

# Where the Heart Is

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Part I

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. CHURCH MEADOW - DAY ONE

After Sunday service. A bright, sunny morning. Many have already dispersed into the meadow, laying out their picnics, children starting up games.

Some still linger at the base of the church steps, including Loren and Jake.

MIKE, COLLEEN and BRIAN head toward the meadow. MATTHEW and Ingrid are right behind them, absorbed in each other's company.

Brian spots SULLY in the background, kneeling before Abigail's cross and the smaller cross just next to it.

**BRIAN**  
(to Mike) Can Sully have lunch with us?

**MIKE**  
Of course.

Brian takes off running toward the cemetery. Mike calls after him...

**MIKE**  
(continuing) Brian, don't interrupt...

...but he's oblivious. Her eyes follow him, coming to rest on...

MIKE'S POV CEMETERY / SULLY - DAY ONE

...engaged in his own private prayer.

**ANGLE / ABAGAIL'S GRAVE - DAY ONE**

**Brian rushes up noisily, drawing a look from Sully.**

**BRIAN**  
Sorry.

**SULLY**  
(stands) I'm done.

**BRIAN**  
Wanna have lunch with us?

**SULLY**  
Sure... I'd like that.

**They start walking toward the others. Brian looks back at the graves.**

**BRIAN**  
How come you go there every Sunday?

**SULLY**  
I made a promise.

**That's explanation enough for Brian. He nods.**

**BRIAN**  
Gotta keep promises.

**Sully nods, too.**

**SULLY**  
That's right.

**ANGLE / PICNIC - DAY ONE**

**Mike and Colleen have spread out their quilt and, with Matthew's and Ingrid's help, are laying out the contents of the basket, as Sully and Brian approach. Suddenly:**

**HORACE (O.S.)**

**Dr. Mike!**

**Everyone looks to see...**

**MEADOW POV / HORACE - DAY ONE**

**...running full-out from the telegraph office, waving a telegram in his hand.**

**HORACE  
(continuing) Dr. Mike!**

**Mike gets up, along with Sully and the kids, Matthew and Ingrid, as people gather around.**

**ANGLE PICNIC - DAY ONE**

**Horace runs straight up to Mike, then stops abruptly. Now that he's there, he wishes he wasn't.**

**MIKE  
(concerned) What is it, Horace?**

**He can't find the words.**

**MIKE  
(continuing) Horace?**

**Finally, he just holds the telegram out to her. She takes it and reads, blanching as she does.**

**MATTHEW  
What's it say, Ma?**

**But Mike can only shake her head, re-reading to herself, then handing it to Colleen.**

**COLLEEN  
(reads) "Urgent. Come at once. Mother is gravely ill. Your loving sister, Rebecca.**

**Looks and murmurs all around. OFF MIKE...**

**FADE OUT:**

**END TEASER**

**ACT ONE**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE - DAY TWO**

**Mike pulls into town in the wagon, the children all with her. Horace comes outside, as Mike drives by and hitches the wagon nearby.**

**BRIAN**  
**(to Horace, excitedly) We're goin' to Boston!**

**COLLEEN**  
**Grandma's *sick*, Brian.**

**Brian's tone turns guiltily somber:**

**BRIAN**  
**We're goin' to Boston.**

**HORACE**  
**(to Brian) I know. (to Mike) I booked you the four tickets on tomorrow's stage.**

**MATTHEW**  
**Four?**

**MIKE**  
**(over her shoulder) Thank you, Horace.**

**EXT. CLINIC - DAY TWO**

**Mike climbs down and goes to the wagon bed, intent, preoccupied. She picks up a small bundle of packages and hands them to Brian.**

**MIKE**  
**Please take these over to Grace. They're plasters for Robert E's back in case it acts up while we're away.**

**Brian goes off to do that. Mike picks up a somewhat larger bundle and places it in Colleen's arms.**

**MIKE**

**(continuing) These are some things Myra might need, everything from bandages for fist fights to... (catches herself) ...well, just take them on over for me, please.**

**Colleen heads across the street.**

**MIKE**

**(continuing) Matthew, you and I'll take the rest to Jake.**

**She picks up one of the two larger remaining bundles and starts off. He grabs the other and hurries to fall in step beside her.**

**ANOTHER ANGLE / STREET / MOVING - DAY TWO**

**MATTHEW**

**Why'd you get four tickets?**

**MIKE**

**Because there are four of us.**

**MATTHEW**

**But I can't go to Boston.**

**MIKE**

**Why not?**

**MATTHEW**

**I got work to do.**

**MIKE**

**Nothing that can't wait.**

**MATTHEW**

**What about the homestead?**

**MIKE**

**I'll ask Sully to look after things for us.**

**They cross the street toward the barbershop.**

**MATTHEW**

**But I shouldn't leave Ingrid.**

**MIKE**

**You mean you don't want to leave Ingrid, and I understand. But I need your help, Matthew... Sometimes you have to do things in life that you don't necessarily want to do. (with finality) And I'm afraid this is one of those times.**

**She mounts the steps to Jake's and looks down at Matthew, who's stopped at the base. Her expression both begs and insists that he not argue. A beat. He doesn't. He follows her up the Steps.**

**INT. CABIN - DAY TWO**

**Mike's travel trunk sits open, empty, in the middle of the room, her suitcase likewise on the table next to it. Sully is there with Wolf, as Mike and the children go through their clothes boxes. Mike is still behaving mechanically.**

**MIKE**

**(to Sully) I want to thank you for agreeing to watch over the homestead while we're away.**

**SULLY**

**Like I said, it's no bother. Glad to do it.**

**MIKE**

**And you'll be sure to say goodbye to Cloud Dancing and Snow Bird for us?**

**SULLY**

**I promised.**

**BRIAN**

**Sully keeps his promises.**

**MIKE**

**Of course he does.**

**Mike folds one of her original Boston outfits. Her hands linger over the dress, the memories of her arrival, the magnitude of change in her life in less than a year.**

**COLLEEN (O.S.)**  
**Dr. Mike?**

**Mike looks up. Colleen holds up a nice calico dress, the sort she'd wear to church.**

**COLLEEN**  
**Is this good enough?**

**MIKE**  
**It's very nice, but... what about the dress you made for Christmas?... or your Founders' Day dress? I think they're more appropriate for Boston.**

**COLLEEN**  
**But they're my fanciest and the only two I got.**

**MIKE**  
**Have. The only two I have.**

**Colleen exchanges a look with Matthew. He hands Mike his suit.**

**MATTHEW**  
**Well, this is the only suit I "have", and the pants're highwater on me.**

**MIKE**  
**Martha will let them down.**

**COLLEEN**  
**Who's Martha?**

**MIKE**  
**Mother's chambermaid.**

**As Brian tries to sneak some old overalls into the suitcase, Mike intercepts, her voice  
brittling.**

**MIKE**  
**(continuing) I told you, you can't take those, Brian.**

**BRIAN**  
**But they're my favorite.**

**MIKE**  
The knees have patches.

**BRIAN**  
So?

**MIKE**  
(tosses them aside) So no patched trousers in Boston.

**BRIAN**  
Do I gotta wear my suit all the time?

**MIKE**  
(raises her voice) Have to wear my suit. *Have to!*

Suddenly, she breaks, tears welling, as it finally hits her. She gets up and runs from the cabin. Brian and Colleen start after her, but Matthew holds them back. He looks to Sully, who follows her outside...

**EXT. HOMESTEAD - DAY TWO**

...where she sits on the steps, weeping into folded arms. Sully tentatively puts his hand on her shoulder, and she turns and wraps her arms around him, sobs deeply. He holds her, strokes her hair, waits patiently... until she calms enough to speak.

**MIKE**  
My mother's never had a sick day in her life.

She looks up at Sully, trying to wipe her eyes.

**MIKE**  
(continuing) She's always been the strong one in the family.

**SULLY**  
You're every bit as strong.

She shakes her head in a moment of self-doubt.

**MIKE**  
I don't think so.

**SULLY**

Then you're not thinkin' clear. You're just worryin'.

**MIKE**

You're right. I am worried, but not only about Mother -- about going home. I mean to Boston. *This* is my home now, but...

**SULLY**

Where we're born's always got some kinds pull on us, whether we like it or not.

She nods, thoughtful.

**MIKE**

Where were you born, Sully?

**SULLY**

Nowhere.

She stiffens, pulls away.

**SULLY**

(continuing) No, wait. It's true. I was born on a ship somewhere 'tween England and America. I don't know where. I don't even know the name of the ship. Honest.

**MIKE**

And your parents?

A beat. He doesn't want to talk about this, but he knows she needs him to.

**SULLY**

They were just regular folk.

**MIKE**

Were?

**SULLY**

My Pa died 'fore I can remember. My ma said all he knew was farmin', so when they got to New York and he had to work odd jobs away from the land, his heart just gave out. She always said "was the city done broke it."

**MIKE**

**What happened to her?**

**SULLY**

**She drowned in the Hudson River.**

**A beat indicates the questionable circumstances of the death. Sully's grateful that she doesn't press.**

**SULLY**

**(continuing) I was ten. That's when I headed west.**

**MIKE**

**All by yourself?**

**SULLY**

**That's right... Just like you did. All by yourself.**

**They share a look of recognition, connection.**

**EXT. GENERAL STORE - DAY THREE**

**The stagecoach is loading. Mike's and the children's luggage is already up top. They stand next to the open door, surrounded by Sully, Loren, Horace, Ingrid, the townsfolk, and many of Brian's and Colleen's classmates.**

**Jake and Hank both keep an eye on the proceedings from the porches of their respective establishments.**

**At the coach, there's a lot of hugging and well-wishing. Loren produces some tins of sweets.**

**As the time comes to board the coach, the good-byes begin, more hugs, some tears now. Ingrid and Matthew hold each other, devastated at the prospect of separation as only first loves can be. Ingrid cries openly. Matthew kisses her, then steels himself and joins Mike and the children, climbing into the coach, closing the door behind them. As the driver takes up the reins and hails the horses into motion, Mike and the children lean out the windows, waving. The townsfolk and Sully wave.**

**ON MIKE**

**as her eyes come to rest on him. She waves her last wave to him, just before the coach**

**rounds the corner and is gone...**

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. TRAIN / MOVING - DAY FOUR**

**Mike is framed in the window of the moving train. She looks thoughtful, as does Matthew beside her. Across from them sit Colleen and Brian, his face pressed to the window, fascinated by the passing landscape...**

**INT. TRAIN / MOVING - DAY FOUR**

**BRIAN**

**Look, Ma! Nothin' but grass, far as the eye can see! No mountains or trees or nothin' for two whole days!**

**...however monotonous it might be.**

**EXT. PLAINS (STOCK SHOT) / BRIAN'S POV - DAY FOUR**

**Just as he said, nothing but flat, seemingly endless prairie rolling by.**

**INT. TRAIN / MOVING - DAY FOUR**

**BRIAN**

**It sure don't look like Colorado.**

**MIKE**

**(gazing out) No, it certainly doesn't. (more to herself) Nothing does.**

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. BOSTON TRAIN STATION - DAY FIVE (STOCK SHOT)**

**An enormous arched terminal. Trains departing and arriving with all the attendant activity and commotion.**

**EXT. BOSTON TRAIN STATION - DAY FIVE**

**The bustle of this eastern big city is a startling contrast horse-drawn carriages crowding the entrance to the train station, porters hurrying to-and-fro pushing cartloads of**

baggage, well-dressed passengers coming and going. Coats indicate the briskness of the fall weather even though the sun shines brightly.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

An elegant carriage is among those waiting, and a couple in their early forties, MARJORIE and her henpecked husband, Everett (extra), stand beside it. Marjorie scans the crowd, looking for...

## MIKE AND THE CHILDREN

...and spotting them as they exit the station.

## MARJORIE

(to Everett) There she is. (waves, calls out) Michaela!... (louder) Michaela!

Across the throng, Mike hears her name, looks, sees Marjorie and waves back, pulling the children and the porter in the right direction.

## IN THE FOREGROUND

Marjorie watches them approach. Everett hovers at her elbow.

## MARJORIE

(continuing) Look, Everett. Rebecca was right. She brought them with her... My, they are rough-hewn.

As Mike and the kids draw nearer:

## MARJORIE

(continuing) Thank goodness Mother has already met them, so it won't be such a shock.

As now they're nearly upon them, Marjorie's tone shifts, and she goes to Mike with open arms, embracing her.

## MARJORIE

(continuing) Michaela!

Mike tries her best to feign warmth toward Marjorie, but it's clear there's no positive emotional history between these women.

**MIKE**

Marjorie. It's good of you to come for us.

**MARJORIE**

Don't be silly.

**MIKE**

(to both Marjorie and Everett) Please meet my children -- Matthew, Colleen and Brian. (to kids) This is my sister, your Aunt Marjorie, and her husband, your Uncle Everett.

Everett nods.

**MARJORIE**

How do you do?

**BRIAN**

Fine, thanks. How's Grandma?

She looks to Brian...

**MARJORIE**

Well...

...then to Mike.

**MARJORIE**

(continuing) Perhaps we should go home to Mother's and get you all settled.

**MIKE**

Actually, we'd all like to see Mother as soon as possible.

**MARJORIE**

Surely, you'd like to freshen up first...

**MIKE**

I appreciate your concern for our hygiene, Marjorie, but Rebecca's telegram said urgent, and it's already taken us five days, so we'd like to stop at the hospital first, if you don't mind.

**MARJORIE**

(a beat) Mind? Now, why on earth would I mind?

