LAST PORT

Episode 3
"Missed kicks and threesomes"



Written by

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EXT. PARK — ENGLAND — DAY

Liam walks quickly, head down, through a park. He pulls his baseball cap lower, pulls his coat collar up, he holds a small plastic shopping bag.

A group of kids play soccer nearby; Liam slows down to watch. A BALL comes flying towards him; he instinctively drops his bag, catches the ball, and executes a perfect drop kick, returning the ball to a gobsmacked 12-year-old BOY.

The boy approaches Liam, Liam starts to walk away.

BOY
Yo mister!

Liam turns; the kid takes a good look at him.

BOY (CONT'D)
Crikey! You're Liam Putter! I knew that kick was too good to be a punter!

The kid turns towards his friends who stand watching, waiting for him and the ball.

BOY (CONT'D)
Guys! It's Liam fucking Putter!

The boys come running; Liam looks around for an exit. The boys look friendly at first, but then the BOY pokes his finger at Liam.

BOY (CONT'D)
This is the bastard who lost the World Cup! Look at the loser who fucked it up for England! You choked, mate! How could you fucking choke!?

The boys crowd around Liam, taunting him, name-calling. Liam turns red; he starts to shake, can't breathe. He's having a panic attack.

The kids get closer and closer, poking him and screaming at him; it's *Lord of the Flies* times ten.

Liam's POV is tight close-ups of angry little monstrous faces, screaming, mouths agape, yellow teeth. It's fucking horrific.

Finally, Liam breaks away and runs; the kids chase him.

CUT TO:

EXT. YACHT — DAY

Liam stands at the prow staring out to sea, mouth open. Chloe is tapping him on the shoulder; he whips around.

CHLOE
Whoa! You okay?! I was calling your name.

Liam breathes deeply, focuses on Chloe.

LIAM
Must not have heard you over the water. Beautiful day, eh?

Chloe isn't convinced, looks at him with narrowed eyes.

Beat.

CHLOE
I was thinking, I talked about my family a lot but didn't ask you about yours, sorry 'bout that.

Liam stares at her.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
This is where you jump in and tell me your whole sad story so I don't feel so shitty 'bout mine—

LIAM
I see, okay. Well, my dad died of a heart attack after I missed the kick at the World Cup— my mum blames me for his death and refuses to speak to me.

Beat.

Chloe mouths "wow" silently. They both turn to look at the water, taking this in.

Chloe turns back to him.

CHLOE
That's beyond fucked up, you win. Okay, next question: why are you here?

Liam lets out a huge sigh.

LIAM
Ahhh, well— I have a cancer thing, and felt like the best option might be to call it a day. Start this whole “life” thing over— that’s if you believe in reincarnation. I do. I have to at this point, I mean if anyone deserves a “do over”—

CHLOE
What kind of cancer?

LIAM
Prostate.

CHLOE
What stage?

Liam looks uncomfortable.

CHLOE (CONT’D)
What stage? Three? Four?

Liam turns away.

CHLOE (CONT’D)
Liam? Whatever it is, it’s treatable. Are you on chemo? Did they take it out? Is this an ED thing ‘cause it’s really common; you shouldn’t be embarrassed—

Liam turns back, looks around for a way out of this convo.

LIAM
It’s not that bad, actually. I caught it early, probably not even stage two; I just thought—

Chloe steps back, shocked with anger.

CHLOE
You thought what? That you’d come on this cruise and off yourself in some giant pity party? Are you fucking kidding me? Oh my GOD! My mom would *love* to have a treatable cancer! You’re not even dying, and you WANT to die!?

Liam starts to speak; Chloe throws both hands up at him.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
No— do not say a word. This is SO fucked up!

Chloe storms off.

Liam squeezes his eyes, exhales sharply.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN — DAY

The Sherry is floating along, the spectacular beauty of Crescent City on view.

A jaunty version of Otis Redding's "*Dock of the Bay*" plays over the credits.

INT. EDWARD AND PAUL'S CABIN — DAY

Paul flits around looking through a pile of clothes on the bed while Edward stands frozen.

Paul holds a boldly patterned shirt up to Edward's chest, shakes his head, and throws it on the bed. Edward sighs.

EDWARD
Darling, you're making this whole thing unbelievably nerve—racking— I mean, truly, does it matter what we wear?

PAUL
We're going to his show tonight; we want to look enticing, but not like we're trying too hard—

EDWARD
He already agreed to drinks after; isn't that code for— whatever it is we're doing?

PAUL
We cannot *presume,* and we cannot ask outright, there's a gay code!

EDWARD
One that I am blissfully unaware of—

Edward grabs a black silk shirt from the pile of clothes.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
This one! I wore it when I seduced Helen Mirren in "*Midnight in Rome*"; if it worked for her, it'll work for Lenny the *entertainment coordinator*!

Edward stalks to the bathroom.

INT. THERAPY ROOM – DAY

Judith lies on a bed, sleep mask covering her eyes. Bernice sits on a nearby chair, holding her hand.

JUDITH
Something's happening! I'm melting into the bed!

BERNICE
That's good, you're going to have a wonderful trip– remember your intentions and know that I am right here with you.

Bernice places headphones on Judith, takes her hand again.

JUDITH'S POV – MUSHROOM TRIP

Color bleeds into color. Patterns tile themselves into impossible mosaics.

The MUSIC SWELLS – everything is distorted, undulating.

Then, a scene snaps into focus:

INT. CHILDHOOD LIVING ROOM – DAY

Ten-year-old JUDITH sits curled in a corner, reading.

Across the room, her MOTHER lounges on the couch, laughing into the phone. Judith looks up from her book.

Judith stares at her mother; she coughs, and her mom keeps yakking, laughing. Judith frowns.

A BUG crawls across the floor. Judith slams the book down on the bug, lifts the book.

She stares at the blood and bug guts, looks at her chatting mother, then smears the mess onto her bare knee.

She looks at her mother again, decides.

Judith bursts into tears — loud, theatrical, unmistakably fake.

Her mother stops laughing.

MOTHER
Oh my God— Judith!

She drops the phone, rushes over, scoops Judith up into her arms.

Cuddling, soothing, full attention. Judith's cries soften, hugging her mother tightly; Judith smiles with relief.

CUT TO:

EXT. DECK — DAY

Alfredo sits at a table playing solitaire, enjoying the fresh air, festive drink in hand, beaming.

Lucy walks by in a fluffy robe and slippers, blissful smile on her face.

ALFREDO
You look like you visited Rufus!

Lucy turns and smiles.

LUCY
How did you know?

ALFREDO
I was treated to his magical hands last night, and I am now unafraid of dying because I was in heaven, I tell ya! Heaven!

Alfredo pulls a chair out for her; she sits.

LUCY
Right? He is unbelievable. I felt like he drugged me or something— I was floating in water, then I was in ancient Egypt—

ALFREDO
I got Paris! In Spring, no less!

They sit in silence for a beat, reliving their massages.

ALFREDO (CONT'D)
Did you get the "extra" service?

Lucy looks at him, raises an eyebrow.

LUCY
"Extra" service? What— like a happy ending? NO way!

ALFREDO
Not for me! No— but I did sense that he might offer that up if you asked nicely.

Lucy laughs, chides Alfredo.

LUCY
Oh my God, you are such a troublemaker! I bet your nephew didn't rescue you at all; I bet you were kicked out of wherever you were!

Alfredo smiles, shuffles the cards.

ALFREDO
Hey, you like magic?

Lucy nods, "Yes".

ALFREDO (CONT'D)
Okay, I want you to think of a card—

Alfredo sees Chloe watching, motions her over to the table.

ALFREDO (CONT'D)
Hey, come over here! This trick is better with two people, so you can make sure I ain't cheatin'.

Chloe shuffles over and sits as far away from Lucy as possible.

ALFREDO (CONT'D)
Okay now, you both think of a card, any card in the deck; visualize it, hold it tight in your mind.

Alfredo shuffles again and closes his eyes in concentration. The sisters exchange tentative looks; Lucy smiles, rolls her eyes. Chloe smirks.

Alfredo picks a card from the deck, looks at it.

ALFREDO (CONT'D)
Well, this is interesting. I've never had this happen before. You both thought of the same card.

He flips the card down on the table. Lucy and Chloe gasp.

LUCY
Three of hearts!

CHLOE
Three of hearts!

Alfredo smiles, puts the card back in the deck, and shuffles again.

LUCY (CONT'D)
I bet you can't do that again.

ALFREDO
I'll make you a bet.

The sisters nod.

ALFREDO (CONT'D)
If I can get it right again, the two of you have to see the amazing, drop-dead gorgeous Bernice. Together. Just the two of you.

Chloe and Lucy look at each other, beat. Lucy nods first; after a beat, Chloe nods too.

CHLOE
Deal. Cause you're never gonna be able to do that again; impossible.

Alfredo spits in his hand, shuffles the deck, makes an elaborate show of it all.

ALFREDO
Make the card clear in your mind so I can see it! Think more clearly and stop changing your mind! Focus! Okay, I got it!

He flips two cards over this time. Chloe glances at the cards.

CHLOE
Nope, not my card.

She looks at Lucy, who looks impressed.

LUCY
He got mine right— wow, you're amazing. How do you do that?

Alfredo shuffles again.

ALFREDO
The cards know what needs to be done— I just hold ‘em.

Beat.

LUCY
Well, I’m impressed!

Lucy turns to Chloe.

