

FADE IN:

WHALERS - (B&W STOCK FOOTAGE):

Hunting down and the inevitable killing of a whale out on the open sea. Over the cruel images of this magnificent creature's futile attempt to save itself from man's senseless destruction, a haunting and crystal clear solo voice sings:  
*AMAZING GRACE.*

(traditional)

*Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me  
I once was lost but now I'm found  
Was blind, but now, I see*

*T'was Grace that taught my heart to fear  
And Grace, my fears relieved  
How precious did that Grace appear  
the hour I first believed.*

*Through many dangers, toils and snares  
we have already come  
T'was Grace that brought us safe thus far  
and Grace will lead us home*

*When we've been there ten thousand years  
bright shining as the sun  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
then when we've first begun*

*Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me  
I once was lost but now I'm found  
Was blind, but now, I see...*

DISSOLVE INTO:

AERIAL - DAY

A rugged coastline (Pacific Northwest) dotted with a myriad of small islands at the mercy of the relentless sea. The snow capped peaks of a mountain range appear in the distance.

FLOATPLANE - CONTINUOUS

Banking hard to the right, the small floatplane (a single engine DeHavilland Beaver) begins its descent to a tiny picturesque fishing village nestled along the coast.

EXT. CAMPBELL RIVER - PUBLIC WHARF - DAY (MORNING)

Commercial fishing boats line the dock. Among them is an old wooden trawler wedged between two larger boats. Weathered, worn, and showing it's age, it is a vessel long since past it's pride. A banner between the stanchions reads: "WHALE WATCHING TOURS". Her name is the: (Motor Vessel) "M.V.GRACE". A lone seagull sits perched high atop the mast.

FROM THE DECK OF THE M.V.GRACE - CONTINUOUS

Looking down through a large open hatch into the engine hold reveals someone doing some sort of mechanical repair.

IN THE ENGINE HOLD - CONTINUOUS

Tightening a mechanical fitting she looks up, wiping her brow with the back of her hand. A smudge of grease streaks her face.

LINDSEY: a young attractive woman (late 20's), wearing a pair of coveralls. A backwards turned baseball cap sits upon her long dark hair tied back in a ponytail. She searches for a misplaced wrench. She looks up from the engine hold, she sees;

PETE (the dog): a large (over weight) Golden Labrador Retriever stands with a wrench in his mouth, tail wagging.

LINDSEY  
You're a lifesaver, Pete.

Lindsey hears the sound of the roaring engine of an approaching floatplane. Pete 'barks'. Lindsey looks up as the small plane passes low overhead.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)  
They're early!

She tightens the bolt with the wrench.

IN THE HARBOR - CONTINUOUS

The floats of the small plane skim across the water as it touches down.

EXT. M.V.GRACE - DECK - CONTINUOUS

Pulling herself out of the engine hold, Lindsey wipes her hands with a oily rag.

LINDSEY  
Let's go, Pete.

Climbing down from the boat.

ON THE DOCK - CONTINUOUS

She takes a few steps, stops and looks back at a pensive 'Pete', pacing back and forth, too old and fat to jump from the boat to the dock.

LINDSEY  
Ohhh, Pete..!

Lindsey wraps her arms around the very large dog.

LINDSEY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
(grunts)  
Uuuuh!!

Pete licks her face as she strains, lifting him down to the dock.

LINDSEY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Jeez, Pete! Whadda you been  
eating?!  
(dog breath)

Lindsey and Pete (the dog) run along the old wooden wharf.

FLOATPLANE - CONTINUOUS

Taxis up to the dock. The engine stops and the pilot's door swings open.

RAY: dressed in a summer pilot's uniform steps down out of the cockpit on the plane's float as it glides over the water towards the dock.

DOCK - CONTINUOUS

Ray tosses a mooring line to Pete the dog. Pete catches it with his mouth, as the plane nudges up against the dock. Ray jumps from the float to the dock, with Pete tugging on the rope.

RAY  
Thanks, Pete. I think I can take it  
from here.

Ray ties the plane to the dock. Lindsey approaches, pulling the sleeves of her coveralls around her waist like a belt. She wipes her hands with an oily rag.

RAY (CONT'D)

When are you gonna sell that piece  
of junk you call a boat?

Taking the oily rag from her hand, wiping a smudge of grease from Lindsey's face.

Ray removes Lindsey's backwards baseball cap, snugging it back down on her head facing forward. The cap reads: "SUNCOAST TOURS". An innocent tom-boyish smile comes across Lindsey's face, as she grabs the rag from Ray's hand.

LINDSEY

When you give up being a 'fly-boy'  
and get a real job!

For a moment they gaze into each other's eyes with an unmistakable attraction, until Lindsey's attention is drawn to the passenger's faces staring out of the airplane windows at the two of them.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Uhm hmm...  
(as if clearing her  
throat)

JOSH: a tall, handsome man in his mid thirties exits the front of the plane, stepping down onto the plane's pontoon float on to the dock. His multi-pocketed vest and expensive camera suggests that he is a professional photographer.

BENNETT & HIS WIFE BERNICE (Bernie): an elderly loving couple in their late 60's exit from the rear door the plane. Bernice helps her frail husband step down out of the plane, as Ray and Josh help him onto the dock.

ELLIOT: a business man, looking out of place in casual clothes, carrying his ever present laptop, steps from the plane followed by: his restless teenage daughter -

DAWN (Cheryl- Anne Dawn): a cute precocious teenage girl dressed with attitude and a look of permanent boredom etched upon her face. A small wooden flute tied with a string hangs across her shoulder like a frown.

With everyone on the dock, Ray removes the passenger's luggage from the plane. Josh reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pack of cigarettes. Dawn looks to him with disgust as he is about to light one.

DAWN

Must you?! Some of us still need  
our lungs, you know!

Sticking out her pierced tongue at Josh.

Josh pulls the cigarette from between his lips and stuffs it  
into his pocket.

LINDSEY

Welcome everyone. My name is  
Lindsey, and this here is Pete,

Pete the dog 'barks'.

LINDSEY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

And I'll be your guide for the next  
three days. But before we get  
started, it would be nice to know  
everyone's name.

Lindsey looks to the elderly couple.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Let's start with you.

BERNICE

My name's Bernice, but all my  
friends call me Bernie. And this is  
my husband Bennett - Next week is  
our forty-fifth wedding  
anniversary.

BENNETT

Oh Mother! I don't think they  
really want to know about that!

LINDSEY

That's wonderful. Happy  
Anniversary.

BERNICE

Our son paid for this trip. He was  
too busy to join us. But you know  
what it's like to be single! Work,  
work, work. Maybe you would like to  
meet him? He's very handsome.

BENNETT

Mother!

LINDSEY

I'm sure he must be very nice,  
but...

Josh interjects,

JOSH

Josh.

Tugging on the camera strapped around his neck.

Elliot steps forward.

ELLIOT

Hi, my name is Elliot. And this is my daughter, Cheryl-Ann Dawn.

Dawn in an exasperated stance.

DAWN

Just, Dawn!

Rolling her eyes.

LINDSEY

It's nice to meet all of you.

Pete 'barks'.

LINDSEY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I would just like to take this opportunity to thank Ray, your pilot, for bringing you all safely here. Thanks, Ray.

Followed by a sarcastic toned Dawn.

DAWN

Thanks, Ray..!

Ray acknowledges with a half bow.

LINDSEY

I know, for some of you, this was the first time that you've been in a small plane, let alone one that lands on the water. But that's just the beginning of your adventure. The next three days will leave you with a lifetime worth of memories. So if you would like to grab your things, we will be leaving shortly.

The guests sort among their luggage.

RAY  
(to Lindsey)  
I hear there's a change in the  
weather moving in. It should be out  
your way sometime tomorrow night.

LINDSEY  
I'll keep my eyes open.

RAY  
If there is anything you need...

LINDSEY  
I will.

RAY  
Oh, I almost forgot. I got  
something for you.

Ray runs back to the plane, returning with a small package in  
hand.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Here...

A look of expectation comes across Lindsey's face.

LINDSEY  
What's this?

RAY  
It's the part you ordered.

LINDSEY  
You're so romantic.

Holding back her laughter.

RAY  
So, I'll see you back here in three  
days?

Ray unties the plane from the dock.

Lindsey looks down at the small box...

LINDSEY  
Hey Ray,  
...shaking it close to her ear, as if it were a gift.

Ray looks back.

LINDSEY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Ray smiles, pushing his plane away from the dock. He jumps onto the pontoon float and calls back to Lindsey, as the plane drifts out into the harbor.

RAY

There's this club that just opened,  
and I was wondering when you get  
back, if you might wanna go with  
me?

Opening the door of his airplane, he climbs inside.

Lindsey shields her eyes from the glare of the sun off the water.

LINDSEY

Are you asking me out on a date?

RAY

If that's what they still call  
them?

Holding the door open with his foot, as he fidgets with the controls.

LINDSEY

Yah, that's what they still call  
it! But I thought you already had a  
girl?

Her eyes glancing at the name "BUTTERCUP" on the side of his plane.

RAY

I do! But she's not the jealous  
type. So, will you go with me?

LINDSEY

(calls out)  
Is there dancing involved?

RAY

Maybe?!

LINDSEY

Do I have to wear a dress?

Ray looks at Lindsey standing in her grubby T-shirt, tied up coveralls, work boots, and a baseball cap.

RAY  
I was hoping!

LINDSEY  
Then ask me again when I get back!

The sound of the starter motor turns the propeller. The engine whines and sputters, then with a puff of smoke, it roars to life.

Lindsey holds her cap to her head from the wind of the spinning propeller as the floatplane taxis away.

Ray looks back at Lindsey through the side window of the plane. Then with a powerful roar from the engine in full throttle, the plane cuts across the water, edging skyward. The banking plane passes low back over the marina.

Lindsey waves, as the plane disappears over the tops of the trees.

Lindsey turns to her guests standing on the dock, luggage in hand.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)  
Is everyone ready?

A smile of infatuation still etched on Lindsey's face.

BERNICE  
Oh young Miss..?

Averting Lindsey's attention.

LINDSEY  
Yes, Bernice!

BERNICE  
Is it very far to the boat?

LINDSEY  
No. It's just at the end of the dock.

BERNICE  
It's just that my husband has a little difficulty in walking long distances.

BENNETT  
Mother, you worry too much.  
(looks to Lindsey)  
Pay no never mind to her.

BERNICE

At least let me help you with your bag.

Bernice reaches for his overnight bag.

BENNETT

I'm not an invalid!

Bennett pulls the bag away from her. Josh reaches out his hand.

JOSH

Can I help you with that, Sir?

BERNICE

Now there's a nice young man.

DAWN

(rolls eyes)

Can we just get on with this thing!

Elliot thwacks his daughter across the back of her head.

Dawn reacts.

DAWN (CONT'D)

What?!

Rubbing the back of her head.

ELLIOT

You'll have to excuse my daughter.  
As you can see, she's not much of a morning person.

Dawn picks up her bag and looks around.

DAWN

So, where are all the fish?

With a waddling Pete leading the way, they all make their way along the boat lined dock.

Josh begins whistling the theme from "*GILLIGAN'S ISLAND*".

EXT. M.V.GRACE - DAY

The M.V.Grace pulls out of her berth, tugging a small skiff behind.