of antlers on the sleds.

21. EXT. MEETING HALL - EVENING

21.

We hear noisy chanting and drums banging; the Indian Agent walks Michelle and the crew to the hall.

CONTINUED

21. CONT.

CONT. 21.

AGENT

Well, you can use this for sure -- It's a dance they do every once in awhile, where they sorta do impressions of each other. It's all fairly good-natured, but right to the quick sometimes -- you'll see for yourselves.

22. INT. MEETING HALL - NIGHT

22.

Hot, loud, and smoke filled; a dozen villagers hop about in elaborate comical masks and costumes, caricaturing others standing in the crowd. A tiny woman with a pointed nose smiles as she recognizes a dancer, in woman's clothes, mincing around on his knees with a beak-like nose.

MICHELLE

(excited, to crew)

This is great!

Others laugh at images of themselves and their friends, as the crew walks in and begins filming. One of Atuk's younger sisters spots something hilarious; points to a grotesquely fat dancer with bundles under his shirt, and covers and pages from Atuk's magazines pasted all over his body, wearing Atuk's tropical poster for a mask. Everyone, including Atuk's stepfather, begins to laugh; Atuk sees this, and then sees the dancer is Misa. He runs out, past Michelle, again angry and humiliated. Michelle pays no attention; she's completely wrapped up in the shooting. Atuk's mother, feeling for her son, runs after him.

23. EXT. AIRPLANE - MORNING

23.

The crew steps aboard; Michelle addresses assembled, stone-faced villagers.

MICHELLE

(professional sincerity)

Well, one more stop at the next village, and then we're off to our own homes...You've made this truly a most rewarding and interesting experience...

24. INT. KALEEYE'S HUT - DAY - ATUK

24.

He stands by a tiny window, listening to Michelle's speech in the distance; his mother sews a pair of muckluks in the corner.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

...And made us feel like welcome
and special guests. Good-bye and
good luck.

(repeats it in phonetic Eskimo)
Good-bye and good luck.

25. EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY

25.

Taxis and takes off.

26. INT. KALEEYE'S HUT - DAY - ATUK

26.

He stares through the window, as if watching a sad dream, then goes to his mother, pulls an old tea tin from the cupboard and hands it to her.

ATUK

Can I have a loan?

She reluctantly opens it -- knowing something difficult's about to happen -- and pulls out a crumpled stack of Canadian bills. Atuk kneels by her and hugs her.

ATUK

Do you understand?

MOTHER

(teary)

Yes.

(looks at him)

When will you come back?

ATUK

I don't know. I'll write you
letters, okay?...I love you.

He kisses her, takes the money, and rushes to the door.

ATUK

And say good-bye to everyone...

(afterthought)

And tell Misa she can find her
dogs up the road.

He smiles at her and rushes out.

27. EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

27.*

Atuk herds the unmanageable dogs again, this time absolutely determined and forceful as he attaches the harness to his sled.

ATUK
(shouting, exasperated)
Any dog who fails to respond will die. Do we understand each other?
Do we?

One dog growls at him; Atuk grabs him by the head and screams in his ear -- his frustration's pushed him over the top.

ATUK
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? DON'T YOU KNOW I CAN STARVE YOU TO DEATH? -- I CONTROL THE FOOD. YOU THINK GOD CONTROLS THE FOOD, NATURE CONTROLS THE FOOD? WELL, THINK AGAIN, DOG -- EVERYTHING GOES THROUGH ME. I'M THE CHOKE POINT. I'M THE PANAMA CANAL. NOTHING GETS THROUGH WITHOUT ME.
(dog starts to growl)
OH, OH -- DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT.

The dog looks at him, lets out a submissive whimper; Atuk lets him go, showing surprise at discovering this behaviour actually works. He walks to the sled as the dog limps to his place in line; Atuk snaps his whip and the team fires off.

28. BLIZZARD MONTAGE

28.

- | | |
|---|-----------|
| A - Atuk sleds through a blinding storm. | A |
| B - He pushes the sled up a giant hill. | B |
| C - The sled, Atuk, and the dogs down a giant hill. | <u>C*</u> |
| D - Angle on runners as the sled crackles over ice as hard and sharp as broken glass. | D |
| E - Sled comes to a stop; the dogs refuse to go any further -- they're exhausted. | E |

ATUK
(exasperated)
OH, COME ON -- NOT NOW. PLEASE?

CONTINUED

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28. CONT. CONT. 28.

Dogs won't budge; Atuk runs ahead on foot; pets the lead dog as he passes by.

29. EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY 29.

Parked near a village. Atuk staggers from behind a snowdrift a couple of hundred feet away, as the film crew and a crowd of Eskimos appear in the village and walk toward the plane. Atuk darts from one drift to another, legs churning in the snow as he zigzags to the plane and slips in the door just as the crowd approaches from the other side.

30. INT. PLANE - DAY 30.

The door opens and crew members climb in. We hear Michelle finishing her farewell speech outside.

MICHELLE

Tavaovotit Amaloo and Echlgamut
(Eskimo Dialect - Good-bye and good luck.) *

She climbs in, drops wearily into a front seat, glad it's all over. *

31. INT. PLANE - DAY LATER 31.

Everyone is dozing, except Michelle -- by herself in a front seat, gazing out a window.

ANGLE ON a pile of parkas and gear in back; Atuk suddenly pops from beneath them and slips into a rear seat as Michelle walks to the gear.

ATUK

(she hasn't noticed him,
to her back)
May I be of assistance, please?

MICHELLE

No, just looking for a cigarette...
(turns, startled)
What are you doing?

ATUK

Well...I thought I'd like to see
New York.

CONTINUED

31. CONT. CONT. 31.

31. CONT.

CONT.

31.

MICHELLE

(everyone turns to see Atuk,
exasperated)

Oh, Jesus.

ATUK

(shows her his money)
It's okay, see?...I have money.

MICHELLE

Atuk, listen to me. You can't do
this.

ATUK

I wanna see New York.

MICHELLE

I understand that, but they won't
let you -- you have to go through
customs, you have to show a
passport, a license -- Atuk, have
you got any I.D.?

(he stares at her, she gives
up)

Will somebody explain it to him?
(crew turns, no one can think
what to say)

Atuk...

(looks at his innocent face,
can't think what to say, either)

ATUK

(offering her crude rolled
cigarette)
You still want one?

32. EXT. EXECUTIVE AIR TERMINAL - TORONTO - AFTERNOON

32.

Plane lands; the door flies open, Michelle, crew members
and Atuk jump out and head across the tarmac -- some
carrying film cans.

33. INT. TERMINAL - AFTERNOON

33.

They enter a crowded arrivals area; camera's on Michelle
as she's met by a production assistant.

ASSISTANT (walking with her)

Bad news -- the last connection
left about five minutes ago.

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33. CONT.

CONT. 33.

MICHELLE

Jesus, how we gonna get the film in?

ASSISTANT

(hands her a set of keys
and rental folder)

Blue Ford, space 19.

MICHELLE

(stopping, collecting herself)
Alright, you stay with the
equipment, and see what you can do
for him...

(turns to point out Atuk)

ASSISTANT

Who?

MICHELLE

(rushed, grabbing film cans,
sees Atuk's gone)

Atuk -- he's around here somewhere
-- a large sort of Eskimo, you
can't miss him.

She's fully loaded up, nods good-bye, and rushes off.

34. OMIT.

OMIT

34.

35. INT. BLUE FORD - AFTERNOON

35.

Michelle drives from the airport onto a highway, tapping
absentmindedly on the steering wheel to a song on the
* radio -- releasing tension from the last few days. *
* Atuk pops up from the back seat and listens, then copies *
* her, tapping his fingers on the seatback. Michelle turns *
* and starts, then gives an exasperated sigh. *

ATUK

(smiles)

Hello.

MICHELLE

Atuk, didn't you hear me before --
you can't do this. It's illegal.

(no response)

How are you going to function?
Do you know anyone in New York?

CONTINUED

(he shakes his head)
 Well...neither did I.
 (he grins, she can't help
 but feel for him)
 This is ridiculous.
 ATUK
 Thanks, Michelle.
 (climbing, all 250 pounds
 of him, into the front seat)
 I won't be any trouble -- really.

MICHELLE
 (giving up)
 This is just a ride, okay --
 you're going to be on your own.

ATUK
 (elated howl)
 THIS IS SO GREAT, I CAN'T STAND IT!

36. EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER - DAY

36.

Winding toward the U.S. border; loud rock and roll plays
 on the radio as Atuk fools with the volume knob.

ATUK
 (gleeful discovery)
 Rock and Roll! This is it, right?
 This is it!

They enter a town; Michelle turns down the radio.

MICHELLE
 Atuk -- we're getting close to the
 border, okay...so, you'll have to
 say you're an American to get
 across...and if they find out
 you're not, we'll both be in a lot
 of trouble. Do you understand
 that? DO you understand the
 danger here?

ATUK
 (still hopped up from the
 music)
 Danger!

MICHELLE
 Are you listening to me? They
 have to think you're an American.

She scans Mainstreet businesses; pulls into a small
 general store.

R 2/5/88

37. OMIT

OMIT . 37.*

38. EXT. RAINBOW BRIDGE - NIAGARA FALLS - DUSK

38.*

Michelle drives toward the U.S. border station; Atuk's dressed in a white shirt and bow tie, with his hair wetted and combed neatly to one side -- like a young boy. Atuk also smokes one of his hand-rolled cigarettes. They pull into the inspection area; Michelle lowers Atuk's window.

MICHELLE
(under her breath)
Just let me do the talking.

Atuk looks straight ahead with a fixed grin.

INSPECTOR
Are you American citizens?

MICHELLE
Yes, sir.

INSPECTOR
Did you buy anything in Canada?

MICHELLE
Nothing, sir.

He scans the car, then waves them on.

INSPECTOR
(friendly smile)
Good day and good luck.

ATUK
Tavaovotit Amaloo and Echlgamut
(Eskimo Dialect for - Good-bye and good luck). *

Michelle starts to pull away -- but the inspector heard.

INSPECTOR
Hold it.
(walks to Atuk's window)
What was that?

CONTINUED

38. CONT.

CONT.

38.

ATUK
 (hesitates, then handles it,
 cutting off Michelle)
 It's Japanese, sir -- a very
 important language in the modern
 world, so I use it to flavour my
 conversation.

Inspector digests this for a moment, then waves them on.
 Michelle smiles at Atuk; breaks out laughing.

MICHELLE
 Flavour your conversation?

Atuk shrugs; she can't help but love this guy.

39. OMIT.

OMIT

39.

40. EXT. HIGHWAY TO NEW YORK CITY - DAWN

40.

Camera follows car overhead as it approaches the George
 Washington Bridge.

ATUK (V.O.)
 So how come you don't have an
 active sex life?

MICHELLE (V.O.)
 Well...first you gotta have
 someone serious in your life.
 Someone you can talk to, a guy who
 has some values...

ATUK
 I suppose you'd really like to
 find someone like that, huh?

MICHELLE
 Sure.

ATUK
 Then you could have an active sex
 life.

The car rolls onto the bridge; Atuk beholds Manhattan for
 the first time -- shining and dreamlike in the bright low
 sun. He can't believe it; he lowers the window, puts his
 head out to take it in, and lets out a booming joyful yell.

41. EXT. MIDTOWN - 60TH & 5TH AVENUE - DAY

41.*

Michelle's stopped in traffic; Atuk's eyes are still overloaded.

MICHELLE

Atuk -- listen to me -- I'm in a hurry, so I'm going to take you to the YMCA, okay? -- It's a nice place to stay, and it's not very expensive. Is that okay?

ATUK

Where are we now?

MICHELLE

This is midtown -- it's the middle of the city...that's the Park, that's the Plaza, Fifth Avenue...

Atuk opens the door and gets out.

ATUK

(excited; enraptured)
Wow! This is unbelievable...

MICHELLE

Atuk, you can't...
(he pulls his parka from the back seat, puts it on)
Atuk -- this is very expensive here.

ATUK

(leans in the window)
Thank you, Michelle. Thank you for helping me.

MICHELLE

(rummages her bag)
Look, here's some money...

Horns honk, Atuk drops the money all over the seat.

ATUK

(scooping it up)
I have money already.
(big smile, gets out)
Good-bye!

Horns honk louder; traffic begins to squirm around him. Atuk, intimidated by the cars, tries to dodge his way across the street.

CONTINUED

41. CONT.

CONT. 41.

MICHELLE
 (leans out the window)
 It's Canadian, Atuk. You have to
 go to a bank.

Atuk makes it to the sidewalk.

ATUK
 Yeah, well if the dollar falls
 any lower there won't be a bank.

MICHELLE
 (can't help but laugh)
 Be careful!

The light turns green, traffic starts to move, but
 Michelle doesn't notice; she continues to watch Atuk,
 worried about him -- in an odd way, she'll even miss him.
 Horns honk, a taxi finally bumps her from her trance and
 she drives on.

42. EXT. FIFTH AVENUE 58TH-60TH STREETS - DAY

42.*

Atuk walks downtown, jauntily, full of anticipation and
 awe, goggling at Tiffany's, Cartier, Rockefeller Center;
 snow starts to fall; people bundle in their overcoats
 and furs, while Atuk -- dressed in brown double-knit
 pants, white shirt, bow tie, muckluks, and parka -- is
 overheated in 30-degree weather. He takes off his parka
 and carries it. Then he pauses with a group waiting at
 an intersection and asks directions; several people point
 half-heartedly to different places. Atuk whirls around,
 sees one finger aimed at the building behind him -- the
 Merchants Security Bank.

*

43. INT. MERCHANTS SECURITY BANK - DAY

43.*

Manhattan's premier depository for wealthy women, with
 thick carpets and Queen Anne desks. Atuk presses his
 face to the window, then comes inside, looks around, sees
 a teller counting money out to a WOMAN and gets in line
 behind a dowager zillionaire in a full-length silver fox
 coat.

ATUK
 (staring at coat)
 You've got a lot of foxes there.
 (woman turns and gives him
 a sour smile)
 The skin should be on the outside,
 though.

CONTINUED

ATUK (cont.)

(she nods again, wary)

We used to catch those foxes
sometimes. It's easy, you just
make a hole in the snow and put
in the bait and a one way door,
and then you reach in and grab it
-- but you have to break its neck
pretty quick or it'll bite you.
Also, you have to slice it open
and pull out its insides fast or
the fur will lose its shine...

(points to fur)

See -- these were probably cut
open real fast.

WOMAN

(repulsed, white-faced)

My God...

ATUK

(not watching her, caught
up in his story)

The red ones are the hardest
because they make a squeak sound
when you do it...

(mimes holding an animal by
its ears and cutting its
belly)

Squeeeak...Squeeeak...

(looks at her)

I couldn't do it, though -- I felt
pretty bad about it.

(woman starts to hyperventilate)

Maybe you're too hot in the coat.

Woman nods; she's losing consciousness. Atuk helps her
get the coat off; suddenly pulls away and shrieks loudly
for help. A GUARD runs up, sees the woman tottering,
pointing at Atuk as Atuk holds the woman's coat.

WOMAN

That man! My coat!

GUARD

(accosting Atuk)

What are you doing?

ATUK

(confused)

I want some money.

CONTINUED

TB

26

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43. CONT.

CONT. 43.

The woman grabs her coat from him, coughing, on the verge of throwing up, as a manager rushes up to help her.

GUARD

Not here, pal.

ATUK

I don't understand...

(to woman, as guard forces
him to the door)

I'm sorry -- I didn't mean
anything.

44. EXT. BANK - DAY

44.

Guard pushes Atuk onto the sidewalk; a street person is standing by the door.

ATUK

Why are you pushing me?

(as guard goes back inside,
holds up his wad of Canadian
bills)

I just wanted to give you my money.