LUCY (CONT’D)
Mom wants to talk to us. Meet you in her room? I just have to change first.

Chloe nods; Lucy leaves. Alfredo stares at Chloe. Beat.

ALFREDO
Why’d you lie about the card, kid?

Lucy shrugs, gets her phone out, starts to play. Alfredo nods knowingly, shuffles his cards again. They sit in silence.

INT. YACHT HELM — DAY

Pete and Inna are mid-argument.

PETE
Homeland Security knows I can’t dock in Humboldt Bay; too dangerous. We don’t have a permit or a reservation for Crescent City, and they’re packed— so it’s San Francisco, period. The kid is just gonna have to get his ass up there. I’m trying to protect you; you don’t seem to be taking this seriously—

INNA
Well, how the hell did Homeland Security get involved in the first place, huh?

PETE
I love you, Inna, but I ain’t breaking laws or losing my license for you. Alfredo came aboard too late for us to add him to the ship’s manifest.
(MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)
It's illegal to let someone just jump on— but you wouldn't listen to me. You're not only facing a fine, but we're in breach of maritime law!

Inna deflates.

PETE (CONT'D)
What were you thinking? That there wouldn't be any repercussions? You can't just do whatever you want, Inna— this is a commercial enterprise, not a day trip with friends! Maybe we didn't think this through; maybe you should have taken some time off after—

INNA
Do not say it! I am fine, okay?! I'm sorry I led with my heart and not my brain, mea fucking culpa. I'll pay the Goddamned fine, and we'll work this out. I'll call Lance now and have him meet us in San Francisco!

Inna sweeps away, fuming.

Pete turns back to his controls. The First Mate, KABIR (20s), a MacGyver-esque meteorologist *rain man*, finishes up a small repair and pauses where Pete is.

KABIR
"The man who moves a mountain begins by carrying away small stones."

Pete stares at him-WTF?

KABIR (CONT'D)
Confucius.

Pete shakes his head.

PETE
What the hell's gotten into everyone?

INT. HAROLD AND JUDITH'S CABIN — DAY

Judith is pacing back and forth; Harold sits on a chair trying to follow her rantings.

JUDITH
I was Eve! And Eve was Black! I looked like Toni Morrison! I was in an elevator with Hansel and Gretel, and they told me the meaning of life! My face melted, and it became your face, then my grandparents' faces, then I was a cake— a huge raspberry cake, and a cat was eating me, but not a regular cat; this cat was HUGE, gigantic! A giant purple cat! But Harold, the most important thing of all!

Harold looks expectantly at Judith, his mind scrambled.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
I found out *why* I need to be sick all the time—

Harold gets up and grabs Judith by the shoulders, sits her down on the bed.

HAROLD
What did you see? What is it?! Why?

JUDITH
I need to be sick because—

Beat. Judith fights tears.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
Because— it's the only time my mother ever paid attention to me—

Harold looks into his wife's eyes; she's serious, it's heartbreaking. He folds her into his arms.

HAROLD
Oh sweetheart. Your mother was so young when she had you; she probably did her best— I'm so sorry you felt that way. I wanna go back and hug that little girl.

He pulls back and looks right in her eyes.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Listen to me— you don't need to be sick for me to love you. I prefer you healthy! Okay? No more of this, please, Judith. I just want us to live a peaceful, happy life together.

Judith nods and kisses him.

JUDITH
I promise— oh, Harold, you should do mushrooms; it's amazing! I saw our love! The shape and color of it, how you protect me, how you love me despite—

HAROLD
I don't need mushrooms to know all of that, Judith. I knew the day I met you that you were the only woman for me, and I will die a happy man in your arms someday— I know that in my heart.

Judith holds onto him, wipes her tears away.

JUDITH
The mushrooms told me something else—

HAROLD
What's that?

JUDITH
We should get a dog.

Harold's face lights up like a kid's.

HAROLD
Seriously? I can get a dog now? You won't be allergic?

JUDITH
No Harold— I was never allergic. We're getting a dog when we get home.

Harold gets weepy; they laugh.

INT. YACHT — BAR AREA — AFTERNOON

SKY (20s), a wispy, androgynous bartender, dries glasses while Lenny sits at a baby grand piano, adjusting his mic.

He sings a few bars; SKY applauds gently; Lenny takes a little bow.

LENNY
Got a request?

SKY
I like the classics—

LENNY
Sinatra? Billie Holiday?

Sky looks utterly lost.

SKY
I don't know who those are— I meant like *oldies*, you know, like Britney Spears, Eminem, you know—

Lenny laughs, sits up straight at the piano, plays a chord.

LENNY
Okay kid, education time! This one's for you.

Lenny dives into an upbeat rendition of "*Someone to Watch Over Me*". Sky comes around the bar to sit near Lenny, entranced.

