

DISPLACEMENT

Written by

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Based on the graphic memoir by Lucy Knisley

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON a digital alarm clock. BRRRIIIING.

A wrinkly HAND with a wedding ring reaches out and taps it off.

CLOSE on a mess of wrinkled sheets and comforter. From somewhere beneath, an iPhone alarm starts RINGING in the default "Radar" ringtone. A young hand with chipped nail polish blindly feels around for it.

INT. ALLEN AND PHYLLIS'S BEDROOM - MORNING

An extremely neat, marital bedroom in Norwalk, Connecticut. On one side of the bed, ALLEN, 89, sits on the edge of the bed and stretches. On the other side, his wife, Phyllis, 85, reaches for the glass on her nightstand that contains her dentures.

INT. LUCY'S STUDIO - MORNING

In a sunlit studio in Brooklyn, we see a bed that's just a messy pile of comforter, with a foot sticking out at the bottom. No movement. A cat jumps on the bed.

INT. ALLEN AND PHYLLIS'S BEDROOM - SAME

Allen puts his feet into the two slippers waiting for him beside the bed. On the nightstand behind him is a black-and-white photo from the 1940s of a smiling couple.

He dutifully goes through his morning stretches. He slowly reaches down, touches his toes. Then -- not without effort -- straightens up and reaches his hands towards the sky. Repeat.

INT. LUCY'S STUDIO - SAME

The iPhone alarm goes off again. This time, LUCY, 27, groggy and in a wrinkled t-shirt, reluctantly emerges from the covers and catapults herself towards the bathroom.

INT. LUCY'S TINY BATHROOM

A teensy bathroom cluttered with makeup, lotions, contact solution. A cat litter box is next to the toilet.

Lucy yawns, pees, checks her phone.

INT. ALLEN'S SUBURBAN BATHROOM

A large, immaculate bathroom with Jack and Jill sinks.

Allen slowly, painstakingly shaves.

INT. LUCY'S STUDIO

Lucy picks up a pair of jeans from the floor and slips them on. Throws on a t-shirt. Still on her phone.

INT. ALLEN'S BEDROOM

Allen slowly starts to button up his shirt.

INT. LUCY'S STUDIO

Lucy's rushing around her studio, finding her wallet, keys, laptop and stuffing them into a tote. On the door is a note that says "GOOD LUCK!!! I LOVE YOU!"

INT. ALLEN'S BEDROOM

Allen's still buttoning. Making some progress. Slowly but surely.

INT. LUCY'S STUDIO

She checks the weather app on her phone: 23 degrees Farenheit and overcast. Lucy shudders and reaches for her coat.

INT. ALLEN'S HOUSE

Allen checks the WEATHER STATION suspended from his wall -- Temperature, Barometric Pressure, and humidity. He shudders, adjusts the thermostat.

INT. PHYLLIS'S KITCHEN

Phyllis slowly pushes the button on a coffee maker.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LOWER EAST SIDE

Lucy pays for her to-go coffee by quickly scratching her signature onto the iPad.

INT. PHYLLIS'S KITCHEN IN CONNECTICUT

Phyllis watches the coffee finish brewing. Almost -- yes, almost done.

INT. THE F TRAIN

Lucy quickly scrolls through headlines on her phone while looping her coffee-holding hand around the pole for balance.

EXT. ALLEN AND PHYLLIS'S HOME IN NORWALK

Allen, shivering, opens the front door, leans down for the paper. He shakes the snow off of it.

INT. LUCY'S EDITOR'S OFFICE BUILDING

Lucy heads through the revolving door at her editor's.

INT. PHYLLIS AND ALLEN'S KITCHEN

Allen, looking spiffy, sits down to breakfast. The table is perfectly set -- orange juice, mug of coffee, toast, hard boiled egg. He smiles at Phyllis, who smiles back at him.

Allen takes his hard-boiled egg, cracks it on the plate and --

Yolk everywhere. It's completely raw. Like, not sunny-side up, but just raw. Egg oozes all over his plate.

He looks up at Phyllis, in alarm. She smiles, vacantly.

Off Allen's worried look:

**TITLE CARD: DISPLACEMENT**

INT. LUCY'S EDITOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Lucy sits apprehensively across the desk from her EDITOR (late 20s, very put-together, diamond wedding ring conspicuously on her ring-finger). Spread out in front of them are the illustrations from Lucy's newest graphic memoir.

EDITOR  
I mean, I love it.

LUCY  
Yeah??? Really?

EDITOR

SO fun. It made me want to quit my job and backpack through Europe.

LUCY

You should!

EDITOR

If only! I think that ship's sailed for me at this point. But, no, I really like it. It's raw, it's honest, it's edgy. A bit risqué!

LUCY

Ha. Well. It was a time in my life when I was figuring a lot of stuff out, which for me happened to involve

Editor picks up an illustration and reads --

EDITOR

"Henrik."

LUCY

...yes.

She picks up another page.

EDITOR

And Monica.

LUCY

...Mmmhmm.

Editor laughs.

EDITOR

I think young people your age are gonna find it really relatable.

LUCY

Aren't we the same age?

EDITOR

Ha! I wish! I'm old. I'm twenty-seven.

LUCY

So am I.

The editor looks at Lucy surprised, taking in her chipped nails, wrinkled t-shirt bare-face, but covers.

EDITOR

Oh. Right. But I'm married! So lifestyle-wise I'm like. Ancient and boring. Which is why *this* was such a fun read!

Lucy smiles.

EDITOR (CONT'D)

I have a few page notes, but I think we're on track for a pub date of March of next year?

LUCY

Ahhh!

EDITOR

And you should start thinking about what you want to write about next. What's the next Lucy Knisley adventure?

Off Lucy's uncertain smile.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Lucy bursts into the door, red-faced and out of breath.

LUCY

I'm FREEZING.

Her boyfriend, JOHN (late-20s, affable, bohemian), is sitting at his laptop. He takes off his headphones when she comes in.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I hate New York in March!

JOHN

Yeah, it's not our best month.

LUCY

I literally had a man's potbelly pressed into the small of my back the entire ride home. Just. His belly. Like it was spooning me.

JOHN

Did you get the cat litter?

Lucy freezes.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Luce...

LUCY

I'll go back out! I'm sorry. I'll go back out and get it.

JOHN

I literally texted you "Remember to get cat litter," you wrote back two rows of thumbs up emojis...

LUCY

In that moment, I *did* remember. I'll go right now.

She starts to put her scarf back on.

JOHN

No, no. You just got home. I'll go out later.

LUCY

Are you *sure*? I'll get it the next four times, I promise. I'll set phone alarms.

JOHN

Uh-huh.

He walks over and kisses her.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You good with sushi for dinner?

LUCY

Very!

He kisses her again as he hands over his phone.

JOHN

I've already put mine in so just hit "order" when you're done.

INT. THE APARTMENT - 30 MINUTES LATER

Lucy's now happily changed into sweatpants on the couch next to John, TV on in the background. She takes a bite of sushi and does a little happy dance in her seat. John looks at her.

JOHN

You know, this could be our whole lives.

LUCY

What could?

JOHN

Like, when you think about it --  
this could be it, this is what it  
could be like, always.

LUCY

...eating on the couch while  
watching *Frasier*?

JOHN

Hanging out together, comforting  
one another after our bad days.

LUCY

I didn't actually have a bad day!  
My day was fine, I was just hungry.

JOHN

Comforting each other after our  
fine days.

Lucy laughs and grabs a sushi roll with her chopstick.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm kind of serious.

LUCY

That this could be our whole lives?

JOHN

Yeah!

LUCY

(chewing)

Maybe. Who knows. But also maybe  
I'll get hit by a bus tomorrow!  
Maybe you'll meet someone! Maybe  
we'll break up! I mean, I hope not,  
but maybe.

JOHN

Orrrrr maybe we decide to never  
break up. Like, maybe we decide to  
get married.

She stops chewing.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Hypothetically.

LUCY

(warily)

Hypothetically, anything could  
happen.

He laughs.

JOHN  
Well, yeah. Including marriage.

She stares at him.

LUCY  
Is this a proposal?

JOHN  
What? No!

LUCY  
Ok --

JOHN  
Chill, Lucy.

LUCY  
Just making sure!

JOHN  
Don't worry. We're not there yet.

He turns back to the take-out containers in front of them and makes himself another plate.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
We've never even talked about rings. Not that I can afford one, but I'd need to know what kind to start saving up for, what cut, or whatever --

LUCY  
Oh my god, stop!

He looks up from his plate, surprised.

JOHN  
What do you mean?

LUCY  
I mean why do we need to talk about this right now?

JOHN  
We don't! I was just making conversation. I didn't think you'd have a panic attack about it.

Lucy looks at him, wide-eyed.

LUCY

Is that what's happening to me? Is this a panic attack? My palms are sweaty and my heart is pacing.

JOHN

Over the *hypothetical* idea of marriage?

LUCY

I just -- this is not something we've ever discussed!

She gets up and starts nervously pacing the room.

JOHN

How is this so out of left-field? We share an apartment. You're my emergency contact. We have a cat!

LUCY

Wait, I'm your emergency contact?!?!

JOHN

...yes????? Who's yours??

LUCY

My dad!

JOHN

So when you fill out an emergency contact form, you list your father, who lives in *Connecticut*, rather than your boyfriend who lives in *your apartment*.

LUCY

I've always listed my dad! It's honestly never occurred to me to list you!

John covers his eyes and slumps down on the couch.

JOHN

Oh my god, Lucy. What are we doing here? Are we just roommates with benefits?

LUCY

No! No.

She sits back on the couch, next to him.

LUCY (CONT'D)

We're great! I love us! Right now. But who knows how we'll feel in a year, in five years, in ten? I mean, my parents were happy once, and look how that turned out.

JOHN

I just need to know that you, eventually, want what I want. Which is a partner, and a family --

Lucy gets up again, interrupting him.

LUCY

We're too young to talk about this stuff!

JOHN

Oh my god, Lucy we're not that young!

LUCY

(feebley)

We're babies.

JOHN

I just don't think it's a good idea for me to be with someone who can't commit to even the idea of a possible future. So, I just gotta ask you. I gotta. When you think about your life. Like, the rest of your life. Am I in it?

Off Lucy, heart breaking.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - LATE THAT NIGHT

Lucy, puffy-eyed and holding a suitcase and a cat carrier, makes her way through the station.

INT. METRO-NORTH TRAIN - NIGHT

The 11 o'clock train from Grand Central, aka the drunk train. Young, wasted revelers surround her, talking loudly, holding beers in brown paper bags.

Lucy slumps in her seat and looks at a **text** from John:

"We'll talk after the weekend to figure out apartment stuff."

She scrolls up in their conversation to previous texts.

"Don't forget the litter!" and "How was the meeting??" and "I love you!"

Lucy's eyes well up.

EXT. NORWALK, CONNECTICUT TRAIN STATION - LATER

Lucy waits on the curb with her suitcases. A flashy car pulls up beside her, and her dad, PETER (60s, handsome, silver fox type) hops out. He quickly helps her load her stuff in the trunk, then hugs her.

PETER

What happened?

She shakes her head, not ready to talk about it.

INT. PETER'S CONDO - MORNING

Lucy's stirs awake on her dad's couch, Linney curled at her feet. There's the sound of voices nearby in the dining room.

NATASHA

(off-camera)

It just gives me bad vibes. Like they're preying on the elderly.

PETER

(off-camera)

Have they already paid?

NATASHA

(off-camera)

Non-refundable down payment.

Lucy stretches. Gets up. Looks bedraggled.

PETER

We should try calling the company and say they didn't know what they were signing up for. Get them to refund us.

INT. PETER'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Lucy pads into the kitchen, where Peter is sitting with NATASHA, his younger sister (50s).

NATASHA

The problem is, Dad doesn't want a refund, Dad wants to go.  
(seeing Lucy enter)  
Hey, sweetie!

LUCY

Hi, Aunt Natasha.

She kisses her on the cheek.

NATASHA

I didn't know you guys were visiting!

LUCY

Just me.

PETER

She came for some quality time with her old dad.

Lucy shoots Peter a grateful look and grabs a mug.

NATASHA

Get this, Luce. Your grandparents have signed up for a cruise. To the Caribbean.

LUCY

No way. Grandma and Grandpa???

NATASHA

I don't even know how they're planning on getting to Florida, they haven't been on a plane in years!

LUCY

I really can't imagine Grandma and Grandpa on a cruise. Or in Florida. Or anywhere outside of like. Their house.

NATASHA

(to Peter)

You gotta talk to them.

PETER

Me?? Why me??

NATASHA

Because I tried! And you never do anything with them!!

PETER

Not true! I taught them how to  
Facetime last month, that was four  
hours of my life I'm never getting  
back.

Natasha shoots him a look.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Ok. Ok. I'll try.

He looks to Lucy.

PETER (CONT'D)  
We'll stop by this afternoon. You  
haven't seen them in forever!  
They'll be thrilled.

Lucy, mouth full of bagel, raises her eyebrows.

EXT. STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT - HOUSE

Peter and Lucy pull up outside the Grandparent's house, a  
classic Colonial where they've lived for fifty years.

INT. PETER'S CAR

Peter turns off the engine and eyes the house, warily.

PETER

Ok. In and then out. Say you have a  
train back to the city to catch,  
and that we CAN'T STAY.

LUCY

Why??

PETER

You can feel the years tick by in  
that house. Just say we're on a  
time crunch.

LUCY

I'm not gonna lie to Grandma and  
Grandpa!

Peter takes out his phone.

PETER

I'm setting a timer.

Lucy rolls her eyes, opens her car door.

EXT. THE FRONT WALK

Peter and Lucy make their way to the front door. The walkway isn't shoveled, so they're shin-deep in snow.

PETER

Oh -- wait. Grandma's gonna offer you cookies. Do NOT. Take the cookies.

LUCY

(stomping her feet to keep warm)

Why.

PETER

They're from a box I got her in, I am not joking, 2011. Seriously. Don't eat them.

Before Lucy can fully react, the front door to the house flings open. There's ALLEN, a big smile across his face.

ALLEN

Well, it must be my lucky day!

Lucy runs up and gives him a hug.

LUCY

Hi, Grandpa!

ALLEN

Hey there! Say, where's that boyfriend of yours? Charlie!

LUCY

Grandpa, Charlie and I broke up. Years ago. You're thinking of John.

ALLEN

That's who I meant! Where's John?

LUCY

We also broke up.

She moves past him, and up to the walk to greet Phyllis.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Hi, Grandma!

INT. PHYLLIS AND ALLEN'S LIVING ROOM

It's very neat. Very organized. Tons of pictures -- including school pics of a younger Lucy. But you get the impression that not much has changed in the past twenty years.....like the room just. Stopped. There's a printed list of TV Channels next to the remote control, which itself is wrapped in plastic. There is a handwritten note next to the Thermostat with instructions. A CD player with a neatly organized stack of CDs next to it.

Allen is showing Peter and Lucy a glossy brochure.

ALLEN

It stops at three ports of call:  
St. Lucia, St. Maarten, and then a  
private island that the cruise  
company owns -- no other tourists!  
Just for passengers!

PETER

Uh-huh.

LUCY

Cool.

ALLEN

I got the stateroom with a private  
balcony. There's a discount if you  
use your Diners Club card.

Lucy glances at Phyllis, sitting placidly on the couch.

LUCY

How do you feel about this,  
Grandma? You wanna go on a cruise?

PHYLLIS

Sounds fun.

ALLEN

Oh yeah, she's excited, she  
can't wait. It's going to be  
swell, isn't it, honey?

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)

Yes.

Allen and Phyllis smile benignly. Peter clears his throat.

PETER

Yeah. Yeah, Dad, I dunno. I'm not  
sure this is a good idea for you  
guys right now.

ALLEN

Why not?

PETER

A boat, a ship like that, it's very isolated. Natasha and I wouldn't be able to get to you if something happened -

ALLEN

There are hundreds of people on a cruise!

PETER

But what if you get sick?

ALLEN

If we get sick, I don't know what you'd expect to be doing, you're a Linguistics Professor.

PETER

I just think we all feel better knowing you're a ten minute drive from us.