Atuk stares bewilderedly at the door as the street person wanders near Atuk, grabs the money from his hand and runs. Atuk yells at him; the guy darts across a crowded cross street; Atuk tries to follow, bumping into people as drivers begin screaming at him; horns honk; Atuk backs away, tries to spot the thief -- now long gone.

*

45. EXT. MCKUEN'S OFFICE - BALCONY - DAY

45.

ALEXANDER MCKUEN, extraordinarily shrewd and powerful real estate king of New York, in his mid-forties, stands at the railing surveying the towers and crevices of Manhattan packed all around him. Snow falls on his head and shoulders, but McKuen is oblivious; his greed, his compulsion to clutch what he owns and prowl for what he doesn't reads like a menace across his face. The expression lasts only a second, though; McKuen is suddenly softer -- a sincere man burdened with enormous responsibilities-- as he turns to go inside

*

46. INT. MCKUEN'S OFFICE - DAY

46.

Mckuen's aide holds the balcony door open as Mckuen enters * and walks to a long table full of lawyers and businessmen -- his organizational brass. The room is rich and dim, full of butter quiet elegance, a power-lair where the faithful gather to receive the vision of the master. Mckuen hands Pike his coat. A bank of TV's and Quotrons play silently in the background.

MCKUEN

Nature. There are children in New York who've never seen a forest or a flower garden, and they're thought to be deprived of nature. Yet, what is there around them, but expansion and contraction, growth and decay, great man-made organisms no less natural than the hive of a bee or the nest of a bird.

(he looks at all of them, they nod at the profundity)

I'm sometimes asked what propels our organization... "Why?" they ask, "does Mr. Mckuen want another building? Why is he razing and converting and acquiring and erecting more and more when he, when our organization already has so much -- And I say, because I am human-- because expansion and multiplication obtain to natural beings. It is our nature which propels us. Our God-given nature.

He surveys his men; one zealous younger man applauds -- mesmerized by his charismatic leader. Mckuen's aide sees his cue to touch a switch, which slowly illuminates a model behind an opaque seeming panel of scrim. The room is awed by the vision -- an enormous neo-gothic city, with tall colored buildings amid stark white plazas and esplanades, set on a plain of rolling hills and trees that run down to a river. The scrim panel rises as a lattice of fiber-optical lights begin to shimmer along the contours of the city. And a sculpture at its center -- cut like an emerald -- pulses brighter and brighter. *

MCKUEN

Exactly 221 miles from where I stand, gentlemen, amid the green of trees and meadows, will rise "The Emerald"... *

CONTINUED

TB

27A

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46A. MODEL - CLOSEUP

46A**

Camera snorkels through channels and caverns in the
minature city.

MCKUEN (V.O)

A city of every conceivable diversion and
convenience...esplanades edged by shops,
cafes, theatres, and magnificent apartments
and hotels...the finest golfing, skiing, and
boating in the world... a masterwork of
aesthetic power and civilized pleasure...

TB

46B. MCKUEN

46B.*

MCKUEN

Our growth gentleman, our evolution - dream, process, and destiny.

Men begin to gather around it, jabbering excitedly as a personal SECRETARY steps in, interrupts McKuen and whispers in his ear.

SECRETARY

(gravely)

Sorry to interrupt, sir -- I have a call from your son's school.

47. OMIT.

OMIT. 47.

48. INT. PREP SCHOOL CHEMISTRY LAB - DAY

48.

A headmaster peeks in the door; retreats when a beaker explodes against the jamb. BISHOP MCKUEN -- a sixteen-year-old in a school blazer, decent looking, but disheveled and drunk -- sits on chair on top of a lab counter, with a cigarette in his mouth, surrounded by smashed equipment. He has a bottle of Bombay gin between his legs and holds a bunson burner as a small class of students and their frightened teacher look on. *

BISHOP

(booming)

There will be no more intrusions. I have a ten-inch flame on my lap and it's jumping all around looking for chemicals.

A HEADMASTER finally pushes open the door; the hall behind him is filled with more curious students and teachers. *

HEADMASTER

(boldly, outraged)

Young man, this is enough.

BISHOP

(stands and shouts)

Hey!

(as headmaster approaches cautiously, shouts toward hall)

He's making a grandstand play, ladies and gentlemen. He's throwing his entire fucking weight into this situation.

HEADMASTER

Put down the burner, Mr. McKuen.

CONTINUED

48. CONT.

CONT. 48.

BISHOP

Not until she gets in here and
 apologizes.
 (to hall, as head master
 gestures to teacher to get
 the girl, teacher leaves)
 I know what you're thinking --
 how can I have a relationship
 with a guy who has these sorts of
 reactions. 'You're an emotional
 dickhead, Bishop. All I did was
 fuck you over and you wanna blow
 up a four story building.'

*
*
*

HEADMASTER

Bishop...

Teacher opens the door; A pretty GIRL steps through
 the crowd into the doorway.

*

GIRL

(wanting no more of Bishop,
 dismissive)
 You're too bizarre.

Bishop considers her; the headmaster reaches for a valve
 and turns off the gas to the burner lines. Bishop sees
 his flame go out; realizes it's all over.

49. OMIT

OMIT 49.*

50. INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

50.

Bishop sits on a couch; a mealy, squeamish-looking middle-
 aged DOCTOR sits in a dim corner. Bishop can't or won't
 think of anything to say.

DOCTOR

(irritating monotone, condescending)
 Your parents are very worried
 about you.
 (no response)
 They love you very much.
 (no response, such a
 wrongheaded notion deserves none)

DOCTOR (cont.)

Your father, particularly, Bishop ...he's given you everything, yet you seem to have no sense of the hurt you cause him with this bizarre behaviour.

(Bishop looks at him)

You said the girl called you 'bizarre' -- can you give me a better word?

(still gratingly bland,
an unstoppable badgering
drone)

You're sitting on a countertop, drunk, with a torch in your hand, ranting, smashing things, terrorizing half the school, and she walks in and calls you bizarre -- I'd say that's a very appropriate word.

(stares at Bishop)

Are you angry about something, Bishop?

Perhaps you don't like to be loved.

51. EXT. MCKUEN MANSION - EVENING

51.

An astonishing sprawling colonial masterpiece in the country -- 30 minutes from New York.

52. INT. MCKUEN DINING ROOM - NIGHT

52.

Alexander and his attractive and regally-groomed 40-year-old wife, VERA, dine with their son; Bishop stares at his food while mom and dad pick silently at theirs.

MCKUEN

So, we understand you're 'frustrated' about something.

BISHOP

Can I be excused?

VERA

(harsh, detached)

Oh, this is a terrific attitude isn't it. Just the thing to help us understand your problem.

Bishop glares at her.

CONTINUED

McKUEEN

(concerned, trying to be helpful)

Son, you're not four years old anymore. I mean, my God, if I got mad and flipped out everytime something didn't go my way -- half of Manhattan would be rocks by now.

(smiles at his own joke, reaches to pat Bishop's shoulder)

No, you gotta point yourself toward fixing the problem. Understand it, analyze it -- you want it bad enough, son, there's always a solution.

BISHOP

(looks at him, softer, but not buying it)

Can I be excused?

McKuen assents with a frustrated sigh; Vera glances disapprovingly at him and Bishop, as Bishop gets up and leaves.

VERA

You're grounded!

BISHOP

(incredulous)

What?

VERA

You're going to your room and you're not going to leave it.

A palace, nearly the size of an ordinary house, filled with arcade and video games, a media wall, piles of sports equipment, electric guitars, synthesizers, amps, a nautilus, computer, refrigerator, plus couches, chairs, tables, and gleaming hardwood floors -- a place where most kids would gladly spend a lifetime, much less a few days. Bishop walks to a guitar amp, reaches behind it, removes a bottle of Bombay gin, goes to a wide window, gazes across the snow to a private dock and boathouse -- and smiles.

54. EXT. STORE WINDOW - SAME TIME - NIGHT

54.

Atuk, now wearing his parka, gazes intently at something inside; camera pulls back to reveal a tank full of fish in a Chinese restaurant. Atuk walks inside and asks the MAITRE 'D about the fish; says he's hungry; the maitre 'd asks him to leave. Atuk steps outside; can't tear himself from the window and the irresistible attraction of live fish. He sees the maitre 'd distracted by customers, slips back inside, grabs a huge, flat, wide flounder and rushes out with the Chinese maitre 'd chasing after him.

MAITRE 'D

(shrill)

You come back!

ATUK

(stops)

I'm hungry. I'll get you some more, I promise.

The maitre 'd looks at him as the fish flops in Atuk's hand; he gives up the chase as Atuk runs off.

55. EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

55.

Atuk rounds the corner and pauses to rip the fin off his fish with his teeth. Atuk is starved.

Atuk runs up the block, stops by a lighted window and takes his first ravenous bite by an enclosed automatic teller with customers inside. Appalled New Yorkers shout and pound on the glass; Atuk runs around another corner and stops, completely out of breath, by THREE freezing, homeless BUMS drinking wine by an exhaust grate.

ATUK

Is it okay if I sit here?

(no response)

Thank you.

He sits near them; tries to catch his breath, then digs back into the fish.

CONTINUED

TB

33

55. CONT.

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CONT.

55.

BUM #1
(leans forward, dumb,
brain-fried delivery)
You ever hear of a fork?

ATUK
(wanting to get along,
but more interested in
chewing)
Oh, yeah, yeah -- forks, yeah.
They're very good.

BUM #1
(to others)
Guy's a cannibal.

ATUK
(offering a bite)
Want some?

BUM #1
It's fucking raw. *

ATUK
That's the way they come.
(stops eating for a
moment, off their
uncomprehending looks)
I'm an Eskimo, see -- and this
is how we eat fish.

BUM #2
Right.

Atuk shivers; not so much from the cold, but from
loneliness.

ATUK
I'm serious -- I'm Eskimo.

BUM #1
So where's your igloo?
(all laugh)

ATUK
(stands)
Oh, well, that's pretty funny --
from three people sitting here
freezing to death.

CONTINUED

TB

34

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55. CONT.

CONT. 55.

BUM #2
(swilling wine)
Speak for yourself, Eskimo.

ATUK
(walks away, looks back,
still wanting to be friends)
I can make a big one, if you wanna
come.

They jeer him; Atuk walks on.

56. EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

56.

Atuk walks through snow to a clearing; begins to pack snow
into blocks.

56A. EXT. STREET - COLUMBUS CIRCLE - ENTRANCE TO PARK - NIGHT

56A*

They're out of wine and even colder; one tosses the empty
bottle, others get up and try to slap the cold from their
bodies. Bum #1 steps up the street towards Atuk's
footsteps in the snow; others follow, curious now; dubious,
but willing to try anything.

56B. EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

56B*

Atuk's stacked the blocks into a snowhouse, now two-
thirds completed.

56C. EXT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE - NIGHT

56C*

The bums, whose trail-following ability has been attenuated
by liver disease and the cold, are stymied by a confusion of
footprints. Bum #1 calls the others when he spots a single
set of tracks leading into the park.

TB

34A

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57. EXT. SNOW HOUSE - CENTRAL PARK

57.

Atuk's finished an oddly homey dome with a couple of ice windows, entry tunnel, smoke trickling from a hole in the top, and the glow of a small fire in the windows. The three bums wander up.

BUM #2

This is twilight zone.

58. INT. SNOW HOUSE - NIGHT

58.

Bums crawl inside, cautious and leery, as Atuk blows on a tiny pile of tinder -- not much, but it's a lot warmer in here than outside. One bum takes off his coat.

ATUK

(proudly)

There you are, huh -- see, I told you.

CONTINUED

TB

35

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58. CONT.

CONT. 58.

BUM #1
(totally solicitous now)
Oh, yeah, we were just kiddin'
around.

BUM #2
Aren't too many of these in
Central Park, that's all.

Atuk gives a huge, proud grin.

59. EXT. SNOW HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

59.

In quiet darkness; you'd hardly know you weren't in the
north.

ATUK (V.O.)
I was reading about fiat currency,
where a government prints money
without anything to back it up,
and they call it money just
because they say it is...you guys
think that's a good policy?...Are
you awake?

60. DISSOLVE TO DAWN

60.

After a pause we hear a snow plow move down a road near
the clearing. It stops, as if considering this odd mound
of snow, guns the engine, then rams through half the
snow house; bums and Atuk scramble free.

61. EXT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE - ENTRANCE TO PARK - DAY - LATER

61*

Bums and Atuk wander out, crossing Central Park West,
heading toward the River.

62. EXT. PIERS - BATTERY PARK/NYC HARBOUR

62.*

Atuk and the bums walk past abandoned, crumbling docks
and warehouses.

ATUK
(seeing river)
Are there fish in there?

CONTINUED

TB

36

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62. CONT.

CONT. 62.

BUM #2

How do I know? Probably more
bodies than fish.

Atuk stops; heads for the shore.

BUM #1

What the hell's he doing?

Atuk picks his way over a broken-down pier, pulls jiggle-
fishing string from his pocket and lowers its ivory lure
through a missing plank.

ATUK

(to water)

Come on...something too good to
eat, huh...Mmmmmmm, full of
vitamins and nouvelle presentation
...All girls will say, 'What's that
you're eating, so appetizing, so
sophisticated -- I love a fish who
knows how to live...'

BUM #2

(to others)

Let's get outta here.

Bums walk off; Atuk notices; he's torn between joining
them or staying with the string.

ATUK

(calls out to bums)

Hey!

Bums pay no attention and walk on. Atuk finally realizes
how bad, how depressing, how disappointing his situation
is; alone, fishing on a busted pier surrounded by ugly
ruins that look nothing like what he expected.

He jiggles the line; nothing happens. Then he looks up,
hearing a faint noise.

63. ATUK'S P.O.V. - DAY

63.

He watches a dot on the water grow into the most amazing
thing he's ever seen - a 24 foot scarab lunging full-
throttle up the river -- right towards him.

*

64. EXT. BATTERY PARK/NYC HARBOUR - BOAT - DAY 64.*

Bishop's at the wheel on the bridge, wasted. He lets out a whoop and makes a radical turn. The boat screams by Atuk, shoots a freezing rooster-tail across the pier, splashing Atuk. He's oblivious to the water, though -- he's mesmerized by the boat, he's never seen anything like it.

65. EXT. BATTERY PARK/NYC HARBOUR - BOAT - DAY 65.*

Now headed for a row of barges in the middle of the river. Bishop slaloms between them, loses control and hits one - gives out another war whoop as the boat arches in the air, bounces on the water, and sinks. Atuk watches in awe; Bishop panics, hits the water and shouts for help; Atuk hesitates, then jumps in. *

- 65A. EXT. BATTERY PARK/NYC HARBOUR - DAY - BUMS 65A.*

Watching from a distance; near other passersby.

BUM #1
(yells to Atuk)
You'll freeze to death!
(they run to the dock, to onlookers)
Call the cops!

- 65B. EXT. BATTERY PARK/NYC HARBOUR - RIVER - DAY 65B.*

Atuk grabs hold of Bishop, now limp in the water, and swims him back to shore.

ATUK
(to Bishop, blase)
So what's the turning radius on that thing?

66. EXT. BATTERY - PIER - DAY 66.

Several police cars arrive, as well as a reporter with a camera; cops run out onto the dock as Atuk swims up. They haul the kid up -- he's blue and nearly frozen stiff; Atuk's brought up afterward, and wrings himself out.

COP
(amazed, to Atuk)
Are you okay?

TB

38

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66. CONT.

CONT. 66.

Atuk finds a nice fat fish trapped in his parka and gives a delighted smile.

ATUK

Oh, yeah.

66A.. INT. MICHELLE'S APARTMENT (CLOSE UP) - USA TODAY - DAY 66A.*

Front page photo of Atuk, smiling with the fish, under the headline -- "Eskimo in Miracle Rescue". Pull back to see Michelle reading it in her apartment.

