

The Engineer and The Architect

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Calm. Vivid nature fills the frame, trees, flowers, birds, leaves, green.

We pan out, further and further, the color leaves the frame, leaving us in B&W.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This is the story of an Engineer and an Architect. Two people, unknown to the other. Two talents linked naturally by their aspirations.

Nothing but a river moving, wide, deep. Very little else around, sand, scrub brush.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Aspirations that are quite distant for this pair. The trials along the way taking their toll, tearing all from them but that which cannot be torn.

A pair of feet walk over the lifeless sand, past some scrub brush, then up toward a tiny house.

INT. ENGINEER'S HOUSE - DAY

Meet The Engineer, (mid 20's), vibrant, ambitious, beautiful. She toys with various building materials at a workbench.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Our Engineer is an exceedingly gifted builder. Her core is a fierce determination, outshined only by a creative mind set to analyze and innovate.

Around her are scaled models, failed attempts at previous construction. A broken catapult, an odd skateboard attached to a balloon, and an unbalanced crane all slouch, defeated in their purpose.

She works intensely on something, inspired, she stops suddenly and looks up through a window. She's done it! A smile of confidence opens wide on her face.

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

The Engineer walks quickly, head held high, through the sand and to the edge of the bank.

She picks up a rock, nervously peers over the edge and tosses it high in the sky, it comes down in a quick splash.

She then carefully steps back.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Dreams of flying are said to be lucid, signs of soaring above obstacles. Dreams of flight provide a vivid sense of power, a new perspective over all things.

She looks up at a beautiful bird flying through the air, then reveals a beautifully crafted kite in the shape of a bird into the frame.

From her POV, her hands float the kite into a gentle arc, it's one fluid motion, up and over the river.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But in reality, we cannot fly. And we wake to our limitations, our fears, the stark reminder that perhaps we are not quite ready.

A strong gust of wind pushes the kite down. It circles back and crashes hard on the shore.

Upset, she wipes away tears in a spurt of frustration, then turns and mopes toward home, kite string unraveling with each step.

She spots a waded piece of paper on the ground, then bends to pick it up.

She opens it up to take a look, astounded.

INT. ARCHITECT'S HOUSE - DAY

B&W. Meet the Architect, (30's), smart, determined, curious. He sits at a desk, drawing away at a piece of paper.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Our Architect is an exceedingly inspired designer. Sculpting forms and matter into blank space, his

NARRATOR (V.O.)
pain is found in the details of his
work, his desire derived in its
function.

On the wall are numerous drawings, an odd pair of hand flippers, a scary dive helmet, and a unicycle with paddles instead of a wheel, all serve as a reminder of what doesn't work.

Pulling his glasses up he gazes at the page with great enthusiasm. Then, a quick dot here, a rub of the eraser there, and done. He's figured it out!

EXT. SHORELINE - DAY

Walking down the bank, the Architect very slowly approaches the edge of the river.

Picking up a stone, he attempts to skip it across. It skips once and sinks.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Memories, like water can be as
clear or as murky as the emotions
which bring them to surface.
Happiness so smooth that skipping a
stone across is as effortless as it
is beautiful.

He squats down and looks at the gentle ripples of the river moving across the frame. He brings his drawing up and we see it's a smooth fish shaped submarine, perfect in design.

Waving the paper over the water as if it's skipping, an accomplished look takes over his face.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Regret, a rushing rising flood you
can't escape, treading yourself
exhausted, only to drown in
failure.

A strong wind suddenly blows the Architect off balance and he falls forward, he's drenched from the elbows up.

The paper is soaked. He rings it out in anger, then tosses it as hard as he can up the bank.

Just as he sits down to stew in failure, a falling object catches his eye. He squints hard to see what it is.

He takes the walk over to the object and looks down, shocked to see the broken kite.

Holding it up high, he struggles to understand what it is.

He pulls hard on the string, which stretches back up the bank, then starts to follow it up.

INT. RIVER BANK - DAY

The Engineer walks in a circle in the sand as she scans the paper from different angles. She looks up and suddenly stops.

The Architect stands before her, kite and string in hand. A touch of color enters the frame as he smiles.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Fate never asks us what we want. It only gives us precisely what we need. The only choice to consider is whether or not to accept it.

She returns the smile, then holds out the paper for him to take, which he promptly does, as he hands off the kite back to her.

Both hold for a second, then look back at the objects they just handed over.

An energy starts between the two as they quickly part company and back towards their little houses.

INT. ARCHITECT'S HOUSE - DAY

The Architect knocks over a jar of pencils in his excitement and begins scratching away at a fresh piece of paper.

INT. ENGINEER'S HOUSE - DAY

The Engineer rushes back to her bench and starts building in a flurry of hands and material.

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

The Engineer is upbeat as she makes her way back to the river's edge, now holding something bright white in her hands.

The Architect runs proudly as he goes back to the rivers edge, fresh colorful drawing in his hands.

They meet back at the same spot they departed, they gaze upon the other for a second, then look up over the river back to the green of nature on the other side, then back to each other.

The Engineer displays a smile, then the perfect sailboat she has built.

The Architect is stunned, then feigns a smile.

He looks down at the river, which looks back up at him, unwavering.

He shakes his head no.

The Engineer slowly puts the boat on the ground.

A quick jolt and the Architect opens up his colorful drawing of a sleek airplane, smiling triumphantly!

The Engineered is now stunned, looks up to the sky, which looks back down upon her, small.

She covers her head with her hands, slowly shaking it no.

The Architect sighs, rolls up the paper and sets it next to the sailboat.

Again both look at each other, back across the river, then to each other.

In a flash of color both finally get it and start running together as fast as they can!

INT. ARCHITECT'S HOUSE - DAY

The Engineer stands over the Architects shoulder as he draws away, she gestures, points, and helps direct his efforts.

The excitement between them builds and builds until he rips the sheet off the desk and holds it up high.

INT. ENGINEER'S HOUSE - DAY

Both run back into the Engineers house, eager with anticipation.

The Engineer takes the drawing and starts building away, the Architect gestures, points, and encourages.

The Engineer is finished! She backs off the bench revealing a scaled, yet magnificent arched bridge standing tall on the bench.

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

We see them both holding one end of the bridge as they march victoriously out of the little house.

A perplexed look takes over as they slow, then immediately stop. Lowering the bridge, they look at each other, shocked.

We're up close on their faces, painted in awe.

We come around behind them to see they are standing directly in front of the nature scene.

They share a look of amazement, then move curiously into the scene of nature.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

You see, two talents which are linked naturally by aspirations can be a powerful catalyst for accomplishment. Through fate, our Engineer and our Architect discovered this balance, and in doing so also discovered something much greater.

TITLES AGAINST BLACK BACKGROUND:

"The majority see the obstacles; the few see the objectives; history records the successes of the latter, while oblivion is the reward of the former." Alfred Armand Montapert

FADE OUT