ALLEN

And I know I'd feel better if I was dipping my feet in the pool with a Mai-Tai.

PETER

But dragging mom with you --

ALLEN

I'm not dragging her!

PETER

And you can barely walk.

ALLEN

Well how much walking am I gonna be doing on a god damn boat?

PHYLLIS

Would anyone like a snack?

PETER

No, mom, it's ok, we ate --

But Phyllis ignores him, and shuffles out of the room. Peter turns to Allen.

PETER (CONT'D)

Dad, I just don't think it's a good idea. I don't think you should go.

ALLEN

The weather's too cold. We're in the house all day. Phyllis's eyesight is going, she can't read books anymore. So we just sit! All day long. And I don't wanna sit anymore! I want sunshine! And blue water! I wanna see something new. We're still kicking, you know! The fun's not over yet, I mean, come on! We can still do stuff!

LUCY

Yeah, but, a *cruise* grandpa. Kind of a nightmare.

ALLEN

Why? You ever been on one?

LUCY

No, but I've read David Foster Wallace.

ALLEN

I don't know who that is, but he doesn't know what he's talking about.

LUCY

I'm just saying, it wouldn't be my idea of a fun vacation.

PETER

Wait. That's not a bad idea. What if Lucy went with you?

Lucy's eyes widen.

LUCY

What? No.

ALLEN

(scoffing)

Come on.

PETER

Think about it! She could go with you guys and sort of...

ALLEN

Babysit?

PETER

Supervise!

LUCY ALLEN  
No. No.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
You can't just invite another  
person on someone else's vacation!

LUCY  
I also just can't go. I have work.

ALLEN  
Work? I thought you drew cartoons.

LUCY  
Graphic memoirs, and it *is* work.

ALLEN  
Anyway she doesn't have a ticket!

PETER  
I'll get her a ticket! And you can work on the ship! It would be nice for you two to spend time together.

ALLEN  
The kid doesn't want to go, Peter!  
And we don't need help, we can do  
this. I regret even telling you  
about it.

Peter thinks for a moment. Grabs Lucy's tote bag.

LUCY  
Hey, what are you --

PETER  
Stand up, Dad. Put this carry-on in  
the overhead bin. Do it, show me.

Allen rolls his eyes, and hoists himself up. He takes Lucy's tote. Starts to lift it over his head, but his shoulder won't let his arm extend up.

ALLEN  
Well I won't need to put anything  
up there, I'll check my bag.

PETER  
Uh-huh. How about you check-in for  
your flight, or look up whether  
it's on time.

PETER (CONT'D)

And can you bend down and take off your shoes and take off your belt and go through the security line and make sure Mom's ok, too? It's not you, Dad, it's airports! It's travel these days. It's a nightmare! It's so much worse than it ever was. If you really want to go on this trip, then you're gonna have to accept a little help. Ok?

Allen frowns. Peter's iPHONE alarm goes off. Lucy death glares him, as Phyllis walks back in with a tray.

PHYLLIS

Cookies?

INT. PETER'S CAR - LATER

It's sleeting now -- a disgusting "wintry" mix. Peter is driving carefully, the windshield wipers on.

LUCY

It's a *bad* idea. I'm not a responsible person! I can't be trusted with the Grands! I'd break them.

PETER

You wouldn't break them.

LUCY

And I don't know what we'd *talk* about all that time. Our conversations really took a hit once I graduated and they stopped being able to ask me about school. Now we've got nothing.

PETER

Then maybe this is a good opportunity to get to know them a little better! They won't be around forever.

Lucy shoots Peter a look.

LUCY

Pretty rich coming from you, Mr. "I'm setting a timer."

PETER

Listen. You don't have to. It was just an idea. But I know you're figuring stuff out right now. And you're welcome to do that on my couch. But maybe. A free cruise wouldn't be the worst thing.

Lucy slumps down in her seat, staring out at the sleet.

INT. PETER'S CONDO - LATER

Peter and Lucy shivers as they come in the door.

PETER

I have a dinner meeting tonight. There are some frozen burritos in the freezer, help yourself...

As he exits, Lucy slinks down on the couch. Pulls a sketch book out of her bag, and turns to a blank page. Linney meows, woefully.

LUCY

I know, Linney. Me too.

She tap-tap-taps her pencil on the blank page. Looks around at the grey room.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Fuck. I'm going on a cruise.

INT. THE KITCHEN TABLE AT PETER'S HOUSE - A FEW WEEKS LATER

Lucy sits with Aunt Natasha. In front of them are about four or five different prescription bottles, which Natasha is deftly separating into one of those compartmentalized "Day of the Week" pill boxes.

AUNT NATASHA

Pink is for blood pressure, once before bed and once in the morning, every day. This is the glaucoma pill - once a day with a meal, so just remind him at breakfast. And this one is every night, right before bed, right along with the blood pressure. Make sure he takes it, he's likely to forget. What I do is I just check the compartment first thing. This is just a multi-vitamin.

Lucy looks at the array of pills spread out in front of her.

AUNT NATASHA (CONT'D)  
Ok? You go that?

LUCY  
Uhm, I guess so?

AUNT NATASHA  
Great. So that's Grandpa.

She pushes away the medication on the table and sets down a new pill box, a new collection of bottles.

AUNT NATASHA (CONT'D)  
Now Grandma.

Lucy's eyes boggle.

INT. PETER'S CONDO - KITCHEN

Peter is handing Lucy sheet after sheet of printed paper.

PETER  
This is the Cruise Itinerary, here  
are the embarkation papers for you,  
Grandma, and Grandpa.

Lucy looks at one of the sheets of paper he's just given her.  
It just says "<http://www.sunsetcruises.com>" on it.

LUCY  
Do I really need this piece of  
paper with just the Cruise Website  
printed on it?

PETER  
...maybe?

INT. GRANDMA AND GRANDPA'S ENTRYWAY - DAY

Allen and Phyllis stand eagerly in the entryway, suitcases packed, ready to go.

AUNT NATASHA  
You're sure you don't have any  
liquids?

They shake their heads.

ALLEN  
Nope.

AUNT NATASHA  
Toiletries, water bottles...?

They shake their heads again.

ALLEN  
Nope.

PHYLLIS  
No, nothing like that.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ENTRY WAY - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

The contents of the suitcases are everywhere as Natasha and Lucy rummage through, pulling out more and more liquids.

AUNT NATASHA  
Dad, you've got a full tube of  
tooth paste right here.

ALLEN  
Yeah, what's wrong with that? It's  
a paste!

LUCY  
You can't bring it on.

ALLEN  
But it's not a liquid! It's a  
PASTE!

Lucy tosses it over to the PILE OF CONFISCATED LIQUIDS that includes a can of Diet-Rite Cream Soda, a full-sized Hairspray, and a bottle of dish detergent.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM - SAME

Lucy is holding three umbrellas out to Phyllis.

LUCY  
I don't think it rains enough in  
the Caribbean for *three*, so: which  
is your favorite umbrella?

PHYLLIS  
(wringing her hands)  
Oh dear...

Phyllis, wrenched, looks at the umbrellas and thinks.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Lucy is zipping up the newly re-packed suitcases.

LUCY  
Ok! Ready!

Allen glances at her athleisure outfit.

ALLEN  
What do you mean ready? Aren't you  
going to get dressed?

LUCY  
What? I am dressed!

ALLEN  
That's what you're wearing to fly?

She looks over at him, noticing for the first time his pressed khakis, button-up shirt, and tie.

LUCY  
...I want to be comfortable.

ALLEN  
It looks like pajamas.

Before Lucy can respond, Aunt Natasha and Peter enter, with Phyllis in-tow.

AUNT NATASHA  
Ok, you guys ready?

PETER  
You got everything?

ALLEN  
Guess so.

LUCY

Sure.

PHYLLIS  
I don't know where we're going.

AUNT NATASHA  
A cruise, mom.

ALLEN  
The Caribbean!

PHYLLIS  
What?

ALLEN  
(louder)  
The Caribbean!

PHYLLIS  
Oh.

INT. JFK DEPARTURES TERMINAL - LATER

Lucy, Allen and Phyllis stand clumped together with their carry-ons in the middle of the busy departures terminal.

PETER  
Have a great time, Dad.

ALLEN  
We'll send you a postcard.

PETER  
Sounds good. Bye mom.

PHYLLIS  
Oh.

He hugs her, and turns to Lucy.

PETER  
You got this, sport?

LUCY  
I mean?

PETER  
You got this. Fun in the sun!

Lucy nods. Picks up the two carry-ons for her grands, and straps on her own backpack. She looks at them, cheerily.

LUCY  
Okay! Florida, here we come!

She beams at Allen and Phyllis, turns around, and strides two steps over to....a massive security line.

Cool. Cool cool cool.

INT. JFK SECURITY CHECK

Lucy, Allen and Phyllis shuffle along the line as a TSA Agent barks commands. It feels like Ellis Island.

TSA AGENT  
Laptops out of your bags and in  
separate containers. Shoes off,  
belts off, everything out of your  
pockets.

Lucy and The Grands approach the belt.

TSA AGENT (CONT'D)  
Any liquids?

LUCY  
Nope.

ALLEN  
No pastes either.

TSA AGENT  
Belts need to come off.

Allen starts to slowly, slowly take off his belt.

TSA AGENT (CONT'D)  
Watches, jewelry needs to come off.

LUCY  
Lemme see your wrist, Grandma.

Phyllis confusedly lifts her wrist. Lucy begins to take off  
Grandma's watch.

PHYLLIS  
What are you doing?

LUCY  
Just taking it off for security,  
you're gonna get it right back.

ALLEN  
Do I need to take my sweater off?

Lucy glances at the impatient line behind her.

LUCY  
You can go ahead of us!

A HIPSTER with ear buds pushes past Lucy and starts putting  
his stuff on the belt. Two people behind him do the same.

Lucy glances up and sees Allen go through the body scanner.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Ok, come on, Grandma.

Lucy ushers Phyllis towards the body scanner. She tries to peer around the three people ahead of her to see ALLEN being led away by two TSA agents for additional screening.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Wait, shit --

TSA WOMAN  
(to Phyllis)  
Ma'am, please step forward.

Lucy watches Phyllis shuffle into the metal detector.

TSA WOMAN (CONT'D)  
(to Phyllis)  
Put your feet on the shoes and your arms above your head.

PHYLLIS  
What?

A THIRD TSA AGENT approaches Lucy.

THIRD TSA AGENT  
Miss, your shoes?

Lucy quickly kicks off her shoes, runs and gets a bin, places her shoes in the bin, and races back to where Phyllis is exiting the body scanner. Lucy gets in line.

LUCY  
(to the person in front of her)  
Sorry, that's my Grandma, do you mind if I cut ahead of you?

The person in front of her obliges. Lucy enters the body scanner, craning her neck for any sign of the Grands.

TSA AGENT  
Look straight ahead, please.

LUCY  
Yeah, sorry, just trying to see where my Grandparents went --

She stares ahead, anxiously, as the machine scans her.

TSA AGENT  
Wait here, please.

Lucy nervously taps her fingers. Come on come on come on.

TSA AGENT (CONT'D)  
You can go.

Lucy races over to Phyllis, who is looking around, befuddled.

LUCY  
It's ok, Grandma, I'm right here.

PHYLLIS  
Where's Allen?

LUCY  
Good question.

STRICT TSA LADY  
(holding Phyllis' purse)  
WHOSE BAG IS THIS?

LUCY  
(exasperated)  
It's my Grandma's --

STRICT TSA LADY  
Do not leave your items unattended  
or we WILL destroy them.

LUCY  
...will do. I'm looking for my  
Grandpa, he was right here. He's  
90, green cardigan?

The TSA Agent points. Lucy looks where he's pointing: TSA SECURITY EXAMINATION ROOM.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
What???

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - JFK

Lucy, a frightened Phyllis, and a sheepish Allen are sitting at a table. Allen's CARRY-ON is on the table. Across from them, a HEAD OF TSA holds a WOODEN-HANDED KNIFE.

LUCY  
A KNIFE?

ALLEN  
It's a little pocketknife. I always  
carry it with me. I use it to cut  
fruit!

LUCY

Grandpa you can't carry knives on  
planes anymore!

ALLEN

I know that. I just forgot I had  
it! It was in my pocket -- I just  
didn't think.

Phyllis dabs her eyes with her handkerchief.

PHYLLIS

Are we being arrested??

LUCY

No.

She glances at the TSA Agent, who is looking stern.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Sir, my Grandpa doesn't travel very  
much anymore, but I promise, this  
was an honest mistake.

She takes out their printed Cruise itinerary.

LUCY (CONT'D)

We're on our way to a cruise! He's  
93, he's not a --  
(she lowers her voice)  
Terrorist.

TSA AGENT

I understand. But you'll have to  
leave the knife here.

LUCY

Of course. Thank you.

ALLEN

No!

Lucy looks at Allen, dismayed.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

A very dear friend gave me this  
knife! I've had it for 60 years! I  
always keep it with me.

LUCY

Well -- we can check it into our  
luggage.

(she glances at the TSA  
Agent)

Can't we?

TSA AGENT  
You've already checked your  
luggage.

LUCY  
Yeah but can't we just get it back?

TSA AGENT  
If you want to rebook for a  
different flight.

LUCY  
We can't, we'd miss our cruise.

The TSA Agent shrugs.

TSA AGENT  
Your options are to leave the  
knife, or forgo the flight.

Lucy sits back, defeated. She looks at Allen.

LUCY  
It's your call, Grandpa.

Allen looks at the knife, torn.

INT. A PLANE

Lucy, Phyllis, and Allen are seated on the plane. All three looking a little shell-shocked.

LUCY  
I'm sorry about your knife,  
Grandpa.

Allen nods, gives Phyllis a little pat on the hand, and stares out the window.

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM - MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

Lucy, ear pressed to her cellphone, is keeping one eye on the baggage carousel and one eye on Phyllis and Allen, who are standing with the carry-ons.

LUCY  
(on her phone)  
Hey Dad, just wanted to let you  
know we landed. Not gonna lie, I've  
had smoother travel experiences!

She sees one of their suitcases on the baggage carousel and hurries over to get it.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Uhm, I gotta go but I'll call you  
when we get to the ship. Love you.

She hangs up and heaves the suitcase off the carousel, stoping to catch her breath for a moment. She looks back over to her Grandparents -- and gasps.

A dark stain has formed on the front of Allen's khakis. Allen seems oblivious.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
(under her breath)  
Oh shit.

Lucy hurriedly lugs the suitcase back over to them.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Grandpa...?

Allen looks over at her.

ALLEN  
Yeah?

She hesitates.

LUCY  
Uhm. You good?

ALLEN  
Yep.

LUCY  
There's a bathroom over there if  
anyone needs one.

ALLEN  
I'm ok.

He and Phyllis continue to survey the baggage carousel. Lucy hesitates, then tries one more time...

LUCY  
...are you sure you don't wanna  
maybe freshen up?

ALLEN  
I'm fine. PHYLIS  
No thank you.

Lucy's at a loss.

LUCY  
Ok...

They stand silently for a beat, each looking ahead, Allen's face placid, Lucy's face panicked.

ALLEN  
(pointing to the baggage  
carousel)  
There's one.

Lucy nods, hurries over, and is heaving the suitcase down when A MAN ON HIS CELLPHONE taps her on the shoulder.

MAN WITH CELLPHONE  
Excuse me? Your Grandpa's pissed  
himself.

LUCY  
Thank you. Yes. Thank you.

EXT. MIAMI CRUISE TERMINAL - HOURS LATER

Lucy, Phyllis, and Allen -- all a little worse from the wear -- emerge from a shuttle bus, blinking in the bright Florida sunshine. Allen is wearing the same pants as earlier, though mercifully the stain has dried.

Their ship, the *SUNSET ESCAPE*, looms over them -- bigger than any of the surrounding buildings, strewn with festive bunting and string lights, with a water slide on the top deck, and what seems like hundreds and hundreds of balconies.

Lucy and Allen gape up at it.

ALLEN  
Would you look at that.

Lucy realizes Phyllis is no longer standing beside them.

LUCY  
Where's Grandma??

She looks around wildly and spots Phyllis walking way ahead of them with another group, completely oblivious.

With considerable effort, given the various carry-ons strapped to her person, Lucy races towards her.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Grandma!

Finally, Lucy catches up to her.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 Grandma! Where are you going?

Phyllis looks at her, blankly.

PHYLLIS  
 Oh. Home.

LUCY  
 We're not going home yet, Grandma,  
 we're going on vacation!

Lucy gently guides her back towards Allen.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 A stressful, stressful vacation.

INT. THE CRUISE TERMINAL - CHECK IN

Lucy, Allen and Phyllis stand in a huge, snaking line of people -- families with kids, couples holding hands, boisterous teenagers and retirees. Literally everyone is in a tank top. Lots of excited chattering.

Finally, it's their turn at the Check-In counter. A lady whose name-tag says "Ilene - MYANMAR" smiles at them.

LUCY  
 I'm checking in Allen and Phyllis  
 Knisley. And Lucy Knisley.

ILENE FROM MYANMAR  
 Passports, please?

Lucy slides over three passports.

ILENE FROM MYANMAR (CONT'D)  
 First time cruisers?

LUCY Yep.	ALLEN Unless you count the USS Ericsson.
--------------	--

He points to his VETERAN OF THE USS JOHN ERICSSON 9TH BATTALION hat. Ilene smiles and takes out a CROSS-SECTION MAP of the ship. She points.

ILENE FROM MYANMAR  
 Mr. and Mrs. Knisley are in a  
 balcony stateroom on Deck 15.

She points to another spot, very far away.

ILENE FROM MYANMAR (CONT'D)  
And you're gonna be in an Interior  
on Deck 7.

LUCY

ILENE FROM MYANMAR  
Look this way, please?

Lucy looks up, to see Ilene is holding a CAMERA connected to her computer. She CLICKS.

LUCY  
(was not prepared for  
that)

Ilene turns to Allen.

ILENE FROM MYANMAR  
Sir, can I get you to look this way?

ALLEN  
(gamely)  
O-kay!

He smiles. Ilene CLICKS, and turns to Phyllis.

ILENE FROM MYANMAR  
Now you, ma'am.

LUCY  
She's gonna take your picture,  
Grandma.

PHYLLIS  
Who is?

Phyllis looks unsmilingly at Ilene, who CLICKS.

ILENE FROM MYANMAR (CONT'D)  
Here are your Key Cards. You'll use these to get into your room and pay for any incidentals onboard.

LUCY

Ilene smiles, and hands over the key cards.

ILENE FROM MYANMAR  
Welcome aboard the Sunset Escape.

INT. THE ELEVATOR - ABOARD THE SHIP

Lucy, Phyllis, and Allen enter the elevator. Lucy hits Floor 15. She glances at Allen's pants.

LUCY  
As soon as we get to our rooms we  
can all get changed!

A second later, two TWEEN GIRLS in bathing suits and flip-flops enter and hit 11.

The elevator door closes. After a moment:

TWEEN GIRL  
(whispered, but perfectly  
audible)  
What's that smell?

Her friend wrinkles her nose. Then, realizing: the two subtly (but actually not at all subtly) turn and glance behind them at Lucy, Phyllis, and Allen, who all stare blankly ahead.

EXT. SHIP HALLWAY - DECK 15

Allen and Phyllis watch as Lucy enters the key card. After a few attempts, the door opens, and they walk in to...

INT. ALLEN AND PHYLLIS'S STATEROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's a good sized room, with a Queen Bed and a couch.

ALLEN  
So this is home sweet home!

PHYLLIS  
Is this the hotel?

LUCY	ALLEN
Yep.	It's not a hotel, it's a ship!

Lucy makes her way to the other end of the room, unlatches the French Door, and walks out onto the...

EXT. PRIVATE BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

A nice private balcony, with chairs, a little table, and a view of the Miami harbor. Allen joins her on the balcony.

ALLEN

Well I'd say this sure beats the weather in Connecticut.

He tilts back his head, lets the sun wash over his face. Lucy sits in one of the deck chairs.

LUCY

Okay, first order of business:  
let's change out of our gross  
travel clothes! Then we can all  
take a na --

She's interrupted by an announcement on the loudspeaker.

LOUDSPEAKER

All Passengers, please make your way to your muster station for the mandatory safety demonstration.  
Again, please make your way to the mandatory safety demonstration.

Lucy sighs.

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - HALF AN HOUR LATER

Lucy, Phyllis, and Allen are standing on the very crowded ship deck. They're each wearing a Life Jacket.

They dutifully watch a CREW MEMBER who is demonstrating the safety features of the life jacket.

CREW MEMBER

If you're traveling with small children, please make sure to secure your own lifejacket before helping them with theirs.

Lucy glances nervously at her Grandparents.

CRUISE DIRECTOR

(over the loudspeaker)

And that concludes our safety demonstration. You are now OFFICIALLY on VACATION! If you're ready to have fun, make some NOISE!

The gathered crowded, still in their life jackets, dutifully makes some noise.

CREW MEMBER  
I said, MAKE SOME NOISE!

The crowd goes berserk. Phyllis frowns and covers her ears.

INT. GRAND STAIRCASE

The safety demonstration now over, the hundreds of passengers are moving up the staircase back to their decks. Lucy is holding Phyllis by the arm and helping her slowly up the stairs as passengers push past them. She looks behind her towards Allen, but doesn't see him.

LUCY  
(to Phyllis)  
Hold on, let's wait for Grandpa.

They pause and look worriedly into the crowd behind them -- after a moment, Allen emerges, panting a bit. He looks up at them, smiles, and gives a thumbs-up.

INT. ALLEN AND PHYLLIS'S STATEROOM - LATER

Lucy, alone in the room, is on her cell, speaking quietly.

LUCY  
He's refusing to change his pants  
and I don't know what I'm supposed  
to do! I don't want to like,  
embarrass him.

AUNT NATASHA OFF-CAMERA  
I don't know, that's never happened  
before. Maybe just tell him  
everyone's changing for dinner?  
There must be somewhere to do  
laundry on the ship.

The ship SOUNDS ITS HORN.

LUCY  
Oh god. I think we're leaving now.  
I gotta go.

AUNT NATASHA OFF-CAMERA  
Ok. Call me later and we'll figure  
out a plan. DON'T PANIC.

LUCY  
Ok I'll call you back when I can.

Lucy nods, hangs-up the phone, and walks out onto...

EXT. ALLEN AND PHYLLIS'S BALCONY

Allen glances at Lucy as she joins him and Phyllis at the railing, watching the boat slowly pull away from the dock.

ALLEN  
Last chance.

LUCY  
Hmm?

ALLEN  
If you jump now, you can still swim  
to shore and make it back to New  
York by tonight.

He winks at her. She smiles.

LUCY  
I'm not that good of a swimmer.

Allen laughs. They watch the dock receding behind them. Lucy clears her throat.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
So, Grandpa. Dinner's soon.

ALLEN  
Yep.

LUCY  
So we should probably like. Freshen  
up and change before that!

ALLEN  
I'm ready to go.

LUCY  
But we've been traveling all day!  
Don't you wanna change clothes?

ALLEN  
Nah, I'm ok.

LUCY

I know I'm really looking forward  
to getting out of these travel  
clothes. ... Are you sure you don't  
want to change?

ALLEN

Yeap!

LUCY

....ok.

She looks out at the receding shoreline, defeated.

PHYLLIS

It almost looks like we're moving.

ALLEN

We are, Phyllis. We are.

He pats her hand.

INT. SHIP'S ATRIUM - THAT EVENING

Lucy, holding onto Phyllis's arm with Allen following behind them, leads them into the main atrium of the ship.

LUCY

Oh, wow.

There's a buzzy, excited, "first day on vacation" vibe. Hyper children run past them, groups of adults laugh too-loudly with their drinks, and a live-band, led by a female SINGER with a thick Russian accent is playing a jazzy Michael Jackson cover. It's sensory overload.

A PHOTOGRAPHER in a suit approaches them.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Good evening, folks, can I take  
your picture tonight?

Lucy glances over to where families and couples are getting their photos taken in front of a series of fake backdrops.

ALLEN

Sure.

LUCY

No, thank you.

She quickly pulls Allen away, towards the entrance to the Main Dining Room.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 It's a rip-off, they take your  
 picture and then charge you for it.  
 It's like, hello? We all have  
 camera phones. This way!

INT. MAIN DINING ROOM - EVENING

A real throw-back of a room, with hundreds of white-clothed tables glittering with crystal and china, and Tuxedoed waiters buzzing around. Lucy takes in the room, impressed.

ALLEN  
 Wow. Is this nice, or what?

With a glance down at the seating card in her hand, Lucy and the Grands head to TABLE 47.

When they arrive, a man in a huge, cartoonish Mad Hatter hat rises to greet them. This is FRANK, 70s, ebullient.

FRANK  
 You must be the final three!

He shakes hands with Allen.

ALLEN  
 We must be! I'm Allen, this is my  
 Phyllis, and my Granddaughter Lucy.

FRANK  
 I'm Frank. Let me introduce you  
 around, it'll be a test to see if I  
 can remember names --

Frank gestures to two WOMEN in their 70s.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 This is Sandy and Judy, they're  
 both retired.....teachers --

SANDY  
 Nurses.

FRANK  
 Nurses, that's right, I knew it was  
 something admirable.

JUDY  
 It's nice to meet you.

FRANK  
 And over here we have Dave.

He gestures towards...DAVE. Dave is the reason some people are freaked out by seniors...Not to put too fine a point on it, but he *looks* like decay. And not friendly. Dave gives an almost imperceptible nod.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Everybody, this is Allen and Phyllis, and their daughter....

ALLEN  
Granddaughter.

LUCY  
Lucy.

FRANK  
LUCY. LucyLucyLucy. I'll remember it. Allen and Phyllis, why don't you two take these two seats right here, and Lucy sweetheart, you can take that one there...

He gestures to a seat next to Dave. Lucy blanches a bit, but walks over, sits next to him.

LUCY  
Hello!

Dave looks at her, gives a little nod, and takes a big swig from his glass of milk.

INT. MAIN DINING ROOM - LATER

The table is crowded with empty plates, but the group is still tucking away. Every now and then, a waiter in all white will come by and whisk some plates away.

FRANK  
And twenty more cruises, you get Gold Level, which has a whole new set of perks. I get a luxury stateroom, champagne with the captain on the ship's bridge, first choice of dinner seating, champagne sunset sail on a catamaran with the captain,

ALLEN  
Wait a minute, I'm starting to think there's something going on with you and the captain!

The group chuckles.

FRANK

And let me tell you, Allen, he's no  
cheap date!

(he laughs, heartily)

But no, I tell you. I love it here!  
I love it. The staff is so nice.  
The views can't be beat. Why would  
you ever wanna go home?

Sandy turns to Lucy.

SANDY

What about you Lucy? Have you been  
on a cruise before?

LUCY

No! God no. I'm usually more of an  
off-the-beaten-track type of  
traveler. But. I'm happy to help  
The Grands.

JUDY

Very sweet.

SANDY

You must be very close.

Lucy smiles politely, and glances at the other end of the table, where Allen is talking to Frank, and Phyllis is taking delicate sips from her flute of champagne.

EXT. THE LOWER DECK -- SUNSET

The sun is setting, and the sky is a pretty pale pink. The deck is crowded with families in coordinated outfits taking photos, and couples walking around with drinks.

Lucy stands out in her casual attire and stressed demeanor. She peers down at her cellphone -- no service. She holds her phone out in front of her and waves it around a bit. Nope.

INT. GUEST SERVICES DESK - 5 MINUTES LATER

Lucy is waiting for the concierge to finish helping an IRATE WOMAN. The back of her pink t-shirt, which Lucy stares at, says "Good Vibes Only."

Finally, the woman huffily walks away, and Lucy approaches woman at the desk, whose name tag reads "CARA, Jamaica."

GUEST SERVICES

How can I help you?

LUCY

Hi, I'm just trying to figure out  
the wifi code?

GUEST SERVICES

Certainly, I can assist you with  
that. Did you purchase a wifi  
package pre-embarkation?

LUCY

Nnnnoooo...

GUEST SERVICES

Okay, we have three different wifi  
packages available, starting at  
\$200 for 300 minutes that you can  
use anywhere on the ship.

LUCY

\$200 dollars for...five hours of  
internet.

GUEST SERVICES

Which you can access anywhere on  
the ship.

Lucy nods.

GUEST SERVICES (CONT'D)

Would you like me to charge that  
directly to your account?

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - MINUTES LATER

Lucy is sitting on a deck chair, rocking back and forth,  
having a private panic attack.

VOICE

Miss? Are you ok?

Lucy looks up to see MARCO, Filipino-American, early 20s.  
Hunky. He's wearing a name tag over a polo-shirt that says  
"TEEN ZONE."

He leans down, concerned.

MARCO

Are you feeling sick?

She shakes her head.

LUCY

I'm ok. Thank you.

MARCO  
Do you feel like you might throw up?

LUCY  
Yes, but it's unrelated.

She's joking, but Marco blanches.

MARCO  
We just had a Norovirus outbreak on the last crossing, so if you think you're feeling ANY thing, please let me accompany you to the infirmary...

LUCY  
(pulling herself together)  
No, oh my god. No. Sorry. I'm not sick. I just had. A really long day and was panicking a little. But I'm fine!

Marco relaxes.

MARCO  
Ok, good. I mean, not good that you're panicking -- travel can be really exhausting! It's pretty common to feel overwhelmed.

Lucy laughs.

LUCY  
Oh. No. I'm actually *really* used to traveling. I backpacked through Europe for a year. I am not caught off-guard by taking a shuttle bus to a ship.

MARCO  
Oh. Ok, cool, then.

LUCY  
I'm *panicking* because I happen to be on this cruise with my grandparents, and they need a lot more help than I realized and they rely on me completely and I don't know what the fuck I'm doing in the middle of an ocean with them.

MARCO  
Well. I'm sure you can handle it!

LUCY

My Grandfather pissed himself today. He's been walking around with pee-stained pants all day.

MARCO

Jesus.

LUCY

I'm not even sure my Grandmother knows we're on a ship. They don't gamble, they can't walk fast, they're not gonna snorkel. What the hell am I gonna do with them for a week?

Marco nods, and sits on the deck chair opposite.

MARCO

Well. If you think they'd like video games and unlimited pizza, you're welcome to bring them by the Teen Zone. Does your Grandpa play Fortnite?

Lucy laughs.

LUCY

No, but my Grandma does. Spends all her money on skins, too. We're like, *Grandma!*

MARCO

Grandma! It doesn't affect gameplay!

Lucy laughs again.

MARCO (CONT'D)

So thing about teens -- and I know your situation is different, but. One thing about teens is that you just gotta be the adult in the room. Even when you really don't feel like it because like, some of the kids I have in there are only two or three years younger than I am, and we have all the same interests so when we're talking it doesn't feel like I'm the adult in the room. But I *am*.

(MORE)

MARCO (CONT'D)  
 I'm the one who has to say "Hey,  
 we're doing this." Or more  
 frequently, "Hey, we are NOT doing  
 this." And even if I feel fake  
 saying it, it like, works. You just  
 gotta speak with authority.

Lucy nods.

LUCY  
 That makes sense.

MARCO  
 A week with your grandparents. That  
 is like. A lot of responsibility  
 for someone our age.

LUCY  
 Yeah, tell me about it. Wait. How  
 old do you think I am?

MARCO  
 Uhm, I dunno, I'm bad at ages...22?

She nods.

LUCY  
 Good guess.

She sighs and stands up. He does the same.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 Well, thanks for your help...

He points to his name-tag.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 Marco. Lucy. Thanks for your help.

MARCO  
 Yeah. My pleasure. Good luck.

EXT. THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE ALLEN AND PHYLLIS' ROOM

Lucy enters the key card, and opens the door to find --

INT. ALLEN AND PHYLLIS'S STATEROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chaos! Clothes are everywhere on the floor. Allen is on his hands and knees, rummaging through his suitcase. Phyllis is crying in a corner.

LUCY

Oh my god, what happened???

ALLEN

I can't find my eyedrops anywhere.

LUCY

Your eyedrops?

She looks around at items strewn everywhere.

ALLEN

I've looked everywhere.

LUCY

I know you packed them. They've got to be here.

ALLEN

All I remember is you telling me to take them out.

LUCY

You packed *three* bottles! I said to take *two* out.

In the corner, Phyllis lets out a sob.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Grandma, why are you crying?

PHYLLIS

(through her tears)

You and Allen think I STOLE something!

LUCY

*What?!*

Phyllis sobs harder.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Oh, *no* Grandma, no one thinks that!

PHYLLIS

(inconsolable)

Yes you do!

ALLEN

I don't think you *stole* anything, Philly. I am just trying to look for my damn eye-drops.

Lucy closes her eyes for a second as Phyllis continues to cry and Allen rummages through his stuff. She takes a deep breath. Then, in a shaky, yet authoritative voice:

LUCY  
Grandma. Sit down and take deep breaths. No one thinks you stole anything.

Phyllis meekly obeys. Lucy turns towards Allen.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Grandpa, I'm going to unpack and organize all your things. The eyedrops are in here somewhere. Then we're all going to get ready for bed because it has been a really long day.

ALLEN  
Fine.

LUCY  
And grandpa...

He looks at her. She takes another breath.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
I'd really like to wash your pants.

GRANDPA  
No no...not necessary.

He tries to wave her away but Lucy remains firm.

LUCY  
I insist.

After a moment.

ALLEN  
Very well.

Allen sighs. Stands up, and starts to unbutton his pants.

LUCY  
Oh! I didn't mean -- you can -- ok.

But Allen has already started shimmying out of his khakis. Lucy turns to face the other way, and giggles to herself.

## INT. SHIP'S LAUNDRY ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The laundry room is, unsurprisingly, the least festive part of the ship. It looks like any other laundry room, anywhere, except you can hear the faint BASS of a DJ playing somewhere.

Lucy is sitting on the floor, her back against the washer. Her phone's still got zero bars. She sighs, opens her Photos folder. Scrolls back, and flips through old photos.

John at a diner, grinning with a plate of pancakes. John and Lucy dressed up for a friend's wedding. John asleep on the couch with the Linney the Cat curled up on him.

The door opens, and the MUSIC gets louder. Lucy looks up. A group of CURIOUS CRUISERS, drinks-in-hand, peer in.

CURIOUS CRUISER  
Oh, it's just the laundry room.

They close the door behind them, the music once again fades.

## INT. LUCY'S STATEROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Lucy enters her room, with her bags and holding Allen's freshly washed pants. The bed takes up the whole space, and there's a painting of water where a porthole should be.

LUCY  
Beautiful.

And without another word, she face-plants onto the bed.

## INT. LUCY'S STATEROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

It's pitch black -- until an iPHONE lights up and an ALARM starts going off. Lucy groggily reaches for it.

## INT. THE GRAND STAIRCASE - SAME

The staircase is bright, and buzzing with people heading down to breakfast, or up to the sun deck.

LOUDSPEAKER V.O.  
Good morning passengers, this is  
your Cruise Director, Alvin.  
Welcome to your first day aboard  
the Sunset Escape!

Lucy, still groggy, heads up the stairs.

INT. DINING ROOM - BREAKFAST BUFFET - SAME

Balancing a tray on her knee, Lucy reaches for muffins.

LOUDSPEAKER V.O.

We're at sea all day today, but we've got plenty of activities to entertain you: Volleyball on the pool deck at 1, a Karaoke Contest in the atrium at 5, and don't forget that tonight is 80s night, so get out that hairspray!

Lucy makes a face as she puts three muffins on her plate.

INT. CORRIDOR - LATER

Lucy makes her way down the corridor with her tray.

LOUDSPEAKER V.O.

Don't forget to check out our full list of activities in the newsletter. Have a great day!

She takes out a key card, opens the door to the stateroom, where a fully-dressed Phyllis is making the bed.

LUCY

Morning! Who wants breakfast??

INT. ALLEN AND PHYLLIS'S DECK - 30 MINUTES LATER

Allen and Phyllis are finishing their coffee/cereal on the deck, as Lucy reads the Daily Newsletter.

LUCY

What do you guys wanna do today?  
There's a Mr. Sexy Legs Competition  
in the H2O zone.

ALLEN

Nah, not after what happened at Mr. Sexy Legs 1959.

LUCY

Napkin Folding class...Free  
Consultation for Hair Loss  
Recovery...

ALLEN

Bit late for that.

LUCY

There's Showtunes in the Skyline  
bar starting at six. You love  
showtunes, Grandma!

PHYLLIS

What do I love?

LUCY

Musicals! Showtunes!

PHYLLIS

Oh, sure. Oklahoma.

ALLEN

Alright, well what are we gonna do  
until then?

LUCY

Are you kidding? This whole place  
is like a floating pleasure palace.  
There's tons to do!

**MONTAGE:**

- Lucy, Allen and Phyllis stand looking very out of place on the pool deck, where a DJ is blasting music and people in bathing suits swan by spilling frozen pina coladas.
- They walk through the Casino area. It's loud and noisy and smoky, despite the early hour. Phyllis starts coughing, violently. Lucy hurriedly escorts her out.
- Looking very out of place, they tour the ship's gym. Allen and Phyllis take in the rows of ellipticals, treadmills.
- They look, unimpressed, at a collection of handbags being sold in one of the ship's stores.
- They gaze at a display that says "MEET YOUR CREW," - four rows of smiling, uniformed faces.

Allen, squinting, points to one of the photos.

ALLEN

What's the Bursar's name? I can't  
read it.

Lucy peers at the label.

LUCY

Jason.

ALLEN

Ah.

**BREAK IN MONTAGE**

INT. OUTSIDE THE CAFETERIA - LATER

The trio approach a HOSTESS outside the cafeteria.

LUCY

Three for lunch, please?

HOSTESS

Sorry, we don't start serving lunch  
til eleven thirty.

LUCY

(confused)

What time is it now?

The hostess looks at her watch.

HOSTESS

It's 9:43.

Lucy's face darkens.

LUCY

What??

Off her look of utter horror and panic...

**CONTINUATION OF MONTAGE:**

- They sit, holding pamphlets, as a WOMAN IN A LABCOAT does a Botox demonstration.

- In the ship's art gallery, they examine a painting of Princess Diana sitting on a rainbow.

LUCY (CONT'D)

What time is it?

Allen looks at his wristwatch.

ALLEN

10:34.

- Back at the "Meet Your Crew display", Allen points to another crew member portrait. Lucy squints at it.

LUCY

Davide.

- They stand on a deck, staring out at the ocean.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
The ocean looks so pretty.

PHYLLIS  
It's almost as if we're moving.  
LUCY ALLEN  
We are. We're on a ship, Phyllis.

**END OF MONTAGE**

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

A busy cafeteria, with wall-to-ceiling windows, outside of which the ocean sparkles as far as the eye can see. Lucy, Allen and Phyllis are finishing their plates.

ALLEN  
So what happened with Charlie?

LUCY  
You mean John.

ALLEN  
I mean Charlie. The last one.

LUCY  
Oh. We just wanted different things.

ALLEN  
What does that mean?

LUCY  
It means exactly what it sounds like. We weren't compatible.

ALLEN  
We liked him, didn't we, Philly?

PHYLLIS  
Who?

ALLEN  
Lucy's boyfriend, Charlie.

PHYLLIS LUCY  
I can't remember. Not my boyfriend.

ALLEN  
Well what happened to --

LUCY  
John.

ALLEN  
Yeah, what happened there?

LUCY  
We were also incompatible.

Phyllis nudges her jello with a spoon.

PHYLLIS  
I like this. I like the green.

LUCY  
Timelines are different now. How old were you when you got married?

ALLEN  
24.

LUCY  
Don't you ever wish you had more time to find yourself?

ALLEN  
I don't know what that means.

LUCY  
More time to, I don't know! Figure out who you are! To grow up!

ALLEN  
No. I don't. That would have just meant less time with Philly.

LUCY  
Well. Things are different now. I'm not sure people are meant to spend 50, 60 years together, I mean look at Mom and Dad.

ALLEN  
Your mom and Dad are a different story. I don't know what happened there.

LUCY  
I think if Mom and Dad had more time before getting married they would have been ready to be together. Instead of feeling so stifled in the marriage.

ALLEN

I think they were just poorly behaved.

Lucy raises her eyebrows, not able to fully disagree.

INT. THE SUNSET ESCAPE THEATER - NIGHT

The theater is HUGE -- like 600 people. As with everywhere on the ship, the energy is buzzy, anticipatory. People are dressed up and holding drinks.

Lucy and The Grands take their seat, right as the lights dim.

A young black DANCER dressed in a pinstripe suit walks out on stage.

DANCER

(loudly and expressively)

MIDNIGHT! HARLEM! NEW YORK CITY!!!

Off Lucy's impassive face.

INT. THE SUNSET ESCAPE THEATER - 45 MINUTES LATER

Onstage, a line of young performers are tap-dancing and belting their hearts out. Lucy stifles a yawn.

The performers strike their final pose. There's a beat, then a MAN IN A BASEBALL HAT sitting in front of them leaps to his feet, causing Lucy to jump in her seat.

MAN IN A BASEBALL HAT

(clapping totally  
earnestly)

Yeah! Yeah!

The audience roars. Standing O. Lucy, a little perplexed, but charmed, gets to her feet as well.

INT. THE SUNSET ESCAPE THEATER - MOMENTS LATER

The audience is filing out of the theater. Lucy takes hold of Phyllis's elbow and starts guiding her up the aisle.

LUCY

How about you, Grandma? Did you like the show?

PHYLLIS

Are you someone I know?

Lucy looks at Phyllis, who is looking back at her, polite but hesitant. She looks to Allen, too far behind to have heard.

LUCY  
Grandma, it's Lucy. Peter's  
daughter.

Phyllis looks at her. Clearly still not recognizing her.

PHYLLIS  
Oh...

LUCY  
(gently)  
Come on. Let's get you to bed.

INT. ALLEN AND PHYLLIS'S STATEROOM - LATER

Allen, now in pajamas, is taking his evening pills as Lucy holds out a glass of water for him.

ALLEN  
That young black fellow, he sure  
could dance. Wow. Some people have  
all the talent.

He takes the glass from her and swallows a pill.

LUCY  
Hey, do you think Grandma's ok?

ALLEN  
What do you mean?

LUCY  
She just seems a little out of it.

ALLEN  
She just gets a little confused  
sometimes. So do I! It's called a  
"senior moment."

LUCY  
She didn't recognize me tonight.

ALLEN  
It's worse when she's tired, and  
it's been a long day.

LUCY  
You don't think we should be  
worried?

Allen shakes his head.

ALLEN

It's all just a part of getting older! Grandma's having a great time.

The door to the bathroom opens, and Phyllis, in her nightgown, emerges.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Goodnight, kiddo! Get some sleep.

LUCY

I will.

A little reluctantly, Lucy kisses Allen on the cheek.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Goodnight, Grandpa. Goodnight, Grandma.

PHYLLIS

Goodnight, sweetheart.

Lucy heads to the door, then turns back to look at her Grandparents. Phyllis is climbing into bed next to Allen, who is flipping through TV channels with the remote. He stops on a black and white movie.

ALLEN

Oh, look! It's....Oh, what's his name. That actor. We love him.

Phyllis looks at the screen.

PHYLLIS

James Cagney.

ALLEN

That's right. James Cagney.

Lucy smiles, then quietly opens the door and slips out.

EXT. SHIP'S CORRIDOR - SAME

Lucy makes her way down the quiet corridor, yawning loudly as she takes out her phone, then stops abruptly mid-yawn.

Her phone reads 8:47.

LUCY

Jesus Christ.

EXT. TOP DECK LOUNGE - NIGHT

A huge party is going on -- DJ, strobe lights, those little glow-in-the-dark wrist bands. Lucy steps out and squints.

DJ  
Okay, this one is for the LADIES!!!

She turns on her heels and walks back inside, as a chorus of tipsy female voices "Wooooo!" behind her.

INT. MAIN ATRIUM - LATER

Lucy wanders through the crowded atrium. Once again, she stands out in her casual shorts and t-shirt.

She walks by a large FAMILY, all dressed-up in co-ordinated outfits, posing in front of a FAKE BACKDROP of a mansion as a PHOTOGRAPHER takes their photo.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
One more...everyone smile!!!!...

The family grins. Lucy continues her stroll. Out of the corner of her eye, she spots a familiar oversized felt hat.

She turns and sees FRANK from the dinner table, holding court at a Blackjack table, having the time of his life.

INT. CAFETERIA - NIGHT

The nearly empty cafeteria, with its bright lighting, is a stark contrast to the nightlife scene elsewhere on the ship.

Lucy sits alone at a table with a cup of soft-serve, and an open notebook. At a nearby table, a group of off-duty DANCERS, still in stage make-up from the show, are laughing and joking over their dinner.

In her notebook, she draws Phyllis, with a life-jacket.

VOICE  
(MARCO)  
Lucy, yeah?

She looks up to see Marco, dressed casually in a sweatshirt, holding an apple.

LUCY  
Oh, hi!

MARCO  
How was your first full day?

She looks at him and lets out a long exhale, smiling.

INT. CAFETERIA - LATER

Marco is now sitting across from Lucy, his apple core resting next to her melted ice cream.

LUCY  
So you literally have not been on land in eight months.

MARCO  
No, I've been on land.

LUCY  
But other than ports, you haven't been off the ship in...

MARCO  
I haven't been in off the ship in eight months.

LUCY  
That's *insane!!!* Don't you miss, like. Civilization?

MARCO  
Not really? You meet a wide array of people. Like people from all over.

LUCY  
Yeah but just like. The claustrophobia!

MARCO  
I guess I don't get claustrophobic.

LUCY  
The same food, the same views, the same towel-folding demonstrations.

MARCO  
I mean I'm *getting* claustrophobic, the more you talk to me.

LUCY  
Sorry! Sorry.

He laughs.

MARCO

So you're not a cruise person.

LUCY

Oh, it's....fine. For some people.  
Probably even for most people!

MARCO

I think you gotta just get into the  
spirit of it a little bit. Do some  
of the activities!

LUCY

I can't. It's just. Too cheesy.

MARCO

It's fun!

LUCY

It's not me.

MARCO

Ok, what about snorkeling? Cause  
the snorkeling here is unreal.

LUCY

It's just not that kind of trip for  
me. This trip is about my  
Grandparents having fun. Which, so  
far they aren't, so, fail/fail.  
But anyway. I should go to bed.  
They wake up so early.

She gets up to go.

MARCO

Hey, listen -- I should give you my  
number. Like, if you ever wanted to  
hang out. Seems like your  
Grandparents go to bed early, and  
the Teen Zone closes at 10.

LUCY

I don't have cellphone service.

MARCO

Oh.

LUCY

There's like, no way to reach me.  
It's actually pretty terrifying,  
like on an existential level.

MARCO

Well. I'm in room number 602.

Lucy raises her eyebrows, surprised.

LUCY

*Oh.*

MARCO

...I mean, you can call me or leave a message there.

LUCY

*Oh, oh oh.*

MARCO

Cause it's free calls within --

LUCY

(embarrassed)

Yeah. Got it. Cool.

He gets up to go.

MARCO

Have a good night. And try to have fun. It may be cheesy but. You're never gonna see any of these people again! Cheese out!

Lucy laughs, and waves as he heads out.

Lucy watches him go for a moment, then picks up her notebook and heads out in the opposite direction, pausing as she passes the table of dancers, who are still chattering.

LUCY

You guys were great tonight.

The dancers look up and smile.

DANCER

Thank you!

Lucy smiles back, and leaves.

EXT. ALLEN AND PHYLLIS'S BALCONY - THE NEXT MORNING

Allen, Phyllis, and Lucy are on the balcony after breakfast, watching with interest as the ship pulls into port.

The water is sparkling, dazzling -- very Lisa Frank, colors of turquoise you haven't seen since the 90s.

LUCY

God, the water is so beautiful.

ALLEN

You know it's dyed.

LUCY

What?

ALLEN

It's fake. They dye it that color.

She turns to look at Allen, unsure if he's joking.

LUCY

Are you joking?

ALLEN

You ever seen water that's  
naturally this color before?

LUCY

Noooo, but I've also never been to  
the Caribbean before.

ALLEN

That's exactly what they want you  
to think. They dye it for tourists.

LUCY

Who does!

ALLEN

The tourism board.

LUCY

Grandpa, you sound insane. You  
can't dye the Ocean.

ALLEN

Sure you can. They dye the Chicago  
River every year for St. Patty's  
Day, don't they?

LUCY

What about the sea life, what about  
fish?

ALLEN

Fish don't mind a little food  
coloring. Doesn't harm anybody,  
just makes it nice and pretty to  
look at. I think it's clever.

Lucy looks at Allen in disbelief.

LUCY  
But it's just. Not true.

ALLEN  
Sure it is.

LUCY  
How do you not believe in global warming, but you think the tourism board of St. Lucia is artificially coloring the ocean?

ALLEN  
I believe in global warming.

LUCY  
Well, good.

ALLEN  
I just don't believe it's *harming* anything. It's natural for the planet to warm up now and then.

LUCY  
(plaintive)  
Oh my god.

PHYLLIS  
(staring at the water)  
It's so pretty it doesn't even look real.

Allen beams.

ALLEN  
See??

He pats Phyllis on the arm. Lucy slouches down, defeated.

INT. THE SHIP EXCURSION DESK - LATER

The excursion desk is crowded with excited passengers, dressed in shorts and tshirts and bathing suits, looking at various placards for excursions.

Lucy makes her way down the row of placards. The first says "RUM TASTING SAIL." Lucy takes a look at a GROUP OF 19 YEAR-OLDS signing up for that one, and moves on...

The next placard says "ACQUATOUR SCUBA AND SNORKELING." Then "NATIONAL PARK OFF-ROAD ADVENTURE." None of these sound good for the Grands. Finally, she gets to a placard that reads "OLD TOWN TROLLEY TOUR." Off Lucy, relieved, we CUT TO:

INT. TROLLEY CAR - CURACAO - DAY

A 30-something TOUR GUIDE grabs the mic.

TOUR GUIDE

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome aboard, my name is Shawn and I will be your guide today as we take a tour of the sights and sounds of Curacao!

VOICE

LOUDER!

We then pan out to reveal Lucy, Allen, and Phyllis, in the front row of a trolley packed with people over the age of 70.

TOUR GUIDE

(speaking louder)

I'm sorry, is this better? Can you guys hear me?

VOICES

Better!/Yes!/Etc.

Off Lucy, laughing to herself.

I/E. CURACAU TROLLEY CAR - HALF AN HOUR LATER

As the tour guide drones on, Lucy stares out the window at the bright, colorful buildings.

TOUR GUIDE

Punda was built in the 17th century and is the only part of the city that had a defense system consisting of walls and ramparts.

Allen leans over and whispers to Lucy.

ALLEN

Just nudge me if I start to snore.

Lucy laughs. Just then, the trolley goes over a BUMP, and Phyllis hits her arm on the hard seat in front of her.

PHYLLIS

Ow!

LUCY

You ok, Grandma?

Phyllis nods and rubs her arm.

EXT. CURACAO DOCK - LATER

Lucy, Allen, and Phyllis are waiting in line to get back on the ship. They slowly shuffle along.

ALLEN

Well, the part about the pirates was interesting, but I could have done without the rest. Ouch.

LUCY

What's wrong?

ALLEN

Nothing. My hip. Just hurts when I sit too long.

Allen winces, making Lucy wince in sympathy. She then glances at Phyllis.

LUCY

Grandma, are you ok? You keep rubbing your arm...

Lucy gently moves Phyllis's hand, and sees an ugly BRUISE has formed on her arm - a huge, purple welt.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Oh my god! Grandma! How did this happen??

PHYLLIS

I don't know...

ALLEN

It's ok, we bruise easily. Like ripe peaches.

LUCY

It looks really bad!

ALLEN

What? No! It just needs some ice!

LUCY

I really thought the trolley would  
be a safe option.

ALLEN

It was safe! Just boring!

They've reached the front of the line. A cheery CREW MEMBER in a turquoise polo shirt scans their ship ID cards.

CREW MEMBER

Welcome back!

Beep.

CREW MEMBER (CONT'D)

Welcome back! We missed you!

ALLEN

Thank you!

Beep.

CREW MEMBER

Welcome back!

INT. ALLEN AND PHYLLIS'S STATEROOM - LATER

Allen is napping on top of the made bed. The door opens and Lucy enters with Phyllis, holding an ice pack to her arm.

Allen gets up and helps Phyllis to the bed.

ALLEN

How you doing, Philly?

PHYLLIS

Oh, fine, thank you.

LUCY

Why don't you guys rest for a bit,  
and then I'll be back in an hour to  
pick you guys up for dinner.

ALLEN

Actually -- I was thinking. We  
might give dinner a pass tonight.

Lucy looks at him, stricken.

LUCY

What??

ALLEN

It's been a long day. An early night in might do us a world of good.

LUCY

But you have to eat! Should I bring you something? Or call room service?

Allen shakes his head.

ALLEN

We've got some apples if we get hungry.

Lucy hesitates.

LUCY

But. It's four o'clock! Are you sure? And there's Family Feud in the Grand Theater tonight, you were excited about that!

ALLEN

And now I'm excited for an early night in. Stop worrying!

Lucy glances at Phyllis, who seems to have fallen asleep on the bed. She grabs the pill box from the bathroom.

LUCY

Don't forget to take these, ok?

ALLEN

I know.

LUCY

Grandma too --

ALLEN

I know. I remember at home without you, and I can remember here without you. We're fine.

Lucy's not so sure about that, but heads for the door.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Hey, Luce?

She stops.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Have a mai-tai for me, will ya?

Lucy smiles at him, her heart breaking, and closes the door.

EXT. DOCK- CURACAO - NIGHT

Lucy is standing on the dock, typing into her cell, the ship dazzlingly lit up behind her. All around, Off-Duty Crew Members are sitting and standing in groups, having animated Skype conversations in different languages, smoking cigarettes, next to a closed Visitor's Center with a sign on the window that says FREE WI-FI.

Lucy breathes a sigh of relief as her phone finally connects.

LUCY  
Fucking *finally*.

She quickly dials a number on Facetime.

INT. VESTIBULE - LOWER EAST SIDE - NIGHT

JOHN  
(holding his phone to his  
ear)  
Hello?

Intercut:

LUCY  
Hi.

JOHN  
(speaking loudly)  
Everything ok?

LUCY  
Yeah, I was just

JOHN  
(nearly shouting)  
Sorry, can you hear me?

LUCY  
Yeah.

JOHN  
(still shouting)  
Lucy?

LUCY  
(a little tetchily)  
I can hear you.

JOHN  
Sorry, it's loud. Lemme step out,  
one sec...

Lucy waits. Gazes at the ship. John steps into the hallway of an apartment building.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(in a normal voice, now)  
Ok. Hi. Where are you?

LUCY  
Curacao.

JOHN  
Where?

LUCY  
It doesn't matter. I was just calling to see how Linney is.

JOHN  
She's fine. She's doing great.  
She's her usual irascible self.

LUCY  
Are you giving her wet food?

JOHN  
Yep.

LUCY  
And enough treats?

JOHN  
Lots of treats.

LUCY  
Yeah but not too many.

JOHN  
The right amount of treats.

Lucy nods, biting her lip.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Luce?

LUCY  
Yeah.

JOHN  
You ok?

LUCY

Yeah.

JOHN

I should go back in.

LUCY

Yeah. Ok. Who are you with? I mean, anyone I know?

JOHN

Oh --

LUCY

Wait, no. Nevermind. Don't answer. You don't have to answer that.

JOHN

No, it's fine, I'm with Zach and Will.

LUCY

Cool. Tell them I say hi. Unless that's weird.

JOHN

Lucy --

LUCY

In which case, don't. Whatever you think. Ok, have a good night, bye!

She quickly hangs up the phone. Winces.

INT. DINING HALL - LATER

At the table, Lucy is trying to eat her pasta dinner as quickly as possible, as the others swap stories of their day.

SANDY

We just did the sunset sail. It was excellent. Judy took a ton of pictures. We saw a sea turtle!

FRANK

I did the sunset sail last time. Great excursion. Unforgettable.

Sandy turns to Lucy.

JUDY

Lucy, where's Allen and Phyllis?

LUCY

Early night. They were pretty tuckered.

JUDY

Really? Sounds like you're showing them a good time, then!

She smiles at Lucy then turns back to the group conversation.

Lucy glances at Dave, who is looking creepy as always. She gives him a meek little smile. He picks up his glass of milk and takes a deep sip, maintaining eye-contact the whole time.

Lucy quickly turns her head away, taking a deep swig of wine.

INT. SUNSET ESCAPE'S TEEN LOUNGE - LATER

Lucy awkwardly approaches the Teen Lounge -- it's bright neon green and loud and empty, save for a few 13 year-olds playing XBox. Marco sits in a bean-bag chair next to them.

MARCO

Ok, you got this Milo.

MILLO, holding the controls, shakes his head.

MILO

I don't. I don't.

MARCO

Yeah you do. I believe in you. See that platform? Just jump up there, throw the bomb, and then jump down and KICK right in the eye. It's just timing. That's right -- now just wait -- wait --

But Milo loses his nerve, and thrusts the controllers into Marco's hand, who deftly [defeats Ganon]. The game ends, the boys cheer. Lucy watches, endeared. Someone sees her hovering at the entrance, and points her out to Marco.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Next time you, ok?

He hands the controllers back to Milo, and jogs over to.

LUCY

Hey, I -

Marco jumps up and puts his hand out to stop her.

MARCO  
Hey, sorry - stop --

Lucy freezes awkwardly.

MARCO (CONT'D)  
Sorry, you just -- can't come in  
here.

He points to a sign on the wall that says "AGES 13-17 ONLY."

LUCY  
Oh! Shit!

MARCO  
It's like the one rule, and my  
bosses are really strict about it.  
For legal reasons.

Lucy takes a step backward until she's out of the teen zone.

LUCY  
Totally. My bad.

MARCO  
It's cause. You know. Minors...

LUCY  
Yeah. I get it. Man! What is it  
about this ship that makes me feel  
too young most of the time, too old  
the rest of the time, but never  
actually the right age??

Marco laughs.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Anyway. I was just. Creepily seeing  
if you were around, or off soon,  
cause the Grands went to bed early -  
- like, five hours ago early --  
meaning I'm all caught up on alone  
time and could really use a  
conversation with someone under the  
age of 80. And over the age of 17.

She flashes him what she hopes isn't a desperate smile.

EXT. POOL DECK - 30 MINUTES LATER

Lucy's sitting in a lounge on the otherwise empty pool deck.  
A few CREW MEMBERS in fleece pullovers are folding up deck  
chairs, picking up trash, etc.

She jiggles her leg, out of cold and nervousness. Maybe this was stupid.

She's just about to give up and go back to her room, when Marco, changed out of his TEEN ZONE polo shirt, comes out onto the deck. She smiles.

LUCY

Hey!

MARCO

Hey.

LUCY

I'm glad you could hang out.

MARCO

So what are you in the mood to do?

LUCY

I don't know! You know the ship better than I do. Can you think of someplace kinda low-key where we could just sort of...chill?

Marco smiles.

MARCO

I know the perfect place.

INT. A JIMMY BUFFET-STYLE BAR - LATER

A VERY cheesy, very loud, and very crowded bar with Calypso-style music playing.

LUCY

This is quiet and chill??

Marco laughs, and calls out to CURTIS, the bartender, who is wearing a Hawaiian shirt.

MARCO

Hey, Curtis!

CURTIS

Hey Lucy, what'll it be.

LUCY

I'll have an IPA, please!

MARCO

No.

She looks at him, surprised.

MARCO (CONT'D)  
That's a drink for like. Trying to  
look cool at a bar in Brooklyn.  
That is not a drink for on a cruise  
without cellphone service.

Marco turns to Curtis.

MARCO (CONT'D)  
Two Pina Coladas, Curtis.

CURTIS  
You got it.

Curtis nods, and starts making the drinks. Lucy and Marco  
have to talk loudly to be heard over the blender.

LUCY  
So is this like, where you hang  
out?

MARCO  
I usually hang out in the crew bar.

LUCY  
There's a *crew bar*???

MARCO  
Yeah, of course!

LUCY  
Can I see it?

MARCO  
No. Crew only!

LUCY  
Is it cool?

MARCO  
It's insanely cool.

LUCY  
Really???

MARCO  
Yeah, it's the best bar on the  
ship!

LUCY  
I wanna see it!

MARCO

You can't. Because you're just. A passenger. Sorry.

LUCY

That just makes me want to see it even more.

MARCO

Well, you know. Play your cards right.

He winks at her. She laughs.

INT. SHIP'S ATRIUM

Lucy and Marco are walking with their pina coladas.

LUCY

So, there's something I've been meaning to ask you from our very first conversation.

MARCO

K.

LUCY

What. Is norovirus.

MARCO

Oh god. You don't wanna know.

LUCY

I do. I do. You have to tell me.

MARCO

It's...a bug.

LUCY

Uh-huh.

MARCO

It lasts like, two days. And it causes...severe diarrhea and vomiting.

LUCY

And you just had an outbreak of it?

Marco nods.

MARCO

That's why there's hand sanitizer  
literally everywhere.

LUCY

Oh my god.

A TEEN walks by in the opposite direction with his parents.

TEEN

Hey Marco.

MARCO

What's up Devin.

LUCY

Oh my god...

MARCO

I know. I knew you'd regret asking.

But Lucy has stopped dead in her tracks, reaching her arm out to stop Marco as well.

MARCO (CONT'D)

What? Brain freeze??

She shakes her head, and with a finger points to where 60-70 people, all wearing headsets, are dancing like mad to...nothing. It looks really weird.

LUCY

What...are they doing?

MARCO

It's the silent disco. They're dancing to music on their headphones.

LUCY

But people can...see them.

MARCO

Yeah that's kind of the point.

She looks on, absolutely mortified on everyone's behalf. Marco watches her, totally amused by her unexaggerated horror.

LUCY

(pained)

Oh my god. I can't look away.

MARCO

Ok. Come on.

He takes her empty glass and sets it down.

LUCY

No. I'm serious, no. I can't.

MARCO

That's exactly why I'm making you do it. Come on!!!

LUCY

I need like a hundred more pina coladas for this.

But she lets him drag her to where a crew member is handing out big headsets. Marco grabs two of them, and then takes her over a relatively discreet part of the dance floor. He hands her a head-set.

LUCY (CONT'D)

This is literally my nightmare.

Laughing, he slips on his headphones. His eyes go wide for a second, then he starts bopping to the rhythm, just his neck at first, to make her laugh, which she does.

MARCO

(loudly)

I love this one!!

Then he starts really dancing, exaggerating the moves and the commitment in order to mortify her. She cringes.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Come on. You gotta!

Rolling her eyes, Lucy reluctantly slips the headphones on...

...and suddenly, the music is loud and everywhere and *good*. People's dance moves, and enthusiasm, suddenly makes sense, and Lucy has suddenly joined the party.

She laughs as she looks around the room with new eyes -- and then -- little by little, starting with just her torso, but soon taking over her whole body, she starts to *dance*. Marco grins over at her.

Suddenly, the song changes -- one Lucy loves.

Unable to hide her enthusiasm, (this is her *jam!*), she jumps up and down in recognition, then begins really letting herself go, singing along to it.

She gravitates towards a group of older WOMEN, who are dancing as enthusiastically as she is, and they form a little mosh of flailing limbs and jumping up and down and eyes-closed singing - completely in the moment, completely un-selfconscious. And for the first time on this cruise, Lucy is having fun.

INT. THE CAFETERIA - THE NEXT MORNING

A sunny, beautiful day in the Caribbean! The Cafeteria is crowded with people grabbing breakfast, chattering excitedly. Lucy's got a tray, with three bowls, three boxes of cereal, and three coffees. She balances it carefully while reaching to get a few packets of SWEET N'LOW.

LOUDSPEAKER V.O.

Good morning, passengers, this is your cruise director, Alvin. We are officially docked in beautiful St. Lucia and the doors are OPEN...

At this, there's a mass exodus in the cafeteria as people excitedly get up, put their trays away, and head out --

CRUISE DIRECTOR

Just make sure to come back by 8 pm tonight. Please be on-time for a timely departure. Have a great day, and enjoy beautiful St. Lucia!

EXT. THE ROOF DECK - DAY

Lucy is carefully balancing the overloaded breakfast tray as she crosses the deck to the other side of the ship.

As she does, her eyes land on...

A small pool. And it's completely empty - no DJ, no kids, no drinks, no volleyball games. Just -- tranquility.

Off LUCY'S FACE:

INT. ALLEN AND PHYLLIS'S STATEROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy bursts in with breakfast tray. Allen is fully dressed, and sitting on a made bed. Phyllis comes out of the bathroom.

LUCY

Hi, guys, how'd you sleep?

She sets the tray down and begins setting the coffee table for breakfast.

ALLEN  
Oh, swell. Feel like a new man!

LUCY  
Well, I'm glad to hear it, because after breakfast, we're going swimming!

The Grands look at her blankly.

PHYLLIS  
In a pool?

LUCY  
Yep!

PHYLLIS  
I didn't bring my bathing suit.

LUCY  
Yes, you did, Grandma!

She goes to the dresser drawer and takes out Phyllis's green swimsuit.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
It's right here!

Phyllis looks at it, uncertainly.

PHYLLIS  
Isn't it going to be cold?

LUCY  
Nope! It's ninety degrees. It's going to feel really nice.

Phyllis looks at Allen. He looks at Lucy.

ALLEN  
If that's what you want to do.

She smiles and nods. He grins back at her.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
O-K then! Let's hit the deck!

Phyllis looks at them nervously, wringing her hands.

PHYLLIS  
I don't know.....

Lucy hands Grandma her suit.

LUCY  
Get changed, Phyllis.

EXT. THE DECK - 15 MINUTES LATER

Lucy, holding three towels, leads the way to the pool. Phyllis and Allen follow her like obedient children. All three are wearing swimsuits - Lucy and Phyllis wearing shorts over theirs, Allen in trunks and a t-shirt.

LUCY  
We don't have to stay long. Just a dip.

EXT. THE POOL - CONTINUOUS

At the pool, Lucy and Allen have stripped off their outer layers.

LUCY  
I'll get in first so then I can help you in, ok?

From the rim of the pool, she hops in.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Oh, it feels good! It's really warm! Can you use the ladder, Grandpa?

Allen goes to the ladder. Tests it.

ALLEN  
Yeap.

He starts to lower himself down. Phyllis nervously looks on.

PHYLLIS  
Be careful!

LUCY  
I got you!

ALLEN  
Hard to believe it's SNOWING back home!

LUCY  
Everybody in the entire state of Connecticut is envious of you.

He's now made it into the pool. He doesn't really splash around -- just sort of stands there.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
How is it?

ALLEN  
Yeah, nice!

Lucy looks to Phyllis, who stares apprehensively from the a few feet away.

LUCY  
Now you, Grandma!

PHYLLIS  
I'll fall!

LUCY  
No, I'm right here. I'll help you in! Come on. You just gotta try it. Just to say you got in the water on your Caribbean vacation.

Gingerly, Phyllis steps towards the pool. She hesitates.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
I've got you. I'm right here.

She steps onto the first rung of the ladder.

ALLEN  
There you go, Philly!

She takes another step onto the next rung. Hesitates.

LUCY  
I'm right here.

She takes another step -- now she's waist high -- and then isn't sure what to do.

PHYLLIS  
Now what??

Lucy, who is standing -- the pool isn't very deep -- goes right behind her and gently holds her under her arms.

LUCY  
Why don't you let go of the ladder?

After a moment of hesitation -- but just a moment -- Phyllis does. And Lucy holds her patiently, as she would a child. Allen hasn't really moved from his spot, but is smiling.

Phyllis, floating, is silent, her expression inscrutable. With her arms, she makes little waves in the water. Lucy and Allen exchange a look -- unsure of how she feels.

After a few moments:

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Does that feel good?

PHYLLIS  
Oh, yes.

Lucy smiles.

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)  
Sometimes I have difficulty  
relaxing. I always have...

Lucy thinks she might cry.

LUCY  
Me too.

She swallows her tears, and continues to hold her 90 year-old Grandmother as she floats under the Cerulean sky.

EXT. POOL - MAYBE 40 MINUTES LATER?

Allen, t-shirt back on, is now sitting on one of the lounge chairs. In the water, Lucy watches Phyllis who is happily holding on to the edge of the pool, making little kicks.

LUCY  
Grandma, I'm gonna get out. You wanna come out with me or stay in?

PHYLLIS  
I'll stay a bit longer.

LUCY  
Ok.

She hoists herself out of the pool and grabs a towel next to Allen.

ALLEN  
Who knew I married a mermaid?

Lucy laughs, and leans back in the sun, as Phyllis in the water continues to kick and kick and kick.

## INT. PHYLLIS AND ALLEN'S STATEROOM - THAT EVENING

Phyllis and Allen, both in plush terry-cloth ROBES, sit on their bed with plates of room service. Lucy sits at the foot of their bed, eating fries. *An Affair to Remember* plays on the TV.

**On the TV:** Cary Grant and Deborah Kerr are standing on the deck of a 1950s Ocean Liner. He grasps her hand.

CARY GRANT

*We have several days to go on this voyage! And I can't stand monotony!*

DEBORAH KERR

*Well, you can always take long walks in the sunshine...*

CARY GRANT

*What do I do if it rains??*

Lucy laughs, charmed.

ALLEN

That Deborah Kerr! A heartbreaker!

## INT. PHYLLIS AND ALLEN'S STATEROOM - LATER

Tears stream down Lucy's face as she watches the final moments of the movie. As the credits roll, she wipes her eyes, then turns and sees Allen has fallen asleep. Phyllis, however, is still watching, rapt.

LUCY

Did you like the movie, Grandma?

PHYLLIS

Oh yes. Beautiful picture.

Lucy gets up, and gathers the room service plates.

LUCY

I'll see you in the morning, ok?

Phyllis nods, and settles onto the pillow. Lucy walks over to Allen and gives him a kiss on the forehead.

She turns the light off and tiptoes out of the room.

EXT. HALLWAY - SAME

Lucy closes the door behind her, puts down the tray of used plates, and smiles, in a moment of silent celebration.

EXT. ROOF DECK - EVENING

Lucy and Marco are sitting on a pool lounger, a plate of chicken tenders and fries between them.

LUCY

You should have seen her. She was so stinking cute, in her little swimsuit just kick-kick-kicking.

MARCO

You sound like a mom.

LUCY

I *feel* like a mom! Except people are nicer to children than they are to old people. People are scared of their own mortality.

MARCO

Yeah, word.

LUCY

It took me a few days to -- pardon the pun -- find my *sea legs* -- but, I dunno! I think this cruise *was* good for them. Which just makes me feel really really good. Like I gave them something. You know?

Just then, Sandy and Judy, in jogging outfits and speed-walking the track around the roof deck, swing into view.

SANDY

Hi!

JUDY

Lucy, hey!

LUCY

Oh, hi! How was your day?

JUDY

We got off and it was *great*.

Marco chokes on a fry. Lucy gives him a look.

LUCY

Of the *ship*.

JUDY  
Did you guys get off today?

Marco can't help it. He's got the giggles. Lucy smiles.

LUCY  
No. No, I haven't gotten off in a few days. I really need to.

JUDY  
You haven't gotten off at all?

Lucy, swallowing her giggles, can only shake her head.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
But that's the whole point of a cruise!

LUCY  
You're right. You're very right.

SANDY  
We'll see you at dinner tomorrow.

She points to Marco.

SANDY (CONT'D)  
Make sure she gets off!!!

MARCO  
I will do my best!

As Sandy and Judy continue down the track, Lucy and Marco collapse into giggles.

INT. SHIP CORRIDOR - LATER

Lucy, keeping a respectable distance from Marco, follows him down a quiet corridor of state rooms. A dressed up OLDER COUPLE passes them in the opposite direction.

Marco then turns into a stairwell marked EMPLOYEES ONLY, holds it open. Lucy darts in after him.

INT. EMPLOYEE STAIRWELL - SAME

The employee stairwell seems like a different world from the sedate passenger corridor they just left -- bright fluorescent lights, laminate floors, and crew members hurrying up and down. Louder, brighter, busier.

Marco, waiting right inside the door, catches Lucy as she turns in. They both laugh.

He leads her down the stairwell.

At the end of the landing, he turns a corner and pauses in front of a door.

MARCO

Ok. You ready to see where the party's at?

Lucy nods enthusiastically. Marco opens the door to...

INT. THE CREW BAR - SAME

Lucy takes a look around the room -- there's a bar, a pool table, some high-top tables. It looks more like a student union than a cruise, but the atmosphere is warm, convivial.

MARCO

This is the crew bar. It might not be as swank as the martini bar on Deck 12, but.

LUCY

It's perfect.

Marco leads Lucy to a table where YULIA, the pretty Russian singer, JAMES, the ship's magician (dressed like he just did a show).

MARCO

Hey guys. You know Lucy. Works in the Main Dining Room.

LUCY

I'm the Ice Carver.

They laugh.

INT. THE CREW BAR - LATER

Halfway through their second beers, Lucy and Yulia are standing at the bar. Yulia shows Lucy her phone -- there's a picture of a hot-looking guitar player.

LUCY

Whoa.

YULIA

Yeah.

LUCY  
He's really hot!

YULIA  
He is really hot. And a really good  
guitar player. We Facetime every  
night but it's not really the same.

LUCY  
Yeah, I know what you mean.

YULIA  
You have a boyfriend?

LUCY  
I have a cat. Wanna see a pic?

Off Yulia's enthusiastic nod.

INT. CREW BAR - LATER

Back at the table, Lucy watches, transfixed, as James shuffles a deck of cards. He then holds them out to Lucy.

JAMES  
Do you see your card in here?

Lucy examines the deck.

LUCY  
No. It's not in here.

James face falls.

JAMES  
Oh shit, really?

Lucy laughs, and a panicked James starts to quickly look through the deck himself.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Fuck, you're sure? Look again.

LUCY  
I'm sure!

James sighs.

JAMES  
Ok. Well. That was embarrassing.  
Unless...

He reaches up and takes off his hat. A card tumbles out. Lucy's jaw drops.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Is this is your card????

He hands Lucy the card as the others clap.

LUCY  
That was incredible!!!!

MARCO  
He knows what he's doing.

LUCY  
No but I mean, that was like really  
really good.

James laughs.

JAMES  
Thank you.

LUCY  
That was like...magic!!

JAMES  
Folks, she's catching on!!

INT. CREW CORRIDOR - LATER

Marco leads Lucy down a corridor of cabins. Uncarpeted, industrial feel. He stops at one that has a placard reading "MARCO and NIKHIL" written in magic marker. Marco takes out his keypad, opens the door.

INT. MARCO'S BUNK - SAME

Marco peeks his head in.

MARCO  
Hello?

He opens the door and gestures for Lucy to come in. It's essentially a dorm room at sea. Posters and flyers on the wall. A dry-erase board with goofy messages from friends. Laundry (dirty or clean? It's unclear) hanging off a chair. Two bunkbeds, both unmade.

MARCO (CONT'D)  
Bunk sweet bunk.

LUCY

Oh, wow.

He rushes over to clean up an empty bowl of cereal that's on the floor, kicks some gym sneakers under the bed.

MARCO

Sorry it's messy.

LUCY

No, it's ok, it's like a throwback.

MARCO

To what?

LUCY

Nevermind.

MARCO

Do you wanna...?

He gestures to the upper bunk. Lucy looks around, sees there's nowhere else to sit.

LUCY

Uh. Ok! Sure. After you.

Marco climbs the ladder to the upper bunk, stuffing something under the pillow as he does, then pats the bed for Lucy to join him. She climbs up.

MARCO

Careful the --

She hits her head on the ceiling.

LUCY

Oh.

MARCO

Yeah.

She sort of crawls over and sits next to him, their legs dangling off the side.

LUCY

It's snug!

MARCO

Yeah, it could probably do with a deep clean, but. I wasn't expecting...

LUCY

Right, no.

They smile at each other, awkwardly. Then sort of self-consciously move in for a kiss, but before their lips meet, the door swings open.

NIKHIL, 23, Indian, fresh from the gym, with headphones on and a basketball under his arm, walks into the room and stops short when he sees Lucy.

NIKHIL

Oh. Shit --

MARCO

No, that's fine --

NIKHIL

I didn't see a sock on the door --

MARCO

I forgot. Nikhil, this is Lucy.

LUCY

Hi. I was just leaving.

MARCO

You don't have to!

NIKHIL

It's cool, I can take a lap!

LUCY

No, really, I should. Get going. My  
Grands...get up early.

She starts to maneuver herself down the step ladder, then gives up and sort of jumps, landing at a weird angle.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Ow.

MARCO

You ok?

NIKHIL

Oh shit.

\*

LUCY

I'm fine!

She holds her back, wincing a bit.

LUCY (CONT'D)

This was fun. Thank you for your  
hospitality! You boys, uh. Have a  
good night!

She exits.

INT. CREW CORRIDOR - SAME

Lucy closes the door to behind her, wincing, whether in pain or embarrassment is unclear. She takes a beat, then hobbles down the corridor, back to her part of the ship.

INT. PHYLLIS AND ALLEN'S STATEROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Lucy, in a bathing suit and shorts, is talking to Allen and Phyllis.

LUCY

Lunch is at 12:30 in the Grand Dining Room - that's one floor up, on this side of the ship.

ALLEN

Got it.

LUCY

...I really don't need to go. I've been snorkeling. It's not something I need to do again.

ALLEN

You haven't been in the Caribbean! The water is so clear! The fish will be so colorful!

LUCY

Okay, but --

ALLEN

We are FINE! We do just fine the rest of the year without you.

LUCY

I should be back on the boat at 4. I'll meet you right back here, okay?

Allen nods, and waves her off.

ALLEN

Got it, got it. Go. Have fun! You're off duty.

CUT TO:

EXT. A CATAMARAN BOAT IN THE HARBOR - DAY

A burly boat guide named JOHHNY takes Lucy's hand as she steps onto the Catamaran.

Holding her towel, she goes towards the front of the boat. Couples and families are jovially claiming spots and setting down towels. Lucy finds a spot alone towards the front and sets down her stuff.

JOHNNY

Alright alright, welcome aboard the ARISTOCAT. We're gonna get some sun, we're gonna see some fishes, and we're hopefully gonna make some headway on the 3 handles of rum we have onboard, how does that sound to y'all?

The crowd laughs and cheers.

EXT. AN AQUAMARINE BAY - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

The Catamaran is now docked in a beautiful, pristine bay with shallow water -- absolutely postcard perfect.

The surface of the water is crowded with bodies bobbing up and down, floating into each other, yelping.

Lucy puts her head under. She sees a pretty YELLOW FISH, but it's almost immediately startled away by a pair of FEET kicking precariously close to Lucy's face.

Lucy surfaces and finds herself inches away from an OLDER TOURIST WOMAN.

OLDER TOURIST WOMAN  
(calling loudly)  
Steve?

From a few feet away, her husband answers.

STEVE  
I'm over here.

OLDER TOURIST WOMAN  
(annoyed)  
Well, don't float away from me. I don't like the water.

STEVE  
I'm coming. I'm coming.

Suddenly a NINE YEAR-OLD SNORKELER kicks Lucy in the face.

NINE YEAR-OLD  
Sorry.

LUCY  
That's o--

Before she can finish, he's back in the water, kicking away from her (but splashing her face in the process).

OLDER TOURIST WOMAN  
(to Steve)  
Can you see any fish?

Everywhere she looks, Lucy's surrounded by her fellow-cruise passengers bobbing passively in the water, squawking, shrieking, calling out to one another.

Lucy takes a big breath, and disappears below the surface.

UNDER THE WATER - SAME

Lucy dives all the way down to the sand bar. It's quiet down here, a world away from the limbs and sunshine kicking above her. A respite.

Around her, various CLOWN FISH and ANGEL FISH dart in and out of the coral.

Quiet. Finally. And it *is* beautiful. And magical. So different from the world above. Lucy stays down there for as long as she can hold her breath. Taking it all in. Wishing her Grandpa could see.

INT. SHIP'S CORRIDOR - LATER THAT DAY

Lucy hair wet with a towel slung over her shoulder, walks towards the Grands' room. Takes out her key. Opens the door.

INT. ALLEN AND PHYLLIS'S STATEROOM - SAME

She walks into the room to see Allen sitting on the bed.

LUCY  
Hi hi! I was gonna go take a shower  
before dinner, if you guys are...

She trails off when she notices Allen's stricken face.

ALLEN

I can't find Phyllis. I lost her. I  
don't know where she went.

Off Lucy's panicked face, we cut to:

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy, in a slow jog, is quickly traveling down the corridor as Allen struggles to keep up with her.

ALLEN

We were on the deck, I must have  
dozed off but when I woke up I  
couldn't find her -- I looked  
everywhere but my knee --

LUCY

Did you call someone, ask for help,  
guest services --

ALLEN

I kept thinking I'd find her --

He pauses, puts his hand on the wall to catch his breath.

LUCY

Ok, Grandpa, go back to the room.  
Wait for Grandma there.

ALLEN

I'm gonna help look.

LUCY

No. Please. You'll be more help if  
you just wait in the room.

Allen hesitates.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Grandpa, GO.

That came out harsh -- harsher than she intended. But she's got to find Phyllis. So she speeds down the hallway, leaving Allen in her wake.

INT. THE DINING ROOM - DAY

Lucy looks into the dining room, where relaxed waiters and staff are setting the tables for dinner service. She looks around. No Phyllis.

EXT. POOL DECK - DAY

The sun is blazing, and the pool deck is full. Lucy squints at the crowd for Phyllis.

INT. MAIN ATRIUM - SAME

Lucy, panic rising, is jogging down the hallway, craning her neck every which way, peering into stores, and bars.

A photographer walks up to her.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Hey, can I take your --

LUCY  
NO!!!!!!

INT. TEEN ZONE - LATER

A panicked, sweaty Lucy stands outside of the perimeter of the teen zone, freaking out to Marco.

LUCY  
I've looked everywhere, and like, cruise deaths are a thing, that's a Wikipedia page that I have actually spent time on, and I'm really starting to panic, here!

MARCO  
Ok, don't panic. Lemme call a Code Silver.

LUCY  
What's a Code Silver?

MARCO  
Missing Older Passenger.

He picks up a phone in the teen zone and dials a number.

LUCY  
So this happens a lot?

MARCO  
All the time.

LUCY  
And they always find the person, right?

Marco pauses for a beat too long, then...

MARCO  
Yeah! It's usually fine!

Off Lucy, turning grey.

INT. HALLWAY/CORRIDOR - LATER

Marco stands with Lucy in a windowless room deep in the ship's bowels, talking to a CUSTOMER RELATIONS EMPLOYEE, while a SECURITY GUARD gives orders into a Walkie Talkie.

LUCY  
Her name is Phyllis. She's fine  
physically but she gets confused --

The Customer Relations woman nods, and then turns her computer screen towards Lucy.

CUSTOMER SERVICE EMPLOYEE  
This is your Grandma?

Lucy looks at Phyllis's ID photo. It makes her want to cry.

LUCY  
Yeah, that's her.

CUSTOMER SERVICE EMPLOYEE  
Well she hasn't gotten off the ship. We'll put an alert out for her now, that means if any of our employees spot her on the ship, they'll call in to us.

LUCY  
It's just that it's a really big ship...

CUSTOMER SERVICE EMPLOYEE  
We've got 1,800 crew members on board. That's a lot of eyes.

She gives Lucy a reassuring smile.

INT. CUSTOMER RELATIONS OFFICE - LATER

Lucy and Marco are sitting in chairs in a little waiting area. Lucy is holding a plastic cup, crushing it in her hand. Her leg jiggles.

LUCY

I shouldn't have left them.

MARCO

It was just a few hours.

LUCY

They can't be alone at all. They can't do anything by themselves.

He pats her hand.

MARCO

It's gonna be fine.

LUCY

I don't want it to happen to me.

MARCO

...it won't. I mean you seem to know your way around the ship pretty well --

LUCY

No, I mean. Getting old like that. I don't want it to happen. I just want to die in a car accident at like, 65. 70-tops. I know that's a horrible thing to say but. If you had been around them this week. Seeing their bodies atrophy, their mind atrophy.

She shakes her head, upset.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I'm more afraid of getting old than I am of dying. Is that normal?

MARCO

I dunno. I think it'd be worse to get younger.

Lucy looks at him and laughs.

MARCO (CONT'D)

No, I'm serious. I think about this a lot. Teens are cool, but also. Completely psychotic. And their every action is driven by their bottomless wells of insecurity.

(MORE)

MARCO (CONT'D)

And they act like being on this cruise is torture, because it is torture for most of them, most of them got dragged here by their parents. The older people, they're just happy to be here. On the cruise and on the planet, I guess.

Suddenly, the door opens, and the Customer Service Employee comes back in, holding a walkie-talkie.

CUSTOMER SERVICE EMPLOYEE

Lucy? They found her.

INT. GUEST SERVICES - LATER

A disheveled-looking Phyllis is sitting in a chair, holding a glass of water.

CURTIS

She as in the Casino, all the way in the back.

LUCY

The casino?? Grandma, your asthma!

Phyllis, tears in her eyes, looks up at Lucy.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Grandma, it's me. It's Lucy. You're safe.

Phyllis looks at her, wanting to recognize her but not.

ALLEN O.C.

Philly.

Lucy turns to see Allen, face ashen, entering the Guest Services area with Marco.

PHYLLIS

Allen?

He reaches her and puts his arms around her.

ALLEN

It's ok, Philly. You're ok, girl.

PHYLLIS

I got confused. I couldn't find our street.

ALLEN

I know, honey. It's ok. I'm here now. I'm sorry.

LUCY

(gently)

Let's go back to the room.

Allen nods, and Lucy helps Phyllis up. They each grab one of her arms, and walk her out. Lucy mouths a THANK YOU to Marco. He nods, as the trio make their way out.

INT. ALLEN AND PHYLLIS'S STATEROOM - THAT EVENING

Lucy hands Allen his pills.

ALLEN

Sometimes she gets a little confused.

LUCY

Yeah, I've noticed.

ALLEN

A senior moment.

LUCY

That was some senior moment!

ALLEN

I think her blood sugar was low. That complicates things sometimes. Nothing to worry about.

LUCY

I dunno, that was really scary. What if she did wander off farther, what if something happened?

ALLEN

Yeah, but it didn't --

LUCY

From now on, I'm not leaving you guys alone.

ALLEN

That's not necessary --

LUCY

I'm sorry but it obviously is.

ALLEN

Don't be dramatic. And don't go tattling on me as soon as the ship hits port, I don't need you worrying your dad and your Aunt.

LUCY

I'm not going to *not* tell them...

ALLEN

Oh, come on now.

LUCY

That was a big deal!

ALLEN

It all turned out ok --

LUCY

To be honest I think you're kind of in denial --

This is too much for Allen. He erupts.

ALLEN

Excuse me, just who do you think you're talking to?? Who?

Lucy looks at him, taken aback by his tone. Her Grandpa's never yelled at her before.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

I would just like to remind you that I have been taking care of myself for longer than you've been alive. I taught you how to use a SPOON. Your Grandma changed your diapers. So don't lecture me, young lady, because I won't have it from you. I know you think you know everything, after spending *four* days with us, the most consecutive days you've spent with us in a decade, I'll add. But you are *not* an authority on *my* life, or your Grandma's. Is that understood?

Lucy, stung, nods. Allen reaches for the pills.

LUCY

It's the blue --

ALLEN

The blue one, yes, I know.

She nods again, and looks away so he can't see the tears welling in her eyes.

INT. THE CORRIDOR - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Lucy closes the door to her Grandparent's stateroom. The tears that she was holding back start to flow. She quickly dabs at them with her sleeve, but they keep coming.

INT. MAIN ATRIUM OF THE SHIP - EVENING

Lucy, still shell-shocked, wanders through the crowded atrium. It's full of families enjoying after-dinner activities. A Sikh family cheer their Dad on as he plays Pop a Shot. A group of Spring Breakers totter by in heels, their drinks sloshing.

It's too loud, too convivial for Lucy right now.

INT. THE CAFETERIA - LATER

Still wandering, Lucy peeks into the cafeteria. It's after hours, and mostly empty, except for...

Creepy Dave, sitting alone, with a cookie and his usual glass of milk. Lucy looks at him with a mix of pity and revulsion, but then he sees her. They make accidental eye-contact. Guiltily, she gives him a little wave.

INT. THE CAFETERIA - 20 MINUTES LATER

Lucy sits next to Dave, with a slice of cake. She's also gotten a glass of milk. Dave's voice is raspy, wheezy.

DAVE

This is my first cruise. It's okay.  
The food's been nice. And they take  
pretty good care of you.

He lifts his glass of milk and takes a swig, leaving a white ring of milk around his lips and chin. Lucy looks away.

DAVE (CONT'D)

You always travel with your  
Grandparents?

LUCY

No. First time. And probably last.  
My Grandpa is literally mad at me.

DAVE  
What'd you do?

LUCY  
Nothing!

She stabs at her cake.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Nothing. I don't know. Maybe I came across as a little overbearing but it's just cause I'm worried. I mean isn't it nice that someone is worried about them?

DAVE  
Yes. I think it's very nice.

LUCY  
All they wanted was a fun vacation. And I feel like I didn't give it to them.

DAVE  
Well. There's still one more day. There's still time.

LUCY  
I guess so. Are you sad it's ending?

DAVE  
Oh. Yes. I'll miss it. It's been nice to be around people. Company is always nice.

Dave goes back to his cake. Lucy's heart breaks.

LUCY  
Dave?

He looks at her.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
You have a little --  
(she indicates her mouth)  
Around your mouth.

Dave takes his napkin, and carefully wipes the milk ring from around his lips. Puts the napkin back down on his lap.

DAVE  
(sincerely)  
Thank you.

LUCY  
You're welcome.

They eat their cake in companionable silence.

INT. THE SHIP'S MAIN STAIRCASE - THE NEXT NIGHT

People dressed to the nines are happily milling about, holding champagne glasses as the tinkling of a piano plays in the background.

Lucy, in a dress, and, for the first time this trip, a little bit of makeup, leads a very elegant Phyllis and Allen into the atrium. Phyllis is wearing a dress, earrings, and lipstick. Allen is looking proud and dashing in a suit.

A photographer approaches them.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Picture?

Lucy looks to Allen and Phyllis.

LUCY  
What do you say? Picture? To  
commemorate the last night?

ALLEN PH  
Alright, a picture. Yes, alright.

PHOTOGRAPHER

He points to two backdrops, one of the bow of the Titanic, and the other of a fake mansion.

LUCY

The photographer nods. Lucy and The Grands get into position.

ALLEN  
(to the photographer)  
Now do we look straight at you?

Before the photographer can answer, the FLASH of the photo goes off. They all three blink in surprise.

Okay... ALLEN (CONT'D)

The Photographer looks at the display on his camera.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Great. Got it. You can choose to purchase this on the Ship Hub.

He walks away to the next group. Lucy turns to her Grands.

LUCY

Okay. That was fast! Shall we head to dinner?

ALLEN

Yes, sir!

Lucy leads the Grands towards dining room.

PHYLLIS

Is the man going to take our photo?

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The dining room - which has always been elegant - is extra shining tonight. Everyone at the dinner table is in nice dresses or suits -- even Dave, though his is wrinkly. Even Frank, though he's still wearing his oversized felt hat.

LUCY

Frank, it's the last night, and I gotta ask -- what's with the hat?

Frank laughs, good-naturedly.

FRANK

My hat! My fancy hat!

SANDY

Yes, but why?

FRANK

I want people to remember me. And they do! I've been on six cruises with some of these people, they see me, they go "Frank!" Without the hat, I just look like any other old white guy. And I don't wanna be. I wanna be remembered. You'll remember me, won'tcha?

Lucy smiles at him, and nods. Just then, the lights in the entire ballroom go down. On cue, Frank picks up his white dinner napkin and starts waving it around his head.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Come on!

Lucy looks at him, mystified, but soon the whole ballroom is following suit, waving their dinner napkins in the air and cheering as the entire waitstaff make their way down The Grand Staircase, holding flaming Baked Alaskas. Allen looks at Lucy across the table, shrugs, and follows suit.

ALLEN

Would you look at that! WOW-ee!

Lucy takes in the kaleidescope of twirling white napkins and flaming desserts. It's cheesy, over-the-top...and quite a sight. She drains her wine glass, then picks up her napkin and starts twirling it high in the air.

INT. JAZZ BAR - LATER

Lucy leads Allen and Phyllis into a fancy jazz bar. Couples, mostly older, are sitting at small tables with cocktails, or dancing on the small dance floor as Yulia croons "Crazy" by Patsy Cline (or something). She gives Lucy a little wink.

ALLEN

Swanky!

Lucy finds a table, gestures for Phyllis to sit down.

PHYLLIS

I need a spot for my Granddaughter.

LUCY

...what?

PHYLLIS

My granddaughter Lucy will be joining us.

LUCY

...Grandma, I'm Lucy.

Phyllis looks at her a moment -- then recognition.

PHYLLIS

Oh, Lucy, there you are.

Lucy looks up at Allen. She knows he heard it. But he just acts like everything is normal.

ALLEN

What a beautiful band!

LUCY

Grandpa. At some point we should talk about Grandma.

ALLEN

What?

Lucy hesitates. She doesn't really want to scream this, but the music is sort of loud.

LUCY

(louder)

I'm a little concerned about  
Grandma...

Allen shakes his head, cups his hand to his ear.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I'M WORRIED GRANDMA IS LOSING HER  
MARBLES!

Just then the music cuts out. Everyone looks at Lucy, uncomfortably. Lucy and Allen are mortified. Only Phyllis remains oblivious.

YULIA

(clearing her throat)

This next one is by Van Morrison.

As Yulia starts to sing "Brown Eyed Girl," Allen beckons Lucy to follow him outside.

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - SAME

Lucy and Allen step out onto the deck. The strains of music get softer, though they can still see Phyllis inside.

Allen looks out onto the water.

ALLEN

When I sailed out on the SS  
Ericson, it was April. I'd never  
been on a boat before. And it was  
FREEZING on the deck. You know the  
Titanic sank in April.

LUCY

Yeah.

ALLEN

Yeah, so, it wasn't exactly balmy.  
Everyone huddled inside the mess,  
but I couldn't get enough of this.  
(he gestures to the view.)  
I was always outside.

(MORE)

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Could not get over the fact that we were on the ocean, and the ocean just spread and spread, and spread, far as the eye could see.

Lucy looks out at the inky water, the horizon reflected in the moonlight.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

There was this kid with me. Archie Bennett, I'll never forget it. From Dubuque. One night we were out here and he turned to me and said, "I'm not coming back." I said, Archie, wha are you talking about? Or course you are! You can't think like that! But the second day after we landed, his jeep went over a landmine, the first casualty in our division. He just knew.

Allen looks out over the ocean.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

I feel very lucky to be here. I've been so lucky. Don't know why. But I have been.

Lucy takes a deep breath. Gathering the courage to say what she's been dreading to say all trip.

LUCY

Grandpa. I don't think Grandma. I think Grandma needs more help than you're able to give her. I'm worried about what's going to happen when you go home.

ALLEN

Yeah, I know.

Lucy looks at him, surprised.

LUCY

You do?

ALLEN

It's not just on the trip. It's at home, too. She forgets whether the closet door is a bathroom door, and vice versa.

(MORE)

ALLEN (CONT'D)

One time we came home from the grocery store to find the gas burner had been on all day, it's a miracle she didn't burn the house down.

LUCY

Oh my god.

ALLEN

If I don't lay out her clothes in the morning, she'll put mine on.

LUCY

I didn't know if you'd noticed.

ALLEN

I've been living with the woman for sixty years, I know her better than anyone! It's your dad and your aunt who are in the dark. I just wanted one more trip with her. Before we pack it all up.

LUCY

What do you mean, "pack it up?"

Allen sighs.

ALLEN

Well. We'll sell the house. When we get back. And move into a place with full-time care for Grandma. And I could probably use some looking after myself. Her mind. My body. Wish it could have been the same thing for both of us but that's how it goes.

LUCY

I'm so sorry, Grandpa.

ALLEN

Sorry? For what?

LUCY

That you have to leave the house! You've lived there my whole life, your whole life, practically. It makes me want to cry.

Allen looks at Lucy.

ALLEN

It's not sad. We won the lottery,  
your Grandma and I.

LUCY

I know, but now...

ALLEN

Now what?

LUCY

Well it's just like you said. Her mind. Your body. It just. I'm sorry. It seems horrible. And not fair. And I wish it wasn't happening I wish I could freeze you guys in time so you didn't have to grow old like this. I'm sorry this is happening to you.

ALLEN

You've got it all wrong. Getting old is a privilege. Every creak, every body failure, every ache is a privilege, Lucy. And getting old together. It's the greatest blessing anyone could ever ask for.

Inside the bar area, Yulia finishes a song. People clap.

YULIA

Ok, this song I love to sing, and I hope you love it, too.

The pianist starts to play. At the opening chords, the assembled (older) guests all react with *ahhhs* and smiles. Yulia smiles at their recognition, as she begins to sing...

YULIA (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Some enchanted evening....*

ALLEN

Oh!

He smiles, and looks inside towards Phyllis.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

(to Lucy)

Excuse me!

Lucy follows Allen back inside. Phyllis stands up, smiling, when Allen approaches, and allows herself to be led to the dance floor. Lucy takes Phyllis's empty seat.

YULIA  
*And somehow you know  
 You know even then  
 That somehow you'll see her,  
 Again and again...*

Lucy pulls her knees up to her chest and watches as Allen and Phyllis dance. Their dance style is elegant, formal -- they're not just swaying to the music, but doing actual steps, as they have for sixty years. There's no thinking involved -- their bodies just know how to do this.

Yulia smiles at the couples dancing in front of her. All these romantic moments. It's not a bad life, singing on a cruise ship.

YULIA (CONT'D)  
*Once you have found her, never let  
 her go...*

Allen's eyes are closed as he dances. Phyllis, we now see, is singing along with Yulia, whispering the lyrics into his ear.

YULIA (CONT'D)  
*Once you have found her, never let  
 her go!*

As Yulia's sweet soprano hits the final high note, Lucy watches her grands with tears streaming down her face. The song ends. The dancing couples and gathered spectators clap.

YULIA (CONT'D)  
*Thank you! Thank you so much. Now  
 for a bit of a change of pace...*

She nods to the pianist, who starts to play Johnny Cash's Ring of Fire. Off Lucy's tear-strewn face, we cut to:

INT. LUCY'S STATEROOM - NIGHT

Lucy sits on the edge of her bed and types a text to John.

**I fucked up. I love you. I don't wanna be with anyone else, or do life with anyone else but you. I love you. I love you. I love you.**

She presses send, and watches as the bar almost loads. After a moment, the '!' symbol appears. Message not sent.

She opens an picture of John and Linney snuggling. She puts the phone on her pillow, and falls asleep.

INT. LUCY'S STATEROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

It's pitch black -- until suddenly, Lucy's iPhone starts buzzing and lighting up. *Bzzz. Bzzz. Bzzz.*

Lucy looks at it confused.

LUCY  
I have service?

She scrolls through her phone as texts and voice mail alerts keep coming in.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
I have service!!!!

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - LATER

Lucy, now dressed, BURSTS out the automatic doors and onto the deck. Blinking in the bright sun, she sees, not endless sea, but rather the busy Port of Miami. Below her, cranes are already lifting boxes of supplies back onto the ship.

INT. SHIP'S ATRIUM - LATER

A huge, snaking line of passengers waiting patiently to disembark. Many are carrying bags and suitcases. Almost all are wearing t-shirts purchased in the last 6 days. Lucy, lugging her backpack and a few extra totes of stuff, shuffles along with her Grands.

Out of the corner of her eye, Lucy sees Marco, standing with some other crew members. He waves.

LUCY  
(to the Grands)  
I'll be right back...

She walks towards him, and he steps over to meet her. They chat, as passengers shuffle by.

MARCO  
You made it! You survived!

LUCY  
Oh, I've got miles to go before I sleep. 2 flights to get through first. How about you? Day off in Miami?

MARCO

I wish. I think we've got like, three hours til the next passengers start boarding. And we sail at four!

LUCY

God, that's weird! That in a few hours, the ship will be full of 3,000 passengers excited to start their vacation.

MARCO

That's...how it works!

Lucy sees her Grands are moving ahead in the line.

LUCY

I should go.

They smile at each other awkwardly.

MARCO

Happy trails!

LUCY

Happy...sails?

MARCO

That works.

She smiles and heads back to the line -- then stops.

LUCY

Hey, Marco....have an amazing time.

He looks at her, questioningly.

LUCY (CONT'D)

On the cruise, in this job, in this stage of your life. It's just. A wonderful time. Enjoy every last second of being 22.

She gives him one last smile, and starts to walk away.

MARCO

Ok. You too, I guess?

Lucy smiles to herself.

LUCY

I will.

She hurries to catch up to The Grands.

INT. AIRPLANE - LATER THAT DAY

Lucy, juggling her backpack and a ton of bags, is leading The Grands down the aisle, consulting her boarding pass.

LUCY  
19....20 E and f. Ok, this you.

She approaches a white TECH BRO sitting in the aisle seat.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Excuse me...my Grandparents are  
sitting in this row. Would you mind  
switching seats with me so I can  
sit next to them?

TECH BRO  
Uhm...where are you sitting?

LUCY  
35 E.

He glances behind him.

TECH BRO  
...I'd really rather not. I'm  
already all settled in here.

Lucy swallows her annoyance.

LUCY  
Totally. Yeah. I understand.

INT. THE PLANE - MID-FLIGHT

Lucy is boredly watching a movie, probably one that stars The Rock. She is interrupted by a tap on the shoulder. She takes her headphones out, looks at the FLIGHT ATTENDANT.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
Excuse me...the gentleman seated  
next to your Grandparents has  
reconsidered....

INT. THE PLANE - A MINUTE LATER

Lucy, accompanied by the Flight Attendant, walks up to where Allen is worriedly rubbing Phyllis's back as she throws up, repeatedly, into her airsickness bag.

LUCY  
Oh no, Grandma!

The Tech Bro, holding all his stuff, grumpily moves past Lucy, who takes a seat in his empty spot.

PHYLLIS  
(miserably)  
I must have eaten something.

ALLEN  
The good news is, there can't be much left in there!

Phyllis hurls again.

LUCY  
Oh god. Ok. I have dramamine in my bag. I'll be right back.

Lucy heads back down the aisle to where the Tech Bro is grumpily making himself comfortable in her seat.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
My bag is under there...

Annoyed, he reaches down and with some difficulty extracts her bulging backpack.

TECH BRO  
You know, there's a bathroom like right there. She could have thrown up in there.

LUCY  
No. She couldn't have. She has trouble walking and she gets confused.

TECH BRO  
Then maybe she shouldn't be traveling.

He hands her the backpack.

LUCY  
You know what. Can I just say. You're going to be old some day. You're going to be old, and your teeth will fall out, and your hips will lose all their cartilage so that all you feel when you sit down or stand up is bone scraping on bone.

The man shifts uncomfortably. Other passengers start to look up, but Lucy doesn't notice.

LUCY (CONT'D)

And you're gonna get incontinent. Just little drips at first, but eventually, you won't really be able to hold your bladder. Because of this, you will smell bad, but you probably won't know it. But everyone else will. Hair will stop growing out of your head and start growing out of your nose, and ears, which will just keep getting bigger, and bigger, as your hearing gets worse, and worse, and you'll talk a little too loudly and you'll look around and notice that the world isn't your world anymore, it's a different world than the one you've always lived in, a confusing world, but you're still here, puttering around. And yeah, maybe you'll get a little more sensitive to motion sickness. This will happen to you *if you're lucky*, because it happens to everyone if they're lucky, and I hope for your sake that when it *does* happen, when you're old and you find yourself sick or in the need of care, the people around you will show you a *little fucking compassion*.

She grabs her backpack and defiantly marches down the aisle, as he sinks into his seat, and other passengers shoot each other bemused looks. The Flight Attendant winks at her.

EXT. THE GRANDS HOUSE - CONNECTICUT - NIGHT

A car pulls up. Peter jumps out of the driver's seat, runs around to open the front passenger seat for Allen, then the back passenger seat for Phyllis. Natasha comes out of the house to greet everyone.

NATASHA

Welcome home!! How was your trip?

ALLEN

Oh, it was swell.

Lucy gets out of the car. She shivers into the cold March air, and looks up at the home her Grandparents have lived in for 5 decades. Natasha comes over to hug her.

NATASHA  
Hey sweetie! You ok?

LUCY  
Yeah. Long trip.

INT. THE GRAND'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Phyllis is sitting on the couch, with Peter. Natasha brings in a cup of tea.

NATASHA  
I want to hear all about the cruise, mom.

PHYLLIS  
The what?

PETER  
The CRUISE. NATASHA  
Your vacation! The ship!

PHYLLIS  
Oh, yes.

NATASHA  
Did you have a good time?

PHYLLIS  
Where?

PETER  
On the ship. NATASHA  
On the ship!

Lucy, holding a cup of tea, wanders into the hallway, looking at the photos hanging up -- photos that have been there for decades, that she's seen all her life but never really looked at before -- photos of Allen and Phyllis when they were young, photos of her dad and aunt growing up, Allen's retirement party, etc.

Allen joins her.

LUCY  
You happy to be home, Grandpa?

ALLEN  
Oh, it's great to be home. But I'd do it all over again in a heartbeat, if you'd come with.

She beams at him.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
I'm not so sure you're dying to do  
another one...

LUCY  
I would! I'd totally do it again.

ALLEN  
Great! My bags are packed! There's  
another sailing a week from today!

Lucy laughs.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
No, no. You gotta live your life.  
And I think your grandma and I are  
have a busy few months ahead.

LUCY  
If you ever need help. With  
anything. Just call me, ok? I'll be  
there in a heartbeat.

ALLEN  
I know you will be.

Peter peeks his head around the corner, keys in hand.

PETER  
Luce! We should leave if you wanna  
catch the 7:35 train.

LUCY  
Actually, Dad, I think I'm just  
gonna call a car.

PETER  
What? Why? I can just drop you --

ALLEN  
Actually, Peter. If you don't mind.  
It's so rare that both you and  
Natasha are here. I think we're  
overdue for a chat, just the four  
of us.

Peter looks in surprise from Lucy to Allen, then slowly nods.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Lucy, luggage in tow, and freezing, hits the intercom button outside her old apartment.

JOHN V.O

Hello?

LUCY

Me!

The door buzzes. She pulls it open.

INT. THE APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

John opens the door to Lucy, whose key is in her hand.

LUCY

...I wasn't sure if it would be  
rude to just. Use my key --

JOHN

No, sure. Hi.

LUCY

Hi.

They stare at each other a moment -- they exchange a brief, awkward hug. Lucy then crouches down.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Where is she? Linney!!

Linney the cat comes haughtily skulking around the corner.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Linney! Oh my god, I missed you so  
much!

Linney gives a reproachful wail, as Lucy scoops her up.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I know. I know. That was too long  
apart. I missed you so much!

JOHN

Don't let her fool you, she had it  
pretty good here, lobster bisque  
every night.

(beat)

So how was it?

LUCY  
 (still snuggling Linney)  
 Good. Weird. Hard to explain.

JOHN  
 I feel like I'm definitely not a  
 cruise person.

LUCY  
 I don't know. If you did, you might  
 be surprised.

John smiles, and gestures towards Linney.

JOHN  
 Can I say goodbye?

Lucy nods, and hands over Linney. She watches as John buries his head in her fur.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 (whispered)  
 Bye girl. Bye sweetheart. I'm gonna  
 miss you. You come back any time.

LUCY  
 John --

He looks up at her. Shakily, Lucy presses on.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 I don't know...what your sort of  
 deal is right now. Like what your  
 situation is. And maybe in the past  
 few months, you've changed your  
 mind. Or moved on with things.  
 Which is totally ok! I understand  
 that! But I just. I wanted to say  
 that I have also spent the last few  
 months thinking. About what I want  
 from life. And what I want is --  
 adventure! And excitement! And  
 trips! And stories! But I want all  
 that with you. I want the adventure  
 of getting to live a life with you.  
 If that makes sense. I just!

She looks at John, who is frozen, watching her, with Linney in his arms.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 I love you. I love you so much. I  
 want to see what you're like at  
 eighty. And at forty.  
 (MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)

Which seems so much scarier than eighty, actually. But I wanna live it all with you. And like I said. I don't know what your deal is right now. But. I was hoping that maybe. This could be something we could talk about.

JOHN

Okay. Well.

He sighs and puts down Linney.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I think we definitely need to talk.

Lucy nods. John takes out his phone.

JOHN (CONT'D)

But I think we should probably order sushi, first?

Lucy smiles.

JOHN (CONT'D)

And you should probably put your stuff down. Because I think this will be a long conversation.

She nods again, as he takes the backpack straps off her shoulders.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I've actually put my order in. So you can just add yours and hit check-out when you're done?

He hands her his phone, which she takes without breaking eye-contact, then gently grabs his collar and pulls him in for a kiss -- the kind of kiss where both people are so elated that the kiss is happening that they can't stop smiling. Even while kissing.

After a moment, they break apart, and stare at each other, grinning.

JOHN (CONT'D)

This could be our whole lives, you know.

LUCY

Me, coming home from a cruise, passionately reuniting with you? Not a bad life.

John laughs. They kiss again, as Linney happily rubs against their legs.

**A few months later....**

CUT TO:

INT. LUCY AND JOHN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

CLOSE on two bodies under a comforter. From somewhere under the sheets, an iPhone alarm goes off. Lucy fishes for it and turns it off. Lucy sits up. Stretches. Kisses the top of John's head.

INT. LUCY AND JOHN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Lucy gets up, goes to the counter, sets the coffee maker. John groggily gets up.

INT. LUCY AND JOHN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Lucy sits at her desk, mug of hot coffee in hand. Her desk is cluttered with pens, colored pencils, watercolors, sketch books, her keycard from the Sunset Escape, daily newsletters from the ship, and the photo from the last night.

John, out the door, stops and kisses her goodbye. She picks up a blue colored pencil.

INT. LUCY AND JOHN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Lucy, headphones in, is hard at work. She bites her tongue in concentration as she sketches something in. Then, having finished the page, she stretches, takes off her headphones. Gives Linney a pet as she checks the time on her phone, then DIALS: **The Grands**.

INT. SERENE GABLES ASSISTED LIVING - DAY

Close-up on a landline, with big, easy-to-see numbers, ringing. A wrinkly hand with a wedding ring picks it up.

PHYLLIS

Hello?

Intercut with:

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME

LUCY  
Hi Grandma!

PHYLLIS  
Oh, hello.

Allen picks up the receiver, so they're both listening.

ALLEN  
Lucy! How are ya, kid?

LUCY  
I'm fine! I was just calling to see  
how you guys are settling in?

ALLEN  
Oh, fine. They've got a fitness  
center --

PHYLLIS  
A what?

ALLEN  
A fitness center.

PHYLLIS  
Oh. Yes.

ALLEN  
And they've got those,  
whatchamacallit, Spin Classes? When  
you ride a stationary bike to  
music?

LUCY  
Really??

ALLEN  
Yeah, gotta say, I don't know what  
they're thinking with that one,  
we're all pushing 100, though I do  
appreciate the dignity of working  
out with the lights out.

Lucy laughs, and leans back into her chair, settling in for a long chat. We see on her desk the drawing she was working on: a drawing of Lucy, Allen, and Phyllis on the cruise. We only see their backs, as they stare out onto the water. Underneath, in cursive handwriting, is written: **Displacement**.

THE END