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EPISODE 5 - "DOC"

EPISODE 5 - SCENE 1

INT. DOC'S HOUSE - MORNING

[Crickets in the forest outside. We hear a tea kettle whistling. Footsteps fall on an old floor. The cough and wheezing of an elderly gentleman.]

DOC

(VO)

Always liked making things.

[Doc pours hot water, stirs with a spoon.]

DOC

(VO)

Made a nativity scene one
Christmas when I was eight.

[Doc crosses the room to his office. Sound of a chair scraping as its pulled out. DOC sits.]

DOC

(VO)

Early work, of course. But I was
proud of it. Put a lot of effort
into it. That's what mastery
takes. Effort and time.

[Pencil scribbling on paper.]

DOC

(VO)

Ma and Pa never took to my things.
(pause) But the children...
children always like what I make.
Little angels, all of them.

DOC

(VO)

Ma and Pa had the idea I should go
into doctoring. Probably 'cause
that's what they reckoned would
make a decent man out of me!
(chuckles)

[Phone rings: landline rotary phone.]

DOC

(VO)

That and on account of my other
interests.

[Phone rings again. DOC picks up.]

DOC

Hello? (pause) Mm-hmm. How's she
feeling? (pause) Sure, I would
too! (chuckles) When did they
start? (pause) Uh-huh, and how far
apart are the contractions?
(pause) That's fine, fine. I'm
a-comin'. Y'all sit tight.

[Phone hangs up. Chair scrape, DOC gets up.]

DOC

(VO)

The miracle of creation.

EPISODE 5 - SCENE 2

EXT. DOC'S HOUSE - MORNING

[Through the following: Front door opens, closes. DOC's
footsteps on wooden porch, down across a gravel drive. Old
pickup door creaking open.]

DOC

I was born and raised in
Kibkibbney. I look after all the
folks on the mountain, best I can.

Gumrattle. Black Log. In the west
holler on towards Dogwood.

[Truck starts, goes into gear, drives off slowly down a
gravel road.]

DOC

It might make more sense to live
in Kibkibbney, but I've always
liked it in Kilruane. Closer to
the mountain top. They tell you
'go where you're needed' and I
reckon they need me in Kilruane
more'n anywhere else.

[Truck drives along, fades. Cut to:]

EPISODE 5 - SCENE 3

INT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - MORNING

[Woman panting. Newborn infant crying.]

DOC

Eight pounds, thirteen ounces. Ten
fingers, ten toes. Pa, hold her
little legs for a moment.

[We hear the click and flash of an older film camera, the
flash whining as it recharges.]

DOC

Good. Turn her over. Gentle now.
There you go angel.

[Another click and whine of the camera.]

DOC

Alright, let Ma have her turn.

[Infant cries subside.]

DOC

(VO)

Always a blessed day. What keeps
me going, really. Newborns. The
children's finger painting up at
the school. My own whittling.
Pediatrics is what saved me.

[Baby cooing. Fade out to transition to:]

EPISODE 5 - SCENE 4

EXT. KIBKIBBNEY STREET - DAY

[Kibkibbney is still little more than a 1-stoplight town,
but there is activity in what passes for the town square.
BOYS playing in the distance. Old car driving past. DOC's
footsteps mounting a wooden porch, opening a door. Ding of
chimes.]

INT. KIBKIBBNEY POST OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

[DOC's footsteps approach.]

DOC
Morning, Ruth. Anything today?

RUTH
Morning, Doc. Yeah, couple of
packages. More film chemicals. You
know they have cameras in phones
now.

[RUTH slides some boxes to him.]

DOC
(Chuckles)
I know it. Call me old fashioned.

RUTH
I'll call you Ansel Adams, if you
ever show me something.

DOC

Strictly medical, I'm afraid.
Research only. Nothing that would
interest you.

RUTH
It sounds interesting.

DOC
Well, if you really want me to
show you a picture of a torn
epicranial suture...

RUTH
Forget I asked! Here you go, and
the rest of your mail. Something
from a pet supply store. You got a
dog now?

[Flap of envelopes.]

DOC
Not me. For a cousin over in
Gumrattle. Having trouble training
a new dog, got him a muzzle.

RUTH
Know a few people around here who
could use muzzling.

DOC
(chuckles)
Thanks, Ruth.

[Footsteps. Door opens again, with chimes. We return to:]

EXT. KIBKIBBNEY STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

[Footsteps as DOC walks along. Sound of boys playing
getting closer.]

DOC
(VO)
You see, I'd do anything for the
children.

BOY 1

(playing)
Grrrr! Raaarr!

DOC
(playing along)
Grrrr! What are you supposed to be?

BOY 2
He's a real monster!

DOC
(laughs)
Yep. Reckon he is.

BOY 2
Are you a monster, too?

DOC
(light-hearted)
Well, now, I don't know. Maybe
I'm-- RRRAAAR!

[BOYS squeal in mock terror and laugh. Doc joins in, then walks on.]

DOC
Tell your momma I send my best.

[Pause. Sound of street, Doc's footsteps.]

DOC
(VO)
Spend a lot of time learning all I can. If you want to become a master, you have to start as a student.

[DOC's truck door opens, he puts his mail inside. Sound of large mailing envelope being torn open. Papers removed, ruffled, turned and read.]

DOC
(VO)
Now, I know you reckon the birthing and rearing of young'uns is for ladies. That's a real

popular belief. But I'm here to confess it just ain't so. Didn't take to the college at first, you know? Still thinking about my nativity scene and how the kids loved it. But, adviser hooked me up with some volunteering at the Children's Hospital. That's when the spark hit. Pediatrics! Aced the MCAT and registered for the first Human Anatomy class I could.

[Pages turning in a medical journal.]

DOC

(VO)

I send away for all kinds of journals and research. Still have so much to learn.

DOC

(reading to himself)

... pass through the foramen magnum..

DOC

(VO)

My best work is coming, I can feel it. I just do what I can with the tools I have. Sometimes have to be creative.

DOC

Huh.

[Papers tucked away. Truck door closes, starts up, drives off, fading out along with street sounds.]

DOC

(VO)

The muzzle I can alter myself. Other tools need more specialized craftsmen. (pause) Folks in Kilruane keep to themselves, mostly. For the best, really. There are a few like me who live

high on the mountain, but manage
to find work.

EPISODE 5 - SCENE 5

INT. METAL SHOP - DAY

[Sound of metal grinding in the distance. Doc's footsteps.
A door opens, metal shop sounds get louder.]

DOC

(VO)

Jake's one of us, but he's got a
job working in a metal shop. Helps
me out with some specialized
equipment.

[Metal grinding stops.]

JAKE

Doc.

DOC

Jake.

[Jake puts down some tools and the metal piece he's working
on.]

JAKE

Over here.

[Pair of footsteps. We hear a tarp being pulled back,
swiftly.]

DOC

(grunts in approval)

JAKE

Can't imagine what you'd use these
for.

[Something smaller and metal being moved, as on hinges.
Metal clatter.]

DOC

(genially)

You know a better way to remove a
hypopharynx from the lower
proboscis?

JAKE
Nah. Reckon I don't.

DOC
(chuckling)
What do I owe you?

[Pause.]

JAKE
I'm gonna take a smoke break, out
back.

[Pause.]

DOC
Sure, I'll go with you.

[Pair of footsteps. Back door opening. They step through.
Outdoor ambiance. Door closes. JAKE takes out his smokes.]

EXT. METAL SHOP - DAY

JAKE
Want one?

DOC
Not for me, thanks.

[JAKE lights up, exhales, gathering himself. Pause. Muted
sounds of the metal shop punctuate the next scene.]

JAKE
Midsummer's coming.

[Pause.]

DOC
That it is. (long pause.) How's
Becca?

JAKE

She's good. Real good.

DOC
How old is she now?

[Pause.]

JAKE
I think you know.

[Pause.]

DOC
Mm.

JAKE
She looks just like her mother.

DOC
Abeline was right pretty.

JAKE
She's smart too. Smarter than me.
She's on track to finish high
school. She's got a shot at some
scholarship to a community
college.

DOC
Good for her.

[Pause.]

JAKE
She's... got a chance I never had.
I want her to have it. And I know
everyone in town respects your
opinion...

DOC
(cutting him off)
You know that's not how it works.
The decision isn't mine.

JAKE
But they listen to you. (pause)
There's lots of other girls, Doc.

Girls who ain't got a chance like Becca. I'd be right grateful if you'd ... bear that in mind, come Midsummer. And... I'm sure Becca would be, too.

[Pause.]

DOC

She is a bright one, isn't she?
(pause) Tell you what. Bout time for her to have a check up anyway, isn't it? You send her along this week sometime, I'll examine her. See if there's any reason to disqualify her. And... I feel confident there will be other candidates to think of.

[Pause.]

JAKE

You take that tool on home with you. And I'll make you any more you need.

[Back door opens.]

DOC

Right neighborly of you, Jake.

[DOC goes through. Door closes.]

EPISODE 5 - SCENE 6

EXT. KIBKIBBNEY STREET - DAY

[Crows calling. We hear a phone booth handset lift. DOC taps the switch twice.]

DOC

(VO)

Kilruane and the rest ain't busting at the seams with medical

personnel, in case you ain't
figured that out yet.

[Sound of coins dropping into the slot. DOC punches 7
digits confidently. Pause.]

DOC

(VO)

Cell phone coverage is spotty at
best. So I check in with a service
when I can.

DOC

(into the phone)

Hey Patrice. Anything?

[Footsteps approaching.]

CLETUS

They gonna tear that down one day!
Whatcha gonna do then, Doc?

DOC

(to Cletus)

I reckon they'll have to tear me
down, too, Clete.

[CLETUS brays laughter, moving on.]

DOC

(into the phone)

Sorry, what was that?

DOC

(VO)

Not many doctors would work up
here. Landlines. No Internet. And
the money... what do they say
about blood and stones? But I
ain't doing it for the money.

DOC

(into phone)

Alright. I know where that is,
yeah. Thanks.

[He hangs up.]

DOC
(VO)
I do it for the children.

EPISODE 5 - SCENE 7

INT. DICKENS FARM - DAY

[Farm noises outside. DOC's footsteps approaching along a wooden porch.]

DOC
(VO)
A body gets kicked by a horse, who
else gonna help him? I'm the Doc
around here. I'll risk the sin of
pride to say that that gives me
some satisfaction. A sense of
purpose, I suppose.

[Knock on a heavy wooden door. Handle turns, door opens.]

DOC
Hey Donnie. Heard you were dancing
with that Bay mare, missed a few
beats.

[DONNIE groans in pain. DOC approaches]

DOC
Lift up your shirt.

[DONNIE does, winces, hisses in pain. Breathes stiffly through the next.]

DOC
Mm. Let me give a listen here.
Deep breath. Again. Lungs sound
okay. Broken ribs. I'd guess three
of them.

DOC
(VO)

Now, he'll expect me to wrap him up. But there's risk of pneumonia with all that compression business. Ain't like in the movies! (chuckles) It's like a lot of ideas around here: Old and wrong.

DOC

Put ice on them until the swelling goes down. Take tylenol for the pain. If they're not any better in a week, call me.

[DOC putting up his bag.]

DOC

And stay away from the horses. Rest is the only thing for it now. Get Jimmy Tamber to help you out here.

[DONNIE groans some more. DOC's footsteps, door opens, he walks out into...]

EPISODE 5 - SCENE 8

EXT. DICKENS FARM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

[DOC walks down a muddy lane. Horses nicker and pass by. Gentle wind in the trees.]

DOC

(VO)

So many old ideas grow here. It's old soil, so there's something to that. Old mountains. Lots of things grown up here. Especially on the bald. (pause) The mountain top is blessed earth.

[Pause. Distant horse's whinny. DOC sighs, wistfully.]

DOC

(VO)

Tried bringing folks new ideas.
But the mountain ain't conducive
to ideas. Things are set. They are
the way they are, for good or ill.
There's no negotiating with it, no
dialog with it. It is. What
happens here could only happen
here. (pause) Some of the old ways
are just fine, though. They don't
know about our thyme in
Kibkibbney. They don't know about
Midsummer like we do. (pause)
That's fine too. Better for all
concerned.

[Silence, cut to: Coins in the payphone again. Dialing.]

DOC
(into phone)
Hey Patrice. Anything? (pause)
Alright, then. I'll be up on
Musqua creek if anyone needs me.

[Cut to:]

EPISODE 5 - SCENE 9

EXT. MUSQUA CREEK - AFTERNOON

[Musqua Creek is a moderate-to-small creek, but moves fast
enough to create soft rushing sounds, ripples, splashes.
Sound of cicadas in the woods. Occasional frogs peep from
nearby. DOC walking on soft forest ground.]

DOC
(VO)
Always loved fishing. Big Herman
took me to Musqua Creek when I was
9. I'd just stare at the water,
you know? The rapids. The currents
and eddys, swirling around, making
whirlpools. I didn't think about
it at the time, but there's a
lesson in that. All that water is

shaping the world, little by
little. Erosion. It might take
forever, but eventually it'll make
those rocks, those trees, its own
banks into something else. Little
by little. A drop at a time.
Progress.

[DOC settles, sets down his tackle box.]

DOC
(Calling)
Hey there, boys. Catchin'
anything?

[FISHING BOYS call back, at a distance. "They ain't biting
today." "Naw, nothin'.]

DOC
Patience and time, boys. Patience
and time.

[DOC's fishing rod casting, splash of tackle hitting the
water. Forest sounds punctuate through this. Occasional
splashes.]

DOC
(VO)
About the time I was sixteen, I
started to get it. You see,
they're swimming around and living
their fish lives. And they see a
free meal, dangling around in
front of their faces, right?
Then... BAM. Yanked out of the
normal world by some greater
force.

[Fish hits the bait, DOC reels. Fish splashing. He lands
the fish.]

DOC
(VO)
It's a holy experience. People
think God and his creations are
supposed to be kind and beautiful.

But they need to reread the Old Testament. Creation is radical. Creation is messy. Some would call it ugly, but how can that be? (pause) All God's little angels are beautiful. And God demands sacrifices for his creation.

[DOC casts out again. Splash.]

DOC

(VO)

No one remembers how long the angels of the bald have been turning up. Or maybe they do, but they don't want to talk about it. Every now and again, a body would be out picking blueberries or hunting squirrel and hear a baby crying. Find a wee one crawling naked down the mountain just like another day.

[Doc gives his reel a few twists.]

DOC

(VO)

The old witch thinks they're evil. That's a papist idea, on account of the Fenians never stepping foot in Kilruane until the last century or so. The early ones were scared off by him.

DOC

(VO)

We don't say his name. I've heard her call him the Devil. Another papist word. I figure its because she don't understand art. Old witch has her own creation story. Three Mothers and what not. But the dirt up here is real old. Older than her tales.

DOC

(VO)

You can't exorcise a whole
mountain. Though better people
than Geneverie have tried. There
were missionaries came up here a
while back, went up on the Bald.
They learned the truth of Creation
right then and there, they did.
Not all of them came back down,
neither. And the ones that did had
their minds broke, I can tell you
that.

[Very distant sound of a police siren, just signaling.
Distant car door slam. DOC reels in his line.]

DOC

(VO)

He ain't the Devil. You don't
confront a man like that. You
learn from him.

[Footsteps approaching along the path.]

DOC

(calling to boys,
teasing)

Uh-oh, boys. You best stash that
moonshine. Johnny Law is here.

SHERIFF

Sorry to bother you, Doc.

DOC

What's up?

SHERIFF

It's Caleb Pickernacki. Collapsed.

DOC

Mmhm.

[DOC grabs his tackle box.]

DOC

(to boys)

Keep my trout, here. You'll need
it, way y'all fish!

[FISHING BOYS protest in jest.]

DOC
(to Sheriff)
Alright, let's go.

[Cut to:]

EPISODE 5 - SCENE 10

INT. PICKERNACKI BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

[Hushed ambience: a bedroom with everyone trying to be quiet, like a held breath. Bed creaks as DOC sits, checks his pulse. Ticking clock in the next room. CALEB Breathing heavily.]

DOC
(VO)
Caleb's had this heart attack
coming for some time. Mrs. P will
be fretting over the hospital
costs.

[DOC clears his throat.]

DOC
Don't worry. Know some folks
there. They'll help you with the
paperwork. Stuff you'll need for
the financials.

DOC
Let's get him on the stretcher.
Grab the sheet there. One. Two.
THREE.

[Several people put him on a stretcher with light grunting,
CALEB wheezing.]

DOC

I'll call ahead, let them know
y'all are coming.

[Sound of them carrying him out.]

DOC

(VO)

Caleb ain't long for this world. I
don't fixate on such things. The
Sister has that monopoly. Not that
I talk about that with her. I find
what little conversations I do
have with her to be unpleasant.
(pause) She's afraid. Doesn't
understand what he's doing up
there.

EXT. PICKERNACKI FARM - AFTERNOON

[DOC walks out of the house. Somewhere high over the
mountain, a hawk cries.]

DOC

(VO)

It's a different kind of alchemy.
Death and decay is a
transubstantiation from living to
feeding the living. We all
understand that. But what he's
doing is something else entirely.
Unpredictable, but unmistakable.

[DOC opens his truck door gets in, closes it, sighs.]

DOC

(VO)

Never forgive myself for letting
the old Papist take her. My angel.
Sure there were others. I could
see his design. I know a fellow
craftsman when I see one. Not to
imply I'm on his level. Naw. He's
up there working the soil like
that. I've put my flourishments
here and there. (pause) I hope
he's proud. (pause) Did my best.

[Truck starts up, drives along down a dirt road.]

DOC

(VO)

I don't rightly care for the partnership between me and the Sister. But it works. I'm not a young buck anymore. Hardly qualify as a caretaker of the angelic and divine. And we can't bring in outsiders. They'd wreck everything. Tread all over the mountain, desecrate the holy ground, ruin the miracle.

[Truck sounds fade.]

DOC

(VO)

A feller has to live with his decisions, no matter how heavy they feel around his neck.

EPISODE 5 - SCENE 11

EXT. GUMRATTLE GAS & GO - AFTERNOON

[Trucks drive past the gas station. Doc approaches a payphone. Crows calling. Coins into the payphone again. Dialing.]

DOC

Hey Patrice. Anything?

[Pause. Dump truck passes outside.]

DOC

(grim)

Oh, you don't say?

DOC

(VO)

The thing about magic, of course,
is only the magician gets to know
the secrets.

DOC
(into the phone)
Alright. Thank you.

[Hangs up. Footsteps away.]

DOC
(VO)
The rest of us have to figure out
how the trick is done on our own.
A lot of trial and error. And
things go awry. (pause) They don't
go as planned.

EPISODE 5 - SCENE 12

INT./EXT. BEDDOE HOUSE - DUSK

[DOC's truck pulls up a bumpy track. Parks, engine switches
off. We hear the evening crickets and frogs, loudly. Truck
door opens, DOC gets out, tramps through some mud to a
porch.]

DOC
(VO)
We do our best within the limits
of our understanding. Which is why
it's so important to study. Even
our failures.

DOC
Evening Helen.

[Pause. Helen is waiting on the porch. She is grimly
intoxicated.]

HELEN
'Bout time you got here.

DOC

Caleb Pickernacki had a heart
attack. Got here soon as I heard.
(pause) She alright?

HELEN
See for y'self.

[Screen door opens, spring vibrating. We move into the
house. Screen door is pulled closed by its spring. HELEN's
steps are staggering, occasionally kicking cans scattered
on the ground.]

DOC
(VO)
Ours is not an exact science. But
the rituals and sacrifices began
before my tenure. And while some
of them are pure superstition,
like those witch marks, others
have a method to them.

[We hear IRENE humming tunelessly to herself, almost a
whisper.]

DOC
(VO)
We make the best decisions we can.
But like all good artists, he is
choosy about his materials.

[DOC pauses in the doorway.]

DOC
Lord a-mercy. (pause) What
happened?

HELEN
(struggling)
She... she got her hand out of one
of the restraints. By th' time I
found her she... she... done that
to herself. I uh... I tied her
back up with twine.

DOC

I see that. (pause) She'll need
clean sheets and gown. Do you have
any?

HELEN
There's ... so much blood...

DOC
(insistent)
Go get your daughter some clean
clothes, Helen.

HELEN
(pause)
... alright.

[HELEN's shuffling footsteps retreat. DOC unzips his bag.
Latex gloves pulled on.]

DOC
Irene?

[IRENE's humming stops.]

DOC
I need to look at you. I'm going
to cut off this nightgown. That
alright?

[IRENE's humming resumes. Doc unwraps and uses more medical
tools.]

DOC
(VO)
I feel for the girl, I do.

DOC
Sorry, this might hurt a bit.

[IRENE tugs at her restraints, bedsprings squeak, but
doesn't stop humming.]

DOC
(VO)
Irene Beddoe wasn't the first girl
he turned down. None of them do
very well, after. Irene has to be

tied to the bed, else she'll
wander off looking for him, end up
dead in a ditch or froze to death
in winter. (pause) This is new
though, what she did to herself.

[Rustle as he takes his camera out of his bag. Click and
flash whine. Then again. Camera is put away.]

IRENE

(singsong)

Go ye about o'er icy creeks
In winter blight is when he sleeps
Ere summer's sun, he sheds his
skin
And walks among the world again
Women strong and maiden fair
Must go with sage wove in their
hair
Else gancanagh take you unaware
And hook your heart e'ermore.

[HELEN returns, leaning against the door frame. IRENE's
humming subsides.]

HELEN

How could she do that to herself?
Why didn't she stop?

[Pause.]

DOC

I'm gonna sedate her. Some of
these scratches and tears are
deep. I'm going to need to sew
them up.

HELEN

She don't feel nothin'. She don't
feel nothin' but him. God, look
what she did, look what she did,
thinking of him!

DOC

Still I don't want to cause her
any needless pain...

HELEN

No pain? No pain?! You did this!
You and... the Sister... and the
rest of you! It was bad enough
when we thought she'd be taken
from us, but look how she came
back! It's your fault!

DOC

You know no one person...

HELEN

... I oughta kill you.

[Hammer of a revolver clicks back.]

DOC

Helen. Let's remain calm here.
You've been drinking. You're
upset, and rightly so. You're not
thinking clearly.

HELEN

Why do we do it? Why do we let him
do this?

DOC

Point the gun down, Helen. We'll
talk about this.

HELEN

I know we're poor. I know we got
nothin' for nobody. I know Irene
wasn't going any further than me.
But that don't make us worthless!

DOC

(getting worried)

You know he chooses whoever he
likes.

HELEN

But you send us out to him.

DOC

Helen...

HELEN

I blame the Sister. I blame you.
But more than that... I blame
myself. What kind of Mother am I
to have gone along with it? What
kind of mother am I to give her up
to him?

[HELEN begins weeping.]

DOC

I...

HELEN

(cuts him off)

No mother at all.

DOC

(alarmed)

Helen, don't... !

[They struggle. Table gets overturned, garbage crashes. The
gun gets knocked free, thumps on the floor. HELEN
collapses, weeping. Pause. DOC catches his breath. DOC's
footsteps. He picks up the gun, lowers the hammer.]

DOC

Alright now. It's going to be
alright.

[Pause.]

HELEN

(struggling)

She ain't never gettin' better, is
she?

[Pause.]

DOC

You never know.

HELEN

Any of the other girls he rejected
get better?

[Pause.]

DOC

No.

[Pause.]

HELEN

I... I can't ... I can't ... I
can't look at her face anymore.
She ain't here. She's out there,
on the mountain.

DOC

What about Merle? Can he help?

HELEN

Merle left last month. (pause)
Left me alone with this ghost in
our house.

[Pause.]

DOC

I'm sorry.

[Pause.]

HELEN

Ain't... Ain't there somethin' you
could do? If... if she ain't ever
gettin' better... can't... can't
you...

DOC

I took an oath. "First, do no
harm."

[Pause. Irene starts to hum again.]

DOC

... but... sometimes it's okay to
let nature take its course.

[Pause. Irene hums on.]

HELEN
(softly)
I don't... I don't... I don't
think I can...

DOC
It's alright. I'll see to it.

HELEN
I can't... I can't be here... I
...

[HELEN rises, sniffing, shuffling out of the room. Distant sound of a bedroom door closing behind her. DOC begins to unbuckle and untie IRENE's restraints.]

DOC
Irene, angel? I'm going to turn
you loose.

[IRENE's humming stops. More untying sounds.]

DOC
There.

[IRENE sits up in the bed.]

DOC
What do you feel like doing?

IRENE
(distantly)
I'm going to meet my beautiful
man. He's promised me gardens of
flowers, sweet flowing water, and
a bed where we'll lie together
forever and ever.

DOC
(pause)
... alright then.

[She shuffles along, and resumes humming. We hear her leave the house, the screen door banging closed in the distance.]

Her humming eventually blends with the crickets and frogs as she walks away.]

DOC

(VO)

If you think about it, it's a mercy, really.

[Sounds fade.]

EPISODE 5 - SCENE 13

INT. DOC'S HOUSE - EVENING

[We hear DOC's camera shutter, flash whining. Pause. Ambiance of Doc's house fades in. Teakettle whistling. We hear pouring hot water into a mug. DOC blows over the cup, sips. Creak of office chair as he sits. File cabinet unlocked, drawer slides open. Sound of photo paper being removed.]

DOC

(VO)

I know it's hard for some folks to see past the sorrow. But I focus on the beauty.

[DOC slowly leafing through large photographs.]

DOC

(VO)

Children see it. Children understand. Children appreciate a pretty thing. Adults in town were right upset about that nativity scene. Hard thing for a boy to get through. All that hateful admonishment, especially when it's something you're right proud of.

DOC

(VO)

It's why I keep records of all my angels, here in town and the ones he makes. To remind me of the

beauty. A record of what I'm
working toward. Textbooks are one
thing, but they don't account for
individual variation. They don't
capture essence. They're
schematics, not art.

[More turning of photographs, then they are slid back into
a folder, returned to the filing cabinet. Cabinet drawer
closes, latches.]

DOC

(VO)

I've been up to the bald myself a
few times. Looking for him.

[Footsteps out of the office, pausing. Jingle of keys.]

DOC

(VO)

I have nothing but respect. I just
want to ... see him work. Learn
from him.

[Keys into locks. Door opens.]

DOC

(VO)

Way back in Bible school, I
remember learning about Genesis.
How the good Lord above made
everything.

[Snap of a light switch. Door swings closed, DOC locks it.]

DOC

(VO)

I was real jealous of God, you
see.

[DOC starts down steps into the basement.]

DOC

(VO)

Reckoned I could make my own
things every bit as good as he.

EPISODE 5 - SCENE 14

INT. BASEMENT LABORATORY - NIGHT

[Oppressive drone. Occasional clink of glass jars. As we descend, we hear an infant crying, gurgling, growing louder as DOC descends. These are not the ordinary sounds of an infant, there's something broken about them.]

DOC

(VO)

I like to think he saw my
potential. Not the God of the
Bible, no. But him. On the
Mountain. Because he gifted me
these angels. Me!

[DOC crosses the room, turns on a desk lamp. Infant gurgles continue in the background.]

DOC

(VO)

All I want to do is bring beauty
into the world.

[Doc drags a metal bassinet into the light. The Baby's cries get louder, turning into wet, protesting sounds. Click of a tape recorder, its motor continuing.]

[DOC rummages in a toolbox, clang of instruments.]

DOC

(VO)

Ah. Here we are. A chisel and
hammer. I don't have his tools,
but I do pretty good with what I
have.

[The infant mewls softly.]

DOC

(dictating)

Interior mandibles under the upper
labrum. Incision about the left
mandible.

[A loud crack of hammer against chisel. The infant screams
hysterically. Cut to:]

EXT. APPALACHIAN FOREST - NIGHT

[The song of crickets, cicadas serenading peacefully.]

DOC

(VO)

He and I... we're doing God's
work.

[Forest sounds continue, then faintly IRENE's singing s
heard somewhere far away, getting louder, then fading
again.]

[CREDITS]