Ed and Paul enter the bar area, dressed beautifully; they sit at a corner table and give Lenny a little nod, trying to look nonchalant.

Sky goes to their table, takes their drink order. Lenny smiles, singing beautifully.

INT. MARGO'S CABIN — AFTERNOON

Margo is lying on the chaise in her room, a magazine open on her chest.

A phone alarm goes off; she wakes up disoriented, gets up and trips, falling and hitting her head on the glass coffee table.

She touches her head, sees blood.

On her way to the bathroom, there's a knock on the door.

INT. MARGO'S BATHROOM — CONTINUOUS

Margo wipes the blood off her head, covers the wound with a band-aid, and pulls her turban down a little lower.

Another, louder knock sounds.

MARGO
Just a second!

INT. MARGO'S CABIN – CONTINUOUS

Margo opens the door to Lucy and Chloe; she smiles at them.

MARGO
Sorry about that, nature called.

LUCY
No worries, Mom. How’re you feeling? Think you can make dinner tonight?

MARGO
I’m terrific, sweetheart. Of course I’m coming to dinner, just the three of us!

They take seats around the coffee table. A bit of blood is on the corner; Margo quickly wipes it with her sleeve.

MARGO (CONT’D)
So, you having a good time? How was your massage? And Chloe– you’ve made a new friend?

LUCY
My massage was amazing– Rufus is incredible. You should try him, Chloe, seriously, and you too, Mom.

MARGO
I’m booked with him for tomorrow, can’t wait.

CHLOE
I don’t like strangers touching me; I’ll pass.

Awkward silence.

Margo takes an iPad off the coffee table, opens it, and scrolls to some photos.

MARGO
I was looking at some old photos; remember this?

She holds up a photo of Lucy and Chloe at Chloe’s high school prom. Lucy is dressed in a tuxedo as Chloe’s “date”.

Chloe looks away; Lucy smiles.

LUCY
That was so fun! We made such a cute “couple”!

CHLOE
Oh yeah, it’s hilarious that I had to have my sister escort me to my prom— just hilarious—

Margo swipes to a different photo, the two sisters, arms around each other in snow clothes, mountains in the background, beaming.

MARGO
I wasn’t trying to embarrass you, Chloe; it shows that you two were there for each other, for everything— the good and the bad.

Beat.

MARGO (CONT’D)
I look at these photos, and I wonder: what happened? When did things change between you two— and why didn’t I see it? I’m at a loss as to how to help you be friends again. When I’m gone, you will be your only immediate family, you realize that, right?

Chloe taps her foot, looks away.

LUCY
Mom, we just outgrew that stuff; siblings do that, you know. Not all sisters stay super close. I love Chloe. She knows that; I just feel like we went in different directions. I don’t believe in social media; she lives online— I’m career-oriented, she’s a gamer—

Chloe scoffs, shakes her head in disbelief.

MARGO
What Chloe? Talk to us—

CHLOE
You two don’t even know what I do for a living, do you?

MARGO
Don't be silly, you work for a game company.

CHLOE
And what do I do there?

Margo and Lucy look at each other, realize they don't know.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
Exactly. And *that* is why this *meeting* is over. See you at dinner.

Chloe leaves. Margo touches her head where she fell, winces.

LUCY
I'm so sorry, Mom. This is the last thing you need— this trip was supposed to be—

MARGO
She's right. We've excluded her, and it was wrong of us, wrong of me. I'm the parent; I should have noticed—

LUCY
You've had your hands full; don't be hard on yourself. I'm going to make this right, Mom, I promise. I don't want you to worry.

Margo nods, tired. Lucy guides her to her bed; Margo lies down.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Just rest, ma. I'll be back in an hour to get you for dinner.

Lucy kisses Margo's head; the turban scoots up, exposing the band-aid. Lucy reacts, covers it again with the turban. Margo sighs, closes her eyes.

INT. THERAPY ROOM — DAY

Liam sits in a chair across from Bernice.

BERNICE
I'm still unclear as to what type of support you've had the past twenty years?
(MORE)

BERNICE (CONT'D)
You've been diagnosed with depression, PTSD, trauma-related anxiety, insomnia— I'll stop there. You say you've been seeing a therapist?

Liam nods.

BERNICE (CONT'D)
What kind of therapist? What did they specialize in? What sort of therapy have you been doing?

Liam fidgets, looks at his feet.

LIAM
He's a sports therapist.

Bernice drops her pen, mouth open. Liam stares out the window, avoiding eye contact.

BERNICE
You're telling me that after being harassed to the point of death threats, break-ins, physical assault, and public humiliation for decades— the only therapy you've received is *physical* therapy?

LIAM
Well, it wasn't really physical therapy; we met on Zoom and just, you know, talked a bit—

Bernice's eyebrows go up.

BERNICE
You talked a bit— with a physical therapist?! And what, may I ask, did you talk about?

Beat. Liam looks around the room, picks a piece of lint off his trousers.

BERNICE (CONT'D)
If you say the weather, I'm gonna have a heart attack, right here, right now.

Best. Liam shifts in his chair.

LIAM
Well, in his defense, we do have really shyte weather in the UK, and it is pretty much a national pastime to discuss it at length at every opportunity-

Bernice lets her breath out, shakes her head. Puts her hand up.

BERNICE
Okay, not a problem, we have a little time. We're gonna start right now, with what I see as an anger issue.

LIAM
Anger?

BERNICE
You saying you don't hold any anger towards any of these people who've harassed you over the years? What about the press, the fans?

LIAM
I've forgiven—

BERNICE
What exactly are you forgiving, Liam?

LIAM
People's cruelty.

BERNICE
Why do cruel people have to be forgiven? Have any of them apologized?

Liam shakes his head.

BERNICE (CONT'D)
Has anyone in the past twenty or so years reached out to you to acknowledge the pain they put you through? The pain they inflicted over something so trivial—

Liam's head pops up; his eyes widen.

BERNICE (CONT'D)
Yes, Liam, a missed kick is trivial.
(MORE)

BERNICE (CONT'D)
You did not massacre a village, bomb a city, rape, plunder, lie, or cheat. You missed a kick. Trivial. Now I know that might hurt even more than the abuse— knowing that all of this was based on something insignificant to the average person.

LIAM
Footie fans are not ordinary people; they're a bit fanatic.

BERNICE
Okay, tell me some good things about your fans.

Liam looks at the ceiling, thinking.

LIAM
They'd cheer a lot when I was playing well.

Bernice nods. Liam racks his brain for something else.

LIAM (CONT'D)
Sometimes they'd give me little gifts, stuffed toys and drawings. The kids were sweet; they idolized us. Until—

BERNICE
Until you did something they didn't like.

Liam nods, his head drops.

BERNICE (CONT'D)
Seems like they're only in it for the good times. You ever have friends like that?

LIAM
Of course, especially when you're famous.

BERNICE
Who's someone you admire?

Liam smiles at the memory.

LIAM
My dad, he was a great man, worked hard, helped people, taught me right from wrong.

BERNICE
If your dad had missed that kick and lost the World Cup, would you have still loved him?

Liam stops fidgeting, looks at Bernice like she's nuts.

LIAM
What a daft question; of course I would. My dad was the best; who cares if he missed a kick? He was the best father, the best man, he was my best friend—

Liam tears up a little, stops himself.

BERNICE
And this wonderful man, this man who loved you more than anything, would have said *what* to you after that kick?

Liam looks down, remembering.

EXT. LIAM'S CHILDHOOD YARD — DAY (FLASHBACK)

A teenage Liam is kicking balls to his DAD, who plays goalie. Liam kicks the ball wide, missing the net completely. Liam kicks the ground and punches his legs; his dad jogs up to him and takes Liam's face in his hands.

DAD
Hey! Listen to me. God makes us mortals mess up once in a while so we stay humble— even those He blessed with an extra helping of talent.

Liam smiles, hugs his father.

INT. THERAPY ROOM — DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Liam wipes a tear away; Bernice hands him a tissue.

BERNICE
So these so-called fans, they only loved you when you won.
(MORE)

BERNICE (CONT'D)
Where were they when you needed them? I think they need to be called on their behavior, don't you?

Liam shakes his head in agreement, tentatively at first, then increasingly.

BERNICE (CONT'D)
Good! Let's tell them what we think of them, shall we? Have you ever been hypnotized?

Liam sits up straighter.

INT. YACHT BAR AREA – EVENING

Lenny sits in an empty bar with Edward and Paul, mid-story, laughing.

LENNY
Oh come on, you've never been heckled! *I've* been heckled, trust me, lost track of the times– but you? No way!

Edward takes a sip of his drink, enjoying himself.

EDWARD
Oh, Lenny dear, you have no idea! At the beginning of my career, I had a tiny role in King Lear, starring the great Laurence Olivier. I was just a kid, working with my idol, lapping it up, watching him like a crazed fan every night. Well– one evening, he got ill and, as luck would have it, so did his understudy! The only person who knew every line of the play was me– so they made *me* go on *as Lear*! It was preposterous; I was a child! Oh, I gave it my all, acted my little heart out– I wasn't half bad, actually, but the audience yelled and booed and half of them stormed out– it was devastating!

The guys laugh. Lenny wipes his forehead dramatically.

LENNY
Whew! I feel so much better now. When I did Cabaret in Dallas, most of the audience demanded their money back; I suppose I'm in good company!

Beat.

LENNY (CONT'D)
So you boys have been together a looooong time, yeah?

PAUL
Forty-two years, six and a half months, but who's counting?

Lenny whistles.

LENNY
In gay years that's like a hundred and twenty—

PAUL
I know, and a third of that time, Ed was married!

Lenny leans in.

LENNY
Pray tell, I love a bit of gossip!

EDWARD
It's nothing nefarious; I was married to a lovely woman whom I cared about deeply— Joan and I had three wonderful children together. She never knew I was queer; I stayed married to her until she died and came out to my kids a few years later. Paul was a patient angel through the entire thing.

PAUL
Well, there were a few martini-fueled evenings I'm not terribly proud of— but I admired his reasons for staying. He didn't want her to think the marriage was a sham, that she was his beard; he didn't think she deserved that pain.

Lenny's eyebrow shoots up.

LENNY
So you just sat at home and twiddled your thumbs until Mr. Ed here was free to be with you?

Paul laughs out loud.

PAUL
Oh honey, I was definitely not sitting at home twiddling my thumbs—

INT. NIGHTCLUB (FLASHBACK)

Paul is doing coke off a guy's ass at a cocktail table; he snorts a huge line and takes a swig of a drink, dances back to the dance floor where he is surrounded by hands stroking him, guys kissing him, a Boa is looped around his neck as the music throbs.

INT. BAR AREA – EVENING (CONTINUOUS)

Paul smiles at the memory, sighs, Edward chuckles.

EDWARD
Oh, don't you feel sorry for him, Lenny. He had a ball whilst I lived a quaint, proper family life! The best part was when I could get away for a few hours to be with him, he'd regale me with all of the stories, oh I was envious! To be young and handsome *and out*—

Edward sighs, places his hand on Paul's. Lenny looks a little sad at their closeness, then fakes a smile.

LENNY
Well, it sounds like Ed has some catching up to do!

Beat. Lenny scoots his chair closer, leans in, and whispers.

LENNY (CONT'D)
You know, I've never seen the guest cabins; the staff rooms are okay, but I bet *your* cabin is much nicer—

Paul smiles, slides a key to Lenny.

PAUL
Why don't you see for yourself?

LENNY
I'm off at eleven, see you then!

The guys nervously smile; Lenny saunters back to the piano.

Edward winces.

EDWARD
Eleven? I haven't stayed up that late since the Academy Awards!

PAUL
That's what naps are for, dear!

Paul smiles, pats his hand.

INT. THERAPY ROOM — EVENING

Liam is lying on a chaise, eyes closed, screaming into the air. Bernice sits nearby in a chair taking notes.

LIAM
Fuck you all! You couldn't make a goal to save your life! Losers! All of you! You were just jealous! I had the life you wanted! Jealous!

Liam punches the air, choking out an imaginary person.

LIAM (CONT'D)
Oh yeah? Take this! Ack! You slimy little weasels, you can't touch me; I'm Liam fucking Putter! God of the field! I was ranked third in the world, the world, mother fuckers! The world!!!! Take your stupid knitted scarves and teddy bears and shove 'em up your arses! Gifts for idiots! I hated those gifts! Beer-swilling cheap bastards! Ahhhh!

Liam lies back, breathing heavily.

Bernice moves her chair closer.

BERNICE
Liam, it's me— you are slowly coming back here, to this room; my voice is guiding you back. On the count of three, you will be fully present, back in the room, back with me. One, two, and three.

Bernice snaps her fingers; Liam opens his eyes and breathes deeply.

BERNICE (CONT'D)
How do you feel?

Liam looks at her with a new fire in his eyes; he stares directly at her.

Beat.

LIAM
I'm not done with them. Put me back there, now. Please.

Bernice smiles.

INT. DINING ROOM — EVENING

Margo, Chloe and Lucy sit at a table eating. Margo pushes her food around, watching her girls happily.

MARGO
It's really delicious, isn't it?

Lucy and Chloe nod, eating.

MARGO (CONT'D)
So who is the handsome man you've been spending time with, Chloe?

Chloe looks up, covers.

CHLOE
You mean Alfredo? Lucy likes him too; he does magic tricks.

Margo laughs.

MARGO
Nice try—

CHLOE
He's a soccer player, football, whatever. He was huge. He got famous for screwing up the World Cup in '06, missed a kick. Now he's a self-indulgent hermit who wants to off himself cause he can't take rejection—

Margo and Lucy share a surprised look.

LUCY
Wow, harsh. I wonder if he speaks this highly of you behind your back?

CHLOE
What? It's the truth. He has a totally treatable, curable cancer and yet he came here to check out the Death with Dignity Act! He's the one Inna was talking about when she said people might be interested in it— yeah, he is!

Margo puts her fork down, done pretending to eat.

MARGO
You can't know what he's been through, Chloe. Maybe there are other issues. He seems like a nice man.

Chloe looks away.

