

**THE FLAT SIDE OF THE EARTH**

**an original screenplay**

**by**

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**First Draft**

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1 INT. HOUSE - DAY

1

MAYA SOBCHUK moves about her cluttered house. The walls of the tiny house are covered by paintings, drawings and photographs in a wide range of styles. A large, crudely carved wooden horse sits on the mantelpiece beside coffee tins full of brushes, and stacks of books and paper. The dining room table lies underneath another pile of books and papers, and a small hill of smeared rags sits on a chair. Maya scoops tubes of paint into a satchel, grabs a handful of brushes and wraps them in a cloth and selects one from a number of primed, stretched canvases that line the walls. Pulling on a battered, wide-brimmed hat she exits the house.

2 EXT. MAYA'S HOUSE - DAY

2

The house sits on a few acres of land in a shallow valley a few miles away from the town of Lumsden, Saskatchewan. The year is 1960, summertime, and the prairie sky is a clear, translucent blue. Maya stops to look across the large garden at the side of the house. She seems satisfied at its development. She is in her late thirties. She wears her hair short, and her old dungarees and checked shirt are well worn, with patches at the elbows and knees. A pair of heavy soled leather shoes kick up little clouds of dust as Maya heads down towards the gravel road that runs a hundred yards below her house. From a distance she might be mistaken for a young boy wearing his father's clothes. Her skin is deeply tanned, and as her eyes squint in the bright sun, the collection of crows feet nestled nearby deepens, but her movements are as strong and graceful as someone twenty years younger.

3 MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE

3

4 INT. ART COLLEGE STUDIO - DAY

4

A group of college students stand in a semi-circle around an undraped woman, easels in front of them, charcoals in hand. Late afternoon sunlight streams through the large windows. DUNCAN MACDONALD, a man in his late twenties, paces through the room, stopping occasionally to correct a student, or more often, gaze out the windows. He wears a suit with discomfort, and though his dark hair is combed back, rebel strands keep falling into his eyes, which are dark, and deep set. He is clean shaven, but for a small, closely cropped goatee. ALAN JONES, a man slightly older than Macdonald, enters the room. The students pause only to register his presence before returning to their easels. Jones is a tall man, but with none of the hesitation that often comes with height. A small smile plays on his lips as he approaches Macdonald.

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4

ALAN

Can you meet with Gwynne and me this evening?

DUNCAN

What? What about?

Jones smile grows wider at Macdonald's impatience.

ALAN

Have some patience Duncan, can you meet with Gwynne and I at 7:00 p.m. at the Regent?

Macdonald scowls at Jones' secrecy.

DUNCAN

Yes of course, I wish you wouldn't play around like this.

Jones laughs, and patting Macdonald on the back, turns to leave the room, calling back over his shoulder.

ALAN

7:00 p.m.

As Jones exits the room Macdonald turns to stare out the window, lost in thought.

5 EXT. VALLEY - DAY

5

Maya Sobchuk sits on a small camp stool positioned at the top of a hill. A valley lies beneath her, a thin brook curls across the floor, copses of trees tucked into the folds of the brown hills. A thermos stands beside the stool. Her satchel spills out brushes, rags and tubes of paint. The thin piece of wood that serves as a palette sits atop the spiky, khaki grass, blues and golds and rich browns collected into smears. A canvas is secured to a small folding stand. Maya stands and looks out across the valley towards the setting sun. She looks at the fading light on the far hills, and then returns her gaze to the canvas. Taking up a brush she applies paint in a series of rapid, steady strokes. Pausing, a wave of frustration ripples across her face, and she turns away from the canvas and kicks at the short, sharp grass that covers the hilltop.

6 INT. BEVERAGE ROOM - EVENING

6

Duncan Macdonald sits with GWYNNE TOMPKINS, a man in his early fifties. They are in the beverage room of the Regent Hotel, a dark, uninviting room full of identical formica tables, circled by matching vinyl chairs. A few solitary

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figures are scattered about the room, a silent television flickers above the bar. Tompkins is a tall thin man, casually but neatly dressed in a cardigan and smartly knotted tie. His unlit pipe rests beside a leather pouch of tobacco on the table top. His speech is still coloured by a Lancashire accent despite his fifteen years in Saskatchewan. A look of frustration crosses his face.

GWYNNE

No, I'm sorry Duncan, I don't agree at all. I think its very important that we provide a sound, fundamental training. I mean you have to learn to walk before you can run.

DUNCAN

But Gwynne I'm not suggesting that we throw out everything, I just think that we have to respond to what's going on today.

GWYNNE

I don't see how today is any different from any other time. Fundamentals are fundamental, at any time...

Tompkins spots Alan Jones, and seems relieved.

GWYNNE

...at any rate, this gentleman is in charge these days, hello Alan.

Macdonald had not seen Jones enter, and turns in confusion, as Jones pats him on the back and pulls up a chair. Jones is smiling.

ALAN

Hello Gwynne, hi Mac, thanks for coming.

DUNCAN

(impatiently)  
What's this all about Alan.

Jones' smile grows wider. He's enjoying the suspense. He pulls AN OPENED ENVELOPE from his jacket pocket, and places it on the bar table. Macdonald grabs it up and pulls out the letter. He scans it greedily, and lets out a LOUD WHOOP that causes the few heads in the room to turn. He slaps the letter down on the table, where it is taken by Tompkins.

DUNCAN

This is goddamn fantastic, when did you get this?

ALAN

It arrived this morning.

Tompkins frowns as he reads the letter, and taking up his unlit pipe chews silently.

DUNCAN

This is incredible Alan, I mean christ, Calvin Schwartz!

Tompkins places the letter on the table top and CLEARS HIS THROAT.

GWYNNE

I thought we were still discussing whom to invite.

Jones and Macdonald exchange looks. Tompkins does not seem to share their joy.

ALAN

Yes, well I'm sorry Gwynne, but he was one of the names we'd discussed and when I wrote to sound him out about it he accepted and it would be very rude to withdraw the invitation now...

DUNCAN

(cutting in)

...and besides Gwynne, both Alan and I had him top of our list and if it had come down to a vote he'd have won. Can't you see what an opportunity this is?

Tompkins frowns and avoids looking at Macdonald.

GWYNNE

I still think that procedures should have been followed. I mean inviting a chap from New York just like that without the decision being put to a vote in committee is just not the way to run things. I'm disappointed Alan.

ALAN

I'm sorry Gwynne, but Duncan's right, if it had come to a vote Calvin Schwartz would still have been the man, and this is a fantastic opportunity for all of us.

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6

Tompkins remains silent, but Macdonald laughs loudly as he calls for a round of drinks.

DUNCAN

Hey, another round here.

(to Jones)

I can't believe it. Calvin fucking Schwartz in Saskatchewan.

7 INT. OFFICE NEW YORK CITY - DAY

7

CALVIN SCHWARTZ, a man in his early fifties sits at a cluttered desk. He is dictating notes to a young woman, MISS LANCASTER. Schwartz is a small man, but his voice is deep, and he talks without pauses or hesitation.

CALVIN

I'm going to be making studio visits the week of the 20th, so I want you to call up Barnett, Greg, Mark, Jack, Richard, Cecil and Thomas and find out when is good for them in that period, and call N.Y.U. and find out exactly when and where my lecture is, I don't want any screw ups like the last time.

MISS LANCASTER

Yes Mr. Schwartz.

CALVIN

And call up Jenkins at Art Week and tell him I'm going to do an article for him on Canada, I'll have it for him in September, say 5000 words or so, Dorothy will provide the pictures.

MISS LANCASTER

Yes Mr. Schwartz, do you want me to book your flight?

CALVIN

No Dorothy and I are going to drive up to Sasas... Sasat... Canada, so I don't want anything booked for those three weeks. Oh, and get me an atlas will ya.

MISS LANCASTER

Yes Mr. Schwartz.

8 INT. ART COLLEGE STUDIO - NIGHT

8

A group of ten artists are gathered in the studio, among them Alan Jones, Gwynne Tompkins, Duncan Macdonald, and as

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Jones calls the meeting to order, Maya Sobchuk slips into the room. She is the only woman present and hangs back near the door as the others form up loosely in front of Jones.

ALAN

Gentlemen, can I have your attention please, gentleman, Oh, and Maya, hello Maya...

Heads turn towards Maya and Gwynne nods in greeting.

ALAN

...I'd like to call this meeting to order, I've got some very exciting news for you. Leading our workshop at Pike Lake this summer will be Calvin Schwartz.

Some CONFUSED MURMURING greets this news. It seems many are unfamiliar with this name, but Maya reacts with a start.

ALAN

As you no doubt know, Mr. Schwartz is the preeminent critic and theorist working today, and he has played an important role in the development of the New York school. This is really a great opportunity for us to work with someone like this and I think we're really lucky he's decided to come to Saskatchewan. Now this years workshop will run the last five days of August, so I need your money by July 30th at the latest. Are there any questions?

There is a period of silence, followed by another round of murmuring. Finally, KOSKININ, a man in his late fifties, stands.

KOSKININ

Alan I was just wondering why you didn't get a painter?

Duncan Macdonald scowls at this question, but Alan Jones replies with patience.

ALAN

Well we considered that Gary but the committee felt Mr. Schwartz had a lot to offer us.

As another round of MURMURING breaks out, Gwynne Tompkins leaves his seat and moves to the back of the room to greet Maya who has remained standing by the door. As they talk the

8 CONTINUED:

8

raising of QUESTIONS in the background can be heard, but they are muffled.

GWYNNE

Hello Maya, we haven't seen you around much this year.

Maya had been lost in thought, and Gwynne's question catches her off guard. She answers with a distracted air.

MAYA

Oh Gwynne, no I've been pretty busy. How have you been keeping?

GWYNNE

Oh, pretty well I guess. Are you coming up to Pike Lake this summer?

Maya smiles.

MAYA

I wouldn't miss it for the world.

Gwynne leans in closely.

GWYNNE

Are you familiar with this Schwartz character?

Maya looks at Gwynne in surprise.

MAYA

Oh, I've heard of him before. I've gotta run now Gwynne, I expect I'll see you up there.

Maya quickly turns and leaves the room. Tompkins says GOODBYE but she has already left the room. He turns back, a look of consternation on his face at Maya's abrupt departure. Questions continue. A short man in his fifties stands.

PAINTER #1

Is he another one of those abstract guys?

9 INT. MAYA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

9

Maya sits sipping at a cup of tea, flipping through an old photo album. Her eyes look far past the turning pages.

10 EXT. CAR NEW YORK CITY - DAY 10

The Schwartzs' car moves out across the bridge, away from Manhattan. The New York skyline gleams in the background, the roads are frantic, the harbour busy.

11 INT. CAR NEW YORK CITY - DAY 11

Calvin Schwartz and his wife DOROTHY are heading out of Manhattan en route to Saskatchewan. Dorothy drives while Calvin makes notes in a small notebook. Dorothy is in her mid fifties. She is casually, but well dressed, a strong trace of South Carolina remains in her voice.

CALVIN

You know I really think Justin's work might be going somewhere.

DOROTHY

Oh he's a fraud Calvin, I mean he's such a syncophant.

CALVIN

(laughing)

That's what I like about him. No, he's not so bad, just a little young. I'm going to do a studio visit as soon as we get back from Saskche, Saskacha, Canada... Say weren't you supposed to take that exit?

Dorothy smiles patiently.

DOROTHY

Calvin you concentrate on Justin and I'll concentrate on getting us to Canada.

Calvin rubs her arm in apology and returns to his notes.

12 INT. REGINA ART GALLERY - AFTERNOON 12

The small gallery in Regina is crowded with people, here for the opening of a show devoted to 19th century Canadian landscape paintings. The faculty of the college, Gwynne, Alan and Duncan are here, along with a section of Regina's haute bourgeoisies, women in flowered dresses with matching hats and white gloves, uncomfortable men in suits. A long table is laden with crustless sandwiches, and a large pot of tea stands by a row of porcelain cups. The men stand together in small groups talking about football and their lawns, aching to be outside, the women fuss about the sandwiches. In a corner Tompkins talks comfortably with two women, while Jones is talking to MRS. THIEL an older women, wrapped in

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12 CONTINUED:

12

pearls and a fox stole. Macdonald stands nearby, straining in his suit.

MRS. THIEL

Mr. Jones, you really must come to our presentation of Hamlet. Mr. Hanson is just superb.

Alan smiles in reply, as Mrs. Thiel heads back towards the tea table. She calls back to him.

MRS. THIEL

And bring Mr. Macdonald, we hardly see him.

Jones nods, and Macdonald, the coast clear, moves beside him.

ALAN

Deaf as a post.

Macdonald pulls again at his tie and mutters through his teeth.

DUNCAN

How much longer?

Jones smiles and looks around the room.

ALAN

Not until the Dean leaves.

Macdonald scowls.

DUNCAN

Can you come by the studio? I've got some new work.

ALAN

I'd love to, ...  
(whispering)  
oh shit!

Mrs. Thiel has returned with a plate of cucumber sandwiches. She pokes them towards the two men.

MRS. THIEL

Now there you are Mr. Macdonald, I was wondering your opinion on the Krieghoff. I think it's simply sublime. Do have a sandwich.

13 INT. MACDONALD'S STUDIO - NIGHT

13

Duncan Macdonald and Alan Jones are in Macdonald's tiny studio, an old garage not much changed since its former incarnation. Two bright light bulbs hang from the roof, a long work bench piled high with cans of paint, a coffee tin of brushes, and a cluttered pile of tools. A row of empty vodka bottles stand in front of a grimy window. A small pile of L.P.s lies at one end of the bench, near a small turntable upon which a CHARLIE PARKER RECORD PLAYS. Macdonald is dressed in a paint smeared pair of overalls. He has arranged six small panels around the room. His work is abstract, the panels are all light shades of grey and blue, the surface shimmering like the horizon on a hot summer day. Jones examines them carefully, while Macdonald nurses a tumbler full of vodka and draws deeply on a cigarette.

ALAN

Dammit Mac, you've been doing some work here!

Macdonald smiles with pleasure. He pours a large glass of vodka and hands it to Jones. Jones accepts it and leans in closely towards a section of one of the panels.

ALAN

This section here is incredible, how did you do this?

Again Macdonald smiles, but he will not give away his secrets.

DUNCAN

Yah, I really think things are coming together. You know that feeling when it starts to make sense, and the stuff just seems to flow?

ALAN

Not lately, Christ it's hard going right now.

Macdonald continues as if Jones had not spoke.

DUNCAN

I'm ready for Schwartz now, I mean last year he would have walked all over me, but I'm ready for him now.

Jones lifts his glass in a silent toast. Macdonald joins him and they bring their glasses together with a loud ring.

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13 CONTINUED:

13

ALAN  
Come on Mr. Schwartz!

14 INT. LUMSDEN GENERAL STORE - DAY

14

NELLIE JOHNSTONE, the town post mistress and store keeper is selling some penny candy to a trio of 11 year old boys. Nellie is in her forties, a Lumsden native. The boys are jostling one another as they stand at the counter, the biggest boy PAUL gives the smallest one a sharp slap on the back.

PAUL  
You ain't got enough bird brain.

NELLIE  
Now you stop that hitting Paul Blake or there'll be no candy for you.

Paul hangs his head in an imitation of penitence.

NELLIE  
Now, I need two more cents.

The smallest boy digs deep into his pocket and pulls out two pennies. Nellie smiles at him, and throws an extra piece of licorice into his bag. The boys turn to leave, Paul again jostling the smaller boy.

PAUL  
You little suck,... oh hello Miss Sobchuk.

Maya has just entered the shop, and Paul greets her with mocking politeness. Maya smiles a tight smile.

MAYA  
Hello Paul, hello John, hello David, enjoying your holidays?

Paul's reply is again mocking, the other two boys keeps there eyes tightly focused on the floor.

PAUL  
Yes Miss Sobchuk, thank you for asking.

The boys stifle giggles and move past Maya towards the door. Paul pauses at the opened door, and lets loose a LOUD FART before closing the door with a slam that sets the windows rattling. Loud laughter can be heard as the boys run down the street. Maya turns towards Nellie, her tight smile loosening up into laughter.

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MAYA

I don't think I'm quite ready for ten months of that.

NELLIE

Just be grateful you're not their mother.

MAYA

Small mercies, So Nellie, what's new?

NELLIE

Well, Grant's starting on that new fence.

MAYA

You said that last year.

NELLIE

I've been saying that for the past five years, someday it'll be true. How's your garden coming?

MAYA

Just great, shoot I meant to bring you down some tomatoes, I've got some great ones coming along. Actually I was wanting to ask you a favour.

NELLIE

You can always ask.

MAYA

I was wondering if you could keep an eye on my garden. I'm gonna be away for a week and I'd like there to be something left when I get back. I don't mind the rug rats getting some carrots, but I've gotta a couple of pumpkins I have high hopes for.

NELLIE

Oh sure, I don't mind chasing off kids. Where you going?

MAYA

Oh I'm off to Pike Lake again.

Nellie frowns.

NELLIE

You goin' up to that art camp again?

Maya smiles.

(CONTINUED)

MAYA

Well, actually it's the Pike Lake Professional artists' workshop... but camp is probably a better description. Yup, another round of boys in the woods.

NELLIE

I have no pity for you Maya Sobchuk.

MAYA

Who does? Anyways, I'll be going up on Friday, so if you can keep an eye out.

NELLIE

Your pumpkins are safe with me. Coming to the social this evening?

Maya GROANS.

MAYA

Oh I was hoping I'd forget that.

Nellie smiles wickedly.

NELLIE

Paul Brodsky will be there.

Nellie is moved by the look of dismay that crosses Maya's face, and offers her a stick of licorice. Maya accepts it, and glumly munches.

15 EXT. LUMSDEN CHURCH HALL - EVENING

15

Maya and Nellie sit outside the church hall, the sounds of DANCE MUSIC coming through the open door. A number of couples pass by, in and out of the hall. Maya looks very uncomfortable in an old dress and shoes, but she enjoys Nellie's company. A large man in a tight suit approaches, PAUL BRODSKY. His face is a leathery brown, his large hands calloused. He is a gentle man despite his appearance. He stops awkwardly in front of the two women.

NELLIE

Hello Paul, how have you been keeping?

Paul looks down, his face too dark to register a blush.

PAUL

Oh just fine Nellie...hi Maya.

If possible his awkwardness grows. Maya smiles.

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15 CONTINUED:

15

MAYA

Hello Paul, haven't seen you around much.

PAUL

Oh, lots of work, ya know...

Paul steals a quick glance up at Maya.

PAUL

Can I get you some punch Maya?

MAYA

That'd be nice Paul.

Nellie gives a LOUD COUGH.

PAUL

Oh sorry, Nellie?

Nellie smiles wickedly.

NELLIE

No I'm just fine Paul.

Paul bobs his head and enters the hall in search of punch.  
Nellie gives Maya a sharp elbow.

NELLIE

Play your cards right my girl.

Maya shoots her a sharp look.

MAYA

I don't even want to be dealt in.

NELLIE

The man's got three sections.

MAYA

(exasperated)

Nellie I'm not interested in land.

NELLIE

Who's talking about land!

Their eyes meet and they burst into LOUD LAUGHTER.

16 INT. GAS STATION CAFE - DAY

16

Calvin Schwartz sits at a table in a small roadside cafe.  
Two farmers sit at the counter that runs along the near  
wall, chatting with the waitress. Calvin scribbles at his  
notebook while taking forkfulls of a large slice of apple

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pie that sits beside a cup of coffee. Through the large window Dorothy Schwartz can be seen. She is taking photographs of the cafe with a Hasselblad. She returns to the cafe and joins Calvin who looks up and smiles before returning to his notebook.

CALVIN

This is the third worst cup of coffee I have had the pleasure of experiencing.

Dorothy smiles at Calvin then turns her gaze out the window.

DOROTHY

This landscape is so pure.

Calvin looks up at Dorothy, and then he too shifts his gaze out the window.

DOROTHY

The lines are just so clean here. That strong horizon anchors everything, it's all balanced.

Calvin flips through his notebook. He begins to read.

CALVIN

The light is unfiltered. It strikes the ground in a direct line from the sun, scratching out deep, rich shadows that run across the surface of the land like railway tracks. It's a land Mondriaan might have made.

Calvin flips the book closed.

CALVIN

It's so fantastically isolated. The waitress didn't even know what a bagel was.

Calvin and Dorothy slip into a silence as they stare out the window. Their reverie is interrupted by the waitress who approaches brandishing a pot of coffee.

WAITRESS

Can I warm your cup?

Calvin turns, and smiling, places his hand over his cup of coffee.

17 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

17

Duncan Macdonald stands by his car talking with Alan Jones as a UNIFORMED ATTENDANT fills their car. A small trailer behind the car is piled high with material for Pike Lake, boxes of paint, rolls of canvas, and sheets of plywood. The gas station is on an empty stretch of road. The prairie grasslands have given way to woodland.

ALAN

I don't like enamel, I don't feel that I can control it.

DUNCAN

That's the best part about it, it's a fight everytime.

They are interrupted by the attendant.

ATTENDANT

Where are you gentlemen heading?

ALAN

We're on our way up to Pike Lake.

ATTENDANT

Pike Lake, what'dya what to go up there for, the fishin's terrible!

Jones and Macdonald exchange glances, but Jones answer is patient.

ALAN

No we're going up for an artists' workshop.

ATTENDANT

(disbelieving)  
An artists' workshop!

ALAN

Yah, they've been going on for a decade now.

ATTENDANT

First I've heard of it.

DUNCAN

Yah well we like to keep it a secret.

Macdonald pats the man on the back and climbs into the car. Jones pulls out some money from his wallet and hands it to the attendant, who wanders back towards the garage.

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17 CONTINUED:

17

ATTENDANT  
(to himself)  
That shouldn't be too hard.

18 EXT. CAR - DAY

18

Maya takes a last look at her garden before climbing into her car. The tiny VW Beetle, piled high with supplies, heads down the dusty gravel road below her house.

19 EXT. CAMP - DAY

19

Pike Lake Camp stands in a clearing near a wide bay of Pike Lake. Modest hills surround the lake, covered in jack pine and birch. A small, sagging jetty pokes into the shallow water. A canoe and an old rowboat much in need of paint stand on the narrow, pebbled shore. The camp consists of several small cabins, some made of logs, other, newer ones of clapboard and two larger structures, a large log dining hall and a clapboard studio building. A small gathering of outhouses huddle in a stand of birch trees. JACOB POITRAS, the camp caretaker stands by a large wood pile stacking logs. He is Metis. A man in his mid forties, he is short, but powerfully built with a broad back, and large, strong hands. His wife MARY, throws open the windows of a nearby cabin and hangs out bedding. She is Cree. She is younger than her husband, a small woman, but strong. Her long black hair is tied in a braid held in place with a brooch of bright, intricately woven beads. A car pulls into the camp and stops in front of the studio building. Jones and Macdonald hop out. Jacob walks over to greet them.

JACOB  
Well now Alan, you're looking just fine.

They shake hands.

ALAN  
It's good to see you Jacob, how have you been?

JACOB  
Oh I've been just fine, and Mr. Mac.  
you're looking fit.

Macdonald and Jacob shake hands, and the three men turn as Mary approaches.

ALAN  
Well Jacob I see you're lovely Mary has  
been treating you O.K. Hello Mary.

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19 CONTINUED:

19

Jones leans over and kisses Mary's cheek. She smiles and accepts an awkward kiss from Macdonald, and then from Jacob.

MARY

I always treat him well, better than he deserves sometimes too.

She pinches Jacob's cheek, and links her arm with his.

MARY

Now, you two gentlemen look like you need a cup of coffee after your long drive.

JACOB

What about me?

Mary shoots him a look of mock seriousness.

MARY

Have you finished your chores?

JACOB

(like a chastened schoolboy)  
Yes ma'am.

Mary grabs Jones and Macdonald by the hand and leads them towards the dining hall, calling back over her shoulder to Jacob.

MARY

Come on then.

The four of them disappear into the dining hall.

20 INT. DINING HALL - EVENING

20

Jones, Macdonald, the Poitras, Tompkins, and three other artists BURNS, HANLEY, and Koskinin sit around a large table, the remains of supper scattered about. The late summer evening is warm, the sun still high in the sky. The dining hall is simple but quite beautiful. A large, central stone fireplace is surrounded by chairs. A bank of large windows looks out onto the lake.

GWYNNE

How are the mosquitoes this year Jacob?

JACOB

Bigger than sparrows, smaller than crows.

Macdonald groans.

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20 CONTINUED:

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DUNCAN

Jesus, I think I'm still down a couple  
of pints of blood from last year.

Mary stands and fetches a pot of coffee. She pours Macdonald  
a cup and pats him on the back.

MARY

Who needs blood when you've got my  
coffee?

Macdonald pulls out a flask from his jacket pocket and pours  
a liberal dose into his coffee. He passes the flask round,  
and everybody except Tompkins adds a drop to their coffee.

ALAN

Your coffee Mary, and Mac's sugar.

The sound of a car can be heard approaching. Mary stands.

MARY

Sounds like Maya's here.

Mary walks towards the door, followed by Jacob, Jones and  
Tompkins as Maya's VW pulls to a halt in front of the dining  
hall. As Maya jumps out of the car Mary bursts through the  
screen door and rushes down the steps.

21 EXT. CAMP - EVENING

21

Maya's VW stands dusty and bug smeared in the camp grounds,  
while Mary rushes up and wraps Maya in a tight hug. They  
spin around laughing.

MARY

Finally, someone sensible.

Maya laughs loudly and reaches out to grab Jacob's hand as  
he approaches, followed by Jones and Tompkins.

MAYA

Jacob Poitras you cruel man!

Jacob smiles and grips Maya's hand tightly as she swings  
Mary on her other arm.

JACOB

Well Mister Sobchuk you're looking a  
little fat.

Maya slaps him lightly, as does Mary and the three link arms  
and move up the steps towards the dining hall porch, where  
Jones and Tompkins wait. Maya smiles in greeting.

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21 CONTINUED:

21

ALAN

It's good to see you Maya.

Tompkins opens the door, and bowing, ushers them into the hall.

GWYNNE

Well now, the Pike Lake Professional Artists' Workshop can begin.

22 INT. DINING HALL - EVENING

22

Macdonald and the other three artists stand to greet the new arrival, and Maya draws up a place at the table. Mary slaps a coffee cup in front of her and pours her a cup. Macdonald draws out his flask and passes it to Maya. She smiles, and pours herself a small dose.

MAYA

Cheers! So, what's up?

ALAN

Well, we're mostly set up, you've got your cabin to yourself again.

MAYA

(nudging Mary)

I guess there's one advantage to being female.

ALAN

...and we've allocated the studio space. There's still a few more to arrive, we don't have our Saskatoon contingent yet.

MAYA

And our guest of honour?

ALAN

You mean Calvin Schwartz?

Maya nods.

ALAN

We're expecting him tomorrow sometime.

Maya smiles to herself. Mary pats her on the back.

MARY

Can I get you anything sister?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

MAYA

Well, if you've got anymore of that  
Saskatoon pie that I can see on Jacob's  
shirt I'll have some of that.

Jacob look down at his (clean) shirt front and Maya and Mary  
LAUGH.

23 EXT. DINING HALL - DAY

23

The sun has just risen as Maya Sobchuk exits the dining  
hall, a mug of coffee steams in the chill dawn light. Across  
the lake comes the cry of a loon as a thin veil of fog rises  
from the still surface. Mary joins Maya on the porch.

MAYA

What do you think?

Mary looks around at the sky.

MARY

No, I don't think it'll rain today.

MAYA

Seems like last time you said that it  
rained for forty days and forty nights.

MARY

Yah but I was guessin' then, I'm almost  
positive now.

Maya LAUGHS and squeezes Mary's arm before heading down the  
steps. Mary grabs Maya's arm, and holding her in place  
stuffs a sandwich and apple into her satchel.

MARY

Watch out for bears now.

Maya waves as she heads down a path that soon disappears  
into the woods.

24 INT. STUDIO - DAY

24

Jones, Tompkins, Macdonald, Burns, Hanley, Koskinin, and some  
new artists KUZIAK, REIS, LOCKHART, and FLEGEL are in the  
studio. It is a simple room, plain white walls broken up by  
large windows on one wall. They are dividing up the space,  
and each artist is busy arranging their materials, hammering  
stretchers, unpacking brushes and paints, setting up  
easels. The mood of the room is jovial, and the artists are  
happy in their work. Jones and Macdonald have set up spaces  
beside one another, and Burns and Hanley, two of the senior  
students at the Art College have set up near them. Tompkins

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

has established his corner at the other end of the room, and he is talking quietly to Koskinin. The sound of a CAR HORN is heard. It is approaching, and the HORN IS SOUNDING ON A REPEATED RHYTHM. Jones and Macdonald drop their tools and race out of the studio, followed by the other artists.

25 EXT. CAMP - DAY

25

The Schwartz's car is rolling to a stop just as Jones and Macdonald arrive, followed, at a discrete distance, by the other artists. Calvin jumps out of the car.

CALVIN

Good afternoon gentlemen, is this Pike Lake? I'm Calvin Schwartz.

He smiles widely and looks around the group of artists who stand in a semi-circle around him. Jones steps forward.

ALAN

It's a very great pleasure sir, I'm Alan Jones, we spoke on the phone.

Calvin grasps Jones' hand and shakes it firmly while looking around at the others.

CALVIN

Yes of course, good to finally meet you.

Duncan moves forward.

DUNCAN

It's a great honour sir, my name is Duncan Macdonald.

Calvin turns and shakes hands with Duncan.

CALVIN

None of this sir nonsense, call me Cal, nice to meet you Duncan.

Jones begins to introduce the others who have hung back.

ALAN

Well Cal, this is Gwynne Tompkins, and Bill Burns, Mark Hanley and...

The artists step forward and shake Calvin's hand, but before they are all introduced Calvin interrupts.

(CONTINUED)

CALVIN

My goodness, where are my manners?  
Gentlemen, I would like to introduce you  
to my wife Dorothy.

Dorothy has stood quietly by the car, but now steps forward smiling, her Hasselblad in hand.

DOROTHY

Can I get a photo of you gentlemen with  
Cal? There now, you on the end there, a  
bit closer.

Dorothy directs the men into a circle around Calvin, and they all smile as she takes the photo. They LAUGH self consciously as the composition breaks up.

ALAN

Well let's get you settled, you must be  
tired after your drive.

Macdonald and Burns grab the luggage from the car and start carrying it to the largest cabin. Calvin takes Dorothy's hand and they turn and take in the camp. The other artist stand in small groups, unsure of what to do. Jones hovers a few feet from the Schwartz's. Calvin turns towards him.

CALVIN

Yes, it sure was a long drive, but I  
think it's been worth it. This is a very  
beautiful place you have here.

Duncan walks past carrying a suitcase.

DUNCAN

I'll just show you to your cabin Mr.  
Schwartz

Calvin takes Dorothy's hand and they follow Duncan into the cabin.

CALVIN

It's Cal, remember that Duncan!

The Schwartzs, and the artists are assembling for dinner. There is a long central table, with smaller tables circling it. The artists are all taking seats at the central table. A chair is positioned at the head of it. Calvin takes it without prompting. Calvin is talking about the drive.

CALVIN

We were doing just fine until I took over, and then we ended up in some farmer's field, surrounded by cows..

Calvin looks around with a grin as the gathering LAUGHS, but all the heads turn at the sound of the dining hall door SLAMMING SHUT. Maya has entered. She is carrying a handful of wild flowers. Jones jumps up to make the introductions.

ALAN

Finally, Calvin I'd like to introduce you to...

He is interrupted by Calvin. He has had to look over his shoulder to take in the new arrival, but when he registers her presence he swiftly turns to face her, a surprised look on his face.

CALVIN

(loudly)  
My God!

Calvin stands and walks toward Maya who has remained standing by the door. The room has fallen silent.

CALVIN

(continuing)  
Maya Sobchuk!...

Jones and Macdonald exchange looks of surprise as Calvin approaches Maya. She smiles and extends her hand. Calvin takes it as if not quite believing what he is seeing.

MAYA

Hello Calvin.

CALVIN

(quietly)  
I thought you disappeared off the face of the earth.

Calvin stares at Maya as if to make sure it's really her. Finally convinced, he turns back to face the other artists.

CALVIN

The last time I saw this woman was on 10th St. in New York in ...1957?..

He looks to Maya who nods in confirmation.

CALVIN  
(continuing, shaking his head)  
...1957! We're a long way from 10th St.  
now.

Calvin sweeps his arm to take in the camp, and the artists  
at the long table LAUGH. Calvin leads Maya over to the table.

CALVIN  
Maya, you remember my wife Dorothy?

Dorothy stands and smiles as she offers Maya her hand.

MAYA  
Yes of course, hello Dorothy.

DOROTHY  
Well what a surprise, you're looking  
wonderful Maya.

Maya blushes slightly at the compliment.

CALVIN  
Well let's sit down and work out just  
what you've been up to, I still can't  
quite believe this.

Mary emerges from the kitchen and calls out loudly.

MARY  
Dinner's ready, come and get it!

The artists rise and move towards the small serving hatch,  
chatting in small groups, with Maya and Calvin bringing up  
the rear.

CUT TO

The artists sit along the long table, the remains of dinner  
have been cleared away, and a large pot of coffee is being  
passed along the table. A few artists chat among themselves,  
but most strain to listen in to Maya and Calvin. Maya talks  
quietly, but many of Calvin's comments are intended for a  
wider audience.

MAYA  
Is that deli around the corner from your  
office still going?

CALVIN

Finklemans? The best pastrami in  
Manhattan!

MAYA

You know I still dream about their  
Boston Cream Pies. I'd treat myself,  
every Sunday I'd go in and get two big  
hunks of pie, and sit there for hours  
with the Sunday papers and cups of  
coffee...

CALVIN

very good coffee too.  
(shouting now)  
which reminds me, Mary Poitras, this is  
the finest cup of coffee I've had since  
leaving New York city!

Mary smiles at the compliment, but doesn't seem surprised. A  
small smatter of applause breaks out and Mary bows.

CALVIN

(to Maya)

that area is really booming now, there's  
been two very good bookstores opened up,  
and a club just down the block from  
Finklemans has been getting very good  
acts, John Coltrane was there last week  
with a trio, he's somebody to watch.

MAYA

How's Peter doing?

CALVIN

Peter? Oh his work is really coming  
along, he's having a big show in October  
that I set up. I think he's ready for  
some serious consideration. Do you keep  
in touch?

MAYA

(shyly now)

No, not really. For the first year or so  
I kept up with a few people, but it just  
started to seem unreal. My life is so  
different now...

Maya trails off.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

CALVIN

You're being pretty tight lipped Maya.

MAYA

The mysterious lady? no, there's not much to tell, I work, I paint, I garden, that's about it.

Calvin addresses the rest of the table.

CALVIN

Maya always played her cards pretty close, but she's a hell of a painter. Well, New York's loss is Sasaatch,

MAYA

(laughing)

Sss-kat-chew-wan.

CALVIN

New York's loss is Sss-Kat-chew-wan's gain.

Calvin pats Maya's hand.

CALVIN

I'm looking forward to seeing your work.

Maya's smile is warm, but her eyes betray an uncertainty.

28 EXT. STUDIO - NIGHT

28

Macdonald stands at the studio door, smoking a cigarette. He is dressed in his paint smeared overalls. He has been working late in the studio, and he watches now as the last of the dinner time talkers drift back to their cabins. Maya is saying goodnight to Mary, and Macdonald watches her closely as she walks back to her cabin.

29 EXT. LAKE SIDE - DAY

29

Maya Sobchuk stands on the narrow beach below the dining hall. It is just past sunrise, and a light fog still hangs over the water. Duncan Macdonald is walking towards the dining hall. He see Maya, and walks down to join her. Maya is staring off across the lake, and at first doesn't notice him. He kicks at a stone, and she starts, then smiles shyly at her reaction. She returns her gaze to the lake.

MAYA

I love this time of day.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

Macdonald's response is a quiet grunt. He moves closer to Maya.

DUNCAN

I don't often see it myself... You sure surprised me.

Maya turns, a confused look on her face.

DUNCAN

You never mentioned that you knew Cal.

MAYA

Well it's not something that comes up in conversation I guess...

DUNCAN

How long were you in New York?

Again Maya seems confused. Although she has met Macdonald several times, they rarely talk. She is suspicious at his sudden curiosity.

MAYA

oh, a few years I guess.

DUNCAN

did you know Pollock?

MAYA

sorry Duncan, I'm not really the person to talk to about New York, I wasn't really tight with the big boys.

DUNCAN

but you must have seen them around?

Maya smiles now, touched by Macdonald's evident longing.

MAYA

Sure, I saw them around town.

DUNCAN

(wistfully)

Christ, I'd give my left nut to have been in New York when that was going down.

Maya looks at him closely but remains silent.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

DUNCAN  
Why'd you leave?

Maya smiles and pats Macdonald lightly on the arm.

MAYA  
I was a Dodger fan. Tell Mary I won't be  
back for lunch will ya.

Maya turns and walks down the beach and up a track into the forest. Duncan stands watching until she disappears, then turns and heads back toward the dining hall.

30 INT. STUDIO - DAY

30

The artists are busy in the studio. The room is quiet, the only sounds those of the physical act of painting, brush on canvas and masonite, the scraping of palette knives. Calvin walks slowly around the room. He pauses at each painter and observes them, at times making notes in his pocketbook. The artists are focused on their work, but a certain stiffness and caution is noticeable when Schwartz is standing behind them. Calvin stands behind Jones, writing in his book when he suddenly looks around the room. He is looking for Maya.

CALVIN  
Alan, do you know where Maya is?

Macdonald hears the question and jumps in with an answer, his voice carries with it an edge of derision.

DUNCAN  
You won't catch Maya in a studio.

Schwartz seems surprised at this, but he remains quiet and returns his attention to his notebook.

31 EXT. MEADOW - DAY

31

Maya sits in a field of wildflowers, her sketchbook open in her lap. She is content as she makes quick marks on the pages, and she stops to watch as a crow is chased by two smaller, shrieking birds, their calls spreading across the flowers moving slowly in the warm breeze.

32 EXT. LAKESIDE - EVENING

32

The sun is low on the horizon, the sky full of blues and reds and yellows as Calvin sits with Macdonald, Jones and Tompkins on the sagging jetty. Jones has rolled up his trousers and trails his legs in the water, Tompkins chews on his unlit pipe. Macdonald has a small pile of stones beside him and he sends them skipping out across the flat water. Calvin watches him closely.

(CONTINUED)

CALVIN

What's your record?

Macdonald looks at him in confusion, then realizes what he's talking about.

DUNCAN

Oh, I figure seven or eight.

CALVIN

1949, Griffin Lake, I had 13!

Calvin looks proudly around.

CALVIN

Here, give me one of those.

Calvin stretches out his hand, and Macdonald hands him a stone. He stands, and swings his arm side armed, sending the stone skipping one, twice, it disappears.

The camp is gathered around a large bonfire. Some of the artists have brought out chairs from the dining hall, others sit on blankets on the ground. Bottles of rum and beer are passed round, and mugs of coffee steam in the cooling air. It is a clear evening, the sky full of stars. Calvin is addressing the gathering. He moves constantly, and the light from the flames plays across his face, punctuating his lecture. He seems aware, (and pleased) with the dramatic effect the setting has. Dorothy works the outer rim of the circle as Calvin works the inner. She stalks Calvin, and periodically the scene explodes in a flash of light from her camera. The artists sit in quiet awe.

CALVIN

I want to talk to you about truth.

Calvin pauses to heighten the effect.

CALVIN

(continuing louder)

Truth! That's why we're gathered up here at Pike Lake isn't it? To talk about truth! I want to tell you all how impressed I was with what I saw today...Gentlemen...Maya of course, you are serious artists.

Again Calvin pauses, he wants time for his compliment to sink in. A flash of light from Dorothy's camera wraps him up.

CALVIN  
(continuing)

Now I didn't know what to expect coming up here. Pike Lake Sas-kat-chew-wan is a long way from New York City, and I wasn't sure I wasn't wasting my time driving all the way up here...not until this afternoon, when I found a group of serious artists...Gentlemen, Maya, I can't compliment anybody more than that. Jackson Pollock was a serious artist...Barnett Newman is a serious artist...you're in good company.

Duncan Macdonald lets out a whoop.

DUNCAN  
well alright!

Schwartz smiles and LAUGHTER breaks out around the circle.

CALVIN  
Now, let's get back to truth, because that's what we're dealing with here...I think you all carry a great responsibility to search for truth, in your work and in your lives. And this search has to reach to the fundamental level of your work. It has to come out of that...The truth lies in your materials, and the truth comes out of your relationship to your materials...The best work being done today...the important work...is an examination of art at its fundamental level, how is the surface of the painting dealt with? What is the architecture of the painting? How is colour dealt with?

Another pause, another burst of light from Dorothy's camera.

CALVIN  
These are the truths, this is what painting is about. Every time you face your canvas, every time you stand in your studio confronted by this challenge, you must engage it.

33 CONTINUED:

33

Calvin pauses, and turns slowly to take in the entire gathering.

CALVIN  
(continuing loudly)  
Anything else is a lie!

Calvin's voice echoes through the camp, and he continues, softly now.

CALVIN  
If your art is about truth then it must be truthful to its materials. Your canvas, or paper, or masonite, is not a picture onto the world...It is the world...deal with it, on its terms, in its language. We don't need the fakery of perspective, the lie of realism. We need, our time's demands!...our time requires us to paint the truth, and the truth lies in your materials, use them! That's what Jackson did...that's what Barney does, and Bob and Mark and every artist who matters...and from what I saw today

He's in front of Macdonald now and he looks down at him, and smiles.

CALVIN  
(continuing)  
...from what I saw today...there is every reason to believe that honest work has found a home in Sss-kat-chew-wan.

Macdonald lets out another WHOOP OF APPROVAL, and several artists break into a ROUND OF APPLAUSE. Calvin smiles and another burst of light comes from Dorothy's camera.

34 INT. CABIN - NIGHT

34

Macdonald and Jones sit in their cabin. It is sparsely furnished, two beds, two chairs, two small wardrobes and a table. Macdonald grabs the bottle of vodka that sits on the window sill and pours two tumblers full. He hands one to Jones. They grin at one another, and raise their glasses in a toast.

DUNCAN  
To the truth!

(CONTINUED)

ALAN  
Amen brother!

The glasses come together with a loud clink and the two men laugh. They are still on a high from Schwartz's talk.

DUNCAN  
Jesus, I still can't quite believe this is happening.

ALAN  
The mountain has come to Mohammad.

DUNCAN  
He can really articulate all these things that have been floating around in me for years...he just clarifies it all...it's so strange having somebody on the same wavelength like that.

ALAN  
We've got to build on this, keep these lines of communication open. Saskatchewan can't be cut off anymore.

Macdonald drains his glass and grabs the bottle. He offers it to Jones who declines. Macdonald pours himself another glass and takes a long sip.

DUNCAN  
I don't know about Saskatchewan, I know I can't be cut off anymore. I mean, Jesus, tonight it was like somebody took this big weight off my chest and I can finally breath, they're not putting that rock on me again.

Calvin stands in front of a painting by Macdonald. The other artists in the studio continue to work, but many sneak glances as Macdonald and Schwartz talk intently. They talk quietly, and it is not important that they be understood.

CALVIN  
(pointing to a corner of the painting)  
I can see that in this bit.

DUNCAN  
Yah, I think that might work out, I'm still wrestling a bit but I think I'm getting on top.

35 CONTINUED:

35

CALVIN  
(laughing)  
two falls out of three?

Macdonald gives a tight smile and Calvin pats him on the back and moves on to look at Jones' work.

36 EXT. DINING HALL PORCH - DAY

36

Maya sits on the steps leading up to the dining hall. Lunch has just ended, and the artists are making their way back to work. They drift back in twos and threes to the studio, while Tompkins sets up an easel on the beach. Calvin and Dorothy come out of the dining hall.

CALVIN  
Doro, I think we could use your camera  
this afternoon... Oh, Maya, I wonder if I  
could have a word.

They pause on the steps above Maya, who twists around to see them.

DOROTHY  
See you in a bit.

Dorothy gives Calvin a kiss and moves down the steps and across the camp. Calvin sits down beside Maya and pats his stomach.

CALVIN  
Mary Poitras is far too good a cook.

Maya smiles.

CALVIN  
Have you been up here before?

MAYA  
Oh I've been coming up for a couple of  
years now, Jacob and Mary are really  
good friends.

CALVIN  
They're nice people... Still, I am  
surprised that you came back here.

Maya looks at Calvin but doesn't respond.

CALVIN  
Now don't get me wrong, I'm not knocking  
Sss-kat-chew-wan, things here are a lot  
more interesting than I could have  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CALVIN (cont'd)

imagined... It's just I really had high hopes for you in New York, you were doing some really strong work. Why did you leave?

MAYA

Oh, lots of reasons I guess. I'm a small town girl Calvin, New York was just too much I guess.

CALVIN

I still haven't seen any of your work. Where have you been hiding?

MAYA

(defensive)

I'm not hiding Calvin.

CALVIN

(apologetically)

I'm sorry, I was joking. No, it's just you haven't been in the studio yet.

MAYA

I do most of my work outside in the summer. Gotta enjoy that warm weather while it last.

Calvin gives her a close look, but Maya avoids acknowledging his stare.

CALVIN

Would you mind coming to the studio this afternoon? I'd like to address everybody.

MAYA

Sure, I'll come, but Calvin, you should really try and get out too, Gwynne and I and a few of the others paint pleine air more than studio.

Calvin looks down towards Tompkins, working at his canvas. Standing, he pats Maya's shoulder.

CALVIN

It's a deal. I'll need some exercise anyhow if I'm going to keep eating Mary's pies. See you at the studio?

Maya nods and Calvin heads down towards the beach.

37 INT. STUDIO - DAY

37

The artists are gathering in the studio. Schwartz is looking at a painting by Burns. Burns is in his early twenties. He wears his hair like James Dean, but his youthful bravado is silenced in the presence of Schwartz. As Schwartz talks Maya slips silently into the studio.

CALVIN

(to Burns)

I think you should throw out that red altogether, it doesn't belong in your palette...

(he points to a section of the canvas)

...and this doesn't work at all, it has to be flatter.

Schwartz smiles and pats Burns on the back. Burns can only mutely nod. Maya has watched this exchange and frowns, as Schwartz turns towards the assembled artists.

CALVIN

So we're all here now? Good. I just want to talk briefly about this work by Duncan Macdonald.

Calvin moves over beside a small painting by Macdonald. The group forms a tight semi-circle around him. Dorothy moves about the room, photographing Calvin as he talks.

CALVIN

(continuing)

I'd like you to take a good look at this painting.

Calvin steps to the side as Jones and Burns move in for a closer look. Tompkins pokes his head forward and takes in the picture with a quick glance. He leans toward Koskinin.

GWYNNE

(whispering)

Is it the right way up?

Koskinin snorts in laughter which he quickly stifles. Calvin clears his throat and the room falls silent.

CALVIN

This is as good a bit of work as I've seen in the past year. Duncan takes the surface of the work very seriously indeed, and there's an incredible tension between the concrete and the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

CALVIN (cont'd)  
illusory. He's worked the surface in  
unity, there's a real dialogue going on  
in this piece, I think it would really  
reward the painter who looked at this  
work in depth.

Calvin looks at Burns, then holding, around the room.

CALVIN  
(continuing)  
That's it for now, I just wanted to  
bring this to your attention and I hope  
we can discuss it later. Thanks Duncan.

Calvin pats Duncan on the back and exits the studio. Jones  
and Burns come over and congratulate Duncan, while the other  
artists drift back to their work. Tompkins and Koskinin head  
back outside, talking quietly. Maya steps forward to get a  
good look at Macdonald's painting. She studies it briefly,  
then, exits the studio.

38 EXT. CAMP GROUNDS - DAY

38

Tompkins has set his easel up in front of the dining hall,  
and he is painting the hall, with the lake and forests  
behind it. Maya comes down, out of the dining hall and  
crosses over to Tompkins.

GWYNNE  
Hello Maya, are you going up to the  
meadow today.

MAYA  
Yah, I have a few more notes I want to  
make up there, how's it coming?

GWYNNE  
Oh, quite well I think. You know I've  
been painting this view for ten years  
now and it still offers something fresh.

Tompkins pauses and takes another look at the canvas.

GWYNNE  
You're Mr. Schwartz is a bit extreme  
isn't he?

Tompkins looks over at Maya.

MAYA  
He isn't my Mr. Schwartz Gwynne.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

GWYNNE

Well you know what I mean, all that bluster about truth.

MAYA

Calvin can get pretty dramatic Gwynne, don't let him upset you.

GWYNNE

He certainly does not upset me Maya, I find it all rather amusing really.

Maya smiles and pats Gwynne's arm before turning and heading towards her cabin. Gwynne takes a good look at the light filtering through the trees behind the dining hall, then returns to his canvas.

39 EXT. BEACH - AFTERNOON

39

Calvin and Macdonald stroll along the beach. Although their conversation is inaudible, Calvin is speaking with broad hand gestures, and Macdonald leans in, listening intently.

40 EXT. DINING HALL STEPS - LATE AFTERNOON

40

Jones and Tompkins sit on the dining hall steps. Tompkins is chewing at his unlit pipe. He seems upset.

ALAN

I'm not saying a wholesale change Gwynne.

GWYNNE

You want to throw away the fundamentals Alan, that sounds like a wholesale change to me.

Jones gives a grimace of frustration.

ALAN

Now don't exaggerate Gwynne, dammit all I'm saying is we need to open up the college a bit, let some fresh air blow through.

GWYNNE

(bitterly)

A fresh breeze from New York I suppose.

Jones doesn't respond to this, and the two men sit in silence until it is interrupted by Macdonald. He has come from the beach and is in a very good mood. He doesn't notice the chill that hangs over Jones and Tompkins.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

DUNCAN

Well well, Professors Jones and  
Tompkins. Cal and I are taking in the  
sights of Lewistown ce soir, care to  
join us?

Jones smiles.

ALAN

The infamous Jackson Hotel perhaps?

DUNCAN

Nothing but the finest for our  
distinguished guest.

ALAN

I'm in.

Macdonald looks towards Tompkins who avoids him.

DUNCAN

Professor Tompkins?

There is a long pause before Tompkins stands.

GWYNNE

Excuse me.

Tompkins walks away without looking back. Macdonald slides  
to a seat beside Jones, and the two men stare at the  
departing figure.

DUNCAN

What's up with Glum Gwynne?

Jones replies with a shake of his head.

41 EXT. ROAD - EVENING

41

A group of artists is heading down the gravel road towards  
the town of Lewiston. It is the last hour before sunset, and  
their shadows stretch ten yards before them. Schwartz,  
Jones, Macdonald and Burns walk together, while twenty feet  
back Maya walks with Tompkins and Koskinin.

CUT TO

42 EXT. ROAD - EVENING

42

Schwartz, Jones, Macdonald and Burns are in good spirits as  
they head into Lewistown. Jones carries a lantern for the  
trip home.

(CONTINUED)

CALVIN

Well of course Jackson was wild.

DUNCAN

Did he really punch out the critic from the Times?

CALVIN

Oh I wouldn't believe every story you hear. That one, I'm pretty sure is wrong, but it sounds right.

DUNCAN

Who first started working with enamel?

CALVIN

Oh it's hard to say, for a while there it was a really tight community, they were sharing ideas, and materials, and (laughing) women ... it's hard to tell who was who sometimes.

CUT TO

Maya, Tompkins and Koskinin trail behind the first group. They are more subdued, Tompkins still sulking from this afternoon's conversation.

MAYA

We've been really lucky with the weather this year.

Even this cautious gambit fails to draw a response from Tompkins. Koskinin tries to fill in the gap.

KOSKININ

Yes, it really has been marvelous. Gwynne has made a really wonderful painting of the shoreline.

Tompkins remains silent. An embarrassed Koskinin rambles on.

KOSKININ

You really captured the late summer light... have you seen it Maya.

MAYA

No I haven't...

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

She puts her hand on Gwynne's shoulder.

MAYA  
(continuing)  
Gwynne has been pretty mysterious lately. I guess he doesn't want to give away his secrets.

Maya is smiling, and finally coaxes a smile from Tompkins.

GWYNNE  
Well one doesn't struggle with the truth by shouting about it.

44 INT. BEVERAGE ROOM JACKSON HOTEL - NIGHT

44

The beverage room is quiet. Two older men sit playing dominoes, while at another table three men sit silently nursing rye and cokes. A radio playing in the next room PLAYS HANK SNOW. ABEL DIETRICH, the owner of the hotel sits behind the bar reading a newspaper. The silence of the room is broken by the arrival of the artists who burst in with MUCH LAUGHTER. They pull together two tables. Dietrich comes from behind the bar to greet them.

DIETRICH  
Well, Mr. Macdonald, it's good to see you again, you'll notice the new chairs.

Macdonald stands and shakes hands with Dietrich. He smiles.

DUNCAN  
Abel, how are you. Now I've already apologised a hundred times for that little incident.

Dietrich thumps his back.

DIETRICH  
Oh I was just joking with you, Mr. Jones, how are you keepin'?

Jones stands to shakes hands with Dietrich, and then introduces Schwartz.

ALAN  
Abel, I'd like to introduce you to our guest, he's come up from New York City, Abel Dietrich, Calvin Schwartz.

The two men shake hands.

(CONTINUED)

DIETRICH

Pleased to meet you, say when are those Rangers going to win something?

CALVIN

You're a Rangers fan?

Dietrich scowls.

DIETRICH

Do I look crazy? Red Wings all the way, now what can I get you?

DUNCAN

Bring us a couple of pitchers will ya Abel, and I guess keep 'em coming.

DIETRICH

Yes sir.

Abel starts back towards the bar but stops by Maya and leans down and gives her a kiss on the cheek.

DIETRICH

I swear you look younger every year.

Maya gives him a playful punch on the arm.

MAYA

Time for a new lie I think Abel.

CUT TO

Later that evening the table of artists is well into their cups and their LOUD CONVERSATION dominates the room. The domino players have left, but the three silent rye drinkers remain. FOUR YOUNG MEN enter the room and take a table. They are firefighters just back from two weeks in the bush. They are tan and fit, and one of them, LANGLEY, scowls at the table of artists as he sits down. The artists scarcely notice the new arrivals.

GWYNNE

I don't see how you can talk about honesty and just dismiss Van Gogh.

Tompkins is irritated but Schwartz's replies calmly, but his smile is condescending.

(CONTINUED)

CALVIN

I'm not dismissing Van Gogh Gwynne, I said that his work was too emotional, and that worked against him.

GWYNNE

How can emotion be wrong, my God, he poured his soul into his work.

CALVIN

Now look Gwynne, of course Van Gogh's life is very moving, but that doesn't make his paintings any better. The emotion in his work upset the balance of his paintings, the unity just falls apart.

Tompkins shakes his head in frustration.

GWYNNE

I really don't understand you at times Calvin, I mean alright, Cezanne was a very fine painter, but his paintings are so cold.

Macdonald joins the conversation. He has had too much to drink, and his voice echoes through the beverage room.

DUNCAN

Dammit Gwynne, are you a goddamn thermometer?...

The table of firefighters looks over towards Macdonald, Langley scowls but Macdonald is oblivious.

DUNCAN

Cezanne is crucial, Van Gogh is just a sentimentalist's idea of an artist, he's irrelevant.

This upsets Tompkins.

GWYNNE

Crucial! How is Cezanne crucial to anything?

CALVIN

Now come on Gwynne, you know very well that without Cezanne we'd still be stuck trying to recreate the world on a piece of canvas.

GWYNNE

That's what art is about Calvin.

Macdonald interrupts.

DUNCAN

Open your eyes dammit.

Macdonald is almost shouting, and more sour looks come from the table of firefighters. Langley pushes his chair back from the table and stares over towards a still oblivious Macdonald. Jones notices Langley and tries to calm Macdonald.

ALAN

Come on now Mac, calm down.

Macdonald ignores him and continues louder than before. The others at the table shift uneasily.

DUNCAN

This is 1960, not 1860, I've got more important things to do than paint a goddamn tree!

Macdonald attempts to stand but his legs are shaky and he sinks back into his chair.

GWYNNE

Have another drink.

Meant as an insult, Macdonald interprets it as an offer and pours himself another glass. He attempts to stand, and, with difficulty, and the assistance of the table, manages it. He raises his glass in a toast.

DUNCAN

(shouting)

To Gwynne Tompkins, the best goddamn tree painter north of the 49th parallel.

Jones and Schwartz attempt to pull him down into his chair.

ALAN

Come on now Duncan, calm down.

Macdonald shakes off their attempts and launches into another toast.

DUNCAN

A toast to the noble birch, the gracious jack pine, the trembling elder...

Tompkins sit in tight lipped anger. Maya grabs his hand but he stares straight ahead. The fire fighters have all turned to watch, as has Abel Dietrich and the rye drinkers. Langley scowls yet again and pushing his chair back, rises and walks toward the artists table. The other artists look up nervously but Macdonald is oblivious.

DUNCAN  
(continuing)  
... the gasping elm, the shivering  
willow...

Jones again tries to yank Macdonald down, casting nervous glances at Langley who stands a foot away from the still oblivious Macdonald.

LANGLEY  
Would you shut the hell up!

This finally gets Macdonald's attention, and he turns and looks with blurring eyes at Macdonald. He sways slightly.

DUNCAN  
Who the hell are you?

Langley stabs his thick thumb into Macdonald's chest.

LANGLEY  
Just sit down and shut up.

Abel Dietrich has watched all of this with an anxious expression, and he starts to move from behind the bar. The other artists sit pinned in their chairs, and Langley's companions send hard stares over towards Macdonald.

DUNCAN  
Another goddamn tree painter..

After mumbling this Macdonald takes a wild swing that glances off Langley's ear. Langley reacts quickly with a solid uppercut to Macdonald's jaw. There is a dull thunk, and Macdonald collapses like a house of cards. Langley stands over him, waiting for Macdonald to rise. It is a futile wait. Macdonald lies stunned on the floor. Able Dietrich comes and taps Langley on the shoulder.

DIETRICH  
Come on now Jeff, let me get you a beer.

Langley shrugs Abel's hand off, and taking a last hard stare at the prone Macdonald returns to his table. Jones and Schwartz reach down to help the groggy Macdonald. Tompkins tries to suppress a smile. Jones looks up at Dietrich as he slips an arm around Macdonald.

45 CONTINUED:

45

ALAN

Jesus I'm sorry about this Abel.

Dietrich gives him a small smile.

DIETRICH

Well at least the chairs are alright.

46 EXT. JACKSON HOTEL - NIGHT

46

Jones and Schwartz help the still groggy Macdonald down the steps of the hotel. Koskinin and Tompkins light the lanterns as Maya comes around from the back of the hotel pushing a wheelbarrow. They load Macdonald into the wheelbarrow, his legs sprawling over the sides, his head bobbing. Jones takes up the handles of the wheelbarrow and the entourage heads down the road.

47 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

47

The entourage is on the gravel road leading to the Pike Lake camp. Calvin has taken over pushing the wheelbarrow. A drunken Macdonald sings a Hank Williams tune while the others discuss the (brief) fight.

DUNCAN

(singing)

I can't help it if I'm still in love  
with you...

ALAN

(to Schwartz)

it sounded sort of like a walnut being  
cracked open..

GWYNNE

More like an empty barrel getting hit  
with a ballpeen hammer.

CALVIN

The way his eyes rolled back reminded me  
of the time Jackson got sucker punched  
by this painter from Cincinnati.

With a LOUD YELL Macdonald suddenly lurches in the wheelbarrow and it crashes, spilling him out onto the road. He quickly gathers himself and breaks into a lurching run down the road. Jones attempts to grab him, but before he can Macdonald breaks from the road and disappears into the forest that crowds the narrow road. The others stand on the road looking into the dense brush. Macdonald is out of sight but they follow his progress with the BREAKING OF BRANCHES AND THE OCCASIONAL HOWL. Schwartz looks concerned and moves toward the edge of trees.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

CALVIN

We better get him.

Tompkins laughs.

GWYNNE

Oh he'll be alright, the bears will run  
when they get a whiff of him.

Calvin turns, concerned at the mention of bears, but Gwynne and Koskinin are already heading down the road. Jones comes over to Schwartz.

ALAN

Yah he'll be alright, not much chewing  
on Mac. He does this every year, it's  
that highlander paganism coming out.

Jones turns down the road, followed by Maya and Schwartz who gives a last look over his shoulder as another LOUD HOWL breaks out of the bush.

48 EXT. BEACH - DAWN

48

Tompkins and Schwartz stand on the narrow beach below the dining hall. Tompkins has a sketch book in his hand, tracing quickly in charcoal as the morning fog rises from the lake.

CALVIN

Alan has told me a lot about you Gwynne.

Tompkins looks up, still suspicious after the events of the previous evening.

CALVIN

He said this workshop was your doing.

GWYNNE

(defensively)  
Well there was a few of us.

CALVIN

Well Alan told me that without you this  
camp would never have happened. I think  
it's really marvelous.

Tompkins is coming around to the flattery.

GWYNNE

Yes well I thought it was important that  
the artists in the province had a place  
to get together and concentrate on  
painting.

(CONTINUED)

CALVIN

It couldn't have been easy.

GWYNNE

No it wasn't, but nothing worthwhile ever is.

CALVIN

I hope you weren't offended by my remarks last night Gwynne.

Tompkins attempts to hide his embarrassment with a bluff laugh.

GWYNNE

No, no not at all, I enjoyed the discussion.

CALVIN

Would you mind if I had a look at your sketch book?

Tompkins is flattered.

GWYNNE

Of course, I don't think it's quite your cup of tea though.

Tompkins hands Schwartz his sketchbook and stands anxiously shifting as Calvin flips through the pages. Calvin looks closely at each page, smiling occasionally. He returns the book to Tompkins.

CALVIN

You've an excellent eye Gwynne, your sense of balance is first rate.

Tompkins smiles at the praise.

GWYNNE

Yes, well they're really just doodles...

His words are cut off as a LOUD CRASHING SOUND comes from the stand of trees twenty yards down the beach. Tompkins and Schwartz both stare with alarm. With a LOUD HOWL, Macdonald comes bursting out of the forest and plunges, fully clothed, into the lake. He thrashes about in the shallow water before standing and making his way up to the beach where he stands dripping before an open mouthed Schwartz and a frowning Tompkins.

48 CONTINUED:

48

DUNCAN

Mornin' Calvin, mornin' Gwynne.

Macdonald grins savagely, then walks past them up towards the camp. Jones and Schwartz turn and stare after him.

49 EXT. DINING HALL STEPS - MORNING

49

Maya is exiting the dining hall when she is intercepted by Schwartz.

CALVIN

Some strange goings on in the north woods.

Maya offers a small smile.

CALVIN

Say what was that all about last night?

MAYA

Well I try and not get involved with the Art College Boys, but I'd say there's a changing of the guard going on.

CALVIN

Not quite what I expected when I signed on for this.

Maya's reply has an edge to it.

MAYA

The hayseeds are restless?

CALVIN

What?! now don't you start acting crazy too goddammit.

Maya gives him a tight smile and starts to move past him down the steps.

MAYA

Aye aye sir.

Calvin reaches out his hand and stops her. They stand eye to eye.

CALVIN

I'd like to see some of your work Maya.

Maya holds his look for a beat then continues down the step. She calls back over her shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

MAYA

I'll be up in the meadow today.

CALVIN

Where the hell is the meadow?!

Maya stops and turns towards Calvin. She smiles now.

MAYA

Just ask Mary, she'll show you the way.

With that Maya turns and walks off as Calvin stands, a confused look on his face.

50 INT. STUDIO - DAY

50

Calvin stands behind Koskinin who works away at his easel. Calvin frowns.

CALVIN

You're not really dealing with the surface at all Gary.

Koskinin turns in surprise.

CALVIN

It's just that old tired game of renaissance perspective.

KOSKININ

Pardon me?

CALVIN

Take a look at Duncan's work, or Jones there, they work the surface so honestly, they lay out that plane and there's no trickery.

Koskinin is insulted, but he doesn't feel comfortable with the direct confrontation that Calvin is offering.

KOSKININ

There's no trickery Calvin, I'm just trying to capture the sense of light off the water.

Calvin grunts and moves on to Burns, patting him on the shoulder as he stops in front of his canvas.

51 EXT. MEADOW - DAY

51

Maya stands in a field of wild flowers that shift softly in the light breeze Maya's canvas is secured to a tripod, and

(CONTINUED)

her paints are spread out on a broad cloth that sits in the tall grass. Maya takes a small, paint smeared rag from her pocket and wipes a corner of the canvas. She turns her face toward the sunshine, and tilting her head, closes her eyes and basks in the warmth. Calvin, along with Dorothy and Mary emerge out of the forest path, fifty yards in front of Maya. Calvin raises his hand in greeting.

CALVIN  
(shouting)  
Hello!

Maya opens her eyes at his call and smiles. She waves to the approaching trio. Mary skips past Dorothy and Calvin and races up to Maya. She pulls an apple out of a little satchel slung over her shoulder and hands it to Maya.

MARY  
Howdy stranger.

Maya takes a big bite out of the apple and gives Mary a small hug. Calvin and Dorothy join them.

CALVIN  
What a beautiful day.

MAYA  
My father calls this a TSD. Hello Dorothy.

DOROTHY  
Hi Maya, a TSD? What's that?

MAYA & MARY  
(in unison)  
A Typical Saskatchewan Day!

They both giggle.

MARY  
I'm going to show Dorothy the Devil's Falls.

MAYA  
Oh those are great!

MARY  
Yah and we'll see if the bears have left us any Saskatoons, Jacob is telling me he needs some pie.

Dorothy and Calvin both start at the mention of bears, and Calvin looks anxiously at Maya. Maya laughs.

MAYA

Don't let Mary scare you with that bear nonsense, there's not a bear stupid enough to tangle with her.

Dorothy's unease is still evident as Mary takes her hand and leads her back towards the woods, but Maya waves, as, with a little reluctance does Calvin. When they've disappeared into the woods he turns to Maya.

CALVIN

She'll be alright?

MAYA

Mary knows these woods like you know 10th St., better probably.

Maya turns back towards her canvas.

CALVIN

May I?

Maya nods her assent and steps back from the canvas. Calvin moves to take a look. He seems surprised at what he sees and steals a quick glance at Maya before returning his gaze to the canvas. Maya watches him closely. She tries to suppress her nervousness, but her shifting feet hint at it. There is a long silence. Finally Calvin turns to Maya.

CALVIN

(to himself)

Well.

Maya smiles nervously but doesn't respond. An awkward pause.

CALVIN

This is really different.

(a beat)

When did you start doing landscapes?

MAYA

(defensively)

I've always done some ...

CALVIN

I'm really surprised Maya. Your work in New York was very strong, it had a lot of possibilities... I'm sorry but this seems like a step backward.

Maya is hurt by this, and angry, at Calvin, and at herself for feeling this anger. She turns away from him and looks off across the field.

CALVIN

I'm sorry if that sounds harsh, you're a very fine painter and I think you have it in you to do important work, it's just that I...

Maya turns and cuts him off. Her voice is steady, it betrays none of the feelings that are surging up in her.

MAYA

Did you know there's wolves in these woods?

Calvin is surprised at this. He wonders if she is trying to scare him.

MAYA

(continuing)

I was up visiting Mary and Jacob last winter. It was a really cold winter and the wolves were starving. They had to move in closer to the camp, and I would lay in bed at night and listen to them howl.

Maya's eyes continue to gaze across the meadow as she talks.

MAYA

(continuing)

One night I was coming out of the privy. It was 40 below zero, you could hear a tree snap a mile away and the sky had a million stars in it. I was heading back to the cabin when I saw her.

Maya pauses, as if seeing it all again.

MAYA

She was about 15 feet ahead, between the cabin and me. She was beautiful, thick silver fur and big green eyes. She was looking at me and I stopped dead in my tracks. I could hear her breathing...she could hear me...but I wasn't scared. We stood there, oh it seemed like hours but it was maybe two or three minutes, just looking each other in the eyes, listening to each other breath...I felt we were the same somehow...

She smiles, a little embarrassed now as she looks at Calvin.

51 CONTINUED:

51

MAYA

...then she was gone, I blinked and I was all alone, but I checked the snow and the prints were there...

Calvin is puzzled by this story, and he looks at Maya, waiting for an explanation. She smiles, as if to herself in memory, and starts to pack up her paints.

52 EXT. CAMP - EVENING

52

Dorothy is photographing the camp. The sun is low on the horizon, and the sky is starting to fill with streaks of lemon and rose and lavender. A few artists drift by, on their way to the dining hall. Maya sees Dorothy and comes over to talk.

MAYA

Did you get to Devil's Falls?

Dorothy smiles in greeting, but continues to photograph as she talks.

DOROTHY

Oh they were just beautiful.

MAYA

You know I didn't know you were a photographer.

DOROTHY

Well, I wasn't, not when you were in New York, at least I hadn't been for a long time.

MAYA

You used to be?

Dorothy puts down her camera and looks at Maya.

DOROTHY

Well, I used to dabble before I met Calvin...

MAYA

What happened?

Dorothy smiles, a little uneasy.

DOROTHY

Well Calvin needed me for other things, he was so busy...It was never serious for me anyhow, I just liked to take photos.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

Maya senses Dorothy's unease and she smiles and takes her arm.

MAYA

I think dinner's about ready, coming?

DOROTHY

I'll just wait for Calvin...I'll be along in a minute...besides, there's a bit of light left yet.

She detaches herself from Maya and starts to photograph the dining hall, silhouetted against the sky. Maya turns and walks toward the dining hall.

53 INT. DINING HALL - EVENING

53

The dining hall is busy. The long table is crowded. Calvin sits at the head of the table, and Macdonald, Jones, Burns and several other artists lean in close to hear him. At another table Maya sits with Tompkins, Koskinin, Mary and Jacob.

54 ANGLE ON LONG TABLE

54

Calvin holds court at the long table. Dorothy moves about the table, snapping off photos as Calvin talks. Jones and Macdonald sit on either side of Calvin, and Burns and several other artists lean in.

CALVIN

We live in an age of pessimism, the only thing we can be sure of is our materials. It is your responsibility as artists to work with openness to this, the traditional easel painting can't respond to the times we are living in.

55 ANGLE ON MAYA'S TABLE

55

Maya sits with Tompkins, Koskinin, Jacob and Mary. They talk quietly, and Schwartz's voice often can be heard echoing through the room. Tompkins frowns.

GWYNNE

(muttering to Koskinin)

That gasbag.

Koskinin nods. Maya has been talking with Jacob, but she turns her head as if having heard Tompkins. She studies his face, and then looks past him towards Schwartz.

56 ANGLE ON LONG TABLE

56

Jones and Macdonald join the dialogue. Their voices too ring loudly.

ALAN

I find the hardest thing is getting a proper evaluation of your work.

Macdonald breaks in.

DUNCAN

Yah, I mean there's Jonesy here, but we need more input.

CALVIN

Yes I imagine it is pretty hard to work without a proper community. There's a lot of things wrong with New York, but it's paradise for a serious artist.

DUNCAN

I was there for a couple of weeks in '58, I don't think I slept more than a couple of hours the whole time, too much going on.

CALVIN

Did you get into any studios?

DUNCAN

No not really, I didn't know anybody there. I spent most of my time in galleries and bookstores.

CALVIN

Oh that's a pity, you must let me know when you're next in New York, I'll take you around.

Macdonald is thrilled.

57 ANGLE OF MAYA'S TABLE

57

The conversation from the long table drifts over Maya's table, as she talks quietly to Mary and Jacob. Tompkins and Koskinin sit silently, Tompkins chomping on his unlit pipe. Suddenly Tompkins CLEARS HIS THROAT, and TAPS HIS PIPE on the table.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

GWYNNE

Well I could use a walk. Coming Gary?

Tompkins and Koskinin rise.

GWYNNE

Goodnight, a splendid dinner again Mary.

KOSKININ

Yes, wonderful, goodnight.

Maya, Jacob and Mary look up and smile as the two men depart.

58 ANGLE ON LONG TABLE

58

Tompkins and Koskinin's departure goes unnoticed at the long table. They are deep in conversation.

CALVIN

Where do you get your paints from then?

ALAN

Oh, we usually order down to Chicago.

CALVIN

My God, how inconvenient. You know, you gentlemen impress me more and more. I really don't see how you do it.

DUNCAN

Well I don't know if I could keep on without this camp. It's a real lifeline.

CALVIN

How do you keep on top of what's going on.

Jones and Macdonald exchange resigned smiles.

ALAN

Oh it's tough, we've been trying to get some shows in the gallery...

DUNCAN

That's like pounding a nail with your forehead, they don't want to bring in new work at all there.

CALVIN

You know that sounds like New York twenty years ago, nobody wanted to see American painting then.

59 EXT. CAMP - EVENING

59

Tompkins and Koskinin cross the camp compound, away from the dining hall. The voices from the long table are AUDIBLE BUT INDISTINCT.

GWYNNE

I'm getting quite tired of Mr. Macdonald.

KOSKININ

Yah him and Jones are like parrots on Schwartz's shoulder.

The two men share their bitterness as they walk.

KOSKININ

Who needs that New York crap anyhow.

GWYNNE

I don't mind telling you Gary I'm worried. This country is selling itself to the Americans in every other way, and I suppose art is next.

KOSKININ

You're absolutely right there Gwynne. Coca Cola and Calvin Schwartz.

60 EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

60

Maya has said her goodnights to Mary and Jacob and is crossing the compound from the dining hall to her cabin. As she passes the studio Macdonald calls out to her.

DUNCAN

(o.s.)

Hey Maya!

She stops, and then turns and walks toward the studio.

61 INT. STUDIO - NIGHT

61

Duncan Macdonald is alone in the studio. He is wearing his paint smeared overalls, and stands before a small piece of masonite pinned to a board. He saw Maya pass by the open door and called out to her. She enters the studio, and Macdonald puts down the spatula he'd been using and greets her with a wide smile.

DUNCAN

Can I get you a drink.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

He indicates the vodka bottle that stands on his table.

MAYA

Sure.

Macdonald's pours out the vodka into a couple of dirty glasses and hands one to Maya.

MAYA

Salut.

Maya raises her glass, then downs the vodka in a swallow. Macdonald looks surprised and impressed and follows suit. He pours two more glasses.

DUNCAN

So Alan and I were thinking we'd like to keep this New York connection going. I thought maybe you had some people you could recommend.

MAYA

Why don't you ask Calvin?

DUNCAN

Oh we will. I just thought that maybe you had some ideas.

Maya sips at her vodka.

MAYA

No, I've lost touch with those people.

Macdonald downs his vodka in a gulp and slaps the glass down on the table.

DUNCAN

So I hear Calvin payed you a visit today.

Maya is surprised.

MAYA

What! What did he say?

Macdonald quietly takes in Maya's surprise and anxious question.

DUNCAN

Nothing, he just said he was going up to the meadow.

Maya looks relieved.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

DUNCAN

How'd it go?

A small smile plays around his lips. Maya's nervousness leads him to suspect the meeting did not go well. Maya shrugs.

DUNCAN

He was telling Jones and me about your work in New York,...

Maya doesn't respond, but her discomfort is apparent. Macdonald continues.

DUNCAN

...I really envy you.

MAYA

All it takes is a plane ticket Duncan.

Maya reaches out and grabs the vodka bottle. She pours herself a glass and looks at Macdonald. He holds out his glass, and with a trembling hand Maya pours him a shot.

DUNCAN

Yah but you were there when it was all going down.

Maya sips at her vodka.

DUNCAN

(continuing)

What was Calvin like then?

MAYA

You're a big fan of his.

DUNCAN

He's the man, no doubt about it. He's really opened me up to a lot of things.

Macdonald and Maya both sip at their vodkas. Maya looks around the studio, then moves over the small piece of masonite that Duncan had been working on. She studies it.

MAYA

This is a really nice piece Duncan.

Macdonald is surprised.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

DUNCAN

I didn't think it was your kind of stuff  
Maya.

Maya turns towards him and grabs the vodka bottle from the  
table.

MAYA

Neither is this.

She pours herself another glassful, and downs it quickly.

MAYA

Goodnight Duncan.

Macdonald grins, and Maya turns and exits the studio.

62 EXT. PAINTING STUDIO - MORNING

62

Calvin is talking with Burns outside the studio door as the  
other artists drift in.

CALVIN

If I were you I'd shut out the external  
world for a while, I think it's just a  
distraction for you at this stage.  
Concentrate on the plane of the canvas,  
that's where you'll discover things.

BURNS

I've gotten rid of the red.

CALVIN

Well that's a start, I'll have a look  
and see how you're coming along.

BURNS

Thanks Mr., uh Cal.

Calvin gives him a wide grin and slaps him on the back. Maya  
has caught the exchange as she passes by the studio towards  
the forest path. Her tripod and canvas are strapped to her  
back. Calvin sees her and calls out.

CALVIN

Oh Maya!

Maya stops but does not come over.

CALVIN

You're not coming into the studio today?

(CONTINUED)

- 62 CONTINUED: 62  
Maya shakes her head. Calvin frowns and turns sharply and enters the studio. Maya looks back at him as he disappears, then turns and heads up the path.
- 63 PAINTING MONTAGE 63  
A series of sequences of the artists painting.
- 64 INT. STUDIO - DAY 64  
Macdonald works furiously at another sheet of masonite. He looks like he hasn't slept, but his movements are powerful, his eyes still bright. Calvin watches from a few feet behind.
- 65 EXT. RIVER - DAY 65  
Maya is setting up her tripod on a rock that looks out onto a narrow river that enters, through a series of small rapids, Pike Lake. Her movements are slow, and the usual bounce is lacking.
- 66 INT. STUDIO - DAY 66  
Jones works away at a canvas pinned to the wall. He is a cleaner worker than Macdonald. His movements are precise, rationed so that only productive energy is expended. His canvas is a series of varying shades of white, pressed onto the canvas in thick, short strokes.
- 67 EXT. LAKESIDE - DAY 67  
Tompkins has set his canvas up on the tiny beach, alongside of him, Koskinin straps his canvas to a tripod. It is another clear day, the sun bouncing off the water in a million points of light. Tompkins is painting a scene of the shore, his hand moves confidently across the canvas, building up a layer of colour that shimmers like a late Monet. Koskinin searches through his box of paints.
- KOSKININ  
Oh damn, I'm out of cadmium red. Gwynne  
can you spare any?
- Tompkins finishes off a passage, then, wordlessly, scoops out a tube of paint from his box and tosses it to Koskinin.
- 68 INT. STUDIO - DAY 68  
Schwartz stand talking to Burns. Schwartz glances at Burns' painting.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

CALVIN

You see, it works much better now.

Burns nods. Calvin points to a corner of the canvas.

CALVIN

This really works, I think this is where you want to go.

He pats Burns on the back and moves on to another painter.

69 EXT. RIVER - DAY

69

Maya's canvas is set up on the rock, but she sits, facing away from it towards the river. Her satchel of brushes and paints is untouched. She is lost in thought.

70 INT. STUDIO - DAY

70

Schwartz is looking closely at Macdonald's painting. Macdonald bounces from foot to foot, his gaze flicking between Schwartz and the masonite.

71 EXT. LAKESIDE - DAY

71

With his unlit pipe clenched between his teeth Tompkins stares out across the lake, squinting in the glare.

72 EXT. RIVER - DAY

72

Maya squats near the rushing water, trailing a long stick into the swift current. Up behind her sits the untouched canvas. Maya stares down into the clear water.

73 INT. DINING HALL - NOON

73

The artists have just finished their lunch, and start heading back to work. Tompkins and Koskinin pass by the long table, where Schwartz talks to Jones and Macdonald.

CALVIN

It'll take a few months to set up.

Jones and Macdonald stare in astonishment at the incredible news that Schwartz has imparted.

ALAN

Calvin, this is a great honour...

CALVIN SCHWARTZ

(cutting him off)

honour nothing, you boys have earned it. Your work is incredibly strong and I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

CALVIN SCHWARTZ (cont'd)  
think it will be good for some people in  
New York to know there's some  
competition around.

DUNCAN  
Jesus I can't believe it.

Schwartz smiles widely, pleased that his news has so plainly  
stunned the two.

CALVIN  
I'll talk to Clementine when I get back.  
I think his gallery might be the best  
place for it, we've had a pretty good  
record of introducing new talent there.

74 EXT. CAMP - AFTERNOON

74

Macdonald, Schwartz and Jones are crossing the camp from the  
dining hall back towards the studio. Macdonald bounces with  
each step, the promised show in New York is written across  
his face in a wide grin. Below them on the beach can be seen  
Tompkins. He has returned to work at his canvas, and as the  
trio passes he has unfortunately extended his thumb in front  
of his eyes as he sights across the water. Macdonald notices.

DUNCAN  
(shouting)  
Painting your thumb now Gwynne?

Macdonald LAUGHS LOUDLY, and Schwartz and Jones struggle to  
suppress smiles. Macdonald's laughter echoes through the  
camp.

75 EXT. LAKESIDE - AFTERNOON

75

As Macdonald's laugh rattles through the trees, Tompkins  
chomps down on his pipe.

76 EXT. RIVER - AFTERNOON

76

Maya packs up her untouched canvas. She seems dispirited as  
she kicks idly at pebbles. She straps the canvas and tripod  
to her back, and walks slowly down a path that disappears  
into the trees.

77 EXT. FOREST - AFTERNOON

77

Jacob and Mary are sorting through the bushes for berries.  
They each carry a tin pail. Mary stands and stretches her  
back. She looks over at Jacob.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Jacob I swear you're eating more than  
you're puttin' in the pail.

Jacob smiles sheepishly.

JACOB

I've got to make sure they're ripe.

Mary shakes her head.

MARY

I must be crazy asking you to come berry  
picking.

Their courting is interrupted by Maya, slowly moving down  
the path, her eyes focused on her feet.

MARY

Well now.

Maya looks up in surprise. She hadn't noticed them. She  
offers a small smile. Mary puts down her pail and walks over  
to her.

MARY

You finished for the day?

Mary is surprised, usually Maya paints until dinner time.  
Maya's reply is resigned.

MAYA

I guess.

Mary notices Maya's quiet distress.

MARY

Well you can help us berry pick. We've  
got to get them in the pail before Jacob  
gets them in his mouth.

Maya can offer only a slight smile.

MAYA

I might as well do something useful.

Mary and Jacob exchange looks of concern.

Dorothy, Calvin, Mary, Jacob, and Maya sit on the porch and  
steps of the dining hall. Dinner has finished and they have  
brought their coffees outside to enjoy the last hour of

daylight. Mary is busy knitting a sweater for the coming winter. Jacob whittles at a piece of wood. He is carving a small toy for his nephew.

CALVIN

What do you trap Jacob?

JACOB

Oh whatever, fox, the odd weasel. Depends on the price, every year it's different.

CALVIN

You must have pretty tough winters up here.

Mary and Jacob LAUGH. Like many a northerner they like talking cold weather to tenderfeet.

MARY

Oh fifty below is nowhere as bad as it sounds.

JACOB

Nope, it's so much like forty below you scarcely notice the difference.

The two LAUGH again, joined by the Schwartzs. Maya has not been paying attention and she is startled by the laughter. She looks up.

CALVIN

Maya was telling me there's wolves up here.

JACOB

Oh you heard her sister wolf story.

He LAUGHS WARMLY and Maya smiles shyly. Mary reaches out and rubs her shoulder.

JACOB

(continuing)

...there's an old saying, one wolf bad, two wolves worse, no wolves worst.

They all turn and look at Jacob, confusion written on their faces.

JACOB

I never have understood that one.

Their LAUGHTER is interrupted by the arrival of Jones and Macdonald, here for this evening's talk. Calvin greets them

78 CONTINUED:

78

and they move into the dining hall. Maya sits staring off across the camp, before, with a small sigh, rising and entering the hall.

79 INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT

79

The artists are gathered in the dining hall. A large sheet is tacked to one wall, serving as a screen to the slide presentation being given by Schwartz. He stands behind the artists, who are seated in loose rows in front of the screen. Maya has taken a seat near the back near Tompkins. Macdonald and Jones occupy front row seats. Schwartz is showing work from New York to illustrate his philosophy about the directions of painting.

CALVIN

This piece has incredible unity, from edge to edge, top to bottom there's this very powerful pull, every section balances, and the treatment of the surface is very honest, a real laying out of the picture plane that brings it right out...

DUNCAN

How big would this be?

CALVIN

This one is about 10' x 8', which is about average for a lot of these.

(he clicks another slide)

This one by Pollock is even bigger, it's about 12' x 6'. I think the monumentality of these paintings requires such large surfaces, it gives them the opportunity to work out a lot of their ideas...

Schwartz is interrupted by a LOUD SNORT that comes from Tompkins. Schwartz looks over towards Tompkins.

CALVIN

Would you like to say something Gwynne?

The other artists turn to look back towards Tompkins. He shifts in his seat, then rises to his feet.

GWYNNE

Yes, well I'm sorry Calvin but I really can't see how you can even take this work seriously...

(CONTINUED)

Tompkins pauses, waiting for Schwartz to break in but instead Schwartz waits patiently. Tompkins seems a bit flustered at suddenly being the centre of attention.

GWYNNE

...well, I mean you talk about unity, and architecture and so on, but quite frankly all I can see are smears and drips...

As Tompkins flounders, Koskinin jumps in to help.

KOSKININ

I totally agree with Gwynne, this isn't painting at all.

Calvin offers a small smile.

CALVIN

I'm sorry you see it that way gentlemen, I disagree with you absolutely. I think that this is the only painting really worth discussing.

Macdonald lets out a LOUD HURRAH at this. Tompkins presses on.

GWYNNE

With respect Calvin, this might fly in New York, but for me painting is more than flinging paint about, it's a craft with a long and noble tradition that I am proud to follow in...

Macdonald is getting agitated and he mutters to Jones.

DUNCAN

What tradition is that hack following?

Although Macdonald's words are indistinct Tompkins reacts to them angrily.

GWYNNE

Excuse me but I am addressing the organ grinder, not his monkey.

Macdonald bursts out of his chair with A ROAR, and starts to move towards Tompkins. Jones leaps up and attempts to hold him back, but Macdonald is too quick. Koskinin jumps in between Macdonald and Tompkins, and Burns manages to grab hold of Macdonald. The two men stand, separated by Koskinin and Burns, Macdonald making strenuous efforts to push past, Tompkins content to remain behind the human barrier.

Schwartz stands to the side, a little surprised but seeming to enjoy the turn of events. Maya eyes him coldly.

DUNCAN

You old fart... why don't you clear out so we can have the 20th century here!

GWYNNE

Well I'm not surprised you like this stuff, it saves you the trouble of having to learn to paint.

Schwartz tries to return a semblance of order.

CALVIN

Gentlemen please...

He's ignored.

DUNCAN

You're a hack Tompkins, you can't paint worth shit, and worse yet you're too stupid to know it!

GWYNNE

At least I don't need a bottle to paint!

This sends Macdonald over the edge and he tries frantically to reach Tompkins but Jones and Burns hold tight. They trade insults over the heads of the peacekeepers.

DUNCAN

You senile bastard!

GWYNNE

Lush.

DUNCAN

Let's settle this like men!

Macdonald renews his efforts while Tompkins makes a few gestures of attempting to break past Koskinin, making well sure he doesn't. Suddenly, a LOUD RIPPING SOUND is heard. Maya has torn the sheet from the wall, and she stands holding a piece in her hand as the image from the slide bounces off her face and splinters onto the wall behind. The room falls silent.

MAYA

(loudly)

Stop it right now!

79 CONTINUED:

79

The artists seem surprised at Maya's decision to occupy centre stage, and the insults, and struggling cease as everyone waits for the next development. Maya walks toward Macdonald and hands him the piece of sheet.

MAYA

You wanted New York Duncan? Well you've got it.

She now turns towards Schwartz.

MAYA

You wanted to know why I left New York Calvin? This is why I left New York, I was sick of all the fighting, and the back stabbing and all the people begging for your favour...

Schwartz stares in surprise.

MAYA

...and I was sick of you, laying down the law, telling people how to paint, deciding who was in and who was out..

Maya turns away now, surprised at herself for the outburst. She starts to move through the silenced room, out towards the door. She stops and turns back towards Calvin. Her voice is full of anger.

MAYA

How many painters have you ruined Calvin?

The question hangs in the air as Maya turns on her heels and leaves the dining hall. The SCREEN DOOR SLAMMING against its frame is the only sound. Calvin, and the rest of the room, seem stunned. Dorothy moves over and takes his hand.

80 EXT. CAMP - DAWN

80

Most of the camp is still sleeping as Maya sets out across the compound and disappears up a path into the woods.

81 EXT. SCHWARTZS' CABIN STEPS - DAWN

81

Calvin sits on the steps of the cabin. He sees Maya disappear into the woods. The effects of last night still hang over him, the usual cocky air has vanished. He seems lost in thought. Dorothy comes out of the cabin and watches him for a moment before sitting down beside him. Calvin seems unaware of her presence. She takes his hand.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

DOROTHY

She had no right saying that.

Calvin is silent, but he glances at Dorothy and tightens his hand in hers.

82 EXT. HILL TOP - DAY

82

Maya has climbed up to a rocky point that commands a view of the Pike Lake valley. She is lost in thought, and her eyes look inwards rather than out on the low, forested hills. She sits down, clasping her knees to her chest and buries her head into her pants.

83 INT. DINING HALL - DAY

83

The artists are having a subdued breakfast. They sit scattered around the small tables, in groups of twos and threes. Calvin and Dorothy sit alone. Macdonald has finished his breakfast, and shuffles over to Calvin's table. He is embarrassed about last night. He stands awkwardly, shifting feet. Calvin too is embarrassed and finds it hard to meet Macdonald's eye.

DUNCAN

I just wanted to apologise for all that nonsense chief...

Calvin gives him a weak smile and attempts, and fails, a cheerful response.

CALVIN

Oh, it was a good debate.

Macdonald smiles awkwardly, and turns and quickly leaves the room.

84 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

84

Mary is cleaning up after breakfast. Calvin sticks his head into the kitchen, and seeing no one else around calls out quietly to Mary.

CALVIN

Any idea where Maya might be?

Mary gives him a studied look and puts down her towel.

85 EXT. HILL TOP - DAY

85

Maya remains on the point. The sun has warmed the rock, and she has taken her jacket off and used it as a pillow as she lays back and watches the clouds move across the wide sky.

(CONTINUED)

She is lost in thought and doesn't notice the arrival of Schwartz until he is almost up to the point. He is breathing heavily, and a sheet of sweat coats his face. The climb is not an easy one, and in kicking loose some rocks he startles Maya. She sits up in alarm which turns to an embarrassed surprise when she realizes who it is. Schwartz sits awkwardly on a large boulder a few feet away. He is BREATHING HEAVILY. He tries to hide his awkwardness by looking around the valley.

CALVIN

Well, it's worth the climb...

Maya doesn't speak, but she offers him a small smile. She is embarrassed by her outburst last night, and angry at herself for doing it. Calvin is unsure of how to proceed, and he tries another tack.

CALVIN

I brought you something to eat.

He pulls out an apple from his jacket pocket. He stands stiffly, and offers it to Maya. She takes the apple and takes a small bite.

CALVIN

I thought you might be hungry...

Maya cuts him off. Her voice is steady, but she doesn't meet his eyes.

MAYA

Look Calvin, I'm sorry last night went like it did..

Calvin has been waiting for this and he rushes to reassure her.

CALVIN

Oh look now, it's alri...

Maya again cuts him off, now turning her eyes towards him.

MAYA

No let me finish. I'm sorry it came out the way it did, but I'm not sorry I said what I said.

Calvin is a little surprised at this.

MAYA

(continuing)

I'm just angry with myself that I didn't say it sooner, and better. Last night I was angry at you when really it was me I was angry with, do you know what I mean?

He smiles in sympathy.

MAYA

I mean ever since I heard you were coming here I had it all worked out. I went over and over in my head just what I was going to say. I was going to spell it all out, why I left New York, what I'm doing here...

Maya stands and walks to the edge of the point. She stares out across the valley.

MAYA

In New York I was always biting my tongue, Christ I can't believe I did it again.

She turns back towards Calvin.

MAYA

I was always painting for someone else in New York, for my friends, for the dealers, for you!

CALVIN

But your work was strong.

MAYA

It wasn't my work, I was doing what I thought people wanted, it was so cold...

CALVIN

(a bit of anger creeping in)

Well don't go blaming New York for that, or me either for that matter.

A wave of frustration passes across Maya's face.

MAYA

I'm not blaming anybody, goddammit Calvin I'm just trying to explain how things are.

CALVIN  
(coldly)  
Well tell me Maya, how are things.

Maya turns away, frustrated that she still cannot put into words all that she has been feeling. She walks towards a large boulder, and turning back towards Calvin, sits.

MAYA  
I'm at home here Calvin, this is where I belong. And I'm doing what I want to, and if you don't like it, well, I can live with that.

CALVIN  
I never said I didn't like your work Maya...

Maya cuts him off.

MAYA  
You think I'm wasting something Calvin, you think I'm hiding out in the boondocks.

CALVIN  
Jesus Maya, don't put words into my mouth!

MAYA  
I'm sorry.

CALVIN  
Look Maya, it's like this, I think you have a lot of talent, but I think what you're doing now is not the best way to use that talent.

MAYA  
But it is the best way Calvin, that's the point.

Maya jumps up and walks toward Calvin.

MAYA  
(continuing)  
I'm finally painting for me, I'm doing what I want, not what someone else wants, I don't care that you don't understand this, it's not for you.

CALVIN

Christ Maya, every painter worth his salt paints for himself...

MAYA

I know that now Calvin, I found that out, but Calvin, that's not an easy thing to learn. You have a lot of power Calvin, you don't understand how hard it is.

CALVIN

I'm not God Maya.

Maya smiles.

MAYA

Tell that to Duncan Macdonald.

Calvin tries to give her a hard look, but a smile breaks out.

CALVIN

Now that's not fair, Duncan's a damn fine painter.

MAYA

And so am I.

Maya says this quietly, but with certainty, and she does not blush as she looks Calvin steadily in the eyes. He holds her look for a BEAT, and then turns to look over the countryside.

CALVIN

You know Maya, that painting you showed me that day in the meadow was splendid.

He looks at her but Maya just waits.

CALVIN

I just think you could be doing so much more. I mean all right, live out in the provinces, but don't be provincial demmit.

Calvin expects a reaction from this, but Maya just looks at him calmly.

MAYA

I'm sorry Calvin, you don't understand, that's alright.

Maya is relaxed now, she has finally said her piece, and she doesn't really care what Calvin says now. Calvin appears to realise this.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

CALVIN

Alright Maya, you stay here in exile and miss out on the future of art.

He turns back to Maya with a sly grin. She stares him down, then returns the smile.

MAYA

That's just what I was planning on doing.

86 INT. DINING HALL - EVENING

86

The artists are assembling in the dining room. A number of canvases lean against a wall, and a few artists hurry into the hall carrying more which are added to the collection, supervised by Calvin. Despite the bustle there is a layer of tension hanging in the air, the events of the previous night still seemingly unresolved. A hush falls over the room as Maya enters carrying a painting. Calvin rushed over to help her.

CALVIN

Good, we're all here now.

Calvin and Maya exchange smiles as he takes her painting and places it along the wall. The silence in the room is broken by this exchange, and the artists begin to TALK LOUDLY. The final painting now in place, Calvin calls for silence.

CALVIN

Ladies and gentlemen your attention please.

The excited mumble falls silent, and the artists gather around Calvin.

CALVIN

I would like you all to take a good look at the fruits of your labours.

Calvin stands back, and the artists gaze at the assembled paintings. They are in a number of styles, from Gwynne's limpid landscapes, after the impressionists, to Duncan's severe, pure abstracts.

CALVIN

I can't begin to tell you how impressed I am with all your dedication, it was a great privilege for me to be here.

Calvin smiles widely, and moves towards Gwynne. He grasps Gwynne's arm and pulls him towards the centre of the room. Gwynne appears uneasy.

(CONTINUED)

CALVIN

And I think we all owe a debt of gratitude to this man. Without Gwynne Tompkins we would not have the wonderful opportunity of the Pike Lake workshops. Three Cheers!

The artists respond with a loud HIP HIP HOORAY, some more enthusiastic than others. Duncan's lips do not appear to move. Gwynne smiles with pleasure.

GWYNNE

It has been a great pleasure having you and your lovely wife with us this year Calvin.

Gwynne begins to applaud, and is soon joined by the others, Duncan joining in with loud WHISTLES of approval. Calvin grins and waves his hands for silence, eventually getting some.

CALVIN

Thank you, thank you very much. I will be returning to New York with some top rate reports, and I think all of you can be proud that you have developed such a strong culture on such difficult terrain. I'm going to keep my eye out on Sss-kat-chew-wan, I expect great things from here.

Calvin begins to applaud and the artists join in with LOUD WHOOPS AND HOLLERS.

87 EXT. BONFIRE - NIGHT

87

Dorothy and Calvin tend a grill built over a large bonfire. Links of thick sausage sizzle on the grill, and on a table nearby, jars of Kosher pickles, thick crusty buns, bowls of potato salad, bannock, and pies crowd beside a tub full of beer. Calvin makes great ceremony in serving the sausages to the artists who stand in a ragged line before him.

88 MONTAGE OF BARBEQUE

88

The artists break into small groups around the bonfire, the groups dissolving and reforming in new permutations, the conversations easy, with much LAUGHTER.

89 ANGLE ON CALVIN AND GWYNNE

89

Calvin and Gwynne sit on the steps of the dining hall, plates balanced on their knees.

(CONTINUED)

GWYNNE

You know I generally don't like Rubens but this portrait of his daughter is just so delicate..

Calvin interrupts.

CALVIN

Is that the one in Vaduz?

Gwynne turns in surprise.

GWYNNE

You know it then?

CALVIN

Oh I know it well, it really is something, so unlike him. Of course the really first rate Rubens are in Antwerp.

GWYNNE

His crucifixion?

Calvin nods and the two men sit in silent memory of the painting in Antwerp's cathedral.

Duncan pulls out a beer from the tub, wipes it off on his shirt, opens it and hands it to Maya. She smiles in thanks and returns to her conversation with Jones.

MAYA

Let me know if you're putting an order in.

ALAN

Well I was going to put one in when I got back to Regina, what do you need?

MAYA

What don't I need! I'm just about out of everything.

ALAN

Well make up a list and get it to me before the 15th.

DUNCAN

I don't know why you bother with that oil and canvas game, enamel is easy enough to come by, I've gotta a couple of cans I could give you.

90 CONTINUED:

90

Maya smiles and raises her beer.

MAYA  
Cheers Duncan.

91 ANGLE ON MARY AND DOROTHY

91

Mary and Dorothy stand by the table of food. Dorothy is looking at the bannock.

DOROTHY  
What do you call this?

MARY  
You never seen bannock before?

Mary is very surprised at this.

DOROTHY  
Bannock? Is that what you call it.

Mary gives Dorothy a hard look.

MARY  
Now no offense sister, but what do you call it?

Dorothy smiles in confusion.

92 ANGLE ON CALVIN, ALAN & DUNCAN

92

Calvin throws some more wood onto the fire, which sends a pillar of sparks into the clear night sky. He looks up at the two men.

CALVIN  
Now I'm going to get in touch with Barney when I get back, I think he's just the man for next year.

DUNCAN  
I've read about him, but I've never seen any of his work.

ALAN  
He does those really austere works eh?

CALVIN  
That's him, he's really clarified his work, I think he'd be great in this sort of environment.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

ALAN

We'd really appreciate it Cal, but could you keep quiet around Gwynne?

Duncan groans but Calvin grins widely and raises his finger to his lips.

93 ANGLE ON JACOB AND MAYA

93

Jacob emerges from the dining hall carrying a pot of coffee. He joins Maya on the steps and pours her a cup.

MAYA

I don't want to go back to work.

Jacob grins slyly.

JACOB

I thought you loved those little angels.

Maya GROANS.

MAYA

I wouldn't mind turning them into angels. Jacob, give me a pack of wolves any day over a pack of ten year old boys.

JACOB

Oh come on now Maya, are you telling me that the girls are no trouble at all.

Maya gives him a light punch in the arm.

MAYA

Girls are never the problem Jacob. Are you and Mary ever going to get down for a visit?

JACOB

Well you know Maya, there's a lot of work to do, gotta close this place up, and get my lines out.

MAYA

You say that every year Jacob.

JACOB

And it's true every year too!

94 ANGLE ON JONES AND TOMPKINS

94

Jones and Tompkins poke at the fire with long sticks, Tompkins puffs away at his unlit pipe.

(CONTINUED)

GWYNNE

Now I would never stand in the way of progress Alan, you know that.

He looks for reassurance.

ALAN

Yes of course Gwynne.

Reassured, Tompkins continues.

GWYNNE

I just think we have to take it steady, and not go off on some wild goose chase like that damn Macdonald wants us to.

ALAN

Mac's a little headstrong Gwynne, don't worry I'll talk to him.

Tompkins nods in satisfaction.

Calvin is hacking away at a piece of wood as Jacob and Maya exchange smiles.

JACOB

You've got to find the grain there Calvin.

A loud THWACK and the log splinters, Calvin looking up in satisfaction.

JACOB

There you go now.  
(to Maya)  
I'm gonna put another twenty feet on the studio I reckon.

MAYA

What did Alan say?

JACOB

Oh he thought the government might chip in some money.  
(to Calvin)  
That's probably enough wood for now Calvin.

96 ANGLE ON MACDONALD, JONES AND BURNS

96

The three men are roasting marshmallows over the fire and nursing beers. Their faces glow in the flames.

ALAN

Yeh I think Gwynne's coming around.

Macdonald scowls.

DUNCAN

That old fart.

Burns nods his head in agreement.

ALAN

Just ease up Mac, I've got him hooked, I don't want you upsetting him as I try and land him.

DUNCAN

(with a snort)

Let me know when you've got him on shore and I'll whack him across the back of the head.

Burns bursts out LAUGHING.

97 ANGLE ON MAYA, THE POITRAS AND THE SCHWARTZS

97

Maya, Jacob and Mary, Calvin and Dorothy sit on blankets around the dying bonfire. It's late now and most of the camp has drifted off to bed. A spectacular show of Aurora Borealis drifts across the sky, sheets of green and red, spinning out in ribbons, dissolving and bursting forth. They sit quietly, staring at the display, while from across the lake, the HOWL OF A WOLF drifts across the campground. Calvin and Dorothy move in closer to one another, Maya, Mary and Jacob exchange deep smiles of satisfaction, as a burst of sparks rises from the fire.

98 EXT. CAMP - DAY

98

The camp is breaking up and the first to depart are the Schwartzs. The artists gather around their loaded car, and Calvin and Dorothy move about saying their goodbyes. Calvin takes Mary's hand.

CALVIN

I'll miss your coffee.

Mary smiles, and Calvin turns and takes Jacob's hand.

(CONTINUED)

CALVIN

Thank you for everything Jacob, it's been wonderful.

JACOB

It was a pleasure having you up here.

Calvin turns to Gwynne.

CALVIN

I enjoyed working with you Gwynne, you've done a great job here.

Gwynne smiles and shakes Calvin's hand.

GWYNNE

Have a good trip back.

Gwynne takes Dorothy's hand.

DOROTHY

Goodbye Gwynne.

Calvin has moved on to Jones and Macdonald. They shake hands, and Calvin pats Duncan on the back.

CALVIN

Well boys, it's been great. I'll be in touch as soon as I get back.

ALAN

Thanks for everything Cal.

DUNCAN

...I can't begin to tell you how much this has meant to me.

CALVIN

Well it's meant a lot to me too, you're both damn fine painters.

Jones and Macdonald grin with pleasure, and Calvin moves toward Maya. She smiles shyly.

MAYA

Goodbye Calvin, have a safe trip back.

They hug awkwardly.

CALVIN

I'm really glad you were here Maya.

MAYA

I'm really glad I'm here too.

Maya smiles, and Calvin bursts out laughing. They hug again, this time with ease.

CALVIN

Just remember, there's always a place in New York for you.

Maya frowns.

CALVIN

Finkleman's pie?

Maya's frown changes to a smile.

MAYA

Sometimes its better to dream about things.

They are interrupted by Dorothy who wants to take a last photo.

DOROTHY

Calvin, get in here, Maya come on...

Dorothy ushers the artists into a tight circle around Calvin. Wide smiles are on every face, and arms are looped together as Dorothy takes the photo.

DOROTHY

Hold on now, one..two..three..

The photo taken the group breaks up with much LAUGHTER. Maya grabs Dorothy and gives her a quick kiss. Dorothy and Calvin climb into the car, Calvin rolling down the window and waving as Dorothy turns the car out of the camp grounds and down the long tree lined drive. Calvin's arm continues to wave back at the group of artists who stand watching and waving until the car disappears around a bend.

99 EXT. CAMP GROUND - DAY

99

Jones and Macdonald stand beside their car, the load much lighter for the return journey. Maya stands with Jacob and Mary, seeing them off.

ALAN

Well it's been a really great year.

Smiles and nods greet this.

(CONTINUED)

ALAN

(continuing)

Jacob I'll be in touch about that money, the people at the Arts Board were sounding pretty positive about the expansion.

JACOB

Well I'll sketch out some plans and send them down to you.

ALAN

Right.

(turning to Maya)

Are we gonna see you in town a bit more this year Maya?

MAYA

Oh I don't know Alan, all that hustle and bustle, it just turns my head round.

LOUD LAUGHTER from all greets this.

MAYA

We'll see, you're always welcome to pay me a visit you know.

DUNCAN

I'd like that.

Jacob and Mary open their eyes at this, and Macdonald blushes. Maya gives him a warm smile.

MAYA

It would be really nice to see you Duncan.

100 EXT. CAMP GROUNDS - DAY

100

Maya sits in her VW, the camp empty now with only Mary and Jacob left to say goodbye. Jacob leans on the car's roof while Mary leans into the open window.

MARY

You'll come for Christmas then?

MAYA

Well I couldn't let Jacob eat all that pudding.

Jacob raps sharply on the thin roof.

100 CONTINUED:

100

JACOB

I can do just fine thank you.

Mary gives him a soft whack.

MARY

You'll put a dent in you big brute.

(leaning back to Maya)

Men! Don't leave me with this beast.

Maya smiles.

MAYA

Oh I reckon you can handle him.

Maya starts the engine, and Mary pokes her head in the window and gives her a kiss.

MARY

Bye Sister!

Jacob runs along with the car as it slowly pulls away, Maya's hand reaching out the window and clasping his hand before the car pulls away and down the drive. Mary wanders up to Jacob and kisses him as they gaze at Maya's waving hand disappearing down the road.

101 INT. NEW YORK CITY ART GALLERY - NIGHT

101

A small gallery in SoHo, its wall lined with a number of canvases, including some by Duncan Macdonald and Alan Jones. The show is titled NEW DIRECTIONS, and Calvin Schwartz addresses the crowd gathered for the opening. Jones and Macdonald stand together near the back.

CALVIN

and I think we might look back in ten years time to this evening, and the start of what will be, I'm sure, the New Directions of contemporary art. Thank you.

Calvin smiles with pleasure as the crowd breaks into APPLAUSE. As the crowd disperses, some to look at the paintings, others towards the bar, Calvin moves toward Macdonald and Jones.

CALVIN

It makes me so damn glad to see you chaps here, this is where you belong dammit.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

Jones and Macdonald both grin widely. They are thrilled at being here this evening. Macdonald casts his eyes around the room, searching out faces. Calvin notices and calls over a tall, heavy built man.

CALVIN

Barney! Barney I'd like you to meet a couple of friends of mine from Saskatchewan, Barnett Newman, this is Alan Jones and Duncan Macdonald.

The three men shake hands.

BARNEY

Pleasure to meet you, Cal's been talking a lot about SSk, Sakat, Sasa..

CALVIN

(laughing)  
Sss-kat-chew-wan

BARNEY

Yah, whatever, anyways I just wanted to tell you that I find your paintings here very interesting, this isn't a good place to talk, but I hope you'll come round this week and we can have a proper talk.

Newman abruptly departs, and a clearly thrilled Macdonald and Jones are led through the room by Calvin who introduces them to a number of people.

102 INT. MAYA'S STUDIO - DAY

102

Maya's studio is a small shed behind her house. It is cluttered with canvases stacked against a wall, shelves full of paints and brushes and books. DOROTHY'S PHOTO OF THE CAMP sits on a small table, alongside tins full of brushes and a bunch of drying flowers. A small wood burning stove stands in the corner. The winds of the winter's first blizzard shake the clapboard walls, and Maya feeds wood into the stove, then turns back to the canvas pinned to the wall and begins to paint.

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