67. INT. HENRY HUDSON HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY 67.*

Other papers are spread near Atuk on a bed -- he's a little bewildered, surrounded by a nurse, reporters, and photographers.

REPORTER #1

What are you doing in New York?

ATUK

I just wanted to see what it was like.

REPORTER #2

Did you know who you were saving?
Have you been offered a reward?

Before Atuk can answer, Alexander McKuen and Pike step into the room; the crowd parts; a few cameras flash.

McKUEEN

(emotional, beaming)
Gentlemen, I think that's between
this brave man and myself.

McKuen approaches Atuk, near tears; shakes his hand.

McKuen

Sir...with all my heart...thank
you.

ATUK

(squints from camera flash)
You're welcome.

REPORTER #3

Mr. McKuen...Is it true, you've
offered him a job?

CONTINUED

67. CONT.

CONT. 67.

REPORTER #2

Are you buying the Arctic Circle?
(all laugh)

BARKER

(a weevily man, smacking of
low-budget liberal press,
leading question)

Are you concerned about the
behaviour of your son?

McKuen turns on this guy, suddenly harsh; then composes
himself.

McKUEEN

My son, the welfare of my family,
effects every aspect of my life.

BARKER

Are you concerned about negative
environmental reports on the
Emerald Project? *

Pike flashes a look at McKuen *

McKUEEN

(smiling, slick)

I can't comment on a project until
it's officially announced.

Reporters shoot more questions all at once.

NURSE

(sternly)

All right, everyone, that's
enough.

McKUEEN

(over shouting reporters)

Let's give the man some rest, okay?

McKuen gives a thumbs-up to Atuk and exits with his aide;
reporters follow.

68. INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

68.

McKuen, Pike, and the clamoring, picture-taking
reporters exit Atuk's room as Vera leaves Bishop's
room across the hall and joins her husband.

CONTINUED

TB

40

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68. CONT.

CONT. 68.

VERA

He's still sleeping. They said
he'll be out in a couple of days.

McKuen walks on with Vera and Pike, ahead of the
reporters. *

McKUEEN

(rapidfire, to Pike)
Get a salvager and see if there's
anything left of the boat, call
the school and let 'em know
Bishop'll be out for awhile, tell
that doctor he's been seeing I
want him to stay at the house, and
think up something appropriate for
the Eskimo -- what's his name?

PIKE

Atuk.

They walk into an elevator as Michelle walks off. *

68A. INT. HOSPITAL - NURSES STATION - DAY

68A.

Michelle arrives at the nurse's station, looking for Atuk. *

MICHELLE

(to nurse from Atuk's room)
Excuse me, I'm looking for Atuk... *

NURSE

(busy)
Sorry, no more visitors. *

MICHELLE

But he knows me -- I brought him to
this country. *

NURSE

(tough)
Strict orders.
(walks away, leaving Michelle
out of luck)

MICHELLE

(calls out)
Is he alright?

NURSE

Yes, he's fine.

68B EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

68B*

McKuen, Pike, and Vera exit, accosted by more reporters behind police barricades. *

McKuen

(to his wife, musing philosophically)
I think it's amazing that probably
the only man in the world capable of
saving my son should be here -- at this
moment in time.

(to aide, reverts to business mode)
Where was I? -- Oh, yes -- find out who
the hell that reporter was.

They climb into a waiting limo, close the door, and drive off. *

69. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Atuk sits on his bed signing a letter; he reads it aloud.

ATUK

Dear Mother: This is just to say
hello and that I'm doing okay. At
least that's what the doctors have
been saying while I'm under routine
observation after getting a boy out
of a river. That's what they do
here when you get wet, I think --
these people don't like to get
water on them, so they observe you
routinely when it happens.
Everything else is...terrific.
I've seen so many things and talked
to lots of people, including a lady
that had a whole coat made of silver
foxes, and a newspaper that has my
picture on it with a fish. I am
sending it to you along with an
advertisement for the silverware I'm
going to buy to eat with...

Bishop opens the door, dressed in dried but wrinkled
clothes, shirttail out, carrying his shoes.

BISHOP

(hushed, subdued)

I just wanted to, you know, thank
you for what you did.

ATUK

You're okay now?

TB

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69. CONT.

CONT. 69

BISHOP
(steps in, sits by the bed)
I guess...They said I could go home
tomorrow

ATUK
(looking around)
That's too bad. I mean, this place
is pretty nice.

BISHOP
(goes to window, looks out)
You drink?

ATUK
No. I mean, liqour -- I haven't
had it too much.

BISHOP
I was thinking maybe we could go
out and celebrate a little.

ATUK
We could celebrate here.

BISHOP
(goes to door, grinning)
Come on, put your clothes on.

ATUK
What about the observation?

BISHOP
(handing Atuk his clothes)
Fuck it -- we'll be back before
they know it.

70. OMIT

OMIT 70.*

71. OMIT.

OMIT. 71.

72. INT. CLUB - NIGHT

72.

A toney dance place full of rich dilitant teens. A
doorman greets Bishop and Atuk as they enter.

DOORMAN/BOUNCER

*

(to Bishop, knowingly)
Got any I.D.?

CONTINUED

72. CONT.

CONT.

72.

Bishop hands him an I.D. of sorts -- a fifty dollar bill. Atuk follows Bishop with amazement through the lights and the motion and the noise as kids stare, recognizing Atuk from the paper. Bishop checks their coats -- the girl can barely lift Atuk's parka -- then gets a pair of drinks from the bar and waves to his friends.

BISHOP

(standing, raises his glass
to everyone around, shouts)

Ladies and Gentlemen -- the Miracle
Rescue!

(downs entire glass as
everyone cheers)

Bishop raises Atuk's hand like a victorious fighter; more applause.

ATUK

(smiles, politely)

Thank you.

Atuk then copies Bishop, downs his glass, and lets out a booming yowl. Music starts; a GIRL gives a conniving glance to a friend, then steps up to Atuk.

GIRL

(sultry)

You wanna dance?

Atuk smiles excitedly; she leads him to the dance floor. He's awkward, beginning to feel the liquor; tries to follow her motion and ends up doing a tribal sort of jig. Others begin laughing at him, egging him on; someone hands him another drink -- Bishop sees what's happening and moves through the crowd towards Atuk.

ATUK

(feeling powerful and bold)

OH! OH! I CAN DANCE TO THE MUSIC!

(mocking cheers from crowd)

I CAN BREAK THIS GLASS!

(more cheers as he throws it)

I CAN HAVE MORE DRINKS!

Atuk gulps another drink; a kid next to him begins to bark and flap his arms like a seal, prodding Atuk to do the same.

ATUK

(sees this, catching on)

I CAN BE A SEAL!

CONTINUED

.TB



72. CONT.

CONT.

72.

He begins barking louder and louder, tilting his head back, imitating a seal's movement -- the way an Eskimo might during a hunt. Kids laugh louder; some begin tossing ice cubes at the Atukian seal to see if he'll catch them in his mouth. Cubes bounce off his head; Atuk tries not to pay attention. Bishop steps in front of him, glares at the crowd, then turns to Atuk.

BISHOP

They're assholes.

(Atuk looks around, sees people staring and laughing at him, softly, gesturing to leave)

Come on.

Atuk manages an embarrassed smile, as if to pretend no one was making fun of him; follows Bishop out the door.

73. INT.. LUXURY SUITE (PLAYBACK ON TV SCREEN)

73.*

Vera McKuen walks a little stiffly through a lavish hotel suite. Pictures of several luxury hotels are framed on the walls.

VERA

My hotels are my houses. In elegance, in warmth, in individualized attention to every need...

Vera pauses as a street-smart, steel-minded, slightly rumpled media image consultant -- MALCOLM TREET -- walks up to her.

TREET

I wanna see you sweep through the room -- you're the hostess, this is your livingroom.

He touches her on the waist -- these two are more than professionally familiar with one another.

74. INT. MCKUEN LIMO - MANHATTAN - DAY

Vera watches a VCR playing the commercial; her husband and Pike are involved with paperwork.

VERA

(to deflect what McKuen might have seen on the screen)

Anyway, Malcombe's doing an unbelievable job.

(turns off VCR)

MCKUEN

(patronizing)

Yes, a fine job.

PIKE

Sir, on the matter of the Eskimo... I suggest giving him some expense money and putting him up for a couple of weeks in one of the hotels...

(smiles to Vera)

As Mrs. McKuen's guest -- it'd be terrific publicity.

VERA

(looking out window, mind is somewhere else)

Where the hell would I put a damn Eskimo?

MCKUEN

For God's sake, Vera -- the man saved our son's life and I'd like to show him our gratitude, that's all. He has no family here, probably no friends...we'll give him everything he's ever dreamed of -- we'll take him home.

Vera glares at him incredulously.

VERA

(shouts)

Excuse me...I will not have a 250-pound Indian with moss on his feet running around my house.

(studies her husband)

Why are you really doing this?

*

CONTINUED

TB

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74. CONT.

CONT. 74.

MCKUEN
(tactful but firm)
Vera, dear...he's coming home with
us, and that's final.

*

75. OMIT.

OMIT. 75.

76. OMIT.

OMIT. 76.

77. EXT. MCKUEN MANSION - DRIVEWAY - DAY

77.

Open tight on a pair of moss-filled muckluks stepping
from a limo; pan up to Atuk, awestruck by a beautiful
vision as Vera looks down at the shoes. Reverse angle
on Vera, McKuen, and Bishop shows them all watching
Atuk gape at their magnificent palace of a home.

*

ATUK
This is your house?

78. INT. MCKUEN MANSION - DAY

78.

Atuk follows everyone in; a maid closes the door.

ATUK
(a mile a minute)
This is the most beautiful thing
I've ever seen. Is this really
your house? I mean, how much did
it cost? Boy, talk about earning
power.
(picks up Chinese vase)
Look at this thing...

Vera takes the vase from him and hands it to the maid.

BISHOP
(to Atuk, heading upstairs)
Come on.

McKuen claps his hands and gives a big smile; Vera
suppresses a groan and follows Atuk and Bishop, pointing
out to the maid bits of dirt and moss on the steps as
she goes .

*

79. INT. MCKUEN MANSION - ATUK'S BEDROOM - DAY

79.

A vast ugly colonial chamber with canopied bed and dizzying flowered wallpaper. Bishop, Atuk, and Vera walk in, followed by a maid who opens curtains.

BISHOP
(to Atuk)
Think you can handle this?

VERA
(cutting him off)
This is your room...Alexander's
having some clothes sent up for
you...so you may want to...

*

Atuk drops his parka on the bed; Vera flashes a look at the maid, who picks up the parka -- it's deposited a huge blotch of dirt and debri on a white hand-embroidered bedspread.

VERA
Clean yourself up.

The maid lugs the parka out of the room like it was a dead animal; Vera follows.

VERA
Bishop.

Bishop rolls his eyes to Atuk, as if to say welcome to the asylum; then follows his mother.

VERA
(at the door, fake smile to
Atuk)
I look forward to seeing you at
dinner.

She closes the door; Atuk begins to take in these lavish, bizarre new surroundings. He touches the flowers on the wallpaper, looks under the canopy, marvels at cords he can pull to open and close the drapes, looks under the bed, then walks into a bathroom and tries a faucet. A blast of water startles him, then deciding he likes the noise and effect, he turns on all the taps in the sink and tub. He laughs; plays with the spouts, squirting water all over, then wanders back into the bedroom and discovers a telephone. He picks it up, hears a dial tone.

ATUK
(timidly)
Hello. Hello.

80. INT. MCKUEN MANSION - ATUK'S BEDROOM - DAY - LATER

80.

We hear a knock -- no response. A MAID puts her head in.

MAID

Pardon me, sir. Are you here?

She walks in with an older yankee HABERDASHER from Brooks Brothers, pushing a rack of mens' clothes. She leads him toward a closet, then sees the phone cord running into the bathroom.

81. INT. MCKUEN MANSION - ATUK'S BATHROOM - DAY

81.

Atuk is in a full tub of water, lounging, talking on the phone like a big shot -- the phone's base is between his knees, under water.

ATUK

Yes, this is Air Force I, and I'm getting cleaned up now. Yes, I'm cleaning myself up. Well, I had to shoot down all those Russian bombers and I got a bunch of stuff all over me, so I'm in this big thing full of water...

The maid appears in the doorway.

MAID

Sir...your clothes are here.

ATUK

(embarrassed, drops the phone)
Oh...okay...

MAID

Sir. I think you're not suppose to be in the tub with the phone. It could kill you.

Atuk digests this, then screams and panics and jumps from the tub. Water splashes the maid as he slips and grabs a towel rack; the rack comes off in his hand; the maid starts at the sight of a reeling naked Eskimo and runs from the room.

82. INT. MCKUEN MANSION - ATUK'S BEDROOM - DAY

82.

The maid's gone. Atuk walks in, buck naked; the Brooks Brothers man regards him with maximum reserve.

CONTINUED

TB

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82. CONT.

CONT. 82.

BROOKS MAN
Shall we begin?

83. OMIT

OMIT 83.*

84. INT. MCKUEN MANSION - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Bishop, his mother and father, and the psychiatrist are served an opening course as Atuk and the Brooks man clump down the stairs. Atuk's in the three-piece suit, and he has to plant every step in the shoes to keep from slipping and falling down. The haberdasher exits; Atuk tries to take a seat at the table, but the shiny hardwood floor is almost impossible for him to manage.

McKUEEN
(brightly)
There you are.
(Atuk's still slipping,
tries to nod, to wife)
Looks pretty good, doesn't he?

Vera rolls her eyes as Atuk struggles to his chair, then crashes with it to the floor. Bishop helps him up as a maid serves him a salad.

VERA
Bishop, you haven't introduced our
guest to Dr. Collier. *

DOCTOR
(condescending again)
I've read all about you, Atuk. How
does it feel to be a hero?

ATUK
(sitting, nervous smile)
Fine.

MAID
Dressing, sir?
(Atuk looks up)
Vinaigrette?

ATUK
(beaming)
Really?
(as she serves, overloud)
Wow, I can't believe this!

VERA
It's nothing special.

ATUK
Oh, no -- if you come from where I
come, almost everything is.
(looks at her hardened face,
innocently)
Do you have a headache?

CONTINUED

VERA

Pardon?

ATUK

I read where '50% of all headache discomfort could be avoided by a change in lifestyle'.

VERA

Really...

Atuk starts to wolf salad from his plate with his hands; Vera's appalled, Atuk remembers to use a fork, finds two forks at his place setting, and solves the question by using one in each hand. Bishop loves it. Atuk's entire method of eating -- chewing with his mouth open, etc. -- becomes more and more offensive, especially to Vera.

McKUEEN

(to get on with things)

So, I'd like to make an announcement. We have an opportunity now, to begin from scratch around here.

(looking at Bishop)

Today is the day we forget the past. The trouble at school, the boat, everything.

(looks at doctor)

And begin some serious constructive work on the future...

DOCTOR

(sees how appalled Vera is by Atuk's eating, arrogant chivalry, to Atuk)

Pardon me, but I wonder if you couldn't be a little more considerate of your hosts. This is a table, not a trough.

Bishop gets up, walks around the table towards the kitchen, wheels suddenly behind the horribly pallid, mealy doctor and yells in his ear. The doctor squeals and drops a mouthful of food, startled half to death. Atuk laughs, dropping his own mouthful of food.

VERA

Bishop! Sit down!

BISHOP

Sorry, Doc.

(sits; to Atuk)

He looks like such a rock-solid
guy, I just wanted to, like,
challenge myself.

MCKUEN

(apologetic)

Atuk -- please pay no attention to
this.

BISHOP

(to Atuk, re: doctor)

He used to be Special Forces. He's
got a dick the size of a mailing
tube.

