

FADE IN :

Inside the moist clouds of contemporary Vancouver's spring rains, drifting down through visible falling drops, swirling through sun dappled mist.

The mist opens, seeing Lions Gate Bridge and Stanley Park swathed in sunlight. Continuing through CREDITS and sinking, errant rain drops are followed down into Yaletown, plunking down onto a bank of sloped skylights.

Onto the skylights where the rain beads before we follow its trickle down into a full gutter to follow its run.

Into a crisscrossing labyrinth of more gutters directing water from beautifully sculpted sky funnels which lead into a major artery that drains down inside the loft home.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STUDIO LOFT - DAY

Backlit blue and green watery veins enter the studio loft before branching off into backlit resin sculpted rain clouds, moody blue and green in color.

Clear glass rods direct simulated rainfall down and around a large artists drafting desk before collecting into drains again. The desk and surrounding area is littered with artists renderings of landscapes and creative sculptures.

Thin, eclectic 40's artist, CLIFFORD DOUGLAS, stands away from his creations in silence to let them resonate. An interactive door chime sounds imitation THUNDER, causing Clifford to wag his head at the distraction.

CLIFFORD
(raspy)
Great.

INDUSTRIAL ELEVATOR

Doors open, letting a COURIER in, fascinated by the surroundings. His SECRETARY is with him.

COURIER
(reads package)
Douglas Designworks.
(Clifford nods)
I need a signature.

Secretary takes the package after Clifford nods, signs.

SECRETARY

I'll see you out.

Clifford's eyes focus on his work the whole time.

COURIER

My kid's thinking about art school.

His secretary steers the courier back into the freight elevator doors.

SECRETARY

This way, please.

Clifford listens to the rain, lifting his head to watch the water trickle through his creation. A brief smile creeps onto his face before he fetches a coat and hat.

INT. SPRING MEADOWS PEDIATRIC UNIT - DAY

A big room with large windows advertises the rain outside. Around a circle of very young patients, some with serious illnesses.

ALICE BAKEWELL, 38, walks slowly around the kids with children's music playing.

She pauses next to a young CHINESE BOY staring at a blank sheet of paper. The other kids have almost finished their paintings.

ALICE

Getting started is the hard part.

(thinks)

How about a pet? Do you have a pet at home..?

(boy nods yes)

Is your pet a cat or a dog..?

(boy nods no)

Fish..? A rabbit..?

CHINESE BOY

(nods no, softly)

A monkey.

The little boy snickers with BETH, a young bald critical care patient next to him. Artistically challenged Alice thinks for a moment.

ALICE

A monkey. Let's see how we do.

BETH
Can you make it purple..?

Beth and the boy laugh.

ALICE
And how do we do that..?

BETH
Blue and red.

Alice mixes the boy's paint around before making an awkward attempt at painting the body and head. Beth and the little boy giggle out loud together.

BETH (CONT'D)
That's not a monkey.

ALICE
(wondering herself)
Isn't it..?

Alice's superior, RUTH, in her 50's, watches from the door. Alice sends Ruth a trying look before she slowly enters the room, scanning the children's art.

AT THE WINDOW

Ruth and Alice meet. Alice hides her emotion, gazing out the window.

RUTH
Kids are always going to be kids.

ALICE
They need more than I can give them.

RUTH
You're not upset because you can't paint a monkey.
(hushed)
What happens here isn't your fault.
It never was and never will be.

Alice puts her face to the window, letting hushed words.

ALICE
How can a dying child know how to make purple when I don't and laugh about it..?

RUTH
You need a break. We're going out
for a while.

EXT. YALETOWN STREET - DAY - ESTABLISHING

This classy warehouse district supports upscale urban boutiques, coffee houses, and creative industries. A streak of rare sunlight highlights sheeting rain.

EXT. YALETOWN STREET - DAY

Ruth holds a large umbrella over Alice and herself, steering Alice's fragile frame through rain toward Starbucks.

Clifford has just his coat and hat, joyously lifting his face to fill it with the sheeting rain.

Alice studies Clifford as he spins around to silently acknowledge them both, letting his smile warm her.

RUTH
There's somebody happy.

Clifford carries on, catching raindrops on his face.

ALICE
Sick, maybe.. But happy.. Not in
this weather.

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Ruth and Alice sit at the coffee shop's window table.

RUTH
There must be something that makes
you smile.

Alice stares out the window.

ALICE
Not that I can think of.

RUTH
Okay, what's going on at home..?

ALICE
Nothing. And I mean nothing.

RUTH
With Bruce..?

Alice, with her eyes fixed outside, wags her head.

ALICE

There's something wrong with him.

RUTH

You thought about counselling..?

She gazes, trying to figure it out.

ALICE

He needs more than counselling.

ALICE'S POV - CLIFFORD

Sitting on the patio in the pouring rain with his hat off and face up in the sky like he's catching sun rays.

BACK TO SCENE

Alice looks the other way down the street, immediately concerned. She jumps up.

EXT. ALONG YALETOWN STREET - DAY

A large city bus is pushing through huge puddles from swamped drains, throwing giant tsunami sized waves across the side of the street they're on. Everything in its wake is getting soaked.

Pedestrians are seen running away.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Alice runs outside, further seeing the approaching chaos. Clifford sees Alice, but doesn't see what alarms her.

ALICE

Excuse me.., I, I don't know your name, but..

(beat)

You think you're wet now.

Clifford just looks at her, and then savors his coffee.

ALICE (CONT'D)

(flustered)

Just.. Don't move.

INSIDE STARBUCKS

INTERCUT Alice running back inside Starbucks to snatch her umbrella.

ALICE (CONT'D)
I need this..!

She bolts back outside.

BACK TO SCENE

Alice opens her large umbrella.

THE CITY BUS

Is pounding the neighboring storefront areas with waves of water, about to engulf Clifford and Alice.

ALICE AND CLIFFORD

Hide together under the umbrella's large dome.

ALICE
Hang on..!

As the huge wave of water falls over and around them, staying dry together.

It's over, and they look at each other with curiosity. Clifford's eyes smile warmly into Alice's, melting her.

Suddenly warm, Alice pulls away and folds the umbrella.

ALICE (CONT'D)
They say talking about the weather
is another way of saying how do you
do.
(she hands him the
umbrella)
You better hang on to this.

It has stopped raining, in fact letting a narrow beam of sun through the tall buildings around them. Ruth arrives outside with her coat ready to leave.

RUTH
Alice..?

Alice nods, leaving together. She looks back.

ON ALICE'S EYES

Stopped at a street corner, affected by Clifford.

INT. SPRING MEADOWS HOSPITAL / HALLWAY - DAY

The end of a tough day for Alice, walking vacantly down a busy corridor, thinking about Clifford.

Something catches her attention. She ducks into a door and peers curiously out again. It's Clifford.

ALICE'S POV - CLIFFORD

Dressed in dry clothes, approaches a major hospital intersection and turns down a hall in front of Alice without seeing her.

BACK TO SCENE

Alice scoots out of the doorway to curiously see where Clifford's going, shrugs.

ALICE'S POV - CLIFFORD

Joined by a pair of DOCTORS, continues down the hall.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Alice exits the hospital, looking disposed. She gets into her favorite Yellow Cab.

INT. YELLOW CAB - NIGHT - TRAVELING

A black CAB DRIVER, 50's with a universal wisdom about him, lets the cab steer him. They know each other.

He's singing an upbeat show tune to himself, noticing Alice's downcast expression in the rear view mirror.

CAB DRIVER'S POV - ALICE IN THE REAR MIRROR

With her gaze directed at nothing in particular.

BACK TO SCENE

CAB DRIVER

Alice, you okay..? Where you going tonight..?

ALICE

I'm not sure..

CAB DRIVER

Funny thing, life sometimes, isn't it..? You know, I always say it's a book. And books, you know, have chapters. That's a good thing, you see, because when somethin' happens that maybe isn't the best, well it's just the end of the chapter.

ALICE

Then I'm not ready for the best seller's list.

CAB DRIVER

Ah, but that's the thing about good books. Things change. They don't stay bad forever.

(beat)

Are you sure there isn't someplace else you'd like to go tonight..?

Alice, looking out the side window, sees something.

ALICE

Pull over, please.

EXT. STARBUCKS - NIGHT - INTERCUTS

From inside the cab, Alice observes Clifford in the same seat at the same table he was in the rainy afternoon they met. He's sketching into a note pad.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY the cab conversation and the patio.

ALICE IN THE CAB

Continues to observe Clifford. The Cab Driver looks back, seeing her curiosity focused on Clifford.

CAB DRIVER

You know him..?

ALICE

Sort of.

CAB DRIVER

If you wanna go say hello, I'll
turn the meter off.

(turns meter off)

There.

ALICE

You ever feel like you know someone
when you don't..? Like you can
trust them with within ten minutes
of meeting them. Is that normal..?

CAB DRIVER

They say it's hard to know these
things in this day and age.

ALICE

When you saw your wife, the first
time you laid eyes on her, what did
you think..?

CAB DRIVER

(lightly chuckles)

Thought I knew her when I didn't.
And I knew I could trust her with
my life when I had no reason to.

It's not normal, but it was love.

(pauses, smirks)

Alice, why don't you go say hello.
The meter's off and I'm not in any
particular hurry.

(looks to Alice)

I'll wait.

Alice looks at the Cab Driver, looks at Clifford, thinks, and
then cracks the back door of the cab.

INT. STARBUCKS - NIGHT - INTERCUTS

Alice finishes dressing her coffee before going outside.

ON THE PATIO

She hesitantly approaches Clifford from behind, stands there
for a moment to watch him sketch.

ALICE

We met yesterday. In the rain.

(pause)

I'm Alice.

Clifford smiles, speaking normally now with a soft European accent.

CLIFFORD
I'm Clifford.

CAB DRIVER IN THE CAB

Nods, giving his periodic analysis of their meeting.

CAB DRIVER
Girl greets boy. That's a new one.

He looks at his watch.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)
Okay Alice, the clock starts now.
Twenty minutes. Is it friendship,
or is it more..?

CLIFFORD AND ALICE ON THE PATIO

Face each other sitting down. Clifford flips to a clean page on his sketch pad and begins to draw Alice rapidly.

ALICE
Yesterday, you were sitting out
here in the pouring rain.

Clifford just rapidly draws her face.

CAB DRIVER IN THE CAB

Raises his eyebrows.

CAB DRIVER
Boy draws girl, that's a new one
too. Looks like she's in the door.

CLIFFORD AND ALICE ON THE PATIO

Relax. Alice sinks back into her chair.

ALICE
This morning, a seven-year-old
taught me how to make purple.

CLIFFORD
Could you do it again..?

ALICE
Blue and red.

CLIFFORD
Like magic. There's hope.

ALICE
She's dying. It's not fair.

CLIFFORD
Aren't we all. What's fair..?

ALICE
Kids are magic, but I'm not an
artist. And I'm trying so hard to
just help them make one beautiful
thing.

Clifford's eyes fill at the same time with Alice's.

ALICE (CONT'D)
But I can't.

CLIFFORD
In time, you will. It takes
patience, practice, and beauty.

ALICE
You're in the right city if you
like the rain. What is it about you
and the rain..?

CLIFFORD
The sound it makes on the roof..
Its smell.. The circles in the
puddles.. The way it gives us water
and air.. The way it changes
everything.. The way it changes
me..

ALICE
You really are an artist.

Clifford finishes the sketch and hands it to her with his
business card. He notices the cab, they stand to leave.

CLIFFORD
My studio's around the corner. If
you have time tomorrow, drop by.

ALICE
Tomorrow..?

CLIFFORD
Your ride is waiting.

ALICE
I'll think about it.

ALICE GETS IN THE CAB

And shuts the door, just as the driver checks his watch.

CAB DRIVER
Twenty minutes. Somewhere between
friendship and more.

ALICE
Don't say it.

CAB DRIVER
All right. Special friends.

Alice admires the drawing Clifford did for her.

INT. SPRING MEADOWS EXPANSION - DAY

Ruth and Alice stroll through the hospital's in progress
expansion, both wearing hard hats.

RUTH
I know this hasn't been easy, but
the board's behind you all the way
on this.

ALICE
What does it have to do with the
new expansion..?

Ruth stops under the large domed skylight.

