Purpose

By

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An introverted raindrop must discover his purpose in life before he falls to his death.

FADE IN:

EXT. SKY - DAY

A vast expanse of blue is blanketed by puffy white clouds. They turn gray, swelling with rain.

RAINDROPS burst forth, tumbling downward.

BILL, a lone raindrop, flails as he descends, surrounded by others. FRANK, an older, more confident raindrop, slides up beside him.

FRANK
First fall, huh?

BILL
(looking around)
Too obvious?

FRANK
Like a deer in the headlights.
(beat)
I'm Frank, by the way. You?

Bill glances around, searching for an answer.

BILL
I don't have one.

Frank chuckles.

FRANK
What about...Bill?

BILL
Sure. I guess.

Frank faces the cloud for a moment then returns his attention to Bill.

FRANK
You okay, Bill?

BILL
What's the point? We're falling.

FRANK
(gesturing to the others)
We all are. Doesn't mean life isn't worth living.

Bill looks at the other raindrops, some spinning playfully, others screaming in terror.

BILL
How could I live a fulfilling life in a short lifespan?

Frank chuckles knowingly.

FRANK
That's for you to figure out. So, what do want to do with your big debut?

BILL
Frank, there's no "next act".

FRANK
Oh, there's always something. Maybe you'll nourish a plant or land on a windshield and annoy someone.
(leans closer, mock whispering)
Ever thought about becoming a puddle?

BILL
A puddle? Really?

Frank chuckles, giving a slight nod.

FRANK
Hey, puddles are important. Reflective, calming...sometimes ducks play in them. Kids splash in them.

BILL
(under his breath)
Wonderful.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - DAY

Raindrops splatter all over the paved roads. PEOPLE casually walk along the sidewalk holding an umbrella over them.

They plummet through another cloud.

For a moment, the world below becomes visible, a sprawling small town bustling with life.

FRANK
See that? People down there, rushing around, figuring things out. Every drop helps.

Bill watches the town grow closer.

BILL
Do you think they've got it all figured out?

FRANK
Not everybody, but that's the beauty of it! They try anyway.

Bill ponders this as Frank nudges him.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Alright, Bill. Time to focus. What's something you've always wanted to do?

BILL
See the world?

FRANK
You're in luck! You're living the dream! Clouds, sky, the view below.

Bill sighs, somewhat defeated.

BILL
This ain't Paris or Rome.

FRANK
Maybe not, but in your next life, who knows what you'll see?

Bill admires at the beautiful town as he and the other raindrops inch closer to their final destination.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Listen, kid, my stop is coming up. You're gonna do great.

BILL
Frank, wait! I'm not ready yet!

BILL (CONT'D)
None of us ever are. But that's the thing, Bill, falling isn't the end. It's just the next step.

Bill watches helplessly as Frank splatters onto the roof of a flower shop. For a moment, Bill hovers in freefall, watching the tiny droplets of his friend glisten on the tiles.

Bill spots a black umbrella below him. He lands and glides off of it, briefly passing a still raindrop, holding on for dear life.

EXT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

Raindrops scatter onto flowers, leaves, and soil.

Bill lands softly on the edge of a vibrant red petal, shimmering in the sunlight.

He exhales, taking it all in.

ANNE, a nearby raindrop resting on the petal above him, chuckles.

ANNE
Nice landing. First time?

BILL
Think so.

Anne slides beside him, now resting on the same petal.

ANNE
I'm Anne. You?

BILL
Bill. A friend gave it to me.

ANNE
That's a special gift to have.

Bill watches the droplets pooling in the soil below.

BILL
Do you believe everyone has a purpose?

ANNE
Purpose isn't something you "believe" in. It's something you "leave behind".

Bill watches a nearby flower stand taller, drinking in the water from the rain.

BILL
Yeah...maybe it is.

Anne nudges a little closer.

ANNE
Pretty view, huh?

BILL
Yeah. It really is.

A quiet moment. Then, the petal tilts downward.

ANNE
Ready?

Bill nods, now fully confident.

Anne and Bill slide together, their forms merging into a larger raindrop.

They fall gently into the soil. Nearby, a tiny sprout emerges, small, but growing.

FADE OUT