

GLOBAL VILLAGE IDIOT

FADE IN:

TV COMMERCIAL – MONTAGE

OMINOUS MUSIC plays as a NARRATOR speaks over scenes of smoggy cities, cleared forests and oil-soaked beaches.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The signs of destruction are everywhere: holes in the ozone layer...devastation of our forests...entire species brought to the edge of extinction.

MORE IMAGES of strip mines, belching smokestacks and barrels of toxic waste.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

American industry stands convicted of crimes against nature.

SHOTS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, chauffeured limousines, and fat cat BUSINESSMEN eating fancy meals.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Yet it's Big Business as usual – racing ahead with uncontrolled growth, shameless profits and corporate greed.

THE OMINOUS MUSIC reaches a climax as we CUT TO...

EXT. PARK – DAY

GENTLE MUSIC PLAYS, signaling a new mood. It's a cheerful, sunny day in a park. A group of children pulls a red wagon through the park meadow. Inside the wagon is a small tree.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

That's why we at the Hush-A-Bye Brothers Bedding Company pledge to live with the earth in mind.

VARIOUS SHOTS of the children digging a hole, planting the tree and sprinkling it with a watering can.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

To reduce the burden on our planet, we encourage all of our customers to be responsible consumers.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE SAME TREE YEARS LATER – no longer a sapling, but a mighty oak. We travel up the trunk to a green canopy of leaves.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Learn to say "no" to wasteful luxury. And if that means not buying a new bed or mattress from Hush-A-Bye Brothers this year, well...

High in the tree lies a nest where a clutch of baby birds sleep peacefully.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

...that's a small price to pay for a world where everyone can sleep a little easier.

The Hush-A-Bye logo fills the screen.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Hush-A-Bye Brothers. Living with the earth in mind.

TV COMMERCIAL ENDS

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM – DAY

MR. HALLOWAY sits at the head of a long conference table. With him are UNCLE WALTER, UNCLE WOODROW, UNCLE WILLIE and UNCLE WADSWORTH. Together, they make up the Hush-A-Bye Brothers – the archetype of self-made millionaires. They watch in stunned silence as the commercial ends on big screen plasma TV connected to a DVD player.

Standing near the TV is Mr. Halloway's son, HENRY – strikingly handsome, good-natured and fresh out of college. He switches off the video and turns to his Father and Uncles.

HENRY
(eagerly)
Well, what do you think?

Looking pale, Uncle Walter rises and heads across the room.

UNCLE WALTER
If anyone wants me, I'll be in the
corner having a stroke.

HENRY
What's the matter, Uncle Walter?

MR. HALLOWAY
(explosively)
What's the matter? You really
expect us to run a multi-million
dollar ad campaign asking people
not to buy our products?

HENRY
But Pop, don't you get it? We're
voluntarily downsizing for the
sake of the environment. We'll be
on the cutting edge of corporate
responsibility.

UNCLE WOODROW
And go broke doing it!

At the far end of the room, Uncle Walter mixes a drink at
the liquor cabinet.

UNCLE WILLIE
(to Uncle Walter)
I thought you were having a
stroke?

UNCLE WALTER
I changed my mind. I'm having a
highball instead.

UNCLE WADSWORTH
(mopping his brow)
Keep pouring, Walter – you're not
the only one with a bad taste in
his mouth.

Uncle Walter hands out drinks as Mr. Halloway continues.

MR. HALLOWAY

Henry, we're in the bedding business. What do we have to do with smokestacks and oil spills?

HENRY

Just this: do you know that half the wood we use comes from an old-growth forest in Indonesia?

MR. HALLOWAY

Of course I know it. It used to come from an old college buddy of mine who ran a lumber company up the coast.

UNCLE WOODROW

Stinky Applebaum!

UNCLE WADSWORTH

Good old Stinky! Whatever happened to him?

MR. HALLOWAY

I'll tell you what happened...he got shut down! A bunch of tree-hugging posey-pickers got themselves a law passed and stole the trees right out from under him. Now I couldn't order a box of toothpicks from the guy if I wanted to.

UNCLE WADSWORTH

Poor old Stinky.

UNCLE WILLIE

From what I hear, he can't even buy a toothpick now.

HENRY

But Uncle Willie, don't you see? We simply pushed our environmental destruction onto somebody else. We've got to enlarge our vision and look at things globally.

MR. HALLOWAY

When it comes to business, I never look any further than my own back pocket.

HENRY

That's old thinking, Pop. With ice-caps melting, sea-levels rising, the entire planet balanced on the brink of environmental Apocalypse, and...and...

UNCLE WOODROW

Doesn't he ever take a breath?

HENRY

...and teetering on the edge of eco-catastrophe, don't you think there are more important things in life than making money?

MR. HALLOWAY

Making money is my life.

UNCLE WOODROW

And that goes double for the rest of us.

By this time, Uncle Walter has handed out drinks to his brothers. Uncle Willie raises his glass in a toast.

UNCLE WILLIE

To our nephew Henry...

UNCLE WALTER

(gruffly shoving drink into Henry's hand)
...who could certainly use a good stiff belt.

They all throw back a slug of hootch as Henry looks on disapprovingly. He sets his drink down, untouched, on the table.

HENRY

I suppose you think making money should be everyone's life.

