

**INCLEMENT WEATHER**

with elements from original  
children's stories "The Cupless King,"  
"Zirkus," and "02 and the Reality Pilots"

by

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inspired by  
Hurricane Charley, 2004

FADE IN:

**EXT. COSMOS - INITIUM OF SILENCE - SENTIENCE - LIGHT**

FROM THE HEAVENS - A VOWEL, a perfect BELL TONE pervading the infinite vastness of CONSCIOUSNESS.

PURE FLOWING EXPANSIVENESS - a gentle soaring through a LIGHT FIELD -- an entity, ALL OF SOUND in a GEOMETRY OF LIGHT.

TOTAL PRESENCE - a high master breathing, inhaling and exhaling.

BELL TONE sound WAVES becoming LIGHT becoming SOUND --

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. MESOSPHERE - METEOROLOGICAL DOPPLER - TIMELESS**

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING OVER AN ORCHESTRA OF STRINGS.

The MUSIC of SPACE WEATHER, a storm gathering in the heavens, falling onto earth.

TITLE SEQUENCE (atmospheric): Etherial spinning of parabolic music forms, cloud patterns forming an arabesque weather system, shaping into the twirl of a gossamer ballerina, unwinding a story from a spool of pictorial tableau, pages from a storyworld about to unfold.

**EXT. TROPOSPHERE (35,000 FEET) - CARIBBEAN SEA - DAY**

TWO LOCKHEED (WP-3D Orion) NOAA "P-3" JETS on the horizon. "Hurricane Hunter" logos visible against a swirling hurricane funnel -- through the hatch, a dropsonde falling into

EYE OF STORM.

END TITLE SEQUENCE.

**INT. NOAA HURRICANE HUNTERS - DAY (STORM FOOTAGE, ARCHIVAL) (AUGUST 9, 2004)**

IN-FLIGHT SCREEN - atmospheric data from dropsonde.

CONTINUED:

FLIGHT DIRECTOR  
(over headset)  
Tracking... tropical depression  
II, on the horizon.

ON BOARD - a pilot, navigator, two engineers, two technicians, and flight director (aka meteorologist) collaborate, like gears in a Swiss watch, managing radar screens, fixed probes particle sensors, parachute enabled dropsonde data, and aircraft nav and com.

COCKPIT - MASSIVE AERIAL VIEW of tropical depression II in formation.

NAVIGATOR  
(to onboard crew)  
Look at that baby, it's 300 miles  
across.

EDGE OF HORIZON - thunder halos spark across the blackened sky. View of a jetliner above the massive weather system.

PAN TO:

**EXT. TROPOSPHERE (30,000 FEET) - GULF OF MEXICO - DAY**

FLY-BY AERIALS - as jetliner moves into storm front, banks of rain clouds, thunder and lightning.

PUSH ACROSS WINGSPAN

**INT. PASSENGER JET - WINDOW SEAT - CONTINUOUS**

THROUGH A WINDOW - where CURTIS VALERO (24), swarthy and sunbaked, tilts his head into a view of tropical depression II on the horizon.

SUDDEN TURBULENCE

AN OLD WOMAN (60's) in the aisle seat observes Curtis - his eyes clutched on the horizon, holding a tattered sketchbook, the cover a hand-wrought moniker:

INSERT - OLDE ENGLISH CALLIGRAPHY, "The Cupless King."

More TURBULENCE - a flash of light, triggering

GALLOP OF HORSES (audio pre-lap)

CONTINUED:

DAYDREAM (3D ANIMATED TALE), *"The Cupless King of Vidéo,"*  
a photorealistic cartoon using chiaroscuro and naturalism  
enhanced by tertiary color:

**EXT. KINGDOM OF VIDÉO - WOODLAND TERRITORY - DAY (HEAVY  
RAIN)**

A little boy, PRINCE VIDÉO (8), riding with his father,  
KING VIDÉO (54), in a carriage, horse drawn across a deep  
forest.

**INT. CARRIAGE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)**

PRINCE

*But Pa'pa.* Why must you leave?

KING

There was a place where I once had  
tea as a boy, like yourself.

The horses are reined to a gait.

KING (CONT'D)

I felt great wisdom in the tea  
that had been presented to me.

Holding the boy's hand.

KING (CONT'D)

I at once knew my duty, which is a  
difficult thing to know. I fear  
all around us there is unrest. Yet  
I know not what I must do.

The horses come to a pause.

KING (CONT'D)

I'm afraid I must leave you to  
keep your mother. I see ruin  
coming to our land.

PRINCE

(distressed)

And what of the Kingdom, father,  
should you not return?

The King unlatches the door for the Prince.

CONTINUED:

KING

If by some fate I do not return,  
and you grow to be a man, you will  
behold the Kingdom and cherish it.  
For there is goodness despite what  
you may see. And it is only from  
goodness that change can come.

The Prince steps off the carriage rail. A small cottage  
stands in the distance.

KING (CONT'D)

A path awaits me I fear I cannot  
escape.

Caressing his son's hand, as a Gentry (50's) with  
umbrella shields the boy from the rain.

KING (CONT'D)

(over the falling  
rain)

You, my Prince, may one day be  
summoned to use your judgement.  
And if you do not know that some  
men have no cup from which to know  
their own truth, then you cannot  
behold that enemies will only be  
those whom you have not yet  
befriended.

PRINCE

*Please, pa'pa! Who will grant me  
my grace? If I am to learn, take  
me with you.*

The horses are charged.