VERA

Bishop!

MCKUEN

(pretending none of this is
happening, not wanting to
deal with it)

So...Atuk, tell us about yourself,
you must have had a fascinating
life.

ATUK

(smiles)

Oh, yes, fascinating. Nothing like
this, though.

Bishop tilts his plate toward the doctor, revealing a
long mound of food he's arranged into a suggestion of
a penis; he winks at the doctor.

VERA

(to her husband, fuming)

Well, this is just going to go on
and on, isn't it.

Vera can't take any more; leaves the table. Her husband
shakes a finger at Bishop, then calls after his wife.

85. INT. MCKUEN MANSION - UPPER HALLWAY - NIGHT

85.

Atuk steps out of his room, trying to trace a faint
noise. He moves quietly towards Bishop's room, puts his
ear to the door and hears crying. Atuk can't think what
to do; he slips back to his room and closes the door.

.TB



86. INT. MCKUEN MANSION - ATUK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

86.

Atuk tests a bedpost to make sure the canopy won't fall on his head, then crawls under the covers. He hears a tapping at the door; Bishop walks in -- eye red, but dried.

BISHOP

(sits by bed, trying to
divert himself)

How ya doin'?

ATUK

I'm okay.

(pause)

How about you?

BISHOP

(distracted, covering)

Great...

ATUK

(starts to laugh)

Boy, I thought that guy's eyes were
going to blow out of his head.

(Bishop smiles, begins to
laugh with Atuk)

How come you were going so fast in
that boat?

BISHOP

(laughter dies, shrugs)

I just got in it.

(gradually more exhilarated)

And I remember shouting, like
screaming, and this boat's just
bouncing across the water -- Bam,
it hit a wave, and stuff's flying
all over the cabin, and I pulled
back some more on the throttle,
35 knots, 40 knots, 45...

(Atuk is mesmerized, living
the excitement)

Bam, another wave, and I cut the
wheel, and that thing was
practically on its side, man --
whipping between these huge barges-
of ice -- I was just having so
much...fun, you know?

ATUK

(nods, wishing he did)

Yeah.

CONTINUED

ATUK (cont.)
(wants to be accepted, tries
to top him)

I was on a sled once...and I saw
this thing on the horizon -- it
was a train, okay? And all I could
think was, no matter what, I have
to beat that train. And the sled
was vibrating, and the harnesses
were whipping against the ice and
starting to rip apart -- but the
dogs knew what I wanted and they
were running so fast you couldn't
even see their legs move. It was
like these dog bodies were just
floating about a foot above the
ice. And I heard the train
whistle, okay? --It was right
along side of me now, and we were
almost to this bridge, and you
know what happened? It caught
fire -- the engine just couldn't
take it anymore.

BISHOP
(looks at him; grins)
You beat a train?
(Atuk shrugs; laughs)
Bullshit.

ATUK
No, no -- absolutely no bullshit.

BISHOP
(still laughing)
It caught on fire?

ATUK
Man...it blew up.

BISHOP
Bullshit...

DISSOLVE TO:



.TB



87. EXT. WILDERNESS - DAWN

87.

A quiet, trackless wonderland of trees flocked with icicles and white fluffy snow -- as pristine and isolated in its own way as Atuk's native tundra. A deer pokes into frame, freezes at a distant sound, then runs off as a Bell Jet Ranger helicopter screams up from behind a hill and lands in a clearing. McKuen and Pike step out and survey the area as workmen put up a sign above a nearby split-rail fence that reads, "McKuen Group - Future Site of THE EMERALD." Others post 'No Trespassing' signs. *

McKUEEN

(proudly, breathing air)
I love it here, don't you?

PIKE

(walks with McKuen)
The reporter you were interested in, sir -- his name is Ragsdale -- he's a sort of self-styled friend of the earth.

McKUEEN

(distracted, surveying)
Then he'd love it up here too, wouldn't he?

PIKE

I'm not so sure, sir.
(shows McKuen a newspaper)
This appeared yesterday under his byline -- he claims some group's taken soil samples around this whole area, and...
(points to article)
Well you can see this supposed data...

McKUEEN

(mildly annoyed, walks on)
Where do these people come from?

PIKE

(following)
Nevertheless, Senator Pierce's committee is apparently feeling some heat, and they've announced a series of land-use hearings in New York. *

(catches up, worried)
They'll target the Emerald, sir -- and if the public's against us, they'll stop it.

CONTINUED

87. CONT.

CONT. 87.

McKUEEN
(seemingly unconcerned)
Let's go back, shall we.

He turns and heads for the helicopter.

88. INT. McKUEEN MANSION - HIS HOME OFFICE - DAY 88.*

He and his aide walk into a lavish private lair; McKuen sits at a desk while a wall full of T.V.s and Qutrons, like the ones in his office, plays silently behind him. A secretary approaches with a notepad.

SECRETARY
Mr. Reed and Mr. Gordon called and said they're definite...

McKUEEN
(interrupting)
Add another name, will you...no, on second thought, I'll call him myself. Get me Senator Pierce in Albany.

89. INT. McKUEEN MANSION - BILLIARD ROOM - DAY 89.*

Secretary dials, McKuen looks out a window as the closest T.V. screen behind him shows a documentary -- footage of the dance in Atuk's meeting hall.

McKUEEN
(picking up the phone)
Charlie, I hear you're coming to New York. Well, listen, I'd love for you to come over to the house -- we're having a little get-together...uh-huh...

He turns, sees Eskimo footage on T.V. -- now a closing shot of Atuk laughing, as he is pulled across the snow by a reindeer. Pierce yammers on the phone, McKuen concentrates on the screen, gradually overtaken by an idea.

McKUEEN
(into the phone)
8:00 tomorrow -- but come a little early, it'll give us a chance to talk. See you then.

CONTINUED

89. CONT.

CONT.

89.

He hangs up as a producer credit appears on the screen -- 'Michelle Ross'. McKuen picks up the phone again.

McKUEEN

I'd like to put another name on the list.

90. EXT. MCKUEN MANSION - LATE AFTERNOON

90.

Atuk is behind the steering wheel of a limo in the driveway, pretending to drive, like he did in the airplane. Bishop sneaks around from beside the house as Atuk talks to himself.

ATUK

Standby, this is the Bradley Fighting Vehicle requesting clearance...for a huge fight. Standby.

(makes engine noises, turning wheel)

Bishop jumps in the passenger seat, startling Atuk.

BISHOP

No, no it's okay. You know how to drive?

Atuk starts to nod his head yes, then shakes it no.

BISHOP

It's easy. Just put it in neutral, turn the key...

(Bishop does it, starts engine)

Push the pedal by your right foot.

(Atuk races the engine, startling himself, again)

It's okay, just take your foot off the pedal, let it idle, then you push the gear into drive, that's "D", push the pedal and steer.

ATUK

That's it?

(Bishop assures him, Atuk smiles)

Bullshit.

CONTINUED



.TB



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90. CONT.

CONT. 90.

BISHOP

No, I'm absolutely serious. You can do it.

ATUK

(covers total fear)

Of course I can do it. Absolutely.

Vera steps out the front door and calls Bishop; he groans, then gets out of the car and walks towards her.

VERA

(harsh)

What are you doing?

BISHOP

Nothing.

The doctor steps out behind her.

VERA

(as if futile)

Well, the doctor's been looking for you all day.

BISHOP

Tell him thank you.

VERA

(exasperated, drained)

Bishop...

Caterers pass behind her into the house with equipment and food; she starts to follow them in, turns to Bishop and shows for the first time how difficult this has been for her.

VERA

(softly, trying to get through)

Please...could you just talk to him.

The doctor approaches Bishop as Vera goes inside.

DOCTOR

I wonder if you're avoiding something, Bishop. I wonder if this belligerence you're showing toward me is a device to conceal your feelings. Perhaps some guilty feelings about the mailing tubes and so on.

*

CONTINUED

90. CONT.

CONT. 90.

BISHOP
(can't believe this guy)
What? *

DOCTOR
(creepy, knowing smile)
So, where would you like to start? *

BISHOP
(looks around, can't stand any
more of him) *
I was thinking maybe we could go
for a ride.

DOCTOR
(studies the limo, sees only
the back of Atuk's head)
Fine idea.

91. INT. LIMO - LATE AFTERNOON

91.

Bishop opens a rear door for the doctor, gets in the
other side -- the engine's still running.

DOCTOR
(seeing Atuk, dubious)
Does he...?

BISHOP
(cutting him off, leaning
forward)
Of course he does!

Atuk turns, gives a huge, mischievous grin, pushes it in
gear and floors the accelerator. The car lunges almost
immediately off the driveway and out of control; Atuk,
who might as well be a chimp behind the wheel, refuses to
give up, steering frantically through snow and trees.
The doctor goes rigid, utterly terrified, bouncing between
the ceiling, the door, and the seat. Rear-view mirrors
pop off between trees; other trees snap and fly over the
roof.

BISHOP
(earnest)
So where would you like to start,
Doctor?

TB

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91A. INT. LATE AFTERNOON

91A.

The car flies across a small creek, then begins to churn in several complete circles. Bishop gives out a war yell; Atuk does the same; the doctor tries to get out the door.

CONTINUED



.TB



91A. CONT.

CONT. 91A.

BISHOP

Doctor, I'm crying out for insight.
It's a battle I fight every day --
can anyone solve this riddle of my
mind?

(yells to Atuk)
What do you think, Atuk?

ATUK

(busy steering, turns to
back seat)
Bradley Fighting Vehicle!

He's about to smash into a stone fence; the doctor
screams, Atuk blasts through.

92. EXT. HIGHWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

92.

Perspective view; the limo roars from woods on one
shoulder of the road to woods on the other, barely
missing an approaching white car. Car hits its brakes,
then starts again, just as the limo shoots back across
the road in the other direction, again just missing
the car.

93. EXT. WOODS - LATE AFTERNOON

93.

Limo bucks over fallen logs and rocks, and swerves back
onto the McKuen driveway.

BISHOP

(looking at his watch)
Well, doctor, I think our time
is just about up.
(to Atuk)
Step on the other pedal!

94. EXT. MCKUEN MANSION - DRIVEWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

94.

The limo slides to a halt on the driveway near the house.

BISHOP

I feel so much better.

Atuk and Bishop get out, leaving the doctor dazed and
bodily scrambled in the back seat.

CONTINUED

94. CONT.

BISHOP
(best buddies, as he and
Atuk walk to the house)
All right, Atuk. We did it.
(yells)
Fuck you, doc.
(laughs with Atuk, yells
again)
Fuck you!

ATUK
(his first illicit thrill at
using the word, laughing,
shouting)
Fuck you! Fucking doctor! Fuck
you!

94A. ANGLE ON VERA'S WRECKED LIMO - LATE AFTERNOON

94A.

The white car from the highway drives up, just stopping
short of the completely destroyed limo; jams on its
brakes as the doctor, still woozy, opens a door and
collapses to the ground in front of the car. The
doctor's nearly run over. Front license plate on the
car reads "N.Y. Senate".

95. INT. MCKUEN MANSION - HALLWAY/BILLIARD ROOM - DAY

95.*

Butler and maid help the catatonic doctor out the front
door to a waiting car as Vera talks to her husband by an
adjoining hall. Both are dressed in formal clothes for
the evening.

*
*

VERA
(at the end of her rope with
Bishop)
What are we going to do?

Senator Pierce steps up - a spooky-looking guy in his sixties. *

MCKUEN
(wanting no fuss now, calmly)
We'll handle it later.

McKuen puts his arm around the Senator and walks him down the
hall, leaving Vera alone in the foyer. *

*
*

MCKUEN
(heartily)
Nothing to worry about, Charles-
the man'll be fine.

*
*

CONTINUED

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95. CONT.

CONT. 95.

McKuen presses opens a door concealed in the hallway wall.

95A. INT. BILLIARD ROOM - NIGHT

95A*

McKuen goes to a bar and pours drinks. *

McKUEEN (cont.)

What can I get for you? *

PIERCE

(chuckling) *

A tumblerful.

McKuen goes to Pierce; hands him a glass of whiskey. *

McKUEEN

(laughing with him)

Well, I'm glad we have a little
time before the festivities...

Vera appears in the hallway outside the open door; she glances *
in, resenting her husband's total self-interest, as McKuen, not *
noticing her, closes the door.

96. INT. MCKUEN MANSION - BALLROOM - NIGHT

96.*

A quartet plays in the mansion's formal ballroom; a *
hundred or so glamorous, influential zillionaire
politicians and magnates dance and mingle, along with
a batch of friendly reporters and photographers. Bishop
and Atuk walk in, both wearing tuxedos; Bishop grabs a
pair of drinks.

97. INT. MCKUEN MANSION - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

97.

Michelle arrives, curious and a little overwhelmed. She
wears a sleek black gown; what looked no-nonsense
attractive in winter clothes is now sexy and striking.

MICHELLE

(to butler)

Excuse me...I'm Michelle Ross...

McKuen comes down the stairs with Pierce; heads straight *
for Michelle.

McKUEEN

And I'm Alexander McKuen. I'm
flattered you could come.

MICHELLE

(not quite sure of herself)

Thank you

CONTINUED

TB

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97. CONT.

CONT. 97.

MCKUEN

(takes her arm, walks her
across the room smiling and
nodding to guests)

I saw your film, and I wanted to
tell you, personally, how impressed
I was -- I believe very strongly in
integrity of nature.

(he eyes her body as they run
into Vera and Malcombe Treet)

Michelle Ross, this is my wife,
Vera...

(Vera gives her a cordial but
cold greeting -- "I wonder what
he's got in mind for you...")

(Mckuen nods to Treet)

And our resident media genius, Mr.
Malcombe Treet.

TREET

(shaking his head)

I've asked him not to say "image
consultant" -- it's bad for my
image.

MICHELLE

(to Mckuen)

Mr. Mckuen, I was wondering if...

MCKUEN

(anticipating her)

Absolutely!

(looks around room, takes her
arm again!)

Come on, I'm sure he'd love to see
you, too.

97A. INT. MCKUEN MANSION - NIGHT - ATUK

97A.

Talks to a stiff-looking older zillionaire and his
jeweled wife. *

ATUK

(good natured, feeling his
oats, a little wasted) *

So we were bouncing through the fucking
trees, and Bishop and I were screaming, and
this doctor was in the back rolling all over
the seat - and then Bam, we'd hit another
tree and spin around on the ice--you guys
have a limousine?--you oughta try it sometime,
you'll fucking go crazy.

CONTINUED

TB

97A. CONT.

CONT. 97A.

The couple stare at Atuk, speechless; McKuen steps up, leaving Michelle behind Atuk. *

McKUEN

Hello, Atuk -- I see you've met the Gordon's... *

ATUK

(slaps man on the back)
Yeah, great talkin to ya!
(McKuen immediately pulls Atuk away) *

These people are very good listeners, Mr. McKuen. *

McKUEN

(trying to keep Atuk from blowing it anymore)
Atuk, there's someone here to see you.

He walks him to Michelle; she smiles, amazed at how he looks.

ATUK

(smiling, stunned by her sleek body)
Michelle! You got so skinny.

MICHELLE

Look at you!

ATUK

(still stunned)
Yeah, but you got so skinny.

CONTINUED

MCKUEN

(fatherly)

If you'll excuse me, I'm sure
you two have lots to talk about...

He walks to a group of friendly reporters; shakes hands,
slaps backs, then works his way to a dais. Music stops
as he addresses the room.

MCKUEN

May I have your attention, please?
As some may already know, I have a
major announcement to make -- about
something very special to me -- but
before I do, I'd like to mention two
things. First, Senator Pierce, I want
you to know that I have the greatest
respect for the work of your
committee, and the wisdom your
hearings will bring to our work.

(applause)

And secondly, I'd like to introduce
you all to a man who has become an
inspiration to me -- a man my family
and I have grown very close to, and
who's become to us a symbol of
valor and selflessness -- please
applaud a remarkable man. A man
from the North -- Atuk.

More applause -- Vera and Treet clapping only for
appearances. Bishop doesn't like what he sees. Atuk's
embarrassed; begins clapping with everyone else, not
knowing what else to do. Last angle on Michelle,
applauding, then looking at Treet and wondering why
she's really here.

MCKUEN

And now...

(servants roll out a covered
model of The Emerald, crowd
hushes)

I give you... The Emerald.

Mckuen pulls the cover off the model
and the crowd gasps.

98. INT. COMMITTEE HEARING ROOM - DAY

98.

A rich, panelled place covered with oil paintings. A sign lettered "New York Senate Committee for Land Use" stands near a long, court-like desk for the committee. Two-thirds of the eight or nine seats are vacant; among the few committee members bothering to attend this session is Senator Pierce, Committee Chairman.

The weevily Barker is at the witness table; a handful of people sit in the gallery.

BARKER

(awkward, into microphone)
My name is Terrance Barker, and
the reason I wanted to testify
here...

(Pierce gives a bored sigh)
...is because...

PIERCE

(cuts him off)
Sir, we realize everyone has
reasons for coming to us...
(cuts Barker again, handles
a thick file)

But with so many different matters
ahead of us, let me ask if anything
you have to say isn't already
contained in your other materials.

BARKER

Sir...I realize ecological issues
may not be so much in vogue these
days, and I know a man like
Alexander McKuen will try to tell
you and everyone else that three
bird sanctuaries won't be
destroyed, and chemicals won't be
introduced into groundwater that's
already polluted...

PIERCE

Mr. Barker...

BARKER

(louder, coming off fanatical)
But, sir, the real issue is whether
so much power should be
concentrated in a few individuals
whose goals are self-interest, who
behave -- who believe like zealots
that their judgement is Godlike...
(Pierce bangs gavel)

CONTINUED

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98. CONT.

CONT. 98.

BARKER (cont.)

Sir, men who manipulate the public
with lies and the government with
money...

*

PIERCE

(bangs the gavel again)
Thank you -- the witness is
excused.

*

Pierce gets up and walks out, as if he can't be bothered
with cranks in an already boring, superfluous proceeding.

*

99. INT. MCKUEN MANSION - BISHOP'S ROOM - DAY

99.

Atuk watches as Bishop programs notes on a synthesizer
and electric guitar simultaneously.

ATUK

Did he really mean all that
stuff he said?

BISHOP

(concentrating on instruments)
He meant you're useful.
(looks up)
So you'll get a lot of attention.

ATUK

(thinks)
Is that why you were going fast
in the boat?

BISHOP

(botches a chord)
Come on, I'm trying to do this here.

ATUK

Sorry.

BISHOP

My father pays attention to one
thing, and that's himself and
whatever helps his business. And
he expects everyone to understand
that and not give him anything
he'll have to deal with.

(plays more notes)

My mother squawks and he buys her
a hotel...

CONTINUED

ATUK

I bet she has a lot of hotels.

BISHOP

26. And the more she gets, the more she hates herself and the more pissed off she gets. And then I fuck-up and he pays some cheeseball twisted fucked-up dairy-product of a doctor to stand-in for him and manage the problem.

ATUK

At least you have someone to talk to. My dad -- well, stepfather -- he's the same way. And if you don't have exactly the same attitude about everything, you know...when you try to talk to him about it, that just makes you more worthless.

BISHOP

Yeah, well I'm through fucking with it. He wants anything, he knows where to find me.
(hits final note)

Bishop puts the guitar around Atuk's neck; puts a headset mike on Atuk's head and on his own.

BISHOP

It's all programmed.
(stands sheet music on a shelf next to Atuk)
Just sing the words.
(Atuk smiles)
Ready?

Atuk nods; Bishop flips on a pair of enormous amps, hits the computer and a full-blast arrangement of some Chuck Berry-grade song shakes the room.

ATUK

(ecstatic, over guitar intro)
OH! OH! ROCK AND ROLL!

TB

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99. CONT.

CONT. 99.

Atuk begins to pretend he's playing while Bishop puts on another guitar and actually does. Bishop sings; Atuk tries to follow, referring awkwardly to the lyrics until the two of them are finally dancing and singing in happy, if not perfect, unison.

A maid puts her head in the room.

MAID

Mr. Atuk. Mr. Atuk. Mr. McKuen
wants you. In the city.

Bishop shuts off the amps.

BISHOP

(cynically, re: dealing with
his father)

Watch your back.

Atuk starts to walk out, pulling over an amp with the guitar cord.

100-104 OMIT

OMIT 100-104.*

105. EXT. MCKUEN MANSION - DAY

105.

Atuk's driven away in a limo.

106. INT. MCKUEN MANSION - BISHOP'S ROOM - DAY

106.

He watches Atuk through the window; Vera walks in the door.

CONTINUED

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106. CONT.

CONT. 106.

VERA

(firmly, final)
 I've had a talk with your father
 about your behaviour. *
 (he turns to her)
 We've decided on another course
 of action.

107. INT. MCKUEN'S OFFICE - DAY

107.

Pike and Malcombe Treet sit on couches as McKuen
 ushers Michelle to a chair. She's still a little awed by
 him. *

MCKUEN

Thanks for coming, Michelle--you
 know Mr. Treet...this is my
 assistant, Mr. Pike...have a seat.
 (she does, he's at his
 motivational best)
 As I told you, Michelle, I admire
 your work a great deal -- and I'd
 like to help you do more.

MICHELLE

(flattered)
 Well, thank you...

MCKUEN

You must have a favourite project,
 some piece you've always wanted to
 do...

MICHELLE

(smiles)
 Sure...about ten of 'em.

MCKUEN

Good! Good! Maybe we can help
 each other, then. I turn you lose
 on whatever you want to do, my
 organization handles the funding,
 the publicity, everything -- and
 in the meantime you can lend some
 of your talent to a favourite
 project of my own. It's a
 campaign, actually -- and I must
 tell you, Michelle, it's one of
 the most important things I'll
 ever do.

CONTINUED

MICHELLE

Campaign?

*

AIDE

An image campaign.

TREET

(mock grimace)

Ooooo, that word.

McKUEEN

(cuts him off)

I need a symbol for what I believe in, Michelle. Something the public can grasp clearly and in their hearts.

(goes to her as Pike answers intercom)

In a way you've already created him for me -- all I'd like you to do is help Malcombe feather him in -- meld my beliefs to his image.

(Aide opens the door)

*

MICHELLE

Whose?

Atuk walks in.

*

McKUEEN

(like a proud dad again)

Atuk!

(walks him to Michelle)

How would you like to work again with your friend Michelle?

(Michelle starts to object)

ATUK

(an obvious answer, lights up)

Sure!

McKUEEN

Now this'll be a real job, Atuk. With a very nice salary and so on, but the important thing you have to remember is that Michelle will need your complete cooperation.

CONTINUED

107. CONT.

CONT. 107.

ATUK
(smiles)
Oh, yes, completely.

MICHELLE
(finally able to get a word
in)
Mr. McKuen. Can I talk to you?

108. INT. MCKUEN'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

108.

McKuen gives Michelle a private moment.

MICHELLE
(not sure)
Mr. McKuen, I want you to know I
feel this is a terrific opportunity...

MCKUEN
(cuts off her reluctance)
Not only for you, for Atuk. Did
you see how his face lit up? All
I want you to do is work with him,
show us the world's greatest
Eskimo! Can I count on you,
Michelle?
(she finally smiles, now more
or less in his thrall)
Good.

McKuen goes back into his office.

MICHELLE
(sudden thought)
But he's the world's worst Eskimo...

McKuen doesn't hear; she follows him in.

109. INT. MCKUEN'S OFFICE - DAY

109.

MCKUEN
(pats Atuk on back as
Michelle watches)
Congratulations, young man.

PIKE
(hands card to Atuk)
Oh, and before we forget, here's
your brand new Green Card...
(hands AMEX card to Atuk)

*

CONTINUED

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109. CONT.

CONT. 109.

PIKE (cont.)

And we thought you might like a
gold one as well.

*

ATUK

(looks at cards, fixes on the
AMEX, looks up, beams to
Michelle)

Credit?

She's never seen anyone so happy.

110. INT. STORE - AMERICAN EXPRESS CARD - CLOSE-UP - DAY 110.*

Full-frame; Atuk's new gold card, thrust at the camera by
Atuk like a badge.

VOICE

And how would you like to pay
for that, sir?

Pull back to see Atuk's grinning, proud face behind the card.

ATUK

I have credit.

111. EXT. E. 57TH STREET/TRAVEL AGENCY - DAY 111.*

Atuk and Michelle walk past expensive stores; Atuk winds
up going a mile-a-minute, but his manner seems less
starry-eyed -- his short experience with success has
given him a bit of a swagger. It's also given him a
complete new set of clothes -- expensive overcoat, fur
hat, and lots of shopping bags. An ORDINARY NEW YORKER
passes by; recognizes Atuk -- he's a celebrity.

MAN

Atuk! All right!

ATUK

(waves, then to Michelle)
What a life, huh -- on the move in
the City. I mean, this is my
style, Michelle. Just think, all
those years I was style
masquerading as a seal-killer. Do
you know what I'm saying?

MICHELLE

You don't miss your home?

CONTINUED

111. CONT.

CONT. 111.

ATUK

Yeah, seven people in a room the size of a refrigerator -- sod covered with newspapers -- hell, it was a refrigerator, a dirt refrigerator.

A family walks by; a KID points at Atuk.

KID

Atuk! It's Atuk!

Atuk turns and gives a thumbs up to the grinning family, then notices a poster in a airline office behind him -- a Hawaiian Paradise poster like the one in his hut, the one Misa made a mask of.

ATUK

(wound up)

Look -- this is the place! This is where I wanna go -- ever since I was about six-years-old, Michelle. Let's go -- we could charge it! 'Charge it, please!'

MICHELLE

(laughing)

Atuk, slow down...

(pauses to hail a cab)

The first thing we have to do is get started on some of this work, okay?

(he nods, she gets in a cab)

It's important you stay where I can get a hold of you, okay?

(hands him a card)

And if you need anything, just call.

ATUK

(sorry to see her go)

Okay.

(shyly)

Hey -- I just want you to know, uh ...you've been so nice to me...Do you really like me?

MICHELLE

(likes him as a friend)

Of course I like you, Atuk. You mean a lot to me.

She waves as the cab pulls away; Atuk's still in heaven.

TB

112. EXT. MCKUEN MANSION - DUSK

112.

Limo pulls up and deposits Atuk, dressed to the teeth, dancing to the car radio. A plain brown sedan is parked in front, with its trunk open. As Atuk approaches the front door an OLDER MAN in an army colonel's uniform steps out with a pair of suitcases, followed by Vera and Alexander.

COLONEL

Don't worry about a thing, we'll have him squared away A.S.A.P.

McKuen is mute; he's not sure about this, while his wife, obviously, is all for it.

VERA

Well, Colonel, we've agonized over this.

The Colonel steps around Atuk as he walks up; gives him a harsh look as he loads suitcases in the car trunk.

VERA

(into the house)
Bishop?

Bishop appears, sullen, as if being led off to prison.

MCKUEN

(stopping him, genuinely sad,
regretting this)
You didn't leave us any more choices, son.

*
*

Bishop doesn't buy it; walks toward Atuk and the car.

ATUK

(to Bishop)
Hey, where are you going?

The Colonel slams the trunk shut; we read "RIVERTON MILITARY INSTITUTE - RIVERTON, NEW YORK" across the rear.

ATUK

(pointing to the lettering)
What's that?

BISHOP

(subdued)
It's a school.

ATUK

When are you coming back?

CONTINUED

R 2/5/88

112. CONT.

CONT. 112.

Bishop looks up at his parents, resenting this totally, then looks at Atuk -- regards Atuk's clothes and bags of merchandise.

BISHOP

What do you care?

ATUK

I'm your friend.

BISHOP

Look at yourself. Less than one day, man -- you're in his pocket. *

The colonel drives Bishop away; Atuk doesn't get it.

ATUK

Gone where?

(yells out, not wanting to believe Bishop's angry at him)

Write me a letter, okay?

113. INT. MCKUEN DINING ROOM - NIGHT

113.

Vera, Atuk and McKuen eat at one end of the long table; Atuk dawdles with his food, not hungry.

ATUK

Sir. I think I'd like to go, too. I was thinking maybe I could live in the City.

VERA

(glad to hear this, to her husband)

I think that's a very good idea, don't you?

ATUK

Michelle said she wanted me to stay close by, you know, where she could get a hold of me.

MCKUEN

(back to business, wary of losing control of Atuk)

I see...She's a very nice girl, isn't she?

(Atuk nods)

CONTINUED

113. CONT.

CONT. 113.

McKUEEN (cont.)

Well, all I ask is that you listen to her -- let her look after you -- will you do that?

(Atuk nods, McKuen smiles)

Good.

(to Vera)

Maybe we can put him in one of the hotels.

Vera starts to object, but it's better than having Atuk around the house. She smiles a thin assent to Atuk.

ATUK

(gets up)

Can I be excused?

(starts to leave the room)

If all the trouble has anything to do with that doctor, sir -- it was my fault.

McKUEEN

(not wanting to deal with a painful subject, firmly)

Goodnight, Atuk.

Atuk turns and walks slowly and alone to the stairs.

114. EXT. WILDERNESS - DAWN

114.

Malcombe Treet walks into the frame, surveys the splendid expanse soon to become McKuen's Emerald, then opens a gate on the old split-rail fence.

An armada of trucks, cranes, food wagons, and Motor Homes surges through the gate and snow, roaring, snapping fallen branches, filling the air with blue smoke, panicking birds and deer -- assaulting the entire environment with noise and crude power.

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115. INT. ATUK'S TRAILER - DAWN

115.

Atuk's being made up to look darker as Michelle goes over a storyboard pad, not showing it to Atuk. *

ATUK

But why are they putting this stuff on my face?

MICHELLE

So you'll look right.

ATUK

Right for what? Who looks like this?

MICHELLE

Eskimos, remember? *

ATUK

Why? Why are we doing this?

Treet steps inside, behind Atuk; makes an instant, objective appraisal of the Eskimo, then puts a hand on Atuk's shoulder.

TREET

(skilled sincerity)
Atuk...you look terrific.

ATUK

(gives up)
Thank you.

Michelle gives Treet a look -- "we've got trouble" -- then tries again with the storyboard.

MICHELLE

Atuk, we have to try and get through this.

TREET

(showing on storyboard, again sincere-sounding, a warm and caring guy)
All we want you to do is walk across the snow and harpoon a fish.

ATUK

Why? We got about 400 sandwiches in the cooler back there.

MICHELLE

For the camera, Atuk. *

CONTINUED

ATUK
 (trying to cover anxiety)
 I forgot my harpoon.

TREET
 (still controlled, unflappable)
 That's okay, we have one for you. *
 And we've even stocked a small stream. *

ATUK
 (looking at his darkened
 face in a mirror)
 But I look like a jerk. The fish...
 believe me, fish will not respond
 to a color like this. You ever
 seen the African National Congress
 fishing on Hudson Bay -- heck no,
 they'd starve.
 (lights a cigarette)
 Come to think of it, the idea
 might appeal to them.

MICHELLE
 (scolding)
 Atuk, now come on.

Treet looks at Michelle; "play it easy" is what he's saying. *

ATUK
 (to Michelle)
 I'm sorry.

MICHELLE
 (rubs his shoulder, sweetly)
 Hey, I know you're just nervous...
 but don't worry about it, okay --
 you'll be great.

Atuk walks away from camera, carrying a harpoon. He
 glances to camera; he has a cigarette in his mouth.

ATUK
 Like this?

MICHELLE
 (goes to him as Treet
 yells cut)
 Atuk, just forget about us. Just
 be yourself, and go get the fish. Okay?

CONTINUED

116. CONT.

CONT. 116.

She takes the cigarette from his mouth and exits.

TREET (O.S.)

Take two.

ATUK

Why? Why am I killing this fish?

MICHELLE

(reappears, parrots the
awkward propaganda)

To show Mr. McKuen's respect for
the land.

ATUK

(remembering McKuen's speech,
vaguely)

Oh, yeah...

She exits again; Treet starts the camera.

ATUK

(shouts out)

Okay! Take number two. Atuk
kills the fish!

He raises the harpoon, ready for action, and growls across the snow -- the great hunter. He arrives at a small stream, literally packed with fish, shoulder to shoulder. He steps to the water's edge, begins to stall by rubbing snow on the harpoon, performing some Ed Norton-type loosening-up exercises, poises over the stream for the kill, let's out a powerful scream, plunges the harpoon and pulls up nothing.

ATUK

(turns to camera)

Uh...that was just a practice
shot.

TREET (O.S.)

And it looked great, Atuk...Let's
try it again.

(Atuk hesitates, softly)

Michelle...

*
*
*

MICHELLE

You can do it, Atuk!

Atuk steels himself, then jumps in the shallow water, jabs several times, but still can't come up with a fish.

CONTINUED

116. CONT.

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CONT. 116.

He turns to camera and starts to laugh -- the point of his harpoon is above his shoulder, out of frame.

ATUK

Okay, what next?

117. INT. MCKUEN PALACE HOTEL - DAY

117.*

Atuk walks to the desk with more shopping bags of clothes. Clerks observe him stiffly -- a man who clearly does not belong in this hotel.

ATUK

(to clerk)

Hello...Mr. McKuen said I could stay here. My name is Atuk.

A delivery boy appears behind Atuk with more clothes and an enormous stereo and speakers; the CLERK consults annoyedly with another clerk; they find Atuk's record on their terminal.

CLERK

(suddenly friendly)

Ah, yes -- Atuk. So happy to have you with us. Anything you'd like, just let us know.

(bellman appears)

He'll show you to your room.

118. INT. LUXURY SUITE (SAME USED FOR VERA'S COMMERCIAL) - NIGHT 118*

Atuk, clothes are already put away. *

ATUK

(walking around, loving it)

Great, great...Absolutely great.

Atuk lays for awhile, wondering what to do next, turns on the television, then finds the card Michelle gave him, goes to phone and dials the number. *

ATUK

Hello...Michelle? Hi. I just wanted to tell you where I was in case you wanted to get a hold of me.

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119. INT. MICHELLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

119.*

A homey, small, cluttered working woman's place; she's surrounded by papers at a typewriter, on the phone, caught up in her work.

MICHELLE

Well, that's good Atuk.

120. INT. ATUK'S LUXURY SUITE - NIGHT

120.*

ATUK

I'm not doing anything right now...
Do you wanna come and see my new
sound system -- I'm at the McKuen
Hotel on 51st Street...Well, maybe I
could bring it over there...Well,
then how about something else...

MICHELLE

(filtered)

I'm sorry, Atuk...I've got a lot
of work...and don't forget we have
to be back up to the location
first thing in the morning.

He looks at the T.V.; sees a ballet.

ATUK

(excited)

Oh, Michelle -- a ballet -- we
could do that...Oh...Did I do
something wrong -- I thought
maybe you'd be mad at me for
screwing up, you know, with the
fish and everything...

*

121. INT. MICHELLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

121.*

MICHELLE

(sweetly)

No, no...everything's okay...
Really. I'll see you in the
morning, okay? Goodnight.

She hangs up, feeling badly about turning him down for
all this work...

122. INT. ATUK'S LUXURY SUITE - NIGHT

122.*

He stares at the phone, feeling lonely and rejected, then walks to the window, notices something below, opens the window and yells down to a group of homeless bums by a heat vent.

ATUK

Hey! You guys! You wanna hear my sound system?

123. INT. ATUK'S LUXURY SUITE - NIGHT

123.

Music blasts; the place is packed with bums. Room service waiters push in carts of food and liquor; Atuk's on the phone, holding a drink, reading from a giant room service menu.

ATUK

(shouting over party noise)
What is a 'zest' of lemon, exactly?
...Are they good?...Is it better
than just a regular lemon?...What's
a lemon like?...

(sees something O.S.)

I'll have to call you back.

Bum #1 from Atuk's first encounter walks in; Atuk greets him like a long lost friend.

ATUK

Hey...

(to waiter with drinks)

The man's empty-handed here.

(gives bum a drink)

Where you been, man?

BUM #1

(stunned by surroundings)

Where you been?

ATUK

(gulping drink)

Passing lane, baby.

(shouts to crowd)

This is my first pal, everybody!

A pair of tarted-up hookers appear behind bum #1; Atuk puts his arms around them.

123. CONT.

CONT. 123.

ATUK
 (to crowd)
 And these are my 47th and 48th
 pals, respectively.
 (applause, Atuk howls and
 herds hookers through crowd)
 Come on, pals...
 (makes roaring engine noise)
 Danger! Passing lane!

124. INT. MICHELLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

124.

She's stuck in her work; sighs, pulls her hair back, then
 sees her phone and dials it.

MICHELLE
 Can you give me Atuk's room,
 please?
 (waits, can't hear over noise
 on other end)
 Hello? Hello? Who is this?

*

125. EXT. MCKUEN PALACE HOTEL - NIGHT

125.*

A limo with a phone antenna pulls up; Vera and Alexander
 get out in evening clothes, on their way home from the
 theater. Vera storms into the lobby, and through the
 glass doors we see her confer with a manager.

126. INT. ATUK'S LUXURY SUITE - NIGHT

126.

Atuk dances with the hookers like he did at the club
 with Bishop; he opens his shirt, completely blasted --
 even room service waiters are cheering.

127. INT. MCKUEN PALACE HOTEL - NIGHT

127.*

Music blasts through the door; guests peer into the hall
 as Vera, the manager, Alexander, and security men exit
 an elevator. Vera's fuming.

MCKUEN
 I only suggested it for you, Vera
 -- you're the one who wanted him
 out of the house.

CONTINUED

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127. CONT.

CONT. 127.

VERA
(shoots him a harsh look,
then smiles at guests)
How are you this evening? Just
be a moment and we'll have it
taken care of.

128. INT. ATUK'S LUXURY SUITE - NIGHT

128.

He's on a table; sweating, exhorting the crowd.

ATUK
I LOVE...
(crowd repeats)
I LOVE...
(crowd repeats)
DANCING ON THE TABLE!
(crowd cheers)

Atuk dances, then jumps to a couch.

ATUK
(resumes chant)
DANCING ON A COUCH!
(dances, then jumps back
to table)
DANCING ON THE TABLE AGAIN!

Crowd cheers as the whores join Atuk; the door flies
open, revealing McKuen and his wife.

ATUK
All right! More friends!

McKuen is surprised and shocked; Vera goes to the stereo;
pulls the plug as room service waiters try and compose
themselves.

VERA
I want you all out!

128A. HALLWAY

128A*

Michelle walks from an elevator toward the room.

128B. ROOM

128B.*

Vera walks back to her husband as Michelle steps up
behind them.

CONTINUED

*

VERA
 (drills him with her eyes)
 You can do anything you want, but
 Goddamnit, don't tell me you did
 it for me.

She turns to leave, sees Michelle's heard this -- in a
 way she's glad someone has -- then leaves.

ATUK
 (drunk, wound up)
 What's the matter?

Michelle steps into the room -- the sight of Atuk so
 changed, so embarrassing in a way, is terrible to her.

ATUK
 These people don't have any
 houses. They don't have any
 place to go.

The whores climb down; Atuk is left bleary and barely
 able to stand. McKuen, momentarily stung by his wife
 and Atuk, recovers and gives Michelle a quick, controlled
 instruction.

McKUEEN
 Make sure this doesn't get out.

He leaves; she goes to Atuk.

MICHELLE
 (sadly)
 Atuk...
 (but still guided by McKuen
 and his promises, doing her
 job, softly)
 Come on...we gotta big day tomorrow.

129. EXT. WILDERNESS - MORNING

129.

An assistant raps on Atuk's trailer door -- no answer.
 Michelle walks up, taps again -- still no answer.

MICHELLE
 (gingerly)
 Atuk? We're ready...

The door opens; Atuk stands before them as a complete,
 disastrous wreck. He's wearing a sweater with reindeer
 on it, and Levis. His dark make-up is smeared in
 blotches.

CONTINUED

129. CONT.

CONT. 129.

MICHELLE

Jesus...

(to assistant)

Go tell Treet we'll be just a second.

Treet walks up.

ATUK

(grabs his own sweater, trying to intimidate)

You don't like it?...

*

*

TREET

(delicate, trying to calm him)

Atuk -- it's not appropriate for your character, that's all.

*

ATUK

(points to reindeer on sweater, sardonic)

Come on, what are these--- helicopters? These are reindeer, man -- life blood of my people, yes, sir.

(to Michelle)

You saw the situation up there -- straighten this guy out.

MICHELLE

(speaks before Treet can, tries to reason)

Atuk, we have to match what you were wearing yesterday.

ATUK

I changed my clothes, man. Hey, that's the Eskimo way -- we change five, six times a day -- something for every mood.

(steps back in trailer, slams door)

*

TREET

(takes Michelle aside, controlled, smooth)

Find out what the trouble is, stroke it to the surface, and have his ass on the tundra in five minutes.

CONTINUED

129. CONT.

CONT. 129.

He leaves; Michelle goes to Atuk, takes his arm and they walk.

MICHELLE

Look, I'm sorry I let you down last night -- I was just -- I just had too much to do.

ATUK

Like what?

MICHELLE

A million things -- there's a lot of pressure here. And I have to count on you to help me out -- that's the deal we made, remember? Can you go out there and do it... for me?

ATUK

(warms to her, embarrassed)
I don't know...I'll try.

130. EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY -LATER

130.

Treet walks across the snow, showing what he wants to happen.

TREET

All right. What I want is for Atuk to walk here, like this, pause here -- he surveys the horizon -- he considers the breadth of his vast domain. And then he discovers something at his feet... a tiny, struggling wildflower.

(to prop man)
Is it ready?

Prop man puts a small potted flower in the snow by Treet's feet.

TREET (cont.)

And Atuk kneels and studies the flower -- clinging to life -- as he is himself.

(walks O.S.)
All right then -- let's do it.

He calls for action as Atuk, now in a parka, mopes across the snow to the flower.

CONTINUED

TREET

Atuk. Could you walk a little livelier, please.

Atuk shoots a glare at him, backs up, and speedwalks across the snow like a pedestrian racer.

TREET

Cut!

ATUK

(turns to him)
Hey, you wanna show me how a fucking Eskimo walks -- I'd like to know.

TREET

Just go on, then. Go to the flower.

Atuk walks to the flower, bends to look at it.

ATUK

It's beautiful -- What the hell's it doing here?

TREET

Cut! It's growing there.

He goes to Atuk, followed by Michelle.

ATUK

How can it be growing? -- there's gonna be a whole bunch of buildings here.

MICHELLE

(trying to defuse things)
It's symbolic, Atuk.

ATUK

(picking up flower)
What is this? -- everything's symbolic.

TREET

Atuk -- you've got to trust me on this, okay. You'll understand it better when you see the final product, okay?

130. CONT.

CONT. 130.

Atuk seems possibly mollified; everyone retreats to re-start the shot.

TREET (O.S.)

And...action.

ATUK

(picks up the potted flower)
How come nobody wants to trust me?
This is a fucking potted plant in
the middle of the snow, for
Christ's sake. Who ever heard of
that?

Throws the plant aside.

131. INT. MICHELLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

131.

Atuk lays on a couch; Michelle clears empty take-out food cartons from a coffee table; takes them to the kitchen.

ATUK

How come Mr. McKuen needs me to
tell everyone how much he respects
the land? Why can't he say it
himself?

MICHELLE

(returns, takes last cartons)
This wasn't exactly chicken soup,
but it's...well, it's my entire
repertoire is what it is.

(goes back to shut down the
kitchen)

I should take a class, I guess --
I'm the only female in New York who
refuses to take classes -- dance,
personal investing, and cooking --
the big three.

(returns)

ATUK

It was good.

MICHELLE

Thank you.

ATUK

What's he doing to that land
anyway?

CONTINUED

.TB



MICHELLE
Atuk...I'm sure he's doing the
right thing.

ATUK
How do you know that?

MICHELLE
(joking)
He hired me, didn't he?

ATUK
(looks at her, wondering if
she's everything she seems)
Yeah...he did.

MICHELLE
(she draws blinds, turns out
lights)
I think you should stay here with
me for awhile -- just take things
easy.

ATUK
Here?

MICHELLE
If that's okay...

ATUK
(half-smile)
Sure.

MICHELLE
And try not to let things get to
you. One more scene and you're
all done.
(puts blanket over him,
then walks to bedroom
door, warmly)
Goodnight, Atuk.

ATUK
Michelle...
(sits up to look at her, wants
some kind of reassurance)
Goodnight.

She closes her door, darkening the room. Atuk sits for
awhile, down, unsure; he unthinkingly picks up a pencil
by a phone on a table next to the couch and begins to
doodle on a pad of paper.

132. INT. MCKUEN KITCHEN - MORNING

132.*

Open on a maid preparing breakfast as a morning talk show plays on a portable TV. McKuen walks in from outside in a polo outfit, hot from a game; joins Vera at a breakfast table in an adjoining atrium. Both read papers as the maid serves them

The weekly advocate, Barker, is on the talk show.

*

McKuen
(passing maid)
Good morning, Jean.

*

BARKER
Just let me read from this report...

*

'Furthermore, contaminants already present in the proposed water supply, when combined with waste from a development of this scope, will produce toxicity which has been shown to cause, among other things, heart problems, lung defects, spinal deformations, cancer, and various other fatal disorders in infants and young children.'

MCKUEN
(to maid, affecting disinterest)
Could you turn thata down, please.

*

Maid turns T.V. off as a phone rings; Vera answers.

*

VERA
(angry)
Well, that's too bad.

MCKUEN
(absorbed in paper)
What's too bad?

Maid hands McKuen another ringing phone.

MCKUEN
(into phone)
Yes?...What do you mean he disappeared?

Both erupt at the same time, each becoming louder and more hostile.

TB

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132. CONTINUED

CONT. 132.

McKuen

Well, you find him and
you bring him to me.

(slams phone down,
to wife)

Atuk's gone.

Vera

You did everything you
could to end up there
and that's where you're
staying.

(slams phone down,
to husband)

Bishop wants to come home.

This somehow gets to McKuen -- his distance from his son.
He stares in silence.

133. INT. MICHELLE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

133.

She sits on her couch trying to figure what to do next; sees something by the phone -- Atuk's doodlings -- several versions of the same vague shape, like an outline of an animal cracker. She turns the paper to different angles, then finally hits what they are and rushes out.

134. EXT. CENTRAL PARK ZOO - DAY

134.

Atuk stands alone before a polar bear cage -- an ugly blue concrete "environment" with a single pacing bear, matching the shape of Atuk's drawing.

ATUK

(to bear)

Hey...where you from? Yeah, I'm talking to you -- you see anyone else around?

A bundled-up family walks behind Atuk; a kid points to him; they all walk away disappointed when they see Atuk's more interested in talking to the bear.

ATUK (cont.)

(to bear)

Yeah, I was just in the area, you know. Took the the day off.

Michelle runs up in the distance, sees him and slows down, wanting to be cautious.

