

SHIPPING OUT

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. MALIBU MANSION/MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Opulent - obvious that a very rich person lives here.

DAVID MASON(48), in bed, tosses back and forth between twisted sheets - something's bothering his sleep.

INSERT NIGHTMARE

ROBERT MASON, (50), drawn, haggard face lies on a hospital bed in a dimly lit room in a nursing facility.

YOUNG DAVID MASON (14) sits bedside. Robert opens his eyes, stares at Young David for a moment. He's confused - lost.

ROBERT MASON
Peter...?

Young David shakes his head.

YOUNG DAVID
I'm David. Your son.

Robert suddenly reaches out, clasps Young David's forearm.

ROBERT MASON
Fix this!

YOUNG DAVID
What do you want me to do!?

Robert's eyes flutter as he loses consciousness. His facial muscles slacken, his grip on David's arm evaporates.

YOUNG DAVID
Dad...? Dad!

END NIGHTMARE - BACK TO SCENE

David bolts up in bed, gasps for air - panicked. He presses the palms of his hand against his forehead.

DAVID
Jesus Christ.

David turns, puts his feet on the floor. As his breathing relaxes, he spots the clock on the nightstand: "2:00 A.M."

David grasps the clock, angrily hurls it against the wall.

INT. MALIBU MANSION/LIVING ROOM - MORNING

A groggy David, dressed in an Armani suit, coffee cup in his hand, lumbers through a posh living room. He reaches the --

FRONT DOOR

And opens it. A SCREECHING siren blasts. David recoils, spills coffee on his suit pants in the process.

DAVID
God damn it.

The alarm BLARES as David frantically enters numbers on a keypad next to the front door. It ain't turning off.

DAVID
I need some help here!

ISABELLA (60), hustles in from the kitchen.

ISABELLA
That's the third time this month.

She taps numbers on the alarm keypad.

DAVID
I think it's broken.

Isabella hits the last number. The siren goes silent.

ISABELLA
We changed the password to one,
two, one, two, one two - remember?

DAVID
That's an idiotic password.

ISABELLA
You said to make it idiot proof.
Apparently I failed.

Isabella points to the large coffee stain on David's pants.

ISABELLA
What about that?

DAVID
It'll dry.

ISABELLA
Change. You got a hundred pair
hanging in your closet.

David opens the front door, looks out towards the --

FRONT YARD OF THE MANSION

Expansive and meticulously landscaped. A tall iron-rod fence and security gate protects the perimeter.

A black limousine with tinted windows is parked in a red-bricked circular driveway.

DAVID

No time.

(as he exits)

I need a new bedroom clock.

INT. LIMOUSINE - (TRAVELLING) MORNING

STAN SOSA (55) drives. He's oddly attired for a chauffeur - an LA Dodgers baseball cap, golf shirt and shorts.

David sits in the back seat, eyes closed.

Across from David is CHARLEY JONES (52), clad in a business suit and a snappy bow tie, horn-rimmed glasses. He's focused on the screen of a tablet computer on his lap.

CHARLEY

Don't forget we have the Board of
Director's meeting at four.

No response from David. Charley glances over - spots the wet spot on David's pants from the coffee spill.

CHARLEY

You piss your pants?

DAVID

(eyes still closed)

I spilled coffee. Stop staring at
my crotch.

Stan chuckles.

CHARLEY

The nightmare again?

DAVID

Leave me alone.

Charley stares at David a moment - doesn't like what he sees.

CHARLEY

It's been six months now. Maybe
it's time you see someone.

No response from David, his eyes still closed.

CHARLEY

Look, Ellen has a friend. Well,
he's a Doctor.

(still no response)

He's a psychiatrist.

DAVID

Is she having problems?

CHARLEY

No - no. She's fine.

DAVID

Then why is she seeing a shrink?

CHARLEY

Christ, she's not.

DAVID

You're seeing a shrink?

CHARLEY

No, of course not. I meant --

DAVID

Leave me alone - last warning.

Charley shakes his head, returns his focus to his computer.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME/BEDROOM - MORNING

GRACE MATTHEWS (78) sits up in bed as she watches TV. There's a serving tray with empty dishes on her lap.

CORINA REYES (28), Filipino, enters.

CORINA

Well, Miss Grace, you seem to have
enjoyed that - no?

GRACE

Oh, it was delicious, Corina. The
sausage, my goodness, it was the
best I've had.

CORINA

It's called longanisa. I made
plenty. You can have it all week.

As Corina removes the tray from the bed, SOPHIA MATTHEWS (45), enters. She has a Pharmacist smock draped over one arm.

SOPHIA
Good morning, ladies.

CORINA
Good morning, Sophia.
(to Grace, as she exits)
I'll be right back with your juice.

Sophia walks to Grace's bedside, kisses her on the cheek.

SOPHIA
How are you feeling?

GRACE
I'm fine, dear.
(points to the TV)
You should take a coat. They said
it's going to be cold today.

SOPHIA
I will. So everything's okay?

GRACE
Yes - yes. Now go, you're going to
be late.

Corina returns with a glass of orange juice.

SOPHIA
(to Corina)
Remember, I've got to cover two
shifts today. Call me if you need
anything. I've left her new pills
on the kitchen counter. Make sure
she eats before taking them. I'll
have my cell on --

GRACE
Go. We'll be fine.

Corina gives Sophia a reassuring nod.

SOPHIA
Yes - yes, of course.

Sophia kisses Grace's cheek and then hustles off.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING/LOBBY - MORNING

On one wall, large, gold letters spell out: "MASON
INDUSTRIES." A sea of STAFF parts as David and Charley make
their way to the elevators.

STAFF ONE
Good morning, Mr. Mason.

DAVID
Morning.

STAFF TWO
Good morning, Mr. Mason.

David responds with a grunt and a nod of his head.

STAFF THREE
Good morning to you, Mr. Mason.

DAVID
Uh-huh.

David and Charley enter an open --

ELEVATOR

And walk to opposite sides. Charley hits the button for the 34th floor. They wait for the doors to close.

CHARLEY
Well, that ought to pep them up.

DAVID
They're adults. They don't need a cheerleader.

GINA OCHOA (32), petite, reaches the elevator just before the door closes. She freezes once she recognizes the occupants. No way is she starting her day with that ride.

Charley holds the door open. Gina nervously waves him off.

GINA
Please, go ahead. I can get the next one.

CHARLEY
(over the top exuberance)
Gina. So great to see you!

In the background, STAFF mill about pretending to check their phones, engage in small talk - anything but enter the elevator. Gina is the slow wildebeest caught by the lions.

GINA
Um, you too, Mr. Jones.

CHARLEY
Please, share the ride. I insist.

Gina timidly enters. As Charley presses the close door button, She turns and faces forward as if standing at attention. The elevator ascends.

CHARLEY

(to David)

See, it isn't that hard to bring a little cheer to the staff.

David taps Gina on the shoulder. She grimaces.

DAVID

Do you feel cheered up?

Gina turns and looks at Charley with a - *help me out here* - look. Charley gives her a positive nod.

GINA

I guess so...?

The elevator car reaches the 34th floor. The doors open revealing an opulent lobby area.

Gina exits the elevator quick as a cat. David and Charley watch as she hustles down the corridor.

DAVID

So, what's the story on her?

CHARLEY

She's one of your new project managers. How do you not know that?

DAVID

I don't recall seeing her before.

CHARLEY

You met her three weeks ago.

(blank look from David)

The briefing on the Lancaster development. She did the needs assessment. Remember?

DAVID

No.

INT. BOARD OF DIRECTORS ROOM - DAY

BOARD MEMBERS sit in leather high back chairs surrounding a glossy, cherry wood conference table.

David sits at the head of the table. His nameplate reads:
"CHAIRMAN AND CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER."

Charley sits next to David. His nameplate reads: "COUNSEL." A voice emanates from a call box in the center of the table.

VOICE FROM CALLBOX (V.O.)
And although quarterly revenue was
up eleven percent year to year, net
profits remained flat.

SIMON WALTERS (50), slicked-back hair with a smug face that you just want to punch leans towards the call box.

SIMON WALTERS
Why is that?

VOICE FROM CALLBOX (V.O.)
One-time funding of employee
pension benefits.

David's head wobbles as he dozes in and out. His diminished state of alertness is noticed by Board Member JUDITH WITHERSPOON (55). She shoots Charley a disapproving glare.

VOICE FROM CALLBOX (V.O.)
Are there any other questions?

Charley lightly kicks David's chair under the table.

DAVID
Uh... no, not at this time. Very
nice job. Thank you.

VOICE FROM CALLBOX (V.O.)
You're wel --

David hits a button next to him. The call box goes dead.

DAVID
(to Charley)
Anything else?

CHARLEY
A report on the planned expansion
into Mexico.

DAVID
(to the room)
Why don't we just end for the day.

Simon looks at his watch.

SIMON
David, we were scheduled for three
hours. We need to discuss the
Mexico expansion.

JUDITH WITHERSPOON

I concur.

David gets up from his seat.

DAVID

I don't care.

David scans the room, see's he losing the battle.

DAVID

Suit yourselves. Stay. Charley has my proxy.

Charley nods at David. David heads for the door.

SIMON

David, time is critical on this one. There are some decisions you need to be involved in. Not to be rude, but --

David stops, turns - glares at Simon. If looks could kill.

DAVID

You're not listening. That's the very definition of being rude.

(exiting)

Charley has my proxy.

INT/EXT. LIMOUSINE - (TRAVELLING) NIGHT.

Stan drives. David's in the back seat. He spots a PHARMACY.

DAVID

Stan, pull over there please.

STAN

It's a red curb, boss.

DAVID

I'll only be a minute.

Stan pulls the limo to the curb. David exits the vehicle.

INT. PHARMACY/DRUG AISLE - NIGHT

David meanders through the over-the-counter drug section of the store looking at different products in the aisle. Nothing suits his fancy. He makes his way to the --

PHARMACY COUNTER

Sophia, clad in her white smock, assists an ELDERLY WOMAN.

SOPHIA

So, you've taken this before?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Oh my, yes - for years. One in the morning and one at night.

SOPHIA

You're only supposed to take one a day.

ELDERLY WOMAN

No - no, I think that's wrong.

David loudly clears his throat as a sign of impatience.

SOPHIA

(towards David)

You're next. And please stand behind the red line on the floor.

DAVID

Excuse me?

SOPHIA

The red line on the floor. You're supposed to stand behind that so that each patient has privacy.

DAVID

(as he backs up)

Jesus Christ.

SOPHIA

Thank you, Sir.

(to the Elderly Woman)

Now, I only want you to take one of these each day until you see your Doctor. You need to clear this up. Can you do that for me?

ELDERLY WOMAN

I see him tomorrow.

SOPHIA

Excellent. Our number is on your receipt. Have him call me tomorrow morning. I'll be here.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Thank you. You're so nice.

The Elderly Woman walks away at an excruciatingly slow pace. David impatiently waits for her to cross the red line before approaching the counter.

DAVID

So, I was hoping that you might have something for sleep.

SOPHIA

Do you have a prescription?

DAVID

No, I just need something for the night.

SOPHIA

I can't give you prescription medication without a prescription. You must know that.

DAVID

Yeah, right, of course. What do you think? I mean is there anything over the counter that you would recommend?

SOPHIA

There are a dozen things. Advil PM, Excedrin PM, Sominex, Herbs maybe. They're all in aisle eight.

DAVID

Really? You don't have any recommendation?

SOPHIA

I recommended you try aisle eight.

DAVID

Fine!

David turns to leave the counter. An OLD MAN is behind him.

DAVID

(turning back to Sophia)
And this guy is over the red line!

AT THE CHECKOUT COUNTER

David places a box of Sominex on the counter.

STORE CLERK

Did you find everything you were looking for?

DAVID
Not unless I was looking for a
smart-ass pharmacist.

STORE CLERK
Pardon...?

David looks up, sees a pint of Jack Daniels on display.

DAVID
Give me one of those too.

EXT. CURB OUTSIDE SAV-ON PHARMACY - NIGHT

Stan leans against the hood of the limo. Watches a POLICEMAN scribbling out a parking ticket.

David approaches, the pint of Jack Daniels in his hand.

DAVID
Christ, we were just here a minute.

POLICE OFFICER
(not looking up))
The curb's red. You don't get a
minute.

DAVID
But it was an emergency.

The Officer looks at the pint of whiskey in David's hand.

POLICE OFFICER
Uh-huh.

The Officer rips off the ticket - hands it to Stan. Stan in turn holds it out for David. He angrily snatches it.

INT. MALIBU MANSION/MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

David asleep, but tossing and turning a bit. On the nightstand, the digital clock reads: "1:59 AM."

Next to the clock, the opened pint of Jack Daniels, an empty glass, and the Sominex pill bottle.

INSERT NIGHTMARE

Robert Mason in a hospital bed in a dimly lit room in a nursing facility, reaches out - clasps Young David's forearm.

ROBERT MASON
Fix this!

BACK TO SCENE - MALIBU MANSION/MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

David bolts up, breathing heavily. He glances towards the digital clock: "2:00 AM."

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME/SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sophia in bed.

GASPING sounds emanate from a baby monitor on a nightstand next to the bed.

Sophia awakens, gets up and bolts towards --

GRACE'S BEDROOM

And hits the light switch as she enters. Grace in bed, fighting for breath.

Sophia hustles over, grabs an oxygen mask connected to a bedside tank. She places the oxygen mask over Grace's mouth. Grace breathes in deeply.

SOPHIA

Better?

Grace nods as she takes in the oxygen.

SOPHIA

(caressing Grace's hair)

Relax, relax...

INT. MALIBU MANSION/LIVING ROOM - MORNING

A groggy David lumbers towards the front door. Just as he reaches it, Isabella hustles in from the kitchen.

ISABELLA

Wait!

David stops in his tracks. Isabella taps in the security code on the keypad.

ISABELLA

Just in case.

INT/EXT: LIMOUSINE/PARKING STRUCTURE - (PARKED) MORNING

Stan shifts the Limo into park. David (eyes closed) and Charley are in the back seat.

Charley grabs the door handle.

CHARLEY

Hey - wake up. We're here.

DAVID

You go ahead. I got errands to run.

CHARLEY

Errands...? What in the --

DAVID

Go.

INT/EXT: LIMOUSINE/LOS ANGELES STREET - (TRAVELLING) MORNING

Stan drives. David stares through the tinted glass window.

DAVID

There it is. Pull over.

Stan slows down and then pulls the limo up against the curb.

Across the lawn is a bland, nondescript building with a sign in front that reads: "SUNSET NURSING CENTER".

INT: SUNSET NURSING FACILITY/LOBBY - DAY

David enters, approaches an unattended reception desk.

DAVID

Hello, anyone here? Hello?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

I'll be there in a minute!

David impatiently taps the counter.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

...And he didn't even bother to
call back. Rude - right?

David spots a closed double door to his left. A sign on it reads: "PATIENTS AND FAMILY ONLY."

David approaches the door, gives the reception desk one last glance and then quietly pushes the doors open and enters a --

CORRIDOR

Dimly lit and sterile-looking, undecorated. There are patient rooms on both sides.

David walks towards the end of the corridor, grimacing as he hears MOANS emanating from some of the rooms. He moves on until he reaches --

SALVADOR'S ROOM - DAY.

Where he stands at the open door and peers in.

There are two beds. One is empty. SALVADOR, (75), with an IV drip in his arm lays in the other as he stares out a window.

David watches him for a moment then starts to turn away.

SALVADOR (O.S.)
Are you the Doc?

David freezes, then turns back towards the room.

DAVID
Um, no - just a visitor.

Salvador points towards the empty bed.

SALVADOR
He's getting chemo. You related?

David shakes his head.

SALVADOR
No? Then who the fuck you visiting?

The question hangs there for a moment.

DAVID
My father died...
(points at the empty bed)
There. Thirty-five years ago.

Salvador points towards an empty chair in the corner. David enters, pulls up the chair alongside Salvador's bed.

DAVID
I'm David.

SALVADOR
Salvador.

DAVID
How long have you been here?

SALVADOR
Two months now.

DAVID
What are you in for?

SALVADOR
You make it sound like prison.

David's face reddens with embarrassment. Salvador starts coughing, uncontrollably - finally catches his breath.

SALVADOR
Don't worry, mi amigo. It's kind of like prison. Cancer...Pancreatic.

DAVID
I'm sorry.

SALVADOR
What, you give it to me?
(off David's look)
Relax, I kid you.

DAVID
(looking around)
Your family visit often?

SALVADOR
Never.

DAVID
Sorry, none of my biz --

SALVADOR
I have no family. My wife died a decade ago. I had a son. A Marine. He was killed - the Gulf War.
(points upwards)
I'll be seeing them someday.

A FEMALE CAREGIVER appears in the doorway.

FEMALE CAREGIVER
It's time for your meds.

SALVADOR
Give me a few minutes, please.

FEMALE CAREGIVER
You know we have a schedule and --

SALVADOR
Give me two fucking minutes!

An flip of the bird from the Caregiver as she walks away.

SALVADOR
I think I may have killed my chances with her.

A smile from David. He scans the room.

DAVID
Are they taking good care of you?
You know, are you comfortable here?

SALVADOR
David, you got a nice expensive
suit, a fancy haircut, good watch -
How can you be so stupid?

DAVID
I'm told it's a gift.

Salvador laughs - then coughs - catches his breath.

SALVADOR
Sometimes I think my boy was lucky.
He died on his feet.
(beat)
Más remedio tiene un muerto mi
amigo.

DAVID
I don't speak Spanish.

SALVADOR
Even a dead man has more to hope
for. I should have stepped in front
of a train while I still could.

David nods. He gets it.

SALVADOR
Now, why don't you tell me why
you're really here.

David runs his hands through his hair - contemplates.

DAVID
I'm looking for answers.

SALVADOR
To what question?

David hesitates - why tell a stranger?

DAVID
I can't sleep anymore. I have this
nightmare. Every night.
(points at the empty bed)
I was fourteen when my father died.
In the nightmare, he opens his
eyes, grabs my arm, real tight, and
yells - fix this. Right before he
dies. Fix this. What does it mean?

SALVADOR
What did he die of?

DAVID
Alzheimer's.

Salvador's surprised. He sizes David up - it doesn't make sense given David's young age.

DAVID
Early-onset. He was just fifty.

Salvador stares at David - takes this in.

SALVADOR
How old are you?

DAVID
Forty-eight.

SALVADOR
So, do you have it? The disease?

DAVID
I don't know. I had genetic testing five years ago...I've never looked at the results.
(looks off - remembering)
I remember the day I got them. I had the envelope in one hand, and a gun in the other.

SALVADOR
A gun...?

DAVID
In case the test results were positive.

SALVADOR
I understand.

DAVID
I must have sat at that desk for hours, staring at that envelope. I finally just stuffed it in a drawer.
(scans the room)
Dad hated it here. He would have stood in front of that train with you.

SALVADOR
Or maybe a boat.

DAVID

What?

SALVADOR

A boat. I would have liked to have just sailed away on a boat. Let the ocean breeze kiss my cheeks as I drank my tequila. Hear my angel say *vaya con dios, Salvador*. Better than rotting away here. I'd trade you one year of this life for every day of a real one... But you already know that, *mi amigo*.

David stares at Salvador - puzzled. What did he miss?

SALVADOR

Your nightmares tell you so. Your father...

(waves around the room)

Wants you to fix this.

David's eyes widen. A light-bulb has gone off.

INT. BOARD OF DIRECTORS ROOM - DAY

David and Charley at the head of the table.

The twelve BOARD MEMBERS in their seats. The looks on their faces range from confused to worried. Other than Simon Walters - he just looks pissed.

SIMON WALTERS

You're really proposing that we build skilled nursing facilities?

DAVID

You're not really listening. I want to create a better pathway.

JUDITH WITHERSPOON

You did say nursing homes. Wait - pathway to...?

DAVID

Death.

David leans his head back in his chair, frustrated - how many different ways can he explain it to these idiots?

DAVID

A better pathway to death.

Blank stares and averted eyes - David's losing the room.

DAVID

Look, the market potential is huge here. America has an unlimited supply of old people. When they get terminally sick, we just put them --

JUDITH WITHERSPOON

In nursing homes --
(off David's glare)
I just wanted to be clear.

DAVID

Nursing homes - skilled nursing facilities, assisted living - whatever label you want. But at the end of the day, they're basically just warehouses. We can build a better model.

BALD BOARD MEMBER

Model...?

DAVID

A facility that takes care of medical needs as well as entertainment, spiritual - hell, even romantic needs. A facility that allows them to live while they are dying.

The room goes uncomfortably silent. Board members catch each other's eyes - as he losing his grip?

SIMON WALTERS

Why?

DAVID

Because it's the right --

SIMON WALTERS

Stop preaching. I meant why us?

DAVID

Because we can.

SIMON

No - we - can't!

David, jaw clenched, glowers at Simon.

SIMON

Yes, we've built corporate towers,
museums, every kind of government
building imaginable - even
hospitals.

DAVID

Your point?

SIMON

We've never told the owners of
those buildings how to run them.
That's not our business.

The other Board members nod their heads in agreement.

DAVID

Regardless, I've put an exploratory
team together. We're starting
tomorrow morning.

David gathers his things, rises to leave.

SIMON

We shouldn't be diverting our
financial and intellectual capital
to your pet projects.

DAVID

And who the fuck are you to say so?

CHARLEY

Easy...

DAVID

(at Simon)

Pet projects!? When you walked in
the building this morning, did you
notice anything on the wall?

SIMON

Pardon?

DAVID

Did the sign say *SIMON WALTERS*
INDUSTRIES?

SIMON

Of course not. That's not the --

DAVID

Charley, what percent of the shares
do I own?

CHARLEY
Fifty-one percent, Sir.

DAVID
(at Simon)
I built this company! I own this
place! Don't ever refer to one of
my initiatives is a pet project!

David gathers his composure, gives Charley a *let's go* nod.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

David storms down the corridor - Charley by his side.

CHARLEY
A little tough on them.

DAVID
I got twelve apostles and I can't
tell the Peters from the Judas'.

CHARLEY
Bad analogy.

David stops - looks at Charley.

CHARLEY
I mean, that would make you Jesus.

David moves forward. Charley follows.

DAVID
You know what I meant.

CHARLEY
You're really sure that fix this
meant --

DAVID
I'm not, but I'm running out of
options.

They turn a corner. David heads for his office.

DAVID
I'll see you at the meeting. Bring
your brain.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

DOCTOR LEWIS, (50) sets a medical folder down on his desktop,
looks at Sophia and Grace sitting across from him.

DOCTOR LEWIS

The progressive loss of energy is normal with Dilated Cardiomyopathy. She's just not getting enough oxygen in her system.

(at Grace)

I'm sorry. But it's not going to get better.

GRACE

What you really mean is that it's going to get worse.

Doctor Lewis nods.

GRACE

(at Sophia)

You know, we ought to get ice cream today. I haven't had a hot fudge sundae in forever.

SOPHIA

(at Doctor Lewis)

But she's still on the transplant list.

DOCTOR LEWIS

Yes, she's on the list. But --

SOPHIA

But what!?

Grace stands, steadying herself with her cane.

GRACE

I'm not going to get a heart, dear.

SOPHIA

Don't say that.

GRACE

I'm old. I have a ton of medical issues. And even if by some miracle a heart became available, I'd probably wouldn't survive the surgery anyway. Am I right, Doctor?

DOCTOR LEWIS

Yes.

SOPHIA

Where did you hear all that?

GRACE

Google. Corina's been teaching me.
(heading for the door)

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

Now, let's go. I want you to buy me a Sundae.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING/CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Sandwiches, soft drinks, laptops and legal pads on the table. Various STAFF MEMBERS in their seats, including Gina Ochoa (the woman trapped on the elevator with David earlier).

Next to Gina is NICK ANDERSON (40), bald, stocky and JACOB LOWENSTEIN (35), a serious dude - all business.

David, sleeves rolled up, furiously writes notes on a pad at the head of the table. He's excited - engaged.

Next to him, Charley munches on a sandwich.

DAVID

Charley's putting a legal team together on all the ins and outs of this thing. You know, regulations, inspections - the usual stuff.

David looks up at Charley.

DAVID

Shouldn't you be taking notes?

CHARLEY

(mouth full)

I have photographic hearing.

Charley points at his laptop.

CHARLEY

Don't worry. I'm recording.

David points at Jacob.

DAVID

Summarize.

JACOB

I'll create the economic profile. The number of existing facilities, monthly costs, income, patient count, basic financial --

DAVID

Excellent. How long will that take?

JACOB

A couple of weeks.

DAVID
Nor more than two.

Jacob nods confidently - he'll get it done. It's in his DNA.

DAVID
Nick. Summarize.

NICK ANDERSON
Yes, Sir. I'll scout pilot
locations. Both existing facilities
and new builds, um - focusing on
Orange and LA County.

David nods. He looks down at his folder.

DAVID
What's next....Ah, yes.
(at Gina)
I understand that your specialty is
needs assessment.

GINA
Yes, Sir.

DAVID
Good. We'll work together.

GINA
Together...?

DAVID
Put together a focus group - old
folks. I want to find out what they
want. We got a thousand employees
in this building. Maybe we can have
a take your parents to work day.

CHARLEY
Hmm.

DAVID
What?

CHARLEY
Nothing.

DAVID
Hmm, never means nothing.

CHARLEY
It just seems to me that you're
going to need some sick old people.
(MORE)

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

I mean, what's important to your average seventy year-old may not be the same thing that's important to a dying seventy year-old.

DAVID

I hadn't thought of that.

CHARLEY

Hmm.

DAVID

Just stop.

(to Gina)

Do you think you --

GINA

I'm on it.

INT. MALIBU MANSION/MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Morning light peeps through a slit in the drapes.

David's sound asleep - peaceful. The digital clock on the nightstand reads: "8:00 AM."

There are several KNOCKS on the bedroom door. A pause and then several more KNOCKS. David stirs awake.

DAVID

Come in.

The door creaks open - it's Isabella.

ISABELLA

You going to sleep all day?

You're due at work in two hours.

Isabella leaves. David scoots up in bed, looks around. Sees the clock. A smile consumes his face.

DAVID

I'll be damned.

MONTAGE: RESEARCHING THE PROJECT

- Charley with two other LAWYERS in a conference room reviewing legal documents.

- Nick Anderson with a SURVEY TEAM at a vacant lot.

- Jacob Lowenstein at his computer late at night hammering away. He pauses, rubs his tired eyes - exhausted.

- David and Gina at a SENIOR CENTER handing out flyers.

INT. HILTON HOTEL/CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Filled with a diverse group of ELDERLY PEOPLE. Some in wheelchairs, some with canes. They munch on pastries and sip beverages as they listen to --

David at a table in front of the room. Gina next to him taking notes as people speak.

DAVID

So, you would like a card room -
for bridge?

WOMAN IN WHEELCHAIR

Yes, that would be delightful.

PETITE GRAY-HAIRED LADY

Bridge would be nice. So would
Canasta.

OLD MAN WITH CANE

I'd rather have poker. If I have to
play one more game of Canasta I'll
put a fucking bullet in my head.

DAVID

Poker - yeah, right. Gina, did you
get that?

GINA

Yes, Sir. Bridge, Canasta and
Poker.

LATINA OLD WOMAN

I would like movies. But not on
some small screen - like in a
theater.

DAVID

Movie theater, got it. Gina, add it
to the list.

Gina complies.

PALE OLD WOMAN

I like art. Or at least the ability
to go to a gallery. I'm quite the --

BALD OLD MAN

I want porn.

A silence in the room. A smile crosses the face of many of the men. One woman gives the BALD OLD MAN a flirtatious wink.

GINA
(to David)
Do you really want me to put that
on the list?

DAVID
(to Bald Old Man)
How old are you?

BALD OLD MAN
Ninety-three.

The other old folks murmur, give looks of admiration at the Bald Old Man - not bad for ninety-three.

DAVID
And you like porn? I mean, you
still can - you know?

BALD OLD MAN
You ever play sports?

DAVID
Yes, sure.

BALD OLD MAN
You play them now?

DAVID
No, not really.

BALD OLD MAN
But I bet you still like to watch
them on TV, right?

DAVID
Fair point. Gina, add porn to the
list... Okay, next.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Sophia and Grace having dinner. Corina, removing an apron, enters from the kitchen.

CORINA
Unless there's anything else I'm
going to go.

SOPHIA
Please, you've done more than
enough today.

Grace points her fork at her plate.

GRACE
This is fabulous.

CORINA
Glad you liked it, Miss Grace.

Corina bends over, gives Grace a kiss on the cheek.

CORINA
See you tomorrow.

As Corina leaves.

GRACE
(calling out)
Thank you for taking me today.

CORINA (O.S.)
No problem.

The front door SHUTS.

SOPHIA
Taking you where?

GRACE
Senior Center. Bingo.

Sophia nods - that's nice.

GRACE
I was talking to Chuck Wilson there. He said he went to some senior care focus group the other week. No wait, maybe it was an illness care focus group... Maybe both. Anyway, a focus group.

SOPHIA
Focusing on what?

GRACE
Everything that you'd want to have if you were dying. You know, assisted living. But not the medical stuff. The life stuff - know, what hobbies you have. What entertainment you'd want. That sort of thing.

SOPHIA

Why on earth would they be doing that?

GRACE

Why on earth wouldn't they be?

INT. CHARLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Charley at his desk - waiting. David, energetic, hustles in, takes a seat.

DAVID

So, what's the emergency?

CHARLEY

Gina gave me the list of proposed activities for your seniors.

DAVID

You know she's pretty bright.

CHARLEY

Right. Anyway, let's see what we have here.

Charley opens a manila folder.

CHARLEY

Tell me if I missed anything.

(reading the list)

Dancing, smoking, eating, drinking
partying, praying, reading,
gambling, bridge, canasta, movies,
sports --

DAVID

You don't need to read the entire thing. I was there. Oh, did she remember to add porn?

CHARLEY

(looks at list)

Ah, yes, indeed she did. Although she put a question mark and a frowny face emoji next to it - unless that was you.

DAVID

Pretty sure it was her. Anyway...?

CHARLEY

There are about three thousand pages of rules and regulations governing the nursing home industry. We've spent countless hours going through them.

DAVID

And?

CHARLEY

And, in my humble, although dead-bang accurate, legal opinion - you have absolutely zero chance of opening a facility catering to...
(holds up the list)
These needs.

DAVID

Well, we don't need to call it a nursing facility or elder care or whatever oxymoron applies best. I'll just buy a place and --

CHARLEY

I anticipated that. Let's say you buy a resort hotel as an example.

DAVID

Go on.

CHARLEY

Assume that we can meet some of your objectives. Let's say we'll have parlor games, movies, dances, barbecues.

DAVID

Exactly.

CHARLEY

And just watch them die from the lack of proper medical care.

DAVID

No. That's not it. We'll have therapists - Doctors on call.

CHARLEY

Which is the exact point in time that you become a nursing facility and subject to the three thousand aforementioned Federal regulations.

(MORE)

CHARLEY (CONT'D)
If you opened at dawn, you'd be
shut down by dusk.

DAVID
Christ, I told you to be creative.

CHARLEY
I thought it more important to be
honest.

David stands - paces, not a happy camper.

CHARLEY
David, it was a nice thought. But
it was never going to happen.

DAVID
Is that what everyone thinks?

CHARLEY
Not exactly.

Charley regrets the answer the moment it leaves his lips.

DAVID
What then?

CHARLEY
They think you've lost your mind.

INT. MALIBU MANSION/LIBRARY - NIGHT

The wee hours of the night.

David at an ornate desk. It's covered with folders and work materials reflective of the teams' efforts: *FOCUS GROUP, SITE REVIEWS, FINANCIAL ANALYSIS, etc.*

With one angry swing of his arm, David sweeps the materials from the desk - folders and papers scatter everywhere.

David leans back, runs his hands through his hair - total frustration. David stands, lumbers towards --

A PATIO OUTSIDE THE LIBRARY

That provides a panoramic view of the Pacific Ocean. A full moon hangs like a lantern in the sky.

David closes his eyes, let's the breeze cool his face.

When David opens his eyes, he spots a CRUISESHIP on the horizon. Its lights twinkling in the dark.

SALVADOR (V.O.)
*I would have liked to have just
 sailed away on a boat...*

David's eyes widen. A smile crosses his face.

INT. CHARLEY JONES' OFFICE - MORNING

Charley at his desk, phone to his ear.

CHARLEY
 (into phone)
 The self indemnification clause on
 page thirty clearly requires the --

DAVID (O.S.)
 I figured it out!

Charley's startled by David's sudden entrance.

CHARLEY
 (at David)
 Christ, you could have given me a
 heart attack.
 (into phone)
 I'll have to call you back.

David, holding a single piece of PAPER takes a seat at a small table. He places the piece of paper face down, waves Charley over.

Charley takes a seat. David's beaming with self-satisfaction.

DAVID
 I - figured - it - out.

CHARLEY
 (mimicking)
 Figured - out - what?

David picks up the piece of paper, shows it to Charley. It's a poorly drawn image of a cruise ship. David's no artist.

CHARLEY
 Some staff brought in their kids'
 artwork?

DAVID
 No. I drew this.

CHARLEY
 Jesus.

DAVID
It's a cruise ship! In
International waters.

Charley angles his head - doesn't quite see it.

CHARLEY
Okay...

DAVID
Yesterday, while you were killing
my dreams.

CHARLEY
Crushing your dreams.

DAVID
Whatever. The point being that I
would not be subject to US laws in
international waters. I can do
whatever I want at sea.

CHARLEY
And...?

David stands, taps the picture of the cruise ship.

DAVID
My nursing home.
(exiting)
We've got work to do!

CHARLEY
Damn...

INT. NURSING HOME/SALVADOR'S ROOM - DAY

David at Salvador's bedside. There's a pizza box on a small table next to the bed. Salvador holds a slice in one hand as he looks at David's crudely drawn picture of the boat.

Salvador gives David an approving nod.

INT. MALIBU MANSION/LIBRARY - NIGHT.

A very plush library room. David, Charley and Simon Walters sit in large, red leather chairs.

SIMON
Just to be clear, none of the
cruise ship operations will be on
the books of Mason Industries.

DAVID

Correct. I'm incorporating an entirely separate company.

CHARLEY

You're sure this is the expensive scotch?

DAVID

Yes.

SIMON

The cost of a ship, crew - operations - that has to be over a billion dollars.

CHARLEY

I mean, I've had better.

David shoots Charley a dismissive look. Looks back at Simon.

SIMON

How are you funding that?

DAVID

Two-hundred million in cash and the rest in debt. I'm moving all of my Mason Industry shares to an escrow account as collateral.

SIMON

Does that impact your voting interest?

Charley raised his eyebrows - doesn't like what he's hearing.

CHARLEY

It doesn't. He still owns the stock. It's merely in escrow. Why would you care anyway?

SIMON

Just getting a lay of the land, Charley. Relax.
(to David)
What about day to day operations?

DAVID

That's where you come in. I want you to serve as Acting CEO and Board Chair until I return.

Charley's eyes narrow, a curve-ball he didn't anticipate.

CHARLEY

(To David)

Can I talk to you privately for a moment?

DAVID

No. I already know what you're thinking.

CHARLEY

No, you --

DAVID

You're thinking why I would select Simon when I know he's a total prick. No offense, Simon.

SIMON

None taken.

DAVID

But he's competent and familiar with the operations.

(to Simon)

It'll give you a chance to push the Mexico expansion.

SIMON

I'll need to think about it.

DAVID

And it pays ten million dollars.

Simon nods - raises his glass to David in a toast motion.

CHARLEY

Well, that was quick thinking.

DAVID

I'll put the proposal in front of the Board Members next week. I'll need the use of my office until we launch.

SIMON

Of course.

DAVID

Oh, one other matter. I do plan on using some staff members to help me. Gina Ochoa, Jacob --

SIMON
It doesn't matter. Just as long as
you leave Charley.

Simon gives Charley an *I gotcha* wink.

EXT. LONG BEACH PORT - DAY

A wide variety of construction trucks and equipment surround
a circa 1995 CRUISESHIP, faded blue paint.

WORKERS weave in and out of the ship's gangway. A renovation
is in process.

SUPER: FOUR MONTHS LATER

A limousine pulls into the pier parking.

Charley, carrying a leather satchel, exits the limo. He gazes
at the ship. Takes a deep breath, heads towards it.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP/POOL DECK - DAY

Dozens of workers all over the deck. The WHACKS of hammers
and WHIRLS of drills echo in the air.

A PROJECT MANAGER holding a set of blueprints examines the
rim of the pool with a CONSTRUCTION WORKER.

PROJECT MANAGER
There has to be a ramp at each
corner - wide enough for a
wheelchair.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER
Got it. I'm going to have to take
out a bit of the decking though.

Charley approaches.

CHARLEY
I'm looking for the Sky Deck.

PROJECT MANAGER
One level up. Stairs to your right.

INT. CRUISE SHIP/SKY CLUB - DAY

Floor to ceiling tinted-glass walls. It's a dance club and
bar that overlooks the ship's pool. Currently, it serves as a
makeshift work area. Several workstations have been set-up.

David, Gina Ochoa, Nick Anderson, Jacob Lowenstein and three other STAFF MEMBERS are seated at a table in the middle of the room. A meeting's in progress.

NICK

The medical deck expansion will be completed by the end of the month.

DAVID

Where are we on passenger cabins?

NICK

Sixty percent of the doors have been widened for wheelchair access. The ADA installments for the bathrooms are scheduled for completion in June. All cabins now have emergency call buttons. We're currently in the testing phase.

DAVID

Excellent. Nick...?

Charley enters. David waves him over. Charley leans against a nearby post as he waits.

NICK

Captain Swensen has signed his contract. He wants autonomy in selecting the navigation crew.

DAVID

Not an issue.

NICK

We're seventy percent staffed for operations and --

CHARLEY

(at David)

How are you getting these people?

DAVID

By paying them a ton more than they make now. Gina - status?

GINA

Ten thousand, one-hundred passenger applications as of last Friday. We'll ultimately have to some kind of a lottery. They keep pouring in.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME/LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Grace in a chair with a blanket over her feet. Corina in a chair next to her. She has a laptop computer open.

CORINA

Okay, the last thing they want to know is if there is a legal guardian?

GRACE

Goodness, why would they care?

CORINA

(reading the screen)

It says, *In instances where there is a legal guardian, such guardian must also sign, approving the terms and conditions of the cruise contract.*

GRACE

Just indicate no guardian, dear.

CORINA

I can't do that, Miss Grace. You know that Sophia is --

GRACE

Pass me the computer. I'll do it.

CORINA

Lord, forgive me.

Corina taps a key on the laptop - completes the application.

INT. CRUISE SHIP/SKY CLUB - SAME TIME

GINA

I'm also getting requests to allow spouses, daughters --

DAVID

Only if they'll willing to work.

GINA

I don't understand.

DAVID

This is for people with no other options. If someone wants to bring a relative, then that relative is going to have to work.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
 Bartending, in the kitchen,
 housekeeping, casino dealer -
 whatever. I don't care. But if they
 want onboard they're going to have
 to be part of the crew. Just like
 you and me.

CHARLEY
 Whoa... You're going?

DAVID
 Of course. What did you think? I'd
 buy a ship and not sail it?

CHARLEY
 Yes. That's exactly what I thought.
 (at Gina)
 Really...?

Gina nods. Charley looks towards Nick and Jacob - they shake
 their heads - not a chance that they're going.

Charley walks over to the window, looks down at the WORKERS
 on the deck below.

DAVID
 (at Nick)
 Where are we on the ship
 registration?

NICK
 Everything's in order. But we need
 the name of the ship to finalize.

DAVID
 Thoughts?

CHARLEY JONES
 (without looking back)
 The Kevorkian...?

GINA
 That's not nice.

CHARLEY
 The Enola Grey...?

DAVID
 Pay him no mind.
 (at Nick)
 I'll have something for you by
 tomorrow morning.

CHARLEY
(checking his watch)
David, we got to get going.

INT. LIMOUSINE - FREEWAY (TRAVELLING) DUSK

Stan drives. David and Charley in the back seat.

DAVID
I'm surprised that Simon let you
get away.

CHARLEY
You've given him ten million
reasons to be accommodating.

A knowing smile from David.

DAVID
So, what's the crisis? Why did you
need to talk before this interview?

CHARLEY
Coaching. You ever hear of an
organization called the Senior Care
Institute?

DAVID
No. Should I have?

CHARLEY
They're a lobby, actually a very
large lobby. They represent the
Skilled Nursing Facility Industry.

DAVID
And?

CHARLEY
You've been all over TV and radio
disparaging their business. They
aren't pleased.

DAVID
And I give a shit because...?

CHARLEY
They're fighting back. This morning
they had a nice little session on
KFX's morning show. This gal,
Gloria Ramirez, pretty much tore
you a new one. Painted you as a
Howard Hughes type.

(MORE)

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

A nut bag that plans on exploiting vulnerable seniors.

DAVID

One radio show.

CHARLEY

And there's this.

Charley removes a copy of the LA Times from his briefcase and plops it on David's lap.

CHARLEY

An opinion piece in the Times written by her. You'll find it under the heading "*Jones Town on the High Seas.*"

DAVID

Be a good lawyer. Give me the gist.

Charley takes the paper back. Opens it to the editorial.

CHARLEY

(reading paper)

"David Mason has engaged in a reckless adventure that at best can be described as ill-fated and at worse, a death cruise."

DAVID

Well, that's not hyperbolic.

CHARLEY

It goes on to claim that you're stealing social security and retirement savings from our most vulnerable.

DAVID

Oh, for Christ's sake. I'm losing my ass on this.

CHARLEY

It claims that rather than spending those funds on proper medical care, you're just shipping them out to sea to bury them. That --

DAVID

Do you have a point?

CHARLEY

Yes. Tap it down. Stop deriding the industry. Just focus on what you're doing. There's no need to make enemies. You can sell this without destroying them. So, just be careful in this interview - okay?

David nods, looks out the window. A moment passes.

DAVID

Shipping Out.

CHARLEY

What?

DAVID

The name of my boat.

INT. LOCAL NEWS STUDIO - A BIT LATER

FRANK HAWKINS (55), silver hair, distinguished looking, sits across from David at a news desk.

Charley, stands next to a CAMERAMAN - watches the show.

DAVID

We purchased the ship from Royal Caribbean. Modifications are nearly complete. It'll carry about fifteen-hundred passengers.

HAWKINS

Let's talk for a moment about who the ship is for.

DAVID

People who are dealing with a terminal illness for which they are no longer seeking a cure. Essentially, people facing the end of life.

HAWKINS

Why the restriction?

DAVID

Because we're not designed to provide cure-based medical treatments. As an example, we're not going to provide chemotherapy to someone diagnosed with cancer.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

Instead, we are providing a place
for someone who has already tried
chemo with no success. Or, those
where no cure is available - like..
(licks his lips, swallows)
Alzheimer's for example.

HAWKINS

Like a hospice on the seas.

DAVID

That's a little dark. I prefer to
think of it as care on the seas.

HAWKINS

And what will you charge the
passengers - for the cruise?

DAVID

Only what they can afford. If they
are merely getting social security
as an example, we will ask them to
deposit those funds with us -
that's it. If they also have a
retirement or an annuity that they
would otherwise pay to a nursing
home, we would ask for that.

HAWKINS

And you can make money doing that?

DAVID

No, you can't.

An awkward pause.

DAVID

Can I talk about the application
process?

HAWKINS

Please.

DAVID

First, you have to fill out the
application on our website. It's
fairly self-explanatory.

HAWKINS

Oh yes, we have that up on the
screen right now.

DAVID

And then we'll select passengers on a lottery basis. We've already received in excess of ten-thousand requests.

HAWKINS

And how long does a passenger get to stay on the ship?

David stares at Hawkins - How does he not get it?

DAVID

Until the end.

HAWKINS

What do you have against traditional nursing homes?

David tugs at his shirt collar - he's starting to get pissed.

INSERT MONTAGE: SHOTS OF PEOPLE WATCHING THE BROADCAST

Senior Center - A group of elderly people huddled around a large television.

Grace's Bedroom - Grace in bed. Corina, at her side, holding a dinner tray as they both watch a TV on top of a dresser.

Assisted Living Facility - activity room. Several ELDERLY patients watching the broadcast on TV as several others wander around aimlessly.

Nursing Facility. Salvador watches a small television that sits on a stand across from his bed.

END MONTAGE - BACK TO SCENE

Charley on the edge of his seat waiting for David's answer to the question.

HAWKINS

Sir...? What do you have against traditional nursing homes?

DAVID

I personally don't have anything against them.

Charley exhales in relief.

DAVID

But you should. Because they're just warehouses for the dying.

Charley's eyes widen in shock. He drags his finger across his throat in a "cut it" motion several times.

HAWKINS

That's a bit harsh.

DAVID

Some truths are.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. SENATE OFFICE - DAY

A potpourri of patriotic artwork and trinkets cover the walls. SENATOR PRESTON LONGLEY, (50), distinguished looking, reads a document at his desk.

GLORIA RAMIREZ (35), Latina, buttoned-down, all business, sits in a chair across from the desk.

GLORIA

He's obviously attempting to circumvent US law.

SENATOR LONGLEY

(puts the document down)

That's a bit over the top. It's a cruise.

GLORIA

If there was a cruise where passengers were allowed to use illegal narcotics, would you not find that intolerable?

SENATOR LONGLEY

Of course, but --

GLORIA

Or one that marketed towards prostitution. Would we all not be up in arms.

SENATOR LONGLEY

Hmm.

GLORIA

All we want you to do is add that amendment to the Transportation Bill. No one would object. It'll be buried in one of a thousand amendments... And, of course, our Lobby would be very appreciative.

The Senator eyes Gloria as he considers this.

SENATOR LONGLEY

I'm not all that interested in stepping on a billionaire's dick, particularly David Mason's. And I haven't heard any objections from my constituents.

GLORIA

Senator, I really think --

The Senator puts his hand up, motioning for Gloria to stop.

SENATOR LONGLEY

Keep moving the needle on this. Stir things up. Help will come your way... But only after it comes my way. Do you understand?

GLORIA

Of course.

INT. RADIO STATION/SOUND BOOTH - DUSK

A local Los Angeles radio station. The RADIO ANCHOR (40), is in the booth. Headphones cover his unruly hair.

Next to him is Gloria Ramirez, also wearing headphones.

SUPER: ONE MONTH BEFORE EMBARKATION

GLORIA

And believe me, we all want what's best for our loved ones. But he's basically using international waters to do something that would otherwise be illegal.

RADIO ANCHOR

Can you explain?

GLORIA

There are a whole host of regulations covering skilled nursing facilities. Regulations designed to protect the health and well being of our seniors. Regulations that Mr. Mason doesn't have to follow.

RADIO ANCHOR

Reportedly, there are already more than fifty-thousand applicants. The concept seems quite popular.

INT. SEDAN - STREET (TRAVELLING) - SAME TIME

Sophia at the wheel, listening to the radio as she drives.

RAMIREZ (V.O.)

Mr. Mason is quite the salesman.
But keep in mind that no one has
died yet. Someone certainly will.
(beat)
Alone - on a boat away from home.

Sophia grimaces in disgust as she turns off the radio.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME/BEDROOM - EVENING

Grace in bed, a food tray on her lap. Corina at the dresser, removing pills from a medication holder.

The sound of the front door opening.

SOPHIA (O.S.)

I'm home.

Grace and Corina give each other a weary look.

DINING ROOM

Sophia picks up a large envelope from the dining room table. Confusion in her eyes as she opens it and reads the contents.

BEDROOM

Corina now bedside. She hands a glass of water and several pills to Grace.

Sophia enters, waving several pieces of paper.

SOPHIA

What's this?

GRACE

Sorry, dear?

SOPHIA

(reading)

Dear Grace Matthews, we are pleased to inform you that you have been selected for the first sailing of Mason Cruises. What's going on?

GRACE

Just a minute dear, it's time for my meds.

Grace takes an inordinately long time to finish the simple process of taking a pill and swallowing water.

SOPHIA
Corina...?

GRACE
(to Corina)
I'll handle this, dear.
(To Sophia)
Corina only helped me apply. It was my decision.

SOPHIA
A cruise trip? You're not up for that. There is just no way --

GRACE
I'm going, dear. My mind is set.

SOPHIA
And just how long were you planning to be gone?

GRACE
Forever.

Silence....

SOPHIA
I will not permit it.

GRACE
I'm not asking for permission.
(at Corina)
Please take the tray to the kitchen and head on home. I'm a bit tired.

CORINA
(relieved to be leaving)
Oh, yes - certainly.

Corina grabs the tray, scoots by Sophia and quickly exits.
Grace gently taps the bed.

GRACE
Sophia, come sit with me. We need to talk.

SOPHIA
There is nothing to talk about.

Grace taps the bed again.

GRACE

Come.

BEDROOM - HOURS LATER

Dark. The only light from a flickering TV. Grace in bed, Sophia nestled up against her.

SOPHIA

You don't like living with me
anymore?

Grace caresses Sophia's hair.

GRACE

I'm not living with you. I'm dying
with you. Why can't you see that?

SOPHIA

If you get on that ship you have no
chance. What if a heart becomes
available?

GRACE

There won't be any heart. And I
know that you're smart enough to
know that. I raised a smart girl.
Now let me live while I still can.

A gentle nod from Sophia.

GRACE

And there's a chance you could go
with me if you want.

Sophia looks at Grace - confused.

INT. GINA RODRIQUEZ'S OFFICE - DAY

Gina at her desk, staring at the screen of a computer.
Sophia, holding a folder, sits across from her.

GINA

Yes, Grace Matthews. We have her
booked. Is there a problem?

SOPHIA

Several. But that's not what I'm
here for. Have you hired a
pharmacist for the ship?

Gina checks her computer screen.

GINA
We did, but they changed their
mind.

Sophia opens her folder, slides a piece of paper towards
Gina.

SOPHIA
My resume.

EXT. LONG BEACH PIER - DAY

A beautifully renovated cruise ship, docked. On the bow of
the ship in bright white letters: *THE SHIPPING OUT*.

Cars and taxis start to fill the pier parking lot.

ON THE SHIP - DECK FIVE

David grasps the railing as he watches a sea of OLD PEOPLE,
some with walking canes, some in wheelchairs, make their way
towards the boat.

Gina stands next to David, staring down at the screen of a
tablet computer.

SUPER: EMBARKATION DAY

GINA
So far check-in is going relatively
smoothly. Although two passengers
forgot their passports and --

DAVID
Ah, damn it.

David removes his cell phone from his pocket, scrolls through
his contacts.

GINA
Wont' be a problem. They both have
someone coming to --

DAVID
That's not it. I just realized I
forgot mine.

David spots his black limousine pulling into the parking lot.

DAVID
There's Stan.

David starts off.

GINA
Your passport...?

David stops.

DAVID
Yeah - right. Do me a favor. Call
Charley, ask him to stop by my
house and pick it up on his way
over here. It's in my library desk.
Isabella has the key.

David hurries off the deck.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP/CURB SIDE - DAY

David pulls up a wheelchair to the limousine. Stan dutifully
stands outside the car.

DAVID
You got him?

STAN
He's packed and ready to go.

David opens up the back door of the limousine. Salvador,
looking very feeble, sits inside.

DAVID
Ready?

SALVADOR
Si, mi loco amigo.

MOMENTS LATER

David pushes Salvador, in the wheelchair, towards the
terminal. Just as he enters the building --

BACK CURB SIDE

Corina, Sophia and Grace wait as a TAXI DRIVER removes
several suitcases from the back of the open trunk.

TAXI DRIVER
I'll find a porter for the luggage.

SOPHIA
Thank you.

Sophia removes an envelope from her purse, hands it to
Corina. Corina starts to open it.

SOPHIA

That should be enough to get you
back home.

CORINA

Not necessary. I can take care of
the taxi --

Corina's eyes widen as she stares at the amount on a check.

SOPHIA

Home. To the Philippines.

Corina wipes a tear from her eye - embraces Sophia. She then
turns towards Grace.

CORINA

I will miss you.
(embracing Grace)
Enjoy your new adventure.

Corina breaks off the embrace, places her hands gently on
Grace's shoulders.

CORINA

Maybe we will meet again, Miss
Grace.

GRACE

No, dear. I am afraid we won't.

INT: CRUISE SHIP/SUITE - DAY

David wheels Salvador into a spacious, suite-style cabin.

JEROME (40), Jamaican, dressed in a white uniform stands in
the middle of the cabin.

DAVID

I hope you will find this to your
liking.

SALVADOR

How could I not?

DAVID

(motioning towards Jerome)
This is Jerome, your attendant. He
can provide you anything you need.

JEROME

(extending his hand)
Welcome aboard, Salvador.

SALVADOR
(to David)
You couldn't get me a chica with a
nice ass?

INT. MALIBU MANSION/LIBRARY - DAY

Charley at David's desk. He inserts a key into the drawer opens it revealing David's passport.

He grabs the passport, places it in a leather satchel. Just before Charley closes the drawer, he notices an envelope.

He picks it up, examines it. In the SENDERS AREA of the envelope: *MEDICAL GENETICS INSTITUTE, CEDARS-SINAI HOSPITAL.*

Charley flips the envelope over. It's never been opened.

CHARLEY
I'll be damned.

Charley's focus is interrupted by the RING TONE of his cell phone. He removes it from his pocket, answers.

CHARLEY
(into phone)
Charley Jones.
(listening)
You got to be kidding me.

INT. CRUISE SHIP/SKY CLUB - DAY

David's at a table, signing papers. Gina sits in a chair opposite him.

Charley, carrying his leather satchel, enters.

DAVID
Charley, good. You get my passport?

Charley removes a PASSPORT from his inside coat pocket, drops it on the table near David.

DAVID
Excellent.

CHARLEY
(at Gina)
I need the room for a moment.

David looks at Charley - something ain't right. He gives Gina the - *leave for a minute* - head nod. Gina complies.

DAVID
What's going on?

Charley sits, removes a print-out from his satchel, slides it across the table towards David.

CHARLEY
This. It's an amendment to the transportation bill passed by Congress this morning.

DAVID
And?

CHARLEY
It bans any US cruise ship operator from accepting payments for operating vessels designed to provide medical or elder care related services. In other words, you can't legally embark.

David waits a moment and then stands up. He walks towards the edge of the Sky Club. From that vantage point, he can see hundreds of passengers enjoying food and beverages, excitedly chatting with one another as they wait to embark.

DAVID
(back turned to Charley)
You want me to tell all of them we can't sail?

CHARLEY
It's illegal. Just delay this till we can --

DAVID
It's too fucking late!

An ugly pause between two life-time friends.

CHARLEY
There's one more thing.

David turns towards Charley. Charley opens his satchel and removes the testing envelope he found in David's desk drawer.

CHARLEY
This was underneath your passport.

David's eyes narrow.

CHARLEY
You lied to me. You were tested.

No response from David.

CHARLEY

Why haven't you opened the envelope?

DAVID

That's not your business.

CHARLEY

Why!?

DAVID

Because I don't want to know the results. I don't want my life governed by them one way or the other!

CHARLEY

Not knowing has governed your life.

DAVID

Fuck off.

CHARLEY

If you knew you didn't have the gene, do you really think you would have given Simon control of your company? Do you really think you would have ever built this ship? Do you think --

DAVID

Enough!

Charley stands, leaving the envelope on the table.

DAVID

Take it with you, Charley.

CHARLEY

No, my friend. If you really don't want it, throw it away.

David returns his gaze to the passengers on the deck below. Charley heads for the door. He grabs the door handle - stops.

CHARLEY

The bill amendment didn't say anything about free cruises.

DAVID

Say again.

CHARLEY

It banned ship operators from accepting payments. From my read, if you didn't charge for the cruise, you wouldn't technically be breaking the law. Of course, I don't advise that. You'll lose a ton of money.

David looks out over the ship and the crowd of happy passengers - ponders.

DAVID

Yeah...a boatload...

INT: CRUISE SHIP/SUITE - DUSK

David opens a small wall safe. He places his passport and the Genetics Testing envelope inside.

INT. CRUISE SHIP/BRIDGE - DUSK

CAPTAIN SWENSEN (49), white hair, CHIEF OFFICER MARK TAHARA (40), along with several other CREW MEMBERS manning controls.

David enters.

DAVID

All set?

CAPTAIN SWENSEN

Good to go. Mark, let the pier know to release the ties.

CHIEF OFFICER TAHARA

Aye, Aye.

Captain Swensen points to a red button on a control panel.

CAPTAIN SWENSEN

(to David)

Would you like to do the honor?

DAVID

You know, I think I would.

CAPTAIN SWENSEN

Press it once. Wait five seconds, then press it again.

David presses the red button and a HORN BLAST signaling departure is heard.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP/POOL DECK - SAME TIME

Filled with all types of the elderly and infirmed passengers. Walkers and wheelchairs everywhere. Ship ATTENDANTS bounce about serving drinks and food.

The HORN BLAST fills the air.

Some passengers move close to the railing and wave goodbye to loved ones at the pier.

A band plays South Pacific MUSIC. Grace and Sophia sit at a table sipping ice teas. Grace taps her foot to rhythms.

Another HORN BLAST. The ship's engines RUMBLE and it slowly starts to back out of port.

GRACE

Oh my, we're moving. I haven't been this excited in years.

SOPHIA

It's almost time for your pills.
I'll go to the cabin to get them.

Grace places her hand on top of Sophia's.

GRACE

Darling, enjoy the moment with me.
It's our Bon Voyage. The pills can wait for just a bit. I won't die before dinner. I promise.

A DECK WAITER comes to the table.

DECK WAITER

Can I get you anything?

GRACE

A little more tea for me would be lovely. I think this one here could use a glass of wine.

DECK WAITER

Of course, right away.

The Waiter leaves. The bow of the ship slowly turns. Grace grasps Sophia's hand.

GRACE

(beaming)
We're really leaving!

INT. CRUISE SHIP/SUITE - NIGHT

Salvador, covered in a red blanket, sits in a chair on the balcony. A tube snakes from beneath the blanket to a stand holding a clear plastic bag: "MORPHINE."

David sits across from Salvador. A table between them holds a plate of food - untouched.

DAVID

You sure you don't want to go down?

SALVADOR

No, mi amigo. I'd probably vomit on your guests.

David stands up, feels a bit queasy from the ships' motion.

DAVID

You might not be the only one.

INT. CRUISE SHIP/MAIN DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Hundreds of tables draped in fancy table clothes and silver dinnerware, all filled with passengers being served dinner.

GRACE AND SOPHIA'S TABLE

Grace and Sophia sit at a table with six other passengers.

There's EARL (90), fit looking for his age, but a look of confusion consumes his face. Next to him, BETH (65). To her right --

GRAHAM (80), very dapper and dignified. Next to him, DUKE (80), faded tattooed forearms and still rocking the crew cut from his youth - elbows on the table of course.

MIRIAM (60), in a wheelchair, is positioned next to WENDELL (75). He has an oxygen tank next to him.

GRACE

So, Wendell, how long have you had the emphysema?

WENDELL

Bout two years, probably longer. My Doc said I could go in six months. What about you?

GRACE

I have a bad heart. I could die any moment.

SOPHIA

You sound like you're bragging.

GRACE

Well. It's true.

MIRIAM

M.S. I have no idea how long, but I hope it isn't all that long.

GRACE

What about you - it's Beth -right?

BETH

Oh, me? I don't really have anything. Earl's my father. They let me on to teach folks how to play Bridge.

GRACE

How wonderful. I've never played. I'll sign up.

WENDELL

What's the deal with Earl?

BETH

Alzheimer's.

There's a general sympathetic groan at the table.

WENDELL

That's a real shame, Earl.

EARL

Thank you?

DUKE

Cancer. I got cancer.

GRAHAM

What kind?

DUKE

The all over kind.

Graham points at his chest - me too.

DUKE

(re: Sophia)

You look too good to be dying.

GRACE

She's my daughter. She's going to run the ship's pharmacy.

DUKE

(old man wink)

Good to know.

GRAHAM

I propose a bet. A live longest lottery if you will.

DUKE

How'd that work?

GRAHAM

We all put some money in the pot. Let's say a hundred each, except of course for Sophia and Beth since they're not inflicted. In fact, Sophia could hold the money.

SOPHIA

I don't think so.

GRAHAM

And the one who outlives everyone else collects the jackpot.

WENDELL

I'm in.

GRACE

What would we do with the money? I mean should we win.

DUKE

Thought you said you could go any minute? You setting us up?

GRACE

Goodness, no.

INT. CRUISE SHIP/MAIN DINING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

SERVERS swarm about clearing dinner plates and serving coffee. David, at the front, speaks into a microphone.

DAVID

So, there will be no show tonight, but tomorrow we'll have both a matinee and an evening show. It's a salute to Broadway.

Polite APPLAUSE from the passengers.

DAVID

Just one other announcement. For the time being, no one will be charged for the cruise. All payments are in the process of being refunded.

A moment of shock in the room is followed by boisterous APPLAUSE.

DAVID

Thank you, but it's not out of generosity. Apparently, some folks in Washington think this is a pretty bad idea. I can't legally charge you.

(with a smile)

Yet.

DUKE

(loudly, from his table)

Fuck em!

PASSENGER (O.S.)

Ain't any of their damn business.

David nods in appreciation of the sentiments.

DAVID

The last order of business is for me to introduce...

David looks towards a nearby table. He stares at PAULO SILVA (40), an extremely fit, bronzed-skinned, green-eyed Brazilian with a thousand-megawatt smile.

DAVID

To introduce...

David struggles for his name, can't find it.

Gina rises from a seat in a nearby table, approaches David.

DAVID

(hushed tone)

What's his name?

GINA

(hushed - concerned)

You've had a dozen meetings with --

DAVID
 (growing irritable)
 I know. His name please.

Gina leans forward, whispers something in David's ear. David nods, Gina retakes her seat.

DAVID
 Gina just told me that we may be in
 for some whale sightings tomorrow.

Oohs and ahhs from the passengers. A WTF look for Gina.

DAVID
 Where was I...yes, of course, I'd
 like to introduce your Cruise
 Director, Paulo Silva.

David gives a motion for Paulo to stand. He does, beams a smile at the passengers as he gives them an energetic wave.

DAVID
 Paulo is responsible for all ship
 activities. Please make sure you
 see him if you have any questions
 or any suggestions.
 (beat)
 I think that's it. Looks like
 dessert is about to be served.
 Let's have a round of applause for
 your dining room staff.

A loud round of APPLAUSE from the passengers as SERVERS bring dessert to their assigned tables.

GRACE AND SOPHIA'S TABLE - DESERT TIME

Duke, the remnants of his desert all over his chin, points his fork at an untouched carrot cake in front of Sophia.

DUKE
 You going to eat that or are you
 watching your figure?
 (with a dirty wink)
 I know I am watching it.

An eye roll from Sophia as she slides her cake towards Duke.

David approaches the table. He looks a bit uneasy - wobbly.

DAVID
 Good evening everyone. I hope
 you're finding everything to your
 liking.

DUKE

Good chow.

GRACE

Oh, it's wonderful.

GRAHAM

If I had a hat, I take it off, Sir.

David's eyes land on Sophia - and stay there for a moment.

DAVID

Where do I know you from?

SOPHIA

The red line.

(off David's confusion)

I'm the pharmacist.

DAVID

Right. The line Nazi. Can I see you
for a moment?

(motioning towards a door)

Privately.

Sophia rises from her seat. Taps Grace on the shoulder.

SOPHIA

I'll be right back.

As Sophia follows David towards the dining room exit, Duke
leans over to make sure he gets a good look at her backside.

A swift SLAP on the wrist from Grace redirects his attention.

INT. CRUISE SHIP/DECK OUTSIDE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

DAVID

How's it going so far?

SOPHIA

Everyone at the table has made a
death bet. So, as expected I guess.

David doesn't get it - doesn't matter.

SOPHIA

How can I help?

David removes a piece of paper, jots something down on it,
hands it to Sophia.

DAVID

That's my cabin number. A gentleman named Salvador is going to need --

SOPHIA

Jerome has already come to see me. Everything is taken care of.

DAVID

Thanks...

(taps his stomach)

You got something in the pharmacy for sea sickness?

SOPHIA

(smiling/surprised)

Really?

An embarrassed nod from David. Sophia turns, walks away - waves her hand in the air.

SOPHIA

Come on.

OVER BLACK

The faint sound of a band playing an instrumental version of Margaritaville - South American style.

The CLINKING of glasses and bottles mixed in with chatter - murmurs of conversation.

The sound of WATER SPLASHING.

FADE IN:

EXT. CRUISE SHIP/POOL DECK - DAY

Several PASSENGERS wade in the pool. It's surrounded by OLD FOLKS lounging in deck chairs. Some reading - some sleeping.

At a nearby counter PASSENGERS wait in line for burgers, fries and pizza.

SUPER: SOMEWHERE IN PACIFIC OCEAN - WEEKS LATER

A hydraulic lift lowers a beaming, excited Miriam into the pool. She's greeted there by a waiting LIFEGUARD - young, buff and bronze-skinned - no wonder why Miriam was beaming.

INT. CRUISE SHIP/MAIN LOBBY/ELEVATOR - DAY

A CONFUSED MAN (70s), stands outside the elevator.

A DING - and then the elevator door opens revealing several PASSENGERS inside, including Duke and Earl.

The Confused Man just stares at them.

DUKE
(To Confused Man)
What deck?

CONFUSED MAN
I'm not sure....

DUKE
Not sure? What's your name?

EARL
I think he's Ed...? No, um - Ted.

DUKE
Good enough for me.

Duke waves the Confused Man into the elevator and presses a floor button labeled: "ALZHEIMERS". The Confused Man, does a faint wave hello at the other Passengers.

The car rises and, after a few moments, stops. A robotic voice emanates from the speaker: "*Deck Seven - Alzheimer's.*"

The doors open. An ATTENDANT stands in the lobby.

ATTENDANT
Mr. Charleston, welcome back.

The Confused Man stands still.

DUKE
Ted, this is your stop.

CONFUSED MAN
(still not moving)
Okay.

ATTENDANT
(extending his hand)
He's actually Fred. Fred
Charleston. Mr. Charleston, do you
want to go get ready for lunch?

CONFUSED MAN
Okay.

DUKE
(at Earl)
It was Fred. Pretty close, bud.

The Confused Man takes the Attendant's hand, walks away.

INT. CRUISE SHIP/MEDICAL DECK/PHARMACY COUNTER - DAY

Sophia at the counter assisting Graham. A long line of passengers queuing up behind him.

Sophia slides a prescription bag towards Graham.

SOPHIA

There you go. Any questions?

GRAHAM

No, you did an exemplary job of explaining everything, my dear.

(as he picks up the bag)

Will you and Grace be at dinner? We missed you last night.

SOPHIA

She was just a little under the weather. She's fine now. I'm sure we'll make it tonight.

GRAHAM

Excellent. Please convey to her that I'm looking forward to it.

A menacing narrowing of the eyes from Sophia.

GRAHAM

Of course I meant because they're serving lobster. I wouldn't want her to miss that.

SOPHIA

Of course...Next.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP/LIBRARY - DAY

Several round tables in the middle of the room all filled with passengers playing bridge. Grace and Wendell, oxygen tank in tow, among them.

Beth hovers around the table - pointing at cards and giving instructions.

Paulo Silva tends to the questions of an ELDERLY WOMAN in the corner of the Library.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP/SHUFFLEBOARD AREA - DAY

GRAY HAIR PASSENGER (80), big red nose and red face veins from years of drinking sips a beer as he sits in a lounge chair. Next to him in his own chair is BALD HAIR PASSENGER (75), and overweight.

They watch intensely as a JAMAICAN ATTENDANT and a RUSSIAN ATTENDANT play shuffleboard on their behalf.

The Jamaican Attendant readies himself to push the disk with his shuffleboard stick.

GRAY HAIR PASSENGER
Try to actually land it on a number
this time. You're killing me here.

JAMAICAN ATTENDANT
(with an accent)
I'm doing me best, mon.

RUSSIAN ATTENDANT
(with an accent)
You lack skills for game.

The Jamaican Attendant concentrates and then pushes the disk forward. It slides past the numbers painted on the ship deck.

GRAY HAIR PASSENGER
Ah, for Christ's sake.

The Bald Hair Passenger extends his hand towards the Gray Hair Passenger.

BALD HAIR PASSENGER
Pay up.

The Gray Hair Passenger slaps a dollar bill in the Bald Hair Passenger's hand.

RUSSIAN ATTENDANT
(with an accent)
You lose again, comrade.

GRAY HAIR PASSENGER
Next time, I get the Ruskie.

INT. CRUISE SHIP/CASINO - NIGHT

A Standard cruise ship casino, jammed with passengers. The CHIMING sounds of slot machines permeate the air.

At a Blackjack table, a DEALER waits as a WOMAN WITH A CANE, a THIN OLD MEN and a FAT OLD MAN consider their cards.

WOMAN WITH CANE
I'll stand.

The Thin Old Man pats the table in a stand motion.

FAT OLD MAN
Hit me.

The Dealer delivers a *King* - face up.

DEALER
Well?

FAT OLD MAN
Busted...I think.

The Fat Old Man turns over his cards - a JACK and a NINE.

DEALER
Um - yeah. You had nineteen.

WOMAN WITH CANE
Moron.

The Dealer turns over his cards revealing a 7 and a 9. He deals one card - a 5.

DEALER
Twenty-one.

The Dealer starts to collect the chips from the table. The Woman takes her cane from her side and raps the table hard, nearly hitting the Fat Old Man's arm.

WOMAN WITH CANE
You idiot!

DEALER
Now, now...Just a game.

Gina and Paulo approach.

PAULO
Are we enjoying ourselves?

WOMAN WITH CANE
That's the third time in a row he's taken the dealer's bust card. I thought this was a cruise for sick people, not retarded ones.

THIN OLD MAN
That's not very nice.

GINA
Remember, it's just for fun.

The Woman brandishes her cane towards the Fat Old Man.

WOMAN WITH CANE
Don't make me take you out.

PAULO
(shouting out)
Cocktails. Stat!

INT: CRUISE SHIP/SUITE/BALCONY - NIGHT

Salvador, unconscious, lies in a nursing bed that has been moved to the balcony. A light, warm breeze in the air.

David sits in a chair next to him. He has a book, *Don Quixote*, in his hand.

DAVID
(reading)
"All I know is that while I'm asleep, I'm never afraid, and I have no hopes, no struggles, no glories - and bless the man who invented sleep, a cloak over all human thought, food that drives away hunger, water that banishes thirst, fire that heats up cold, chill that moderates passion, and, finally, universal currency with which all things can be bought, weight and balance that brings the shepherd and the king, the fool and the wise, to the same level."
(beat)
Well, Salvador - you're right again. This is pretty good stuff.

David looks over at Salvador. He's motionless - rigid.

David rises, places his hand over Salvador's mouth to see if he can feel a breath. There's none.

David kneels down on one knee, gently taps Salvador's arm. A tear trickles down his cheek.

DAVID
I hope you felt the breeze kiss your cheeks, mi amigo.
(calling out)
Jerome, I need you.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP/POOL DECK - NIGHT

David walks aimlessly on the open deck. Off in the distance, he spots the glowing ember of a cigarette. As he approaches, Wendell becomes visible. He's alternating between taking drags on his cigarette and hits from his oxygen tank.

WENDELL
(raspy, out of breath)
Good evening, squire.

DAVID
Wendell, You know you can't smoke
that close to your tank.

WENDELL
But it lets me smoke better.

David moves Wendell's tank several feet away.

DAVID
That may be true, but you could
light us all up like a firecracker.

David takes a seat and slumps back in the chair.

DAVID
Besides, you know it's not good for
your emphysema.

WENDELL
David, I got about five, maybe if
I'm lucky, ten percent of my lung
capacity left. I'm a bad cold away
from dying. I cast my lot about a
thousand cartons ago.

Wendell extends his pack of cigarettes towards David.

WENDELL
Want one?

DAVID
Naw, just blow it over me and I'll
take it in second hand.

WENDELL
Suit yourself.

David closes his eyes.

WENDELL
You okay?

DAVID
Salvador died. Just now.

WENDELL
Sorry, man.
(a beat)
Sure you don't want a smoke?

DAVID
Fuck it - light me up.

INT. CRUISE SHIP CORRIDOR/OUTSIDE CABIN SUITE - NIGHT.

Sophia approaches, holding several prescription bags. She knocks on the door. It's opened by Jerome.

JEROME
Miss Sophia.

Sophia starts to hand the prescription bag to Jerome.

SOPHIA
Oxycontin. Make sure he takes --

Behind Jerome, Sophia can see an ATTENDANT placing Salvador's body on a gurney.

SOPHIA
Oh my God, what happened?

Jerome steps outside the cabin, closing the door behind him.

JEROME
I'm afraid he's gone.

SOPHIA
Where's Mr. Mason?

EXT. CRUISE SHIP/POOL DECK - NIGHT

David and Wendell sitting together - both smoking.

FOOTSTEPS echo in the distance. Wendell looks down the deck.

WENDELL
Damn! The smoke Nazi.

DAVID
What?

WENDELL
Sophia Matthews - Always lecturing me about smoking. I'm going to make a getaway. You should too.

Wendell slowly gets up from his seat.

DAVID
I think I'm fine.

WENDELL
Suit yourself. Just don't tell her
I was here.

Wendell limps away as fast as he can, oxygen tank in tow.

DAVID
Your secret is safe.

Sophia approaches as David butts his cigarette, stands.

SOPHIA
You know you shouldn't smoke.

DAVID
So I've heard.

SOPHIA
I was just at your cabin.

David nods.

SOPHIA
Is there anything I can do? I mean,
do you need to talk to someone?

David looks out over the deck.

DAVID
Not really a talker. But I could
use a walk.

David nods towards the perimeter deck.

DAVID
Walk with me?

David extends his arm. Sophia nods.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP/DECK FIVE - SUNSET

A crowd of passengers and crew members, all dressed formally, is assembled. The ship's lifeboats hang above their heads.

David, Captain Swensen, Chief Officer Tahara and the CHAPLAIN stand next to a plank extending over the ship's rail.

A body on the plank is fully covered in a decorative sheet.

CHAPLAIN

Salvador's pain is now over. His
spirit has left us to find peace
everlasting with God... David?

David steps forward and takes a rose from a large barrel of roses next to the ship's railing. He pulls a lever next to the plank holding Salvador's body. The plank leans downward toward the ocean and Salvador's body slips into the sea.

David tosses his rose into the wave circle made by the sinking body. He stares at it for a moment, then returns to where he was. Captain Swensen, followed by Officer Tahara, each toss a rose in the water.

As the rest of the passengers line up by the rose barrel, David walks away. Captain Swensen follows.

CAPTAIN SWENSEN

(calling ahead)

Mr. Mason.

David stops - turns around. Captain Swensen catches up and hands him a piece of paper.

CAPTAIN SWENSEN

I thought you might like a copy of
the report for your files.

DAVID

Report?

CAPTAIN SWENSEN

We're required to report any death
at sea to the country of origin. In
the case of the United States, the
CDC. They'll issue a press release.

David takes the paper from the Captain, stares at it.

CAPTAIN SWENSEN

I assumed you knew.

DAVID

No. Apparently, like many things, I
hadn't thought of it.

David crumples of the paper, tossed it a trash can as he walks away.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. SENATE OFFICE - DAY

Senator Longley sips coffee as he sits in an antique chair watching a news report on a flat-screen TV.

INSERT TV SCREEN

CNN ANCHOR

The CDC reports that a passenger has now died on The Shipping Out - the cruise ship owned and operated by David Mason, the billionaire CEO of Mason Industries. The ship departed the Port of Long Beach despite the passage of a bill by the Senate that....

BACK TO SCENE

The intercom BUZZES. Senator Longley mutes the TV and hits a button on a console phone on the table next to him.

SENATOR LONGLEY

Yes.

VOICE FROM INTERCOM (O.S.)

I have Gloria Ramirez on line one.

SENATOR LONGLEY

Of course you do.

EXT. PORT OF CABO SAN LUCAS - MORNING

Overcast. Sea mist cascades over the bow of the ship.

DOCK WORKERS on the pier load crates of supplies and food into the lower deck of the ship.

INT. CRUISE SHIP/BRIDGE - DAY

Captain Swensen, Chief Officer Tahara, David and Gina around a control console.

CAPTAIN SWENSEN

Resupplying will take seven hours, maybe eight. We should be back at sea by 1700 hours.

DAVID

Very good.

(at Gina)

How many guests are going onshore?

GINA

Just fourteen. The Cruise Director and I will chaperone them. That is unless you need me onboard.

DAVID
I don't. Enjoy Matzalan.

GINA
Cabo...

DAVID
Yeah...Cabo - of course.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP/SKY DECK RAILING - MORNING

David, at the rail, watches a small contingent of passengers make their way down the gangway towards the dock.

Sophia and Grace are the first to hit the dock. Grace protests as Sophia tries to convince her to take advantage of a waiting wheelchair. Sophia angrily points at it and a defiant Grace finally takes a seat.

Beth and Earl follow. Duke and Graham after them along with a dozen other passengers.

Gina and Paolo, holding hands, are the last to hit the dock.

DAVID
Atta, girl.

David's cell phone RINGS. He retrieves it.

DAVID
(into phone)
Charley, how are you doing?

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Charley at his desk, on the phone.

CHARLEY
Other than the fact that I want to strangle Simon Walters, just dandy. I'll never understand why you left him in charge.

INTERCUT BETWEEN DAVID AND CHARLEY

DAVID
Because he gets things done. But that's not why you called, is it?

CHARLEY
No...The bondholders are getting nervous.

(MORE)

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

CNN did a report on your burial at sea and Senator Longley has had a presser talking about an amendment that closes the payment loophole. Basically, to make it outright illegal for any U.S citizen to operate a cruise line like yours - period. Regardless of whether they're being compensated.

DAVID

What? They're going to send the Coast Guard out to arrest me?

CHARLEY

That would be the least of your problems. The bondholders would call the loan.

DAVID

I don't understand.

CHARLEY

Every bond has a provision that proceeds can only be used for legal activities --

DAVID

Wow.

David looks west towards the Cabo San Lucas skyline. He spots a large billboard hovering above a construction site: "INICIO FUTURO DE LA INDUSTRIA MASON."

CHARLEY

What?

DAVID

We're expanding into Mexico.

A pause.

CHARLEY

Of course we are...David?

EXT. MAIN STREET/CABO SAN LUCAS - DAY

A street filled with TOURISTS shopping and milling about.

A concerned looking Gina, cell phone to her ear, leans against a building as Paolo watches.

GINA
 (into phone)
 He has been forgetting some things.
 (listening)
 No, otherwise he seems perfectly
 normal.
 (listening)
 Okay, Charley. I will.

Gina ends the call, checks her watch.

GINA
 We need to start rounding them up.

PAOLO
 Okay, you get the restaurant. I'll
 get the shops.

STREET SIDE OPEN AIR BAR

Grace, in her wheelchair, and Sophia at a table. A half-eaten bowl of tortilla chips and two near-empty beer bottles in front of them.

A WAITER approaches with a tall shot of Tequila on a tray.

GRACE
 Ah, there you are.

The Waiter places the shot on the table, walks away towards another table. Grace picks up the shot.

SOPHIA
 Easy...just a sip.

Grace chugs it back like a sailor. Sophia's taken aback.

Grace peruses the bar, spots a couple fondling each other at a corner table.

GRACE
 You know, you really need to find
 someone for you. It's time.

SOPHIA
 Time is not a luxury I've had.
 Between work and --

GRACE
 Ah, sweetie...

Grace reaches over and gently grasps Sophia's hand.

GRACE

That's such a load of horse shit.

Sophia's stunned.

GRACE

You're just afraid of losing
someone again.

GINA (O.S.)

There you are.

Gina appears on the sidewalk.

GINA

Time to get back to the Ship.

MAIN STREET - SAME TIME

Paolo, with several passengers in tow, walks down the street looking for the remaining passengers.

Beth, breathless and in a panic approaches.

BETH

I've lost him!

PAOLO

Who?

BETH

My father - Earl. I went into the
flower shop. I asked Duke to keep
an eye on him. I came out and they
were gone. They were supposed to
stay right there. They're gone!

PAOLO

Okay, Beth - relax. I'm sure
they're here somewhere. Where was
the shop?

Beth points down towards a corner.

PAOLO

Okay, stay right here.
(re: the other passengers)
Don't let them move. I'll go find
Earl.

SIDE STREET

Paolo paces rapidly down the crowded street, poking his head in each of the shops as he goes.

He walks past a tattoo parlor, takes a quick glance and stops. He sees Earl in the chair, Duke at his side. A TATTOO ARTIST is about to start on Earl's forearm.

PAOLO

Stop!

TATTOO ARTIST

Que pasa?

PAOLO

What in God's name are you two thinking?

DUKE

Earl wanted a tattoo. What's the big deal? I got one.

Duke rolls up his sleeve to show the tattoo of an anchor on his forearm.

PAOLO

Well don't you think you should have asked Beth?

DUKE

He don't need no permission from his daughter. Besides, she would have said no.

PAOLO

Precisely.

(taking Earl's hand)

Come on, Earl. Beth is worried about you.

EARL

It's a nice day.

PAOLO

Yes, yes it is.

Paolo helps Earl out of the chair.

PAOLO

Seriously, Duke.

BACK ON MAIN STREET

Paolo, Duke and Earl make their way back to the port.

PAOLO

Just out of curiosity, what was the tattoo going to be?

DUKE

It was just going to be Earl.
 (off Paolo's look)
 He forgets his name sometimes and -
 well, I thought if it was tattooed
 on his forearm...

EARL

My name is Earl.

PAOLO

Yes, yes it is.
 (to Duke)
 Okay, not the worst of ideas.

INT. CRUISE SHIP/BRIDGE - NIGHT

The coastline of Cabo San Lucas grows smaller and smaller as the ship pulls out to sea. The lights from the city's building now twinkling like stars.

Captain Swensen's at the helm. David stands next to him. Officer Tahara relays orders to the rest of the bridge crew.

The Captain notices David's focus on the twinkling shoreline.

CAPTAIN SWENSEN

You never get bored of that scenery.

David nods in agreement.

DAVID

Why did you decide to do this?

CAPTAIN SWENSEN

Pardon?

DAVID

Captain this ship? I mean, you're relatively young. You could have commanded any --

CAPTAIN SWENSEN

I lost my wife two years ago.
 (looks off - reflects)
 ALS...A cruel fucking disease.
 Something about the mission
 appealed to me.
 (bites lip)
 She would have loved this.
 (a moment passes)
 Why did you decide to do this?

DAVID
I had nightmares.

A quizzical look from the Captain - he doesn't get it. David turns to leave, squeezes the Captain's shoulder.

DAVID
See if you can't find us come clear
skies for tomorrow night.

CAPTAIN SWENSEN
(as David exits)
Aye, aye, Sir.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP/POOL DECK - STAR GAZING NIGHT

The lights are dimmed - near total darkness. CLASSICAL MUSIC softly dances through the air.

The deck is crowded with passengers, all wrapped in identical red blankets. Their faces all point skyward, looking at the stars - a million points of light against a black background.

The Old Woman With The Cane and The Fat Old Man sit next to each other - apparently, they've made amends.

ATTENDANTS serpentine through the array of tables serving coffee and tea. One arrives at Grace and Sophia's table.

ATTENDANT
More tea?

GRACE
That would be delightful.

The Attendant pours hot tea into Grace's mug.

GRACE
Thank you. You're such a dear.

The Attendant gives a graceful bow, walks away.

SOPHIA
I can't remember seeing these many
stars. Not since I was a kid.

GRACE
When we used to go to the lake.

SOPHIA
Yes.

GRACE

Do you remember the year that your
father almost set the cabin on fire
with that pipe of his?

SOPHIA

(laughing)

That was quite the night.

GRACE

I miss the smell of that pipe.

A bright shooting star streams across the blackened sky.

GRACE

Oh, my! Did you see that?

SOPHIA

That was spectacular.

GRACE

Make a wish.

SOPHIA

You saw it first. It's your wish.

Grace closes her eyes in concentration.

GRACE

Okay.

SOPHIA

Well, what was it?

GRACE

You know I can't tell, dear.

Grace reaches across the table and touches Sophia's hand.

GRACE

Thank you. For this...

Sophia squeezes Grace's hand.

Graham, dressed to the nines other than a red blanket that
covers his shoulders, approaches.

GRAHAM

Good evening, ladies. Isn't this
spectacular?

GRACE

It is indeed.

Sophia spots the silhouette of David at the far corner of the deck, leaning against the rail - alone.

SOPHIA
(re: Grace)
Could you keep your eyes on her for
a bit?

GRAHAM
It would be my pleasure.

SOPHIA
(menacing)
And only your eyes.

AT THE DECK RAIL

David, staring at the stars, doesn't notice Sophia nearing.

SOPHIA
It's quite the sight.

David nods. Sophia leans up against the rail next to David.

SOPHIA
Why is it that you don't have
someone to share it with?

David smiles, surprised at the question.

DAVID
How would you know that I don't?

SOPHIA
Google.
(off David's look)
You're not exactly an anonymous
person. So...?

DAVID
I've lived life is a bit of a
fatalist. Relationships would be
complicated.

SOPHIA
Why?

DAVID
Google didn't tell you that?

Sophia smiles, shakes her head.

DAVID
And it's far too complicated to
explain.

DAVID
What about you? Why isn't there a
Mister Pharmacist?

SOPHIA
There was. He was a stockbroker.

DAVID
Divorced?

SOPHIA
Widowed. He was in Tower One, nine-
eleven.
(reflecting)
Just twenty-seven years old.

DAVID
I had no idea...I'm so sorry.

Sophia puts her hand up in an "it's okay" motion.

DAVID
So you never...I mean in all those
years since...?

SOPHIA
I'm not so much a fatalist as I am
a believer in the concept that life
is random. I didn't want to spin
the wheel anymore.

Sophia steps forward - takes in all the passengers looking
skyward at the magnificence of the heavens.

SOPHIA
You've made them happy. You've made
my mother happy.

DAVID
Yet somehow I've made the world
angry.

Sophia turns - gives David a "what" look.

DAVID
The news coverage has been less
than favorable.

SOPHIA
 (re: the stars))
 Because they haven't seen this.

David stares at Sophia - a light bulb had gone off. He approaches, places his hands on her cheeks and plants one right on the lips.

DAVID
 Thank you!

David scurries off.

SOPHIA
 (stunned)
 For what?

DAVID
 (calling back)
 They need to see this!

INT. CRUISE SHIP/BRIDGE - NIGHT

Swensen, Tahara and the crew navigating. David hustles in.

DAVID
 I need the SAT phone.

Swensen removes a satellite phone from a nodule in the console, hands it to David. David starts to tap in a number - then stops - stares blankly at the phone.

CAPTAIN SWENSEN
 Everything okay...?

DAVID
 (agitated)
 I can't remember his number.

CAPTAIN SWENSEN
 Okay...everyone forgets --

DAVID
 I've called him a million fucking times! A million! I called him yesterday!
 (taps his forehead)
 Jesus Christ. This - can't - keep..

David brings the phone back behind his head as if to hurl it.

CAPTAIN SWENSEN
 Whoa...whoa. We have a record of all numbers called on the log.

David lowers his arm. Captain Swensen taps the key on a computer monitor. A log of phone numbers comes up.

CAPTAIN SWENSEN
Charley Jones?

David nods. Captain Swensen points at a phone number on a screen. David takes a deep breath, taps in the number on the satellite phone - puts it to his ear.

EXT. CHARLEY'S HOUSE/BACK PATIO - NIGHT

Charley, phone to his ear, puffs on a cigar as he listens.

CHARLEY
(into phone)
You want to invite CNN onto the ship?

DAVID (V.O.)
(filtered thru phone)
We dock in Puerto Vallarta in six days. Get them there. I'll have Gina call you to coordinate the logistics.

CHARLEY
I can say with a certainty that's a horrible idea.

DAVID (V.O.)
(filtered thru phone)
It wouldn't be my first one.

A DIAL TONE sound indicates that David has ended the call.

CHARLEY
(into phone)
David...?

INT: CRUISE SHIP/SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

David standing in front of the opened wall safe. He holds the Genetics Testing envelope in his hand.

He flips it back and forth, examining both sides. He finally tosses it back in the safe, unopened - shuts the safe door.

INT. CRUISE SHIP/THEATER - THE NEXT NIGHT

A theater showroom filled with passengers. Walkers and wheelchairs everywhere. Sophia, Grace, Wendell, Graham, Duke, Earl, Beth and Miriam are all seated in the same row.

An Orchestra concludes a triumphant rendition of Beethoven's Ode to Joy. The audience APPLAUDS as the theater conductor takes a bow.

GRAHAM
Bravo! Bravo!

DUKE
Boring! Boring!

The theater lights brighten.

GRAHAM
I suppose you would have preferred burlesque?

DUKE
Damn right. I had to take two hits from Wendell's oxygen just to stay awake. What's wrong with some fucking jazz.

BETH
Language - please.

MIRIAM
I'll second that. Duke, we're not in the casino.

DUKE
Well, we out to be. Oh, let me rephrase that.
(at Graham - sarcasm)
I would find it of great pleasure if we all were to sashay over to the Casino and partake in a game of chance.
(grabbing Earl's arm)
Slots or blackjack, buddy?

BETH
Not tonight, Duke.

DUKE
Killjoy.

GRAHAM
Oh, I hear they're going to play Clair De Lune at the later show. It's very romantic.

Graham moves his hand towards Grace's thigh.

SOPHIA
Careful there...

The TAP-TAP-TAP sounds of a hand testing a microphone.

DAVID (O.S.)
Could I have your attention for a
moment?

ON STAGE

David, at a microphone stand, Gina, holding a stack of papers, by his side. Murmurs from the crowd.

DAVID
If I could have all of your
attention for a moment.

The murmurs settle down - you could hear a pin drop.

DAVID
It seems as though the news media
has not taken kindly to our
adventure.

BOOS and HISSES.

DAVID
Settle down, settle down. They're
not bad people - they're simply
misinformed. So, I've invited them
to board the ship when we dock in
Puerto Vallarta.

David nods towards Gina. She moves towards the first row of the theater handing out a piece of paper to each passenger.

DAVID
Gina's prepared a list of questions
they might ask you.

PASSENGER (O.S.)
Where are the answers?

DAVID
Just be honest.

INT. CRUISE SHIP/ENTERTAINMENT DECK - DAY

David walks down the hallways of the entertainment deck. As he passes the ship's movie theater he can hear LAUGHTER.

David quietly opens the door - crowded to capacity. A Pink Panther film is playing. The crowd laughs again.

INT. CRUISE SHIP/BAR - NIGHT

The seas are bit rough and the boat rocks causing SERGIO THE BARTENDER, dressed all in white, to stumble a bit as he wipes down the bar.

A CRUSTY OLD MAN sits at a corner table talking rather loudly to a SMALL OLD MAN, in a wheelchair. There are a couple of empty bottles at their table.

CRUSTY OLD MAN
I'm telling you, you're out of your
God damn mind.

David enters.

SMALL OLD MAN
Piss off. You're not even willing
to try!

David approaches the bar. Sergio points at the table.

SERGIO THE BARTENDER
They've been going at it for a
while. I am ready to cut them off

CRUSTY OLD MAN (O.S.)
I'm not going to get in a God damn
chair!

David leaves the bar, approaches the table.

DAVID
Fellas, what's the tussle about?

SMALL OLD MAN
He's a stubborn idiot.

DAVID
Well, that's not very --

SMALL OLD MAN
He's had motion sickness for a
week. I've been trying to tell him
that if we would sit his fat ass in
a wheelchair, he wouldn't feel it?
You know, he would just roll with
the motion.

CRUSTY OLD MAN
And he's bat shit crazy. He just
wants me to be in a chair too. I
ain't no invalid.

(MORE)

CRUSTY OLD MAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

I think I'm going to vomit again.

DAVID

Okay, this is easy.

(to Sergio)

We got wheelchairs in the back?

Sergio nods.

DAVID

Bring me one will you?

CRUSTY OLD MAN

I ain't going to --

DAVID

Patience....

Sergio approaches with a wheelchair.

DAVID

(to Crusty Old Man)

Okay, if you want to shut this guy
up there's only one way out.

David taps the seat on the wheelchair.

CRUSTY OLD MAN

Fine!

Crusty Old Man gingerly takes a seat in the wheelchair.

DAVID

Well?

SMALL OLD MAN

Yeah - well?

CRUSTY OLD MAN

Not bad...

SMALL OLD MAN

I told you!

DAVID

You can keep the chair.

SMALL OLD MAN

I fucking told you.

DAVID

Okay now, he's got your point. Now, Sergio here needs to shut the bar down for cleaning. So, you may want to finish your beers and head on back to your room.

CRUSTY OLD MAN

One more - a nightcap.

SMALL OLD MAN

We'll be good.

DAVID

(shouting back to Sergio)

One more each, then shut it down.

INT. CRUISE SHIP/SUITE - NIGHT

Jerome puts fresh sheets and blankets on a cot set up in the living room area of the suite.

SUITE BEDROOM

The nursing bed that Salvador died in sits in the corner of the room.

ON THE BALCONY

David and Sophia sit in deck chairs, sipping wine.

DAVID

They were literally ready to kick each other's ass over whether or not sitting in a wheelchair could cure sea sickness. Glad that's settled.

SOPHIA

(laughing)

Oh, I'm sure they'll find something new to argue over.

Jerome enters the balcony.

JEROME

Your cot is made up. If there's nothing else I'd like to --

DAVID

Go, go - I'm fine.

Jerome nods - exits. Sophia's face is filled with confusion.

SOPHIA
You sleep on a cot?

David nods.

SOPHIA
Why don't you use the master bed --

DAVID
It's reserved for those in their
last days. I just thought
that...that when we knew someone
was, you know - close. They should
spend their last moments...here.
(points towards ocean)
So they could see this as they go.

Sophia reaches over, squeezes David's hand. He squeezes back.

INT. BOARD OF DIRECTORS ROOM - DAY

The Board Members, along with Charley, are all in attendance.

A young FINANCIAL ANALYST is making a presentation. He points
at a standard stock price graph on a Power Point slide.

FINANCIAL ANALYST
Although there has been record
volume, our stock price has dropped
thirteen percent in the last thirty
days. If the shorts start to cover
we can expect an additional --

BOARD MEMBER
This doesn't make any damn sense.
Earnings exceeded street
expectations. The Mexico expansion
was a huge success and --

SIMON
It's not a mystery, is it?

BOARD MEMBER
I beg your pardon.

SIMON
It's an investor confidence issue.
We've got our CEO at sea dumping
his shares.
(as he picks up a report)
Along with a few bodies no doubt.
Let's see, since embarking, Mr.
Mason has sold off...

(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)
 (reading)
 Five percent of his shares.

MURMURS echo throughout the conference room.

CHARLEY
 You know that he didn't want to do that. It's merely to fund the ship operations until --

SIMON
 I don't give a shit about his intent, Charley. I care about the consequences. Who invests in a company when the primary shareholder is selling?

JUDITH WITHERSPOON
 I don't think that the news of the death at sea helps much either.

CHARLEY
 Look, David is having CNN on the boat tomorrow morning. He'll get positive spin from that, the ban on passengers will be lifted. The bleeding will stop.

SIMON
 To my ear, it sounds like you're here representing David Mason. Do I have to remind you that your first obligation is to this board?

CHARLEY
 You have no right to --

SIMON
 I have every right to!

Charley clenches his teeth. The room goes quiet.

SIMON
 (to the Financial Analyst)
 I want you to prepare an assessment of the capital we would need to buy Mr. Mason out. And be sure to keep it quiet.

EXT. PUERTO VALLARTA/CRUISE SHIP PORT - MORNING

The Shipping Out is docked. A half-dozen passengers make their way off the ship onto the Cruise Terminal dock. There they pass --

David and Gina greeting the CNN Field Reporter, SAVANNAH STONE (40), a CNN CAMERAMAN and other CNN TECHNICAL STAFF.

DAVID
(at Savannah)
You'll have total access to the passengers and the ship. Gina will give you a full tour.

SAVANNAH
We would like to go unescorted.

GINA
It would really be better if --

SAVANNAH
(at David)
I'm sure you would want your passengers to give us feedback unfettered by someone observing them.

David thinks a moment, then nods. He motions his hand towards the gangway.

DAVID
They're all yours.

CNN INVESTIGATION MONTAGE:

POOL DECK: Savannah and the Cameraman meander about. Some passengers in the pool, many more in lounge chairs enjoying the sunshine, reading books and sipping drinks.

Savannah cozies up to a table filled with a group of SENIORS.

SAVANNAH
Is it okay if I ask you a few questions?
(points at Cameraman)
It'll be on the news.

The Seniors' faces all brighten as adjust their hair and clothing to look their best.

LIBRARY: The Cameraman records a Bridge tournament in progress, supervised by Beth. Grace and Graham are partners at one of the tables. Earl, with a lost, vacant expression on his face sits alone at a chair in the corner. Savannah directs the Cameraman to take that shot.

CASINO: Savannah and the Cameraman reach the darkened, empty, casino. A sign reads: "CLOSED WHILE IN PORT."

Savannah directs the Cameraman to record the empty casino along with the sign.

UPPER DECK BUFFET: A typical cruise ship buffet area. Many passengers eating at tables - many at the food counters contemplating what to eat.

At one table, Duke, with a half-eaten drumstick in his hand, and Wendell, oxygen mask on his face, looking a bit feeble.

Savannah interviews them as the Cameraman records.

DUKE

(at Savannah)

The food ain't half bad other than the pizza. Chicago pizza, now that's something. Course we ain't going to Chicago - you know cause there ain't no ocean there. Although, they got a big lake. Hmm, I wonder if --

SAVANNAH

(at Wendell)

What do you think? Has this been the experience you expected?

Wendell shakes his head no. He removes his mask to speak.

WENDELL

(raspy)

Better than I expected.

INT. CRUISE SHIP/MEDICAL DECK - DAY

Pristine, rivaling the best of clinics. Two of the beds are occupied -one by an ELDERLY MAN and the other by a WOMAN.

DOCTOR CANNON (50), gray beard and mustache, holds a clipboard as he talks to the NURSE (30).

DOCTOR CANNON

Mrs. Thompson just has a bit of a cold. Keep an eye on her - plenty of fluids, aspirin. She'll be fine.

NURSE

Got it.

DOCTOR CANNON

I'm a little worried about Mr. Addler. He had a fairly serious arrhythmia earlier.

(MORE)

DOCTOR CANNON (CONT'D)
 I think he forgot to take his
 Lidocaine. Keep an eye on his
 monitor and --

The door opens - Savannah and the Cameraman, recording as he
 walks, enter.

DOCTOR CANNON
 Can I help you?

SAVANNAH
 We were told we had total access.

DOCTOR CANNON
 Not by me. Get out.

EXT. SKY DECK - DUSK

Set up like a makeshift studio. The Cameraman focuses on
 David in one chair, Savannah in a chair across from him -
 Puerto Vallarta's skyline behind them.

The interview's in process. Gina watches from a distance.

SAVANNAH
 There are those in the assisted
 living industry that --

DAVID
 But it's not assisted living - is
it? It's really managed dying.
 That's the entire point...
 (referring to the ship)
 Of this. Living, really living,
 until you die.

SAVANNAH
 Tell me about the burials at sea.

DAVID
 What?

SAVANNAH
 We've examined the cruise
 contracts.
 (holds up a contract)
 Not only do all passengers have to
 have a DNR in place, they have to
 agree to be buried at sea...should
 they pass.

DAVID
 Your point!?

David's clearly agitated by the question. Gina gives him a *calm down* motion.

DAVID

We are at sea most of the time. It simply would not be practical to return to shore each time --

SAVANNAH

Isn't the requirement really a recognition that the lack of proper medical care --

DAVID

No!

David inhales - exhales through pursed lips, takes a moment to calm himself.

DAVID

Sorry...No, nobody has raised the issue.... They're on the ship because they expect to die.

A grimace from Gina - not the most artful way to put it.

DAVID

They just want to live as much as possible before that happens.

EXT. PUERTO VALLARTA/CRUISE SHIP PORT - NIGHT

Crew back equipment into a CNN Van on the dock as Savannah and the Cameraman enter the passenger portion.

Off in the distant ocean, the twinkling lights of the Shipping Out as it makes it way back to sea.

INT. SHIP'S COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

Filled with several computer work stations. An easel in the corner has a dry board with a list of available classes for passengers: "GOOGLE, YOUTUBE, WORD, etc."

SUPER: AT SEA, SEVERAL DAYS LATER

A SWEET OLD LADY, silver-haired, demur looking sits with her hands folded in front of one of the work stations. She's being assisted by a COMPUTER TRAINER (40, male).

COMPUTER TRAINER

They should be here any minute.

The Sweet Old Lady nods politely.

Gina and Paolo enter the room.

PAULO
How can we help?

COMPUTER TRAINER
She wants us to develop a match-making program. Like an app - um, for the passengers.

PAULO
Really?

GINA
What did you have in mind?

SWEET OLD LADY
Tinder. Or something like it.

Gina's taken aback.

GINA
Um...not sure we can do --

SWEET OLD LADY
You know, so we can hook-up.
(re: Gina and Paolo)
You know, like you two did.

GINA
(blushing)
We're not really --

SWEET OLD LADY
Everyone knows, dear. So Tinder, can you do it?

INT. CRUISE SHIP/MEDICAL DECK - DAY

Doctor Cannon, clipboard in hand, and David speak to each next to the bed of LILLIAN (80), pale - sleeping.

DOCTOR CANNON
I'm afraid all I really do for her is morphine. You may want to move her to the suite.

David exhales - he hates this.

DAVID
Okay, work with Jerome.

INT. SHIP NIGHTCLUB - EVENING

Elegantly appointed. A five-piece band on a corner stage playing all of the romantic classics - Sinatra, Dean Martin, Perry Como and the likes.

Not more than a couple of dozen passengers there. They all sit at tables surrounding the dance floor watching Graham, clad in a tuxedo, as he twirls around the hand of Beth.

The Sweet Old Lady emerges from one of the tables, taps Beth on the shoulder as an a request to cut in.

Beth complies. Graham and the Sweet Old Lady's eyes meet. They glide on the floor like Astaire and Rogers.

INT. SHIP MAIN LOBBY/ENTERTAINMENT DECK - NIGHT

Center of the Ship - normally an area for cocktails and piano music but, for tonight, it's set up for a KARAOKE CONTEST.

Hundreds of passengers sitting in tables surrounding the small stage cheer on the contestants.

David leans against a rail a deck above the stage, looks down as Duke and Earl complete their duet performance.

DUKE

Duke, Duke, Duke, Duke and...

Duke points at Earl's chest.

EARL

Earl..?

DUKE

Cause we're, Duke and Earl!

EARL

(wooden)

Bum - diddy - bum - diddy bum.

Duke and Earl take their bows as the crowd applauds. Paolo comes to the microphone as they return to the table - Grace and Sophia waiting.

DUKE

Let's see someone top that.

PAOLO

Please welcome our final contestants, the masters of the sea! Captain Swensen and Chief Officer Tahara!

Swensen and Tahara jump to the stage, each grabbing a mic from a nearby table.

PAOLO

Ready?

Swensen and Tahara nod.

PAOLO

Then dim the lights!

The ship's lights are dimmed. The Karaoke machine starts.

CAPTAIN SWENSEN

(singing remarkably well)

*You never close your eyes anymore
when I kiss your lips...*

Robust applause from the audience. David, on the upper deck, laughs in surprise as he watches his friend's obvious talent.

CHIEF OFFICER TAHARA

(singing even better)

*And there's no tenderness like
before in your fingertips...*

More applause as several passengers stand in appreciation.

CAPTAIN SWENSEN

*You're trying hard not to
show it.*

CHIEF OFFICER TAHARA

*You're trying hard not to
show it.*

EXT. CRUISE SHIP/POOL DECK - NIGHT

David, hands in his pocket, ambles down the deck.

DAVID

(singing to himself)

*You've lost that loving feeling.
You've lost that...*

He stops as he spots Wendell in his chair off in a distance.

DAVID

(shouting out)

*I hope you're being careful with
that tank.*

As David nears, he can see that Wendell is slumped over, motionless. When David reaches him, he gently places his fingers on his neck to feel a pulse. There is none.

DAVID

Ah, Wendell.

EXT. CRUISESHIP/DECK FOUR - MORNING

A heavy ocean mist is in the air. A body on the plank is fully covered in a decorative sheet.

David, Captain Swensen, Officer Tahara and the CHAPLAIN stand next to a plank extending over the rail.

All of Wendell's dinner table mates - Graham, Duke, Beth, Miriam, Earl, Grace and Sophia are front and center among the crowd of passengers and crew members.

David motions for Duke to come forward. He does.

A teary-eyed Duke takes a deep breath, pulls a lever. The plank leans downward toward the ocean. Wendell's body slips into the sea.

Duke removes a rose from a nearby barrel and tosses it into the wave circle created by Wendell's corpse. One by one, the rest of the passengers follow suit.

INT. CNN STUDIO - DAY

A CNN ANCHOR (40), of course, handsome and stupid, sits at the anchor's desk. His vacant face fills the entire screen.

CNN ANCHOR

According to the CDC, Wendell Callahan, just seventy-five years old, expired this week aboard The Shipping Out. That is now the second death reported on the cruise ship run by billionaire, David Mason. Savannah Stone filed this exclusive report.

FIELD REPORT

The screen now fills with the image of Savannah, holding a microphone, dock-side in Puerto Vallarta.

SAVANNAH

The aptly named Shipping Out is now somewhere out in the Pacific Ocean carrying nearly fifteen-hundred passengers, mostly elderly, all with some form of illness. We were allowed onboard the ship last week.

On the screen: THE POOL DECK INTERVIEWS.

SAVANNAH (V.O.)
 Yes, there are activities anyone
 would enjoy.

On the screen: THE BRIDGE GAME IN THE LIBRARY followed by
 footage of the BUFFET followed by the shot of the CASINO.

SAVANNAH (V.O.)
 There's even a casino open when the
 ship is not at port. But all of
 this does not come without a cost.
 There is confusion.

On the screen: a CLOSE-UP SHOT OF A CONFUSED EARL AT THE
 BRIDGE TOURNAMENT.

SAVANNAH (V.O.)
 Although there are medical
 facilities onboard.

On the screen: a CLOSE-UP SHOT OF THE TWO PATIENTS IN THE
 BEDS ON THE MEDICAL DECK. Then the shot of DOCTOR CANNON

SAVANNAH (V.O.)
 We were not permitted to verify the
 level of patient care. And as we
 now know, passengers have died.

On the screen: A snippet from her interview with David.

DAVID
 They're on the ship because they
 expect to die.

On the screen: Back to Savannah standing dock-side.

SAVANNAH
 This is Savannah Stone reporting
 from Puerto Vallarta, Mexico.

BACK TO THE STUDIO

The CNN ANCHOR, shakes his head, feigns deep concern.

CNN ANCHOR
 Later in the program, we hope to
 speak with Senator Longley. Joining
 me now is Gloria Ramirez from the
 Senior Care Institute and Wendell
 Callahan's son - Drew.

The screen widens to reveal Gloria and DREW CALLAHAN (40),
 cheap clothes, a bit disheveled looking, sitting in chairs
 adjacent to the studio desk.

CNN ANCHOR

(to Drew)

First, let me express my
condolences for your loss.

Drew nods in appreciation. He's loving the sympathy.

CNN ANCHOR

What was your father's illness?

DREW

He had emphysema. And...and...
They let him smoke on the boat.
What kind of care is that?

Gloria pats Drew on his shoulder like she was his sister.

CNN ANCHOR

(to Gloria)

Can you confirm that?

GLORIA

Yes, smoking is permitted on
certain decks. There's also
alcohol, a total disregard for
proper diets, patients roaming
about unattended. Frankly, I'm
shocked that there haven't been
more tragedies.

CNN ANCHOR

What was your father's status - I
mean health-wise, before he got on
the ship?

DREW

(hesitant)

I'm not exactly sure.

(off the Anchor's look)

I hadn't exactly seen him in a
while. Well, five years - maybe a
little more. We - um, had issues.
But I had planned on coming to see
him just before he got on that
ship. You know, make things right.
That man had no right to take him.

(choking up)

He didn't even get a proper burial.
Just dumped in the ocean like
garbage.

The CNN Anchor puts his finger to his earbud.

CNN ANCHOR

I am being told that he have
Senator Longley now.

A split-screen appears. The Anchor on one side and Senator Longley, in his office, on the other side.

CNN ANCHOR

Senator Longley, thank you for
taking the time to speak with us.

SENATOR LONGLEY

It's my pleasure. Thank you for
bringing this issue to the public's
attention.

CNN ANCHOR

You previously sponsored an
amendment to the transportation
bill that precluded anyone from
accepting payments for the type of
cruise operated by Mr. Mason.
Basically, senior care.

SENATOR LONGLEY

Yes, that is correct. We thought at
the time that the bill would be
sufficient to address this problem,
but apparently, Mr. Mason found a
loophole.

CNN ANCHOR

Could you explain?

SENATOR LONGLEY

He's not charging for the cruise -
presently that is.

CNN ANCHOR

And so what is the problem with
that. Basically, he's --

SENATOR LONGLEY

I think your guest has already
pointed out the problems. And I
agree with Ms. Ramirez, this is
just the tip of the iceberg. That
is why I have proposed an emergency
bill to be heard and voted on by
the Senate tomorrow. Basically,
making it illegal for any U.S.
Citizen to operate such a cruise
ship.

CNN ANCHOR
Do you have the votes?

INT. CHARLEY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Charley, with a wine glass in one hand, sits in a recliner, glaring at the CNN news report on his television as it ends.

CHARLEY
It's over.

Charley drinks back as wine as if it were water. He stands, runs his hands through his hair - exits.

INT. CRUISE SHIP/SUITE - NIGHT

Lillian, in a hospital bed, positioned to provide a view of the water in the bedroom area of the suite.

SUPER: GATUN LAKE - PANAMA CANAL ZONE

An IV DRIP BAG - MORPHINE, hangs on a stand next to the bed. As David goes to move the stand, his arm spasms - uncontrollably, nearly causing the stand to tip over. Jerome grabs the stand just in time.

JEROME
You okay?

DAVID
It's nothing.

David uses one hand to press his arm against his torso in an attempt to stop the tremor.

GINA (O.S.)
David...?

David goes from the bedroom to the main area of the suite.

GINA
Charley's on the satellite phone.
He said it's urgent.

INT. CRUISE SHIP/BRIDGE - NIGHT

Captain Swensen has the satellite phone in hand. He hands it to David as he enters. David nods in appreciation as he takes the phone, exits through a small door to the --

DECK OUTSIDE THE BRIDGE

DAVID
 (into phone)
 Charley, what's going on?

EXT. CHARLEY'S HOUSE/BACK PATIO - NIGHT

Charley paces, cell phone to his ear.

CHARLEY
 (into phone)
 It's over, my friend.

INTERCUT - PHONE CALL BETWEEN DAVID AND CHARLEY

DAVID
 What are you talking about?

CHARLEY
 You didn't see the CNN report? What
 a hatchet job.

DAVID
 I didn't. Jesus Christ, Charley,
 I'm in the middle of Panama. What!?

CHARLEY
 A Senate bill will be approved
 tomorrow making any U.S. Citizen
 operating a ship such as yours a
 felon.

DAVID
 They can't do --

CHARLEY
 Of course they can. It gets worse.
 After the bill passes the
 bondholder on your ship will make a
 call for payment - the whole
 enchilada.

DAVID
 Why?

CHARLEY
 I told you be --

DAVID
 I forgot!

An awkward pause.

CHARLEY

It's a standard provision in all bonds. If proceeds are used to engage in illegal activities the bond may be called. Your current payoff is just shy of six hundred million. That requires the liquidation of twenty percent of your Mason industry shares. As a result, you'll no longer have majority control. Hopefully, you can sell the ship to another cruise line and get back --

DAVID

I'm not getting rid of the ship, Charley.

CHARLEY

You fucking are! You're not going to be a felon and you're not going to throw away your company. Not on my watch. The fantasy has to end and it has to end now. You need to come to your senses!

David hits the end call button. Charley hears the BUZZ of the call ended dial tone.

CHARLEY

Why do you keep doing that to me!?

INT: CRUISE SHIP/CAPTAIN'S SUITE - NIGHT

David enters - mad as a hatter. That is until he spots --

A GURNEY - in the bedroom area. Jerome's by its side. Lillian on it.

JEROME

I'm sorry. She's passed. I'm moving her back to the medical center. I've already notified Gina.

A somber David nods.

Jerome pushes the gurney out of the room.

David grabs a small bottle of whiskey from the mini-bar, pours himself a glass. His hand wobbles/twitches as he pours. David uses his other hand to steady it.

As David sips the whiskey. He stares at the small wall-safe.

DAVID

It's time....

David starts to press the code on the door of the safe - can't remember. He opens a nearby desk drawer, retrieves a piece of paper with the combo on it - taps the number in.

He opens the safe door. Removes the envelope from: *MEDICAL GENETICS INSTITUTE, CEDARS-SINAI HOSPITAL*.

He takes a seat on a nearby chair. One more sip of whiskey and then David slides his finger under the envelope's seal.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP/DECK TWELVE - NIGHT

A dark, cloudless sky.

Alone on the deck, David leans against the railing as he stares at the twinkling lights on the Panama coastline.

The ember of his cigarette brightens as he takes a drag just as Sophia approaches from off in the distance.

SOPHIA

I was down in the Pharmacy. I heard about Lillian. I'm sorry.

David nods in appreciation. Looks back out over the water.

DAVID

I've screwed up. A cruise ship is no place to care for these people. They're eroding. It's inevitable.

SOPHIA

Wasn't that the point? To make the inevitable more tolerable?

DAVID

All I'm doing is sliding corpses into the sea. The medical deck fills up more each day and --

SOPHIA

Stop it.

(David's taken aback)

You know better. This was worth it. I can see that in my Mother's face. In the faces of others.

DAVID
 Tomorrow, the United States Senate
 is --

The HORN BLAST of a nearby cruise ship pierces the air, garnering David's focus. As the boat passes, an illuminated SWEDISH FLAG is visible.

SOPHIA
 Swedish Flag. I hope Captain
 Swensen is seeing this.

David's eyes widen - he's got it. He turns, places his hands on Sophia's cheeks and plants one on the kisser.

DAVID
 You're brilliant! I got to go.

David hustles off.

SOPHIA
 Why do you keep doing this?

EXT. PANAMA/PORT OF BALBOA - EARLY MORNING

The Shipping Out is docked at a buoy as tender ships bring supplies it supplies.

ON THE SHORE

An industrial looking port, large cranes and cargo containers pepper the area. David scampers toward an awaiting taxi, cell phone to his ear.

DAVID
 (into phone)
 I'd stop lecturing me and get on
 it, Charley, you've got a ton of
 work to do.
 (listening)
 Set up the meeting at my house.
 (listening)
 Yes, I've lost my mind.

INT. JETLINER (IN AIR) - MORNING

First Class section. David sits in a window seat and stares out at the Pacific Ocean, below.

EXT. LOS ANGELES AIRPORT/ARRIVAL AREA - NIGHT

Stan waits in a parked limousine. He spots David leaving the terminal building through his window.

Stan opens the door - stands. Waves energetically.

STAN
Hey, boss. Over here.

INT. MALIBU MANSION/FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

David enters, followed by Stan carrying a suitcase. Isabella enters from the kitchen.

ISABELLA
Well, my peace and quiet is over.

DAVID
Have I been paying you this whole time?

ISABELLA
The house don't clean itself.

DAVID
I need you to get the library set up for tomorrow night.

ISABELLA
Yeah, Charley already told me.

Isabella wraps her arms around David's shoulder. He's a bit taken aback.

ISABELLA
Good to have your home.

INT. MALIBU MANSION/LIBRARY - THE NEXT NIGHT.

David, Charley and Simon Walters sit in large, red leather chairs surrounding a small table.

David refers Simon to a spreadsheet on the table.

DAVID
So as part of an announced stock-buy back program, Mason Industries will acquire one-hundred percent of my shares at a seventy-five dollars a share, that's a dollar below the current street price.

SIMON
Looking at the spreadsheet, a grand total of three point-two, billion dollars. But why should we do it?

David nods.

DAVID

You'll become permanent CEO and Board chair. I'll be out of the picture. The alternative is that I keep my shares, the value of our stock drops like a rock because I'm a crazy CEO sailing an illegal cruise ship for dying people.

CHARLEY

David, please reconsider before you let him leave this room.

DAVID

I've made up my mind, Charley.

Simon stands.

SIMON

I'll take it up with the Board tomorrow.

Simon retrieves his suit jacket from a rack, slings it over his forearm.

SIMON

Expect a positive, result.

Simon exits. David walks over to a small bar, retrieves a bottle of brandy and two glasses. He returns to the table and fills a glass for both him and Charley.

CHARLEY

And what do you plan to do with over three billion dollars?

David removes a binder from a satchel near his chair and plops it on the table.

DAVID

It's what I need you to do.

Charley drinks back some brandy.

DAVID

You've told the bondholders that we'll pay them off. Make the ship free and clear?

CHARLEY

Yes, as you requested. The balance is six-hundred and fifty million.

DAVID

Use my proceeds from the stock buy back to make that happen.

CHARLEY

And then...?

DAVID

Then transfer title to that ship to Caption Jon Swensen.

CHARLEY

You're giving him the boat!?

DAVID

He's Swedish. The ship will be re-registered as a Swedish ship. U.S laws will not apply. I also need you to establish a trust making the Captain and yourself co-trustees. I want the balance of my proceeds --

CHARLEY

(incredulous)

Two-point, six -billion?

DAVID

Sounds about right. Anyway - the balance of the proceeds to go into that trust account to fund future operations of the ship. I also need you to sell all my remaining personal and real property. One million each to Stan and Isabella, the balance to be deposited in the trust.

(points at the folder)

It's all in there.

CHARLEY

No.

DAVID

Pardon?

CHARLEY

I'm not going to do it. Hire someone else.

Charley, truly pissed, stands.

CHARLEY

Just what do you plan on doing for the rest of your life!?

(MORE)

CHARLEY (CONT'D)
You're throwing away your business -
one you spent your whole life
building. And you obviously lost
interest in being a ship-owner.

A long silence.

DAVID
I'm going to be a passenger.

CHARLEY
What...?

David removes the GENETIC TESTING ENVELOPE from inside his
suit pocket, slides it across the table towards Charley.

DAVID
I opened it. I have the gene.

Charley steps a few feet away from the envelope if someone
not touching it would make it not true.

CHARLEY
That doesn't mean that...

DAVID
In a way, I already knew. I have
memory losses, muscle spasms,
blurred vision --

CHARLEY
Look, there's all kinds of research
going on. You could --

David stands.

DAVID
I'm going to be a passenger,
Charley.

Charley shakes his head - angry. David approaches, wraps his
arms around Charley's shoulders - won't let him move.

DAVID
It's okay...it's okay - meant to
be, mate.
(a big squeeze)
Thank you for everything. I love
you like a brother.

EXT. PANAMA/PORT OF BALBOA - TWO DAYS LATER

The Shipping Out is docked at a buoy. A sole tender ship makes its way towards it, finally reaching the Ship's gangway.

David steps off the tender boat. Sophia emerges, Captain Swensen just behind her. Sophia nearly knocks David off the gangway as she gives him the bear hug of his life.

INT. CRUISE SHIP/BRIDGE - DUSK

Chief Officer Tahara at the controls. Captain Swensen holds a radio as Gina looks on, cradling a clipboard.

SUPER: SOMEWHERE IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN - TWO YEARS LATER

CAPTAIN SWENSEN

(into radio)

Roger that, Aruba. Docking to commence at oh-eight-hundred.

VOICE FROM THE RADIO (V.O.)

Copy that, Shipping Out. Aruba pier
- over and out.

The Captain places the radio back in the console.

CAPTAIN SWENSEN

What's the passenger count?

GINA

Twenty-four new passengers. Three
Brits, two Germans, nineteen
Americans. That leaves us just six
short of capacity.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP/POOL DECK - DUSK

PASSENGERS, covered in blankets watch a movie on a large screen as Servers weave between them with drinks and popcorn.

INT. CRUISE SHIP/MEDICAL DECK/PHARMACY COUNTER - DUSK

Sophia slides a prescription bottle towards Beth.

BETH

It was quite the raucous bridge
tournament. Allegation of cheating
even. Grace would have loved it.

SOPHIA

If it was raucous, I'm sure she
would have.

BETH
I miss her. She was a grand lady.

Sophia nods in appreciation.

SOPHIA
Me too.

BETH
Will you and the Captain being
joining us for dinner tonight?

SOPHIA
Not tonight. Can't.

Beth takes the bottle.

BETH
(with a smile)
Well, don't be a stranger. We miss
your company.

INT. CRUISE SHIP/SUITE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gina and Paolo on a small sofa, his arm cradled around her shoulder. Gina's reddened eyes evidence of weeping.

Across for them, Captain Swensen and Sophia sitting in chairs next to each other. They hold each other's hand.

Doctor Cannon emerges from the bedroom area, a grim look on his face.

DOCTOR CANNON
It won't be long.
(at Gina)
You should call, Charley.

A sob from Gina.

Sophia looks towards Captain Swensen. He gives her a - *go ahead* - nod. Sophia stands, kisses Captain Swensen on the lips and heads towards the --

BALCONY

David, frail and pale, in a nursing bed facing the ocean. Jerome standing next to him.

SOPHIA
Can I have a minute?

Jerome nods - exits. Sophia pulls up a deck chair next to David's bed. She clasps his hand as a tear runs down her cheek. David let's out a struggled exhale.

SOPHIA

It'll be over soon.

David opens his eyes, turns - takes Sophia in for the last time - squeezes Sophia's hand. He turns back to the ocean, his eyes fluttering in his final moments.

INSERT DREAM

ROBERT MASON, (50), lies on a hospital bed in a dimly lit room in a nursing facility. Pride fills his face.

YOUNG DAVID MASON (14) sits bedside. Robert gently reaches out - clasps Young David's forearm.

ROBERT MASON

You did good, boy.

BACK ON BALCONY

A content, peaceful smile on David's face. One last inhale, his eyes flutter as life leaves him.

SOMEWHERE IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

The Shipping Out, it's Swedish Flag illuminated and snapping in the breeze, peacefully glides on the ocean towards a horizon of a million stars.

FADE OUT