MARGO (CONT'D)
I was going to suggest we invite him to come with us on the day trip. San Francisco? Might be nice for you both to have someone to explore with, then I could meet you for a meal or something—

LUCY
I thought we were going to the wharf and Chinatown and shopping-

Chloe nudges Lucy to shut up.

CHLOE
She can't, you idiot, can't you see?

Margo looks surprised, covers Chloe's hand with her own, grateful.

MARGO
I can't, sweetheart; my balance is not so great. It's a sign—

Lucy shakes her head, in denial.

LUCY
No, you're fine! You're doing so much better, I see you up and reading and— and—

CHLOE
She's faking it, Luce, for *us*. She's been faking it the whole cruise. You just don't wanna see it—

Lucy looks at Margo, seeing her frailty, seeing the truth. She starts to cry.

LUCY
No, that's not true. You can't get worse, not now— what are we gonna do without you? I'm not ready, Mom, I'm not ready—

Margo moves her chair to be able to take Lucy in her arms. Chloe looks around the dining room; no one is looking.

She moves her chair close to her mom and sister, rubs Lucy's back. Margo catches Chloe's eye, grateful.

INT. YACHT KITCHEN — EVENING

Inna's putting stuff away in the fridge; the sous chef, FRIDA (30's), mops the floor; Doris is wiping down the stove.

INNA
I've been calling him and calling him; no answer. I swear the kid disappeared. The rehab facility says they can't find him either. Pete's gonna kill me if I can't get Lance to the pick-up point.

DORIS
The authorities must have plans for this sort of thing. They're the ones making all of the fuss; let them get Alfredo back. Or just stick him in an Uber!

INNA
An Uber back to Portland?

DORIS
He can fly then; he's fine. It's as if he's gone back in time in the last couple of days;
(MORE)

DORIS (CONT'D)
he's cheerful, having a ball, looks thirty years younger! He could probably walk back at this point!

The sous chef finishes mopping the floor.

FRIDA
See you in the morning, Chef!

DORIS
Thanks, kid! See you bright and early; we're juicing at six!

The Frida gives a thumbs up, exits.

DORIS (CONT'D)
Seriously, my friend, you gotta stop trying to fix everyone and everything. Alfredo will be fine on a plane; he's had a ball— and now it's time for you to clean up the mess he's made.

Inna stops organizing, shuts the fridge, turns to Doris.

INNA
You're right. As always.

INT. BAR AREA — NIGHT

Judith and Harold sit at a table having a drink, loving on each other.

Lucy and Chloe, a row of various colored shot glasses in front of them, sit at a table, watching the impromptu show.

Lenny is at the piano; Alfredo is in his wheelchair midway through belting out "*My Way*" while Sky eggs him on from the bar.

SKY
You can hit that note, come on—

Alfredo is working hard; sweat drips down his face, he's singing his heart out, every lyric meaningful. Lenny plays tenderly, watching Alfredo, a wistful smile on his face.

Alfredo and Lenny finish the song; applause all around. Alfredo is flushed with excitement, glowing with praise; he rolls to the piano and hugs Lenny.

ALFREDO
Thank you, thank you— this is the best night of my life!

Lenny hugs Alfredo back, laughs.

LENNY
You're not done yet, my friend. I heard you can tell a joke or two—

Alfredo's face lights up; Lenny hands him his mic.

LENNY (CONT'D)
'Go get 'em, my man!

Alfredo rolls out to face the tables, catches his breath, and launches into a joke, a born entertainer.

ALFREDO
So I gained a little weight recently—

Harold snaps his head up, knows where this is going, plays along

HAROLD
How much weight did you gain?

Alfredo smiles broadly, points at Harold.

ALFREDO
Funny you should ask. I thought my dry cleaners was shrinking my clothes; turns out it was my refrigerator!

Everyone laughs; Alfredo beams.

ALFREDO (CONT'D)
I try to avoid things that make me chubby— like mirrors, scales, and photographs!

Harold eggs him on.

HAROLD
Have you tried dieting?

ALFREDO
Oh sure, I dieted for a month! I lost thirty days and gained five pounds! You ever think about how Social Security is like sex?

(MORE)

ALFREDO (CONT'D)
You get a little every month but not enough to live on!

People laugh/groan; Lenny plays little riffs to accompany the horrible jokes.

LENNY
And you thought you were on the Pacific Ocean, ha! Welcome to the Catskills, folks!

Lucy and Chloe clink glasses, do a couple of shots and laugh. Everyone is caught up in joy for a moment, in the silliness of it all, not a care in the room.

ALFREDO
Three women are comparing how devoted their sons are to them—

Alfredo keeps telling oldie jokes.

Inna walks by to check on things, pauses in the doorway and sees the festivities. She looks at the happy faces, sees Alfredo living it up. A wistful look crosses her face; she turns and leaves.

MONTAGE:

—Liam enters the bar area looking like he's lost a decade, shoulders squared, calm smile. He confidently takes a seat at the bar, chats to Sky, and they share a laugh.

—Alfredo and Lenny sing a duet, milking the hell out of the song.

—Harold helps Judith up; they begin to slow dance suggestively.

—Alfredo points at Harold and Judith and mops his brow in an "It's getting hot in here!" gesture.

—Chloe and Lucy cheer Alfredo and Lenny, quite a few empty shot glasses on their table, peanuts spilling from a dish. Chloe gives Liam a little drunken wave; he smiles back.

INT. INNA'S CABIN – NIGHT

Inna sits on her bed, kicks off her shoes. She spies the mini bar, looks away.

She looks again; it's calling to her. She gets up, crosses the room, and kneels in front of it.

Inna opens the mini bar; the glow of the light hits her face. Tiny bottles of liquor shine; she picks up a split of champagne, admires it.

A voice comes out of the darkness.

HERBIE (O.C.)
Why the fuck didn't you tell them to empty that thing?!

Inna drops the split of champagne, whips around to see Herbie, sitting in a chair, a faint light surrounding him in the dark room.

HERBIE (CONT'D)
Seriously! Like you need the temptation— don't you think you got enough on your plate?!

INNA
Herbie?! Oh my God, Herbie, is that— is this real?

HERBIE
I'm not stayin' long, I can't. It's hard to visit, and it ain't cause of traffic.

INNA
I have so many questions! Oh God, Herbie, did you know I was in the hospital? Please tell me you knew I was there?

HERBIE
Of course I did; you were cryin' so loud I didn't wanna leave, trust me. My heart broke twice that day. I didn't want to leave you, Inna. I love you, I loved our life—

INNA
I loved our life too. I miss you so much, Herb. I'm floundering without you; you were my rock— my everything.

HERBIE
You ain't floundering; look at this cruise! It's a winner; you were right, sweetheart, people need this. I was wrong, I shoulda helped you—

INNA
It's okay, I don't blame you; you were afraid of losing me—

HERBIE
Nah, that was the superficial reason. Selfishly, I wanted you home, not working, yeah, but the truth is— I was taking my anger out on you—

INNA
Anger at who?

Herbie's head drops. Inna moves closer.

INNA (CONT'D)
Ryan?

Herbie nods his head.

INNA (CONT'D)
What did he want you to sign so badly? What upset you so much that you had a heart attack over it?

Herbie exhales, looks at Inna.

HERBIE
He stole. A lot.

Inna sits back. Beat.

INNA
Oh, Herbie— from the business?!

Herbie nods.

HERBIE
He wanted me to lie for him, make it look like a loan. I refused.

Beat.

HERBIE (CONT'D)
I want him to pay back every fuckin' cent he stole. Every fuckin' cent! It's the only way he's gonna learn, but his mother won't—

INNA
She won't make him pay it back.

Beat.

Inna looks closely at Herbie.

INNA (CONT'D)
Is this a *Touched by an Angel* kinda thing? Are you real?

HERBIE
How the fuck should I know?! I've never died before, Inna; it's a first for me! I was listening to some very nice music, then all of a sudden I'm seeing you about to sneak a cocktail, and poof! Here I am, stopping you from ruining everything. You've got something here, kid; don't fuck it up.

Beat. Inna tears up, touched.

INNA
You really think so? I can't tell if this cruise is a disaster or—

HERBIE
It's a great idea! People are loving it! I'm sorry I gave you such a hard time. Sorry I didn't support you. The timing with Ryan ripping me off- I was so angry, I took it out on you— I'm sorry.

Inna crawls closer to Herbie, reaches out to touch him. He starts to fade away.

HERBIE (CONT'D)
Stay away from the sauce kid; it doesn't serve you.

INNA
I promise I wasn't gonna—

Inna brushes her hands across the chair, looking frantically for Herbie; he's gone. She lays her head in the chair, crying.

EXT. YACHT — NIGHT

Lenny sings the Irish ballad, *Carrickfergus,* over:

—The Sherry floats on the water; we hear the tinkle of glasses, laughter, and music coming from the bar area.

—Margo stands on her deck looking out to the ocean, wind gently moving her nightdress.

—She takes her turban off, throws it into the ocean, she runs her hands through her stubbles of hair, massages her scalp.

—Through open doors we see Alfredo sitting with Lucy and Chloe in the bar, laughing.

—Lenny plays the piano; his phone sits propped up in front of him. He taps it; the screensaver reveals a handsome, smiling man, RAUL (40s), Lenny smiles wistfully and sings.

LENNY
(singing)
But the sea is wide, and I cannot swim over
And neither have I the wings to fly
I wish I had a handsome boatman
To ferry me over, my love and I...

THE END