ATUK (cont.)

(to bear, lying)

Oh, pretty good, you know. Yeah, doing great.

(long pause)

Yeah, I gotta tell you, I'm doing great. How about yourself?

(bear growls at him)

Yeah, well, that's your problem pal, because I'm doing great.

The bear yawns and walks away; Atuk turns to see Michelle.

MICHELLE

(smiles)

Hi.

CONTINUED

134. CONT.

CONT. 134.

ATUK

(embarrassed)

Hi, how'd you find me?

(she shows him the doodlings)

MICHELLE

(touches his face)

You feel better?

He nods, responding to her attention; she takes his arm.

135. INT. MCKUEN'S OFFICE - DAY

135.*

Michelle and Atuk stand near a huge, empty table. McKuen stands by a window across the room.

MICHELLE

(frames her language)

Sir...we've asked him to bite off a pretty big chunk here, that's all...And I don't want to speak for Atuk, but no one has much to gain if he's this unhappy.

MCKUEN

(fatherly)

I see...

(walks to open door near her)

Would you mind if Atuk and I had a word alone?

She's a little reluctant to leave Atuk, but McKuen sounds genuinely concerned.

MICHELLE

(softly, to Atuk)

I'll be right outside, okay...

Atuk nods; McKuen ushers her out, closes the door, then turns to Atuk.

MCKUEN

Please, Atuk...sit down.

Atuk sits; McKuen circles the table as he speaks, drawing closer and closer to Atuk.

CONTINUED

McKUEEN

(maximum charisma and power)
Atuk, I'm not going to try and raise your spirits with a pep talk, or give you a long monologue on dedication and responsibility... But what I want you to understand is that all the things that attracted you to this country, that stand out to people all over the world, are the direct result of a single idea -- the word appears over and over in the Constitution -- freedom of speech, freedom of religion, -- freedom, Atuk -- which we hold fundamental to the conduct of our lives. So when someone tries to take that away, by saying things for whatever misguided reason that could take away my freedom to provide for my family and friends, my freedom to do business, then I have an obligation to fight back. Not with anger or vengeance, but with the best weapon of all -- the truth. But something isn't true, just because you say it -- people need to be shown. And that's why I need you, Atuk. To show people, to give people an image of the truth.

135. CONT.

CONT. 135.

McKUEEN (cont.)

And by doing that, you help preserve something for me, for everyone -- our freedom.

(emotional, as if spent)

You know how important you are to me -- just finish the ad and make me proud of you.

Atuk is left spellbound; he's never been exposed to a performance like this. McKuen squeezes his shoulder and pats him on the back.

136. EXT. WILDERNESS - DUSK

136.*

Atuk's back on location; Michelle walks him along a frozen river bank to a spot where Treet and the crew set up a shot.

ATUK (V.O.)

'Dear Mother: Guess what I did? -- I made a commercial. I'm going to be on everyone's television -- me, a simple man from inside the Arctic Circle.'

(they arrive at Atuk's mark; to Michelle as she straightens him for the shot)
What if they don't like me? What if they think I'm stupid?

MICHELLE

(as if it's absurd)

Oh, come on...
(she finishes, walks near Treet by the camera, sees Atuk's still worried).

Atuk -- they'll love you!

Atuk looks toward her, sees her encouraging smile, then, in the warm light, Atuk's face fills with a happy, huge smile of his own. Treet quickly whispers to the camera operator to roll film while moving Michelle next to the camera to draw Atuk's smiling look toward her, and more importantly, the lens.

TREET

Terrific!

.TB



137. INT. MICHELLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

137.*

Atuk sits on a couch with his feet up on a coffee table, writing a letter on a pad.

ATUK (cont. - V.O.)

'I also think I'm in love. With the woman who came on the airplane'

Michelle joins him with two glasses of champagne; gives one to Atuk. His gaze stays on her -- he really does love her.

ATUK (cont. - V.O.)

'She's beautiful and really nice, but skinnier than you may remember.'

MICHELLE

What are you writing?

ATUK

Nothing -- just to my mom.

MICHELLE

(sweetly)

Atuk...I've enjoyed, you know... working together...hanging out...

ATUK

(tongue-tied, smiles)

Well, yeah...

MICHELLE

(toasts)

So...here's to...you do it.

ATUK

Here is to...

(looks confused)

MICHELLE

It's a toast -- you say something you want, something good.

ATUK

Okay...here is to beautiful women...

(she demures)

With no fat. Beautiful, fat-free women.

(she begins to laugh)

Lean, 100% non-fat, emaciated, very light, beautiful fatless women.

Except for there.

(points towards her breasts)

CONTINUED

137. CONT. CONT. 137.
She tries to drink her champagne, but can't stop laughing -- the more he makes her laugh, the more she realizes how much she likes him.
138. OMIT. OMIT. 138.
139. OMIT. OMIT. 139.
140. OMIT. OMIT. 140.

141. INT. OBSERVATION BOOTH - DAY 141.
Technicians man a room with a two-way mirror overlooking a T.V. viewing from at an ad agency. Atuk and Michelle join Treet, Vera, McKuen, and Pike to watch a mixed group of New Yorkers being tested for their response to the commercial. *

The viewers sit at desks with rows of buttons; a man from the agency explains what's about to happen.

CONTINUED



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141. CONT.

CONT. 141.*

AGENCY MAN

What we want is for you to evaluate the commercial you're about to see with the buttons on your desks. Five is best, zero is worst. The areas to judge are, 'Is it clear?', 'Is it believable?', and 'Does it make you care about the advertiser's message?' Are we ready?

McKUEEN

(to Treet in booth)
When does this start running?

TREET

If the numbers are good, right away.

Agency man leaves the room and closes the door; an ad begins to run on a large monitor.

142. INT. - SCREEN - BLACK

142.

Narration over type: "Some people resist change." *

CUT TO: Atuk walking across featureless white snow -- no trees, no horizon -- just snow.

Narration: "Some people recognize its inevitability." *

CUT TO: Black.

Narration over type: "There are men who destroy the land they live on." *

CUT TO: Slow motion of Atuk making a single jab with his harpoon at the pool, stocked with fish. *

CUT TO: A freeze-frame of Atuk facing camera with his harpoon point out of frame. *

NARRATION: "And there are men who've been living off the same land for thousands of years."

CUT TO: Close-up of a fish, spiked on a harpoon point.

CUT TO: Close-up of Atuk's smiling face.

Narration: "There is a company that understands this." *

CUT TO: Tight on Atuk as he stops at the hillcrest and surveys below.

NARRATION: "That change need not occur at the expense of like." *

CUT TO: Atuk bends down to sniff the wildflower. *

NARRATION: "But rather, that change is life." *

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142. CONT.

CONT. 142.

CUT TO: McKuen logo over close up of Atuk's smiling face - the stolen smile - as if he's reacting to the flower. *

NARRATION OVER TYPE: "Understanding change, Understanding life." *

DISSOLVE TO: McKuen logo, still over black. *

"The McKuen Group. Building for Life." *

143. INT. VIEWING ROOM - TEST AUDIENCE - DAY 143.

Cut to them several times during the ad, showing progressively more pleased faces.

144. INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY 144.

McKuen stands up, ecstatic.

McKUEN

I love it.

Michelle, McKuen, Pike and technicians all applaud. Atuk stares straight ahead, as if he's been hit with a brick.

TREET

(watching digital scores climb on a control panel, re: audience)

Looks good!

McKUEN

(to Atuk)

I can't tell you how sensational you were. I'm so proud of you.

CONTINUED

144. CONT.

CONT. 144.

ATUK
(blows up, crushed)
For what? I didn't do those
things.

But Mckuen doesn't hear; he's too busy spreading
congratulations to others.

VERA

She sees Atuk's reaction and Michelle looking at him;
steps up to Michelle.

VERA

I know how you're feeling.

Michelle turns; surprised to hear a woman like Vera
reading her mind.

VERA

I thought Alexander was pretty
seductive, too -- but you have
to realize it isn't you he
wants, honey -- it's your dignity.
(looks at her husband
across the room)
Best damn collateral in the world.

TREET

Goes to McKuen, elated.

TREET

97!
(aside to McKuen)
That's not a score, that's hypnosis.
(more applause)

ATUK

Maybe you people didn't hear me --
I didn't do those things.

And they still don't hear him.

McKUEEN

(to Treet)
I want this on the air tomorrow.
(to aide)
Get the Senator and tell him
we've just put public opinion
in our pocket.

CONTINUED

TB

99A

144. CONT.

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CONT. 144

Atuk turns and sees Vera talking with Michelle -- even she looks traitorous. In a flash of anger and awareness; he marches from the room, passing Michelle. The others, including McKuen, don't see him leave. *

CONTINUED



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144. CONT.

CONT. 144.

MICHELLE
(trying to stop him)
Atuk?

He throws her a betrayed "fuck you" look and leaves.
Michelle takes a last glance at Vera; and McKuen steps
in front of Michelle as she starts to go after Atuk.

*
*

McKuen
Congratulations! Wonderful job!

*

Michelle
(torn between him and Atuk
finally, glaring at him, angrily)
Sure as hell was.

*

145. OMIT

OMIT 145.*

146. EXT. ZOO - DAY

146.

Michelle goes to the polar bear cage; the bear paces
restlessly; there's no Atuk. Just as she's about to
give up, she spots a peculiar mound in the snow in the
distance -- an igloo. She goes to it, looks for a
place to knock.

MICHELLE
Hello?...Atuk?..
(no response)
Are you in there? Atuk, I know
you're in there.
(no response, starts
pacing around the igloo)
Atuk -- what can I tell you? --
I didn't know. I didn't care?
Goddamn it, Atuk, I feel
horrible too. I knew those
reports about the Emerald ruining
the land were probably true, but
I bought right into it, boy, I
could just taste the big time.
(stern to him)
And don't you get smug with me,
pal -- you were smacking your
lips pretty good yourself. You
liked those \$1,200.00 coats, and
the big speakers, don't tell me
you didn't.
(desperate, pleading)
Atuk, will you please come out
of there?

ATUK
(muffled, from inside). Why?

CONTINUED

MICHELLE

(crying)

So I can ask you to forgive me.
That's how you do it -- face to
face.

ATUK

That's not the way I do it.

MICHELLE

Well, what are you going to do?
Just stay in there? That'll do
a lot of good. Just hide yourself
in an igloo, do nothing.

(getting angry at him)

Atuk -- you don't like something,
you do something about it. You
don't feel sorry for yourself --
what good's that gonna do anybody?
You don't want other people
exploiting you, then you take the
lead for a change. Atuk? Are you
listening to me?

He suddenly busts through the wall of the snow house, ready *
for action, wearing his traditional Eskimo clothes and
parka.

MICHELLE

(surprised, impressed)

That's a start.

ATUK

Where's McKuen?

MICHELLE

I don't know -- he's supposed to
testify at the hearing this
afternoon.

ATUK

Where?

MICHELLE

The City Court building. Why?

ATUK

Meet me there.

(checks sun for time)

I have something else to do first.

He runs off; she calls after him.

TB

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147. EXT. 64TH & 5TH AVE. - CENTRAL PARK ZOO ENTRANCE-DAY 147.*

Atuk runs from the zoo park; sees a limo at a light.

ATUK
(to driver)
Do you know where Riverton is?

DRIVER
Over the G. W. Bridge, hit the
expressway north, you'll see the
exit.

ATUK
And there's a military school
there, right?

DRIVER
Yeah, sure -- on the edge of town.

ATUK
Thanks.

148. INT. LIMOUSINE 64TH & 5TH AVE.-CENTRAL PARK ZOO ENT.-DAY 148.*

Atuk pulls the driver out, and blasts off. A
wedding party is in the back seat -- bride and

*
*

bridesmaids on the way to the church -- now screaming,
badly panicked as Atuk rips through traffic, screeching
and jerking all over the road.

149. EXT. FRONT GATE - RIVERTON MILITARY INSTITUTE - DAY 149.

A couple of Victorian buildings on wide, flat grounds.
Atuk slides up to a guardhouse; passengers in the limo
aren't visible through tinted windows. Sentry has a
German Shepard guard dog.

*

ATUK
(lowers his window, to guard)
These people are Japanese, sir.
They want to buy the school.
(guard starts to look in)
Don't look too close -- they can't
speak English, but they can read
expressions.
(hushed to the guard)
They're gonna pay about 10 times
what this place is worth.

Guard steps back; Atuk blasts to the main building and
runs inside.

.TB



150. INT. RIVERTON MILITARY INSTITUTE - DAY

150.

A polished corridor leading to classrooms. Atuk goes from door to door, looking through windows.

151. INT. RIVERTON MILITARY INSTITUTE - CLASSROOM - DAY

151.

Military cadets are taking a test; Atuk puts his head in the back.

ATUK
(sharply)
Ten-hut!

Cadets jump to their feet; Atuk darts behind, peering up each aisle from the rear of the room looking for Bishop -- the instructor's view of him is blocked by the standing students. No Bishop; Atuk runs out.

152. INT. RIVERTON MILITARY INSTITUTE - ANOTHER CLASSROOM - DAY

152.

Atuk does the same thing -- calls 'Ten-hut', scans standing cadets from behind until he sees one student slouching in his desk.

ATUK
(knowing who it must be)
Hey, Bishop.

Bishop turns to see Atuk; still sees him as sold-out to his father.

BISHOP
What'd my father send you?

INSTRUCTOR
(spotting Atuk)
Who are you?

ATUK
(shouts at instructor)
NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!
(to Bishop, sincerely)
No, it's just me. I came to get you out of here.

Bishop sees that he means it; lights up, rushes to Atuk. They both say good-bye over the barking commands of the instructor.

ATUK
(to Bishop, as they run out)
I brought some girls.

CONTINUED

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152. CONT.

CONT. 152.

INSTRUCTOR
(yells out door)
Come back here, mister.

153. EXT. RIVERTON MILITARY INSTITUTE - DAY

153.

The bride hops in the front of the limo and speeds away, as Atuk and Bishop come out the front door. It's too late to catch the car; they run around the side of the building.

154. EXT. BACK OF RIVERTON MILITARY INSTITUTE - DAY

154.

Atuk and Bishop run behind a storage barn.

BISHOP
Nice girls. Now what?

Atuk sees a toboggan leaning up against the barn; pulls it down; drags it into the barn. *

BISHOP
(following) *
What are you doing?

154A. INT. FIRST CLASSROOM - DAY

154A.*

Cadets are still at attention: the instructor from Bishop's classroom runs in with several of his cadets; looks around for Bishop.

INSTRUCTOR
(to his cadets)
Get the Colonel.

154B. INT. BARN - DAY

154B.*

Atuk's finished lashing the toboggan to a pair of cross country skis with a piece of rope; cuts the last of it with a knife as Bishop looks around the barn, seeing horses in stalls and a single seat snowmobile.

BISHOP
Come on, they'll catch us. *

Atuk says nothing; grabs a pile of bridles and begins tying them to the front of the toboggan. *

CONTINUED

TB

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154B. CONT.

CONT. 154B.

Bishop still isn't sure what Atuk's up to, but runs off to do what he can.

154C. INT. SCHOOL - DAY

154C.*

Cadets run down a hall into an office -- the Colonel's gone
cadets run back up the hall trying every door looking for him.

154D. EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

154D.*

Bishop's popped the hoods on a pair of school vehicles, pulls the last coil wire ou, closes both hoods and runs back to the barn.

154E. INT. BARN - DAY

154E.*

Bishop rushes in; Atuk's laid a stepladder sideways on the toboggan for sled handles.

ATUK
(pointing across barn)
Get the stool.

Bishop grabs a stool while Atuk looks for something to tie the ladder with. He spots hay bales; cuts one of the bailing wires with his knife.

154F. INT. SCHOOL - DAY

154F.*

Cadets run down stairs; they've found the Colonel.

154G. INT. BARN - DAY

154G.*

Atuk and Bishop have finished wiring down the ladder; a dozen untied bales of hay are scattered everywhere. The stool rests like a seat between the ladder. Atuk looks around, then runs to the door.

154H. EXT. BARN - DAY

154H.*

Atuk steps out, draws a huge breath, and whistles.

ATUK
(then screams)
Come here, Goddamn it!

A half-dozen German Shepherd guard dogs run up to him from all directions.

CONTINUED

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154I. EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

154I.*

The Colonel and cadets rush out; he orders them to scour the grounds.

COLONEL

Fan out!

Some head toward the barn.

*

154J. EXT. BARN - DAY

154J.*

Out of a dark open doorway charges the Atukian found-object sled, pulled by the shepherds, with Bishop aboard the stool and Atuk at the helm. Atuk and Bishop both let out deafening war whoops as the sled turns up onto a wide field of snow and heads toward the road.

Cadets run after it, but give up; the Colonel jumps in a car, but it won't start.

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155. EXT. SNOWY PLAIN - DAY 155.

The sled's a flurry now, going 40 m.p.h.

*

BISHOP

Where are we going?

ATUK

I'm gonna have a few words with
your dad.

BISHOP

Good luck.

156. EXT. RIVERTON MILITARY INSTITUTE - DAY 156.

The Colonel runs toward the main gate shouting at
Bishop and Atuk.

*

157. EXT. - TOBOGGAN - DAY 157.

Moves between an expressway and train track, faster and
faster. The Shepherds' legs are barely visible in the
snow.

158. EXT. - TOBOGGAN - DAY 158.

Bishop points to something O.S., Atuk turns to see a
freight train running parallel to them in the distance.
Atuk yells at the dogs; they speed up -- they're actually
beating the train, and, even better -- the train's wheels
are on fire from the speed. Atuk turns to Bishop and
laughs.

*

BISHOP

(amazed, to Atuk)
No bullshit!

159. EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - DAY 159.

Toboggan charges toward Manhattan.

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160. EXT. TOLL GATE - DAY

160.

A toll collector looks out his window at a dog sled racing towards him; Atuk and Bishop streak by, out of control; duck under the gate.

161. INT. COMMITTEE HEARING ROOM - DAY

161.

The entire committee is now present -- Senator Pierce and a panel of seven or eight others. The gallery is packed; McKuen sits with his lawyer and Pike at the witness table; Vera and Malcombe Treet sit nearby; Barker is in the back of the crowd. Large T.V. screens are set up on either side of the panel.

PIERCE

Mr. McKuen, I would first like to state publicly that this Committee very much appreciates your voluntary effort to speak here...

BARKER

(calls out)
Is this a speech or is it testimony?

(Pierce bangs gavel)
Maybe if he kicked in another ten grand, you could call it a soliloquy.

BARKER

(crowd buzzes, bangs gavel)
Sergeant-at-arms, I want that man removed.

Bailiffs move to Barker.

BARKER

How much was it, Senator?

As they drag Barker out, several of the other Senators look queerily at Reed -- notably, a young liberal one called STEIN.

.TB



162. OMIT

OMIT 162.*

163. INT. COMMITTEE HEARING ROOM - DAY

163.

Atuk's ad plays on the large T.V. screens.

SENATOR STEIN

(to McKuen)

Sir, it seems to me this advertisement, which was on just about every channel this morning, by its tone contradicts rather largely the data furnished to us by independent experts. Do you have a comment on that?

Senator Pierce clears his throat loudly, signalling to the junior member how bored he is with the questioning. *

MCKUEN

(good-humored)

Well, Senator, reasonable men differ...which, of course, makes one of them unreasonable.

(crowd chuckles)

163A. EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

163A.

Atuk and Bishop blast overland past the three bums Atuk helped earlier, now standing beside a horrible, misshapen, listing snow house they've made for themselves.

BUM #1

(raising wine bottle)

Hey Atuk! Pedal to the metal, man!

164. EXT. PLAZA HOTEL/FOUNTAIN-6TH AVE. & CENTRAL PARK S.-DAY

164.*

Atuk and Bishop turn from Central Park onto Central Park South and head toward Fifth Avenue, past luxury hotels -- possibly a couple of McKuen's. A woman walking nine or ten expensive dogs suddenly loses her footing, as the toboggan passes by, and the dogs run yapping after it dragging her with them.

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165. EXT. 5TH AVENUE - BETWEEN 55TH 7 53RD STREET - DAY
Toboggan shoots past crowds; people spot Atuk and wave.

166. INT. COMMITTEE HEARING ROOM - DAY 166.

SENATOR STEIN
But wouldn't you say, sir, that
your responsibility to a legacy
so precious as this planet might
be to err on the side of caution,
rather than...

McKUEEN
(cutting in)
I'm not in business to make
errors, Senator.

167. EXT. CITY COURT BUILDING - DAY 167.

The toboggan pulls up behind McKuen's limo, followed by
a entourage of dogs now numbering a couple of dozen.
Atuk and Bishop run up the steps.

ATUK
(turning back towards barking,
swarming dogs)
STAY!

All dogs -- scattered in the street, on the sidewalks,
everywhere -- freeze in their positions.

167A. INT. CITY COURT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY 167A.

Bishop and Atuk find the hearing room door; Atuk starts
to go in, sees Bishop hanging back..

BISHOP
(reluctant)
Go on. I just wanna wait a
second.

168. INT. COMMITTEE HEARING ROOM - DAY 168.

PIERCE
(eager)
Now that the Senator's time has
expired, the chair moves that
these proceedings be closed, and...
(raises gavel)

MICHELLE
(rises, shouts a last ditch
protest)
Senator, I'd like to

CONTINUED

168. CONT.

CONT. 168.

Atuk bursts into the room; everyone turns to look at him -- crowd buzzes when they see who it is. Vera sighs; things are completely out of hand. McKuen stands, irritated and confused. McKuen confers with his lawyer and Pike. Crowd members point and whisper Atuk's name, as he walks gingerly towards the witness table. He's suddenly lost his momentum, daunted by the room and the crowd, and most of all -- his own freeze-framed image on giant T.V. screens.

PIERCE
(covering microphone,
angry to an assistant)
What's going on? *

McKUEEN
(to Atuk)
Atuk, you're interrupting here.

ATUK
(looking around, intimidated
then blurts out)
I want to say something.

LAWYER
(to committee)
This man is not a qualified
witness.

PIERCE
(raises gavel)
Then I move we adjourn... *

SENATOR STEIN
No. I'd like to hear what he has
to say.
(as Pierce starts to object)
Mr. McKuen, himself, represents
this man as an expert. I think
we should hear him out. *

McKuen looks at Treet; Treet shakes his head no, but McKuen decides on a grossly self-confident act of calculation to defuse the situation, by surrendering the floor.

McKUEEN
I have no objections.

CONTINUED

.TB



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168. CONT.

CONT. 168.

PIERCE
(flummoxed)
All right, then...
(settles back in his
chair, annoyed acquiescence)
Your witness, Senator.

*

McKuen gives Atuk a greasy, prompting smile, pats him on the back and sits down, as Atuk begins to pace the floor. He starts to speak a few times, but nothing comes out, then he spots the VCR playing his commercial and turns it off.

ATUK
I was driving here, you know, in this sled from Riverton, New York, pulled by police dogs, and it was pretty exciting...you know, we were going so fast, we were even beating a train.

LAWYER
(objecting strenuously)
Senators, could we please...

SENATOR STEIN
Tell us your point, Atuk.

Bishop slips in the room; watches from the gallery.

ATUK
Well, it was exhilarating -- and I was thinking, that's why I came here, to this amazing country -- for these exhilarating experiences. And then I stopped at 125th Street and asked all these black people directions on how to get here...

*

PIERCE
How long is this going on?

*

ATUK
(looks up, sees Michelle
worried for him)
Well, they all pointed the way, and I drove on. Then I realized that these poor, hopeless strangers on the sidewalk, just trying to survive -- were some of the first people, since I got to this place, who...

*

CONTINUED

ATUK (cont.)

(snaps)

TOLD ME THE FUCKING TRUTH! Not that I wasn't suspicious. Not that I didn't ask 30 or 40 OTHER PEOPLE, JUST TO BE SURE NOBODY WAS FUCKING ME AROUND, AS USUAL...I was concerned, you see, because no one ever lied to me. And I never told a lie to anyone before -- well sometimes, a little one -- so I wasn't prepared, you know -- there was never a little thing on the page in Time Magazine, like the warning on cigarettes, that said "DANGER -- MOST OF THE MEN IN THESE EXCITING PICTURES ARE LYING. WARNING -- LOTS OF THESE EXCITING SUCCESS STORIES ARE BASED ON CHEATING AND FRAUD AND MANIPULATION AND FUCKING LYING."

(walks near Treet, spots him)
OH, OH, GOD, NO -- THE MEDIA FUCKING, HIGHLY PRINCIPLED MIND-FUCK, IMAGE GENIUS - MALCOMBE TREET.

(gets down on his hands and knees, as if to look at the wildflower)

'What are you doing, Atuk?' -- 'I'm looking for more real estate. I'm watching the bees fuck the real estate'

(gets up, pointed to Vera)
'I'm going to pick one of these lovely real estates and put it in someone's hair, because I LOVE HER SO FUCKING MUCH. IT'S A SYMBOL OF MY LOVE.'

Senators and the crowd stare in awe at Atuk's performance; Bishop and Michelle smile.

TREET

(under his breath, seething)
God help us.

LAWYER

(to panel)
This is preposterous.

CONTINUED

ATUK

(walks to him, stares)

WHAT? OH, OH -- A LAWYER THINKS
THIS IS PREPOSTEROUS. I'LL STOP
RIGHT NOW. I'LL RECONSIDER.

PIERCE

(bangs gavel, to Senator
Stein)

Senator, you will control your
witness.

SENATOR STEIN

(to Atuk)

Atuk, we need to restrict your
comments to issues before the
committee.

ATUK

Oh...oh, okay...Issues, yes --
I've always been interested in various
important issues. (Looks up, sees Bishop
in gallery) Here's an issue... *

(wheels on McKuen)

OH, OH -- THE GUY WHO PUT HIS SON IN
MILITARY SCHOOL BECAUSE HE WASN'T
GETTING ANY ATTENTION AT HOME. WHAT
A BRILLIANT RESPONSE. Discipline
that motherfucking emotional greed,
boy -- it's interfering with my WORK.

(to crowd, re: McKuen)

I'd like to know if anyone here can
think of one person, one principle,
one idea, one living thing, that
this guy wouldn't fuck over
completely. I'm looking for hands --
any remotely possible suggestion will
do. How about a teeny, tiny, tiny
helpless baby? And it's dying, okay?
And let's say the baby's got a trust
fund. The trust owns some land,
McKuen wants it -- the trustees have to
wait until the baby's 21 or dies,
before they can sell it to him.
McKuen's in the hospital room, the
baby's breathing on a machine, McKuen
sees the plug...what does he do?
Pull the plug? No...no, DON'T BE
RIDICULOUS.

Bishop's overwhelmed by this; the truth of it's
starting to get to him -- he seems to feel his
father's shame.

CONTINUED

ATUK (cont.)

(to lawyer)

DON'T BE PREPOSTEROUS. No, he finds some dumb-shit Eskimo, and he says, 'Hey, Atuk, go pull on that long, black thing that looks like a rubber robe over there, just give it a good pull -- and then ALL YOUR DREAMS WILL COME TRUE.'

(meely voice)

Well, yes, Mr. McKuen, I wanna fuck people over, I wanna kill babies, I wanna be rich -- why do you think I came here? Why do you think, I said to my mother and father -- 'You know, mom and dad, the way of life is too slow here in the North, there's no energy in the economy, and frankly I wanna fuck people over, kill people, and be rich.

He looks up at Michelle; she's smiling at him, pulling for him, amazed at what he's done. He looks to Bishop, but Bishop's gone. The room's become very quiet, and Atuk suddenly feels self-conscious.

ATUK

(subdued)

I'm ashamed of what I've done. And maybe I don't deserve to tell anyone else what to feel...but if you people are dumb enough to destroy your land and your people for money, then maybe you should be ashamed, too.

Atuk walks quietly past McKuen's table, seemingly spent; he leans to Mckuen's ear.

ATUK

(points toward Treet,
confidentially)

That guy's fucking your wife.

Atuk starts to walk from the room; Michelle stands; the entire crowd joins her in an ovation. Senator Stein stands, then other committee members -- then finally, being the consummate politician, Pierce stands as well. *

Atuk gives an embarrassed shrug and smiles as Michelle runs to him and hugs him. Vera gets up and leaves the room; Treet follows her. *

169. EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

169.

Atuk, Michelle, and the crowd come out. The dogs are frozen in place. Vera gets in a limo, leaving Treet on the sidewalk -- probably for good.

170. INT. COURTHOUSE/HEARING ROOM - DAY

170.*

The hearing room is empty now, save for McKuen -- humiliated and defeated, closing his briefcase alone at the table. He looks around the empty room, the empty chairs in the gallery, then starts to walk out.

VOICE (O.S.)

Dad?

The word is plaintive and unsure. McKuen turns to see Bishop across the floor; Bishop walks slowly toward him.

BISHOP

(not knowing what else to say)

I'm sorry...

Bishop makes a tentative move to hug his father; McKuen finally lets loose with a rush of emotion and throws his arms around his boy, and hugs the only thing in the world he really has left.

173. EXT. KALEEYE'S HUT - MORNING

173.

Misa pulls up with another titanic load of hides -- nothing's changed.

MISA
(surly)
Hey, come on. There's work to do.

174. INT. KALEEYE'S HUT - MORNING

174.

Atuk lays on his bed, half asleep, his head next to a blank space where his poster used to be.

MISA (V.O.)
Come on, it's late.

Atuk starts to rouse, then hears the drone of a plane -- a dream possibly - recalling the day the film crew arrived with Michelle. The engine grows louder.

MISA
Atuk!

The plane buzzes the hut; Atuk's eyes open, he jolts to the window.

175. EXT. PLANE - HIS P.O.V. - DAY

175.

It lands; the same red, twin-engine that brought Michelle. Atuk rubs his eyes -- deja vu, a dream -- puts on his parka and runs outside.

176. EXT. PLANE - PASSENGER DOOR - DAY

176.

Opens as Atuk runs to the plane. Other villagers gather in the background -- including Atuk's family. Michelle, dressed in a Hawaiian shirt, bathingsuit, and sunglasses -- just like the poster -- appears in the doorway; Atuk stops in his tracks.

MICHELLE
Wanna go to the beach?

Atuk grins at her, ecstatic; turns back toward his family. They look at him for moment, then smile -- even Kaleeye -- they all seem to understand. Atuk runs to Michelle, grabs her in a bear-hug, kisses her in the doorway, and hauls her inside the plane. It begins to take off, with the door still open.

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177. EXT. ESKIMO VILLAGE - VILLAGERS - DAY 177.

Watching as the plane lifts and circles overhead. We see a dark object fly out the door.

MISA
(still bitching by her sled)
Where's he going?

Atuk's 200-pound parka lands on her head, completely covering her, squashing her into a low mound.

177A. INT. PLANE (POSSIBLE INSERT) 177A.*

Atuk and Michelle kiss, then look toward the cockpit as the co-pilot turns to them and grins--it's Bishop. He pulls back on the wheel and lets out a whoop as we cut to:

177B. EXT. PLANE (POSSIBLE INSERT) 177B.*

Does a radical turn over Bishop's yelling and Atuk's and Michelle's laughter, then:

178. EXT. PLANE - ANOTHER ANGLE 178.*

Climbs and heads south under credits

THE END

ТВ