KING

My word, Prince, by messenger. A  
king *must* know the time.  
(to driver)  
*Go...!*

The Prince in tears leaves the Gentry's side, chasing the  
carriage into the storm.

END DAYDREAM.

**INT. PASSENGER JET - CABIN - DAY (CONTINUOUS)**

CURTIS SLEEPING - a blinding light through the cabin  
window, marking his countenance with revery.

CONTINUED:

A flight attendant delivers ginger ale and peanuts to an OLD WOMAN (60's). Curtis awakened by the commotion begins drawing.

CAPTAIN

If it's your first time visiting  
SW Florida, you'll be joining us  
in the middle of hurricane season.

(brief static)

To the left side of the plane,  
just off the wing span, you can  
see the edge of Bonnie over the  
Gulf of Mexico.

CURTIS' POV - out the window, the edge of the storm --  
lightning crosses the sky.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Atlantic hurricane season  
officially starts June 1st, and we  
get the worst of it by the end of  
November.

The Old Woman stares at Curtis' sketchbook.

INSERT - Abridged title (sketchbook cover): "Cupless...".

Curtis indeed appears to be "cupless." His t-shirt now  
visibly worn. His khakis frayed at the hem. His feet  
tethered in sandals of hemp.

CUT TO:

**EXT. SOUTHWEST FLORIDA - GULF COAST (AERIALS) - MORNING**

A VAST EXPANSE of COASTLINE bordering the GULF OF MEXICO,  
an enormous ocean of deep blue and green.

THE WHIRL of a NOAA (National Oceanic and Atmospheric  
Association) HELICOPTER over

PILOT'S BIRD'S EYE VIEW - waterways and barrier islands.

KEEWAYDIN ISLAND, an off-grid beach house settlement,

then OLD NAPLES, a historic neighborhood surrounded by a  
stretch of coconut palms and beach evergreens, where on a

BEACH HORIZON a woman floats 100 feet from the shoreline,  
hovering above the ocean current.

CONTINUED:

IN CLOSER to reveal the DRIFTING SILHOUETTE (a modern Ophelia) stretched across a bed of shimmering waves.

CUT TO:

**EXT. VALERO RESIDENCE - MORNING (STORMY)**

A boating neighborhood off the Gordon River, that connects to Naples Bay and the Gulf of Mexico.

A rustic one-story ranch situated on a cul-de-sac lot, without any apparent landscaping or groundskeeping.

**INT. VALERO RESIDENCE - KITCHEN (CONTINUOUS)**

in a state of remodel, with exposed wood framing and missing appliances.

MAGGIE VALERO (42), makes coffee, barefoot in a robe.

MAGGIE  
(on the phone; sotto)  
But where's he gonna stay?

RUDY (V.O.)  
In the spare room.

MAGGIE  
For how long?

INTERCUT:

**EXT. FIFTH AVE - PARKING LOT/INT. RUDY'S SHOE SALON - DAY (CONTINUOUS)**

RUDY  
(on cell phone)  
I don't know. Why can't he just stay with us?

RUDY VALERO (55), a well dressed man, packs his car with shoe boxes - pushing a hand truck back to the stockroom.

MAGGIE (V.O.)  
He's a grown man.

LIVING ROOM

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

(pacing)

I don't want a grown man in my house.

STOCKROOM - sorting boxes.

RUDY

A couple weeks. OK?

LIVING ROOM - ON THE TV, SUPER: "Tropical Storm Warning."

MAGGIE

(reaching for remote)

I'm not running a hotel, Rudy.

Tell him he can stay with Dennis.

Maggie abruptly ends call.

RUDY

Maggie...? *You there?*

END INTERCUT.

ON RUDY - IN STOREFRONT WINDOW - Rudy arranges summer sandals in a shell pattern, presenting an array of tropical pastels, with straw and neon totes.

PULL BACK

**EXT. OLD NAPLES - FIFTH AVE SOUTH - DAY**

from same window, to a SIGN above the awning: "Rudy's Shoe Salon." Rudy in the display window flirting with the passing lady window shoppers.

PUSH OUT to reveal an upscale destination shopping district just blocks from the beach. Sidewalks made of limestone pavers, framed by herbaceous florals and manicured Royal Coconut Palms.

SUPER: "NAPLES, FL, 2004, HURRICANE SEASON."

Further down the avenue, tourists gather where the Visitor's TV News van makes a hub for a news segment.

ON THE SIDEWALK the local news crew takes their place.

The V'TV WEATHER GIRL (25), a cross between the Morton Salt girl and the Starbuck's mermaid, in a yellow rubber dress, introduces us to hurricane season.



CONTINUED:

WEATHER GIRL

You might be wondering why I'm dressed in a rubber sundress, but if you've ever been through hurricane season, you probably know an umbrella is about as useful as a fork in a bowl of soup.

The V'TV News Assistant brings over a bucket of water, and hovers it in her general direction.

WEATHER GIRL (CONT'D)

(modeling angles of  
her dress and shoes)

This dress is made from recycled rain coats. And with a pair of jellies, you just might beat off Moby Dick, or any other whale of a storm that comes our way.

Gracefully acknowledging the loaded water bucket --

WEATHER GIRL (CONT'D)

As you can see a storm can come at any time. So if you forget your umbrella, with this hurricane dress, you will have full body armor against puddles, rain clouds, and...

The Weather Girl withstands a whole bucket of water mid-sentence.

WEATHER GIRL (CONT'D)

...sidewalk tsunamis! Oahhh...!

(regaining her  
composure)

I'm the Weather Girl, and that's the latest look at hurricane fashion.

(shaking it off)

Don't let the rain drops get you down. More hurricane coverage coming up after these messages!

FURTHER DOWN THE SIDEWALK - THROUGH A WINDOW

**INT. SEASIDE NATURAL CAFE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)**

four ladies of leisure seated at a lunch table.

CONTINUED:

MS. RITA BAKER (62), FRANCES, JEANNE and WILMA (each in their 50's or 60's), hold court at a table for five.

The dining room framed by a wraparound mural with pastel ocean vignettes, hints of rich brass, bamboo wainscoting and ornamental potted varietals of fern and ficus.

A BARTENDER (30's) in black tie takes drink orders from the social ladies group. There is an EMPTY RATTAN CHAIR.

360 CAMEO OF THE LADIES - in a circle of motion, as each lady places her drink order, introduced with

MOTION FREEZE and ONSCREEN SUPERS (geographical storm stats with graphics of storm path):

Hurricane Rita, September 18-26, 2005, 180 MPH, Category 5, \$12 Billion in damages --

Hurricane Frances, August 24 - September 10, 2004, 145MPH, Category 4, \$9.8 Billion in damages --

Hurricane Jeanne, September 13-19, 2004, 120 MPH, Category 3, \$7.66 Billion in damages;

Hurricane Wilma, October 16-27, 2005, 185 MPH, Category 5, \$29.4 Billion in damages.

END MOTION FREEZE.

ON VERA (66), a well-tailored matron, making her way to the service bar. Her style classic, yet descriptive of the chic from the 1960's: feminine, graphic and bold.

Vera observes the typical Floridian style, Lilly Pulitzer, Pappagallo, Laura Ashley, of an age group nearing extinction -- which she obviously defies.

VERA'S POV (in earshot) - the ladies (primarily of Southern U.S. origin and dialect) make gossip.

The Bartender taking drink orders --

RITA

She didn't order anything last time.

(to Bartender)

*Whisky sour.*

FRANCES

(to Rita)

*Should I have a chardonnay?*

CONTINUED:

JEANNE

Didn't she say she was going to  
the doctor?

The Bartender makes his way around the table.

WILMA

She didn't say anything to me.  
(to Bartender)  
*Gin and tonic.*

FRANCES

It's not like Ester to be rude!  
(to Wilma)  
*Should I have a Martini, or a  
Margarita?*

WILMA

-- *or forgetful.*  
(to Bartender)  
She'll have the Margarita, and  
I'll have the Martini.

The Bartender makes a correction.

JEANNE

I'm telling you it's a health  
problem.  
(to Bartender)  
*Orange juice - with lots of vodka.*

RITA

I'm sure she's just under the  
weather.

The ladies continue to gossip about EMPTY RATTAN CHAIR.

INSERT - ON THE BAR, NAPLES DAILY NEWS HEADLINE:  
"Tropical Storm Bonnie headed to Gulf of Mexico."

The Bartender appears behind the counter. Vera stands  
half-cocked to the ladies.

VERA

(looks at headline)  
What's the news on Bonnie?

BARTENDER

They evacuated the Gulf of Mexico,  
all the oil rigs and platforms are  
shut down now. They're predicting  
Bonnie will become a hurricane  
before it makes landfall.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

But it was stalled for a week in  
the Caribbean, so you never know.

Vera hands the bartender payment.

VERA

Makes you wonder, what's the  
perfect conditions for a  
hurricane?

**EXT. OLD NAPLES - SHORELINE - DAY (A MOMENT LATER)**

SEAGULLS BARKING over scattered seashells, and white  
sugar sand washed by the agitated SURF.

A woman, MS. ESTER BRIDGES (54), pallid and frail,  
emerges from her ocean ritual, then packs a faded beach  
blanket, as a gust of WIND RATTLES through the SEA OATS.

HAND TO HER BROW - against the incoming clouds, she  
checks the horizon. A shift in wind direction catches her  
hat and sarong, as cloud banks push into the shore.

**EXT. OLD NAPLES - CLAPBOARD COTTAGE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)**

Ester vanishes up a long gravel driveway, overgrown by  
untended vegetation. An old dog, GEORGIE, greets her on  
the footpath. Ester follows the trail around the building  
to a cathedral of tall pines at her BACK DOOR.

ON THE FRONT STOOP - Ester's reaches through the door for  
the newspaper delivery.

INSERT - "NAPLES GAZETTE, MORNING EDITION, August 9,  
2004," the headline, "CATATROPHIC BONNIE, ARE YOU READY?"

**EXT. OLD NAPLES/INT. MERCEDES (TRAVELING) - DAY**

Rudy navigates seasonal traffic in a late model Mercedes,  
tuned to CLASSICAL.

Suddenly, the TAIL FIN of a VINTAGE CADILLAC as it  
changes lanes -- from RIGHT TO CENTER TO LEFT TURNING  
LANE, carving a BLUR across Rudy's right of way.

RUDY

Hey, watch the fender, gramma. I  
still have car payments.

Rudy veers, then chases after her, passing other drivers.

CONTINUED:

RUDY'S POV - an out of state plate --

RUDY (CONT'D)  
 (reading plate)  
 "OHIO, The Birthplace of  
 Aviation."  
 (as if she could hear  
 him)  
*Snowbird...!* At your age, and  
 still driving like a teenager.

At the INTERSECTION, Rudy inches up to the car -- where a LITTLE OLD LADY (85), not more than a cured head of cotton candy, hangs onto the steering wheel, oblivious she is spread over two lanes of traffic.

Rudy turns up the RADIO --

WAVE FM DJ (V.O.)  
 It's official, Tropical Depression  
 #2 has been upgraded to Tropical  
 Storm Bonnie.

the Little Old Lady making a WIDE TURN -- clipping oncoming traffic, causing two cars to SCREECH, HONK, and SWERVE.

Rudy averts the early morning incident --

RUDY  
 Within an inch of my life. And to  
 think, she's probably somebody's  
 mother.

URNS UP the RADIO station.

WAVE FM DJ (V.O.)  
 Hold onto your hats if you're at  
 the beach, winds could get up to  
 40 MPH.

Rudy pulls into a driveway at an old clapboard cottage -- a special order shoebox in the passenger seat.

**EXT. OLD NAPLES - 23RD STREET BEACH - DAY (CLOUDY/GUSTY)**

The stares out the windshield at the darkening sky.

Coconut palms and dunes frame an ocean view, an Impressionist painting in hues of aqua, oat and lapis -- as Rudy gets out of his car.

ACROSS THE STREET

Rudy knocks on the jalousie door of a clapboard cottage.

RUDY

*Morning, Ms. Baker...!*

*(cat calling her)*

*You didn't have me drive all this way to sit on your porch, now?*

MS. BAKER (V.O.)

*(from behind the door)*

*I'm comin'...!*

The door swings open from the pull of a crosswind. MS. BAKER (87) is a vision of Sunday glory, in her long chiffon daffodil dress.

RUDY

*(sizing her up)*

*I didn't think this was going to be a date.*

**INT. MS. BAKER'S COTTAGE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)**

MS. BAKER

*I need to try on the shoes with my dress, don't I? Come on in...*

RUDY

*Say, what do you make of all this weather? Is it gonna be a hurricane?*

MS. BAKER

*My daughter knows more about the news. She's on the grapevine.*

RUDY

*You know I'm on the fence about the grapevine, but is she single? I'm trying to find someone for my boy.*

MS. BAKER

*She's fifty six, now. How old is your boy?*

Rudy takes out a picture of Curtis.

CONTINUED:

RUDY

This is him in high school.

MS. BAKER

If he's in high school, he's much too young. It'd be like me going out on a date with you.

RUDY

He's in college now. But my other boy is in high school.

Rudy shows Ms. Baker a picture of Dennis.

MS. BAKER

How many you got? And how old are they?

RUDY

Too many. And the last one turns eighteen in a month. We already threw him out of the house though. Well,... *his stepmom did.*

Rudy unboxes the shoe and sets it on her foot.

MS. BAKER

(settling her foot)

A boy needs his momma. You send him to me.

RUDY

*She's in heaven...* I think you're right, a boy does need his momma.

Rudy shows a picture of his first wife to Ms. Baker.

MS. BAKER

(having a good look  
at the photo)

Fortunately, they look just like her.

RUDY

She was suffering a lot, though. After a while that's all she knew. That's all *they* knew. They were just kids. Good doctor's here, though. Expensive.

(whispering)

My wife is a private duty nurse, she supports me. I guess I was lucky twice.

CONTINUED:

Shows a picture of his second wife.

MS. BAKER

If I need a nurse, I'll let you know. I'll take the shoes.

Re-boxing the shoes for Ms. Baker.

RUDY

You need anything at all, you let me know.

Rudy writes his number on the back of a business card, and places it in the shoe box.

MS. BAKER

Thank you, Rudy.

RUDY

I'm just a few blocks away. Call me anytime.

**EXT. MS. BAKER'S COTTAGE - DAY (OVERCAST)**

WIND CHIMES COLLIDE from a gust of wind. Rudy walks out the front porch, and dials a number on his phone.

MISE EN SCENE - FROM THE PORCH:

THREE BUILDINGS bear relationship on a SINGLE DIVIDED LOT, which maintains its own PRIVATE ROAD:

- 1) the main house with a front porch on the Baker tract, facing the private road;
- 2) the small cottage with it's own driveway, also facing the private road;
- 3) the cabin, set back from both buildings, with its entrance facing the Bridges' back door.

BOY ON HIS BIKE (TRACKING) - travels up the private road past the

BRIDGES' COTTAGE - A pair of worn canvas Keds on a front stoop, with a dirt ball lap dog curled up beside them -- eyes guarding the shoes.

Then FURTHER UP THE ROAD past a grounded skiffer shrouded by canvas, where a small cabin hides behind it.



CONTINUED:

And UP THE BACK DRIVEWAY, where he tosses his bike, by the porch steps, and dashes behind a screen door, leaving the rear wheel spinning to the SONG of a WIND CHIME.

ON RUDY - The call goes to voicemail.

RUDY

Dennis, don't forget to pick up  
your brother at the airport.

In the distance, behind Rudy, a "FOR RENT" sign.

Rudy dials another number.

**INT. VALERO RESIDENCE - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY**

MAGGIE puts all of Curtis' belongings in a garbage bag, and sets them outside the garage door.

ANSWERING MACHINE in b.g.

RUDY (V.O.)

*Maggie, pick up...*

ANGLE ON FRIDGE - A note: "Curtis, Airport, 11:00 AM."

The washing machine starts rocking back and forth

BANGING LOUDLY! A SIGN above the washing machine: "DEUX  
EX MACHINA, a quarter per load."

A PICTURE of Maggie and Dennis on the fridge celebrating a birthday.

MATCH CUT AUDIO:

**EXT. GORDON RIVER SANCTUARY - WINDING TRAIL - DAY**

NATURALISTIC WILDLIFE SOUND AND FOOTAGE (HANDHELD):

Curtis treks through a dense jungle-like fauna, spotted with wild orchids, and the CALL of hidden EVERGREEN CREATURES.

He squats at the River's edge searching the still dark waters -- then stirs the calm surface with a twig.

TO HIS BACK

CONTINUED:

ENGRAVED WOOD SIGN: "Critical Habitat, Trichechus Manatus, endangered species, Conservancy of SW Florida."

PAN TO ADJACENT SIGN: "Naples Zoo," over a "graphic arrow" indicating a path in the opposite direction.

For a moment, Curtis looks like a grown Tarzan, leaning over the river bank into his reflection.

The PADDLE of ESCALATING WINDS push against amphibious mangroves and oversize tropical cabbage palm.

WILD SCREECHES of ARBOREAL WILD LIFE.

Suddenly, from under the black ripple, a 2,000 pound mammal grazes the surface.

Curtis, delighted, extends his palm -- then walks down the trail.

FROM THE TREES - the PRIMATES (CGI) each make PANTING and PURRING noises, expressing both curiosity and delight.

Three Siamang come down from the trees, and two lemurs hang from branches.

LEMUR #1

(barking)

COAAAAA...! oooooaoooh,aAAAA...!!

SIAMANG #2

I knew his mother. She held me as a baby. She was a true Siamang spirit. A person of kindness.

SIAMANG #1

(from a tree)

I am delighted by your observation. Humans are, however, species *between* dimensions.

SIAMANG #3

One might think Earth does not care for us. That we are left here to defend ourselves. But the *arboreal* leaped to the sky. And those who *breached* the aerial will reach a new realm.

SIAMANG #1

It is those who *bridge* the *aerial*, who will reach the *etherial* -- as we once climbed from the waters.

CONTINUED:

SIAMANG #2

It is indeed a greater habitat  
where knowledge resides. But he  
must choose his nature. If he is  
to be good, let him. But there is  
no respite from predation, in any  
of the realms.

The lemurs look surprised --

LEMUR #1

CoooAAAAA...! aAAAA...!!

LEMUR #2

OOOAA...! oooCaAAAA...!!

LEMUR #2 (CONT'D)

(to Siamangs)

This cannot be true? What species  
preys on man?

LEMUR #2 (CONT'D)

Why is he here? Why come all this  
distance?

SIAMANG #1

Should the oceans rise, man will  
have to reach higher.

SIAMANG #3

It is only by *virtue* that man can  
understand his true place. The  
phantoms, here too, prey upon the  
mind of men.

SIAMANG #2

A true spirit stands on principle -  
- and this makes his habitat the  
etherial -- a harbor taken in the  
storm.

LEMUR #1

"Sir, please, tell me, what  
phantoms?"

We hear the call of one specific SONG BIRD (which will be  
memorable), and the TRILL of a TREE FROG --

MATCH TO:

**INT. NAPLES HIGH SCHOOL - THEATRE CLASSROOM - DAY**

Classmates rehearse a scene by a realistic COURTYARD  
FOUNTAIN.

CONTINUED:

DENNIS (18) plays viola beautifully, courting EMILY (17) with a chorus, then trades his bow for her hand.

Two lovers, side-by-side, stare into a GURGLING FOUNTAIN filled with sparkling coins.

Emily pulls away, and mimes a wish with a sweeping gesture -- taking from Dennis a lonely coin, from a pocket turned inside out -- placing it in Dennis' hand, then cupping it, before making a wish with a single toss.

DENNIS

Empty wallet, laughing heart.

EMILY

Does it mean that we will always  
be happy?

Dennis chases Emily abruptly around the fountain -- then pauses to reflect, pulling Emily into his embrace.

DENNIS

If thoughts make happiness, my  
wallet is full.

With the fountain as their theatre, two thespians, Dennis (a suitor) and Emily (a maiden), break into prose, in Elizabethan dialect -- their DUET also heard in VIOLA.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

(inflecting mishap)

We cannot escape that my affection  
for you is hinged on an  
arrangement. Who will carry my  
tuition? My relic for relief?

EMILY

(wisp of hand to a  
perched chest)

A *string and bow*? Is there nothing  
more to our love? Do I not sink  
your heart beyond aspiration?

Emily takes respite at the edge of the fountain --

DENNIS

I can only take your love if it  
amuses me. And I see nothing but  
empty wishes.

now, evidently, saddened.

CONTINUED:

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
(glancing coyly;  
andante)  
Shall I offer my love to a  
fountain of tears?

THUNDER IN THE SKY - EMILY GRABS DENNIS BY THE HAND.

EMILY  
(taking the cue)  
Thunder in the sky brings sobs of  
joy from the heavens.

Dennis places his hand under Emily's palm -- then gives  
her another coin. This time Dennis makes a wish.

DENNIS  
We can only create what we cannot  
not possess. Our love will belong  
to the stars. Should our love be  
flawed, this moment will last  
forever.

EMILY  
Then we shall have joy, a more  
common love between us.

DENNIS  
A fleeting love, like meteors  
crashing in the night sky, a love  
burning bright? How untouchable.

He wipes a mock tear from Emily's eye -- then, in a  
moment, a real one. Dennis, at once, pulls away from  
Emily leaving her in her sadness --

Dennis grabs his viola, and begins walking off set.

EMILY  
(breaking character)  
*That's it?* You're just going to  
break up with me?

DENNIS  
Yeah. Your dad's rich. And if I'm  
anything like my brother, I'm  
destined to live by my wits.

The class begins CLAPPING.

CONTINUED:

TEACHER

The script says, "Two sprites  
vanishing into the courtyard"?

DENNIS

(to teacher)

Seems unlikely we're going the  
same direction.

(to Emily)

I have to go to the airport. And  
Emily is going to go shopping,  
somewhere.

Class is officially disrupted. Evidently theatre has  
become reality.

EMILY

Wait, Dennis, I *want* to go with  
you. Don't I get to meet Curtis?  
What if I want to live *on my wits*,  
with you?

CUT TO:

**EXT. OLD NAPLES SURF SHOP - DAY**

The Weather Girl stands in front of a local surf shop,  
wearing a tropical pattern wetsuit, positioned next to a  
vertical stack of nine foot long boards.

WEATHER GIRL

There are three main causes of  
destruction in a hurricane. Wind  
speed. Storm surge. And torrential  
rains.

INTERCUT:

**INT. ASHLEY'S SHOE SALON - STOCK ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)**

Vera watches the news segment on a TV mounted over the  
workbench.

ONSCREEN - SAME

WEATHER GIRL (V.O.)

Ninety percent of all fatalities  
from a hurricane are due to storm  
surge.

CONTINUED:

Moving across the sidewalk -- towards

WEATHER GIRL

When hurricanes travel across the ocean, they push a lot of water around. This force can change the normal tide you enjoy at the beach into a 20 foot wave --

an alley that stands between the Surf Shop --

BACK TO SCENE:

**EXT. OLD NAPLES - 7-11 PARKING LOT - DAY (CONTINUOUS)**

and the 7-11, both free-standing buildings, a couple blocks from the beach.

WEATHER GIRL

(to camera man)

If there's a 20 foot wave coming at you, you better hope you're either a professional surfer --

(gesturing back to the surf shop)

or inside a submarine -- if you can find one.

(going wide in the alley)

A twenty foot wave would be twice the size of this building.

(showcasing the roofline)

Even if you were wearing a life jacket, once the wave hits, it would be like you were trapped inside an underwater roller-coaster... And that's not a ride you want to get on.

**INT. ASHLEY'S SHOE SALON - STOCK ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)**

Rudy walks in as Vera is working on her salad.

RUDY

(re: television)

The meteorologists are getting better looking.

Vera whacks Rudy with a towel from the workbench.

ONSCREEN -- THE WEATHER REPORT BREAKS FOR A COMMERCIAL.

RUDY  
(grabbing his salad)  
How am I supposed to learn about  
natural disasters if the teacher's  
not attractive?

Rudy, however in jest, displays an indulgent gender bias.

VERA  
Is hurricane safety the new beauty  
trend, Rudy?

RUDY  
(digging it)  
That's a great idea for the  
window, Vera. That's why I pay for  
your lunch.

VERA  
You pay for my lunch Rudy, because  
I used to pay for yours, when you  
worked for me -- *last year*.

RUDY  
(eating his salad)  
*Was that last year?*

CUT TO:

**EXT. VALERO RESIDENCE - BACKYARD - DAY (STORMY)**

Curtis arrives at the edge of the wooded house, off the river trail. He walks past a kayak, to a small shed -- it's empty.

Behind the house is a river dock, mature trees that covet sunlight, and ground cover overtaken by weeds the size of bushes.

Against a country fence there are random wildflowers. A neighbor stares over the edge, harboring a look of panic.

CURTIS  
(strutting through  
the yard)  
Hi, Ms. Graham. How are you?

Startled, she continues with her raking -- taking a second, more curious than alarmed now.



## FRONTYARD

All the years of his life in a garbage bag, jettisoned to the curb. Curtis sorts through the bag: t-shirts, drawings, a composition book -- just a gust of wind pushes the pages of a vintage journal into view.

Curtis hovers over the pages as they reveal:

SOUND OF HORSES (pre-lap)

DAYDREAM (3D ANIMATED TALE):

**EXT. WOODLAND TERRITORY - CARRIAGE - FALL OF NIGHT**

The King walks out of the carriage toward a small house, with his KNIGHT OF COUNSEL (50's).

**INT. CARRIAGE HOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)**

A provincial room facing the road.

A scuffle of eyes and VOICES from the kitchen.

KING

Tea, please.

A MAIDEN (20's) serves the King.

MAIDEN

May it please *thee* King.

COUNSEL

Is this not the place, your Majesty?

KING

It has the vague presence I recall, yet there is no memory.  
(inhaling tea)  
I do not believe I know this fragrance.

The King ponders, though his cup is null.

COUNSEL

(gesturing to cup)  
*Maiden, please...*

The Maiden removes the teacup.

CONTINUED:

COUNSEL (CONT'D)

Your Majesty, if I may help the  
King upon his way.

The King stays against Counsel's suggestion.

KING

What is it that a man lacks that  
he must search beyond the known?

COUNSEL

Perhaps what he does not know.

KING

Yet if he searches, what would he  
search for when he does not know?

COUNSEL

Whatever charter that I may have  
granted to serve my King, I --

KING

(rising on his words)  
-- *I'm afraid no one can help!*

The Maiden dips at the knee, and holds her head low.

KING (CONT'D)

It is for wanting that I search,  
and nowhere to be found. Are we to  
search for wisdom --

The King evacuates the tea room --

**EXT. CARRIAGE HOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)**

entering the garden.

KING

-- or must it be given?

COUNSEL

(following)  
Perhaps, my King, might it be  
earned? Or, instead, known by the  
cup?

CONTINUED:

KING

Is there not a place in the  
Kingdom from which tea comes?

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. VALERO RESIDENCE - FRONTYARD - CONTINUOUS**

WORDS DANCE ON THE PAGE (CGI) like musical notes -- as  
Curtis hovers over a crack in the handwritten journal.

MS. GRAHAM (V.O.)

(faintly)

Curtis...?

(forcefully)

*Curtis...!*

END DAYDREAM

Curtis, eyes transfixed on the pages, is pulled back to  
reality. He stares at Ms. Graham.

CURTIS' POV (CLOSEUP) - MS. GRAHAM'S ELDERLY FACE, AT  
EYELINE WITH CURTIS WHO IS STILL BENT OVER THE TRASH BAG.

MS. GRAHAM

What are you doing here? You  
startled me. The only kind of man  
that enters a house from behind is  
a burglar. Do your parents know  
you are here? You haven't been  
here in years?

Making himself vertical. Gripping the bag.

CURTIS

(gesturing to bag)

Obviously, they knew I was coming.  
It's just fortunate I got here  
before the garbage men.

Taking a dictionary out of the trash bag.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

(pontificating now)

I should probably tell you, my  
vocabulary has improved since  
fifth grade.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BRIDGES TRACT - CLAPBOARD COTTAGE - DAY**

Sprouts of floritam grass and bald dirt, overshadowed by a hammock of pine and young banana palms.

A old growth oak marks the yard with the sense of another time. Bromiliads hide at the tree tops, where birds feed.

**INT. CLAPBOARD COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY (CONTINUOUS)**

The PHONE RINGS, goes to answering machine.

ESTER (54), listening from the bathroom --

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)  
Dr. Laris would like to see you.  
Can you make it in *by noon*?

Ester looks at her swollen ankles.

In the mirror, Ester powders her skin, which looks jaundiced.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY**

Ester coaxes Georgie to climb into the passenger seat of her sedan.

MS. BRIDGES  
Go on. Get in Georgie...  
(staring at him)  
This is why you don't go out more often...

**EXT. END OF DRIVEWAY (TRAVELING) - DAY**

Barely clearing the mailbox by a foot -- Ester makes a hard bend into the traffic lane.

**EXT. OLD NAPLES - GORDON DRIVE - DAY**

An endless treelined road known for its architectural banyans, where branches from both sides of the street have grown together to form a storybook tunnel.

MS. BRIDGES  
(glancing over)  
You've been bumping into things...  
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

MS. BRIDGES (CONT'D)

Some dogs might need to wear  
glasses, did you know that?

Webs of light pour through the tunnel as Ester's sedan  
cruises the scenic road.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE/INT. SEDAN - DAY (THUNDER CLOUDS)**

BUILDING SIGN: "Dr. Laris, Hepatologist."

Ester pulls into the lot. A vicious GEORGIE BARKS at the  
sign through the car window.

FRONT SEAT - CONTINUOUS

MS. BRIDGES

(to Georgie)

What is the matter with you?

(pulling Georgie from  
the window)

Ladies first. We'll do my  
appointment, then your appointment  
afterward.

George continues growling, circling in the car seat, his  
leash caught on the gear shift.

MS. BRIDGES (CONT'D)

(exiting the car)

You can come in if you want to.

Ester untangles Georgie. Georgie stays put.

**INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - LOBBY - DAY**

A dark office with paneled walls, inlay tile floors, and  
accent Tiffany lighting.

Ester signs the patient registry. There is an antique  
fish tank with bubbles. And a rack of dated magazines.

Ester waits in her tennis dress, side by side with  
another patient, much older, with a similar jaundice  
condition, not covered by makeup.

NURSE

*Ms. Bridges?*

## HALLWAY

They walk past an open exam room.

## NURSE

The doctor would like to see you  
in his office. He'll be with you  
in a minute.

The NURSE (50's) escorts Ester into the --

## DOCTOR'S SUITE

and closes the door as she leaves.

There are illuminated X-ray panels drowning attention  
away from diplomas. And an executive desk occupying one  
side of the room.

PUSH INTO an EMPTY WICKER CHAIR (same MOTIF as Seaside  
Cafe).

ESTER STANDS staring at an antique anatomy chart, next to  
archaic medical instruments.

AT THE DOOR the Doctor enters -- a wall of medical books  
behind his desk.

DR. LARIS (82) has a crick in his back, and walks hunched  
to one side. He is beyond the age of retirement.

## DR. LARIS

(bent over his desk)  
Ms. Bridges, please have a seat.

On the edge of her seat.

## MS. BRIDGES

(taking the chair)  
What is it Doctor?

## DR. LARIS

(still standing)  
I conferred with several  
colleagues on your scans. The news  
is rather severe... You have ten  
percent liver function.

He looks to a medical folder on his desk, then lifts his  
gaze to Ester.

CONTINUED:

DR. LARIS (CONT'D)  
I'm very sorry. I knew your mother  
a very long time.  
(hand on her folder;  
speaking indirectly)  
You've been one of my favorite  
patients.

He leverages off his desk, and advances toward the door.

DR. LARIS (CONT'D)  
Your blood levels show sepsis. The  
normal prognosis requires that you  
settle your affairs as soon as  
possible.

Under a spell, Ester sinks into the chair.

DR. LARIS (CONT'D)  
(exiting the room)  
Ms. Miller will provide you all  
the necessary information.

Ester sits alone for a moment.

**INT. NURSE'S STATION - A MOMENT LATER (CONTINUOUS)**

Ester takes at stand behind the appointment counter,  
where the Nurse reviews the Doctor's notes.

The nurse extracts a pamphlet from her drawer --

INSERT - PAMPHLET: "End Stage Preparation."

NURSE  
If you don't have anyone to care  
for you, we can recommend hospice.

MS. BRIDGES  
(glancing at the  
pamphlet)  
How much time can I expect?

The nurse looks at Ester's hands and face.

NURSE  
It can depend. But someone in your  
condition might have three months.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
(indicating to  
pamphlet)  
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

NURSE (CONT'D)

There is a list of services you  
may be interested in. Some charge  
and some don't.

The nurse closes the pamphlet, and hands it to Ester.

NURSE (CONT'D)

You have enough time to make  
important decisions. As a favor to  
your mother, the doctor wishes to  
help you in any way he can.  
Anything we can do, please let us  
know.

Ester leaves abruptly -- the door closing behind her.

CUT TO:

**EXT. VALERO RESIDENCE - DRIVEWAY/INT. FIREBIRD - DAY**

Dennis pulls up in a '73 Firebird, whipping the car  
around the circular driveway like a stunt car driver.

Curtis loads his trash bag in the trunk. And gets in the  
car, next to Emily, a distressed sidekick in for the  
ride.

Dennis blares the music, revs the gears, tears up the  
yard, and screeches past Ms. "busy body" Graham's  
neighborhood watch.

**EXT. COUNTY ROADWAY - FIREBIRD (TRAVELING) - DAY**

Dennis is risky business, in local traffic, on a wet road  
-- sunglasses on, under overcast skies. Emily a twinkle  
over his shoulder, pasted into the back seat.

Over the FURY OF CLASSIC ROCK and a V8 ENGINE --

DENNIS

(loudly)

*How was Costa Rica?*

CURTIS

*Guatemala...!*

(animated)

They have these giant pyramids. If  
you climb to the top, you can  
almost see what the Maya were  
thinking. Did you know they drew  
everything in cartoon?

(MORE)



CONTINUED:

CURTIS (CONT'D)  
(landing his joke; to  
Emily)  
*They didn't have typewriters.*

Curtis shows Emily a drawing of a Mayan glyph. Dennis gets the joke.

CRANE OVER HOOD - the logo of the vintage Firebird, a doppelgänger for the Mayan bird god, etched into Curtis' sketchbook.

**EXT. CITY STREET - INTERSECTION - DAY (CONTINUOUS)**

TRACKING WITH FIREBIRD - through the windshield, Dennis, Curtis and Emily flying through an intersection --

Ms. Bridges, on the sidewalk, caught in a giant

CROSSWALK PUZZLE - a picturesque four corners where the wheels of time are synchronized, by an ENTITY made all of SOUND, the Voice (also high master, ballerina, and invisible story weaver) in the opening sequence of the "Initium" --

**EXT. OLD NAPLES - THE FOUR CORNERS - DAY (CONTINUOUS)**

who now creates a time-space intervention, in the form of four temporal directions --

360 TIMELOOP CAROUSEL (SERIES OF SHOTS) - featuring the following sequential live-action/CGI elements:

GIANT CROSSWALK ANGEL - a phenomena of light and wind convection steers the carousel (camera axis shifts SE to NW to NE to SW) creating an angelic weather apparition.

1. SOUTHEAST - Ester stands at the first of four corners -- where she begins crossing.

NOAA HELICOPTER - FLUTTER of PROPELLERS (AERIAL) approaching the intersection at a low altitude.

TRANSCENDENT VOICES blend with sudden CHAOS and TRAFFIC on the ground, as flashing red street light swings like a pendulum out of phase.

ESTER'S POV (AURAL) - RINGING of an OPERATIC WIND CHIME as she crosses within an aural bubble, different from what anyone else might hear during at the crosswalk.

CONTINUED:

2. NORTHWEST - Dennis, Emily and Curtis in the '73 Firebird (diagonal corner to Ester) whips to the right --

DENNIS  
(crossing thru  
apparition)  
*What the hell is that...?*

casting a SONIC DOPPLER into the voracious time-space phantom, turning the axis one 90 degree rotation.

CURTIS' POV (from the backseat) - out the window, the Act of God occupying aerial space becomes the structure of a variable speed CROSSWALK ANGEL, made of his drawings.

3. NORTHEAST - Ester crosses the street to an apothecary, where she sits in the middle of a bench, occupied by five stages of her development.

MOTION BLUR (psychological portrait) - five figures, on the bench, side by side: from adolescent, to teen girl, to young woman, to woman, to old woman.

4. SOUTHWEST (seen from perspective of NW corner) - A storefront (from the 1950's) with a window full of botanical elixirs, fragrances and cosmetics -- where the WEATHER GIRL feeds her dress to the disruptive Crosswalk Angel.

ANGLE ON CROSSWALK ANGEL'S FACE - an embodiment of feminine gait and carriage; a certain finesse (shades, coif, handbag); and what she sees while window shopping, naturalistic remedies later used by Ms. Bridges.

BOUTIQUE (SW Corner) - As the Weather Girl enters, the METALLIC JINGLE of the DOOR BELL (which will be heard again later) triggers transition to ordinary reality.

FOUR CORNERS (AERIAL)- The sentient presence is now dissipated. People are walking as before. The low flying helicopter gone.

END TIMELOOP.

ON THE SIDEWALK - We are back in a small town. Whatever it was, people are now heading forward into their day. News reporters arrive at the scene, including the Weather Girl's team, who have covered her in a trench coat.

In front of the apothecary, on the bench, Ester sits alone. The Firebird SHREDS RUBBER around the corner.

CUT TO: