DIVINE ACCIDENT

An Original Screenplay
by
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EXCERPT:

EXT. LAKE GALILEE COOPERATIVE -- NIGHT

In the moonlight, Judah stands in knee-high reeds beside a
narrow tributary that empties into Lake Galilee. He holds a
fishing rod, a rudimentary hand-whittled willow branch.

                    JUDAH
          I regret saying some of the things I
          said at the debate.

                    YOUNG HARRY (O.S.)
          Like what?

                    JUDAH
          Come on, man. That comment about
          turning babies over to God. That's
          provocative bullshit.

                    YOUNG HARRY (O.S.)
          They were every bit as provocative
          as you were. Civil discourse is
          impossible when your opponent's son
          is threatening to kill you.

                    JUDAH
          Nevertheless. It was a stupid
          comment.

Judah looks over his shoulder at a kitchen window on the
second floor of the lodge. Young Harry follows his gaze
with the camera.

Inside the kitchen, Joseph lowers the window blind
completely.

                    JUDAH (CONT'D)
          Father said he would lower the blind
          halfway if I won...all the way to
          the sill if I lost.

Young Harry moves the camera back to Judah.

Judah picks two stalks of bench asparagus and snaps off the
muddy bases. He slips one stalk into his mouth and offers
the other to Young Harry.

JUDAH (CONT'D)
          Break bread with me, Harry.

Young Harry holds a fishing net in the same hand with which
he receives the asparagus. He crunches the wild vegetable
between his teeth.

Deeply in thought, Judah squats and captures a cricket. He
attaches it to his hook and lowers it into the water. He
creates some slack in his line and allows the buoyant insect
to drift downstream.

                    YOUNG HARRY (O.S.)
          For a guy who never actually wanted
          to be the mayor, you seem awfully
          disappointed.

                    JUDAH
          Ego, I suppose.
               (pause)
          You know what upset me the most?
          Prince's attack ads. He called me
          promiscuous. A deadbeat. An anti-
          American tax evader.

                    YOUNG HARRY (O.S.)
          That's politics.

                    JUDAH
          That's dishonest.

                    YOUNG HARRY (O.S.)
          Yep. You seem to have forgotten
          that your objective was to save Lake
          Galilee.

                    JUDAH
          Do you think we accomplished that?

                    YOUNG HARRY (O.S.)
          Time will tell. But you got more
          publicity than Gore and Bush.

An aggressive shadow shoots to the surface and vacuums the
bait into its mouth. Judah's willow rod bends dramatically
until he is able to release more line that allows the fish
to run into the main body of the lake.

Judah runs through the reeds in an effort to keep up with
the speed of the fish. Young Harry does his best to follow
with the camera and the net.

EXT. LAKESHORE -- NIGHT

The fish swims back and forth, parallel to the shore. Judah
controls its course with his rod.

                    JUDAH
               (breathlessly)
          Do you fish?

                    YOUNG HARRY (O.S.)
               (also breathlessly)
          A little, I guess.

                    JUDAH
          What's the biggest cutthroat trout
          you've ever seen?

                    YOUNG HARRY (O.S.)
          A foot probably.

                    JUDAH
          Wait 'til you see this.

Judah guides his prize into the shore water. Young Harry is
shocked at its size.

                    YOUNG HARRY (O.S.)
          Whoa! Should I net him?

                    JUDAH
          Her. She's a female. About twenty-
          four inches and twelve pounds, I'd
          say.

Still operating the camera, Young Harry clumsily stabs at
the elusive fish with the net.

                    JUDAH (CONT'D)
          You know, when I was in Amsterdam, I
          saw law abiding citizens unashamedly
          smoking marijuana on street corners.

Young Harry finally nets the fish.

JUDAH (CONT'D)
          Men negotiated with prostitutes in
          broad daylight.

                    YOUNG HARRY (O.S.)
          What's your point?

                    JUDAH
          Nature manages itself, without the
          intervention of meddlesome, rich
          moralists dressed in expensive
          suits.

Judah squats and captures his prize with skilled hands.

                    JUDAH (CONT'D)
          You'll never see a cutthroat like
          this in a managed lake...much less
          catch one.

Judah frees her lip from the hook.

                    YOUNG HARRY (O.S.)
          How do you explain *your* success?

                    JUDAH
          She and I have a deal. I satisfy my
          primal lust for the hunt, she gets
          an appetizer and a workout. The way
          I look at it, I'm facilitating the
          ecosystem.

                    YOUNG HARRY (O.S.)
          Now that's a fish story.

Judah guides her back into the rippling tide, massaging her
back until her senses are restored. With one stroke of her
tail, she disappears.