**She turns to the porter, gestures to the rear baggage compartment, then tersely:**

**MARJORIE**

**(continuing) Put it in the boot.**

**MIKE**

**(to porter) Please.**

**A look between the sisters.**

**INT. CARRIAGE / MOVING - DAY FIVE**

**Mike sits on one side between Colleen and Brian. On the opposite side, Marjorie sits between Everett and Matthew, who's opposite Brian.**

**Brian is amazed by the kaleidoscope of new images flashing by outside, as is Colleen. Even Matthew can't help but be impressed.**

**EXT. VARIOUS STOCK SHOTS OF PERIOD BOSTON LANDMARKS**

**BRIANIS POV / STREET / MOVING - DAY FIVE**

**Grand old buildings, bright storefronts -- one a dazzling corner confectioner's shop.**

**INT. CARRIAGE / MOVING - DAY FIVE**

**BRIAN**

**(to Matthew, points) Look!**

**Matthew glances out listlessly, unseeing. Brian cranes to look back, but the carriage turns.**

**BRIAN**

**(continuing; to Matthew) You missed it! It was a whole store with nothin' but candy!**

**Colleen looks out her side of the carriage, equally astonished, but by an altogether different building.**

**COLLEEN'S POV / CITY LIBRARY - DAY FIVE**

**An impressive structure, granite with gold leaf detailing. People come and go, carrying**

books under their arms, in satchels.

**INT. CARRIAGE / MOVING - DAY FIVE**

Colleen's attention is drawn back inside when...

**MIKE**

(to Marjorie) What exactly is Mother's diagnosis?

Marjorie looks at the children uncomfortably.

**MARJORIE**

Something about her liver... I'm sure the doctors will explain everything.

**OFF MIKE**

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY FIVE**

Mike's mother, **ELIZABETH**, lies in bed in nicely-appointed private quarters, not your average hospital room. She looks sallow and weak, as two doctors attend her, while her oldest daughter, **REBECCA**, fifty, holds her hand.

The elder doctor, **DR. JOHN HANSON**, is discreetly palpating her sheet-covered abdomen. His junior partner, **DR. WILLIAM BURKE**, observes and comforts her when she moans, in spite of her determination not to.

**WILLIAM**

So sorry, Mrs. Quinn.

She waves away his apology, ashamed at having shown her pain. Doctor Hanson pulls the blankets back up, shoots a knowing look at William, when they're interrupted by a **KNOCK** at the door.

**DOCTOR HANSON**

Come in.

The door opens and Marjorie barges in, followed by Everett, then Mike and the children.

**ELIZABETH**

(surprised) Michaela...

**Brian runs up to the bed and takes her free hand.**

**BRIAN**  
Hey, Grandma.

**Mike hugs her mother and the children follow suit. Elizabeth's expression shows as much pleasure as she's able to experience in her debilitated condition.**

**ELIZABETH**  
Now, who dragged Michaela and these poor children all this way for nothing? I'm perfectly well. Just a little digestive...

**REBECCA**  
I sent for them, Mother, because...

**ELIZABETH**  
(to children, good-naturedly) Because Rebecca has no idea what an appalling trip it is.

**Mike moves to put an arm around Rebecca. There's genuine warmth between these two.**

**MIKE**  
*Because Rebecca knew we'd want to be with you.*

**BRIAN**  
(to Elizabeth) Same as you when Ma was sick with the 'fluenza.

**ELIZABETH**  
Ah, yes. That time *you...* (indicates Matthew) ...were the telegram culprit.

**He shrugs, manages a smile.**

**MARJORIE**  
(to Mike, interrupting) These are mother's doctors, Michaela.

**Mike turns to face...**

**MARJORIE**  
(continuing) Doctor John Hanson and Doctor William Burke.

**...and offers her hand to shake.**

**MIKE**  
Doctor Quinn.

Doctor Hanson nods politely, but William takes her hand, fascinated.

**WILLIAM**  
A pleasure.

**MARJORIE**  
I think Mother's had enough excitement for now...

**ELIZABETH**  
I told you I'm perfectly well.

**DOCTOR HANSON**  
Your daughter's quite right, Mrs. Quinn. You need your rest.

**REBECCA**  
We'll be back first thing in the morning, Mother.

She kisses Elizabeth's cheek.

**MIKE**  
Yes, first thing, Mother.

She, too, kisses Elizabeth's cheek. Marjorie follows, but with a more perfunctory peck. Mike gathers the children ahead of her, as they all file out.

**BRIAN**  
(over his shoulder) See you tomorrow, Grandma.

He waves. Elizabeth smiles and, with effort, waves back.

**INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY FIVE**

William is the last out, closing the door gently.

**MIKE**  
(to Rebecca) Would you mind going ahead with the children? I'd like to speak with the doctors for a moment.

**Rebecca is respectful of Mike's professional status, even admires her for it.**

**REBECCA**  
Of course.

**She and the children start down the corridor, followed by Everett, then Marjorie.**

**MARJORIE**  
(pointedly) We'll be waiting.

**Mike waits for her family to walk out of earshot.**

**DOCTOR HANSON**  
We're in a bit of a hurry, Miss Quinn.

**MIKE**  
Doctor Quinn. And before you leave, I'd like to discuss my mother's condition as one physician to another.

**WILLIAM**  
(quickly) Of course.

**This draws William a look from Hanson, but he opens the door for Mike.**

**MIKE**  
No one has yet to even give me a diagnosis.

**DOCTOR HANSON**  
Cancer of the liver. But then I've been over all this with your brother-in-law.

**MIKE**  
Who is a banker, not a doctor. Now, exactly what presenting symptoms led you to your determination?

**DOCTOR HANSON**  
The usual. Jaundice. Swelling. Pain on inverse palpation. Various signs of systemic toxicity.

**MIKE**  
Such as?

**DOCTOR HANSON**

**(impatient) Unnatural accumulation of body fluids. Inability to take solid foods.**

**Mike takes it all in, thinking, assessing.**

**MIKE**

**I'd like to examine her myself, with your permission, of course.**

**Hanson flushes red, about to object, when:**

**WILLIAM**

**Doctor Hanson has always taught me that a second opinion can be most valuable.**

**Hanson flashes William an angry look.**

**DOCTOR HANSON**

**(to Mike) Good day.**

**He strides off down the corridor. William lowers his voice.**

**WILLIAM**

**Come before nine o'clock tomorrow morning. I'll bring your mother's chart.**

**She's struck by both his respect and kindness.**

**MIKE**

**Thank you, Doctor Burke.**

**She offers her hand again. He shakes it.**

**WILLIAM**

**Doctor Quinn.**

**DOCTOR HANSON**

**(from down the hall) Doctor Burke!**

**William holds her hand another beat, before letting go and following Doctor Hanson. Mike stares after him a beat, then turns and walks the opposite direction down the hospital corridor...**

**FADE OUT:**

**END ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. BEACON HILL / FAMILY HOME - DAY FIVE**

Marjorie and Everett's carriage pulls up to a large, elegant townhouse on one of the nicer streets in this wealthy neighborhood. Everett is first out, helps his wife, then Rebecca, Mike and the children from the coach. The children are again awed by the size and elegance of their grandmother's house. The driver unloads their luggage from the boot. Matthew tries to take one of the suitcases, but HARRISON, the butler, quickly takes it from him. Matthew's surprised, certainly not used to being waited on, as Harrison picks up other bags.

**INT. FAMILY HOME / FOYER - DAY FIVE**

Marjorie breezes in, immediately giving instructions to Harrison and the chambermaid, MARTHA, as the others follow her through the front door, the driver bringing up the rear, lugging the travel trunk on his back.

**MARJORIE**

Harrison, see to it that this luggage gets upstairs immediately, and, Martha, see to it that everyone is shown right to their rooms.

Harrison jumps at her command, but Mike interrupts with a formal, but warm hug, causing him to put down the luggage.

**MIKE**

Hello, Harrison. (turns to the maid) Martha... (another hug) It's good to see you both.

**HARRISON**

And a pleasure to see you, Ma'am.

**MARTHA**

(re children) Yes, Ma'am... And are these your young ones the missus talks about?

**COLLEEN**

(pleased) Grandma talks about us?

**MARTHA**  
She certainly does.

This pleases them all, even Matthew.

**MIKE**  
Harrison, Martha, this is Matthew, Colleen and Brian.

**MARJORIE**  
(pointedly) Who are no doubt exhausted and would like to rest.

Harrison goes back to the luggage, while Martha shows the way upstairs. The children follow.

**REBECCA**  
(to Mike) We'll be back for supper.

**MIKE**  
And Maureen and Claudette?

**REBECCA**  
Oh, yes. In fact, they sent their regrets at not being able to greet you, but household affairs didn't allow...

Rebecca trails off, simply no good at lying, even white lies to prevent hurt feelings.

**MIKE**  
Don't worry, Rebecca.

**BRIAN**  
Who's Maureen and Claudette?

**MIKE**  
My sisters.

**BRIAN**  
Boy, how many you got, Ma?

**MIKE**  
(smiles) Just four.

**Rebecca smiles too, but Marjorie interrupts abruptly, to Mike:**

**MARJORIE**

**We'll see you later.**

**She and Everett are out the door. A look between Mike and Rebecca, then she follows them out and Mike follows the children up the staircase.**

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY FIVE**

**Martha leads the way, then Mike and the children, with the luggage bringing up the rear.**

**MARTHA**

**(to Mike) Would you be wanting your old room, Ma'am?**

**MIKE**

**Is it the same?**

**MARTHA**

**Just the same.**

**MIKE**

**Then, no, Martha, I think Colleen would enjoy it more than I, don't you?**

**Martha smiles and nods, stopping at a door and opening it, ushering Colleen inside...**

**INT. MIKE'S OLD ROOM - DAY FIVE**

**...where she's awed by the perfection of every girl's dream room -- white French lace canopy bed, matching curtains on a bay window seat, an antique vanity with perfume bottles, a crackling fireplace.**

**COLLEEN**

**This was really yours?**

**MIKE**

**Um hum.**

**Mike puts an arm around Colleen's shoulder, taking in the loveliness herself, remembering.**

## **INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT FIVE**

A large room with sideboards prepared for dinner service. A table, fully set, runs nearly the length of the room and seats seventeen, with one seat at the head of the table conspicuously empty. Mike's two sisters Rebecca and Marjorie, their husbands and various children, ranging in age from twelve to twenty-two are there; Maureen and Claudette are absent.

## **INT. FOYER - NIGHT FIVE**

Mike and the children hesitate at the entrance to the dining room. They're all dressed in their very best, but both Brian's and Matthew's suits are plain and out of style, plus the latter's pants are three inches above his ankles. Likewise, Colleen's dress is short on her. Mike's dress is proper, but faded from wear. She looks them all over, smoothing Brian's hair, straightening Colleen's collar, ignoring Matthew's pants.

### **MIKE**

You all look very nice. Everything's going to go wonderfully. I mean, we're all family, right?

She turns and enters the dining room with a flourish and -- wrong. A condescending, judgmental hush falls over the "family"... except for Rebecca, who stands and manages a smile, in spite of the lack of support around her. She lifts a water glass in toast.

### **REBECCA**

May we all welcome Michaela home and make her children feel as though they have always been and shall ever more be a part of our family.

The expressions range from reluctance to distaste, but all are condescending. Dutifully, they follow Rebecca's lead, raising their glasses.

## **ON MIKE AND THE CHILDREN**

Feeling decidedly out of place. Mike puts her arms around them protectively, then looks to Rebecca and nods her appreciation.

## **INT. HOSPITAL - DAY SIX**

Mike walks along a corridor, turns the corner and is greatly relieved to see...

## **MIKE'S POV / WILLIAM - DAY SIX**

...waiting by her mother's door, a file under his arm. His face spontaneously lights up at the sight of her.

**INT. HOSPITAL - DAY SIX**

She joins him at the door.

**MIKE**

I can't tell you how much I appreciate this, Doctor Burke.

**WILLIAM**

Actually, we owe you an apology, Doctor Quinn. Doctor Hanson would normally be agreeable to consultation, but... well... he adheres to the old school of thought...

He trails off.

**MIKE**

That women shouldn't be doctors.

**WILLIAM**

Mind you, I hold no such belief.

She's charmed by his tact and humility.

**MIKE**

No, I can see that.

She holds his look for a moment, then knocks gently on her mother's door.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY SIX**

Mike and William enter. Elizabeth is awake, but even paler than the previous day, her voice wispier.

**MIKE**

Mother?

**ELIZABETH**

Michaela... Doctor Burke.

**WILLIAM**

**Mrs. Quinn, I've asked your daughter to give a second opinion in your case, if you don't mind.**

**Mike looks to him with gratitude. Elizabeth looks from him to Mike and back to him, then nods. Mike takes her mother's chart, opens it and scans it quickly, then places it at the foot of the bed.**

**MIKE**  
**I'm going to have to examine you, Mother.**

**Elizabeth makes no protest, so Mike pulls the blanket down and, through the sheet, palpates her mother's upper abdomen.**

**MIKE**  
**(continuing; to William, lowered voice) The liver is enlarged, but I don't feel any tumor.**

**WILLIAM**  
**Doctor Hanson believes it must be on the lateral side of the liver.**

**Mike probes further. Elizabeth winces.**

**MIKE**  
**I'm sorry this is painful, Mother, but I need to know which is worse -- when I press in... (she does) ...or when I let go --**

**She lifts her hand away suddenly. Her mother cries out involuntarily. Mike and William exchange a significant look, then:**

**MIKE**  
**(continuing) I recall that you like oysters, don't you, Mother?**

**ELIZABETH**  
**What on earth does that have to do with anything?**

**MIKE**  
**Do you eat them often?**

**ELIZABETH**  
**Yes, but I don't see...**

**She's interrupted by the door opening and Doctor Hanson walking in.**

**DOCTOR HANSON**

What's going on here?

**MIKE**

A medical examination, Doctor Hanson. And a diagnosis.

He sees the open chart, grabs it and slaps it shut angrily.

**DOCTOR HANSON**

Doctor Burke?

**MIKE**

Dr. Burke was kind enough to afford me the professional courtesy I'm due as a physician, and I'm afraid I differ with your diagnosis of my mother's condition.

**ELIZABETH**

Michaela, you have no right to contradict Doctor Hanson.

**MIKE**

Yes, I do, Mother. Especially when your life depends on it. (to Hanson) I believe she's suffering from Hepatitis.

**DOCTOR HANSON**

Absurd. A disease of the poor and unclean.

**MIKE**

But a recent article in a French medical journal also links it to certain seafoods, oysters in particular.

A look from Elizabeth to Doctor Hanson. And a lightbulb goes on in William's head.

**DOCTOR HANSON**

Ridiculous.

**WILLIAM**

(to Hanson) No... Actually, I read the same article. It was very well documented, Sir.

**MIKE**

My point is, I have a treatment for liver detoxification. It's not commonly known, but I've discovered it in my new practice.

**DOCTOR HANSON**

Oh, *you've* discovered a liver cure-all, have you? Some sort of "snake oil" or "patent medicine" is it? I hear there are plenty of quacks selling such things out West.

**MIKE**

I didn't buy it. It's a fermented tea that flushes the liver. It's a proven cure hundreds of years old. (a beat) I learned of it from the Cheyenne Indians.

This warrants a look of surprise even from William.

**DOCTOR HANSON**

Good Lord!

**ELIZABETH**

Michaela! Your father would be ashamed of you talking such mumbo jumbo!

**MIKE**

But, Mother...

Elizabeth collapses back onto her pillow from the exertion.

**ELIZABETH**

Just leave me alone.

**DOCTOR HANSON**

(to Mike and William) Go on, both of you!

A last look at her mother, then Mike goes out into...

**INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY SIX**

...the busy corridor, followed by William. She leans against the wall, shaken.

**MIKE**

The Indians have been studying medicine just as long as we have, they've simply gone about it differently. Sometimes my medicine works. Sometimes theirs. I would have died from influenza if it hadn't been for one of their teas...

**WILLIAM**

I believe you.

**MIKE**  
You do?

**WILLIAM**  
Yes.

**MIKE**  
Why?

**WILLIAM**  
(shrugs, smiles) French oysters, I suppose.

This gets a feeble smile from her.

**WILLIAM**  
(continuing) The point is, how to convince Doctor Hanson.

**MIKE**  
Or at least my mother.

**WILLIAM**  
Do you have any documentation?

**MIKE**  
I've written papers on several of the Cheyenne compounds, and I've submitted them to every medical journal in existence. They've all been rejected.

**WILLIAM**  
I'd like to read them.

**MIKE**  
Really?

**WILLIAM**  
Yes, really.

**MIKE**  
Unfortunately, they're all in Colorado. But thank you for your open-mindedness, Doctor Burke.

**WILLIAM**

**Please... William.**

**She looks at him, sees his compassion, his feeling.**

**WILLIAM**  
**(continuing) May I call you Michaela?**

**MIKE**  
**No... You may call me Mike.**

**He smiles, as she goes off down the corridor.**

**EXT. BOSTON / STREET - DAY SIX**

**Mike walks along with her sister, Rebecca, past store-fronts and offices. Rebecca shakes her head, attempting to make sense of it all.**

**REBECCA**  
**Oysters... when I think of the number of oysters we've all eaten in our lifetimes...**

**MIKE**  
**It only takes one that's contaminated.**

**REBECCA**  
**The odds against it must be...**

**She hesitates, searching for the right word.**

**MIKE**  
**Astronomical.**

**Rebecca shakes her head again, as they approach the telegraph, office.**

**REBECCA**  
**But mother has always had such *good* luck.**

**Mike stops in front of the...**

**EXT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE - DAY SIX**

**...and turns to hug Rebecca.**

**MIKE**  
Don't worry. Mother's luck will hold if I have anything to say about it.

They part and Mike starts inside, but Rebecca stops her.

**REBECCA**  
You will. (smiles) I have anything to say about it.

Mike returns the smile, and arm-in-arm, they go inside.

**MIKE (V.O.)**  
To Mister Byron Sully, Colorado Springs, Colorado...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. HORACE'S TELEGRAPH OFFICE - DAY SIX**

Horace watches as Sully stands across the counter, reading the telegram.

**MIKE (V.O.)**  
Dear Sully, please send by telegraph the medical papers located in the bottom drawer of my clinic desk...

**INT. CLINIC - DAY SIX**

Sully opens the bottom drawer of Mike's desk and takes out several documents.

**MIKE (V.O.)**  
(continuing) ...My mother's life may depend upon them.

He closes the desk drawer and starts out, but pauses at the table by the door...

**SULLY'S POV / MIKE'S PHOTO - DAY SIX**

...where sits the photo of Mike's medical school graduating class. Mike, even in the severe hairdo and stern black dress, looking every bit as beautiful as ever.

**MIKE (V.O.)**  
Thank you, Sully. For everything. Fondly, Dr. Mike.

**FADE OUT:**

**END ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. COLORADO SPRINGS - DAY SIX (STOCK ESTABLISHING SHOT)**

**INT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE - DAY SIX**

**Horace sits at his transmitter with the medical papers next to him. Sully stands over him.**

**HORACE**

**This'll be the longest telegram I ever sent.**

**He starts in, dotting and dashing.**

**OFF SULLY**

**watching over every word.**

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. BOSTON FAMILY HOME / CONSERVATORY - DAY SEVEN**

**It's the veranda, really, enclosed against the approaching fall chill. At one end, Mike sits with her FOUR SISTERS at a table laid for tea. At the opposite end, Colleen sits at an identical table with her two youngest female COUSINS (16 & 12 years old; 12 is extra). All overlooks the garden where, in the background, Brian and Matthew can be seen "conferring" with their two youngest male COUSINS (12 & 16).**

**AT MIKE'S TABLE - DAY SEVEN**

**A maid, FIONA, pours the tea, finishing with Mike.**

**MIKE**

**(to Fiona) Thank you...**

**Fiona is surprised, not used to being thanked for her tasks...**

**MIKE**  
(continuing) I'm sorry, I don't believe we've met.

...or addressed socially.

**FIONA**  
Fiona, Ma'am.

**MIKE**  
Michaela.

She offers her hand. Fiona looks at the other sisters, afraid to take it. They exchange looks among themselves. Finally, Mike simply takes her hand and shakes it.

**MIKE**  
(continuing) Nice to meet you.

Fiona curtsies and hurries from the room.

**CLAUDETTE**  
You embarrassed her.

**MIKE**  
Well, that wasn't my intention at all. It's just that she's new since I left, and I'm not used to being waited on by nameless servants.

Maureen plops two sugar cubes in her tea and stirs daintily.

**MAUREEN**  
It's best not to get to know them anyway. Scullery maids come and go so quickly.

Claudette passes some tiny sandwiches.

**CLAUDETTE**  
A very unstable lot.

**MARJORIE**  
No loyalty whatsoever.

**MIKE**

Perhaps if they were treated with more respect, you'd receive more loyalty in return.

**MARJORIE**

Are you questioning my manners?

**CLAUDETTE**

(to Marjorie) Oh, no... She's questioning *all* of our manners.

**REBECCA**

Mike may have a point...

**MAUREEN**

(to Rebecca) Will you *please* stop using that ridiculous nickname?

**MARJORIE**

Maureen's right. With Father gone there's no need to humor anyone with it anymore.

**REBECCA**

I don't think that's fair...

**MAUREEN**

Call her whatever you like, but don't expect us to.

An awkward silence, as Marjorie, Claudette and Maureen sip their tea in unison.

**MIKE**

The truth is, I'm simply not used to being waited on at all anymore. I have to admit, it makes me a bit uncomfortable.

Marjorie rolls her eyes. Rebecca tries to break the tension.

**REBECCA**

Yes, I imagine it's quite different out West. Do tell us all about it, Michaela.

**CUT TO:**

**COLLEEN'S TABLE - DAY SEVEN**

**COLLEEN**

Well... Everything's a lot littler. I mean, not the things *themselves*.

**She smiles. The girls don't. Her smile drops.**

**COLLEEN**

**(continuing) Everythin's normal size and all, but the whole town's smaller... And not nearly so grand... And the streets are just dirt, not like the rocks you have.**

**FIRST COUSIN**

**Cobblestones.**

**COLLEEN**

**(nods) Cobblestones.**

**FIRST COUSIN**

**Go on.**

**COLLEEN**

**And everybody knows everybody.**

**FIRST COUSIN**

**(shakes her head) What a dreadful bore.**

**COLLEEN**

**Yeah, all my friends are interested in is gettin' married.**

**That's all these girls are interested in, too, though on a much higher social register.**

**FIRST COUSIN**

**If it's the right young man...**

**COLLEEN**

**But don't you wanna go to college first?**

**FIRST COUSIN**

**You mean finishing school, and of course we do.**

**COLLEEN**

**(unsure) Dr. Mike never calls it that. She always says I need a *college* education before I can go to medical school.**

**FIRST COUSIN**

**(surprised) Medical school? Girls aren't allowed in medical school.**

**COLLEEN**  
Yes, they are.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. GARDEN - DAY SEVEN**

**BRIAN**  
No, they aren't.

**FIRST COUSIN (12)**  
Yes, they are.

The boys are having an argument, Matthew hanging back.

**BRIAN**  
The Indians *aren't* savages. Tell 'em, Matthew.

**MATTHEW**  
(quietly decisive) It's the Army that're savages.

**SECOND COUSIN (16)**  
(condescending) If you're referring to a few unfortunate massacres...

**MATTHEW**  
(interrupts) They struck before dawn at Sand Creek, killed women and children mostly. They hired men to kill off all the buffalo and starve the Indians out.

**FIRST COUSIN (12)**  
How do you know?

**BRIAN**  
'Cause they're our friends.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CONSERVATORY / MIKE'S TABLE - DAY SEVEN**

**CLAUDETTE**  
Your "friends"?

**MIKE**  
That's right. A Cheyenne medicine man, Cloud Dancing, saved my life.

**MARJORIE**  
Oh, honestly!

**REBECCA**  
Marjorie...

**MARJORIE**  
(ignores) Can you hear yourself?

**MIKE**  
I don't expect you to care about the things I do. I'm not asking anyone to.

**MARJORIE**  
The question is, do you care about yourself anymore? Look at you. You're getting far too much sun, you let you hair fly loose, your hands have calluses.

**MIKE**  
It's *my* skin, *my* hair, *my* hands. Why are you so concerned?

**MARJORIE**  
Well, here you are upsetting Mother on her deathbed...

**REBECCA**  
Marjorie!

The girls look over from the other table, as the room goes silent. Just then, the maid enters unknowingly, carrying a flat package.

**FIONA**  
Excuse me, but...

**MARJORIE**  
(snaps) We didn't call for you!

**FIONA**  
(unnerved) But it's... it's...

**REBECCA**

**What is it, Fiona?**

**FIONA**

**A telegram for...**

**She hesitates to say her name, but looks squarely at Mike.**

**EXT. BROWNSTONE MEDICAL OFFICE - DAY SEVEN**

**Mike rounds the corner nearby at a run, the flat package under her arm. She finds the correct address and hurries inside...**

**INT. BROWNSTONE MEDICAL OFFICE - DAY SEVEN**

**...a well-appointed reception room. A few patients wait. Mike goes to the FEMALE NURSE RECEPTIONIST's desk.**

**MIKE**

**I have to see Dr. Burke.**

**RECEPTIONIST**

**Do you have an appointment?**

**MIKE**

**No, but this is an emergency. Please, tell him Dr. Quinn is here.**

**The nurse gives her a skeptical look, but gets up and goes back down the hallway, knocks at a door, opens it. There's a muffled exchange, and to the nurse's obvious surprise, William comes bounding out, smiling, to greet Mike.**

**WILLIAM**

**What an unexpected pleasure.**

**She smiles back, but then holds out the package to him.**

**MIKE**

**My medical papers...**

**He takes note of the package, sees that they've been telegraphed.**

**MIKE**

**(continuing) ...including my article on the liver detoxification tea.**

**WILLIAM**  
**(nods) I'll read it right now.**

**She reacts, not surprised really, but nonetheless moved by his support. He escorts her to the waiting area.**

**WILLIAM**  
**(continuing) Please, have a seat.**

**MIKE**  
**Thank you.**

**As she sits, she watches him retreat to his office and close the door behind him. She looks around at the patients, then across at the nurse receptionist, who's watching her. Suddenly, she stands.**

**MIKE**  
**(continuing) I'm just stepping out for a breath of fresh air. I'll be back before Dr. Burke is through.**

**The nurse barely nods, and Mike goes outside...**

**EXT. BROWNSTONE MEDICAL OFFICE - DAY SEVEN**

**...where she literally does stop and take a deep breath. Then she starts to walk.**

**EXT. BOSTON STREET / NEARBY - DAY SEVEN**

**Mike walks past upscale offices and storefronts, turns a corner...**

**EXT. ANOTHER BOSTON STREET / NEARBY - DAY SEVEN**

**...and comes upon the Opera House, an imposing, columned structure. She stops at the glass-enclosed poster, advertising the current production of "La Traviata". The picture is a poignant pose of the diva as the tragic heroine. Mike stares at it wistfully for a moment, then moves on.**

**INT. BROWNSTONE MEDICAL OFFICE - DAY SEVEN**

Mike re-enters the reception area. The nurse glances up. None of the previous patients are still there, but a new one is waiting. Mike sits. The nearest office door opens and out comes Dr. Hanson with one of the previous patients, bidding the man goodbye. Dr. Hanson sees Mike. A beat, as they regard each other, then he turns without any acknowledgement and goes back into his office. Mike stares at the closed door behind him, avoiding the nurse's eyes, when William comes out of his own office to her rescue. He waves the paper in his hand. She stands expectantly, awaiting his judgment...

**WILLIAM**  
Excellent!

...and is deeply relieved.

**WILLIAM**  
(continuing) Let's go.

He grabs his coat from a rack.

**MIKE**  
Where?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY SEVEN**

Mike and William stride down the hallway and into the open door of...

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY SEVEN**

...Where Elizabeth is refusing to be hand-fed by a female nurse.

**ELIZABETH**  
(weak, but adamant) I'm *not* hungry.

The nurse tries again to spoon something to Elizabeth, when she sees Mike and William.

**ELIZABETH**  
(continuing) Thank goodness. (re: nurse) Please inform this woman that I mean what I say.

**MIKE**

**(to nurse) She means what she says. She always has, and she always will.**

**Elizabeth reacts to the pride she hears in Mike's voice. The nurse shakes her head and exits with her tray. William closes the door behind her. Mike is brave enough to take the initiative...**

**MIKE**  
**(continuing) Mother...**

**...but William knows that tactics are of the essence.**

**WILLIAM**  
**Mrs. Quinn, you know that I graduated Harvard Medical School at the top of my class...**

**Mike didn't know this. She's impressed.**

**WILLIAM**  
**(continuing) ...And you know that I've practiced for ten years with Dr. Hanson, who is arguably the best physician in Boston. I would hope that you trust my medical knowledge and not take what I'm about to say lightly.**

**He pauses.**

**ELIZABETH**  
**Well, say it.**

**WILLIAM**  
**I've read your daughter's research on the detoxification treatment she recommended and I strongly advise you begin taking it immediately.**

**ELIZABETH**  
**What about Dr. Hanson? What does *he* advise?**

**WILLIAM**  
**With all due respect to my senior physician, I believe he's allowing non-medical reasoning to affect his medical judgment.**

**ELIZABETH**  
**Because Michaela is a woman.**

**WILLIAM**

**I'm afraid that's correct.**

**Mike looks at William with deep admiration. Elizabeth catches this.**

**ELIZABETH**

**(to Mike) What's all this nonsense about oysters?**

**MIKE**

**Mother, we don't think it's nonsense, but the diagnosis isn't really the issue. If I'm wrong and you don't have Hepatitis, then the tea simply won't help. But Dr. Burke agrees that the ingredients in no way interfere with Dr. Hanson's treatment of his diagnosis.**

**ELIZABETH**

**Cancer.**

**William nods.**

**ELIZABETH**

**(continuing) Isn't that usually fatal?**

**A look between Mike and William.**

**MIKE**

**(gently) Yes, Mother.**

**A beat, then to them both:**

**ELIZABETH**

**What're you waiting for?**

**Mike hugs Elizabeth.**

**MIKE**

**It shouldn't take long.**

**WILLIAM**

**Thank you, Mrs. Quinn.**

**She shoos them out with a wave of her hand. They leave. She stares after them, as the door closes...**

**INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY SEVEN**

...behind them. Mike turns to William and spontaneously hugs him.

**MIKE**

Oh, William, you were wonderful!

She realizes what she's done and lets go. He's flustered. So's she.

**MIKE**

(continuing) I'm sorry... I...

**WILLIAM**

Please don't apologize... Mike.

A look. A beat, then he holds up her paper. He offers his arm, she takes it. They move off down the corridor, round the corner and disappear.

**FADE OUT:**

**END ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY EIGHT**

Elizabeth is sitting up in bed, looking much better. Doctor Hanson, William, Mike, the Cooper children and Mike's four sisters are all present to witness her improvement.

**REBECCA**

It's a miracle. (tears up) Oh, thank you, Doctor Hanson.

**ELIZABETH**

(matter-of-fact) Don't thank him.

This draws reactions from all.

**ELIZABETH**

(continuing) At least not for curing me. For trying to, yes. I do thank you for that, Doctor

**Hanson.**

**DOCTOR HANSON**  
(nonplussed) I don't understand...

**ELIZABETH**  
And I know my husband would thank you, as well, if he were still with us. But I also know he would have been very disappointed at how you discounted his partner's advice in my case.

**DOCTOR HANSON**  
His partner?

**ELIZABETH**  
Dr. Michaela Quinn, M.D.

Mike reacts. And Matthew, Colleen and Brian are pleased to hear Elizabeth acknowledge her this way. Hanson looks to Mike for an explanation.

**MIKE**  
My patient's improvement began two weeks ago with her first infusion of the tea I told you about.

**DOCTOR HANSON**  
*Your patient?...*

**MARJORIE**  
Mother!...

**CLAUDETTE**  
(to Mike) You snuck something to Mother?

**MAUREEN**  
(to Mike) Behind Dr. Hanson's back?

As it sinks in, Hanson starts to fume, looks to William.

**DOCTOR HANSON**  
You went along with this?

**WILLIAM**

**With all due respect, Sir...**

**DOCTOR HANSON**  
**(explodes) You're fired!**

**Doctor Hanson storms out.**

**MARJORIE**  
**Mother, Doctor Hanson would have...**

**ELIZABETH**  
**(cuts her off) ...escorted me to my grave. And you may thank your sister for preventing that. She saved my life.**

**Marjorie looks to Mike. They all do. Rebecca goes to her, hugging Mike fiercely.**

**REBECCA**  
**Dear Michaela. How can we ever thank you enough!**

**The children move to Elizabeth's side, as Maureen and Claudette follow Rebecca, Marjorie last. In spite of her jealousy, this is one moment when the realization of nearly losing her mother unearths her sincerity.**

**MARJORIE**  
**Thank you, Michaela.**

**She hugs Mike, who then turns to William.**

**MIKE**  
**And thank you, Dr. Burke.**

**WILLIAM**  
**You're welcome, Dr. Quinn.**

**EXT. BOSTON STREET - DAY EIGHT**

**Mike, William and the children walk along. Matthew walks a little apart, the physical distance a clear expression of his emotional distance.**

**MIKE**  
**(to William) I'm sorry about your job.**

**WILLIAM**

Don't be. I'm not. In fact, I feel as though a great weight has been lifted off my shoulders. I've known for a while that it was time for me to be on my own. I've even had my eye on a little office for rent that I could afford and still do my pro bono work.

**BRIAN**

What's... (pronouncing) ...pro bono?

**WILLIAM**

It means treating patients who can't afford to pay.

**COLLEEN**

(smiles) That's all of Ma's patients.

Mike gives a little laugh, hugs both Colleen and Brian.

**MIKE**

Sometimes it seems like that. But most people find some way to compensate me. It's sort of a barter system.

**WILLIAM**

Just like the old days. It must be very quaint.

**MATTHEW**

We're not a bunch of hicks.

**MIKE**

Matthew...

**WILLIAM**

(to Matthew) No, I apologize if that sounded condescending. I was merely being nostalgic. (Off Matthew's look) Boston keeps growing by the minute. It's not the same place it was when I was your age.

They arrive in front of Doctor Hanson's brownstone office. William offers Matthew his hand. Matthew shakes it halfheartedly.

**WILLIAM**

(continuing) Now, I'll just clean out my desk and go see if that office is still for rent.

**MIKE**

**Is there anything we can do to help?**

**WILLIAM**

**Well... actually, there is something.**

**MIKE**

**Gladly.**

**WILLIAM**

**It would be a great comfort to me if you'd consent to be my guests this evening for a celebratory supper. I'd say we all have quite a bit to celebrate today.**

**MIKE**

**We certainly do.**

**WILLIAM**

**Is that a yes?**

**MIKE**

**(smiles) Yes.**

**He smiles back, bounds up the stairs to the brownstone.**

**WILLIAM**

**I'll come for you at seven.**

**He goes inside. They start walking.**

**MATTHEW**

**I wanna go home.**

**MIKE**

**We will. As soon as Mother's better.**

**MATTHEW**

**She's already better. Isn't that what we're celebratin' tonight?**

**MIKE**

**I meant, as soon as she's well.**

**Something just beyond catches Brian's eye and he runs ahead.**

**MIKE**  
(continuing) Brian?...

They catch up to him...

**EXT. CONFECTIONER'S SHOP - DAY EIGHT**

...staring in awe at a display of pretty glass canisters, containing all sorts of candy, in the window of a charming corner store. He snaps himself out of it, grabbing Mike's hand and pulling her inside...

**INT. CONFECTIONER'S SHOP - DAY EIGHT**

...where a veritable wonderland of sweets surrounds them. Colleen and Matthew follow them in. Brian's awe turns to reverence, as he slowly turns to take it all in -- the shiny glass display cases, the taffy pullers, the soda fountain.

**MATTHEW**  
(to Mike) You said sweets rot our teeth.

**MIKE**  
If you overindulge, yes, but it doesn't hurt to splurge occasionally. (more to herself)  
Everyone should be a little extravagant now and then.

Brian runs ahead to the soda fountain and climbs up on one of the stools.

**BRIAN**  
Look, Ma! Ice cream! All different kinds!

She smiles, joining him.

**MIKE**  
And which one do you want?

**EXT. CONFECTIONER'S SHOP - DAY EIGHT**

They exit and walk along. Mike's particularly cheerful.

**MIKE**  
(to Brian) I can't believe you ate that entire sundae. You're going to burst the buttons on your shirt, young man.

**She stops in front of a haberdashery window, displaying both a handsome evening suit and a beautiful evening gown.**

**MIKE**  
**(continuing) Which reminds me -- new clothes.**

**MATTHEW**  
**Just 'cause we're goin' to some fancy restaurant tonight?**

**MIKE**  
**No, because you can't keep wearing the same thing everyday. That suit was worn out in the first place, and with Martha cleaning it every night, it's going to end up in tatters. Besides... (points) ...even with the cuffs let down, the trousers are still too short.**

**MATTHEW**  
**For Boston?**

**MIKE**  
**That's where we are, Matthew. That's where we are.**

**She herds the children in front of her into the store.**

**HOLD ON HABERDASHERY WINDOW:**

**on the lovely evening gown.**

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. ELEGANT RESTAURANT - NIGHT EIGHT**

**Mike appears wearing the gown, looking radiant, on the arm of William.**

**WILLIAM**  
**(to the maitre d') Dr. Burke.**

**The children are right behind them, the two boys looking stiff in their new suits, Colleen reveling in a pretty new dress. This place is another benchmark in their exposure to the "finer" things in life. They're all awed by the decor, the elegant clientele -- a dish being served flambé right in front of them.**

## **ANOTHER ANGLE - LATER**

Seated now, waiters hover around them -- snapping napkins open and draping them across laps filling crystal water glasses, proffering menus, uncorking a champagne bottle. Colleen takes it all in, captivated, leans over and whispers to Brian.

**COLLEEN**

Isn't it beautiful?

**BRIAN**

Yeah... but not as good as the candy store.

William raises his glass.

**WILLIAM**

To a new lease on life.

They toast. A flash of eyes between Mike and William, as their glasses clink, glinting light from the candelabra flames.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. CAMP - NIGHT EIGHT**

The flames of a campfire. Sully and CLOUD DANCING sit, warming themselves. Sully stares into the fire, uneasy.

**CLOUD DANCING**

What troubles you, Sully?

Sully, looks up as if to deny it, but then:

**SULLY**

Dreams.

**CLOUD DANCING**

Dreams are the spirits telling us of the past... or of the future.

**SULLY**

I dream that I'm in Boston.

**CLOUD DANCING**  
(nods to himself) Where Dr. Mike is.

Sully nods.

**CLOUD DANCING**  
(continuing) You have never been there before?

**SULLY**  
Never.

**CLOUD DANCING**  
Then it is a dream of the future.

Sully looks at Cloud Dancing. **OFF SULLY.**

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY NINE**

Sully stands in the roadway, flags down the approaching stagecoach. The two drivers are wary. The one riding shotgun literally hoists the weapon. A few words are exchanged, some coins change hands, and Sully climbs inside the coach. It takes off down the road.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. BEACON HILL / FAMILY HOME - DAY TEN**

The entire brood is assembled in front -- Mike and the children, her sisters and their families, plus the servants behind them -- all awaiting...

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

...the arrival of the family carriage. The coach door opens and William steps out, then turns and helps Elizabeth down.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

Brian doesn't know what everyone's waiting for. He runs out, throws open the gate and takes Elizabeth's free hand.

**BRIAN**

**Welcome home, Grandma!**

**She smiles down at him, and this somehow signals the rest into motion, as they crowd around, greeting her, complimenting her, ushering her en masse into...**

**INT. FAMILY HOME / FOYER - DAY TEN**

**...where Mike takes charge.**

**MIKE**  
**Everyone, please...**

**A few quiet, but the chatter still continues, so Mike takes a few steps up the staircase to command attention.**

**MIKE**  
**(continuing) Please...**

**Everyone quiets.**

**MIKE**  
**(continuing) Mother needs her rest.**

**ELIZABETH**  
**Nonsense, I feel perfectly well.**

**William steps up to join Mike.**

**WILLIAM**  
**Doctor's orders.**

**ELIZABETH**  
**(negotiating) A nap... But then I'm coming down for supper...**

**MIKE**  
**Mother.**

**ELIZABETH**  
**...and that is final.**

**WILLIAM**

## **Mother's orders.**

**Mike smiles, shakes her head. As Rebecca and her husband escort Elizabeth up the staircase and past Mike and William, Mike watches her mother ascend with a growing understanding and appreciation.**

## **MIKE**

**(aside to William) Whenever anyone used to comment on my being my father's daughter, he'd always tell them not to let my choice of profession fool them, that it was my mother I was most like, not him... it was the only thing he ever said that made me truly angry at him. (a beat) And now... finally... I realize he was right. And what's more... (turns, smiles at William) I'm proud of it.**

## **EXT. BOSTON TRAIN STATION - DAY TEN**

**All of the big city bustle in full swing -- taxi carriages jostling for position, porters wending their way through the throng of people, megaphone announcements of train arrivals and departures adding to the din.**

## **ANGLE ON THE MAIN ENTRANCE**

**Out of the station and into the midst of this mayhem steps...**

## **SULLY**

**...who stops, overwhelmed by what he sees. Standing still adds to his conspicuousness, as if his appearance wasn't enough. People openly point and stare at him, a complete oddity in his buckskins and beads.**

**Slowly, as he orients himself, he becomes aware that he's the main attraction. He moves off, disappearing into the crowd.**

## **INT. FAMILY HOME / DINING ROOM - NIGHT TEN**

**Elizabeth has now resumed her place at the head of the table. The entire family is once again assembled for dinner. The second course is being served by Fiona and another maid.**

**Mike is seated next to William, Brian on the other side of her and Colleen on the other side of William.**

**Matthew sits next to Colleen, more resigned at this moment to being here in Boston than at any time previous. He even seems more comfortable in the suit he's wearing.**

#### **ANOTHER ANGLE / MIKE AND WILLIAM - NIGHT TEN**

**They engage in their own conversation.**

**WILLIAM**

**This is quite a treat for me, a large family dinner like this.**

**MIKE**

**But I thought you were born here.**

**WILLIAM**

**My father moved his business to Baltimore five years ago and took most of the family with him... But then, of all people, you certainly must know the sorrow of living so far from your family now.**

**MIKE**

**(nods) Yes. Yes, I do... Now. (a beat) I must admit, at first I was relieved to get away. And I have come to love Colorado dearly... But being here, seeing my mother through new eyes, watching the children enjoy themselves, meeting...**

**She looks into his eyes.**

**MIKE**

**(continuing) ...new friends... It's all made me miss Boston more now that I'm here than I ever did while I was gone.**

#### **ANOTHER ANGLE / ELIZABETH - NIGHT TEN**

**She sees Mike and William talking. It pleases her.**

**SUDDENLY:**

**There's a commotion in the foyer, insistent voices, then...**

#### **ANGLE ON DOORWAY**

**...there stands Sully -- braid, tomahawk and all -- the flustered butler, Harrison, right behind him.**

**MIKE**  
Sully?!...

The family, even Matthew, Colleen and Brian, is too stunned to speak... Elizabeth stands, takes charge, does the only sensible thing under the circumstances.

**ELIZABETH**  
Mr. Sully. You're just in time for supper. Won't you join us?

Mike and Sully exchange a look.

**FADE OUT:**

**END ACT FOUR**

Part II

**ACT ONE**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. FAMILY HOME / DINING ROOM - NIGHT TEN**

The family reacts; exchanging looks and a few discreet whispers, as SULLY is offered an added chair at the table by Harrison. FIONA and the other kitchen maid hurry to give him a place setting, food and drink. He begins to eat hungrily, though the others still stare.

**ELIZABETH**  
You must be famished after your long trip, Mr. Sully. Having made the journey myself, I can vouch for its difficulty.

**SULLY**  
(between bites) Not for me, Ma'am. I'm used to a lot worse.

**ELIZABETH**  
Yes... Indeed... Well...

She gives a commanding look around the table, and everyone begins to eat. She herself takes a small bite, chews, swallows, regards Sully.

**ELIZABETH**

**(continuing) What brings you all the way to our door, Mr. Sully?....**

**His eyes go involuntarily to Mike.**

**ON WILLIAM**

**His eyes follow, then shoot back to Sully.**

**ELIZABETH**

**(continuing) ....Certainly not the state of my health.**

**SULLY**

**To be honest, no, Ma'am. I'm glad to see you doin' better, but that's not the reason.**

**He doesn't go on, but rather takes another bite of food.**

**WILLIAM**

**Does your business bring you to Boston, Sir?**

**SULLY**

**You can call me Sully.**

**WILLIAM hesitates, but then stands and leans across the table offering his hand.**

**WILLIAM**

**Dr. William Burke.**

**Sully quickly puts down his fork, stands and shakes William's hand.**

**MATTHEW and COLLEEN exchange a look. So do Elizabeth and BRIAN -- MIKE and REBECCA -- MARJORIE and Everett -- Claudette and Maureen, etc.**

**The men sit back down.**

**MARJORIE**

**(to William) Mother told us he's what's termed a "mountain man." (to Sully) What exactly does a "mountain man" do? We're all of us dying to know.**

**REBECCA**

**(a stern look at Marjorie) Not all of us. I suggest we allow Mr. Sully to eat his meal in peace.**

**This garners a lok of gratitude from Mike to Rebecca. Everyone starts to eat. Silence, except for the clinking of glass and silver on china.**

**Only Mike doesn't eat, instead**

**MIKE**

**Mr. Sully is a miner. And a carpenter. And a hunter. And a negotiator between the United States Army and the Cheyenne Indians. And over the course of the past year he has provided me with shelter, often food. And on more than one occasion, he has saved my life .**

**This stops everyone. But William is the first to speak, turning to Sully in dead earnest.**

**WILLIAM**

**For which you have my undying gratitude, Mr. Sully.**

**William then looks at Mike with unmistakable ardor. She looks back, smiling awkwardly.**

**OFF SULLY**

**as he's forced to witness the chemistry between them. He's far from pleased at this realization.**

**EXT SULLY'S GUESTROOM - NIGHT TEN**

**Mike enters, followed by Sully. She turns on a gas lamp, illuminating a wood-paneled room with a high four-poster bed, club chairs and fireplace -- certainly the most luxurious bedroom he's ever been in.**

**MIKE**

**I'll ask Harrison to lay a fire for you...**

**He takes hold of her arms.**

**SULLY**

**What's wrong with you?**

**She's affected by his touch, his closeness.**

**MIKE**

**What do you mean?**

**SULLY**

I mean, I can make a fire. So can you, as I remember.

He lets the double entendre sink in. She can't hold his gaze, looks away. He lets go.

**SULLY**

(continuing) Aren't you glad to see me?

**MIKE**

Of course I am... I... I'm just surprised to see you *here*.

**SULLY**

You were gone so long, I... I got worried somethin' mighta happened to you.

She looks at him again, knows that's not the reason, but is reluctant to acknowledge the real one.

**MIKE**

Thank you.

**SULLY**

(a beat) You're welcome.

Mike looks around, as if searching for what to say...

**MIKE**

If you need anything, just ring.

She indicates a braided cord. He nods. Both feel the miles between them, even though the physical distance has been removed.

**MIKE**

(continuing) Goodnight.

**SULLY**

Goodnight.

She goes out. Sully stares at the door a beat, then looks around the room, surprised, himself, that he's here. He goes to the bed, feels the mattress. He takes off his pack, rolls out his blanket on the floor next to the bed and lies down to sleep.

## **INT. DINING ROOM - DAY ELEVEN**

Elizabeth is at the head of the table. The children and Mike are with her, having breakfast, when Sully enters, washed and wearing fresh buckskins.

**ELIZABETH**

Good morning, Mr. Sully. You must be hungry. Please sit down.

He does. The kids light up at the sight of him, but are aware of Mike's reticence. Good mornings by all, nonetheless... As Fiona serves him a steaming plate of eggs and sausage.

**SULLY**

I wanna thank you for your hospitality, Mrs. Quinn.

**ELIZABETH**

Think nothing of it.

**SULLY**

(to Fiona) Thank you, Ma'am.

Mike takes note of his thanking the surprised servant, who curtsies and hurries out.

**ELIZABETH**

(to Sully) I told Martha to air out some of my husband's clothes. She can alter them for you.

**SULLY**

Well, that's real nice of you, but I won't be needin' 'em.

Elizabeth gives Mike a look.

**MIKE**

(to Sully) It might be easier.

**SULLY**

For who?

**ELIZABETH**

(correcting Sully) Whom.

**Just then, Harrison escorts a dapper William to the door.**

**WILLIAM**  
Good morning.

**Relieved, Mike is out of her chair immediately.**

**ELIZABETH**  
(continuing) Ah, Doctor Burke. Will you join us?

**WILLIAM**  
No, thank you. I've had my breakfast.

**MIKE**  
We have to be going, Mother. (to all) But I'll be back by lunchtime. (to the kids) Take good care of Sully.

**BRIAN**  
Don't worry, Ma, we'll show him everythin'.

**She smiles at Sully for the first time since he appeared.**

**MIKE**  
You're in excellent hands. In less than a month, they know their way around Boston as if they were born here.

**She goes to join William.**

**MIKE**  
(continuing) Rest, Mother.

**ELIZABETH**  
I know. Doctor's orders.

**Mike smiles again, a bit more awkwardly, waves to all...**

**MIKE**  
See you at lunchtime.

**...then leaves with William. The kids all look to Sully, who picks up his fork and determinedly begins to eat.**

**ELIZABETH**

**Children, eat your breakfast.**

**EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - DAY ELEVEN**

**William, medical bag in one hand, a full grocery bag in the other, leads Mike, carrying her own medical bag along a dingy alleyway. They stop, he knocks at a door that looks like the back entrance to some kind of commercial building. Momentarily, a raggedy child opens the door and allows them inside...**

**INT. APARTMENT - DAY ELEVEN**

**...a single room, small and dirty. Two malnourished younger children lie on a mat on the floor in one corner, a table with some chipped crockery sits in another, a second mat is in the opposite corner where lies the children's very sick mother, MRS. GERRITY. The child who opened the door joins the other two, as William and Mike kneel down beside their mother, who speaks with difficulty.**

**WILLIAM**

**Hello, Mrs. Gerrity.**

**MRS. GERRITY**

**Hello, Doctor.**

**WILLIAM**

**How are you feeling today?**

**MRS. GERRITY**

**Better, Doctor.**

**WILLIAM**

**Mrs. Gerrity, I'd like to introduce Doctor Quinn.**

**Mike nods, smiles.**

**MRS. GERRITY**

**A lady?**

**WILLIAM**

**Quite a lady. (warm look to Mike) And quite a doctor.**

He takes out his stethoscope, listens to Mrs. Gerrity's chest, then takes the ear pieces out and places them on Mike for her to listen. She does. William turns away from the woman to his bag. Mike joins him out of earshot. He looks to her questioningly.

**MIKE**  
(whispers) Pneumonia.

**WILLIAM**  
Precisely.

As he takes some bottles from his bag.

**WILLIAM**  
(continuing) She was misdiagnosed at the almshouse. They said it was consumption and turned her out.

They look at each other, acknowledging the cruelty of such a death sentence.

**EXT. UPSCALE AREA / MOVING - DAY ELEVEN**

Sully and the children walk along, he drawing stares and outright gawking from passersby. Colleen and Brian feel the eyes upon them, but Matthew is oblivious, as he pours out his frustration.

**MATTHEW**  
...and there's no such thing as everyday clothes. (pulls at his collar) She's had us in these getups the whole time.

**SULLY**  
That's not 'cause of Dr. Mike, that's 'cause of Boston.

**MATTHEW**  
She tried to get you to wear one.

**SULLY**  
Your grandma did.

**MATTHEW**  
Dr. Mike wanted it, too. I could tell.

**COLLEEN**

**(shrugs) I kinda like dressin' up.**

**Matthew shoots her a look.**

**SULLY**  
**You gotta put yourself in Dr. Mike's shoes, Matthew.**

**MATTHEW**  
**No, thanks. Then I'd be with "William" right now.**

**BRIAN**  
**He ain't so bad.**

**COLLEEN**  
**I think he's nice.**

**Matthew gestures around them at the fancy buildings, the decorated storefront windows.**

**MATTHEW**  
**Aw, he's like everything else in this place -- all for show.**

**COLLEEN**  
**You're just mad 'cause he likes Dr. Mike.**

**Sully reacts to this, then looks sideways at Matthew.**

**SULLY**  
**Or maybe you're afraid she likes him.**

**MATTHEW**  
**Whose side're you on?**

**SULLY**  
**Nobody's.**

**BRIAN**  
**(point) Look! There it is!**

**THEIR POV / CONFECTIONER'S SHOP - DAY ELEVEN**

**EXT. CONFECTIONER'S SHOP - DAY ELEVEN**

**Sully and the kids look in the window. Brian waxes ecstatic.**

**BRIAN**  
Ever seen anythin' like it, Sully?

**SULLY**  
Nope.

**BRIAN**  
Sure makes Mr. Bray's candy jars look dumb, don't you think?

**SULLY**  
I think candy's candy, Brian. That's what I think.

**Brian looks up at him, trying to figure why he's not excited by this wonderland.**

**EXT. MODEST AREA - DAY ELEVEN**

**Mike and William walk along a quiet little street, the groceries gone now, only their medical bags remaining.**

**MIKE**  
How long has Mr. Gould had those lesions?

**WILLIAM**  
Several months. Maybe a year. He was afraid to see a doctor because he thought his legs would have to come off.

**MIKE**  
Another month and they would have.

**As they start to pass an archway to a small courtyard, William stops her and makes a sweeping gesture of invitation.**

**MIKE**  
I thought you said Mr. Gould was your last patient.

**WILLIAM**  
This isn't a patient. It's something else. (smiles) After you.

**She gives a curious look, then precedes him through the archway and into...**

## **EXT. COURTYARD - DAY ELEVEN**

...where now he steps ahead of her, leading her to a picturesque little office. A small plaque next to the door reads "WILLIAM BURKE, M.D." She looks at him and smiles.

## **INT. WILLIAM'S OFFICE - DAY ELEVEN**

It's small, but charming. They sit across from one another at a partner's desk. She runs her hand over the polished wood wistfully.

**MIKE**

My father and I had a partner's desk.

A beat. He watches her, savors her.

**WILLIAM**

Though I'm relieved to be away from Dr. Hanson, I confess I miss having a partner.

She looks up at him across the desk.

**WILLIAM**

(continuing) The right partner, of course.

She holds his look.

**MIKE**

Of course.

## **EXT. ANOTHER UPSCALE AREA - DAY ELEVEN**

Sully and the kids walk past a church, then a large, imposing stone building. All the same stares and rubbernecking from strangers at Sully's appearance, but, by now, even Colleen and Brian don't pay attention to them.

**COLLEEN**

This is the art museum.

**SULLY**

Does it have nice art?

**COLLEEN**

I don't know. We haven't been yet. Ma hasn't had time to take us, with Grandma bein' sick and all.

**MATTHEW**

She had time today. Grandma's better now.

**COLLEEN**

Thanks to Ma... 'Sides, she's helpin' some poor folks with William.

They continue walking toward a long, dark building trimmed in gilt.

**SULLY**

Sounds like y don't wanna be here, Matthew.

**MATTHEW**

I never wanted to be here. I mean, I care about Grandma and all, but... Well... like I said, she's better, so it's time to go.

**SULLY**

Maybe now that she's better, Dr. Mike'd like to spend some time. It's not gonna be often she gets a chance to come home.

**MATTHEW**

Home? I thought Colorado was her home.

**SULLY**

(a beat) They say home's where the heart is, Matthew.

A look between Sully and Matthew, as they arrive in from of the library.

**COLLEEN**

(to Sully, excited) Look, Sully. The library. Can you imagine how many books are in there?

Sully sees her longing.

**SULLY**

Wanna go in?

She lights up, nods.

**BRIAN**

**We gotta get back or we'll miss lunch.**

**COLLEEN**

**All you care about is food for your stomach.**

**BRIAN**

**What other kind is there?**

**COLLEEN**

**(staring at the building) "Food for the soul."**

**MATTHEW**

**Sounds like somethin' William'd say.**

**COLLEEN**

**So what if he did?**

**SULLY**

**He'd be right.**

**A beat, then he turns and heads off. The kids react, then follow.**

**EXT. BEACON HILL / MOVING - DAY ELEVEN**

**Sully and the kids walk along, headed toward the family home.**

**BRIAN**

**(to Sully, pointing) And the ocean's right over there. It's bigger than any lake you ever saw, and the boats are gigantic.**

**SULLY**

**I'd like to see that.**

**Matthew's still on his own train of thought.**

**MATTHEW**

**(to Sully) Well, I'm not waitin' around Boston. I'm goin' back with you.**

**SULLY**

**Who says I'm leavin'?**

They round the corner, and the family home comes into view. William escorts Mike to the front door.

**SULLY'S AND THE KID'S POV / MIKE AND WILLIAM - DAY ELEVEN**

She holds out her hand. At first he shakes it, but then lifts it and gently kisses the back.

**BACK TO SULLY AND THE KIDS - DAY ELEVEN**

watching.

**SULLY**  
(continuing) I'm not in any hurry.

**OFF HIS REACTION**

**FADE OUT:**

**END ACT ONE.**

**ACT TWO**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. FAMILY HOME / PARLOR - NIGHT ELEVEN**

No one there, but the room is inviting -- Oriental rugs, overstuffed sofas and chairs, a crackling fire. As the door opens, O.S.

**MIKE**  
Goodnight, Mother.

**CHILDREN**  
'Night, Grandma.

**SULLY**  
'Night, Mrs. Quinn.

Mike, Sully, Matthew, Colleen and Brian enter. The kitchen maid, Fiona, follows them in. Brian and Colleen go right to a game table, with an inlaid checkerboard and start to play.

**Matthew flops down in a chair by the fire. Mike sits on one of the sofas. Only Sully remains standing.**

**FIONA**  
(to Mike) Will there be anything else Ma'am?

She looks to Sully.

**MIKE**  
Mr. Sully?

**SULLY**  
No, thank you.

**MIKE**  
(to the children) Hot chocolate, anyone?

**COLLEEN AND BRIAN**  
No, thanks.

Matthew remains silent.

**MIKE**  
Thanks you, Fiona.

The maid leaves.

**MIKE**  
(continuing, to Sully) Please, have a seat.

Sully awkwardly sits on the sofa opposite her, looking entirely out of place.

**MATTHEW**  
(to Mike) How come you talk so formal? It's Sully. *Sully!* What's goin' on with you?!

**MIKE**  
I know who it is, Matthew. I think the question is, what's going on with *you*?

**MATTHEW**  
We've been gone a month, and I don't even know why you made me come along in the first place! You said you *needed* me, but you got a hundred people here to do

**everything! You haven't needed my help from the minute we came, and you sure don't need it now.**

**MIKE**

**That's not true. I have needed your help.**

**MATTHEW**

**What for?**

**MIKE**

**For support... For Brian and Colleen...**

**MATTHEW**

**They're doin' just fine.**

**MIKE**

**Matthew, you grandmother's birthday is this weekend. The Halman's are giving a ball in her honor. Under the circumstances, I think the least we can do is attend.**

**MATTHEW**

**That's just an excuse to stay here. Next it'll be Thanksgiving, then Christmas. Hell, what about Valentine's Day?**

**MIKE**

**Stop it! And I'll thank you to mind your language.**

**MATTHEW**

**(gets up) I want my ticket home.**

**MIKE**

**Well, you're not getting it.**

**He storms out...**

**MIKE**

**(continuing after him) You'll travel with the rest of us.**

**...Slamming the door behind him. Colleen and Brian have stopped their game. Mike tries to regain her composure from the encounter.**

**MIKE**

**(continuing, to all) I'm sorry.**

**SULLY**

**No need to apologize. It *is* me. He's right about that much.**

**She nods, sighs.**

**MIKE**

**Sully, why is he so angry with me?**

**SULLY**

**He's in love.**

**She nods again.**

**MIKE**

**Yes... It's as simple as that, isn't it?**

**SULLY**

**'Fraid so.**

**ANGLE ON COLLEEN AND BRIAN**

**They look at each other, relieved to see Mike and Sully finally talking.**

**MIKE**

**He wants to get back to Ingrid.**

**SULLY**

**We all have something to get back to.**

**BRIAN**

**Yeah, Thanksgivin's comin'.**

**COLLEEN**

**(ambivalent) It wouldn't be so bad to spend Thanksgivin' here in Boston...**

**Sully glances at Colleen, but she won't meet his eyes.**

**BRIAN**

**(to Mike) Ma, can we show Sully the ocean tomorrow?**

**MIKE**  
Sully's seen the ocean.

The kids look at her, surprised that she would know such a thing about him when they don't. They look to him. He shoots Mike a look for betraying his confidence to her.

**SULLY**  
I said I'd like to see it, not that I never had.

Brian gets up and comes over to sit next to him.

**BRIAN**  
When did you see the ocean, Sully?

**SULLY**  
Last time, I was about your age.

**BRIAN**  
Here in Boston?

**SULLY**  
No... New York. That's a ways south of here. (across to Colleen) But I never been inside a library. (to Mike) So what do you say we all go explorin' tomorrow?

Colleen looks over at him, lighting up at the prospect, but...

**MIKE**  
I'm afraid tomorrow's not possible. Dr. Burke is presenting a paper to the Boston Medical Society. But you're welcome to come along if you like. More than welcome.

**EXT. BOSTON MEDICAL SOCIETY BUILDING - DAY TWELVE**

**DOCTOR HANSON**  
He's *not* welcome, that's what I said.

**DR. HANSON** stands like a watchdog in front of the door to an aristocratic brownstone, literally blocking entrance to Sully, Mike and Elizabeth. There's a small crowd around them.

**DOCTOR HANSON**  
(continuing to Mike) Your personal conduct is one thing. Trying to force a heathen into a

**civilized professional assembly is quite another.**

**Mike's embarrassed, but stands her ground.**

**MIKE**

**He's not a "heathen." He happens to come from a part of our country where his appearance... is acceptable.**

**DOCTOR HANSON**

**Fine. Let him go back there.**

**MIKE**

**He's entitled to...**

**Sully interrupts, getting right up in Doctor Hanson's face.**

**SULLY**

**"He" can talk for himself. I would appreciate it if you'd quit actin' like I'm not here.**

**DOCTOR HANSON**

**Are you threatening me?**

**SULLY**

**No, just suggestin' you use some of those Boson manners you're so full of.**

**ELIZABETH**

**(steps forward) He's right, Doctor Hanson. You wouldn't want to be known as ungentlemanly as well as incompetent, now would you?**

**She pushed past him, Mike follows, and Sully steps around the doctor, who's left fuming in front of several associates.**

**INT. MEDICAL SOCIETY BUILDING SMALL AUDITORIUM - DAY TWELVE**

**The rows of seats look onto a small stage with a podium where William stands, waiting nearby. Almost every seat is taken by all male colleagues, as Mike, Sully and Elizabeth take the last remaining.**

**William looks down at Mike, smiles. She smiles back. The exchange doesn't escape Sully... or Elizabeth, who watches him, watching them**

**INT. FAMILY HOME / UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT TWELVE**

Elizabeth discreetly looks out her bedroom door to make sure no one is around, then comes out carrying a tuxedo with tails. She's dressed in an evening gown. She hurries to Sully's door and knocks. Momentarily, it opens. Sully, dressed in his buckskins, is surprised to see her.

**ELIZABETH**  
May I come in?

He opens the door and she goes inside...

**INT. SULLY'S GUESTROOM - NIGHT TWELVE**

...careful to close the door behind her. She holds up the tux. He understands.

**SULLY**  
(declining) I mean no disrespect, Mrs. Quinn...

**ELIZABETH**  
(interrupts) I also mean no disrespect, Mr. Sully, but this isn't about you. Or me. It may be my birthday, but I couldn't care less what you wear to my party tonight. (a beat) Michaela is the one I'm concerned about. It's been difficult enough for her to face the people she's known all her life -- even her own family -- with her decision to move West.

**SULLY**  
What's that got to do with?...

He points to the tux.

**ELIZABETH**  
She shouldn't have to defend your appearance when you and I both know that you look nearly as odd to most of the good people of Colorado Springs as you do to the citizens of Boston. So...

She holds the tux out to him.

**ELIZABETH**  
(continuing) When in Rome, do as the Romans do.

A beat. He takes it from her. A look between them. She leaves. He holds the suit up,

turns it around.

## INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT TWELVE

The suit continues to turn, but now Sully's in it, as he comes away from the punchbowl with two cups in hand. He tries to make his way through the crowd of upper-crust guests without spilling any. He still stands out like a sore thumb with his long hair and ill-fitting tux.

Tables and settees line the periphery of the large, high-ceilinged room. A string quartet plays, and the center of the room is reserved for dancing, which has yet to begin in earnest.

## AT THE TABLE OF HONOR - NIGHT TWELVE

Elizabeth presides. Mike, the children, some of the family, the rest at the adjacent tables and settees. William comes up, punch in hand. He greets everyone.

**WILLIAM**  
Good evening.

...but his eyes come to rest on Mike. She looks as beautiful as he's ever seen her in a gown that fits like a glove.

**SULLY (O.S.)**  
Dr. Mike.

William looks up to find Sully standing there in his tux and for the first time, sees in him a true rival. He steps back. Sully hands Mike a punch.

**MIKE**  
Thank you.

**WILLIAM**  
(offers his hand) Mr. Sully.

Sully shakes hands.

**SULLY**  
Dr. Burke.

**Everyone feels the tension. William diverts the attention to Elizabeth.**

**WILLIAM**

**Happy birthday, Mrs. Quinn.**

**ELIZABETH**

**Thanks you, Sir.**

**She holds her cup aloft, then, loud enough for the surrounding tables to hear...**

**ELIZBETH**

**(continuing) To Michaela and William...**

**She pauses, letting their names hang in the air as if it were a toast to them as a couple.**

**ELIZABETH (continuing)**

**I owe this birthday to you.**

**The group ad libs "Hear, hear" and "To Michaela and William." Sully is the last to raise his glass, feeling the gulf between him and his surroundings, between him and Mike...**

**SULLY**

**To Michaela and William.**

**INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT TWELVE**

**Mike dances with William. He swirls her around the floor in a waltz, among the few couples who've begun the dancing.**

**AT ELIZABETH'S TABLE - NIGHT TWELVE**

**Sully watches the dancers. Colleen watches him.**

**SULLY'S POV / MIKE**

**She smiles, radiant.**

**INT. BALLROOM - LATER - NIGHT TWELVE**

**The dance floor is nearly full now, Mike and William swish past, still dancing.**

## AT ELIZABETH'S SETTEE - NIGHT TWELVE

Only she and Sully are there. Everyone else is dancing, even the children. He watches the crowd for glimpses of Mike as the dances by. Elizabeth observes him for a moment.

**ELIZABETH**

My doctors won't allow me to dance. What's your excuse, Mr. Sully?

He looks across at her.

**SULLY**

(matter-of-fact) What do you think?

**ELIZABETH**

(equally matter-of-fact) I think you don't know how.

A beat.

**ELIZABETH**

(continuing) Why *did* you come to Boston?

**SULLY**

I got worried.

She glances a Mike on the dance floor, then back at Sully.

**ELIZABETH**

And you're still worried, aren't you?

Before he can answer, the waltz ends and the band begins to play "For She's a Jolly Good..." The party-goers all join in, singing "...Lady." Everyone gathers around Elizabeth, as a huge cake is placed before her by two servants, candles glimmering. Mike and William appear, singing along.

**MIKE & WILLIAM**

...which nobody can denyyyyy.

Applause.

## SULLY'S POV / MIKE AND WILLIAM - NIGHT TWELVE

**in the candlelight, arm-in-arm.**

**BACK TO SCENE - NIGHT TWELVE**

**Elizabeth blows out the candles with a little help from some of her grandchildren, including Colleen and Brian. More applause**

**ON SULLY**

**FADE OUT:**

**END ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. SULLY'S GUESTROOM - DAY THIRTEEN**

**Back in his buckskins, Sully's on the floor next to the bed, rolling up his blanket, when there's a KNOCK on the door. He gets up, starts tying it into his pack.**

**SULLY**  
**Come in.**

**Matthew enters. Sully shoves a few other meager belongings into the pack, then ties on his belt. Matthew realizes.**

**MATTHEW**  
**You leavin'?**

**SULLY**  
**Yep.**

**MATTHEW**  
**But you said...**

**SULLY**  
**Changed my mind.**

**Sully glances around for anything he might have missed, as Matthew figures it out.**

**MATTHEW**

It's 'cause of last night. 'Cause she danced with William the whole time, right?

His silence is answer enough.

**MATTHEW**

(continuing) Wait, don't let him do this, Sully.

**SULLY**

Nobody makes Dr. Mike do anythin' she doesn't wanna do.

**MATTHEW**

You're wrong. He knows how to flatter her 'bout bein' a doctor. That's what she fell for, not him. He just made her forget why she came to Colorado, and all she needs is somebody to make her remember.

A beat, as Matthew's words get through.

**SULLY**

And how would somebody do that?

**MATTHEW**

(relieved) First, you gotta show her you aren't against Boston.

This gets a questioning look from Sully.

**EXT. HABERDASHERY SHOP - DAY THIRTEEN**

The children lead Sully along determinedly, arriving at the window of the same haberdashery that Mike took them to. They stop. Sully takes one look at the three-piece suit in the window and shakes his head, starting to walk away, but Brian grabs his hand and pulls him back. The kids push him inside.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. HABERDASHERY SHOP - DAY THIRTEEN**

They exit with Sully, carrying several boxes. As they all walk along:

**SULLY**

That was half my fare home I spent in there.

**COLLEEN**

Don't worry. Grandma'd always loan you enough money to leave.

**MATTHEW**

Heck, she'd *pay* him to leave.

**COLLEEN**

Matthew...

**MATTHEW**

(to Sully) I don't mean she doesn't like you.

**COLLEEN**

(to Sully) She'd just like it a lot better if Dr. Mike lived closer to her.

**MATTHEW**

Yeah, like next door.

**INT. SULLY'S GUESTROOM - DAY THIRTEEN**

In the background, Matthew hangs up Sully's new clothes, as Colleen teaches him to waltz.

**COLLEEN**

It's one big step, then two little ones.

She shows him. He starts to get it.

**COLLEEN**

(continuing) That's good.

They keep dancing, but just back and forth.

**COLLEEN**

(continuing) Now, you have to do the steps while you move around in the room.

She shows him. There's a moment of tangled feet and some bumping into furniture, but pretty soon, he's doing fine. He stops abruptly when the door starts to open, but it's only Brian slipping in, carrying something wrapped in a towel. He puts it on a side table. Matthew finishes what he's doing, and they all gather around as Brian opens the towel to

reveal a tray.

**BRIAN**

Fiona was real nice. She didn't even ask me what it was for.

Colleen sorts through and arranges the many pieces into a formal place setting.

**COLLEEN**

Now... Dr. Mike taught us. (lifting each as she goes) This one's for soup, this one's for salad...

Sully picks up a tiny fork.

**SULLY**

What's this one for?

**COLLEEN**

(pronouncing carefully) Es -- car -- go.

**SULLY**

What's?... (mimicking) Es -- car -- go?

All three kids exchange glances. Who's going to tell him? Finally:

**BRIAN**

Snails.

**SULLY**

(thinking he's kidding) Right.

**COLLEEN**

No, really, Sully... It's French for snails.

**SULLY**

Rich people pay to eat snails?

**MATTHEW**

Look, I know it sounds crazy, but Dr. Mike likes 'em.

**COLLEEN**

William says they taste good.

**BRIAN**  
Yuk.

Sully shoots Matthew a look, Matthew shrugs sheepishly, then...

**WIDEN TO REVEAL**

...plops into a chair, changing the subject.

**MATTHEW**  
(to Sully) We gotta figure out where you're gonna take her.

**BRIAN**  
How 'bout that fancy place William took us?

**MATTHEW**  
Yeah.

**INT. FAMILY DINING ROOM - NIGHT THIRTEEN**

Elizabeth is in her usual spot at the helm of the table. Mike and the children are seated, Colleen and Matthew on one side, Mike and Brian on the other. William has just come in.

**ELIZABETH**  
It's kind of you to join us, Dr. Burke.

**WILLIAM**  
It's kind of you to ask.

He sits on the free side of Mike, as...

**SULLY**

...appears in the doorway, clean shaven and dressed in a dinner suit. Everyone is stunned, except the children, who exchange conspiratorial glances.

**SULLY**  
Mrs. Quinn is a very kind and hospitable lady.

He nods and smiles to Elizabeth, as Brian surreptitiously moves over a place, leaving Mike's other side free. Sully takes the seat. Mike reacts, looks for Brian, sees him on the

**other side of Sully, looking the picture of innocence.**

**ELIZABETH**

**Thank you, Mr. Sully. And may I compliment you on your new attire.**

**MIKE**

**Yes, it's... very stylish.**

**SULLY**

**(shrugs) When in Rome, do as the Romans do.**

**Elizabeth reacts to her quote.**

**Colleen and Matthew exchange a look, impressed.**

**Mike can't believe her ears or eyes. Neither can William, who's less than pleased by this development.**

**WILLIAM**

**(to Elizabeth) I spoke with the president of the medical society today about your cure, Mrs. Quinn. He was very impressed. Of course, I took the opportunity to submit for publication you daughter's article on the detoxification remedy.**

**MIKE**

**(pleasantly surprised) William...**

**ELIZABETH**

**Excellent. She deserves the credit.**

**Mike feels Sully's eyes on her.**

**MIKE**

**Well, it's really the Cheyenne who deserve the credit. It's an ancient tea...**

**WILLIAM**

**But you wrote the article. Without that, no one would have known about it.**

**SULLY**

**That's right. Doctor Quinn has a very important job in Colorado -- bringing the wisdom of Indian medicine to the world.**

**Mike reacts to this compliment... and to this reminder.**

**INT. FAMILY HOME / FOYER - NIGHT THIRTEEN**

**Mike comes from the dining room, as she sees Elizabeth about to climb the staircase by herself.**

**MIKE**  
Mother... Let me help you.

**Elizabeth waits, takes Mike's arm. They start up.**

**ELIZABETH**  
I loathe being dependent on anyone.

**MIKE**  
So do I.

**A look between them, as they ascend.**

**ELIZABETH**  
Mr. Sully seems to have undergone quite a transformation.

**MIKE**  
Indeed.

**ELIZABETH**  
And so quickly.

**MIKE**  
Yes, very.

**ELIZABETH**  
Too quickly, perhaps?

**They reach the landing.**

**MIKE**  
Your point, Mother?

**ELIZABETH**

**Motive, my dear. I was simply speculating on his motive.**

**MIKE**  
You heard him. When in Rome.

**ELIZABETH**  
I had no idea Mr. Sully was so well versed in ancient proverbs.

**Mike doesn't notice Elizabeth's sardonic tone.**

**MIKE**  
(impressed) Neither had I.

**INT. PARLOR - DAY FOURTEEN**

**Mike sits at a small secretary, writing something, when Sully enters, dressed in a three-piece suit. Mike looks up, stunned all over again.**

**SULLY**  
Sorry to bother you...

**MIKE**  
No, I'm just revising an article on the fever tea. You're quite right about my bringing attention to Cheyenne medicine.

**SULLY**  
And Cloud Dancing has much more to teach us.

**MIKE**  
Yes... Yes, I'm sure he does.

**A beat. She waits, looking up at him.**

**SULLY**  
I'd like to invite you out tonight.

**MIKE**  
I beg your pardon?

**SULLY**  
To supper... and dancin'.

**She reacts.**

**SULLY**  
(continuing) Would you like to go?

**Mike's too amazed not to say...**

**MIKE**  
Yes.

**INT. ELEGANT RESTAURANT - NIGHT FOURTEEN**

It's the same fancy establishment William took Mike to with the children, but now just she and Sully, in evening dress, are seated at an intimate table. The waiter brings their escargot and moves off. Unflinchingly, Sully chooses the "correct" tiny fork. Mike notes this, but then he pauses, waiting politely for her to begin first. She does, then he must follow suit, managing to eat the snails without flinching.

**SAME PLACE / DANCE FLOOR - LATER - NIGHT FOURTEEN**

Sully leads Mike to the dance floor, where a few other couples are waltzing. He holds out his hand. She takes it, unsure, but then he sweeps her into step. To her astonishment -- and delight -- he quite competently swirls her around to floor.

**INT. SULLY'S GUESTROOM - DAY FIFTEEN**

The kids sit with Sully.

**MATTHEW**  
Now you gotta ask her to do somethin' real special.

They're all at a loss... except for Brian.

**BRIAN**  
How 'bout that opera thing?

**MATTHEW**  
(lights up) Hey, yeah. (to Brian) Good thinkin', Brian.

**SULLY**  
I heard of 'em.

**BRIAN**  
Ma said it's like a play, but they sing.

**COLLEEN**  
In a foreign language.

Sully gives Matthew another look for getting him into this.

**INT. OPERA HOUSE / BOX SEATS - NIGHT FIFTEEN**

**ON MIKE AND SULLY**

as the lead soprano playing Violetta sings the closing aria to the first act of La Traviata. Mike whispers the translation to Sully, leaning close.

**MIKE**  
She says Alfredo can never understand how much she loves him, and she wonders whether he might really be the true love of her life.

**INT. STAGE / LA TRAVIATA - NIGHT FIFTEEN (STOCK SHOT)**

The singer goes on, but then interrupts her wishful musings, crying out...

**MIKE**  
(continuing, translating) Now she's resisting her feelings of love. She's trying to convince herself that in order to be free, she must be alone.

Off this sentiment, he turns to look at her -- wondering, himself, about true love and freedom...

**INT. FAMILY HOME /FOYER - NIGHT FIFTEEN**

Mike and Sully enter, and Harrison helps them off with their coats, then disappears. They're left standing alone, facing each other.

**MIKE**  
It was beautiful. Thank you.

**SULLY**  
You're welcome.

**A beat. She starts toward the stairs.**

**MIKE**  
**Good night.**

**SULLY**  
**Wait...**

**She turns.**

**SULLY**  
**(continuing) It was beautiful.**

**It's clear the words are meant for her. She smiles.**

**SULLY**  
**(continuing) Would you like to take a walk with me tomorrow?**

**MIKE**  
**I'd love to, but I'm going to a lecture... Unless you'd like to come along?**

**In spite of his suspicions as to who the lecturer is...**

**SULLY**  
**Sure.**

**INT. BOSTON MEDICAL SOCIETY BUILDING (SMALL AUDITORIUM) - DAY SIXTEEN**

**William goes to the podium, as the audience settles.**

**WILLIAM'S POV / MIKE AND SULLY - DAY SIXTEEN**

**Mike and Sully enter and take their seats.**

**AT THE PODIUM / WILLIAM - DAY SIXTEEN**

**Spots them together, making every effort to hide his jealousy... but failing.**

**WILLIAM**  
**Gentlemen, today I had planned to present a treatise on "Diseases of the organs of the**

chest." However, at the last moment...

His eyes go to Mike, sitting next to the dapper, handsome Sully.

**WILLIAM**

(continuing) ...I've decided to exercise my right to yield the floor to a colleague who has an important discovery to impart to us all.

**WILLIAM**

(continuing) Gentlemen, Dr. Michaela Quinn.

**ON MIKE - DAY SIXTEEN**

flabbergasted. She looks at Sully. He nods for her to take the spotlight.

William holds out his hand in a gesture of presentation, as a murmur of disapproval ripples through the crowd. A few men, led by Dr. Hanson, get up and leave. Seeing this, Mike stands and joins William on the podium, where he hands her her own article, smiles his encouragement, and steps aside. She assumes the podium, looks out at the derisive faces -- except for...

**SULLY**

...who gives her another nod.

She looks down at her paper, takes a deep breath and begins to read.

**MIKE**

Gentlemen. "A new therapy as tested in my practice on the Colorado frontier."

Beat.

**MIKE**

(continuing) "Illness and disease often present different problems in treatment when practicing far from a hospital setting. In my efforts to help my patients, I have been forced to search for new ways to heal. Therefore, I have observed the local Indians and they have taught me the curative properties of various natural remedies."

Some of the doctors shout from the rear...

**DOCTOR #1 (O.S.)**

## **Quackery**

**DOCTOR #2 (O.S.)**  
**Homeopathy?**

**Necks crane, talk breaks out among the other doctors in support of the protestors. Mike raises her voice above the din, commanding their attention.**

**MIKE**

**No, Sir... I am not a homeopathic doctor. I have merely added some long-tested remedies to those standardly taught in medical school... (quickly, before further protest) ...such as willow bark tea, know from the time of the ancient Greeks to have pain and fever reducing properties.**

**Murmurs ripple through the audience.**

**MIKE**

**(continuing) Specifically, I wish to speak on the treatment of Hepatitis with dandelion root tea...**

**The DOCTOR in the back is on his feet**

**DOCTOR #2**

**What a lot on nonsense.**

**DOCTOR #1**

**"Weeds," is it?!**

**He and a few other doctors walk out, in spite of Mike's vehement reply...**

**MIKE**

**...which saved the life of my mother, Elizabeth Quinn!**

**This keeps the other doctors begrudgingly in their seats.**

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**ON MIKE - DAY SIXTEEN**

**Mike concludes**

**MIKE**

The efficacy on these blood purifying properties function best when administered at a rate of one pint every two hours, usually producing marked improvement within forty-eight hours and often a complete cure within fourteen days.

William applauds enthusiastically. Sully does, too. At first, there's only a smattering of others clapping, but then it grows. Mike basks in even this limited acceptance, not only of her unorthodox ideas, but of herself as a doctor. She joins William at the side of the stage and he leads her off, out of sight, into...

**THE WINGS - DAY SIXTEEN**

...where he pulls her close.

**WILLIAM**

You were splendid. I'm so proud of you.

**MIKE**

(exhilarated) Since my father died, I haven't had anyone believe in me the way you do...

But the moment the words are out of her mouth, she realizes that's not true.

**MIKE**

...except for Sully.

A beat.

**WILLIAM**

Do you love him?

**MIKE**

William...

**WILLIAM**

Has he asked for your hand?

**MIKE**

William, really...

**ANOTHER ANGLE / SULLY - DAY SIXTEEN**

steps into the doorway behind them, listening, watching.

**WILLIAM**

Because I love you. And I *am* asking for your hand.

**MIKE**

Oh, William...

She's overwhelmed, confused.

**MIKE**

(continuing) I have a whole life waiting for me in Colorado.

**WILLIAM**

You have a whole life waiting for you in Boston. We can be partners in every sense of the word. In work. In love. True partners. (a beat) Do you love me?

She looks into his face, his eyes.

**MIKE**

There were moments when I thought it -- moments I was sure of it... And then moments when I wasn't sure of anything at all. (a beat) Such as this one.

He doesn't press.

**WILLIAM**

Take whatever time you need in order to be sure. My proposal stands -- my vow is forever.

**ON SULLY**

It's a tough offer to match.

**FADE OUT:**

**END ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. MEDICAL SOCIETY BUILDING - DAY SIXTEEN**

Sully leans against the wall, waiting, as the society members exit, debating Mike's presentation as they go. Finally, Mike and William emerge.

**MIKE**  
(to Sully) There you are.

**WILLIAM**  
(to Sully) Wasn't she grand?

Sully gives him an openly hostile look and takes Mike by the arm.

**SULLY**  
Excuse us.

He leads her out of earshot, with William watching resentfully in the background.

**SULLY**  
(continuing) You gonna marry him?

**MIKE**  
(now doubly shaken) I beg your pardon...

**SULLY**  
No beggin' necessary, just the truth.

**MIKE**  
You were obviously eavesdropping.

**SULLY**  
(single-minded) Just the truth.

**MIKE**  
It's none of your business.

**SULLY**  
That right?

She knows otherwise, but can't overcome her pride.

**MIKE**  
That's right.

A beat, as he looks at her. She looks back with false bravado. Sully nods... then walks away. She watches him, her expression reflecting an impulse to go after him, but suddenly William is at her side. She turns and goes into his arms for comfort. He holds her, watching Sully recede in the distance.

**INT. FAMILY HOME / PARLOR - DAY SIXTEEN**

Elizabeth sits by the fire, doing needlepoint. The children sit around, moping. Elizabeth surveys them over her glasses but goes back to her task. There's a SOUND O.S. of Mike entering the foyer, but no one goes to greet her. Momentarily, she enters.

**ELIZABETH**  
Hello, Dear.

**MIKE**  
Hello, Mother.

The kids look away, sad, angry. Mike picks up on this immediately.

**MIKE**  
(continuing, to them) Hello.

No answer. She reacts to this boycott.

**MIKE**  
(continuing) Alright, where's Sully?

**MATTHEW**  
Gone

This shakes her.

**MIKE**  
Did he say when he'd return?

**BRIAN**  
Never.

**MIKE**  
What?

**COLLEEN**  
He went home.

**MIKE**  
(as it hits her) To Colorado?

**MATTHEW**  
Yeah, remember Colorado?

She reacts to the animosity in his voice, but turns to Elizabeth.

**MIKE**  
When did he leave?

**ELIZABETH**  
Michaela...

**MIKE**  
(to Colleen) When?

**COLLEEN**  
'Bout an hour ago.

Mike rushes out.

**ELIZABETH**  
Michaela!

But Mike is out the door.

**EXT. BOSTON TRAIN STATION - DAY SIXTEEN**

A taxi carriage pulls up and Mike gets out, hurriedly pays the driver and starts searching the crowd with her eyes. It's a mass of people, coming and going, impossible in which to spot anyone.

She hails a PORTER.

**MIKE**

Please... Where is the train to St. Louis?

**PORTER**

Already boarded. Platform six. You got luggage?

But she turns away and runs toward the entrance. The porter shakes his head.

**INT. TRAIN - DAY SIXTEEN**

Mike hurries along the narrow passenger car corridor, brazenly looking in compartments as she goes. Frustrated, she gets off.

**INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY SIXTEEN**

Sully puts his bedroll above his seat.

**INT. TRAIN - DAY SIXTEEN**

Mike pushes her way onto another car, past a protesting conductor and two passengers. Again, she starts throwing open compartment doors, her anxiety mounting.

**INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY SIXTEEN**

Sully sits alone by the window, looking out, when suddenly, the compartment doors fly open and Mike appears in the doorway. She stops, out of breath. He looks up at her, not knowing what to expect. Mike looks at Sully, expecting some response. Finally...

**MIKE**

What are you doing?

**SULLY**

That's pretty clear.

**MIKE**

You're just leaving?

**SULLY**

Nothin' to stay for.

**MIKE**

**Without even saying goodbye?**

**SULLY**  
Goodbye.

**This infuriates her.**

**MIKE**  
Why did you even come here?!

**SULLY**  
I told you.

**MIKE**  
What was the real reason?!

**SULLY**  
What do you care?

**MIKE**  
I care.

**This goads him onto his feet, face-to-face with her.**

**SULLY**  
Didn't look like it back there at that meetin'!

**MIKE**  
I asked you a question!

**SULLY**  
Why did I come here?!

**MIKE**  
Yes, why?!

**SULLY**  
Because!...

**MIKE**  
Because?!...

**SULLY**

**Because I love you!**

**His words paralyze both of them. Silence. Then the train whistle BLOWS. The car lurches into motion, jostling them. He reaches out, taking her arm to steady her. She looks into his eyes pleadingly, but won't say the words. Slowly, the train starts to move. She looks down at his hand. He lets go. The whistle BLOWS again. She turns, hesitates at the compartment door, but then leaves. He stares after her, torn, but then sits back down.**

**EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY SIXTEEN**

**Mike rushes out, pushes through the crowd, fighting back her tears.**

**INT. PARLOR - NIGHT SIXTEEN**

**Elizabeth sits by the fire, her needlepoint on her lap, but her hands idle. Mike enters and sits down opposite her. Elizabeth looks up, watches her a beat, then:**

**ELIZABETH**

**William is a good man, Michaela.**

**MIKE**

**Yes, he is.**

**ELIZABETH**

**And he respects you both as a woman and as a professional.**

**MIKE**

**Yes, he does.**

**ELIZABETH**

**What other man can you say that about?**

**MIKE**

**(unhesitatingly) Sully.**

**ELIZABETH**

**But he can't give you a complete life.**

**She looks at Elizabeth now.**

**MIKE**

**What do you mean by complete?**

**ELIZABETH**

**You know exactly what I'm talking about. I mean a life here in Boston, where you can be a doctor and...**

**MIKE**

**(interrupts) There are plenty of doctors in Boston, Mother.**

**ELIZABETH**

**...and you can raise your children properly.**

**MIKE**

**That depends on how you define properly.**

**ELIZABETH**

**Michaela, I have nothing against your little town, your patients, your Indian friends, but you can't...**

**MIKE**

**(interrupts) I don't love William, Mother.**

**Elizabeth sighs**

**ELIZABETH**

**Love. (a beat) That never used to be an issue when it came to making such important decisions as...**

**MIKE**

**(interrupts)**

**...such as whom I spend the rest of my life with?**

**ELIZABETH**

**You may think that sounds callous, but I was taught that a good match was more enduring than love.**

**A beat.**

**MIKE**

**Didn't you love Father?**

**ELIZABETH**

Of course, I loved your father. But I had to choose from a small selection of men at a very specific time in my life. I was twenty years old, not a mature woman who knows her own mind.

A long beat. Finally...

**ELIZABETH**

(continuing) Will you visit again soon?

**MIKE**

Yes.

She reaches across and takes her mother's hand.

**MIKE**

(continuing) Soon.

Elizabeth nods.

**EXT. WILLIAM BURKE'S OFFICE - DAY SEVENTEEN**

Mike enters the courtyard and rings the bell at his door.

**WILLIAM (O.S.)**

Come in.

She goes inside...

**INT. WILLIAM'S OFFICE - DAY SEVENTEEN**

...where he sits alone, working at his partner's desk. He brightens upon seeing her, stands, but then takes in her demeanor, the expression on her face. He sags back into his seat. She sits across the desk from him, the irony not lost on either of them.

**WILLIAM**

When do you leave?

**MIKE**

The next train leaves tomorrow morning.

**He nods.**

**MIKE**  
(continuing) I feel I owe you an explanation...

**WILLIAM**  
No... There is no explanation for such matters. (a brave smile) Or at least none that I need to hear.

**She reaches across and takes his hand.**

**MIKE**  
Thank you... for so many things.

**A beat. There's nothing more to say, and they both know it.**

**INT. FAMILY HOME / COLLEEN'S ROOM - DAY SEVENTEEN**

**Colleen's lying across the canopy bed, reading, when there's a KNOCK at the door.**

**COLLEEN**  
Come in.

**Mike enters and sits next to her.**

**MIKE**  
What do you say we catch the train to St. Louis tomorrow morning?

**A beat, as Colleen absorbs this.**

**COLLEEN**  
So soon?

**A look between them.**

**COLLEEN**  
(continuing) I like Boston.

**MIKE**  
So do I... But we'll be back.

**Colleen nods, manages a smile.**

**COLLEEN**

**Have you told Matthew and Brian?**

**MIKE**

**No. You may have the honors.**

**Colleen goes out.**

**COLLEEN (O.S.)**

**Matthew? Brian? We're going home...**

**Mike smiles to herself at the word "home" -- as she looks around the room that was once hers, in the house she used to live in, in the city that used to be home...**

**INT. PARLOR - NIGHT SEVENTEEN**

**Elizabeth sits alone by the fire, no pretense at her needlepoint, simply staring into the flames. Brian enters. She doesn't even look to see who it is, only glancing up at him as he comes to the side of her chair, then looking back into the fire.**

**BRIAN**

**You look sad, Grandma.**

**She nods.**

**BIRAN**

**(continuing) Is it 'cause we're leavin'?**

**ELIZABETH**

**Yes.**

**He comes closer, leaning against her arm.**

**BRIAN**

**Why don't you come with us?**

**ELIZABETH**

**Because this is my home.**

**BRIAN**  
You'd miss it, huh?

**ELIZABETH**  
I would miss it very much.

**BRIAN**  
Yeah, I know how you feel.

Now, he looks into the fire.

**BRIAN**  
(continuing) I miss Colorado. I dream about our house, my wolf, all the things I used to do. I even woke up cryin' once. I dreamed I couldn't find my way home.

A beat. She opens her arms to him. He eagerly sits on her lap, leaning his head on her shoulder. She holds him.

**ELIZABETH**  
No more nightmares for you, young man.

**BRIAN**  
But I'll still dream.

**ELIZABETH**  
I know.

**BRIAN**  
I'll dream about Boston, and the ships and the candy store... and I'll dream about you, Grandma.

She hugs him to her, tears in her eyes.

**ELIZABETH**  
And I'll dream about you, Brian.

**INT. COLLEEN'S ROOM - DAY EIGHTEEN**

Colleen finishes packing her case, clasping it shut, when Elizabeth knocks at the open door.

**ELIZABETH**  
May I come in?

**COLLEEN**  
'Course.

Colleen looks around the room wistfully.

**ELIZABETH**  
It's a lovely room, isn't it?

**COLLEEN**  
Sure is.

**ELIZABETH**  
Well, it's yours any time you care to visit.

Colleen turns to Elizabeth and hugs her...

**COLLEEN**  
Thanks, Grandma.

...but pulls back, serious.

**COLLEEN**  
(continuing) Is it rude to ask to stay longer than a visit?

**ELIZABETH**  
What do you mean, dear?

**COLLEEN**  
School.

**ELIZABETH**  
Finishing school? Of course...

**COLLEEN**  
(interrupts) No... medical school.

A beat. Then Elizabeth smiles, and the smile turns to a chuckle. She embraces Colleen.

**ELIZABETH**

Like mother, like daughter.

**EXT. BOSTON TRAIN STATION - DAY EIGHTEEN**

The family carriage pulls to a halt in front, the driver quick to help Mike and the kids from the coach and retrieve their luggage from the boot. Rebecca steps out with them, then helps Elizabeth down, who promptly announces to all...

**ELIZABETH**

I abhor scenes on railway platforms. We shall say our good-byes here.

Mike and Rebecca exchange a knowing look. Colleen and Brian hug Elizabeth, who then turns to Matthew. He hesitates, but then unexpectedly hugs her, too, whispering something the others can't hear.

**MATTHEW**

I was wrong.

**ELIZABETH**

(sotto voce) About what?

**MATTHEW**

You.

She nods, hugs him back. They part. Finally, she turns to Mike.

**ELIZABETH**

Soon?

**MIKE**

Soon.

They smile at one another, then, before Mike can see the rising tears, Elizabeth turns abruptly and gets back into the carriage with the driver's help.

A porter has come up and starts loading their luggage. Rebecca hugs the children, as their train is announced by a dispatcher.

Rebecca and Mike embrace warmly. Mike and the children follow the porter through the crowd, looking back, waving, then disappearing inside the station...

## **EXT. COLORADO SPRINGS STREET - DAY NINETEEN**

**It's a usual day, with the usual people, the usual coming and going -- until the stage rolls into town, circling the fire tower and stopping in front of the general store.**

**Loren comes out to meet it, as do several others, including Horace from the telegraph office. When the door opens, and Mike steps out, followed by the children, there's a spontaneous burst of greetings. Even Loren can't hide his delight at their return. The word of their arrival spreads instantly. Even Hank and Jake saunter over.**

**Much hugging and greeting, lots of exclamations and questions, but all the while Mike is slightly distracted, scanning the crowd for someone other than those present.**

**Finally, she gives up, and directs her attention to those around her and the logistics of luggage. She's checking some packages they've brought along, as they're being lowered from atop the stage, when she spots someone down the street.**

### **MIKE'S POV / SULLY**

**as he walks toward them. She stops what she's doing, watching him come closer. As he nears, the kids become aware of him and look from Mike to Sully and back again to Mike, holding their breath. The others pick up on the tension and focus on the impending reunion.**

**When Sully get about twenty feet away, Mike's emotions overpower propriety, and she runs toward him... and into his arms. He holds her tight.**

### **ON MIKE AND SULLY**

**She buries her face in his chest, hanging on for dear life, but then she looks up into his eyes and leans in to whisper...**

**MIKE**  
**I love you, too.**

### **OFF MIKE AND SULLY**

**PULL BACK TO INCLUDE THE WHOLE OF THE TOWN...**

**FADE OUT:**

## END ACT FOUR

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