

PRINTMAKING CAMP

Written by

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Based on the graphic novel

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"Printmaking Camp"

FADE IN:

INT. PLANE - DAY

Titles roll. BG airport sounds, jet takeoff. Window seat.
Business class. CU woman's hands open a LETTER FROM BRAZIL.

INSERT

CU ON LETTER

We follow scanning the letter, ending with: PS BE CAREFUL!

Hotel Floresca
Av. Rio Branco 618
880 22-254 FLORIANOPOLIS
BRAZIL

December 9, 2008
Professor Issey Cann
Art Department - Printmaking
Hawaii University
Honolulu, HI 99506

Dear Issey,
I'm a winner! I've won the Gates Prize again! Can you believe it? With it there's enough money to fly you home. It's been ten years. Enclosed is an open ticket to Floripa. I may already be in Emeralda Region by the time you and I meet.

I want you to give yourself ten weeks. I've enclosed a list of places where I have contacts you can talk to about your sabbatical project, your printmaking camp network. You could visit at least ten on your way, I think.

I'll send you postcards from Emeralda as soon as I get there. Every week. I'll also send Artist Trading Card decks. Get your mail at those American Express offices.

By the way, your mother is really excited to see you again. She's keeping busy with the hotel. She'll tell you all about the Gates Prize when you get here.

Your loving father, Dusty

P.S. BE CAREFUL! Don't say anything about the Gates Prize.

RETURN TO SCENE

Hands re-fold, tuck away the letter, relax. PULLING away, we see ISSEY CANN, settling in to nap. Thirty-four, attractive, more striking for a prominent scar over her eye showing as she sweeps aside long black hair. Head back, eyes close.

Titles end as she drifts off.

FADE OUT.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Crash! We're in Issey's nightmare, like when Charlton Heston and his crew were zonked and their spaceship crashed in "Planet of the Apes." A lightning flash makes a STARK BLACK-AND-WHITE IMAGE - a horrifyingly, unbelievably humongous WAVE, frozen in time, looming over a DOOMED SAILING SHIP.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Ah! ISSEY wakens. Eyes wide. It was just a bad dream, but so realistic it makes her wonder. Oh well. Relax.

CLOSEUP

She takes her travel itinerary from her bag. She's going around the world! First stop: AUSTRALIA, then JAPAN, and eight more countries before Brazil. Now she takes out a DECK OF ART CARDS fastened with a RING and she fans out the cards on her serving tray. Issey fixes on one.

INSERT CU ON CARD

This ARTIST TRADING CARD pictures a ship foundering under a great wave. It is just like in the dream! How weird is that? The text says: INTAGLIO PRINT. We home in on the word, INTAGLIO.

BACK TO SCENE

ANGLE ON MAN seated next to her. With a glance he notes her forehead scar as she again sweeps her hair back. We sense in his look that he knows her: she is to be his target.

MAN

Excuse me - let me introduce myself
- Glenn Nasp. Do you mind if I ask
what those cards are?

Issey glances at him, like she's noticed him for the first time. He is about her age, not bad looking, wears a business suit, but no tie. She's used to fending off men's advances and looks a bit annoyed.

ISSEY

Nice meeting you, Mr. Nasp. I'm
Issy Cann. These are Artist Trading
Cards. My father sends them to me.
(hesitantly)
Would you like to see?

GLENN

Yes, if you don't mind. I like art.

She hands him the cards. We follow as he takes them, we note a BIG GOLD SIGNET RING on his right hand, a backward "E" on it, like for wax sealing. Putting the cards on his tray, he fingers the silver hasp holding them together. He wants to unlock it.

GLENN (CONT'D)

(indicating ring holder)
May I unfasten this ring?

Issey nods with reluctance. Releasing the ring Glenn inspects the cards. This could take time. He is inordinately interested or he is faking it. Issey fidgets with her father's letter from Brazil, looks again at the P.S. WARNING.

MONTAGE

- A) The lines that say "I may already be in Emerald Region"
- B) Aerial view of a great, green lake with islands, mountains
- C) The letter's lines, "Don't say anything about Gates Prize"

END OF MONTAGE

The cabin overhead speaker interrupts Issey's daydreaming.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, this is your
captain. We are approaching Sydney
International and we will be
landing in 15 minutes. Thank you
for flying with Quantas.

By now Glenn seems to have satisfied his curiosity, puts her cards back on her ring and hands them to her. Around them passengers busy themselves with preparations for landing.

INT. PLANE - MOMENTS LATER

Standing in the aisle of the airplane cabin, shuffling along, they wait their turn to exit to the airport. He's not giving up; he wants to set a hook in his prey.

GLENN

I find those cards quite
fascinating. I'd like to learn
more. I like art. Maybe printmaking
would be a creative outlet for me.

To a teacher like Issey, this should be gratifying, but no. Issey smiles coolly, polite. She is conscious of his glance at the scar on her temple.

INT. AIRPORT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Now the passengers are striding along the off-loading ramp. Issey wants to be distanced from Glenn. He persists.

ISSEY

Well, cheerio.

GLENN

(Won't take the hint)
Wait, if you don't mind, where are
you off to now?

ISSEY

I have several names of people to
meet. Here and ... oh, just around.

GLENN

Well, hey, I have a car and driver.
I'd be happy to take you!

ISSEY

No, thanks, I'm okay on my own.
Besides, I have my ... a box on a
cart.

GLENN

That's no problem. Meet me outside,
my car will be waiting. I insist.

He doesn't give her a chance to respond but hurries ahead and Issey heads for the luggage pickup area.

INT. LUGGAGE PICKUP AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Through the glass she can see Glenn outside. A big black car pulls up and he talks to the driver, then takes a stand to wait for Issey. She is out of his line of sight. Her PACK and her BOXED PRESS arrive and he can't see her wheel off to a farther exit.

EXT. TAXI ZONE - MOMENTS LATER

There are taxis waiting. She takes one, hoisting her gear in.

ISSEY
(to the driver)
Rooftop Motel, Glebe Point Road.

INT. MOTEL DESK. DAY

At the motel desk, there is a MESSAGE waiting from someone named Garry Kooliman. She recognizes it. It is one of the names on her father's list of people to meet in Australia.

INSERT

"Welcome to Australia. You're invited to a gathering of the Sydney Printmakers to honor Professor Backens. Show this address to the driver. Signed: Garry Kooliman - (friend of Dusty's)."

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Issey gets to her room. She's bushed. She flops down on the bed and is about to nap, but her eyes snap open as she remembers the man who annoyed her on the plane.

ISSEY
I know I've seen that ring before!

INT. MOTEL ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Issey is refreshed after a good night's sleep. She looks at her watch, throws a jacket on, shoulders her pack and wheels her press out the door. She's going to store it in the office.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE. MOMENTS LATER

Bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, dressed for sightseeing, Issey goes into the motel office. The CLERK looks up and smiles warmly.

MOTEL CLERK

G'dye.

ISSEY

Hi - I'm not sure if I'll be staying tonight. May I leave these things here until I'm sure?

MOTEL CLERK

Of course. It'll be safe. Enjoy our nice January weather, Ms. Cann.

MONTAGE

- A) Issey enjoying the sites of Sydney
- B) Issey ferries to Manly Beach for chips
- C) Issey wonderingly gawks at the Sydney Opera house

END OF MONTAGE

INT. PROFESSOR BACKENS' - LATER, NIGHT

In a modest cottage, once the home of the late professor Backens, that is now a meeting place for the Sydney Printmakers' club, people are crammed into the small front room. It's show and tell time for the visitor. Issey has everyone's attention and she explains her plan.

ISSEY

My idea is a global network of printmaking camps to develop leadership for artists, teachers, and designers. World wide, people want to experience printmaking and share ideas.

(beat)

In these camps they can work together, sometimes in person and also on the Web. Here is where I start. In Australia I'm meeting people like you here in Sydney. And I'm going to Melbourne, too.

(MORE)

ISSEY (CONT'D)

Then I'm going on to nine more countries.

Her listeners AD LIB approving comments and Issey produces some promotional BROCHURES she brought to hand out.

ISSEY (CONT'D)

The heart of my idea is a little etching press, and it has a little secret to offer. I'll give you this brochure.

The people clap as she steps among them with her brochures. Amid AD LIB chitchat Issey mingles and gives out her printmaking camps and etching press brochures. About to give her last copy to a guy lurking in the back she is startled to find it's Glenn Nasp again!

GLENN

(lasciviously)

Hi! I'm glad I found you here.

ISSEY

(aghast)

Well well. Have you suddenly decided to become a printmaker?

He's thinking of a comeback but she withholds her brochure and, thinking quickly, displays her empty wine glass. She's starting to loathe this guy.

ISSEY (CONT'D)

(cuts him off)

Excuse me. I'm going to freshen up and get a refill. Later.

We follow as she stiffs him again, working her way across the room and to the hall leading to the bathroom. We hold on a dark-skinned guy at the hallway door. This is GARRY KOOLIMAN, who sent the message. Garry gently takes her arm as she passes.

GARRY

Hey, Ms. Cann. Is that suit giving you grief?

(on her surprise)

Relax. I'm Garry, your Dad's old mate. I'm the one sent you the note about this little affair. I say, do you need help?

A little taken back by Garry's boldness, Issey glances back at Nasp's cold stare. She wants to ditch him. Angle on Garry.

He's a half Aborigine, with a huge beard and dreadlocks. He wears an MRA (Vic) T-shirt - a biker - a sight to behold.

ISSEY

(beat)

I've got to get away from him.

GARRY

I figured.

(beat)

Meet me outside in five minutes. No fears.

EXT. OUTSIDE BACKEN HOUSE - EVENING

Moments later Issey emerges from the driveway side of the house, spots Garry waiting on a motorcycle with a sidecar. She puts on a helmet, gets in the sidecar and they roar off.

GARRY

(yells over the noise)

Rooftop Motel?

ISSEY

(Yells back)

Please. And thank you.

At a stop light Garry lays out a plan for her.

GARRY

Listen, I can get you to Melbourne, if you can ride on this machine. I can introduce you around.

(beat)

Okay?

ISSEY

How did you meet my dad?

GARRY

Met him in the 'eighties and helped him make his videos here in Australia. Listen, I want to help you with that printmaking camp idea you talked about at the meeting.

(beat)

Let me take you to Melbourne.

(on her silence)

Is that a yes? Want to ride with me to Melbourne?

The light changes to green. By the time they reach the next stop light Issey has made her decision. She'll do it.

ISSEY

Yes, but I've got a pack, and my press box. How will we ...

GARRY

Not a problem. Put them in the side car. You ride behind me. I won't bite. Melbourne's a thousand kilometers but I think you can handle it.

ISSEY

I don't want to put you out.

GARRY

No problem. Melbourne's my home!

(beat)

We should overnight in Canberra. Then take the Monaro Highway, see some beautiful country.

Issey looks doubtful, but Garry seems an okay sort and, anyway he's old. Plus he knows Dad and about his videos. The two pull into the motel parking lot and he kills the motor.

ISSEY

Okay, but we get separate rooms in Canberra.

Garry grins, flashes a gold wedding ring: a married man.

GARRY

(chuckling)

You don't wish me dead, do you? My old lady would kill me if I hit on you.

(seriously)

Trust me, Ms. Cann. I'm Dusty's mate. I want to help you with your printmaking camp idea.

ISSEY

(dismounting)

Okay. I'll get my ... my gear.

FADE TO:

EXT. CANBERRA SUBURB - EVENING

The two rumble along the street in O'Connor, a suburb of Canberra. They pull up to park at the ALL BAR NUN RESTAURANT.

EXT. ALL BAR NUN RESTAURANT PATIO - EVENING

Road weary, they sit at an outdoor table having PUB GRUB AND BEERS. Issey talks mostly about the printmaking camp plans. Garry is enjoying her enthusiasm. We catch her drift.

ISSEY

So I figure, with the Internet and all, people all over the world can be linked up. Like, someone here can be talking printmaking with someone in Seattle, for instance.

GARRY

Did your old man give you contacts in Melbourne?

ISSEY

(scanning PDA)

Yeah. Victorian Print Workshop. John Loane. Bea Maddock. Others. Like I said at Backens', I'd like to get a printmaking camp going in Victoria.

At mention of Bea Maddock's name, Garry gives her a look, but says nothing. It is like he knows something about Bea, but lets it go.

EXT. MONARO HIGHWAY - THE NEXT DAY

MONTAGE

- A) Issey enjoying beautiful Australian countryside
- B) Issey excited about kangaroos hopping along
- C) Issey grimacing at the sight of road kill

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. MELBOURNE STREET - EARLY EVENING

They reach Melbourne. With her pack on her back Issey pulls her press box into the office and checks in to the LYGON LODGE in Carlton, a suburb of Melbourne. She waves at Garry as he thunders off. She's smiling. What a guy!

INT. MOTEL ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Rested and making preparations for a busy day, Issey is writing a postcard. We read what she's writing:

INSERT

"Dear Dad - Except for a weird guy I met on the plane, everything is fine. Garry got me to Melbourne. Bea Maddock is in Tasmania so I won't see her. John Loane is letting me do a demo at the print workshop and I'm invited to go on the radio next. I'm on my way! Are you in Emeraldalda now? Can't wait to get the next deck. Love, Issey"

CUT TO:

INT. AUSTRALIA PRINT WORKSHOP - NEXT DAY

We see Issey doing her dog and pony act, her MINI HALFWOOD PRESS a show piece. Expertly she wipes her ETCHING PLATE and prattles on about her dream of a global network of printmaking camps. She's evangelizing the art and craft of printmaking as a social art. She's quite a performer, entertaining and teaching. She makes it look like fun.

ISSEY

(As she works)

My idea is to provide leadership
for artists, teachers, designers
... all kinds of creative people
who want to experience printmaking
and share ideas in person and on
the Web.

(beat)

The heart of my idea is this little
etching press.

CLOSE UP

We see her pull a proof from the etched plate, we can see a prominent badge-like SYMBOL etched in the copper that says PRINTMAKING CAMP AUSTRALIA, a KANGAROO LOGO set in the corner of THE print. BKG AD LIB ooh's and ahh's.

BACK TO SCENE

ISSEY (CONT'D)

I have more information I'll be giving on the radio later today, so tune in to the Billie Karen Show on 3AW Radio, if you can.

We pull away to see the familiar dreadlocks, the big hair of Garry Kooliman, watching from the door. Satisfied Isse is a hit, he turns to leave, smiling.

CUT TO:

INT. SPEEDING CAR - LATER THAT DAY

CLOSEUP on a radio in the dashboard of a car. BKG sounds racing along on a freeway, radio talk show on. A word by the announcer brings a hand quickly to the volume control. We see the familiar gold signet ring with the backward E.

BILLIE KAREN (O.S.)

(volume louder)

We have with us today Professor Issey Cann, from Hawaii. She's visiting to promote printmaking camps. Welcome to Australia, Professor.

ISSEY (O.S.)

Thank you for having me.

We hear the radio host BILLIE KAREN proceed with her interview, and we follow the camera and we angle on the car's driver, Glenn Nasp, intently monitoring the talk show. There is malice on his face now. He smiles when the host wraps up the talk with a question.

BILLIE KAREN

And what are going to do now while you're in Melbourne. See the sights, I hope.

ISSEY

I'm going to the beach!

EXT. ST KILDA'S BEACH - AFTERNOON

After her busy morning Issey is relaxing at St. Kilda's Beach, strolling, looking down, waving off flies, not paying attention where she's walking and almost runs into - guess who - Glenn Nasp, feet planted, blocking her path.

GLENN

(smirking)

Hi - I heard you on the radio and I thought I'd catch up and congratulate you.

ISSEY

(defiant)

Look, you're stalking me, and I'm fed up. I want you to ...

GLENN

Hold on Ms. Cann. It's time I let you in on something. Something about your Dad - Professor Cann - your father.

(on her shock)

I knew that would stop you. And does the Gates Prize mean anything to you?

At mention of the Gates, Issey registers surprise. If she had misgivings about this guy earlier, now she's really scared.

GLENN (CONT'D)

(self assured)

Thought so.

ISSEY

(defensive)

Leave me alone.

She spins and heads toward the parking lot.

GLENN

(loudly)

Dusty's in trouble. He's in danger.

This stops her in her tracks. She turns back.

ISSEY

My Dad? No. He's not either. He's ...

GLENN

(advancing, cuts in)
Is this how you treat all your
friends, Ms. Cann? I'm trying to
help you help your poor Daddy out
of a spot he's gotten himself into.

ISSEY

I don't believe you.

Now he's caught up to her and thrusts his fist inches from
her eyes to show the gold signet ring with the backward E.
Issey flinches, but staunchly she holds her ground.

GLENN

See this? I'm from Emeraldalda. I'm
your friend. I'm here to help you.

O.S. familiar rumbling of Garry's motorcycle approaching
makes her turn. On Nasp, his face shows he doesn't want to
mix it with Garry. Issey's safe. She turns back to learn more
from Nasp, but already Nasp is hurriedly retreating.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Issey and Garry are riding his bike back to the Lygon Lodge.

ISSEY

(Loud to be heard)
I'm worried about my Dad.
Something's wrong.

GARRY

What?

ISSEY

Well, he's planted something in my
press. Kind of a secret. Called it
his secret weapon.

GARRY

(laughing)
You telling me I'm now an
accomplice to a smuggler, is that
it?

ISSEY

Seriously, Garry, he's in this
place, Emeraldalda Region, supposed to
be all creative and wonderful but
after his first year there he
thinks something's going on.
Something ... dark.

(MORE)

ISSEY (CONT'D)

(reflective)

Nasp said Dad's gotten himself in trouble. But I don't trust Nasp.

GARRY

Me neither.

(beat)

Sounds like it's time for you to get back to Sydney. You said your dad is sending your mail there?

ISSEY

Yeah.

(beat)

I'm scared of Nasp. It's like he's baiting me. Like he's after something. Dad warned me. I hate to go, but I think I better cut my stay short. I wish I could call Dad.

GARRY

Why don't you?

ISSEY

Emeralda rules. No communication except by postal services.

GARRY

Your Dad's in Emeraldal Region? You didn't tell me.

She is silent.

INT. LYGON LODGE ROOM - LATER

Issey is collecting her things, Garry waiting by the door with the press box on its cart. He eyes the box with new curiosity piqued by her remark about a secret in it.

GARRY

I can get you back to Sydney if you want.

ISSEY

Now? Can you take me now? Hey, wait a minute. I don't think I can handle another mile on your ...

GARRY

Not on the bike. We fly. I'm a pilot. I have a plane just outside town.

(MORE)

GARRY (CONT'D)

I could probably have you in Sydney
sooner than if you flew by jet.
Planes would be full up this time
of day.

EXT. HIGHWAY - OUTSIDE MELBOURNE - LATER

A few miles out of Melbourne Garry wheels off the main road
and pulls into a small private AIRFIELD. Several Quonset
hangars are situated along the edge of the field. CHARLEY, a
mechanic, emerges from a hangar to meet Garry and Issey as
the motorcycle chugs to a stop.

GARRY

(Greeting)
Charley.

CHARLEY

G'day. Haven't see you in awhile,
Garry.
(nods to Issey)
Who's this?

GARRY

Charley, meet Issey Cann, daughter
of an old mate. She's got to get to
Sydney. Is the Moth ready?

MECHANIC

Yeah, in fact I just shut her down
So she's all warmed up and eager to
go flying.

They go to the front of the hangar, slide open the doors and
Issey's jaw drops when she sees the plane parked inside. It's
a Gipsy Moth, a vintage biplane, painted black with white
markings decorating it, hand-painted in Aborigine style. It's
like something from a museum.

ISSEY

(recovers)
Wow. It's a work of art!
(beat)
Lovely. Really. Wow.
(beat)
And there's no way that I'm flying
in it! Take me to the airport!

She turns and is striding back toward the motorcycle.

GARRY

(grinning after her)
Of course you are!
(MORE)

GARRY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Hey, no worries, Ms. Cann. The Moth and I are old mates. We're like one entity when we're aloft.

CHARLEY

We call Garry the Black Baron! He flies in Camden all the time. Flies tourists around for an outfit up there.

ISSEY

But, I need to go to Sydney.

GARRY

Camden's about an hour from of Sydney. You can get your mail downtown and be at Botany Bay in time for a red-eye to Japan.

EXT. PLANE FRONT COCKPIT - LATER

Now aloft, they are on their way to Sydney in the last hours of a beautiful January day. Close on Issey, in goggles, hair tucked in vintage flight helmet, alert and a little scared. Angle on rear cockpit, on Garry, looking like something out of a thriller with goggles, dreadlocks and helmet. It appears Issey's beginning to enjoy the adventure.

ISSEY

(shouts back to Garry)

If my Dad could see me now!

Garry nods, points below. They have reached their destination, and it's time to say goodbye.

EXT - OUTSIDE AMEX OFFICE - EVENING

Issey emerges from a taxi grim faced. It's the AMEX office where she expected to get her mail from her dad. She tells the taxi driver to wait, she'll get her mail and then she wants to get to the airport, fast.

INT. AMEX COUNTER - MINUTES LATER

Smiling now, she's got mail! She grips a SMALL PARCEL, probably a new deck of Artist Trading Cards, and a postcard from Dusty. There's an official looking, SPECIAL DELIVERY ENVELOPE from the E. Gates Foundation. She tucks these in her shoulder bag and returns to the waiting taxi.

INT. TAXI - LATER

On her way to the airport, Issey looks out the window at the city she's leaving, her face shows her mixed feelings of relief and regret. With Dad's things in hand, she should be relieved the situation in Emeraldalda must be okay. She scans the postcard, turns it over, looking for more but all he wrote is:

INSERT - POSTCARD

"Wish you were here! Enjoy Japan! - D"

RETURN TO SCENE

Now she frowns at her father's cryptic, hasty line. She expected more. She looks for more. Now her worried look returns as she fingers the envelope from the E. Gates offices - hesitating before opening it. The logo on the letterhead is the big E. She frowns.

INSERT FLASHBACK - AT ST KILDA'S BEACH

GLENN
Your Dad's in trouble

BACK TO SCENE

INT. TAXI - LATER, PASSENGER DEPARTURE

The taxi pulls into the passenger departure zone.

TAXI DRIVER
We're here. International
Departures.

ISSEY
Thank you.

She gets out, the driver helps her unload her things. She pays and tips him, then mounts her press box on the carrier and wheels to the ticketing counter. Issey looks confident, safe and at ease. She's outfoxed Nasp. Now she can relax.

INT. AIRPORT TICKET COUNTER - LATER

Issey rolls her carrier up to the counter and presents her ticket and passport.

ISSEY

I hope there's a seat open on the next flight to Japan.

AGENT

(scans)

Yes, JAL flight 147 to Kyoto leaves in two hours. You have baggage to check, I see.

ISSEY

I'm carrying this on, but that box I'll check.

The agent weighs the press box wordlessly, then slaps stickers and tags on it and shoves it over on the conveyor. Issey folds the compact carrier and heads for the waiting area.

INT. AIRPORT HALLWAY - SOUVENIR STAND

On her way she buys a SOUVENIR AUSTRALIAN STICKER.

INT. WAITING AREA

Issey fidgets nervously with the letter and is about to tear it open when the OVERHEAD SPEAKER comes on.

VOICE (O.C.)

May I have your attention. Will Miz Issey Cann please come to the desk. Miz Issey Cann, please come to the desk.

A surprised Issey shoulders her pack and goes to the desk. Two officials are there. One of them speaks to her:

OFFICIAL 1

Miz Cann?

ISSEY

Yes. Is anything wrong?

OFFICIAL 2

Miz Cann, you checked in a box, is that correct?

ISSEY

Yes.

OFFICIAL 2

Security is holding it until an officer can inspect it. Regulations are that we should ask for any keys before attempting to force it. Have you a key?

ISSEY

Oh, sure.
(fumbling in her bag)
It's just an etching press.

OFFICIAL 1

A what?

ISSEY

An etching press. I'm an artist. A professor of ... never mind. Here's the key. I hope it won't take long. My flight leaves soon.

OFFICIAL 2

Inspection may. But no worries, Miz Cann. If we're not finished it will catch up to you in Japan. In time.

(beat)

If there is a problem, we will be talking to you again, Miz Cann.

Reluctantly, wearing a troubled face, she hands over the KEY to her press box and as she passes it she speaks up.

ISSEY

What kind of problem. What do you mean?

OFFICIAL 2

Not to worry, Miz Cann. There's been a telephone call, that's all.

(curtly)

I can't tell you more.

The official with the key walks away, leaving Issey to wonder. She stares long at his retreating back, she is frowning; she scratches her head, worried.

ISSEY

A phone call?

She returns to her seat in the waiting area. Her face is pensive. Then she remembers the letter she just got from the E. Gates Foundation, finishes opening it and reads.

INSERT LETTER

Dear Ms. Cann:

We ask that you keep this letter confidential. Your father, Professor Dustin Cann, has failed to meet with his appointed class sessions. This should in no way give you concern, and his students tell us he is continuing his mentor role by alternate means.

However, we have not actually seen your father for several days. We are concerned. We are sure you understand and so we ask that you let us know immediately if and when Professor Cann contacts you.

Please be assured we will contact you if there is cause for you and your family to be worried. Things are under control in Emerald Region. We're sure this will clear itself up.

Yours sincerely,

The Registrar

BACK TO SCENE

Issey folds the letter and puts it away. Overhead the speaker once again makes an announcement:

VOICE (O.C.)

Ladies and gentlemen, may we have your attention. Flight 147 to Kyoto is ready to board passengers. Seat numbers 23 to 145 will follow immediately after those who require assistance are aboard.

(trails off)

On Issey, looking worried as she makes for the loading door.

FADE TO BLACK.

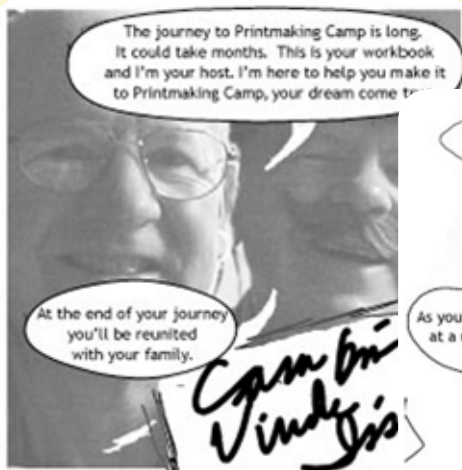
Bill Ritchie and Nellie Sunderland

PRINTMAKING Camp



Professor Issey's quest for
living her dream turns her
world upside down in

Australia



pa01i01



i04



pa01i06



pa01i05