MR. HALLOWAY

As a matter of fact, I do. And
anyone who thinks different -

UNCLE WOODROW

- makes his living as the boss's
son.

HENRY

(wounded)

That doesn't mean I haven't got a
conscience, Uncle Woodrow. It's
time this family thought about the
public interest...

UNCLE WADSWORTH

The public interest?

HENRY

...the social welfare...

UNCLE WILLIE

The social welfare?

HENRY

...the common good!

UNCLE WADSWORTH & UNCLE WILLIE

(in unison)

The common good?!

UNCLE WADSWORTH

Why should we think about them?

UNCLE WILLIE

They never think about us.

HENRY

All I know is this, Uncle
Wadsworth: the earth is dying and
it's time to renounce our affluent
society.

UNCLE WOODROW

Is it time to renounce your old
man, too?

HENRY

Who said anything about -

UNCLE WADSWORTH

You may as well. It's only his
life's work you're turning your
back on.

Henry puts his hand on his father's shoulder.

HENRY

(genuinely)

I could never do that, Pop. You've
given me everything. Maybe more
than I deserve. That's why I want
to give something back to the
world...do something important for
humanity.

MR. HALLOWAY

You want to help your fellow man?
Sell him a good mattress. He'll
thank you for it in the morning.

UNCLE WALTER

And so will his wife.

HENRY

But don't you think -

MR. HALLOWAY

No I don't. I happen to employ a
good deal of that "humanity"
you're so concerned about.

Mr. Halloway sharply pulls open a set of blinds revealing a
large window. Through it we see the floor of a huge bedding
factory. Henry looks out over the thriving manufacturing
plant where scores of EMPLOYEES go about their work.

MR. HALLOWAY

What's going to happen to them
when we start losing money?

HENRY

Well, I...it never really occurred
to me...

MR. HALLOWAY

Just as I thought. You want to close down factories, throw people out of work, drag 500 of your fellow citizens into the poorhouse and claim it's all in the name of humanity.

UNCLE WADSWORTH

What humanity? He's doing it for the birds!

UNCLE WOODROW

And the squirrels!

HENRY

(groping)

Naturally, people will have to...that is...personal sacrifices will have to be made.

MR. HALLOWAY

If it's personal sacrifice you want, I'll be happy to oblige.

HENRY

What do you mean?

MR. HALLOWAY

I mean you're fired.

HENRY

WHAT?!

Mr. Halloway lays his hand on Henry's shoulder.

MR. HALLOWAY

Don't take it too hard, son. You're not the first would-be do-gooder to get tangled in his own underwear.

HENRY

But...but...

MR. HALLOWAY

I hope you get exactly what you
deserve out of life, Henry. It's
up to you whether that's a
blessing or a curse.

Uncle Walter lifts the untouched drink from the conference
table and places it in Henry's hand.

UNCLE WALTER

You can have that drink now.

In a state of shock, Henry gulps down a slug of booze.
Uncle Willie removes the DVD disc from the player.

UNCLE WILLIE

Brother! There's always someone
around to help you feel guilty for
making a pot of dough!

Uncle Willie drops the disc into a shredding machine where
it sinks into a basket, slowly being shredded into a
hundred glittering pieces.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS BANQUET HALL - EVENING

A WEALTHY CROWD OF PATRONS arrives for a benefit. A sign
outside the hall reads: Friends of the Planet Society -
\$1000-A-Plate Dinner.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BANQUET HALL FOYER

WEALTHY GUESTS line up to enter the dinner. A student
HOSTESS and a brawny MENACING USHER stand before the door
which leads to the main room. Henry hands the Hostess his
invitation and starts to enter the room, when the Hostess
tugs his sleeve, stopping him.

HOSTESS

(suspiciously, to Henry)
Just a moment, sir...is that a
wool jacket?

HENRY

Why, yes. I got it last winter in
Sydney.

HOSTESS

I suppose you know where wool comes from.

HENRY

Well, the best wool comes from New Zealand, but don't tell the Australians that.

HOSTESS

(glaring at him)

It comes from sheep.

She snaps her fingers and motions to the Menacing Usher.

HENRY

Oh, yes. Of course. And certain yaks. I-

The Menacing Usher roughly starts to pull Henry's coat jacket off. Henry is startled by the strong-arm treatment.

HENRY

Hey!

HOSTESS

The Student Mobilization Committee for Animal Democracy has declared this building a cruelty-free zone.

Henry is conscious of the other guests watching him.

HENRY

(embarrassed)

Oh...Yes, of course...I wouldn't want to - Hey!

The Menacing Usher tugs at Henry's belt.

HENRY

He's taking my belt!

HOSTESS

All animal products are forbidden. No fur, feather, hide or leather.

The Menacing Usher picks up Henry's foot, removes an expensive shoe and holds it up disgustedly to the Hostess.

MENACING USHER

Alligator!

HENRY

Look, I can't go in to dinner
without a jacket and shoes!

HOSTESS

The committee will provide you
with approved clothes for dinning,
sir.

INT. BANQUENT HALL

REPORTERS are gathered around STATE SENATOR GEORGE BOWEN
(40's) an up-and-coming politician. He sits at a table with
PROF. WHITLEY (60's) and DR. PAULA ROSEWOOD (30's). PAULA
is bright, attractive and sure of herself.

REPORTER #1

Senator Bowen, will you support
Proposition 6, which creates new
regulations for industry to
safeguard the environment?

SENATOR BOWEN

You mean the "Blue Skies"
initiative? Absolutely. I'm making
it the centerpiece of my campaign.
Dr. Rosewood here has taught me
the golden rule of environmental
politics.

REPORTER #2

What's that, Dr. Rosewood?

PAULA

(with a smile)

"Ask not what your planet can do
for you...

SENATOR BOWEN

...ask what you can do for your
planet."

Everyone chuckles as an AIDE speaks to the reporters.

AIDE

I'm sorry, but the Senator has another dinner to attend across town.

SENATOR BOWEN

What, again?

(to the reporters)

How do you like that? This is my second dinner of the evening and I haven't eaten a thing yet!

(rising and taking Paula's hand)

Well, goodbye for now, Paula. I expect to be seeing a lot more of you around the capitol.

PAULA

And I expect to see you in the Governor's mansion next election. Goodnight, Senator.

The SENATOR sweeps out followed by the REPORTERS, leaving Paula and Prof. Whitley alone at the table.

PROF. WHITLEY

I didn't know you were interested in politics, Paula. Getting bored with the classroom?

PAULA

I never much cared for being locked up in a tower - ivory or otherwise.

Something across the way catches Paula's eye.

ANGLE ON HENRY

With as much dignity as he can muster, Henry stands at the top of the stairs which lead to the main room, wearing his "student approved" clothing - a loud, oversized jacket and hideous shoes about four sizes too big. He awkwardly threads a rope belt through the loops of his pants.

BACK AT THE TABLE

PAULA

(amused)

Looks like the circus is in town.

PROF. WHITLEY

Ha! And young Mr. Halloway is wearing the tent.

PAULA

You know him?

PROF. WHITLEY

One of my graduates from the English Department. When I first met Henry, he was disgustingly cheerful and optimistic about life.

PAULA

You cured him of that, naturally.

PROF. WHITLEY

Naturally. I felt it was my duty as a college professor.

PAULA

He's certainly a handsome lad. I wonder how big the bulge is in his pants.

PROF. WHITLEY

Don't be vulgar, Paula.

PAULA

I was talking about his wallet.

PROF. WHITLEY

So was I.

ANGLE ON HENRY

He's about to tie the rope belt around his waist when Prof. Whitley's voice calls out.

PROF. WHITLEY (O.S.)

Henry!

Henry spots Prof. Whitley, waves happily and dashes down the stairs. But he neglects to secure his rope belt - his pants fall down around his ankles and he trips on the steps. He tumbles right into a passing WAITER with a tray full of dinnerware. They both tumble off-screen. We don't see the fall, but we certainly hear it. CRASH! CLATTER! KABANG!

BACK AT THE TABLE

Paula winces at the noise, then looks amused by Henry's pratfall.

BACK TO HENRY

At the bottom of the steps, surrounded by scattered plates and silverware, Henry rises from the floor in his boxer shorts, apologetically helps the Waiter to his feet, pulls his pants back up then hurries off. He suddenly appears again, grabs an oversized shoe that came loose on the steps, then hurries off once more.

BACK AT THE TABLE

Henry approaches, hopping on one foot as he tries to put his shoe back on and keep his pants up.

HENRY

Hello, Professor! How's the English Department?

PROF. WHITLEY

Still upset that I never teach any! How's the bedding business?

HENRY

Funny you should ask. I was just talking to my Father this morning and -

(seeing Paula)

Oh, hello...

PROF. WHITLEY

Henry, this is Dr. Paula -

Henry extends his hand to shake, but his pants fall down.

PROF. WHITLEY

Dr. Paula Rosewood. She's on -

Henry pulls his pants back up, then extends his hand again. But now his hand holds his shoe and there's a bit of business as the shoe awkwardly shuttles back and forth between Henry and Paula's hands and Henry tries to keep his pants up.

HENRY

Ooops, sorry. Heh-heh.

Henry finally ties his pants, puts on his shoe, shakes hands with Paula.

PROF. WHITLEY

She's on sabbatical from -

HENRY

(recognizing her)
- McKinley College, School of
Philosophy.

PAULA

Why, yes, that's right.

HENRY

I'm a big fan of yours, Doctor!
Only last week I picked up a copy
of your latest book, "The End of
Everything." I found the chapter
on global warming very chilling.

PAULA

Thank you. Please, join us.

HENRY

Alright, but I warn you - I
haven't had a bite to eat all day.
You'll have to watch out for
sparks from my knife and fork,
heh-heh.

Henry seats himself as a SECOND WAITER places a plate of
flower blossoms in front of him.

HENRY

What's this?

SECOND WAITER

Your flowers, sir.

HENRY

Really? Somebody sent me flowers?
How thoughtful! Is there a card
with them?

SECOND WAITER

They're from the kitchen, sir.

HENRY

Who do I know in the kitchen?

PAULA

(as the Second Waiter exits)
They're edible flowers, grown in
the wild. Bachelor Buttons, Johnny
Jump Ups...

HENRY

(alarmed)

You mean they expect us to eat
pansies for dinner?

PROF. WHITLEY

Modern agriculture is ecologically
immoral, Henry. We Americans will
have to get used to alternate food
sources.

HENRY

(gazing glumly at meal)

Still...I mean, for a thousand
bucks a plate...

PROF. WHITLEY

Surely you remember my poetry
lecture on the approaching famine
and the inevitable collapse of the
Western World.

(thinking)

Or was it the other way 'round?

The lights dim and we hear a DRUM ROLL. Everyone's
attention turns to...

THE BANQUET HALL STAGE

An ANNOUNCER speaks off-screen.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Ladies and Gentlemen...Friends of
the Planet is proud to present,
the Enviro-Sphere!

DRAMATIC MUSIC plays as the stage curtains open revealing
the Enviro-Sphere - an 8-foot tall globe of the earth
mounted on a self-propelled pedestal. The globe lights up

like a Christmas tree, spins slowly on its axis and rolls on its pedestal to the foot of the stage.

The audience of WEALTHY PATRONS, seated at banquet tables, loudly applauds the appearance of the Sphere.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

The Enviro-Sphere will give an up-to-the-second graphic display of man's destruction of the earth.

BACK TO THE TABLE

Henry dispiritedly eats his plate of flower blossoms with a knife and fork.

Paula casts sidelong glances at him.

BACK TO THE STAGE

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Every oil spill, smog-alert and nuclear melt-down will instantly show up on the globe, proof positive of mankind's violence against the gentle, loving planet we call home.

At that moment, the Enviro-Sphere mistakenly rolls off the stage and falls heavily onto a banquet table.

CRUNCH! The table collapses – people SCREAM – food and drinks go flying!

No one's hurt, but a number of Wealthy Patrons lie pinned to the floor, trapped under the weight of the gentle, loving planet.

The MUSIC grinds to a halt and the Enviro-Sphere dies with a sigh. A team of EGGHEAD TECHNICIANS in white lab coats race out of the wings to handle the mishap.

BACK TO THE TABLE

PAULA

(to Prof. Whitley)

Looks like world collapse came a little earlier than you thought.

Henry finishes his plate of flowers, pats his mouth with a napkin and speaks with forced enthusiasm.

HENRY

You know, those flowers weren't
half bad.

Still hungry, he searches the table's floral centerpiece
for another flower to eat.

PAULA

You mentioned something about your
Father?

PROF. WHITLEY

Henry's following his father in
the bedding business.

HENRY

Well, I was until this morning
when I got -
(catching himself)
- um, when I quit. I finally
realized that I can't be a
businessman and be environmentally
ethical as well.

PROF. WHITLEY

Good for you, Henry!

Henry takes a flower from the centerpiece, and bites off
the entire bloom.

HENRY

(mouth full)

It's like you wrote about in your
book, Dr. Rosewood...modern man
has forgotten how to live
authentically. Especially we
Americans.

PROF. WHITLEY

Who can live authentically in a
country dedicated to making money?

Henry swallows hard; this flower isn't going down easy. He
takes a sip of water then pops another bloom in his mouth.

HENRY

(chewing)

Exactly. Our society has an obsession with the artificial and the man-made. We've lost touch with the natural world.

(swallowing hard)

Boy, these flowers are tough.

He takes another sip of water as Paula says...

PAULA

I think they're plastic.

Henry does an enormous spit-take, spraying water everywhere.

BACK TO THE STAGE

The Egghead Technicians have hoisted the Enviro-Sphere back on the platform and opened a control hatch on the globe. They poke inside the Sphere with screwdrivers and bang on the globe trying to get it to work properly.

BACK TO THE TABLE

Henry mops his brow as Paula pats him on the back.

HENRY

(clearing his throat)

Anyway, Professor, I've decided to return to school and earn my masters in ecological science.

PROF. WHITLEY

Well, this is good -

PAULA

I have a better idea. Why don't you come live with me?

Henry stares at her in astonishment.

HENRY

Live with you?

PAULA

Yes...in Global Village.
(to Prof. Whitley)
With all respect, Richard, Henry
already has an education – what he
needs now is enlightenment.

HENRY

I'm not sure I follow.

PAULA

Stay in school, Henry, and you'll
just be splashing around in the
shallow end of the pool. It's time
you jumped off the deep end. And
there's nothing deeper than Deep
Ecology.

BACK TO THE STAGE

The Egghead Technicians continue to fiddle with the globe.
SNAP! With a high-voltage spark, the Enviro-Sphere surges
to life. Revving up like a dynamo, it spins out of control
and careens crazily around the stage. The Egghead
Technicians give frantic chase.

BACK TO THE TABLE

PAULA

Shallow Ecology believes that
pollution can be controlled with
science and technology. But Deep
Ecology knows that pollution is
not the problem, but merely a
symptom of a far more serious
disease...a disease called
humanity.

HENRY

(uneasy at the thought)
That's a little...I mean...it's
not like we're a germ or
something.

PAULA

You're wrong, Henry – it's exactly like that. Modern Man is a pathogen of the planet. Deep Ecology is the cure for humanity. It empowers the Earth and puts Man in his place. After all, the fate of the Earth is greater than any one individual or even the whole of mankind.

HENRY

You really think so?

PROF. WHITLEY

Why shouldn't she think so? She's got tenure.

PAULA

Deep Ecology believes that all life is equal... a butterfly...a blade of grass...a human being. They're all part of the One – and no part is more important than the other.

BACK TO THE STAGE

The Egghead Technicians hold fast to the vibrating Enviro-Sphere, trying to keep it from going berserk when...BOOM! The Sphere bursts into flames and starts chasing the Egghead Technicians around the stage.

BACK TO THE TABLE

HENRY

What's this place you mentioned? Global...?

PAULA

Global Village – a progressive community dedicated to the study of Deep E-

Suddenly, the air is pierced by the honking of a fire alarm.

PROF. WHITLEY

What the devil?...

BACK TO THE STAGE

The blazing Enviro-Sphere has set fire to the stage curtains. The Egghead Technicians run around in useless panic as the flames spread and shouts of concern rise up from the audience. One of the Eggheads attempts to throw a bucket of water on the flames but it misses completely and drowns a fellow Egghead instead.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, this concludes our presentation of the Enviro-Sphere. Please move quickly to the nearest fire exit and have a pleasant good evening.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS BANQUET HALL - EVENING

Pandemonium! Wealthy Patrons stream from the building as smoke billows out the windows. With sirens wailing and lights flashing, fire engines pull up to the scene. FIRE FIGHTERS jump from the trucks and hook up their hoses.

ANGLE ON HENRY AND PAULA - They walk quickly down the front steps with the rest of the crowd. In his haste, Henry loses an oversized shoe on the stairs.

HENRY

Wait, I lost my shoe again!

Paula

A good idea. Let's lose the other one, too.

Paula picks up Henry's leg, slips off his shoe and throws it into the crowd. Then she leans against him and removes her own.

PAULA

(playfully)

Now we'll feel the grass between our toes.

She drops her shoes into a waste basket and takes Henry by the hand.

PAULA

Come on...

HENRY

What about Professor Whitley?

PAULA

He can take off his own shoes!

She leads Henry away from the crowd and into the night.

ANGLE ON THE EGGHEAD TECHNICIANS

Coughing from the smoke, they stagger out of the building, their white lab jackets scorched and smoldering. One of them turns on an emergency fire hose and mistakenly drenches his fellow EGGHEADS in a torrent of water, knocking them to the ground.

DISSOLVE TO:

TWO PAIRS OF BARE FEET

They walk on the grass in the evening dew. REVEAL...

EXT. CAMPUS GROUNDS - NIGHT

Henry and Paula stroll through the broad lawns of the campus grounds.

PAULA

In Global Village, we walk barefoot all the time.

(laughing)

And spend the day half-naked, too!

HENRY

Really? Tell me about it.

(quickly)

Global Village, I mean.

PAULA

It's forty acres of homestead and farm land we've liberated for green living. We raise vegetables, chickens, sheep - even a pair of goats.

HENRY

Goats?

PAULA

For the milk. To live in balance with Nature, you have to experience it directly. That means doing everything by hand – from growing your own food to building your own shelter. Our goal is to be totally self-sufficient by the end of the year.

HENRY

Sounds like a lot of work.

PAULA

Not really. The world is a generous place, Henry – all you have to do is tickle it in the right spot.

She playfully pokes Henry in the side and he reflexively gives a ticklish yelp.

HENRY

(nervously)

That's the right spot, all right, heh-heh.

PAULA

I believe in opening myself up completely to Nature. Like biting into a summer fruit and letting the juices run down my chin.

HENRY

I'm not like that, you know. One dribble and I'm reaching for a napkin.

Paula impulsively embraces a tree and hugs it with a sexual passion.

PAULA

Or wrapping my arms around a tree and losing myself in its power.

She leans her head against the trunk and closes her eyes.

PAULA

I can almost feel the thick sap
coursing through the wood, the
life of the earth surging against
my body, penetrating me, filling
me completely.

HENRY

(gulping at the thought)
You get all that from a sycamore?

PAULA

And sometimes, when the warm rain
showers from the sky, I strip off
my clothes and roll naked in the
mud.

She leans in close to Henry, her lips inches from his ear.

PAULA

I'd like to see you rolling in the
mud, Henry.

Suddenly, something catches Paula's eye off-screen

PAULA

(with surprising bitterness)
The arrogant bastards!

Shocked by her sudden mood swing, Henry watches Paula stalk
off.

HENRY

What's the matter?

He follows her to...

EXT. A HIGH PROMENADE ON THE CAMPUS GROUNDS

The promenade overlooks the city. A vast sea of glittering
lights stretches out to the horizon. Paula stares at the
dazzling sight.

HENRY

What's wrong?

PAULA

(savagely)
The lights...they outshine
everything in the sky. It's awful.

HENRY

(gazing at the lights)
Well, I don't know. I always
thought they looked rather pretty.

PAULA

It's a sinister illusion, Henry.
Behind every one of those lights
is a giant power plant breeding
nuclear waste or belching tons of
global-warming poisons into the
air.

HENRY

(deflated)
Oh, yes...I see what you mean...

PAULA

Thomas Edison was a criminal.

HENRY

(hesitantly)
Listen...I happen to know quite a
bit about growing vegetables. I
used to help my mother in the
garden, behind the East Wing. I'm
just thinking that maybe I should
join you in Global Village.

PAULA

It takes more than raising
vegetables, Henry. We have to
raise money, as well.

HENRY

Oh. Like tonight's dinner.

PAULA

(nodding)
Global Village depends on
fundraising. I'd rather be
teaching, but half my time is
spent rattling a tin cup just to
keep the dream alive.

HENRY

Well, I can help there, too. Pop's always funding something or other. It's time I started funding for myself. And I have just the trust fund to do it.

Paula smiles and takes him by the hand.

PAULA

I'll have you rolling in the mud in no time, Henry.

We hold on Henry and Paula silhouetted by the lights of the city. A beat, then Henry's pants fall down to his ankles. As he struggles to pull them up we slowly...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CHAPMAN'S GENERAL STORE - TWO WEEKS LATER

Chapman's General Store stands at the dusty crossroads of a rural town. GRACIE MCKENNA (20's) parks her pick-up in the warm sunshine and enters the store. Gracie is strong, bright and pretty - everything you'd want in a farmer's daughter.

INT. CHAPMAN'S GENERAL STORE - DAY

MRS. CHAPMAN sits behind the counter with her cat, Miss Elsie.

GRACIE

Hello, Mrs. Chapman.

MRS. CHAPMAN

Hello, Gracie. How are you today?

GRACIE

Tolerable well. And yourself?

MRS. CHAPMAN

Fair to middlin'.

GRACIE

(petting the cat)
And how's Miss Elsie?

MRS. CHAPMAN

Betwixt and between, as always.
Your feed order's all set. Just
sign here.

As Gracie signs her name, Mrs. Chapman points to newspaper
headline: DROUGHT THREATENS COUNTY.

MRS. CHAPMAN

Did you see the headline, Gracie?
We got ourselves an official
drought.

GRACIE

(sighing)

I don't need the papers to tell me
that, Mrs. Chapman. In a few weeks
I expect McKenna Creek to be as
dry as an old maid's kiss. One day
it'll be there, and the next day -
gone!

ANGLE ON HENRY

He stands inside a phone booth in the store.

HENRY

(into phone)

No number at all? Thanks anyway.

Disappointed, Henry hangs up. He checks his watch, sighs,
then picks up a suitcase and exits the booth.

BACK AT THE COUNTER

Henry enters and Gracie studies him out of the corner of
her eye.

MRS. CHAPMAN

Did you find them, Mr. Halloway?

HENRY

No. The number's unlisted. I'll
just have to wait awhile, I guess.

GRACIE

(to Henry)

Trouble?

HENRY

Someone was supposed to meet me at
the bus depot.

MRS. CHAPMAN

(to Gracie)

He's waiting on folks from Global
Village.

(significantly)

You know...the old Hatcher place.

GRACIE

Oh.

(to Henry)

You're in luck. I'm headed out
that way. I'll give you a lift.

HENRY

(folksy)

Well, that's right neighborly of
you...

In a strong, easy motion Gracie hefts a large sack of feed
onto her shoulder and takes Henry's suitcase in her free
hand.

GRACIE

You can thank me by grabbing that
other sack.

She walks out the door as Henry studies the sack of grain
with trepidation – it must weigh 50 pounds! Not wanting to
appear unmanly, he takes a deep breath and swings the sack
onto his shoulder. But it's much too heavy for him – he
loses control and careens backward out of frame...CRASH!
CLATTER! KA-BANG! From off-screen, an avalanche of canned
goods tumbles into the scene.

EXT. RURAL ROAD

As seen through the windows of Gracie's truck, endless rows
of farm crops race. They stretch as far as the eye can see
across the gentle, rolling countryside. From off-screen we
hear the voices of Henry and Gracie.

HENRY (O.S.)

I thought the paper said we were
in the middle of a drought.
Everything looks pretty green to
me.

GRACIE (O.S.)

Thanks to the reservoirs. Once they're gone, this whole county'll be drier than a Mormon picnic.

INT. GRACIE'S PICKUP TRUCK

Gracie drives down a country road while Henry holds a large bag of party ice on top of his head.

GRACIE

How do you feel?

HENRY

(tenderly removing bag)
Like I was clobbered by twelve cases of canned peaches.

GRACIE

In heavy syrup.

HENRY

(rubbing head)
I believe it.
(thinking)
Now where was I?

GRACIE

(recalling his words)
You met this Dr. Rosewood woman and had a "personal transformation of values."

HENRY

Yes, that's right. She convinced me it was time to shun the materialist illusions of big city America and pursue the spiritual simplicity of country living.

GRACIE

Better try that ice bag again. You sound a mite feverish.

HENRY

Joke if you want, but it wasn't easy giving up all my worldly possessions. I sold the sports car, the SUV, the snowmobile, the motor boat...

GRACIE

You must have worked pretty hard to earn all that at your age.

HENRY

Well, not exactly. You see, I've always gotten a rather generous allowance from my father.

GRACIE

Oh. So I guess you gave up all your father's worldly possessions.

HENRY

(defensively)

Technically, yes. But it's the "giving up" part that counts.

GRACIE

Counts for what?

HENRY

Counts for everything! Self-sacrifice is the key to spiritual growth and ecological awareness.

GRACIE

It is?

HENRY

Certainly. That's the whole point behind communal living. In Global Village nobody lives for himself, but only for a higher good...the good of the planet.

GRACIE

(skeptically)

I know a little something about "self-sacrifice" and "the higher good," Mr. Halloway...and also about communes. I've lived next door to several in my day.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE — GRACIE AS A LITTLE GIRL

EXT. HATCHER FARM FIELD — DAY

In an idyllic scene from her childhood, YOUNG GRACIE waves to MR. HATCHER as he drives a reaping machine through a field of corn stalks.

GRACIE (V.O.)

It all began with old man Hatcher. He worked the land next to ours for 40 years and showed a profit for damn near every one. I was only six or seven when he passed away. His wife had died earlier, so everything went to his son, Gilbert.

GILBERT, a sullen-looking farm boy, follows behind the reaper collecting sheaths and stacking them.

GRACIE (V.O.)

But Gilbert didn't care about profit. He had his own ideas what to do with the land.

EXT. THE HATCHER FARMHOUSE — MONTHS LATER — DAY

As acid rock blares on a stereo, a tribe of HIPPIES holds a counter-culture picnic in the backyard of the Hatcher farmhouse.

GRACIE (V.O.)

He turned the place into a hippie commune dedicated to peace, love and expanded consciousness.

A FLOWER CHILD serves Gilbert an hors d'oeuvre dish filled with marijuana joints, mushrooms and assorted pills.

GRACIE (V.O.)

Everyone thought hippies died out years ago, but somehow they all found their way down to Gilbert's farm.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF THE FARMHOUSE

The Hippies smoke from a hookah and watch TV. Everyone's laughing except for Gilbert who stares at the screen with a fixated, wild-eyed look on his face. We hear Dezi Arnez singing "Cuban Pete" in the background.

GRACIE (V.O.)

Rumor has it that Gilbert lost his mind one Fourth of July when he swallowed five hits of Yellow Sunshine while watching a 24 hour "I Love Lucy" marathon.

EXT. ROOF OF THE FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

In a catatonic state, Gilbert clings to the iron rooster weather vane high atop the farmhouse. He swings in the night breeze with the shifting winds.

Down below, COPS train the spotlights of their cars on Gilbert atop the house while MEN IN WHITE COATS scratch their heads trying to figure out how to get him down. One of them unfolds a straight jacket. Young Gracie watches from a distance.

GRACIE (V.O.)

I was there when they coaxed him down from the roof and took him away to the County Hospital. A few months later, Gilbert came home and got radicalized.

INT. KITCHEN OF THE FARMHOUSE - A FEW MONTHS LATER - DAY

A group of LEFTIST RADICALS, dressed in guerilla chic, are engaged in animated discussion. Under portraits of Marx, Lenin and Mao, some study copies of *Das Kapital* while others clean automatic weapons.

Gilbert constructs a time bomb on the kitchen table using sticks of dynamite and an alarm clock.

GRACIE (V.O.)

The commune was turned into a worker's collective dedicated to social justice through high explosives.

EXT. EDGE OF HATCHER FARM FIELD

Young Gracie plays with her dolls near the edge of the field of corn. Gilbert approaches and starts to talk, handing her a pamphlet with Che Guevara's picture on it. Off in the distance is the Hatcher farmhouse.

GRACIE (V.O.)

One day, when Gilbert was explaining to me the role of the proletariat in the class struggle, there was a work accident in the kitchen.

KA-BOOM! THE ENTIRE FARMHOUSE SUDDENLY EXPLODES IN A BALL OF FLAME! Young Gracie and Gilbert watch silently as thick black smoke pours into the sky from the ruins.

GRACIE (V.O.)

After the farmhouse was rebuilt, Gilbert went to India and studied with the Maharishi Ram Ji, the 90 year-old Perfect Master.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - MONTHS LATER - DAY

The old, bearded MAHARISHI RAM JI sits on a throne of gold, smiling vacantly and holding a bunch of flowers. In front of him kneel numerous beautiful GIRL DISCIPLES wearing saffron robes. Gilbert plays the sitar as the Girls chant.

GRACIE (V.O.)

The Perfect Master founded an ashram dedicated to...what was it?...oh, yes..."transcendent unity with the Supreme Mind" through meditation, sexual abstinence and a strict vow of poverty.

EXT. DRIVEWAY OF THE FARMHOUSE - WEEKS LATER - DAY

As the beautiful Girl Disciples watch with tears in their eyes, the smiling Maharishi is led away in handcuffs by stern State Troopers.

GRACIE (V.O.)

The ashram fell apart, however, when the Maharishi was deported back to India on morals charges and failure to declare the tax on 27 luxury cars.

Young Gracie watches as the Maharishi is taken past a fleet of Rolls Royces parked in the driveway.

GRACIE (V.O.)

Apparently, the Perfect Master had a weakness for underage virgins and Rolls Royces.

As the Maharishi is put in the back of a squad car, Gilbert stands nearby, paging through a peace pamphlet.

GRACIE (V.O.)

It didn't end there, though. Next came the peace activists, the homeless marchers and others I can't recall right off.

BACK TO HENRY AND GRACIE IN THE TRUCK - END OF FLASHBACK

Henry listens silently as Gracie finishes her story.

GRACIE

Now it's the ecologists. I expect them to go bust, too. All this talk about self-sacrifice and the higher good sounds noble, Mr. Halloway, but out here with the cows it isn't worth a pitcher of warm spit.

(stopping the truck)

We're here.

HENRY

(jolted from his thoughts)
Huh?

GRACIE

(pointing)

Right up the road there is Global Village. My place is the next farm over.

Henry doesn't move. He just sits in the truck, thinking.

GRACIE

There's another bus that comes through town around four o'clock. I wouldn't mind turning around and dropping you off back at the depot.

HENRY

(after a pause)

No. No, I'll get out here.

He steps from the truck with his suitcase and closes the door.

HENRY

Thanks again for the ride.

GRACIE

Don't mention it.

HENRY

(reluctant to leave)

Well...so long.

GRACIE

So long.

HENRY

Have a nice day.

GRACIE

Same to you.

HENRY

Make it a good one.

GRACIE

Best of luck.

HENRY

See you later?

GRACIE

Goodbye.

Gracie puts the truck into gear and drives away.

ANGLE ON GRACIE INSIDE THE TRUCK

She shakes her head and sighs with regret.

GRACIE

What a waste of cheekbone!

EXT. ROAD IN WOODS – DAY

Henry stands in the middle of the road, looking a little lost and uncertain. The road is surrounded by a thick stand of trees.

CLOSE ON A HAPPY LITTLE BIRD

He sings a happy little tune in the tree above Henry.

BACK TO HENRY

He smiles and takes a deep breath, drinking in the country air. Newly invigorated, he picks up his suitcase and ambles down the road.

After a few paces, an ornery-looking BILLY GOAT appears from out of the trees and follows behind Henry. Henry walks a little faster; the goat walks a little faster. Henry walks faster still; so does the goat.

Growing alarmed, Henry keeps increasing his speed until he's sprinting wildly down the road desperately trying to outrun the ill-tempered goat. Henry dashes into the trees.

EXT. WOODS

Henry continues to run into the woods. He tries to put as much distance between him and the goat as he can. Exhausted, he stops beside a tree and gazes anxiously behind him.

ANGLE ON A BEAVER

The BEAVER gnaws though the trunk of a nearby pine tree. CRACK! The wood snaps and the tree begins to fall.

BACK TO HENRY

He hears the sound of falling timber and looks up just in time to see the tree about to clobber him.

HENRY

Yaaaahhhhhh!

He takes off running seconds before the tree CRASHES to the ground, missing him by inches.

EXT. ROAD IN WOODS – DAY

Henry dashes out of the trees and back on to the road. But the goat is waiting for him and once again the chase is on!

As the goat pursues Henry, he drops his suitcase and it pops open, spilling shirts and socks on the ground.

Henry spies a large stick on the side of the road. He picks it up, turns to face the goat and waves the weapon menacingly in the air.

HENRY

Back! Back!

The goat comes to a screeching halt – but not for the reason Henry thinks. Between Henry's legs, the goat sees a SKUNK scoot out of the brush and lift his tail, ready to spray.

With a startled bleat, the goat does an about-face and gallops away.

HENRY

Ha!

Henry triumphantly throws down the stick, turns and...SPLAT! A thick stream of smelly skunk oil sprays him right in the face!

HENRY

Yaaaahhhhhh!

Once more, Henry takes off down the road.

EXT. SHALLOW CREEK

Henry runs to the edge of the creek, ripping off his shirt. He bends down to the creek, wets his shirt and uses it as a washcloth to wash off the awful smell on his face.

ANGLE ON A VERY LARGE SWAN

Angered at having his home invaded, the SWAN scurries up behind Henry and bites him savagely on the rear.

HENRY

Yaaaahhhhhh!

BACK TO HENRY

He somersaults into the creek as the SWAN honks madly from the shore.

Henry rises up sputtering from the water and backs away from the threatening swan. Suddenly, his eyes bulge and he lets out his loudest scream yet.

HENRY

Yeeeeooooowww!!

Henry splashes out of the water and onto the bank. A large SNAPPING TURTLE dangles between his legs, the reptile's jaws clamped painfully on his crotch!

HENRY

Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!

Henry runs off.

EXT. ROCKS NEAR EDGE OF SHALLOW POND

In his panic, Henry runs to the top of a large boulder and frantically tries to tug the turtle off his privates. It lets go unexpectedly and Henry is sent tumbling head first off the rock.

HENRY

Yaaaahhhhhh!

SPLOOSH! Henry lands in a shallow pond. Gasping and panting, he pokes his head up from the water, nervously searching for new disaster. A WOMAN'S VOICE speaks.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Are you lost?

Startled, Henry turns to find a beautiful young woman sitting by the pond. Wearing a white toga and a garland of flowers in her hair, she seems a delicate, ethereal spirit of nature – a WOOD NYMPH. Perched on her shoulder is a beautiful white dove. Throughout the rest of the movie, she's never seen without it.

HENRY

Thank God! A human being!

WOOD NYMPH

Only somebody lost would go
swimming in Leech Lake.

HENRY

(worked up)

The animals...they tried to kill
me! First a goat chased me into
the -

(a sudden thought)

Did you say Leech Lake?

WOOD NYMPH

Uh-huh.

A look of concern crosses Henry's face. He stands up in the
water revealing his bare upper body to be covered with
scores of black, squirming, blood-sucking LEECHES!

HENRY

Yaaaahhhhhh!

It's all too much for Henry - in mid-scream, he groans and
faints dead away, flopping face first into the water.

BACK TO THE GOAT

He stands in the middle of the road, happily chewing
Henry's clothes that spilled from his suitcase.

FADE OUT.