RUTH
We want your therapy initiative to
be the centerpiece.
(gestures, looks around)
We want you to be the model for the
kids and community to see.
(beat)
Kids, healing, art, and life's
challenges under one roof. And we
want to fill this place with
happiness and hope.

Alice wanders in deep thought, purges her mind.

ALICE

This is a big place to fill. If I knew how to make purple, if I knew how to paint a monkey, if could make their hurt stop and..

(beat, emotional)

And tell a nine-year-old how much fun it is to fall in love when she's a teenager.

(fights tears)

Then I'd say let's do it.

RUTH

When you're alone all the time, you carry the burden of the world on your shoulders. You need to stop being alone and carrying the world's burdens.

ALICE

I don't know how.

RUTH

Practice.

ALICE

This was going to be a nice little idea for the kids, not this huge project.

Alice turns away from Ruth, walking out.

RUTH

Alice.

ALICE

I have to go.

INT. SPRING MEADOWS PEDIATRIC UNIT - DAY

Alice, bottomed out, turns back in through the doors to the art room. She notices something peculiar.

ALICE'S POV - BETH'S PAINTING

Depicts a large expressive umbrella with a pattern, like the one she gave Clifford, which shields the rain from a man standing beside the little girl.

BACK TO SCENE

From her wheelchair, Beth looks toward the door, plugged into IV and oxygen. She slips the oxygen down, murmuring.

BETH

God.

Alice breaks into a fast clip toward the exit door and breaks it open.

INT. SPRING MEADOWS HOSPITAL / HALLWAY - DAY - INTERCUTS

Alice stands at the swinging door into Pediatrics, looking up and down the hospital halls.

AT BETH'S SIDE

Alice kneels next to the very sick girl who struggles to breathe. They smile at the painting together.

ALICE

Did somebody help you..?

BETH

God helped me.

(breathing)

He's taking me to heaven.

Alice looks away, holding her emotion, then back to Beth.

ALICE

And was that God who just left
through those doors..?

Beth nods "yes", breathing heavily before she asks.

BETH

Alice, will you take me to heaven
with God..?

Alice embraces Beth warmly, hiding her shower of tears.

ALICE

Of course I will.

INT. SPRING MEADOWS HOSPITAL / HALLWAY - DAY

Clifford strolls with a DOCTOR reading a report past a sign saying "NEUROLOGY". NURSES and INTERNS move through the busy corridor, pushing equipment and PATIENTS.

DOCTOR

The CT tells us the current treatment is stabilizing the symptoms.

(reads report)

And that the fluid build up is in a slow rate of descent.

CLIFFORD

What about the speech..?

They stop outside the doctor's office door.

DOCTOR

For all we've learned from your condition over the years, the central nervous system leading into the brain is still a great unknown. We're still in the early stages of mapping the miles of neurotransmitters that run through the human body, from head-to-foot.

(beat)

The honest answer is, we don't know. Excuse me.

The doctor steps into his office, leaving Clifford at the door near Pediatrics. He's touched by what he sees, putting his hand on the glass with reverence.

CLIFFORD'S POV - ALICE AND BETH

Are broken apart from their long embrace by TWO NURSES who gather Beth and her trailing IV and oxygen to take her to her room in the opposite direction. Alice watches her go as she wipes her eyes.

BACK TO SCENE

Clifford rolls away from the glass door in agony.

INT. SPRING MEADOWS PEDIATRIC UNIT - DAY

Nurses move Beth, looking back at Alice with an innocent wave the whole time. Alice waves back, seeing Beth slip around the corner. Alice is joined by Ruth.

RUTH

Are you all right..?

ALICE

I'm fine.

Ruth slips Alice some tissue to dry her eyes. When Alice loses composure again they face the window.

RUTH

(strained)

Beth's about to have this wonderful sleep where there's no more pain and she can breathe the purest air with the greatest ease.

ALICE

I don't think I can do this anymore.

RUTH

You're too close. It takes all our courage and strength to understand and believe we are doing something very special.

(beat)

Why don't you go do something special for yourself the rest of the day.

ALICE

Okay.

Ruth watches Alice exit with concern.

EXT. YALETOWN STREET - DAY

Alice is strolling by the windows of the small stores near Clifford's studio. It's not raining when Clifford exits his studio behind her.

He notices Alice and stops, studying her fragile innocence surveying candles in the storefront. He slides into a shop entrance to watch Alice go into the shop to buy the candles.

Alice returns to the walking street and slides down two more shops where a beautiful red dress is displayed in the window. She gazes at it.

Then, almost sadly, she removes Clifford's card from her purse. Alice looks up at the address numbers, thinks, then slowly turns around toward Clifford's studio.

Clifford watches Alice turn his way, ducking inside the shop to observe her outside.

CLIFFORD'S POV - ALICE

Looking for his studio. He sees her outside his studio door, thinking.

BACK TO SCENE

Clifford exits the store onto the walking street behind Alice and slowly follows her down the street.

Outside Starbucks, Alice stops. She looks at Clifford's empty patio chair, scans his card in her hand, then she turns around finding Clifford there admiring the shop and street kind of matter-of-factly.

Alice tucks his card away and removes her surprise.

ALICE

Clifford.

CLIFFORD

(nods)

It looks different, doesn't it..?
Day, night. Rain, sun.

(beat)

Light, wind, temperature, humidity.
There is only one moment and never
two the same.

Alice is bowled over by his poetic charm and good looks. She tries to get something out, but can't.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

It's okay..

(beat)

Even I can be at a loss for words.
Can I buy you a coffee..?

EXT. STARBUCKS - DAY

At Clifford's outside table and chairs sitting across from each other, he notices Alice's affected demeanor.

ALICE

You're right about moments.

CLIFFORD

It sounds nice to say.

ALICE

You ever get out, away from here
for any reason..?

CLIFFORD
Anywhere in particular..?

ALICE
No. Just wondering.

CLIFFORD
About..?

ALICE
Meetings and partings.
(beat)
Meetings being the best and
partings the worst.

CLIFFORD
Getting away sounds good.
(pauses)
I don't like parting's either.

Alice nods subtle agreement.

ALICE
You asked if there was someone
close to me, but I didn't answer.
(beat)
I guess I wasn't the one for him.
(remembering)
His secretary was, apparently.

CLIFFORD
Even bad relationships are worth
having.

ALICE
Why's that..?

CLIFFORD
It makes the good ones seem.. That
much better, like magic.

ALICE
Magic's an illusion though.

CLIFFORD
(thinks)
Art can be like an illusion too.

ALICE
(hesitates)
I was just about to find that out.
And then "poof", you appeared out
of nowhere.

Clifford gently takes her hand.

CLIFFORD
Will you join me, then..?

ALICE
Okay.

They exit.

INT. DOUGLAS DESIGNWORKS / ENTRANCE - DAY

Clifford opens the door into a busy factory showroom, escorting Alice through the frosted glass entrance. "DOUGLAS DESIGNWORKS" is neatly embossed on thick glass.

The foyer is pristine, monitored by a female ADMINISTRATOR. She hands Clifford a large envelope.

ADMINISTRATOR
We're shipping to New York today,
the installers are on site. And
here's the Wall Centre spec you
asked for.

Clifford raises the envelope in thanks.

CLIFFORD
This is Alice.

Clifford leads Alice into the production department.

INT. DOUGLAS DESIGNWORKS / WORKSHOP - DAY

Clifford leads Alice through the foyer glass doors into the upscale designers dream house, passed by ARTISANS carrying tools and materials.

CLIFFORD
We're a little busy at the moment.
Behind every illusion is a lot of
hard work.

Alice is awed by the workshop, in full production, making giant colorful kites and large mobiles of birds.

ALICE
Where is all this going..?

CLIFFORD
Here and there.

Clifford's secretary arrives, holding a message.

SECRETARY

Jurgen Braun e-mailed from the
Gugenheim asking for an ETA. What
should I tell him..?

ALICE

You're making something for the
Gugenheim..?

His head artisans, TIM and JUDD, pull Clifford toward a
drafting table away from Alice's view and ears.

TIM

Take a look at this.

Judd folds the cover sheet off the drafting desk to reveal
realistic renderings of the new Spring Meadows expansion.

JUDD

Spring Meadows is a go. It's being
announced after your press
conference next week.

(beat)

This is just the beginning.

Clifford folds the cover back over the renderings, showing
his distraction. Tim and Judd look at each other.

CLIFFORD

Keep the cover over this until I
say. Tell them not to expect
anything from me in a hurry.

Clifford's showing the pressure he feels from everything
that's around him and rubs his temples, moves to Alice's side
to answer her question.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

The Gugenheim, yes, we're sending
something there.

His artisans see something is bothering Clifford.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

Thing is, I don't really care at
the moment. If somebody does care
and they remember what it is we're
sending there..

(to his artisans)

Have them get on the phone and make
a nice story about why it won't be
there on time, because it won't.

Clifford moves toward his freight elevator, taking Alice with him.

INT. STUDIO LOFT - DAY

Freight elevator doors open, letting Clifford and Alice into his elaborate design studio and home. He begins to wind down as Alice is entranced by the magical surroundings.

ALICE

Look at this. It's amazing.

CLIFFORD

I'm just a designer.

ALICE

Just a designer.

(beat)

I've never seen anything like it.

CLIFFORD

It's just a daydream. The
production department makes it.

Alice sees his mood and tries to move closer, but he moves away. She wanders up to his work space surrounded by the rain shower installation.

ALICE

I've seen your work. You call it a
daydream, I call it a gift.

CLIFFORD

Anyone can imagine something, but
not everyone can produce it.

(beat)

I owe everything to my artisans.

Alice holds up two project renderings from his desk.

ALICE

Without these, without a vision,
there's nothing for your artisans
to make.

Clifford joins Alice, seeing her peculiar smile.

ALICE (CONT'D)

I was going to ask if you could
give me a hand painting purple
monkeys.

CLIFFORD
I'm cancelling some of the
contracts.

ALICE
What's going on..? I've seen you in
the halls, whispering to doctors.

CLIFFORD
Sometimes I lose my voice.
(pause)
Completely.

Alice doesn't get it.

ALICE
What are you talking about..?
You're an artist, with a lot of
dreamy ideas and things to say.
(pauses)
You ever dream about somebody
else..?

Clifford lightly exhales.

CLIFFORD
I've seen you in the hospital with
the kids. You're brilliant, even
magical. It's something different
than perfect.

ALICE
(smirks)
That's for sure. Can you invite me
into your world and show me what
you do..?

Clifford pushes the elevator button.

CLIFFORD
It's okay if we can't understand
each other right now.

Elevator doors open. He leads her in and closes the door.

INT. DOUGLAS DESIGN WORKS / ELEVATOR - DAY

Slowly riding down in the elevator, he understands her
heaviness.

ALICE
True genius isn't that far from
true insanity sometimes.

He nods in light agreement and growing emotion. The elevator stops, he opens the door and holds them open for her.

CLIFFORD

When you were shopping.. I was watching you.. I couldn't take my eyes off of you.

Alice leans forward and gently kisses Clifford, closing his eyes.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

You purchased some candles. Could you do something for me..?

ALICE

What.

CLIFFORD

Light them this evening.

Alice shares a bewildered look, watching Clifford close the wood gate, then rise back up to his loft, eyes locked.

INT. ALICE'S PLACE / BATH - NIGHT

Alone in the bath, the lights are down and she has soft music playing. Her new candles are among a dozen or so lit candles, washing the room in soft light.

ALICE

Lies still under bubbles with a towel across her eyes and forehead. She doesn't move when a LIGHTNING FLASH floods her bathroom with harsh light.

The deep THUNDERING sound stirs her awake. Alice looks around and listens. Another FLASH floods the bathroom with light, followed by clapping THUNDER. You can hear the sound of the rain hitting the window.

An image of water running down glass casts its uncertainty over Alice's face.

INT. STUDIO LOFT - NIGHT

At that same moment, Clifford is alone at his desk trying to do some work. He crumples a drawing and tosses it into the garbage. He starts another drawing, but hates it immediately tosses it away.

He stops working and pushes himself away from his desk. Looking up now and listening to the rain, his eyes are full.

He closes his eyes and says a silent prayer to himself, his lips silently moving. When he's finished, he opens his eyes and continues to gaze upwards.

CLIFFORD'S POV - THE LIGHTNING AND RAIN

Flashes several times through the overhead skylights, the sheeting rain like his giver of life. It collects and gurgles down through the main collector to fill the resin made rain clouds, sliding down the polymer rods to simulate rain all around him.

BACK TO SCENE

Clifford is calmed by the rain, but is jolted by his phone message ping, his face knowing what the message means before he checks.

CLIFFORD

Is dressed to leave for the night in a long rain coat and hat. He carries Alice's umbrella before he moves to extinguish the candles one-by-one.

INT. SPRING MEADOWS HOSPITAL / BETH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Young Beth is being comforted to by TWO NURSES, adjusting her pillows so she's slightly more upright. Clifford appears outside the door, just watching.

Beth touches the hand of one of the nurses, receiving her warm hands. Clifford silently enters, hanging his coat, hat, and Alice's umbrella on a rack near her bed.

Nurses and Clifford nod solemnly to each other before the nurse gently removes her hands from Beth's to stroke her forehead.

NURSE

Have a beautiful sleep.

Beth's mouth almost smiles, but can't. Nurses exit, pausing to rest their hands on Clifford's shoulders.

Clifford nods and is left alone with Beth in the room. He doesn't know what to do or say, sitting beside her on the bed. Beth studies Clifford before she leaks her sick voice.

BETH
Are you really God..?

CLIFFORD
He's much better looking than I am.

Beth almost smiles. They spend a moment listening to the rain together, its streaky shadows from the window falling around them both.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)
Something happened to your daddy
when you were little. You ever
watch hockey..?
(she nods 'yes')
I'm like the second line daddy,
someone the real daddy thinks is
the next best thing if he can't be
the daddy.

She labors in her breathing, crushing Clifford.

BETH
He died, didn't he.
(wheezes, Clifford nods
'yes')
Are you taking me to heaven to be
with God and my real daddy..?

CLIFFORD
(fighting tears)
Only very special people get to go
live with God in heaven. I wanted
to go, but they wouldn't let me.
It's not my turn.

BETH
Alice says..
(pauses)
God lives in the clouds.. Is that
true..?

He tenderly strokes her hair, looking up to wipe his eyes.

CLIFFORD
Yes.. The beautiful green fields of
Elysium surrounded by eternally
blue skies among the clouds.
(beat)
There's a white horse coming. His
name is Charlie.

BETH
Does he like sugar..?

CLIFFORD
 He doesn't need any sugar.
 (beat)
 You're sweet enough.
 (beat)
 Give me a hug.

Beth struggles up from the pillows just enough so they can embrace. They stay there, listening to the rain together.

Clifford fixes her pillows and then retrieves Alice's umbrella from the coat rack. Clifford opens the umbrella, admired by Beth. She points to the picture.

BETH
 (raspy)
 It's real..

Seen near her bed is the painting Clifford made for Beth.

CLIFFORD
 And it happened just like this.

He opens the umbrella and covers them both, so they can be close.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)
 Alice came over me with her umbrella just before a big wave was about to splash us. And the water came and we stayed dry, just like the picture.

BETH
 (wheezes)
 The umbrella belongs to Alice..?

CLIFFORD
 Yeah.

Beth fights to stay awake, held by Clifford.

BETH
 Alice is nice.

CLIFFORD
 She loves you too. She wanted me to tell you.

BETH
 After Charlie comes.
 (wheezes)
 Maybe you can go and be Alice's friend.. Forever.

Clifford holds her, both looking out and listening to the rain. Tears flow down Clifford's face.

CLIFFORD
Your mother loves you so much.

BETH
Mummy's sad. I love her too. Do you remember the letter we wrote..?

CLIFFORD
(whispers)
It's a beautiful letter.. I'll make sure she gets it.
(Beth's eyes slowly close)
That's it, it's rest time. I'm going to tell you the story now about Elysium.

Clifford begins to weep as he's telling the story.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)
Charlie's almost here.
(beat)
Elysium is a special place in God's country saved for people who are special to him.
(beat)
People whose pure sweetness is so bright and intense, they make the intense light that exists there.

The sound begins to fade with the picture.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)
There is no sadness or sorrow there, but a beautiful castle that rises above the clouds surrounded by never ending green fields.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPRING MEADOWS HOSPITAL / BETH'S ROOM - DAY

It's daytime, the room empty. Beth has completed her journey. Nurses remove the bed sheets and tidy the room with thick efficiency. Alice enters for her morning shift.

ALICE
I'll look after this.
(beat)
Beth is.. Where..?

Alice studies one nurse's silence while the other removes the umbrella picture from the wall. A hand is placed silently on Alice's shoulder. It hits Alice, she leaves the room.

INT. SPRING MEADOWS HOSPITAL / LINEN CLOSET - DAY

Alice cries heavily by herself, dropping a river of tears.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OCEANSIDE CEMETERY - DAY

A gray afternoon threatens rain on a small gathering of some hospital staff, Alice, Clifford, and FAMILY MEMBERS surrounding a small casket. A MINISTER finishes.

MINISTER

Surely goodness and love will
follow Beth now for eternity, as
she now dwells in the house of the
Lord, forever. Amen.

A CLASP OF THUNDER announces another rain shower. Among the opening umbrellas around Beth's casket, is hers. Its bright colors stand out against predominately black ones.

MINISTER (CONT'D)

Beth's Godfather, Clifford, will
say a few words on behalf of the
family.

Clifford turns around, seeing Alice's remorse and surprise. They exchange caring looks before he covers Alice with her umbrella, his hand on her arm.

CLIFFORD

You're going to need this.

She just nods and watches him leave, siding with the Minister under his umbrella. Alice watches Clifford remove Beth's notes from his jacket.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

My most sincere and heartfelt
condolences to my good friend,
Amanda.

Clifford's long time friend, AMANDA, is held by her teary MOTHER.

Fighting his own emotion, Clifford scans the gathering, finding Alice between the umbrellas with tears on her face.

His looks return to his friends, but especially Alice, several times through his reading of Beth's letter. INTERCUT AS NECESSARY.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

When I was asked to be Beth's Godfather, I wasn't close to anyone, and never really imagined becoming so close to Beth. Knowing her changed my life. She had so much joy, even when she knew she was dying. It's so hard to understand, but it's something we can learn maybe. She wanted me to help her write this letter.

(beat)

Dear Mummy, I know you are sad because I have gone to be with God now to play in Elysium. It's the back yard in heaven in case you were wondering. I came here on Charlie, a big white horse, and it's sunny every day. I can breath like I used to. All my hair has grown back and there are big purple flowers everywhere.

(to Amanda)

I love you Mummy; for everything you've done for me.

(beat)

It will be great when we can all play together again, because in heaven I get to be a kid forever.

(beat)

I'm really looking forward to rides on the big Cho-cho train with Daddy and Grandpa that climbs a mountain of chocolate. The mountain top is covered with icing. On the other side, the train coasts down the hill into a city of gingerbread. Buddy and Jerry will be with me too, barking and eating carrots. I'll miss everyone until it's their turn to come on the train. I love you all and will miss you, Beth.

DISSOLVE TO:

A lone piper bleeds Amazing Grace from bagpipes while umbrellas are folded underneath an amazing rainbow behind the sun's newly born rays.

Clifford sides next to Alice, wiping her eyes.

ALICE
I didn't know.

He comforts her, gently placing his arm around her.

CLIFFORD
I should have said something.

ALICE
The painting was beautiful.

CLIFFORD
Beth thought the world of you.

After a moment of admiring the sun together, Alice breaks away, starting to weep.

ALICE
I have to go. I'm sorry.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE - ALICE AND CLIFFORD GRIEVE

- A) CLIFFORD'S STUDIO - Clifford returns under the remorseful gaze of coworkers.
- B) ATTEMPTING TO DRAW - After only a couple strokes onto the clean paper, the sheet is ripped off the pad and discarded to the studio floor.
- C) CLIFFORD'S LOFT HOME - Sitting alone in the corner of his loft home on a rainy afternoon. After a moment, he looks up, seeing rain on the glass.
- D) RAIN FALLS - Outside, collecting in the moving rain sculptures and gutters before falling into the studio through the main collector.
- E) RAIN TRICKLES THROUGH STUDIO SCULPTURE - Working its way down through the clouds and exiting through the glass rods.
- F) ALICE'S BEDROOM - The clock on her bedside table reads: 11:30 am. Alice, in bed, staring listlessly at the rain hitting her bedroom window, dripping its shadows down her face. Her PHONE RINGS, but she ignores it.
- G) IN THE KITCHEN - Alice opens an empty fridge before closing it in futility. The PHONE RINGS again, staring at the rain outside until the phone stops ringing.
- H) CLIFFORD'S LOFT HOME - Clifford returns the phone handset, worried for Alice.

I) ON HER COUCH - Alice watches daytime television, wearing a similarly painful gaze while the rain continues to strike the windows. Alice looks at the RINGING PHONE, thinks about answering, but doesn't.

J) SPRING MEADOWS / PEDIATRICS - Clifford wanders into the children's wing of the hospital with Beth's memory etched onto his face at the sight of other sick children there. He meets Ruth in the hall, recognizing each other.

CLIFFORD

Have you seen Alice..? I haven't been able to reach her.

Ruth slowly nods 'no', letting her words out carefully.

RUTH

It can take a while.. Only Alice knows how long.

(pause)

And sometimes they don't come back. It's up to her.

K) SPRING MEADOWS / NEUROLOGY - Clifford sits blankly on a table with his shirt off. His Doctor touches his skin with a probe.

DOCTOR

Can you feel this..?

Clifford just stares at the wall, before finally letting his words barely escape.

CLIFFORD

There isn't a lot I can feel right now.

His doctor nods, understanding.

DOCTOR

You can go now.

L) ALICE - On her couch, staring outside at the rain.

M) CLIFFORD - In his loft, staring up at the rain.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ALICE'S PLACE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wrapped in a quilt by her window of outside pouring rain, Alice looks at her phone, thinks, reaches for it and pulls back again into her sofa.

She pauses, thinks again, and picks up the handset, a big step. Alice thinks again before she slowly punches a number into her phone. She waits and listens.

ALICE

Hi Mom.

(listens)

All right, I guess. You?

(listens)

That's good, Mom, that's good.

(listens)

Yeah, I'm home. I was just thinking about you, Dad, and summer. Where's the sun..?

(listens, down)

Mom, I'm fine. You know what they say. When it rains...

INT. DOUGLAS DESIGNWORKS / FACTORY SHOWROOM - DAY

Clifford's back working in his bustling lower studio helping artisans, Judd and Tim, test one of his trademark interior environmental installations.

The large resin structure, similar to his loft construction, sends simulated rain water down plastic tubes. LIGHTNING FLASHES and THUNDER CLASPS.

Tim finishes setting the computer controlled elements on a laptop computer, monitored by Judd, Clifford, and the rest of the busy shop.

TIM

We thought you could use a little sun.

A warm, bright light source floods the studio, making the onlookers squint before breaking into applause.

CLIFFORD

Sees a bigger surprise, sending a double-take look through the crowded studio.

CLIFFORD

Dad. Bill.

MARTIN AND BILL

Enter the studio foyer with sorry looks and a large assortment of flowers placed near a group of others.

Clifford's father, MARTIN, and brother, BILL, are dressed formally as Ship Captain and Cruise Director. Clifford meets them in the midst of his rain sculpture, admiring it.

BILL

We thought you could use some company.

Martin lightly squeezes Clifford's elbow, something he used to do when he was small.

CLIFFORD

How's Mom..?

MARTIN

She's good. She misses you and says to say hello. It's sunny everyday in Arizona and there's a room overlooking the cactus garden if you ever need a break from the rain.

CLIFFORD

(to the sculpture)

Rain is the lost child of the universe.

Tim continues to test the computer animatronics, raising the sun again through the clouds. He smiles, not Clifford.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Rain is the backdrop of comparison, testing the immediate beauty of all things, even the sun.

BILL

That's..

(beat)

Why you're in an art studio and I'm on a cruise ship.

MARTIN

We have some time here due to a scheduling issue. We could be here for at least a couple weeks until the next scheduled leave.

(beat)

Son, we're sorry.

They stand together, appreciating the loss. Clifford moves toward the freight elevator, they follow.

INT. STUDIO LOFT - DAY

The freight elevator door finishes opening, letting the trio into Clifford's studio home. Clifford watches Martin and Bill admire the decor.

CLIFFORD

I've got room. You can stay if you like.

MARTIN

I'm afraid we're in a bit of a pickle with the insurance company. This has never happened before.

BILL

We have to stay with the ship.

CLIFFORD

Coffee then.

Martin and Bill gaze at the interior rain sculpture, amazed.

BILL

Sure.

Clifford disappears into the kitchen to make coffee, talking into the next room.

CLIFFORD

Tell me about this pickle that can hold people hostage.

Martin is seated in a sculpted chair. Bill climbs up into Clifford's desk, admiring his art, surrounded by the rain scape.

BILL

It wasn't a pickle, it was a convention.

(to Martin)

How does he do it..?

MARTIN

I have no idea.

CLIFFORD

What's a pickle doing at a convention..?

Chuckles all around.

BILL

The pickle is the convention. The convention was supposed to be on our ship, but they cancelled today.

(beat)

No warning, a blind sided internal corporate restructuring, financial ties severed after they paid us for fuel and catering.

CLIFFORD

Listens with great interest, watching the coffee brew.

CLIFFORD

Now what..?

BILL

We don't know. The ship is fueled and catering is on board, but they wouldn't complete the funding.

COFFEE IS SERVED

To Martin and Bill through Clifford's cat-like expression.

CLIFFORD

Dad.

(long pause)

We need to talk over dinner.
At my expense.

BILL

We have a boat load of everything.

EXT. WATERFRONT / CANADA PLACE - DUSK

The trio of Clifford, Martin, and Bill approach the PACIFIC DANCER on foot, seen ahead. The ship is huge and white; a floating palace. Not a mark or scratch anywhere to be seen.

Nearing the ship's gangway, Clifford pauses. His brain engine turns all the way there. Martin and Bill pause, seeing Clifford's overt fascination with the ship.

CLIFFORD

Look at it. It would be a shame if a ship meant to sail doesn't.

Martin and Bill watch Clifford enter the ship gangway ahead of them, purely intoxicated by the ship's elegance.

INT. PACIFIC DANCER / DINING HALL - DUSK

The large Captain's table is full of first class food and beverages. In the midst of eating, Clifford stands to admire the harbour view.

CLIFFORD

I know someone who would like to see the ship.

MARTIN

Why aren't they here..?

CLIFFORD

It's complicated.

(beat)

Why can't you resume sailing..?

MARTIN

It's complicated. We're trying to return the money.

CLIFFORD

Do you have to try..?

Clifford and Bill exchange quizzical looks.

BILL

That'll be up to the legal department.

MARTIN

What's wrong..?

CLIFFORD

Nothing. I'd like you to join me at the hospital tomorrow. It's going to be a special day.

INT. SPRING MEADOWS HOSPITAL / CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The conference room is almost full, seating up to thirty JOURNALISTS, aiming cameras toward the front.

MARTIN, BILL, AND RUTH

Watch from the back of the press conference with others.

ARCHITECTURAL DRAWINGS AND CLIFFORD'S SCULPTURES

Are vividly displayed, showing an impressive variety of Northwest themed indoor play park sculptures.

CLIFFORD

Our company has never been involved with this number of indoor sculptures in one location before. The Spring Meadows expansion will become a truly unique facility in the world.

(pauses)

Putting them in a hospital for sick children is extraordinarily special and something I am most proud of.

(pauses)

In the coming months, you'll be seeing some big changes around here. Thanks for coming.

Clifford ends the press conference, wanting to talk to Martin and Bill, moving toward them.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

Follow me, please.

They exit together.

INT. SPRING MEADOWS / PEDIATRIC UNIT - DAY - INTERCUTS

Clifford enters the large bright room where Alice's former patients are painting on easels with another nurse. Bill and Martin survey the unit with Clifford.

CLIFFORD

If it wasn't clear when you arrived, let me make it clear now. I need your help.

Martin looks at Bill, needing to hear it.

MARTIN

How.

CLIFFORD

This place won't be what it's meant to be without Alice.

BILL

You called her.

CLIFFORD
She won't pick up.

They look at each other.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)
I'm not sure she's going to make
it.

MARTIN
Give her some time.

BILL
What do you need..?

Clifford hesitates, glancing at his father and brother.

CLIFFORD
I need to get her on the ship.

Looks back and forth.

MARTIN
Okay, we're here for a while.

CLIFFORD
She needs to get away from here.

Looks are traded.

MARTIN
What did you have in mind..?

Clifford looks at them both.

CLIFFORD
You have to meet her.
(beat, thinks)
She won't leave the house, but she
might come to dinner.

BILL
Then what..?

CLIFFORD
(hesitates)
Alaska.

BILL
Now you're thinking.

Martin holds his hand up, like hold on.

MARTIN

Alaska..?

CLIFFORD

It's going to be incredible.

MARTIN

Can we meet her first..?

CLIFFORD

Yes, tomorrow. You'll pick her up.
With everything you need. We'll
set sail after dinner.

Martin and Bill hesitantly smile.

EXT. ALICE'S PLACE / FRONT DOOR - DAY

Clutching a small bag of groceries, Clifford stops outside Alice's front door and mentally rehearses what to say.

He knocks on the door. Nothing happens. Clifford knocks on the door again and waits.

Slowly, Alice cracks the door. It barely opens. Alice sees who it is and cracks it further, not her usual prettiness.

CLIFFORD

Can I come in..?

Alice cracks the door a little more so Clifford can just barely slip through.

INT. ALICE'S PLACE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Clifford enters her living room, she follows. He feels her morose dankness. You can see it oozing out of her.

CLIFFORD

I thought you could use a little
nourishment.

(pause)

Sit down. I'm not sure if you're
hungry, but I'm going to make it
anyway.

She sits down and watches Clifford go to her kitchen.

IN ALICE'S KITCHEN

Clifford finds a frying pan, starts the heat under it. Alice watches from a dining table in the other room.

Clifford pours the omelet into the hot frying pan. He cuts an apple before setting bread into her toaster.

CLIFFORD

It'd be great if you didn't have to cook, wouldn't it..?

Alice doesn't say anything for a while.

ALICE

I'm not hungry.

IN ALICE'S DINING ROOM

Clifford serves her omelet in a set placement with a single rose on the table.

CLIFFORD

Here we are.

He sits down beside her silence and throws a serving towel over his forearm with great formality. Clifford takes her fork and begins to feed Alice the omelet.

ALICE

It's just food.

CLIFFORD

What would it be like to be served all day long..?

ALICE

I can't imagine.

Alice watches him feed her the apple. Clifford watches her eat it.

ALICE FINISHES EATING

Then quietly gazes nowhere in particular before finding Clifford's waiting eyes.

ALICE

I just wanna leave this place sometimes and never come back.

CLIFFORD

(perks up)

Ahh. Never's a strong word. Maybe for a while.

(pause)

How does tomorrow sound..? I'll send someone by at around six.

ALICE

Why would you send someone by..?

CLIFFORD

(searches)

It's just part of.. the adventure.

ALICE

I don't have any plans for any sort of adventure.

(beat, dour)

It was sweet of you to drop by and make the omelet, but I don't have any plans to go anywhere right now.

She watches Clifford clear the table, tidy the dishes and quickly make himself ready to leave.

AT ALICE'S FRONT DOOR

Alice meets Clifford there, afraid she may of offended him.

ALICE

It doesn't mean that I don't appreciate what you've done. It just means I say things I don't always mean.

CLIFFORD

Good, I'll send someone by at six.

Clifford opens the door to leave.

ALICE

Clifford.

CLIFFORD

Tomorrow.

He quickly leaves before Alice can dispute it further.

EXT. ALICE'S PLACE - DUSK

The next evening of Clifford's promised adventure, a sleek white limousine arrives, pulling to a hesitant stop. The DRIVER steps out to open the doors, letting Martin and Bill exit in their uniforms.

They inspect the residence, a modest character home on a street filled with old oak trees. The driver has opened the trunk, letting the men retrieve gifts. Bill hands his father three wrapped gifts.

For himself, Bill removes a sturdy model of an old ship, a Columbus style sailing ship filled with envelopes.

Bill is less than enamoured with the whole idea than Martin, who plays his part staunchly.

BILL
(whispers)
Are we really doing this..?

Martin issues Bill a laser beam stare, arriving at her front door.

MARTIN
Son.

BILL
Aye, Captain.

MARTIN
Shhh.

Martin raps a string of light melodic notes on Alice's door.

INT. ALICE'S PLACE / LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Alice, miserably positioned on the couch, hears the rap on the door and ignores it. In her sweats, not looking particularly good, eating something she hates before shoving it aside, she turns her attention back to the Home Shopping Network on her television.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY between front door and living room.

MARTIN

Knocks again, this time normally.

ALICE

Glances at the clock on her wall, horrified.

ALICE
He didn't.

INSERT - WALL CLOCK

Reads exactly six-o'clock.

BACK TO SCENE

Alice slowly removes herself from the couch and moves to the front window to part the drawn curtains.

MARTIN

Persists, knocking again.

BILL
(quietly)
What if she's, like not all there
or something. This is ridiculous.
Think about it.

ALICE

Catches her first glimpse of the white limousine outside her place with bug-eyed surprised.

ALICE
(hushed)
What..?

ALICE'S POV - OF THE WAITING LIMOUSINE

With its driver standing outside statue still.

BACK TO SCENE

Alice moves to the door as Martin raps it again, this time calling her name.

MARTIN (O.S.)
Alice. Are you home..?

BILL

Dies of embarrassment.

BILL

If she's smart, she escaped out the
back door and called the cops..!!

ALICE

Hears Bill on the other side of the door and almost smiles
before she asks.

ALICE

Who's there..?

MARTIN

Martin.. Douglas. I'm Clifford's
father. He sent me here to pick you
up.

She cracks the door, fastened to the chain.

ALICE'S POV - MARTIN AND BILL

Through the crack in the door, scanning uniforms and gifts.

BACK TO SCENE

Alice doesn't know how to react.

ALICE

Is this a joke..?

MARTIN

My son, despite our encouragement,
does not joke.

Alice thinks about it. Bill's eyes move from the ship in his
arms to Alice.

BILL

(hesitant)

Permission to anchor..?

Alice unchains the door and finally cracks the door open.

INT. ALICE'S PLACE / LIVING ROOM - DUSK

The trio of Alice, Martin, and Bill are seated in a sea of awkwardness. Martin and Bill survey the untidy surroundings. Alice notices and shrugs.

ALICE
You caught me at a bad time.

MARTIN
My son requests you open the boxes first.

Martin hands her the largest of the three boxes. Alice hesitantly receives it.

ALICE
I'm opening a box, not agreeing to leave the house.

Alice opens the box from Clifford. Inside, she discovers the red dress she so intently studied that day on the street. A flood of sweet emotion engulfs her.

MARTIN
This one is next.

Alice gingerly receives the second shoe sized box from Martin.

ALICE
Your son is..

BILL
So he's told you..?

Alice finds matching shoes in the box, smirking.

ALICE
He's different. He knew.

Bill looks at Martin and shrugs inconclusively. Alice receives the third, very small, gift and opens it. Her favorite fragrance.

BILL
Why don't you shower. Try it on.

He scans her unkept place.

MARTIN
We'll take care of this.

A silent standoff ensues between the trio.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

You don't have to do anything you don't want to.

ALICE

Good, because I won't.

Alice surrenders, exiting with the boxes.

MARTIN

Is almost finished cleaning the living room.

IN THE KITCHEN

Bill finishes putting washed dishes away, wipes the counter, bundles the trash, takes it out.

IN ALICE'S BEDROOM

She is perfectly showered and dressed in the red dress and shoes, then spritzes some of the perfume on her.

She moves toward the mirror, her guard still raised, but she is impressed also.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Martin checks his watch, trading looks with Bill, sitting across from each other. Alice enters, getting their immediate approving attention with light smiles.

BILL

There's a giant pumpkin connected to horses outside.

ALICE

You know the story, then. Home by midnight.

Bill and Martin trade looks as Bill follows them to the door with the boat full of envelopes.

EXT. ALICE'S PLACE - DUSK

Martin escorts Alice down her steps to the limousine's waiting Driver who cracks the door for Alice.

BILL

This boat full of envelopes is for you.

Bill presents Alice the boat filled with numbered envelopes.

MARTIN

As you get to know my son, you will learn he's a man of precise detail. This boat is your journey, in which are numbered envelopes.

(pause)

Your journey will be complete when all the envelopes have been opened. You are to open the first one now.

Alice nods, slightly skeptical, before she finds an envelope with "ONE" elegantly printed across the front. It is a special stocky envelope, from which comes a black satin fold and a card with a printed verse she reads.

ALICE

The key to your journey is this black satin fold, which will be yours to forever hold. By tying this fold across thy eyes, you will unlock a lifetime of surprise.

Alice is taken with the verse and the whole scene. Martin gently takes the fold from her.

MARTIN

May I..?

Alice hesitantly turns to let Martin tie the satin fold across her eyes and help her into the limousine. Bill climbs in after Martin with the boat in his lap.

EXT. CANADA PLACE - DUSK

The Pacific Dancer sits under the sails of Vancouver's waterfront terminal. The white stretch limousine approaches, stopping in front of the ship's gangway.

Martin steps out of the driver opened door, helping Alice out to her feet. She's still blindfolded, followed by Bill and the boat of envelopes.

MARTIN

Do you know where we are..?

They pause at the Dancer's gangway.

ALICE
Gulls, salt air. Sounds like the
waterfront.

Clifford is watching Alice from the Dancer's main deck, saluting his father and brother's success by silently applauding her stunning beauty and arrival to the ship.

Surrounding Clifford is a line of MUSICIANS.

MARTIN
Take a step up with me and tell me
what else you hear. Hold on to my
arm.

They step up onto the gangway together, down onto Dancer's main deck. As they make their way slowly down the gangway, Alice pauses to hear a FIDDLE PLAYER'S interlude. She smiles, stepping onto the ship.

ALICE
Fiddle.

MARTIN
Almost there.

A few more feet, he stops Alice in front of smoky SAXOPHONE PLAYER. Martin gently unhooks his arm from hers through the interlude's completion. Alice looks around.

ALICE
Martin..?

Clifford moves in to cradle Alice's arm.

MARTIN
I'm here.

Clifford and Alice, arm in arm, now proceed slowly forward. Alice still believes she's with Martin. Now the long line of musicians immerse the pair in a classic piece.

Alice is enthralled, slowly drifting by the musicians.

ALICE
It's beautiful.

As the music continues, Alice is more curious about the man next to her as they move toward the ship's deck entrance.

Alice stops, ever more taken.

MARTIN
Follow me.

She enters the ship dining hall with Clifford.

INT. PACIFIC DANCER / DINING HALL - DUSK

The dining hall is large and empty, except for the members of its FULL ORCHESTRA. Across the hall are a series of joined tables, set and dressed for a large dinner next to windows offering a panoramic view of the dusk waterfront and bridge.

As Clifford leads Alice across the hardwood dance floor, the orchestra breaks into a gentle number. Alice pauses with Clifford there.

Martin and Bill move to the dinner table, setting the boat as the centerpiece. They sit to watch Clifford and Alice together on the dance floor.

Alice turns to Clifford.

ALICE
Clifford..?

Clifford reaches to loosen the fold from her eyes.

CLIFFORD
You look astonishing.

The fold is lifted from Alice's eyes, her eyes squinting a moment to adjust. Then slowly, she scans the room.

ALICE'S POV - PACIFIC DANCER DINING HALL

In all its decorated glory. The orchestra, the outside decks, the set dinner table of impossible excess, Martin and Bill rising to their feet, applauding, joined by the Dancer's SERVING STAFF, lined next to them.

MARTIN
Welcome aboard the Pacific Dancer.

BILL
Tonight, it's a ship of dreams.

BACK TO SCENE

The panoramic view of the waterfront draws Alice toward the dinner table, trailed by Clifford. The serving staff departs to begin serving the dinner.

As their dinner arrives, Martin and Bill rise to their feet.

MARTIN

Enjoy.

ALICE

Join us.

Clifford and his Dad exchange knowing looks.

MARTIN

I'm afraid it would violate
international maritime laws.

(beat)

Enjoy your evening.

Bill trails away behind Martin toward the Bridge.

Alice's attention drifts between the salad in front of her,
the boat filled with envelopes, and Clifford.

ALICE

Okay, I'm impressed. I don't know
how you managed it.

CLIFFORD

Friends in the right places and
corporate misadventure.

(beat)

How unfortunate.

Alice surveys all the envelopes in the boat on the table.

ALICE

A lot of envelopes for one evening.

The waterfront background behind Alice is moving.

THE SHIP IS LEAVING THE DOCK

Suddenly making Clifford uneasy.

CLIFFORD

No and yes.

Alice is eating her salad, then while gently filling her
plate with the table's oversized selection of dinner entrees
Alice notices the ship is moving.

ALICE

Now this is interesting.

(she stops eating)

We're moving.

CLIFFORD

The best is yet to come.

The orchestra belts a sweeping number, turning their heads.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PACIFIC DANCER / OBSERVATION DECK - DUSK

Alice and Clifford touching hands, observe the setting sun underneath the Lions Gate Bridge. They look up together.

ALICE'S POV - PASSING UNDERNEATH LIONS GATE BRIDGE

As it sweeps over their heads, she looks down finding Coal Harbour and waterfront buildings reflecting orange dusk.

BACK TO SCENE

They almost touch hands, but not quite.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PACIFIC DANCER / DINING HALL - DUSK

Clifford and Alice on the dance floor alone, washed in evening light. The orchestra plays a slow dance number, letting them waltz slowly.

CLIFFORD

I can't believe how perfect this evening is, how it belongs to you.

ALICE

Another one of your creations.

They stop waltzing. Clifford slowly lifts her hand and kisses it. Then he escorts Alice back to the dinner table, pulls her chair in front of just delivered flaming deserts.

CLIFFORD

Please.

They sit together as the flames die down, letting them taste their elegant puddings. Alice again surveys the boat filled with envelopes, remembering what Martin said.

ALICE

The boat's going to turn around before we've opened all the envelopes. There must be a hundred.

Clifford lifts her hand.

CLIFFORD
There's only one Alice.

ALICE
The journey won't be complete if we
don't open the envelopes.

CLIFFORD
Then we have to do something about
it. The journey must be completed.

Alice reaches for the envelope printed "TWO" in the boat. She opens it, drawn into the mystery of the envelopes.

INSERT - OPENED ENVELOPE TWO

Has three pages of different ship levels set into aged looking paper. On the maps are many, many Xs. A provided single key opens a door. A verse on the first page reads:

"THE DOOR TO YOUR HEART.. MAY UNLOCK WITH THIS KEY.. WHERE YOU WILL FIND THINGS OF NECESSITY."

BACK TO SCENE

Alice looks at Clifford, realizing how many Xs there are. A hunt will be required.

MONTAGE - SEARCHING FOR THE LOCK

A) ENGINE ROOM - Alice holds the key from the envelope, checking doors, cabinets, and lockers, weaving and climbing her way through the ship's dirtiest environs with Clifford's direction and encouragement.

ALICE
You did this on your spare time..?

CLIFFORD
I had some help.

No doors are opened.

B) CARGO BAY - Clifford holds the compartment door open, letting Alice pass.

C) TRUNKS AND COMPARTMENTS - Each holding container which takes a key is checked. The key does not work in any of the locks.

D) SECOND LEVEL / ROOM-TO-ROOM - Stateroom after stateroom is checked, but nothing opens. Alice has a spot of oil on her face.

EXT. ALICE'S STATEROOM - NIGHT

Alice puts the key into the door of the large luxury suite, turning it. The door cracks, Alice gets a quick glimpse of what's inside, enters, and is fully amazed.

BILL AND THE MAID

Appear from around the corner, joining Clifford.

CLIFFORD

(hushed)

She still thinks she's going home tonight.

BILL

(hesitant)

You didn't tell her..?

Clifford stuffs the maps into Bill's chest.

CLIFFORD

That would involve sitting down for five minutes.

(beat)

I said make up a few envelopes listing simple activities put to a limerick or riddle. Did you see her face..? That was from the boiler room.

BILL

You're not getting it.

(beat)

In classic Greek mythology, the hero's transformation occurs through journey and struggle.

CLIFFORD

There must be over a hundred envelopes.

BILL

She's going to love you by the time this is over.

Clifford sinks to the floor, back against the wall.

INT. ALICE'S STATEROOM - NIGHT

Alice stands at the door, bathed in soft candlelight, revealed from behind thin, hanging shears, flowers, soft music filling the room, and flower pedals sprinkled everywhere. Her oil stained face is surprised to be standing in sudden opulence.

ALICE'S POV - HER DECORATED STATEROOM

Displays every clothing item and personal need she'll need for her journey. She sees bath robe, sleep ware, a duplicate red dress, several other dresses, varieties of shoes and foot ware, an outdoor jacket, casual clothes, active wear, socks, toiletries, bath products, perfumes, and a waiting bottle of chilled wine.

BACK TO SCENE

Alice checks the wine, then takes the bath robe into the bathroom to shower.

EXT. ALICE'S STATEROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Clifford and Bill are sitting in the hall outside Alice's room, being served coffee by Alice's Maid.

CLIFFORD

If she was going to love me, she'd open the door by now.

BILL

It doesn't happen like that. It starts with resentment.

CLIFFORD

She doesn't know she's on a cruise, yet.

BILL

She does now.

CLIFFORD

We could of eased into the resentment part.

The door to Alice's room cracks open into the hall. She's wrapped in a bath robe, drying her hair. Clifford gingerly hands her a breakfast menu.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)
There's a seven AM wake-up call
with a request for casual clothing.

ALICE
Okay.

Alice and Clifford issue each other long, uncertain gazes.

CLIFFORD
You still look incredible.
She wants to smile, but then her face turns sour.

ALICE
I don't need this right now.
Alice throws the dress so it springs open and drapes itself
over Clifford's head.

She backs into her room and closes the door. Bill pulls the
dress off Clifford's head. Clifford stares at his brother.

BILL
Give her some time.

Clifford walks away without saying anything, opening a nearby
stateroom.

INT. CLIFFORD'S STATEROOM - NIGHT

Clifford settles at a drafting table inside his modest
stateroom with office equipment.

To escape, he surrenders to the clean white paper, boldly
scrawling Dancer's ship lines.

DISSOLVE TO:

The Pacific Dancer drawing is finished and hanging in his
room. A reduced plan is in a fax machine, half-way through
until it finishes sending.

INT. PACIFIC DANCER / DINING HALL - DAY

Alice and Clifford are together having light breakfast,
watching the beauty of the close shore pass by. Alice
meditates on the affecting scene out her window.

ALICE'S POV - GEORGIA STRAIGHT

And the close shoreline.

BACK TO SCENE

Clifford sees her lost expression out the window.

CLIFFORD

The thinking was this would be good
for us both. I'm sorry if it
doesn't feel that way.

ALICE

(turns to him)
It isn't fair.

CLIFFORD

She lives with God now.

ALICE

Why does he get to keep her..?

CLIFFORD

We can't bring her back. I would if
I could.

ALICE

Can't I just stay in a dark place
by myself.

CLIFFORD

What you did for her was special,
your way of being is special, it's
not about this kind of perfection
with you like it is with me all the
time.

ALICE

I am nothing but a failure. I
failed her, I'll fail you, I'll
just fail.

Clifford holds her, both looking out the window.

CLIFFORD

We've been hurt, it's time to heal.

ALICE

Hurting is what makes us special.

CLIFFORD

There, it's okay.

Hanging Alice's weeping face over his shoulder, letting the moment linger.

ALICE

What are we going to do..?

CLIFFORD

Somehow we are brothers, I have no idea what's in those envelopes.

Clifford presents Alice with their next envelope, watching her open it.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

If we are going to be miserable, can we be miserable together..?

A card is removed from the envelope.

INSERT - CARD

Showing an antiquated drawing of the lighthouse.

BACK TO SCENE

Bill arrives, looking ready to go.

BILL

Take a look.

They turn, seeing the lighthouse reveal itself from the point.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The lighthouse perched on a rock group offshore warns ships against coming too close to its inviting cove where a dock leads you up steps to the keepers' property.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

Bill maneuvers one of the Dancer's pilot boats away from the Dancer toward the dock. Looking up, they see Martin waving down at them.

AT THE DOCK

Bill nudges it, greeted by its keepers, ROBERT & JANICE, a full of life, sixties, Renaissance couple.

The boat is tied before they make their way up the dock.

Clifford is enthralled, taking a few pictures, getting an idea. Alice is mystified too, taking it in like a strange mystery to both of them.

BILL

I never get tired of coming here.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE / KEEPER'S HOME - DAY

Janice has a large table draped in a white cloth. Bringing the summer's cooked garden fresh vegetables to the table, while Robert brings them in from the view on the deck.

ROBERT

They're from the garden.

Janice lays out biscuits and tea to go with it.

Clifford watches Alice admire a couple of Janice's paintings, displayed on easels around them. Flowers, landscapes, and their lighthouse.

ALICE

I'm trying to learn.

JANICE

Come and stay sometime, I'll teach you.

CLIFFORD

The kids love her.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

Bill's easing the pilot boat away from the dock, giving his friends a respectful salute.

BILL

Thanks for the short notice. See you again.

JANICE
You better. Have a good trip, come
back soon, Alice.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DISCOVERY PASSAGE - DAY

A beautiful day showing mountains in the north, dropping to the sea where Bill, Clifford, and Alice scout the passage from the pilot boat.

Alice opens another envelope, showing its content to Clifford.

The Pacific Dancer slowly fills the background, traveling with them toward Alert Bay. Alice points, seeing something.

PACIFIC PORPOISE

Skip through the water, black and white in color.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DISCOVERY PASSAGE - DAY

Bill moves the pilot boat slowly into the beach where killer whales rub themselves on the soft bottom.

KILLER WHALES

Surface to blow before diving again.

ALICE AND CLIFFORD

Observe the mysterious activity with wonder.

BILL
They come to this same place to rub
themselves every year. They aren't
really sure why.

Alice looks at Clifford, circling his face with her eyes.

ALICE
Why does anybody do anything..?

Clifford passes her another envelope.

CLIFFORD

I'm not sure.

Alice opens the envelope, showing Clifford its card.

INSERT - CARD

Showing a First Nations drawing of a whale.

BACK TO SCENE

ALICE

I guess we're going to find out.

Bill turns the pilot boat across the inlet toward the Pacific Dancer on its way there.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ALERT BAY / WHARF - DAY/DUSK

A spectacular sunset nears. Bill walks Alice and Clifford up the long wharf to the road on which lies old character shops being raked by warm light.

BILL

I'm going back to the ship. Your
ride will be here soon.

(beat)

Enjoy your dinner.

They look up and down the strip together. It's deserted.

CLIFFORD

(uncertain)

I don't see any restaurants.

Bill looks up and down the strip, looks at them both, knowing something they don't.

BILL

I'll come back later.

Bill turns and exits back down the wharf, leaving Alice and Clifford alone on the strip.

A totem in the background from an old heritage site catches the light. They sit at the base of it, near the road. Clifford takes a picture and checks his watch.

CLIFFORD

This can't be it.

ALICE
Pick a direction.

CLIFFORD
All right.

They get up and stand in the middle of the empty road, looking both ways.

CLIFFORD'S POV - LOOKING BOTH WAYS

Up and down the road, not a car in sight. Then, out of nowhere a truck appears heading their way.

BACK TO SCENE

A red truck driven by CHAD, a First Nations elder, pulls to a stop beside Alice and Clifford.

CHAD
I'm Chad. Here to pick you up.
We're getting things ready.

Chad lets a distinguished smile radiate from his open window. Alice and Clifford look around again, the town deserted.

CLIFFORD
There's nobody here.

They walk across the road to Chad's truck. He's wearing a black and red ceremonial robe, stitched with buttons.

CHAD
Yeah, we're having a few people
over tonight.

ALICE
Is there a diner, or something..?

CHAD
Bill called us up and said he knew
a couple people with a friendship
worth celebrating.

CLIFFORD
A couple people.

CHAD
He asked if I could help him out. I
said I'd see.

ALICE
Should we come back another time.

CHAD

Nah, nothing's open right now.

(beat)

Hop in the back. It's not far from here.

Clifford slowly wags his head, trying to understand.

He helps Alice into the bed of Chad's truck to rest in fish netting. Both in, Chad slowly drives away.

EXT. ALERT BAY / CEREMONIAL DINNER - DUSK/NIGHT

The place where the village meets to keep their traditions alive has been transformed into a town sized dinner celebration of all things traditional.

Traditional music is performed in traditional clothing with dancers in buttoned robes and animal costumes inside a circle of drums.

Chad leads Alice and Clifford through the crowd, being wafted with ceremonial smoke by TWO ELDERS.

They're led to a THIRD ELDER, who places a light headdress onto each of their heads.

Alice follows Clifford to a PAIR OF WOMEN ELDERS who cover them with sacred robes.

Chad is met at their seating place at the head of the long, heavy wood table filled with traditional food.

The celebration continues while Chad presents them both with a small carving of a killer whale.

CHAD

(tells them)

With this ceremonial symbol of unity, through the spirits of our nation, let this ceremony protect you through your trials ahead.

Clifford and Alice look at each other.

CHAD (CONT'D)

(continuing)

This feast of friendship is meant to celebrate the joining of your spirits.

(beat)

(MORE)

CHAD (CONT'D)
 May there be no force in this
 world, or the unseen world, that
 keeps you apart.

Chad's look to Clifford says 'kiss her'. Alice and Clifford
 turn hesitantly to each other.

CLIFFORD
 (whispers)
 This is a little awkward.

ALICE
 Yeah.

CLIFFORD
 Okay.

ALICE
 Okay.

Alice shuts her eyes, and Clifford moves to kiss Alice on the
 lips. Intended to be a quick kiss, they come apart briefly.

Alice's eyes open into his and they come together again for a
 longer lasting kiss.

The place erupts with heavy drumming and dancing.

DISSOLVE TO:

FRIENDSHIP FEAST

In progress with Alice and Clifford at the head table eating
 a traditional meal of salmon, being honored.

A dancer in a traditional mask & dress circles around them to
 ominous drum beating.

The dancer leaves, Chad smiles, leaning to Alice.

CHAD
 Do you know the story..?

ALICE
 We saw some of the whales in the
 water today.

CHAD
 I have a story to tell.

Alice tunes in with Clifford.

CHAD (CONT'D)

My grandparents tell a very long story. This is the short version.

(beat)

The story says the killer whale is our friend because through its spirit we are given protection and freedom. Protection from the dark spirits and freedom to pass safely into the spirits of light to receive the blessings. They're our go-between, our mediator.

ALICE

Does the whale protect us..?

CHAD

Its spirit works between the worlds of darkness and light. You see it in the color of its skin. If you have been in the presence of its body, it is believed the whale's spirit will prevent the dark spirits from harming you while offering harmony and blessing.

Clifford and Alice hold hands, exchange looks.

CLIFFORD

Thank you, Chad. You have blessed us both with this dinner tonight and we are grateful.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PACIFIC DANCER / DINING HALL - NIGHT

Alice sits at the dining table, holding the small killer whale carving given to them, having coffee with Bill and Clifford.

ALICE

Is that all you could do for one day..?

Bill looks at the healthy amount of envelopes remaining in the boat on the table.

BILL

As a matter of fact.

CLIFFORD

(cuts in)

I think we've had enough for today.

Alice and Clifford stand together. Bill stands, smiling.

BILL

Tomorrow's another day.

INT. CLIFFORD'S STATEROOM - NIGHT

Clifford is again in the midst of an artistic frenzy, drawing the day's significant sights and experiences onto a large pad.

DISSOLVE TO:

A LITTLE LATER

His drawings are posted on the wall next to his cruise ship picture. A killer whale, lighthouse, and a totem pole are lined up next to the ship.

The fax machine is squealing, sending his reduced designs back to his artisans.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ALICE'S STATEROOM - NIGHT

In deep thought and contemplation about her day and its possible meaning going forward.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PACIFIC DANCER / DINING HALL - DAY

It's the next morning. Bill meets Alice at the large table. The waiter is bringing food to the table.

BILL

Good morning.

ALICE

Please.

She gestures to the seat, Bill sits.

ALICE (CONT'D)

I haven't seen Clifford.

BILL
(checks his watch)
He works late. I called him.

ALICE
Is everything all right..?

Bill thinks, trying to approach the subject delicately.

BILL
How well do you know Clifford..?

ALICE
I'm not sure.

Clifford arrives at the table, sitting between them, severing their discussion.

CLIFFORD
I'm late. Good morning.

BILL
Good timing.

ALICE

Looks outside. Bill reaches for an envelope, taken with the timing of his brother's arrival. He passes it to Clifford.

BILL
Don't let me rush you, we've got a full day.

Clifford finishes his juice, opens the envelope and removes the card.

CLIFFORD
We're starting in the pilot house after breakfast.

INT. PACIFIC DANCER / PILOT HOUSE - DAY

It's a pretty morning. Enjoying their second cup of coffee, Martin and Bill engage the pair.

MARTIN
With electronic and satellite controlled navigation and weather tracking equipment, we always know where we are and what the weather is like ahead.

BILL
It's nice today, but it looks like
we're in for a change.

Clifford looks knowingly out into the water.

CLIFFORD
It's going to rain, I can feel it.

ALICE
How accurate is he..?

Looks are traded as Bill moves to a video screen displaying regional weather systems from a satellite feed.

INSERT - WEATHER SCREEN

Shows a dense weather system tracking upwards from the south.

BILL (O.S.)
There's a system on its way. Looks
like a soaker.

BACK TO SCENE

BILL (CONT'D)
Depending on its speed, we should
see it somewhere between Prince
Rupert and Alaska.

CLIFFORD
That's great news.

Looks suggest nobody else thinks it is.

Martin has his binoculars raised, nodding toward the water.

MARTIN
Your ride's here. Good fishing.

Bill hands Alice the envelope.

BILL
See you below.

They exit.

EXT. FISHING TROLLER - DAY - AERIAL ESTABLISHING

The small salmon troller puts ahead, riding the swells.
Fishing gear is being set out.

EXT. FISHING TROLLER - DAY

IAN, the small boat's skipper, finishes setting a pair of lines into the water. He steers the boat from the deck.

IAN
 Hoping for a nice spring for your dinner tonight.

Clifford and Alice look confused.

CLIFFORD
 What's a spring..?

IAN
 It's salmon.
 (beat)
 I live on the ocean and forget that everyone else doesn't.

CLIFFORD
 What happens if we get one..?

IAN
 You pick up the rod and reel it in. The worst is over now.

ALICE
 What do we do in the mean time..?

Ian slows the boat down a little.

DISSOLVE TO:

ONE OF THE RODS GETS A STRIKE

So Ian grabs it and gives it to Clifford to reel in the salmon.

CLIFFORD
 Now I'm really a fish out of water.

IAN
 Hold it steady and reel hard!

DISSOLVE TO:

THE SALMON IS PULLED ABOARD

And a few pictures are taken.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER - CRUISING

Slower, entering a private cove among small islands and a twisting shoreline. The Dancer is just over their shoulders.

IAN
(hinting)
I'm hoping I've done this right.

Ian nods to Clifford, who hands the envelope to Alice.

CLIFFORD
This is something special just for you.

She opens the card with a curious expression.

ALICE
(reads)
A cove of mystery, a cove of delight, under the red flag is buried something shinny and bright.

Alice lets a genuine smile escape.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Treasure.

EXT. ISLAND COVE - DAY

Ian takes them ashore, tying to a drift log.

Clifford jumps down into the sand, assisting Alice, with a look of anticipation.

Alice climbs to the top of the rocks, looks out at the scene before her and nods, looks down at the men.

ALICE
This is a red flag I think.

She disappears over the other side. Clifford starts climbing to follow her.

ALICE AND CLIFFORD

Walk together in the sand and sunshine toward a red flag stuck in the sand, giddy with each other, like everything is going to be all right.

CLIFFORD
That is definitely a red flag.

They giggle as they arrive at the base of it and use their hands to uncover a mini treasure chest.

ALICE

Opens the chest, emitting genuine surprise.

ALICE
Ohh my.. Look at this.

INSERT - A NECK PIECE

With a beautiful gold design, other gems, and a diamond.

BACK TO SCENE

They share their astonishment together, surprising Clifford, the first time he's seen it, wondering silently about the cost.

CLIFFORD
It looks..
(can't find words)
Wow. It looks.. expensive.
(beat)
It's very nice.

Clifford puts it around her neck.

ALICE
Wow.

CLIFFORD
Wow is a good word.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PACIFIC DANCER / DINING HALL - DAY

Alice and Clifford gaze out the window. Bill's ship of envelopes are in the middle of the table.

CLIFFORD
I could sleep the whole day.

ALICE
Me too.

She holds his hand, gazes at the boat and envelopes. Thinking, she removes one.

CLIFFORD
We don't need to hurry.

ALICE
Don't you want to keep going so we
can find out what happens..?

CLIFFORD
Well.

Bill arrives with coffee.

BILL
We need to wake up and smell the
coffee for some more sightseeing
today.

Clifford looks at Bill.

CLIFFORD
That was quite a necklace, quite a
necklace indeed. Do we need to go
sightseeing too..?

BILL
(smiles)
Alice needs to find out what
happens.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NORTHERN FISHING VILLAGE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Bill directs the Dancer's pilot boat along the quiet
waterfront of a remote fishing village along the mainland's
west coast, near Prince Rupert.

SERIES OF SHOTS - BILL WATCHES CLIFFORD AND ALICE

A) Walking along the waterfront's old boardwalk, oozing
west coast rustic.

B) The pair stroll through the networking system of
boardwalks, admired by Clifford, when Alice stops him and
they hold hands.

C) Strolling along the beach together.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FISHING VILLAGE / CANNERY - DAY

The big doors wide open, filling with natural light, Bill, Clifford, and Alice finish lunch together under the flute's serenade. Another envelope is issued to Alice on a platter.

ALICE

Are you out of your mind..?

Clifford thinks about it, sharing a difficult look with his brother like he wants to say something, but can't.

CLIFFORD

We're not sure sometimes.

It strikes Alice in a funny way, as she opens the envelope.

A YELLOW BUSH PLANE

With pontoons, suddenly roars over the Cannery before turning back to land in the water.

BILL

That would be Gregor.

Alice looks at them both, puzzled.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUSH PLANE - DAY - ESTABLISHING AERIAL

The character yellow vintage aircraft swoops down low over a scenic lake, reflecting the plane, surrounded by lush green trees.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLYING ALONG THE COASTLINE

Where the pacific ocean rolls into the rocks, Gregor's yellow bush plane waves its wings freely before lifting up again.

INT. BUSH PLANE - DAY - TRAVELING

GREGOR and his plane are a picture of character. A jovial Scotsman in his early sixties, who has flown into every nook and cranny of Canada's outback, wears the experience in the lines on his permanent and craggy smile. He has to speak over the drone of the dual props.

GREGOR
 (to Clifford)
 Your man, Billy, tells me yah
 wanted to impress the lady.
 (no response)
 A little silence keeps'em guessin',
 don't it princess..?

Alice looks at Clifford in the back seat, who just shrugs and looks at the plane's interior.

INSERT - THE BUSH PLANE'S INTERIOR

Is filled with photographs of women, all are dressed, some older and not always attractive, some attractive ones have phone numbers, all glued onto the walls of the plane.

BACK TO SCENE

ALICE
 Yes, it does.

Gregor takes a nip of scotch from a hidden flask.

GREGOR
 Bow wow this morning to ol Billy
 boy for comin' up with a little
 hootch.
 (offers it around)
 Who needs a nip..?

They aren't interested, exchanging concerned looks.

ALICE
 Do you think it's a good idea..?

Gregor takes another swig, letting a long, dry exhale.

GREGOR
 Oh, definitely..
 (pause)
 I forget yer names.. I remember
 Billy, cause by brother's Billy.

Alice isn't real happy at this point, surrendering.

ALICE
 Alice and Clifford.

GREGOR
 (scrunches his eyes)
 Malice and Bufford..
 (to Clifford)
 (MORE)

GREGOR (CONT'D)

Bufford, yah done a good thing,
laddy. Just take a look around..
Yah wanna impress a lady, yah came
to the right place. Yah just need a
little twinkle in the eye.

(chuckles)

And maybe a big yellow plane.

A BIG NOISE SHAKES THE PLANE

EXT. BUSH PLANE - DAY - TRAVELING

Over the rugged coastline, Gregor's yellow bush plane wags
side-to-side, its steering affected. INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY

ALICE

Hears the noise, sees they're not flying straight, looks at
Clifford who notices the same.

ALICE

Is there a problem with the
plane..?

GREGOR

Takes a wee nip from the flask.

GREGOR

Dear lady.. I can assure you this
has only happened once before and
it was my darling companion's
stockings, which she never wore,
that saved me.. I used them to tie
the controls while I took the rear
panel off behind Bufford.

ALICE

It's Clifford..

GREGOR

Now this is flying.. Yah see
dearies, I had to sneak me way back
into the fuselage where it's skinny
and I'm not anymore.. And right the
wire that controls the rudder.. If
I didn't, only some of the lovely
ladies I came to know would've met
me..

ALICE
(to Clifford)
Start opening the panel...!!

GREGOR
Never argue with a woman, Bufford..
She's got a point. Think you can
handle it, lad..?
(no response)
There's a screwdriver under the
seat in da' tool box. You can do
it Bufford.

From the back seat, Clifford finds an ancient screwdriver as
the plane zigs and zags across the coast.

CLIFFORD

Scrambles to remove the rear panel, exposing the narrow
access to the fuselage.

GREGOR
You never thoo- such a bean pole
figure would come so handily, did
yah Bufford..?

Clifford quickly climbs inside the small opening, crawling
back into the fuselage.

ALICE AND GREGOR

Watch the plane warble and weave over the rough coastline.

GREGOR
She's startin' to warble...!!
Bufford, when you find the broken
cable, screw it back to the wall
and yell...!!

IN THE FUSELAGE

Clifford is crammed in the rear tail section with the
screwdriver, reattaches the cable anchor, trying to yell, but
can't.

ALICE
We're starting to drop...!!

ALICE'S POV - OUT THE PLANE WINDOW

Gregor's yellow bush plane is heading toward the abandoned Cannery. Bill is outside waving.

BACK TO SCENE

ALICE
(thinks)
He can't talk sometimes...!! I
don't know why...!!

GREGOR

Sees the town Cannery ahead, heading right for its roof.

GREGOR
My dear Bufford, if for some reason
on this God greened earth yah can't
respond.. If yah happen to screw de
broken wire back into da fuselage,
can you give yer lady a sign,
anything will do, laddy.

The plane is getting closer and closer to the Cannery.

CLIFFORD

Bangs the fuselage, giving Alice a thumbs up.

BACK TO SCENE

ALICE
(yelling)
HE'S GO IT...!! PULL UP...!!

GREGOR
ALL RIGHT...!! HANG ON DEARS...!!

Gregor pulls the controls back with all his might.

EXT. FISHING VILLAGE / CANNERY - DAY - INTERCUTS

Bill watches the yellow bush plane coming so low and close, suddenly pull up and away in a spectacular aerobatic move.

BILL
(yells)
Wooooo hooooo...!! Look at that.

GREGOR AND ALICE

Begin to laugh appreciatively.

GREGOR

That's enough for one day..! GOOD
WORK BUFFORD..! GOOD WORK MA
LADY..! YAHS JUST SAVED THE DAY..!
Sits tight, we're going to land
now..!

THE BUSH PLANE LANDS SMOOTHLY

Into the water before it slowly makes its way to the wharf.

EXT. FISHING VILLAGE / WHARF - DAY

Gregor climbs out of the plane to secure it, assisted by Bill, there to meet him. Gregor takes a nip of hootch.

GREGOR

How's me Billy..?

Bill watches Alice climb out of the plane, then Clifford, black from the soot in the tail.

BILL

What happened..?

GREGOR

Ah, Bufford done well, Billy, he
done well.

(to Alice)

As for you, me lady, yer voice was
sweet as the bloomin' heather.

(exhales)

I need to go thank me sweet Mary'an
find me a cheap mechanic.

Gregor exits, breaking into an old favorite song. Bill sees Clifford's silence and Alice's confusion around it.

ALICE

It scares me when you don't talk.

BILL

We're going back to the ship now.
That's enough.

They get inside the pilot boat, tied there.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PACIFIC DANCER / DINING HALL - DAY

Clifford leads Bill and Alice into the hall. With great distance in his eyes, Clifford walks past Martin without making eye contact on his way to his stateroom.

Bill follows Clifford, leaving Martin and Alice alone to stroll across the hall toward their set table.

MARTIN

A capacity ship and a dozen
Mediterranean ports don't have the
complexity and variety of this
voyage.

ALICE

A dozen men don't have the
complexity of your son.

They arrive at the table and stop. Martin feels her weight.

ALICE (CONT'D)

(confused)
About your son..

MARTIN

Sit down.

They sit. Martin studies her, knowing the answer.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Alice, you do know about Clifford's
condition, don't you..?

Alice continues to gaze out the window for a long time,
hesitant to learn the specifics.

ALICE

Always the way isn't it..? If it
seems too good to be true, it
probably is.

MARTIN

My son is true, Ms. Bakewell. And I
think he's fallen in love.

(beat)

With you.

Bill arrives at the table, sits down. He has a video tape
with him. Bill and Martin exchange looks.

BILL

I think she should watch this.

INT. PACIFIC DANCER / THEATRE - DAY

It's dark. Alice gazes at the screen, flickering back onto her face, listening to Clifford's voice. Her reactions to what she sees and hears INTERCUT AS NECESSARY.

VIDEO IMAGE FILLS THE FRAME

Clifford reads a statement, speaking into the camera to Alice.

CLIFFORD

Dearest Alice.. If it becomes necessary, I've made this story of my life in case I don't get the chance to fill you in on why I'm more than just the silent type.

(beat)

If you decide to return to Vancouver, I understand. Bill will arrange everything. God knows he's arranged for more than I expected already.

(beat)

When my dedication to Beth suddenly ended with yours, our lives came together. At that moment, I realized there was something special about you, Alice.

(beat)

Moments, like the ones we've had together, are all that matter to me now.

(beat)

A successful business, money, trappings of security, there isn't anything that matters more to me than you.

(pause)

Hydrocephalus is a brain condition that causes swelling and sometimes shuts down my speech center. We're doing the best we can to manage it. New research is hopeful.

(beat)

I can't make any promises about my future, or our future. The only thing I know is..

(pause)

Whatever moments I have, I want to spend those moments with you.

Tears come to Alice's eyes through the music and clips of Clifford's young life captured on Super-8 film and video.

MONTAGE - CLIFFORD'S LIFE STORY

- A) Three-years: Clifford plays catch with Dad, Martin.
- B) Six-years: Clifford opens a Christmas present with Mom.
- C) Seven-years: Clifford the artist paints at an easel. He has oxygen running into his nose from a side bottle.
- D) Nine-years: Outside a hospital in a wheel chair with Bill.
- E) Thirteen-years: In a school play, speaking, no limits.
- F) Sixteen-years: Smiling and waving to the camera, wearing a full head bandage, with his Mom again.
- G) Eighteen-years: Being tested with probes attached to his shaved head.
- H) Twenty-two: Studying his homework and doing a lab/IQ test prescribed by present doctors at the same time.

BACK TO SCENE

Alice fights her feelings, watching the tape dissolve to black as the theater lights come back on. She is left alone.

INT. PACIFIC DANCER / CLIFFORD'S STATEROOM - DAY

Clifford's at his drafting desk, drawing the bush plane they were on, listening to music. He stops to rub his temples.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PACIFIC DANCER / OBSERVATION DECK - DAY

It's foggy and grey. Alice is standing at the rail looking out at nothing in particular. She's met by Martin and Bill. She turns to them with torn finality.

ALICE

I need to go ashore. I'll be okay.
It's just.. Kind of been a lot. I
just need to think things through.
(pause)

(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)
It's been so amazing, yet so
confusing. Thank you both for
everything.

Martin and Bill are disappointed.

MARTIN
As you wish, Alice.

Bill looks at the sky and his phone.

BILL
I've put you up for two nights in
case you can't get out. This is the
rain capital of the world and it's
right on top of us.
(beat)
If you reconsider.

ALICE
It's better this way.

BILL
Just call.

Martin nods to Bill, understanding.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PRINCE RUPERT / WHARF - DAY

Bill lets Alice off on the dock, very slowly backing his
pilot boat away, they hold eye contact under the grey skies
that suddenly open up into pouring rain.

Alice lets herself get wet, watching Bill's boat slip away
into the mist.

MONTAGE - CLIFFORD AND ALICE / SPRING MEADOWS

A) Pacific Dancer / Clifford's Stateroom - Clifford listens
to the rain and thunder outside as he's faxing drawings to
his shop.

There's a knock at his door. Clifford opens it, finding Bill
there in rain soaked slickers and a devastating expression
that tells Clifford she left the ship.

Clifford just nods, moving back to his work.

B) Spring Meadows Pediatric Unit - Clifford's artisans, Judd and Tim, are there conducting the expansion work for Clifford under plastic and scaffolding.

C) Spring Meadows Pediatric Unit - Ruth watches the workers through the door, from where Alice used to work with the kids. She backs away, where a little girl tugs her shirt.

LITTLE GIRL

Is Alice coming back..?

RUTH

I don't know.

D) Prince Rupert / Coffee Shop - Alice sits by the window, staring out at the pouring rain. Just barely, the image of the Dancer is seen through the haze of rain.

E) Pacific Dancer / Clifford's Stateroom-to-Pilot House - Pacing back and forth anxiously, Clifford furiously scrawls something onto paper and leaves his room, followed running up to the Pilot House, where he meets Bill and Martin gazing futilely out at the pouring rain.

Clifford's tortured stare paralyzes them. He raises the note, saying : "TIME TO LEAVE.."

F) Pacific Dancer / Rear Deck - Martin and Bill watch Clifford storm out into the rain, looking up and taking the rain on his face, moving his lips. Martin and Bill can't stand it, throwing their rain jackets on. They run outside and rescue Clifford's tortured soul, bringing him back inside to warm up.

G) Prince Rupert / Coffee Shop - Alice tries not to look out at the Dancer, but does.

INT. PACIFIC DANCER / DINING HALL - DAY

Clifford's still wet, but drying off and warming up with hot soup at the table next to the boat full of envelopes. Martin and Bill are there. Clifford's voice begins to return.

CLIFFORD

(broken)

I am not.. staying here.. any..
more..

Martin begins to pace.

MARTIN

If you love her, and I believe you do.. Get on the pilot boat, find Alice, and you tell her yourself.

CLIFFORD

(emotional)

She won't.. have.. me.. this way..

MARTIN

That's not it, son..!! You could take her to the moon and it wouldn't matter..!!

(beat)

Unless you tell her yourself that you love her, it won't matter.

(beat)

Use your heart..!!

EXT. PRINCE RUPERT / COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Alice sits alone, circling the lip of her coffee cup with her finger, wearing her soul. A WAITRESS stops by with the coffee pot, seeing her gaze out the window.

WAITRESS

Coffee..?

ALICE

I'm done.

WAITRESS

Can I get you something..?

ALICE

No.

Waitress leaves, observes Alice, wags her head.

ALICE'S EYES

Begin to grow. Her eyes on Clifford INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

EXT. PRINCE RUPERT / WHARF - DAY

Bill steers the pilot boat into the dock, Clifford sitting behind him. Both clothed in rain slicks, repelling the sheeting rain, Clifford's troubled eyes scan the scene.

Clifford climbs onto the dock, looking back at Bill.

BILL
I'll wait here.

Clifford nods, digs Alice's umbrella out of his coat and opens its big face.

ALICE STANDS

With her eyes fixed on the wharf, clearly seeing her umbrella and Clifford.

She puts a few dollars down and slowly moves across the coffee shop's big windows, her eyes fixed outside the whole time.

WAITRESS

Watches Alice slowly move toward the coffee shop door until she exits.

WAITRESS
Good luck, darlin'.

ON THE WHARF

The rain is beautiful, the way Clifford loves it. He stops for a moment, lifting Alice's umbrella away to let the rain strike his face when he looks up.

ALICE

Slowly descends the steps, completely soaked, watching Clifford, totally mesmerized. Her face beams, loving the rain with him.

Clifford's eyes and face slowly drop, seeing Alice's soaked frame. Her beaming face almost brings him to tears. They slowly move toward each other. Clifford just stands there before giving her the umbrella.

CLIFFORD
They're right. I can't just let
you leave. After all this.

Their bodies pound together, making the umbrella drop.

ALICE
After all this..!!

They laugh like kids for a moment, getting soaked.

Their mouths meet and the long lasting kiss melts them. They smile and laugh, looking up at the rain together.

ALICE (CONT'D)

You don't have to say anything ever again. I'll take you the way you are.

(pauses)

Why did you do all this..?

CLIFFORD

I used to watch you work with Beth. I've seen your gift. When they asked me to create the expansion sculptures, all I could think about was you there with the kids.

(finding words)

What I do is all window dressing. You're what makes it special, for me and for the kids.

(pause)

I did this to bring you back so that you can work with the kids again. I did this because I fell in love with you, Alice.

Alice picks up her umbrella and holds it over both of them while they continue to embrace.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PRINCE RUPERT WATERFRONT / PILOT BOAT - DAY

The rain has stopped. Bill's driving the small boat toward the Dancer. A beautiful weather modification occurs. Sun slashes down through the clouds.

Bill smiles, turns back to Clifford and Alice, wrapped in a blanket.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE - ALASKA VOYAGE

A) Pacific Dancer / Rear Deck - Clifford flies a kite with Alice, laughing as the kite twists and snakes.

B) Pacific Dancer / Observation Deck - With the envelope still in Alice's hand, they watch huge chunks of glacial wall fall into the ocean with spectacular awe.

C) Ketchikan, Alaska - Alice and Clifford stroll a quaint boardwalk filled with character shops. Clifford stops to do something funny with a hat, making them laugh.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PACIFIC DANCER / DINING HALL - DAY

Clifford and Alice sit quietly at the dining table for afternoon tea. The model boat of envelopes they'd built their adventure around, sits between them.

Alice glances down at the boat, quietly smirks.

INSERT - BOAT OF ENVELOPES

Has only one remaining, with "CLIFFORD" neatly embossed on it.

BACK TO SCENE

Clifford trades looks with Bill, who just arrives, confused.

CLIFFORD

This was supposed to be for you.

Alice produces a small box and slides it across the table toward Clifford.

ALICE

This has all been about me and how
sorry I've been. You asked for
nothing and gave everything.

(beat)

I can't out give you, but I can
give you something.

Clifford opens the box, finding a small bag with a piece of polished quartz inside in the shape of a heart.

CLIFFORD

A wishing stone.

Alice hands Clifford the last envelope. The sound of a helicopter grows.

ALICE

Open it. It's for both of us.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ALASKAN GLACIER - DAY - AERIAL

The Pacific Dancer is circled from the air, sitting next to the glacial wall looking relatively meek.

Moving up a glacial slide and back down the other side reveals the helicopter, with Alice looking out the side window, pushing toward the upper glacier.

They pass over a beautiful twisting valley of ice.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY - TRAVELING

Clifford's eyes grow, looking outside her window. Waving his head, it's the surprise of all surprises. His long gazing reaction INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

EXT. ALASKAN GLACIER / HEART - DUSK - AERIAL

The sun begins to warm late in the day and strikes the large heart, made to look like ice, positioned in the middle of a glacier which opens to a panoramic vista of white mountains.

The site is circled, watching their helicopter circle the heart before finding a wooden landing pad next to a small automatic weather station.

A sturdy tent has been set up for a gourmet meal with a view facing the heart and mountains.

EXT. ALASKAN GLACIER / GIANT HEART - DUSK

The helicopter is on the pad. Clifford walks Alice down to the tent in parkas, enthralled with what they're experiencing.

CLIFFORD

How did you do it..?

Clifford leads her into the tent where a propane stove makes the dinner for two. PIERRE, forty and French, manages the cooking. He's flipping shrimp and sauces in a wok, checking the rice.

ALICE

This is Pierre, provider of all things culinary.

PIERRE

(chuckles)

Your dinner will be along shortly.

(MORE)

PIERRE (CONT'D)

(beat)

And since my work is nearly done,
the rest is up to you, so enjoy.

Clifford pours them each a glass of the open red wine on the table and raises his glass.

CLIFFORD

To good help.

ALICE

To great help.

Pierre takes a bow with his flipper still in hand. Then, on cue, he delivers the rice to their plates and tops it with the hot shrimp. Finished, he puts his hand to his ear.

PIERRE

I hear the mountain. If you'll
excuse me.

Pierre dons his parka and exits the tent up to the helicopter. Things become very still and quiet, both listening to the silence. Clifford raises his glass.

CLIFFORD

I don't deserve this.

Alice raises hers, looks deeply into his eyes.

ALICE

Neither do I.

They toast with the late sun between their glasses.

DISSOLVE TO:

AFTER DINNER

Their plates are empty, leaving just the two of them looking at each other. Between them, in the middle of the picture, is the ice heart being lit perfectly from the sun.

Alice turns to the heart and can't take her eyes off it. Clifford watches her gaze.

CLIFFORD

I think your heart is warm and gold
and double the size.

ALICE

The heart I saw in you over the
course of this journey is never
ending.

Clifford gives Alice a small box, writhing from the flattery.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Clifford, no. Stop.

CLIFFORD

Open it. Please.

Alice opens the box, gazing down in adoration before slowly
pulling it up between them. It's a gold heart on a chain and
dangles directly in front of the ice heart.

Inscribed on its face: "FOR THIS MOMENT.."

Alice begins to weep.

ALICE

It's beautiful.

CLIFFORD

Unfortunately, nothing lasts
forever. We only have moments and
feelings in our hearts. We can only
thank God for the time we shared
with Beth, for now that moment is
gone.

(pause)

What is your next moment, Alice..?

Alice is teary eyed.

ALICE

You are, Clifford Douglas, you are.

(beat)

And you always will be.

They stand and embrace.

DISSOLVE TO:

FROM THE AIR

Clifford and Alice embracing in the tent, making a full
circle around the ice heart.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPRING MEADOWS EXPANSION - DAY

It's the near future and the grand opening of the new hospital expansion. A lot of people are there. New displays designed by Clifford are still covered.

Alice looks vibrant and new standing next to Clifford in front of a large yellow ribbon with Clifford, Alice, Ruth, and some kids, about to cut it. They do.

As the ribbon falls, all the covers come off the new displays around the space. Receiving instant oohs and ahhs, the gala crowd breaks into spontaneous applause.

Martin and Bill are there, out of ship uniforms, gazing at Clifford's sculptures based on their journey.

The sculptures were made by Clifford's artisans and have transformed the expansion into a wonderland, doubling as furniture and adventure toys for the kids.

Beautifully painted walls depict sun and blue sky on one half, patterned with white clouds.

On the other half of the large room are walls of cloud and rain with a Renee Magritte like arrangement of umbrellas patterned in front.

A rain sculpture permanently falls water over a large umbrella.

And an intensely bright artificial sun cycles up and down on the sun side. A glacier extends from the wall, as does a cruise ship's bow.

A lighthouse stands on a small island in the middle of the room with a turning beacon. An Indian longhouse extends from the wall.

Above, under the dome, is suspended a scale replica of the yellow bush plane, turned slightly to one side.

Some whales and a replica of the pilot boat extend from blue carpeting. The kids swarm the whales.

Ruth watches Alice and Clifford being swarmed by the kids. Alice breaks away, approaching Ruth.

ALICE

This is amazing.

RUTH

Welcome back.

Alice fights tears as two of the children pull Alice away by the hand, motioning "shhh". They take her under the rain in the umbrella sculpture. Clifford's there waiting.

CLIFFORD

Thank you, kids..

The kids leave, letting Clifford and Alice alone. They spend a moment admiring the work around them and come together for one more embrace.

DISSOLVE TO:

A long roving shot examines the sculptures and the kids playing on them as the CREDITS ROLL.

FADE OUT: