

EVERWOOD by Greg Berlanti

PROLOGUE. OVER BLACK WE HEAR.

The voice of a MALE NARRATOR. His tone suggests a fairy-tale.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

I wasn't there the day Doctor Andrew Brown's life changed forever. But like most folks in Everwood, I've heard the story enough times to be able to able to tell it.

FADE IN: EXT. THE BROWN'S TOWNHOUSE. MORNING.

Located amongst the Upper East Side's wealthier residences.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It begins where many stories begin, in the city of New York, where Doctor Brown lives comfortably with his wife and two children.

INT. THE BROWN'S KITCHEN. SAME.

DELIA BROWN, 8, wearing one of her signature baseball caps, sits at the table munching on some cereal. Her handsome father, DR. ANDREW BROWN, 40, sits beside her reading his New York Times. His wife JULIA, 38, finishes cleaning some dishes. In the next room, a PIANO PLAYS something classical.

DELIA

Dad, did you know that hair grows from the end and not its roots?

DOCTOR BROWN

In Grandpa Harold's case, it doesn't grow from anywhere.

Delia giggles. She loves her dad. Julia looks up from the sink and checks the clock. Calling out:

JULIA

Ephram, you're gonna be late again!

The PIANO stops and EPHRAM enters. He's 15, has dyed purple hair and the intense eyes of an artist... or a psychopath. It depends on how the rest of his teenage years go.

DOCTOR BROWN

Good morning.

EPHRAM

(to his mom, re: lunch bag)
This mine?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIA

It is.

DOCTOR BROWN

Someone's unusually quiet this morning?

EPHRAM

Someone is unusually interested.

Julia sees where this is going, and stops it.

JULIA

Don't be nervous about tonight. Your dad and I will be there to cheer you on.

EPHRAM

Yeah, I'm sure. See ya.

A kiss to his mom's cheek and Ephram leaves. Doctor Brown bites his lip, remembering.

DOCTOR BROWN

His recital's tonight.

JULIA

I've only told ten times.

DOCTOR BROWN

When?

JULIA

Eight. He's going early with a friend. You and I are leaving at seven to make it to Jersey on time.

DOCTOR BROWN

Would someone tell me why, with all the piano teachers in Manhattan, my son studies in New Jersey?

JULIA

Because the best one is in Jersey.

DOCTOR BROWN

I didn't think Jersey had the best anything.

DELIA

The Giants play in Jersey and they're the best.

DOCTOR BROWN

They're not technically from Jersey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DELIA

They should be.

DOCTOR BROWN

What do you know? You're eight.

Andy gives his daughter a kiss on the forehead. He moves toward his wife, kissing her, too. She pulls away.

JULIA

Be home on time.

DOCTOR BROWN

I'll be here.

DISSOLVE TO: AN X-RAY of the HUMAN BRAIN.

We've seen enough pictures of the brain to know they shouldn't look like this one. PULL BACK revealing...

INT. A PATIENT'S ROOM AT BROOKLYN SCIENCE HOSPITAL. DAY.

Andy sits across from MR. AND MRS. SADDLEBROOK (50's).

DOCTOR BROWN

Glioblastoma multiform. I like to call it the Great White of brain tumors. It's highly malignant and grows quickly -- typically occurring in the frontal or temporal lobe of the cerebral hemisphere. In your case, Mr. Saddlebrook, it appears in both hemispheres and has even begun to metastasize into the spinal fluid.

The Saddlebrooks share a sad look.

MRS. SADDLEBROOK

We know all this already. The other doctors diagnosed him weeks ago.

MR. SADDLEBROOK

They say it's inoperable. I came to you because you're supposed to be the best.

DOCTOR BROWN

You were wise to do so. The answer's yes, I'm willing to go after this cancer with everything I've got: starting with a combination of radiation therapies followed by immediate and massive surgical resection.

Husband and wife sigh a huge sigh of relief.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. SADDLEBROOK

Thank you.

DOCTOR BROWN

Don't thank me now, sir. You can thank me
when I save your life.

And just like that, Doctor Brown is outta there.

MRS. SADDLEBROOK

(a little nervous)

I hope he's as good as he is brief.

INT. DOCTOR BROWN'S OFFICE. EARLY EVENING.

Andy's on the phone, caught up in a bureaucratic argument.

DOCTOR BROWN

Larry, they don't know the first thing about
this kind of medicine in Boston.

A NURSE KNOCKS on the open door.

NURSE

Doctor, you wanted me to remind you when
it was seven o'clock.

DOCTOR BROWN

(covers the receiver)

It's seven already?

NURSE

No. It was seven a half hour ago when I
reminded you the first time.

The Doc checks the clock. Yep, 7:30. Shit, shit, shit.

DOCTOR BROWN

Call my wife, tell her to go to the recital
without me. I'll meet her there.

NURSE

She already called to say she was leaving.
She also wanted me to remind you you're a
lousy husband-slash-father.

DOCTOR BROWN

Thanks, Barb.

(back into the phone)

I don't care, the fact remains we have
the greatest chance for funding that
research at Brooklyn Science...

DISSOLVE TO: LATER.

The clock now reads 9:15. Andy's finally heading home. He grabs his umbrella and flips off the office light. Outside the window, LIGHTENING CRASHES. One of those nasty summer storms has kicked up.

IN THE HALL, he passes a pair of somber-faced POLICE OFFICERS wet from rain. He overhears them talking to the WARD NURSE.

POLICE OFFICER #1
We're looking for Dr. Andrew Brown.

Andy stops dead at a pair of emergency doors and turns.

REVERSE ANGLE -- POV OUTSIDE THROUGH THE GLASS OF THE EMERGENCY DOORS

We watch in silence as the police approach Andy. As they talk his face turns ghostly. His eyes shut tight. And his mouth falls open. Fighting for air.

EXT. A SUBURBAN CEMETERY. DAY.

The CAMERA CRANES DOWN to find a stone-faced Doctor Brown and his tear streaked children amongst a sea of MOURNERS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And so it happened that a rainy August night robbed the good doctor and his children of a wife and a mother.

EXT. THE BROWN'S TOWNHOUSE. A WEEK LATER.

Delia's at the front door. A flower DELIVERY MAN has just handed her a bouquet. We FOLLOW HER as she carries it inside and places it with several others by the fireplace.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Oh sure, the Browns did the best they could to get by after that.

Andy sits in a chair nearby, staring out the window, lost in his own universe. We continue to follow Delia upstairs, where she passes her brother's room.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Pretending as though nothing had changed.

Ephram's walls are covered with posters of Japanese anime. He lies on his bed, stereo and television on at full blast.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Knowing that everything had.

INT. THE BROWN'S TOWNHOUSE. MORNING. A FEW WEEKS LATER.

Delia and Doctor Brown miserably eat their breakfast. We notice that Doctor Brown has the beginnings of a beard. Nearby a GREY-HAIRED MAID finishes cleaning some dishes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As expected, Doctor Brown wasted no time going back to work. What wasn't expected, was what happened once he got there.

INT. A PATIENT'S ROOM AT BROOKLYN SCIENCE. DAY.

Andy enters. Mr. Saddlebrook lies in the bed, a wasted, sickly version of his former self.

MR. SADDLEBROOK

Morning, Doc.

DOCTOR BROWN

Ready for the big day, Mr. Saddlebrook?

MR. SADDLEBROOK

I hope so... Listen, Doc. I heard about the tragedy you suffered. And I'm sorry.

A beat. Doctor Brown's eyes well-up. He looks at Mr. Saddlebrook for what seems like the first time.

DOCTOR BROWN

If you could be anywhere in the world right now, where would it be?

MR. SADDLEBROOK

Hershey, Pennsylvania. It's where I grew up. I've kept my parents' farm there.

DOCTOR BROWN

Go there. Now. Today.

MR. SADDLEBROOK

But I --

DOCTOR BROWN

I can't live your life. At best I can prolong it by eight months, maybe a year. Most of that time you'll spend barely coherent and recovering from surgery. And all so this hospital can brag about its statistics with terminal illnesses. But those statistics don't measure quality of life, and if you have even the slightest hope of preserving your own, you'll get out of this bed and leave as fast as your legs will carry you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Saddlebrook smiles as though a weight has been lifted.

INT. THE BROWN'S LIVING ROOM. DAY.

CLOSE ON THE FACES OF DELIA AND EPHRAM as they sit, a little shocked, across from their pacing, bubbling father.

EPHRAM
Moving? Where?!

DOCTOR BROWN
Everwood, Colorado.

DELIA
Where's that?

EPHRAM
In Colorado, dumb ass. Why are we moving there?!

DOCTOR BROWN
Someone told me about it once. They said it was the most beautiful little town they'd ever seen. It's on this hill... or is it a mountain? Maybe it's on a hill by a mountain? Anyway, I was thinking last night that we should move there. What do you say?

EPHRAM
I say that's like not even a reason!

DOCTOR BROWN
I know. How great is that?! We'd be moving to some place for no reason at all!

EPHRAM
That's not great! That's crazy. That's Harrison Ford in "Mosquito Coast" crazy!

DOCTOR BROWN
You say crazy. I say it might be the sanest thing I've ever done. Now of course I want this to be a democratic decision, so we'll take a vote. Everyone who wants to move...
(eyes Delia, thinks)
...and get their own horse, raise your hand.

Delia's hand shoots up like a rocket. Doc Brown's follows.

DOCTOR BROWN (cont'd)
Well, that decides it.

EPHRAM
Democratic? You just bought her vote.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR BROWN
It's the American version.

Doc Brown exits. Ephram looks at his sister. Pissed.

EPHRAM
I want you to remember this moment. This is the moment you conspired with a psycho to ruin what's left of our pathetic lives.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
As it turns out, Andy's leaving caused quite a stir in the medical community.

INT. THE SAME LIVING ROOM. A MONTH LATER.

The place is empty now save for a few cardboard boxes. Delia sits atop them reading a Time Magazine. Doctor Brown enters, now with a full beard. He grabs the box with her on it.

As Andy lifts her, the magazine falls to the floor. The CAMERA PANS to an open page where we see a RECENT PHOTO OF DOCTOR BROWN and HIS FAMILY.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Time Magazine even wrote about it, calling Andrew Brown's departure from neurosurgery one of the great losses of modern medicine.

EXT. JUST OUTSIDE THE BROWN'S TOWNHOUSE. CONTINUOUS.

Where the Browns have just finished loading up the last of their belongings into their SUV. They all get in.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Like a lot of people, you might think they were exaggerating. But then, you probably don't know Doctor Brown.

And the car drives off into the sunshine of a new day.

FADE OUT.

END OF PROLOGUE.

ACT ONE

FADE UP ON: A MONTAGE OF EVERWOOD, COLORADO.

A very different landscape than that of the prologue. Gone are the gray, monolithic skyscrapers. Instead, we're greeted by the gorgeous snowy vistas of the Rocky Mountains.

At the foot of them, nestled atop a hill, lies the town of Everwood. With its turn of the century main street and Rockwellian citizens, the community is, in a word, quaint. In more than a word, it's in the middle of fucking nowhere.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Everwood, Colorado. Population: just over nine thousand and growing. Founded in 1853, this jewel of the Centennial State is home to one of the country's first Opera Houses, oldest gold mines, third largest chili cook-off and...

CUT TO: EXT. DOCTOR BROWN'S STREET. MORNING</U>.

The CAMERA PANS a street of idyllic Victorian Tudors landing on one in particular. There's an obvious sameness to these homes. It's a sameness that the people of Everwood prefer.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

...even the occasional world famous brain surgeon.

INT. DOCTOR BROWN'S KITCHEN. MORNING.

Andy opens a cardboard box marked "kitchen stuff". He yanks a pan out and looks up to see Ephram staring at him.

EPHRAM

You're making breakfast?

DOCTOR BROWN

Yep.

EPHRAM

It's not Christmas.

DOCTOR BROWN

Does it have to be Christmas for me to make breakfast?

EPHRAM

No. It just has to be for me to eat it.

INT. DELIA'S BEDROOM. SAME.

Delia has just dressed for her first day at a new school. She moves past some boxes to her closet where she keeps her motherload of baseball caps. She makes a careful selection.

INT. THE KITCHEN. A LITTLE LATER.

Delia bops down the stairs and into the room. She covers the face of her hat from her father's view.

DELIA

Guess?

DOCTOR BROWN

Sacramento Hawks.

DELIA

No.

DOCTOR BROWN

(as she shows him)

The Rockies. Someone's acclimating.

DELIA

Huh?

DOCTOR BROWN

Getting adjusted.

Delia studies the eggs on her plate. Sniffing suspiciously.

DELIA

These don't smell right.

DOCTOR BROWN

You're in luck, you don't have time. But finish that orange juice, young lady.

DELIA

Ephram read that high doses of Vitamin C caused blindness in lab rats.

DOCTOR BROWN

Does Ephram have a medical degree?

DELIA

No.

DOCTOR BROWN

Do I?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DELIA

I see where you're taking this.

Outside, a HORN.

DOCTOR BROWN

There's your bus.

DELIA

Where's my lunch?

DOCTOR BROWN

(blindsided)

Lunch? Lunch. I forgot to make it.
Here's some cash.

He reaches into his wallet.

DELIA

I don't think they'll change a fifty.

DOCTOR BROWN

Here's some singles.

Andy goes to walk her to the door. She stops him.

DOCTOR BROWN (cont'd)

I forgot. You want to do this alone.

DELIA

It's a big step for me.

(she kisses him)

Love you.

DOCTOR BROWN

You too, kiddo.

EXT./INT. DELIA'S SCHOOL BUS. MINUTES LATER.

Delia arrives at the bus door as it opens revealing THE BUS DRIVER, an African American man in his mid 60's.

BUS DRIVER

Rosemary Clooney, my my my.

DELIA

Uh... it's Delia Brown.

BUS DRIVER

I know, child. Rosemary Clooney's on the radio. I take note of what's playing when a passenger enters my bus for the first time. It tells me something about 'em.

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CONTINUED:

If you were listening to this script instead of reading it, by now you would recognize the voice of OUR NARRATOR.

DELIA

What's Maryrose Clooney tell you?

BUS DRIVER

She tells me you and I are gonna get on just fine. Kids call me Mr. Irv.

Delia smiles and takes a seat amongst some not-so-friendly seeming GRADE SCHOOLERS.

INT. LIVING ROOM. SAME.

Through the window, Doc Brown watches his daughter's bus sail off. Ephram's just coming down the stairs.

DOCTOR BROWN

C'mon, let's get you to school.

EPHRAM

I'm riding my bike.

DOCTOR BROWN

Why? I can drive you.

EPHRAM

I appreciate the offer. But it's about ten years too late.

And Ephram's out the door. The Doctor watches him, wondering when it was exactly that he lost his son and if it's forever.

EXT. DOCTOR BROWN'S BACKYARD. LATER.

Doctor Brown's just in the midst of watering his garden when he finds a peculiar species of foliage that looks remarkably like a very SERIOUS FOUR-YEAR-OLD LITTLE BOY.

DOCTOR BROWN

You're not a plant.

LITTLE BOY

I'm a boy.

(points to some plants)

These are daises. This is strawflower.

DOCTOR BROWN

Impressive.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I see you've met my resident horticulturist.

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CONTINUED:

Andy turns. Next-door stands a PREGNANT WOMAN in her early thirties. Her name is NINA FEENEY. Colorado born and bred.

NINA

Nina Feeney. This monster is Samuel.
We're your neighbors.

DOCTOR BROWN

You're my neighbors? That's a weird
coincidence because I'm your neighbor.

A early morning joke. She smiles.

NINA

Doctor Brown, right?

DOCTOR BROWN

Please, Andy. And how did...

NINA

It's a small town, Andy. If Time Magazine
wasn't enough. Your real estate agent was.

DOCTOR BROWN

Mrs. Baxworth?

NINA

Biggest mouth in four counties. She almost
took State in '98.

DOCTOR BROWN

I'll be careful what I say around her.

NINA

If you can get a word in. Now if you'll excuse
me, I have to ship him off to day-care. Nice
meeting you.

DOCTOR BROWN

Nice meeting you, Nina.

NINA

Hey. Why are you watering anyway? I thought
this house had a sprinkler system.

DOCTOR BROWN

It does?

Without warning, the cruel TV gods turn on the sprinkler system, giving Doctor Brown a good dousing. Nina and the Doctor share a laugh at his expense.

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DOCTOR BROWN (cont'd)

It does.

EXT. COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL. DAY.

A fairly large brick structure, circa 1940's. As is the case with many rural areas, this building is the sole high school for the entire county.

OVER BY THE BIKE RACKS

Ephram locks up his bike. His attempts to go unnoticed are thwarted by a pair of DICKHEAD TEENAGERS.

DICKHEAD TEENAGER #1

Freak, what happened to your hair? They were out of green at the store?

Some SURROUNDING STUDENTS turn and watch. Amongst them, a PRETTY GIRL with sympathetic eyes.

DICKHEAD TEENAGER #2

Hey, Mini-Me. My friend asked you a question? Where are your manners?

EPHRAM

Sorry. I didn't understand him. See, I don't speak Asshole. But since you do, maybe you could translate for me?

People LAUGH. Off The Dickheads' befuddlement we go...

INT. COUNTY HIGH. HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS.

Ephram enters. The Pretty Girl catches up with him. We get a better look at her now: thick brown hair, gray-green eyes, a real heartbreaker.

PRETTY GIRL

You were bold out there.

EPHRAM

It was just strategy, really.

PRETTY GIRL

Strategy?

EPHRAM

I find it's best when dealing with any unfamiliar bully to strike early with the sarcasm. It makes them wonder whether or not I have some secret butt-kicking prowess they're unable to detect.

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PRETTY GIRL

Wow. You have really have this thought out.

EPHRAM

Spend as much time inside a gym locker as I have, you'd have a few theories of your own.

She laughs. It's okay, this is Ephram's desired effect.

PRETTY GIRL

Were they really that horrible to you in New York?

EPHRAM

How did you know I was from New York?

PRETTY GIRL

That doctor who just moved here? He's your father, right?

EPHRAM

If you use the term "father" loosely.

PRETTY GIRL

Ever since that article in Time, your dad is all anyone can talk about around here.

EPHRAM

What do they say?

PRETTY GIRL

A lot. Mostly they just wonder why he came.

EPHRAM

If they figure it out, let me know.

PRETTY GIRL

You really don't know why you're here?

EPHRAM

Wacked. I know.

PRETTY GIRL

I think it's wild. Sometimes I wonder if my dad's the most boring man alive.

(off the BELL RINGING)

There's the bell. We should eat lunch sometime.

EPHRAM

Do you mean that as a philosophical idea, that people should eat lunch? Or do you mean that you and I should eat lunch together?

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CONTINUED: (2)

PRETTY GIRL

Together, of course.

EPHRAM

Wait. What's your name?

PRETTY GIRL

Amy. And I like your hair.

For the first time, we see Ephram smile.

EXT. EVERWOOD'S MAIN STREET. DAY.

Downtown. Andy walks with his realtor BRENDA BAXWORTH. Brenda's the type of woman who feels Kathy Lee Gifford is misunderstood.

BRENDA BAXWORTH

Doctor, if you love the house, you're going to adore these offices.

Andy notices some WHISPERING CITIZENS looking their way.

DOCTOR BROWN

Why is everyone staring at us?

BRENDA BAXWORTH

Not us. You. You're quite the celebrity in town.

DOCTOR BROWN

Celebrity, huh?

BRENDA BAXWORTH

There's been a lotta chatter about what brings you to our corner of the wide-wide-world.

DOCTOR BROWN

It was on a map.

BRENDA BAXWORTH

On a map. Such a kidder. Seriously though, I don't mean to pry, but everyone's wondering what kinda specialty you're going to practice here. There's even some talk that maybe you're here to do some...

(sotto)

...top secret brain research.

DOCTOR BROWN

I'm just opening a general practice.

And then the unimaginable happens, Mrs. Baxworth quiets.

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DOCTOR BROWN (cont'd)

Is that a problem?

BRENDA BAXWORTH

You are aware there's already a family doctor in town?

DOCTOR BROWN

I assumed there must be. But surely a town can use two doctors?

A beat. Mrs. Baxworth smiles a realtors smile, lying:

BRENDA BAXWORTH

Of course we can.

With that, she ushers Andy into a building. The CAMERA PANS ACROSS THE STREET where a neatly tended to VINTAGE AUTOMOBILE glides up to the curb. Out of the car steps...

DOCTOR HAROLD ABBOTT, mid-40's, an uptight, James Lipton know-it-all type. He sucks in a breath of fresh mountain air. One MR. GREELEY, 70-ish, approaches him. Abbott looks annoyed at best.

MR. GREELEY

How are you today, Doctor Abbott?

DOCTOR ABBOTT

Just fine, Mr. Greeley.

(a beat, off Greeley's look)

And how are you today?

MR. GREELEY

I'm so glad you asked. There's a pain in my left leg. Just above the knee.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

Is it a throbbing pain or a sharp pain?

MR. GREELEY

Throbbing... no, sharp. No, throbbing.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

Uh huh, and how long have you had it?

MR. GREELEY

About three years.

It's all Doctor Abbott can do not to scream.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

I have an opening this Friday, around 2:15.

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CONTINUED:

MR. GREELEY

Can't you just check me out here?

DOCTOR ABBOTT

As I've explained to you before, Mr. Greeley, ours is a litigious society. As an AMA certified practitioner, there are insurance regulations that prevent me from diagnosing you without a proper check-up.

MR. GREELEY

But it's just a little pain --

DOCTOR ABBOTT

A little pain can become a big lawsuit: let's say, hypothetically, I were to misdiagnose you now with an osteoarthritic condition and advise you to purchase some aspirin. You adhere to my suggestion and this evening drop dead, again hypothetically, of a vascular brain disorder expressing itself unilaterally in your left leg. Can you imagine the malpractice case your family would have against me? Sorry, I don't make the rules. I just live by them. Friday at 2:15, then?

Mr. Greeley's look says, assmuncher. But his lips say:

MR. GREELEY

Will do, Doctor Abbott.

But Doctor Abbott is already gone.

INT. AN EMPTY OFFICE SPACE. DAY

Two ficus plants, a few magazines, zero personality. Mrs. Baxworth stands across from an underwhelmed Doctor Brown.

BRENDA BAXWORTH

Just like any office in the big city, huh?

DOCTOR BROWN

That's the problem. I spent my life in this office, it's exactly the kind of office I'm trying to get away from. Call me naive, but what happened to the little country Doc's office on main street? With the creaky floorboards and the paint-chipped walls. The one where the townspeople knew they could go anytime of the day or night with any malady, great or small.

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BRENDA BAXWORTH

Did I mention this has DSL capability?

Doctor Brown stops suddenly. And SNIFFS the air.

DOCTOR BROWN

Do you smell that?

BRENDA BAXWORTH

Smell what?

DOCTOR BROWN

It's perfume.

BRENDA BAXWORTH

(blushing)

Estee Lauder's, White Linen.

DOCTOR BROWN

Not yours. It's another kind. One I know well.
A little citrus. Touch of jasmine. Yes. It has
to be. That's unbelievable.

BRENDA BAXWORTH

(SNIFFING too)

I don't think I smell it.

DOCTOR BROWN

It's coming from the street.

EXT. IN THE STREET. MOMENTS LATER.

Doc Brown hunts down the scent. Brenda pursues.

DOCTOR BROWN

It's called *Jeanette*. It was popular in Europe
in the early 80's. A wealthy Frenchman had the
fragrance named for his fiancé, only when she
died he had it discontinued... which made it
increasingly difficult to surprise my wife with
every Christmas. It was her favorite.

BRENDA BAXWORTH

You mean you smell your deceased wife?

Andy stops at AN OLD BOARDED-UP BUILDING.

DOCTOR BROWN

This seems to be the source. What's in here?

BRENDA BAXWORTH

Nothing anymore. It was the train depot before
the city shut it down.

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CONTINUED:

DOCTOR BROWN

Shut it down?

BRENDA BAXWORTH

Five years ago the railroads started rerouting trains through Central City. They said it was a safer approach through the mountains.

DOCTOR BROWN

No trains run through Everwood?

BRENDA BAXWORTH

I'm afraid we've ceased being a destination.

DOCTOR BROWN

Not to everybody.

Andy has located a loose two-by-four blocking the back door. He yanks it off and opens the door, slipping inside...

INT. THE OLD TRAIN DEPOT. CONTINUOUS.

Boy is it thrashed. Brenda follows Andy in, coughing her way through cobwebs and over to where the glowing doctor stands.

BRENDA BAXWORTH

I'd be careful. You never know what kind of animal has taken refuge in here, or god forbid, a hobo.

DOCTOR BROWN

Do you see what I see?

BRENDA BAXWORTH

Multiple opportunities for staff infections.

DOCTOR BROWN

No, Mrs. Baxworth... My new office.

Andy's grin widens. It's the smile of a man who is no longer just a widower, but a man moving forward with his life.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWOFADE UP ON:

The stylistic and colorful drawings of JAPANESE MANGA (a form of anime). Over which WE HEAR a rather impassioned rant:

EPHRAM (O.S.)

The most important thing to know about manga is that it's unlike American comics in every way, shape and form.

INT. COUNTY HIGH. CAFETERIA. DAY.

Amy and Ephram sit, hovering over a comic book. Close.

EPHRAM

Forget line and style, it's more than aesthetics. It's content. The manga-ka, the writers of manga, they write heroes that are someone's kid or boss. Because the hero's civilian life is as critical to the story as their secret identity. It's not just Clark Kent waiting to turn into Superman. It's Superman waiting to turn into Clark Kent. Only with cooler outfits.

Ephram looks up. Amy's surprisingly enthralled.

AMY

Wow. I never knew comics could be so hot.

EPHRAM

Hot?

Amy SNAPS her fingers. Over the P.A. SYSTEM some ROD STEWART MUSIC plays. The LIGHTS DIM. And somehow, no one notices. Yes, this is all a little weird. But go with it.

AMY

Have you ever had a perfect make-out song?

EPHRAM

Um... several really.

AMY

Mine is Rod Stewart's "Downtown Train", I think it speaks to a girl's dual desires to be held and ravaged simultaneously. Not in a literal sense. It's more primal. Just listening to the song now makes me want to...

She whispers the rest in his ear.

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CONTINUED:

EPHRAM

Here? In front of everyone?

AMY

Why not?

They kiss. It's getting pretty hot n' heavy when we go...

INT. EPHRAM'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Ephram's awakes with a start. Sad to say, it was all just a dream. A certain kind of dream. He checks his sheets.

EPHRAM

Damn it.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM. EARLY MORNING.

Ephram leans over the dryer. His dad appears in the door.

DOCTOR BROWN

You're up early.

EPHRAM

You scared me.

DOCTOR BROWN

What are you doing in here?

EPHRAM

What does one normally do in a laundry room?
I'll give you one guess.

DOCTOR BROWN

Since when do you do your own laundry?

EPHRAM

I spilled something on my sheets.

DOCTOR BROWN

What'd you spill?

EPHRAM

Uh... chocolate milk.

DOCTOR BROWN

When did we get chocolate milk?

EPHRAM

I DON'T KNOW! STOP ASKING ME QUESTIONS!

Ephram storms out. Doctor Brown talks after him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR BROWN

I'm making pancakes. You want some?

EPHRAM (O.S.)

GO TO HELL!

DOCTOR BROWN

That's my boy.

EXT. THE OLD TRAIN DEPOT/DOCTOR BROWN'S OFFICE. DAY.

The rundown depot is covered with a tarp. CLOSE ON a sign that reads: CLOSED FOR RENOVATIONS. Andy ducks out from behind the tarp and strolls down main street.

BRENDA BAXWORTH (V.O.)

So very tragic...

INT. ART'S ROADHOUSE DINER. SAME.

The local greasy-spoon is PACKED. In a booth by the window, Mrs. Baxworth holds court over a group of LADIES WHO LUNCH.

BRENDA BAXWORTH

To have once been so great and to be reduced to a bearded madman trolling the scent of your dead wife. It's positively Elizabethan.

LADY #1

I told you he was deranged. Who walks away from millions of dollars to open an office in a town where he knows no one?

LADY #2

Maybe it's an act. A ruse. A faked insanity meant to distract us from discovering his real reason for coming to Everwood, which is: *to be near his other wife*. A Ukrainian immigrant he's kept tucked away on a tidy payroll.

BRENDA BAXWORTH

(rolls her eyes, then)

Nina. You live next to him...

The SHOT WIDENS TO REVEAL the waitress pouring their coffee is Andy's neighbor, NINA. It's clear she's no fan of gossip.

BRENDA BAXWORTH (cont'd)

What do you think about the doctor's mysterious arrival in our sleepy hamlet?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NINA

What do I think? I think you people talk to hear yourselves talk. Here's your check. Don't worry about the tip. Not that you ever do.

The CAMERA PANS WITH NINA as she makes her way toward the counter and past the diner's grouchy proprietor, ART (50's).

ART

What did I say about assaulting the patronage?

NINA

They're busybodies, Art.

ART

Busbodies who eat twice every weight every week in my Philly cheese sandwiches. Do me a favor, be nice.

Nina and Art watch DOC BROWN through the window again. He's heading into a hardware store.

ART (cont'd)

So. Why do you think he came?

NINA

(knowingly)

Why does anybody do anything?

ART

Money.

NINA

The other why.

ART

Sex.

NINA

The third why.

(off his blank look)

Love.

ART

Oh. That.

EXT. MAIN STREET. LATER.

CLOSE ON a pair of CLEATED GOLF SHOES as they step from a car. The CAMERA PANS UP revealing DOC ABBOTT fresh from the links, plaid chinos, golf clubs et al. He glared at the SUV parked in front of his. Nostrils flaring.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR ABBOTT

I'll be damned.

INT. TRAIN DEPOT/DOCTOR BROWN'S OFFICE. SAME.

Andy stands atop a paint ladder, painting away. In tribute to his Long Island roots, BILLY JOEL BLASTS from the radio. So loud, in fact, he fails to notice Doctor Abbott enter.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

Excuse me... excuse me. EXCUSE ME!

Doc Brown LOWERS THE MUSIC and gets off the ladder. Looking at the two men together for the first time, we're vaguely reminded of Matthau and Lemmon back in the day.

DOCTOR BROWN

Can I help you?

DOCTOR ABBOTT

You're parked in my spot.

DOCTOR BROWN

Your spot?

DOCTOR ABBOTT

That's your black, foreign made sports utility vehicle with the New York plates, is it not?

DOCTOR BROWN

Yes it is.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

It's in my spot. Park it there again, I'll have it towed.

DOCTOR BROWN

Sorry. I didn't see a name on the curb.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

It's implied. It's in front of my office.

DOCTOR BROWN

(it hits him)

You're the other Doctor. I'm Andy Brown.

Brown dusts off his paw and offers it. Abbott ignores it.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

I know who you are. And if by "other doctor" you meant Everwood's primary care physician, then yes. That's me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Andy notices Abbott's clubs. One DRIVER in particular.

DOCTOR BROWN
Is that a Taylor Made driver?

DOCTOR ABBOTT
It is.

DOCTOR BROWN
Expensive. Can I see?

Abbott hands it over tenderly.

DOCTOR ABBOTT
Be careful. That club was used by none other than Tiger Woods himself in the '99 British Open. I purchased it on EBAY.

DOCTOR BROWN
No kidding? I'll have to tell him.

A beat. Abbott shoots Brown a highly doubtful look.

DOCTOR ABBOTT
You know Tiger Woods?

DOCTOR BROWN
I operated on his uncle. Sweet kid. Listen, about the whole office thing. I just want to say I'm not here to step on your turf.

DOCTOR ABBOTT
My turf. That's rich. No one told you, did they?

DOCTOR BROWN
Told me what?

DOCTOR ABBOTT
I wouldn't waste your time turning this place into a doctor's office. No one will use it.

Andy fights a smile.

DOCTOR BROWN
Why's that?

DOCTOR ABBOTT
Because that building over there will continue to receive all the patients in this community.

DOCTOR BROWN
The flower mart?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOCTOR ABBOTT

The other one. My doctor's office.

DOCTOR BROWN

How do you figure?

DOCTOR ABBOTT

Because while you've been operating on Tiger's uncle and getting your picture in Time, I've been the doctor in this town for over fifteen years. Before me, it was my father.

DOCTOR BROWN

Was it your father's father before him, 'cause that would be really cool.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

Do what you want, sir. I'm just advising you not to waste your time.

DOCTOR BROWN

I appreciate your concern, Doctor. But I came a long way to open this office and nothing's gonna stop me.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

In that case, Happy Building.

Abbott snatches his club and pivots, heading to his office.

DOCTOR BROWN

Have a nice day.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

(mutters)

Nut bag.

EXT. A COLORADO HILLTOP. DAY.

Amy and Ephram on their first lunch date. She leads him up a steep incline somewhere behind the school. He looks winded.

AMY

We're almost there. I told you, you're gonna love this place.

EPHRAM

I'd love it more if it was closer to sea level.

AMY

Okay. You ready... look.

He does. And so do we. The view is stunning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY (cont'd)

You can see the whole town from here. There's Main Street. The grade school. The factories are all that way. Oh and there's church row -- Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Lutheran, Catholic, and Baptist.

EPHRAM

That's one holy street. Where's the synagogue?

AMY

Are you Jewish?

EPHRAM

Half. My mom is... was.

AMY

(shifts uncomfortably)

Sorry.

EPHRAM

About what?

AMY

I didn't mean for the topic to come up --

EPHRAM

No big. Talking about her is unavoidable what with her giving birth to me and all.

Amy's grateful for Ephram's willingness to "go there".

AMY

I can't imagine what you've gone through. Losing a parent.

EPHRAM

Neither can I.

AMY

I don't get it...

EPHRAM

Maybe I'm still too close to it, but it never felt like she died. Y'know. It still doesn't. It just feels like she's... not here. That's what you feel. Them not being around anymore.

Quiet as he reaches into his bookbag for their lunch. Amy points to his comic collection sticking out of the bag.

AMY

What's that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EPHRAM

This? It's called manga. It's like anime...
Y'know, Japanese animation?

AMY

You mean like comics?

EPHRAM

Close. The most important thing to understand
about manga is that it's different from American
comics in every way, shape and form.

AMY

Sounds geeky.

EPHRAM

(blows it off)

Completely. It was a good-bye gift. I must've
left it in here and forgotten about it.

AMY

Did your dad really work on a King?

EPHRAM

He was just a Prince at the time. But sure.

AMY

What's it like having a dad who's famous?

The question seems to disappoint Ephram.

EPHRAM

It's like this: you're eight and he misses
your birthday party. You want to cry about it,
but he's on TV that night for separating the
heads of Siamese twins. You're ten and he's
not there to see you in the school play. He is,
however, in The New York Times for helping restore
the sight of a five-year-old kid. The Prince you
mentioned, I think of him as my dad's excuse for
missing my elementary school graduation. You want
to be mad at him. You want to hate him, but you
can't. He's saving lives.

Ephram looks about as vulnerable as he's ever been.

EPHRAM (cont'd)

Amy. Why are you talking to me?

AMY

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EPHRAM

Where I come from, girls like you don't breathe near guys like me without a secret agenda.

AMY

You got me. Mine's world domination.

EPHRAM

Seriously. You seem like you have enough friends, why go out of your way to make me feel welcome?

AMY

You have kind of a tragic-lonely thing going on. I dig it. How's that for an answer?

He smiles. They eat their sandwiches. Staring at the view.

EPHRAM

You don't happen to like Rod Stewart do you?

AMY

Who's Rod Stewart?

That answers that.

EXT. COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL. A LITTLE LATER.

A WIDE SHOT of AMY AND EPHRAM as they say good-bye and head back to class. A NEW ANGLE reveals SOME BOYS watching them and not liking what they see.

One of the boys we know as DICKHEAD TEENAGER #1, the other is Amy's golden-boy twin brother, BRIGHT. Amy approaches.

BRIGHT

Dad's gonna skin your ass when he finds out you're hanging out with that kid.

AMY

Dad's not finding anything out, Bright, 'cause you're not telling him.

BRIGHT

Oh, aren't I?

AMY

Not if you value that collection of porn you have stashed on our computer. What's the filename again? Oh yeah, "Favorite Biblical Passages."

Amy heads off. Bright looks to his buddy. At a loss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DICKHEAD TEENAGER #1

Dude. She's smooth.

EXT. DOCTOR BROWN'S OFFICE. EARLY EVENING.

Andy, working by floodlight, finishes stenciling "DOC BROWN, FAMILY PRACTITIONER" on the glass door. He looks expectantly to Delia, who stands nearby.

DOCTOR BROWN

What do you think?

DELIA

It's crooked.

DOCTOR BROWN

Yes. When you look at it straight on. When you look at it with your head slightly tilted to the right, it's perfectly even.

Their moment is disrupted by the ROAR of a MOTORCYCLE ENGINE. A bike whips INTO FRAME coming to an impressive stop. The driver's helmet comes off, revealing a tough-looking, OLDER WOMAN (late 60's). Delia and Andy share an amazed look.

OLDER WOMAN

You Doc Brown?

DOCTOR BROWN

Um. Yes?

OLDER WOMAN

You're scrawnier than your picture. Nice to meet you, sparky. Name's Edna Wallace.

She saunters over John Wayne style.

DOCTOR BROWN

Hello, Edna.

EDNA

Who's the Private First Class?

DELIA

I'm Delia.

EDNA

(back to Andy)

Word on the front is you're turning this outfit into a doctor's office. If so, I've come to inquire about employ.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR BROWN

Great.
 (beat)
 What do you do?

EDNA

Forty years nursing experience. That includes two tours of Nam, Army Nurse Corps. Thrice decorated. Here's the resume. I'm sure you'll find it to your satisfaction.

She hands Andy a piece of paper. He glances quickly at it.

DOCTOR BROWN

You worked for Doctor Abbott?

EDNA

Senior and Junior.

DOCTOR BROWN

Why did you leave?

EDNA

An unfortunate incident, the details of which I'd rather not divulge on account they're of a personal nature. I can assure you, however, that the parting was mutual.

Andy is a little lost as to what to do next.

DOCTOR BROWN

Tell you what, I'll look this over and give you a call later in the week.

EDNA

Will do. See ya 'round, Doc. Adios, Private.

Edna REVS OFF. Vanishing as quickly as she appeared.

EXT. THE BROWN'S HOUSE. NIGHT. ESTABLISHING.

A street lamp casts an amber beam against the lonely house.

INT. KITCHEN. SAME.

After dinner. Doctor Brown and Ephram clean the dishes in typical silence. The sounds of a PIANO disrupt their activity. They exchange a look. Ephram exits quickly.

INT. FAMILY ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Ephram enters. Delia's at the piano. Tinkering.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EPHRAM
What're you doing?

DELIA
Playing.

EPHRAM
You don't know how to play.

DELIA
I'm learning.

EPHRAM
Stop it.

DELIA
(still playing)
It just sits there. No one touches it.

EPHRAM
I said stop it.

He snatches her hands off the keys. Delia calls out:

DELIA
Dad!

Andy appears in the doorway.

DOCTOR BROWN
That's enough. Both of you. Delia, you go get washed up for bed. I'll be in a little while to read to you.

DELIA
But I wanna...

DOCTOR BROWN
Go on.

She knows better. Disappearing upstairs. Andy is left with his recalcitrant son.

DOCTOR BROWN
She has a point, you know. You're gonna have to play again sometime.

Ephram gets an unexpected sentimental look.

EPHRAM
You're right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOCTOR BROWN
(suspicious)
I am?

EPHRAM
Yes. I must play again, father. For it is only through the gift of music I can truly heal the pain that grows deeper within me.
(off Andy's look, flatly)
Like you ever cared whether or not I played.

Ephram doesn't wait for a response. He exits.

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM. A LITTLE LATER.

Andy enters looking spent from the day and his new life. He makes his way to the bathroom and washes his face. When he looks in the mirror a second time, his beard is gone.

Andy looks over to the bed, where JULIA SITS, dressed in her nightgown and reading a magazine. *Andy is remembering.*

JULIA
What did you say to him?

DOCTOR BROWN
To who?

JULIA
Mr. Warren? About his wife?

DOCTOR BROWN
What could I say? She died on my watch. On top of that the poor fella was left with a family to raise. Guess how many kids?

JULIA
Three.

DOCTOR BROWN
Six. And for a single dad, that's six kids too many.

JULIA
(looking up)
I think you should grow a beard.

DOCTOR BROWN
You've been saying that for years.

JULIA
I think you'd look distinguished with a beard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR BROWN

I think I'd look like my Uncle Norman.

JULIA

Do you ever think about it? You must.

DOCTOR BROWN

You and my Uncle Norman. I try not to.

JULIA

What you'd do. If you were left alone.

DOCTOR BROWN

That's morbid.

JULIA

I think it's important we talk about it.

DOCTOR BROWN

Oh no. You are not exercising the spousal "it's important we talk about it" clause.

JULIA

Why not?

DOCTOR BROWN

It's late, I had a sixteen hour day and these conversations end with me getting in trouble.

DOCTOR BROWN

As far as hypothetical tragedies go, can't we start with a lesser one? Ask me what I'd do if I lost my sight, or my hearing, or if I couldn't walk anymore. Ask me what I'd do if the sun never came out again, if I couldn't go to a Yankees Game or eat a slice of Famous Ray's Pizza. Don't ask me what I'd do without you.

JULIA

I hate when you do that.

DOCTOR BROWN

Say the right thing?

JULIA

Attempt to say the right thing. The actual right thing would have been far less cheesy.

He pulls her in close. Swaying with her. As if to music.

JULIA (cont'd)

What're you doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOCTOR BROWN

Certain cultures refer to this motion as dancing.

JULIA

But there's no music.

DOCTOR BROWN

Shhh. Yes there is. There's Gershwin. And there's Sinatra. I think there's even a little Dionne Warwick thrown in, but I can't be sure.

They dance for a moment. Lost in the romance.

JULIA

Andy, I...

DOCTOR BROWN

I know. Me too.

A NEW ANGLE ON THE DOORWAY

Reveals Delia watching her father. She's in her pajamas, her bedtime book dangles from her hand.

DELIA'S POV

Andy's dancing with no one.

BACK ON DELIA

Sad and frightened, she slinks unnoticed back to her room.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT THREE

FADE UP ON: EXT. MAIN STREET. MORNING.

A WIDE SHOT of the whole town in the sleepy sunlight. Framing either side of the image are THE TWO DOCTOR'S OFFICES.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

October the first, 2002. As of this day, the township of Everwood, Colorado, was officially in possession, of not just one, but two family doctors.

CLOSE ON Andy's SUV as it pulls up to the curb. Abbott's car is only seconds behind. Both men park and get out.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

To see the men together was like getting at the sun and the moon at the same time.

The men pace side-by-side up the walk.

DOCTOR BROWN

Good morning, Doctor.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

It was.

DOCTOR BROWN

Is that a real bow-tie?

DOCTOR ABBOTT

It's not a clip-on, if that's what you mean.

DOCTOR BROWN

I've seen some well tied bow ties in time. But that has such shape, such buoyancy. It's remarkable.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

Are you done blathering? Because one of us has patients to attend to.

DOCTOR BROWN

Y'know, I was thinking last night you look vaguely familiar to me.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

Perhaps I remind you of one of the inmates you knew at whatever asylum you escaped from.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR BROWN

It's my first day. You gonna wish me luck?

DOCTOR ABBOTT

Ha! It'll take more than luck for you to launch U.S.S. Wacko over there, but what the hey, *good luck*.

DOCTOR BROWN

I really do love the tie.

Abbott MUTTERS a very un-WB epithet in response. And vanishes into his office.

INT. DOCTOR BROWN'S OFFICE. MOMENTS LATER.

Andy enters his office, a charming, retro design that reminds one of a different era. Edna, in nurse whites, sits.

DOCTOR BROWN

Morning, Edna.

EDNA

Salutations, Boss Man.

DOCTOR BROWN

Speaking of bosses. I just ran into your former one.

EDNA

Humorless little squirt, ain't he?

DOCTOR BROWN

You know he had the nerve to suggest we'd have difficulty getting patients.

EDNA

How dare he?

DOCTOR BROWN

As if our schedule wasn't booked to the gills?

EDNA

As if.

DOCTOR BROWN

As though our phones weren't ringing off the hook.

EDNA

As though.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Doc Brown looks around for a sec.

DOCTOR BROWN
Where's our schedule book?

EDNA
Gotta pick one up today.

DOCTOR BROWN
And the phones are...

EDNA
The phone company's coming to set up
service between two and six.

DOCTOR BROWN
Have no fear, Edna. We'll be tending to the
sick in no time. You know why? Because what
I'm going to offer this county they can't get
around here.

EDNA
Cable?

DOCTOR BROWN
Close.
(his EARS perk up)
What's that?

EDNA
What's what?

DOCTOR BROWN
It's a rumbling sound. It's getting louder.

Edna hears it now. So do we.

EDNA
It's Tuesday? About 8:15?

DOCTOR BROWN
On the dot.

EDNA
Put these in.

She tosses him some...

DOCTOR BROWN
Earplugs. What are these for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EDNA

This joint's about to get louder than
the Long Binh airfield's in '67.

DOCTOR BROWN

I don't understand.

EDNA

When you rented this establishment it was
still a train station, correct?

DOCTOR BROWN

A non-functioning one.

EDNA

Mostly non-functioning.

The RUMBLING gets louder.

DOCTOR BROWN

How do you mean?

EDNA

No passenger trains run through Everwood.
Freights do. Twice a week. THAT'S THE
TUESDAY, 8:15!

Edna yells this last part because that's the only way Doctor
Brown would hear it. Off Andy's look of concern...

INT. COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL. HALLWAY. DAY.

Between classes. Ephram heads toward his locker, lost in his
own unhappy world. He opens it. A note falls out.

It says in flowery cursive: "MEET ME AFTER SCHOOL. BY THE
BLEACHERS -- AMY." Ephram pumps his fist in victory.

EPHRAM

Yes!

(he does a little dance)

I'm cool. Way cool. Meeting Amy.

After school. 'Cause I'm cool.

He accidentally drops his books. Maybe he's not so cool.

INT. DOCTOR BROWN'S OFFICE. DAY.

Post-freight train. Edna straightens things. Andy's nowhere
around as Mrs. Baxworth enters, carrying a CUMBERSOME PLANT.
Edna and Brenda eye each other. A mutual disgust abounds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRENDA BAXWORTH

Edna Wallace, what are you doing here?

EDNA

Let's see, Brenda, I'm in a doctor's office and I'm wearing a nurse's outfit. My taxes?

BRENDA BAXWORTH

(not amused)

Does Doctor Abbott know you work here?

EDNA

No.

BRENDA BAXWORTH

He *will* now.

Andy appears from the back. Brenda reignites her smile.

DOCTOR BROWN

Mrs. Baxworth, how are you this fine day?

BRENDA BAXWORTH

I just came on by to wish you well on the new venture. I brought a plant.

DOCTOR BROWN

How thoughtful.

Brenda's just putting down the plant in a corner. Andy notices *her flinch*. Then, she rubs her neck a little.

DOCTOR BROWN (cont'd)

Is something wrong with your neck?

BRENDA BAXWORTH

It's just been a little stiff lately.

DOCTOR BROWN

Want me to take a look at it?

BRENDA BAXWORTH

I would, it's just, I've got an appointment tomorrow with Doctor Abbott.

DOCTOR BROWN

Why put off until tomorrow what you can diagnose today?

BRENDA BAXWORTH

I really shouldn't. Now it's not that I don't trust you, Doctor --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Of course it is.

DOCTOR BROWN

It's my loss. It would be like examining Ms. Taylor all over again.

BRENDA BAXWORTH

Excuse me?

DOCTOR BROWN

See the way your clavicle rises up here. Typically the lateral end is flat. But you have a perfect "S" shape. The only other time I've seen that was on Elizabeth Taylor.

BRENDA BAXWORTH

You operated on Liz Taylor.

DOCTOR BROWN

I confess.

Whatever misgivings Brenda had of Andy, have vanished.

BRENDA BAXWORTH

Maybe you should take a look at my neck. I'm sure Doc Abbott wouldn't mind.

EXT. DELIA'S SCHOOLYARD. DAY.

Lunch time. Kids dart around. Mr. Irv is just getting off his bus. He spots Delia sitting alone beneath the shade of an old oak and looking distant. He approaches.

MR. IRV

It's not often I see third graders lost in profound thought on their lunch hour.

DELIA

Hey, Mr. Irv. I don't feel very good.

MR. IRV

Yeah? Why's that?

Delia debates. Then...

DELIA

Can you keep a secret?

MR. IRV

I can.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DELIA

I think my Dad's sick. He talks to himself. To my mom, like she's still here. Only that's a problem because she died six months ago.

MR. IRV

I see.

DELIA

(ranting)

I think leaving New York made it worse. That's what I don't feel good about. See, I cast the deciding vote in favor of us moving. My dad said if we moved I could get a horse. And Ephram, he's my brother, he told me I made a huge mistake. I'm starting to think he was right because now I don't want a horse. I just want my dad to be better. Okay, I still want a horse. But I wouldn't want a horse so much if it meant my dad wouldn't get better. Well, I probably would still want a horse.

MR. IRV

I'm not gonna lie, Delia. Sounds like your dad's got a case of something.

DELIA

I knew it.

MR. IRV

But what he has, it's the one sickness most people spend their whole life trying to catch.

DELIA

What does he have?

MR. IRV

A *distraught heart*. It's not like other diseases, it can't kill you. Just the opposite, in fact. In most cases it makes a person feel alive for the first time. The only problem is, there's no remedy anywhere in the world.

Delia considers the weight of his words.

INT. DOCTOR BROWN'S OFFICE. EXAMINATION ROOM. DAY.

Brenda sits on a patient table. Andy's finished diagnosing her. Edna waits nearby.

DOCTOR BROWN

As I suspected. A mild case of torticollis, brought on, my guess would be, by a new bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRENDA BAXWORTH

(impressed)

I just got a Craftmatic Adjustable.

DOCTOR BROWN

The culprit might take some getting used to. Until you do, I'm gonna prescribe you a mild muscle relaxant. And here's a neck brace, wear it if the pain gets any worse.

He grabs a brace from the cabinet and starts writing.

BRENDA BAXWORTH

I don't have my purse. I'll have to bring a check by later.

DOCTOR BROWN

I'm not charging you.

BRENDA BAXWORTH

For the neck brace, fine. But for seeing me, I've got my Blue Cross card --

DOCTOR BROWN

Mrs. Baxworth, I'm not charging anybody for anything. My services are free.

An epoch beat. Even Edna's steely demeanor is thrown.

BRENDA BAXWORTH

Free? As in "no money" free?

DOCTOR BROWN

No cash, no checks, no credit cards. Not even Discover.

BRENDA BAXWORTH

What will you do for an income?

DOCTOR BROWN

I was a brain surgeon for fifteen years, I have a few pennies tucked away. Here's that prescription.

He hands over the slip. Mrs. Baxworth chuckles nervously.

BRENDA BAXWORTH

Well... I'm off to the pharmacy. Tootles.

Brenda races out of there. Edna looks to Andy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EDNA

You realize by telling her, what you just told her, you told the whole town.

DOCTOR BROWN

(sly)

You don't say?

Edna chuckles. This guy is fucking nuts. But she digs it.

EXT. COUNTY HIGH. DAY.

Ephram wanders onto the football field. By the bleachers, Bright and the two Dickhead Teenagers appear. Ephram almost looks amused by the whole scenario.

BRIGHT

Looking for Amy? 'Cause she's not coming.

EPHRAM

Who are you?

BRIGHT

I'm her brother. I left you that note. I wanted to talk to you.

EPHRAM

You could have just talked to me. You didn't have to go through the trouble of imitating feminine cursive.

BRIGHT

That's my real handwriting.

EPHRAM

Whoops.

BRIGHT

Stay away from Amy. She's got a boyfriend. She tell you that?

Ephram brushes this off, hiding his disappointment.

EPHRAM

It didn't come up. But neither did you. We just covered the important stuff.

BRIGHT

Nice bag. Wonder what's in it?

EPHRAM

Gimme that back --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bright dumps the contents onto the grass. One of the Dickheads spots Ephram's manga collection. Picks one up.

DICKHEAD TEENAGER #2

Dakhor, Number Seven. This is like way expensive. It's a collector's item.

BRIGHT

What do you say we double its value?

Bright starts to tear the magazine in two. Ephram watches on, doing his best Gandhi impersonation. But we can see the fury in his eyes. He's about to burst, when...

VOICE (O.S.)

Bright. Stop it.

They turn. It's Amy come to put an end to this.

EPHRAM

Bright? That's his name? Ironic.

BRIGHT

Tell him, Amy. Tell him why you're really hanging out with him.

EPHRAM

Yeah. Tell me, Amy.

AMY

Ephram, I can explain --

Amy's look of guilt shatters Ephram's adolescent heart. Whatever her explanation is, he doesn't want to hear it.

EPHRAM

Forget about it. There's nothing to say. Don't worry, Bright. I'll be staying away from your sister. For good.

Ephram turns to go. Leaving his torn magazines.

BRIGHT

By the way dude, nice dad. I'm just curious, was he always a headcase or just since your mom bought it?

Ephram turns, JUMPING Bright. Tackling him to the ground. It takes all of two seconds for Bright to reserve the tables, he's on top of Ephram, PUNCHING away.

AMY

Bright! Stop!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She yanks Bright off of Ephram. And POPS him in the eye.

BRIGHT

Jeez, Amy!

A nearby ADMINISTRATOR rushes over. Stopping the kids.

SMASH CUT TO: A PLAQUE READING: "PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE".

PULL BACK as Doctor Brown passes the plaque in the high school hall. He looks up. It's the room he's looking for.

INT. THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE. DAY.

Andy enters to find Ephram, Amy and Bright waiting. Ephram and Bright hold respective ice packs to their eyes.

DOCTOR BROWN

Ephram. What's going on?

EPHRAM

I don't want to talk about it.

But before they can leave, one DOCTOR ABBOTT enters.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

Amy! Bright! Are you okay?

BRIGHT

I'm fine.

Abbott and Brown spot each other. Abbott points.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

You! I should have known it was one of your offspring that did this to my son!

EPHRAM

Wait. You guys know each other?

BRIGHT

My sister didn't tell you? My dad's the real doctor around here.

Amy looks even more guilty. Ephram can't even look at her.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

Let's go kids.

(glaring at Andy)

Before I set a bad example.

Abbott and his kids leave. Andy and Ephram not far behind.

EXT. PARKING LOT. ABBOTT'S CAR. MOMENTS LATER.

Abbott and kids make their way to the family car.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

Fighting on school grounds. Wait until
your mother finds out about this.

With that, Bright and Amy are stricken with fear.

AMY/BRIGHT

It's not my fault! / Don't tell mom!

DOCTOR ABBOTT

I'll leave your mother out of it. But you
know the score. You guys are gonna have to
designate your own punishment. So come on.
What's it gonna be?

He waits for them to sentence themselves.

BRIGHT

(innocently)

You know how you take the family to the
philharmonic every year. I guess Amy and
I could stay behind this time.

Abbott softens.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

But you kids love that outing. And I heard
there's a good chance they'll be performing
Beethoven's "Hammerklavier" sonata.

Amy looks at Bright, picking up on the scam.

AMY

Bright's right, Dad. We shouldn't be
allowed to go. Not after this.

Abbott studies his kids. Sufficiently snowed.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

I'm proud of you two. This act displays
a great deal of self-discipline.

EXT. DOCTOR BROWN'S HOUSE. DAY.

As Doc Brown's car pulls into the driveway. Inside the car,
father and son sit in stony silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR BROWN

I though you'd change, Ephram. I thought if we moved here you'd stop with the fighting. The acting out.

EPHRAM

I got this black eye 'cause of you, dickhead.

Ephram gets out with a SLAM. Andy's right behind.

DOCTOR BROWN

Keep talking like that, you'll get another.

EPHRAM

He said you were crazy. And newsflash, you are! You quit your job. You grew this ugly ass beard. You look like you wore your clothes to bed. You move to us to Nowheresville, USA. And for what reason? Because someone told you it was pretty! And if all that's not bad enough, you talk to Mom like she's still here. Yeah, I've seen you. So what have I got to say for myself? What have you got to say for yourself?!

DOCTOR BROWN

I can't believe you think my beard is ugly.

EPHRAM

Mom would never have done this to us! She wouldn't have gone crazy! Or moved us here!

DOCTOR BROWN

Don't be too so sure about that!

EPHRAM

I am sure. I knew her. You didn't. You were never around. We all just tolerated you.

DOCTOR BROWN

That's pretty good. What else you got?

EPHRAM

I wish you died instead of her!

Andy feels this one in the chest.

DOCTOR BROWN

I wish I did too, you little bastard!

EPHRAM

I hate you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOCTOR BROWN

I hate you right back! Get in that house!

Ephram grabs his bike from the back of the SUV.

EPHRAM

I'm going for a ride!

DOCTOR BROWN

Oh yeah?!

EPHRAM

Yeah!

Andy watches him, powerless.

DOCTOR BROWN

At some point you're getting in that house!

Ephram's gone. Andy looks over to where... NINA FEENEY has been watching from her stoop.

DOCTOR BROWN (cont'd)

I run a tight ship.

NINA

So I've noticed. Want some coffee?

DOCTOR BROWN

Only if it's spiked.

INT. NINA'S HOUSE. THE KITCHEN. MINUTES LATER.

Very Martha Stewart. Nina pours a cup of pick-me-up coffee. Andy sits at her table, looking dismal.

DOCTOR BROWN

I apologize for the awful display of parenting techniques. I'm just recently becoming familiar with them.

NINA

The only thing harder than being a parent is being a single one.

DOCTOR BROWN

Are you...

NINA

Single? No. I have a husband. A wonderful, funny and caring man who's only flaw is he travels eight months out of the year selling computer software.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Just then, Samuel traipses through. Small shovel in hand.

NINA (cont'd)

Where do you think you're going?

Samuel COUGHS a mighty cough for a four-year-old.

SAMUEL

To the garden. I have to check on the geraniums.

NINA

It's medicine time, mister.

(to Andy, half-laughing)

Some kids like dinos or race cars. My son likes plants.

She pours some cough medicine. Samuel COUGHS again.

DOCTOR BROWN

That cough sounds pretty nasty.

NINA

He's had it for a month. Doctor Abbott thought it was a chest cold, but the medicine doesn't seem to be taking.

DOCTOR BROWN

It's not getting better?

NINA

No. But it's not getting worse either. We're supposed to go to Denver next week for some tests. Down the hatch, tough guy.

Samuel swallows a spoonful of the medicine, making a distorted face at the taste.

SAMUEL

Yuck.

Nina sends her son off to the garden with a kiss to the forehead. Andy is moved by the sight, it reminds him.

DOCTOR BROWN

My wife was the perfect parent. I swear it's not revisionist history, either. She really was. Julia knew what to say, what to do, when to talk to them, when to ignore them. Do you know what the foramen magnum is?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NINA

(beat)

Should I?

DOCTOR BROWN

It's the hole at the base of the skull. Most doctors need a device to find it. I've always been able to locate it with my hands. Surgery just came that instinctually to me. Julia was the same way with parenting.

NINA

It has to do with her, doesn't it? Why you came to Everwood?

Andy looks at Nina. Surprised by what he's about to say.

DOCTOR BROWN

Do you believe that people live on after they die? That their souls are with us?

NINA

I do.

DOCTOR BROWN

I need to prove to my wife I can do this. That I can be the kind of doctor, the kind of father she wanted me to be when she was alive. I know it makes me seem nuts. Maybe I am.

NINA

To love someone so much you're still proving it to them after they die? If that's crazy, Andy, I hope my own insanity isn't far away.

Andy seems grateful for her words. They sip their coffee. And we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE.

ACT FOURFADE UP ON: EXT. MAIN STREET. MORNING.

A clear day. Like clockwork, the Abbott and Brown cars pull in simultaneously. As they get out, Andy makes nice.

DOCTOR BROWN

Morning.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

Buzz off. And do me a favor, keep your son away from my daughter.

DOCTOR BROWN

I don't think that's how it worked.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

Why on earth would my Amy, an honor student, junior editor of the yearbook and a mezzo soprano in the church choir associate with your misfit?

DOCTOR BROWN

He said something about a crack deal.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

You think you're so funny.

DOCTOR BROWN

You know, Doctor, if you can get over whatever your problem is with me, we might be able to teach each other a thing or two.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

What could you teach me?

DOCTOR BROWN

For starters when a four-year-old like Samuel Feeney has a chronic cough you can't diagnose you might want to look at other contributing factors outside of the pulmonary region -- i.e. the slight coetaneous rash on his fingertips, an obvious sign of the fungus sporotrichosis, aka The Gardeners Disease. I recommend getting him off the cough medicine and immediately onto a saturated solution of potassium iodide before his situation worsens.

(beat, smiling)

Not bad for a nut bag, huh? And if you think that's impressive, wait until you see what I can do with my hands.

Doctor Abbott is a little quiet as Andy walks away. Then...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR ABBOTT

If you're so smart, where are all your patients?!

DOCTOR BROWN

Actually, gathering *en masse* outside my office.

Abbott looks. Sure enough, A THRONG of TOWNSPEOPLE wait by Doctor Brown's depot. Abbott watches, horrified.

EXT. DOCTOR BROWN'S OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.

As Brown and Abbott approach. A crowd of about THIRTY PEOPLE (including Mr. Greeley and Brenda's ladies) race Andy's way with a curious excitement.

LADY #1

Is it true, Doctor Brown? Are your services really free of charge?

DOCTOR BROWN

At least my medical ones.

LADY #2

You're not charging anything. For real?

DOCTOR BROWN

For real.

The CROWD CHEERS in response. Abbott has a meltdown.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

You can't charge people nothing!

MR. GREELEY

Stay out of this, Doctor "I Can't Diagnose You Without An Appointment."

DOCTOR BROWN

Everyone, Doctor Abbott's right. So I'm doubling my prices.

More CHEERS. A seething Doc Abbott spots EDNA just getting off her motorbike. He makes his way toward her. The crowd QUIETS at the confrontation. Blocking her entrance.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

Then it's true. You are a part of this madness.

EDNA

What was I supposed to do? You got rid of me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR ABBOTT

You quit.

EDNA

You cut back my hours. And don't give me that bogus reason why. You know the real reason. The whole town does.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

You have done ludicrous, asinine things in your lifetime. But working for this man! This takes the cake, mother!

EDNA

Move it or lose it, Junior.

Abbott moves it. Edna walks into the depot.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

(to the crowd)

And as for *all of you* -- some lot of deserters you are. I don't suppose it matters that I've been setting your broken arms, delivering your children and making midnight house calls for nearly two decades in this community.

MR. GREELEY

You gonna charge us nothing?

DOCTOR ABBOTT

Of course I'm not.

More CHANTS for Andy. Abbott stands there, livid. Finally, he hoofs it toward his office. Andy watches him go, almost feeling bad. Then, to the admiring crowd:

DOCTOR BROWN

Settle down. You'll all get appointments. Just settle down.

INT. COUNTY HIGH. BY THE BIKE RACKS. MORNING.

Ephram is locking up his bike. Amy approaches delicately.

AMY

Hey.

(he says nothing)

I expected you wouldn't talk to me. So I brought a peace offering. Here.

She produces his comic books, including the one which Bright tore in two. Amy has carefully taped it back together. Ephram is touched. But not altogether forgiving.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EPHRAM

Why should I talk to you, Amy? So you can lie to me some more?

AMY

I didn't lie to you, Ephram. I just... I didn't get the chance to tell you the whole truth is all. I still haven't.

He looks at her. Forever overwhelmed by her natural beauty.

EPHRAM

Do you have a boyfriend?

AMY

Yes. But I want you to meet him. If you do, you'll understand.

EPHRAM

Sure. It was on my list of things to do today. Right between picking up my dry cleaning and CHOPPING OFF MY HAND.

AMY

He's in Denver. That's two hours from here, over two by bus. If we're gonna be back by dinner we have to leave now.

Ephram is totally thrown.

EPHRAM

You're serious about this?

AMY

Come with me. After that, you don't have to talk to me ever again if you don't want to.

Off Ephram. As he weighs the offer...

INT. CITY HALL. MAYOR'S RECEPTION AREA. DAY.

Doctor Abbott storms in, looking restless. He passes a perky ASSISTANT as she handles a RINGING PHONE.

MAYOR'S ASSISTANT

(into the phone)

Mayor's office, please hold... Mayor's office, please hold.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

She in?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYOR'S ASSISTANT

Yes, but she's on the phone, Doctor. And you know how the Mayor doesn't like when you --

Too late. Abbott's gone inside.

INT. CITY HALL. MAYOR'S OFFICE. DAY.

Abbott enters with a flourish. Seated behind the room's oak desk is Everwood's no-nonsense Mayor, a heavy-set woman in her mid-40's. Her name is ROSE.

ROSE

(into phone)

We only have a few grand for the festival but I'll try to... wait, Donna. I have to go.

Yes, he's here. Again.

(hangs up, to Abbott)

I hate when you do this.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

Shut that lunatic down, Rose.

ROSE

You mean Doctor Brown or the one that's standing in front of me?

DOCTOR ABBOTT

He's charging people nothing.

ROSE

I know. That's not a crime, Harold.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

That train station is city owned. Which means he's operating a free clinic on town property. The insurance ramifications of that alone --

ROSE

He's the tenant, he's liable. Not us.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

He's working out of a train depot for crying out loud! There's no way the Board of Medical Examiners approved those conditions.

ROSE

They did.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

Then there must be an ordinance against or something. Check the law books.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSE

For what? The "no charitable acts" law?

DOCTOR ABBOTT

Free medicine may be charitable, but it's not free. It comes at a price. It's a Trojan Horse that brings into communities like ours indigents and derelicts and all their ailments and diseases. The morons that elected you can't see that, which is why you have a civic duty to protect them from themselves.

ROSE

I also have a marital duty to protect the moron that married me from himself.

With that, she kisses him. Yes, the Mayor is also Abbott's wife. And incidentally, they're a great couple.

ROSE (cont'd)

Now is this about your mother working there?

DOCTOR ABBOTT

Good god, no. I couldn't care less about what the battle axe does.

ROSE

Then what?

DOCTOR ABBOTT

(vulnerable)

How can I compete with a guy who charges nothing?

ROSE

There's close to forty thousand people in this county, and only six doctors between them. Unfortunately, that's more than enough sickness and disease to go around.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

I suppose you're right.

ROSE

I am right. Now, what's this I hear about our children fighting at school?

She stares him down. Abbott looks busted.

DOCTOR ABBOTT

You found out about that?

ROSE

I see and hear all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOCTOR ABBOTT

I've got it under control. We've agreed to a punishment, which I may proudly add, they devised. They won't be attending the philharmonic with us this year and while I know...

(off her LAUGHTER)

What? What's so funny?

Rose gets exactly what happened. She also loves this soft spot in her husband.

ROSE

Oh, Harold. If you only loved the world as blindly as you love our kids.

Suddenly it hits Abbott, exactly how he was duped. And he can't help but smile. And ultimately, LAUGH with his wife.

INT. DOCTOR BROWN'S OFFICE. DAY.

It's the end of the day. Doctor Brown's just coming from an examining room. Edna's readying to leave. Looked rushed.

EDNA

That does it for the patients. I'm Audi 5000.

DOCTOR BROWN

Hang on a second there, Edna.

Edna stops cold. Turns back with a guilty face.

EDNA

You want to talk about something?

DOCTOR BROWN

Yes, I do.

EDNA

I should told you Tight Ass was my son.

DOCTOR BROWN

Yes, you should have.

EDNA

Apologies, Sparky.

DOCTOR BROWN

I'm happy to have you here, Edna. But if working for me is part of a revenge scheme...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDNA

Heck, no. I need the gig. Though I gotta confess, I did enjoy the look on that sour apple's face this morning.

DOCTOR BROWN

You gonna tell me what happened?

Edna softens, as much as that's possible.

EDNA

His pops died two years ago, I got re-hitched not long thereafter. It caused quite a scandal in the community. Junior thought it was affecting his business, not to mention he wasn't too crazy about the new beau -- so he cut back my hours. And I quit.

DOCTOR BROWN

How soon after did you remarry?

EDNA

Two months.

DOCTOR BROWN

Two months?

EDNA

Do I strike you as the mourning type?

DOCTOR BROWN

No. Not really.

EDNA

Anyway, I understood where Junior was coming from. He worshipped his pops. Never got on with him. But he sure worshipped him. Truth is, they were exactly alike.

Andy looks curious. He takes the comment to heart.

DOCTOR BROWN

Do you think that's possible? That a father and son who don't get along can really have something in common.

EDNA

From my experience, when fathers and sons don't get along, it usually means they have everything in common.

Outside, a HORN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EDNA (cont'd)

That's my hunka burning love as we speak.
See ya on the flip side, Doc-a-rooney.

DOCTOR BROWN

See ya, Edna.

Andy watches her go. In the street, DELIA'S SCHOOL BUS waits for her. MR. IRV gets off the bus and greets his wife with a big kiss. Andy smiles at the sight.

INT. HALLWAY. DAY.

CLOSE ON EPHRAM and AMY. They stare somberly through a glass window at who or what we're not sure.

EPHRAM

That's your boyfriend.

AMY

Ephram Brown, meet Collin Hart.

ON COLLIN

As he lies on a hospital bed hooked up to an arsenal of life support systems. His fifteen-year-old body in a coma.

AMY (cont'd)

Collin grew up down the block from me. We did everything together. He was the first boy I ever hated, the first boy I ever hit, kissed... the first boy I ever loved. Bright and him were best friends. They were always getting into trouble. Last Fourth of July they decided to swipe Collin's parent's truck and go for a joy ride. Collin drove. There was an accident. Bright was thrown from the vehicle, he doesn't remember what happened. By the time the ambulance got there, Collin had lost consciousness. He hasn't woken up since. Every night, I've prayed for a miracle. But nothing happens. Then I read about your dad moving you all here and I realized, if anyone could help him, it would be your father.

(beat)

I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings, Ephram. I was going to tell you. I just didn't know how.

Ephram watches this girl. Even more in love with her.

INT. THE BROWN HOUSE. KITCHEN. SAME.

Andy's at work cooking; his skills improving. Delia enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DELIA

It smells good in here.

DOCTOR BROWN

Which in and of itself is a success.

DELIA

What are you cooking?

DOCTOR BROWN

Only the finest in haute cuisine: Reheated
Kentucky Fried Chicken.

DELIA

I'm gonna set the table.

DOCTOR BROWN

Wait, Delia. This might be my first edible
meal. We're breaking out the fine china.

INT. LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

The only room that's not totally unpacked. Andy goes for one
of the boxes, as he does, he spots EPHRAM OUTSIDE pulling up
on his bike, forlorn expression firmly intact.

DOCTOR BROWN

He doesn't even look me in the eyes anymore.

JULIA (O.S.)

It's because you don't talk to him.

Andy slumps onto a nearby couch. The CAMERA PANS beside him
where JULIA SITS. When it PANS BACK, Andy's beard is gone
again. *A final memory.*

DOCTOR BROWN

I talk to him.

JULIA

You talk at him. Try asking him how his
day was. Try listening.

DOCTOR BROWN

Delia's so much easier.

JULIA

She's four, Andy.

DOCTOR BROWN

Doesn't matter. She knows how much I love
her. Somehow, I could never get that
message through to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIA

Call me an optimist, but this is one case, Doctor, that's not terminal.

Julia leans her head in Andy's lap. Staring up at him.

JULIA (cont'd)

Hey. Guess what? I figured it out.

DOCTOR BROWN

Figured what out?

JULIA

Where you should go. If something ever happens to me.

DOCTOR BROWN

Not the macabre subject again.

JULIA

Everwood, Colorado.

DOCTOR BROWN

(beat)

Where?

JULIA

When I was kid, I took this train trip with my parents across the country. There was a snowstorm in the mountains and we had to stop for a day in a town called Everwood. It was the most beautiful place I'd ever seen, Andy. It was on this hill, surrounded by the Rockies, I remember thinking, even then, this is what heaven must look like.

DOCTOR BROWN

There's no chance this place is also a leading center for neurosurgery?

JULIA

Sorry. That's the other part of the deal. No more working for the rich and famous, Doctor. Even small town folk need medical miracles.

DOCTOR BROWN

I better start writing this stuff down.

JULIA

Just remember one thing: Everwood, Colorado. It's where I'll be.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOCTOR BROWN

You can't be in the Bahamas?

JULIA

Nope. Everwood or bust.

He smiles. Looking at her as if for the last time.

DOCTOR BROWN

Then it's where I'll be, too.

He looks up from his wife to where... DELIA stands. Watching him alone. ON ANDY... his beard is back. He looks caught.

DOCTOR BROWN (cont'd)

Um... listen, Delia. We should talk about this...

DELIA

It's okay, Dad. I know what's wrong with you.

DOCTOR BROWN

(beat)

You do?

DELIA

You have a distraught heart.

His daughter's simple explanation moves Andy to tears.

DOCTOR BROWN

Yeah. Yeah, I do. C'mere.

(he hugs her)

I love you so much, kiddo.

DELIA

I love you too, Dad.

He holds her even tighter. And then they hear something. It's the SOUNDS of CLASSICAL PIANO being played.

DOCTOR BROWN/DELIA

(realizing)

He's playing.

INT. FAMILY ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Delia and Andy arrive at the doorway, as Ephram sits at the piano playing the CLASSICAL PIECE we heard in the opening scene. He does not look up to register their entrance.

DOCTOR BROWN

You're playing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EPHRAM

I felt like it. That's all.

DELIA

I'm gonna go finish setting the table.

Delia exits. Ephram keeps practicing. Andy sticks around. Awkwardly thinking of what to say next. It comes to him.

DOCTOR BROWN

How was your day?

EPHRAM

S'okay. I found out I'm in love with a girl who's in love with a guy who's in a coma. But other than that it was pretty standard.

Andy doesn't go there. He grabs a spot next to his son on the piano bench. Ephram keeps tinkling the ivories.

DOCTOR BROWN

About yesterday. I said some things I didn't mean.

EPHRAM

We both did.

DOCTOR BROWN

Then that comment about my beard --

EPHRAM

That I meant.

DOCTOR BROWN

I'm not shaving it, you know.

EPHRAM

So don't. It's ugly, but it's also kinda... distinguished.

DOCTOR BROWN

Distinguished? What makes you say that?

EPHRAM

I don't know. It just is.

Andy sits. Lost in the sounds of his son's gift.

DOCTOR BROWN

You play so well. I forgot how good you are.

EPHRAM

Mom used to say that I have your hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Fingers still moving, Ephram looks his father's eyes, meeting his eyes for a quick but satisfying moment. And then the moment's over. He stares back at the piano.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And there they sat, father and son. Like they were sitting together for the first time.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK AWAY from the duo and out the window. Taking in the lonely Victorian on the quaint Colorado street.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

No, I wasn't there the day Doctor Brown's life changed forever. But I was around for many days thereafter, when he and his family would call Everwood their home.

FADE OUT.

END OF PILOT.