

POSITIVE AGING IN HAPPY VALLEY

Written by

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(... it's a funny thing, dementia)

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FADE IN

EXT. HERMIONE'S DOG GROOMING VAN - DAY

HERMIONE ROHAN, Caucasian (mid 40s), talking on cell phone in the driveway of a house, struggles to pack away a portable, collapsible table into the back of a compact dog grooming van.

"The Pooch Pimp", not quite as severe as Harry's "Mutt Cutts" van in *Dumb and Dumber*.

But, with various canine themed accoutrements, including signage - '*The Best Friend's Best Friend*' - still something to behold.

HERMIONE

It's not that far for you to travel, surely ... It'll be painless, I promise.

She listens to the response, apprehension pains her face.

HERMIONE

No, it won't take long ... If you can just be there to lend support. Not sure I can handle her by myself...

She rolls her eyes, exasperated.

HERMIONE

No, she's not headed for the big kennel in the sky. See you then?

She terminates the call.

A final heave against the folded table and it settles in the van.

Hermione enters the van, turns to the house and farewells a happy client, a clone of her sculpted poodle that barks its appreciation for its (ridiculous) haute coiffure.

INT. CYNTHIA'S OLD LIVING ROOM - DAY

CYNTHIA BAKER (70), a touch of casual elegance about her, eases into a lounge chair.

She rests a walking stick on the arm and delicately raises her heavily bandaged left ankle on to a small ottoman.

No sooner does she settle, comes the SOUND (O.S.) of a key turning in a door.

CYNTHIA

In here.

A boy of eleven, RYAN ambles up and gives Cynthia a kiss on the cheek.

When she goes to embrace him, he shoves a flashing, LED lit Rubric's Cube in her face, causing a near heart attack.

He eases away to the large sofa and, hyper-animated, immerses himself in his flashing device.

Cynthia gathers her wits, shrugs philosophically.

She perks herself up with the appearance of Hermione and her husband MALACHY (50), a quiet, serene man who proffers a gentle smile before sitting next to Ryan.

CYNTHIA

Your sister coming?

HERMIONE

Traffic on the 95 again, I guess.

She sniffs the air.

CYNTHIA

In the kitchen, just brewed. And cookies. Soda in the refrigerator for--

HERMIONE

Best he doesn't. While he's subdued.

Cynthia nods in empathy.

Hermione hands her tablet to Malachy, exits into the kitchen, leaves Cynthia to muse over the workings of her grandson.

Her reverie is disturbed with the CHIMES of the front door. She turns her head in that direction and waits.

It chimes again ... and again.

Malachy stands just as Hermione enters with a tray of coffees which she hastily places on the coffee table.

Hermione gestures to her mother and Malachy to remain seated.

She checks her watch and heads to the front door, Ryan all the while oblivious to proceedings.

VOICE (O.S.)
Traffic on the old --

HERMIONE (O.S.)
Where's your spare key?

VOICE (O.S.)
Couldn't find it.

Hermione ushers her sister MADELEINE (early 40s), an overbearing woman, into the Lounge Room.

HERMIONE
Not with your car keys?

Madeleine displays her smart watch.

MADELEINE
"Keyless", these days. Five G. Car, house, lights, security ... microwave ... all linked. We're well connected.

HERMIONE
Well connected?

MADELEINE
Does everything for the career woman.

HERMIONE
Except find a key?

Madeleine dismisses this comment, water off a duck's back, goes to Cynthia, the obligatory kiss on the forehead.

MADELEINE
Hi, Mom.

She sits the other side of Ryan, ruffles his hair - without response.

Seeing the coffee, she reaches over and pours herself a cup.

Hermione pours her mother a coffee.

CYNTHIA
The kids not with you?

MADELEINE
Left them with the neighbors.

HERMIONE

Gavin --?

MADELEINE

Having issues with our project manager. So can't stay long.

Hermione rolls her eyes at her sister's indifference.

Diffusing the tension, Cynthia mutters.

CYNTHIA

Another time, maybe.

Madeleine sips her coffee just as Ryan's device issues a SHRILL noise, causing her nerves to rattle. She places the cup back on the tray.

MADELEINE

Well then, let's see what's on offer, shall we?

Unfazed, Hermione checks Cynthia's coffee.

HERMIONE

Cookies anyone?

There are no takers.

Reassured, Hermione takes her tablet from Malachy and kneels alongside her mother without so much as a nod to her sister.

With considerable effort, Madeleine, with her few extra pounds, obliges and kneels on the other side of Cynthia.

Hermione gestures to the furniture around them.

HERMIONE

We know where the heart is, Mom. But let's face it, we also know it hasn't been easy, all this time without the love of your life.

Cynthia flinches at the comment, says nothing.

HERMIONE

See what you think.

Hermione swipes open her device and taps.

Reluctantly, Cynthia turns her attention to the screen:

A CORPORATE VIDEO PLAYS

Various images appear...

MONTAGE OF SHOTS with accompanying CORPORATE V.O.

AERIAL - A huge complex covering twenty-five acres or more of lush, sub-tropical greenery.

EXTERIORS - of various dwelling types: a huge four level apartment block; smaller scale apartments on three sides of a glorious subtropical garden; detached homes ...

CORPORATE (V.O.)
 Welcome to The Happy Valley Retreat
 for Positive Aging ... in the
 utopia that is Miami ...

APARTMENT INTERIORS - spacious, sumptuous

CORPORATE (V.O.)
 Where we offer you old fashioned
 life choices ...

SWIMMING POOL - resort class, younger Retirees frolic

BOWLING GREEN - set amidst palm trees, mixed gender players, retired tragics of "The Bold and Beautiful"

ENZO'S RESTAURANT - silver service, views to lush gardens

CORPORATE (V.O.)
 With an emphasis on life ... And
 living out your senior years in
 consummate style ...

MEDICAL CENTRE - and a matinee handsome physician listens through his stethoscope on a Black male patient's chest ...

CORPORATE (V.O.)
 In the company of true, caring
 professionals, with your well-being
 in mind ...

The CORPORATE (V.O.) FADES

INT. DOC MARTINI'S CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

DR VERN MARTINO (33), the physician in the video (known henceforth as Doc Martini), completes a chest examination of a senior patient, Black American DENZEL MOSE (mid-70s).

The Doc slings his stethoscope around his neck.

DOC MARTINI
 Faculties seem fine. Everything
 seems to be ticking over okay.

Denzel, still a reasonable male specimen, looks at his nether region with a smile.

DENZEL
 Everything?

DOC MARTINI
 Ah, yes. Been meaning to talk to
 you about that.

DENZEL
 I'm fine. I don't need any.

DOC MARTINI
 Any --?

DENZEL
 Little blue ones.

DOC MARTINI
 I suspect they're the last things
 you need.

DENZEL
 It's just that when most guys reach
 my age --

DOC MARTINI
 I'm talking about your dalliances
 with the doddering widow Dolmsky.

DENZEL
 Who?

DOC MARTINI
 I think you know who I mean.

DENZEL
 Sorry, Doc. The ol' memory. You
 know how it is.

DOC MARTINI
 I'll change your meds if you like.
 You are still taking them?

Denzel raises a hand to rebuff the suggestion.

DOC MARTINI
 Right now I'm concerned about this
 other patient's welfare.

DENZEL

You're the Doc.

DOC MARTINI

Exactly. So I must warn you that having sexual relations with her could have dire consequences.

DENZEL

Dire?

DOC MARTINI

I'll be frank with you Mister Mosé. She has a condition.

Denzel looks for enlightenment.

DOC MARTINI

You know I can't reveal --

Denzel places a finger to his lips - "mom's the word".

Doc Martini relents and whispers.

DOC MARTINI

Mrs. Dolmsky has acute angina.

DENZEL

I wouldn't know. I've never ventured down that --

DOC MARTINI

Angina! Her heart! She has an obstruction to the coronary arteries.

DENZEL

Consequences?

DOC MARTINI

Dire. I suggest you stick to more passive pursuits.

EXT. BOWLING GREEN- DAY

Within its own park setting in the Happy Valley Retreat, palm trees swaying etc.

FELIX SEBASTIAN (mid-70s), ginger hair, freckles, a modern day Van Johnson, in flamboyant bowls outfit, GRUNTS as he bends and delivers his bowl.

He stays with knees bent for an inordinate amount of time as the bowl approaches the kitty.

Denzel and, a third player in the group, HARRISON PAINTER (mid-70s), conservative, well-fed and pampered, start down the rink but stop in their tracks when Felix MOANS.

Instinctively, they turn back to their comrade ...

FELIX

There aren't any "more passive pursuits"!

I/E. ELECTRIC BUGGY/BOWLING GREEN - DAY

On a pathway that skirts the perimeter of the Bowling Green, an electric buggy with three people on board glides along with a gentle hum.

An apprehensive Cynthia in the back of the vehicle with Hermione, looks to the Bowling Green ...

BOWLING GREEN

Denzel and Harrison struggle to assist Felix from his bowed over position ...

ELECTRIC BUGGY

Cynthia flinches at the sight.

The driver of the buggy, ZEB GROBNAK (45), CEO of the facility, with a face that could pass for an overly-tanned young Tony Bennett, leans back to address his guests.

ZEB

With all this on your doorstep,
we'll have you tanned up like a
film star in no time.

Cynthia checks out Zeb's olive skin accentuating his pearly whites framed by botoxed lips.

ZEB

So there you have it. The Happy
Valley Retreat.

CYNTHIA

A nice enough place, I suppose. To
grow old.

ZEB

We like to think of it as "positive aging". And there's no better place to do it than on our little cruise ship sailing eternally placid waters.

Hermione looks over at the activity on the Green, gently massages Cynthia's strapped left leg.

HERMIONE

They all seem to be sailing smoothly.

BOWLING GREEN

A bowl lies on its side, blue insignia upward, second closest to the Jack. Denzel kicks it out of the way prompting a call from Felix.

FELIX

Whoa, man. You forgettin' what color you are?

Denzel corrects himself, refers to the bowls.

DENZEL

All look alike to me.

And he wanders toward a yellow bowl way towards the back of the Rink. In the B.G. the buggy disappearing on the path.

ZEB (V.O.)

Now for our pièce de résistance.

INT. ENZO'S RESTAURANT - DAY

The Retreat's silver service restaurant.

ARTHUR the Waiter clears plates from the table where Zeb hosts Cynthia and Hermione to luncheon.

ZEB

Obviously Enzo's attracts a tariff as I'm sure you will appreciate. But most of Happy Valley's guests manage to enjoy its charms on the odd occasion.

Both Cynthia and Hermione assess the handful of diners.

ZEB

There are some, of course, who simply cannot get enough. But usually it's the venue of choice for those special occasions. Birthday. Wedding anniversary.

CYNTHIA

Widowed.

ZEB

Bar mitzvahs.

In unison they look perplexed.

ZEB

For our 83 year olds.

In unison they subtly shake their heads.

ZEB

The occasional re-union.

HERMIONE/CYNTHIA

Re-union?

ZEB

You never know ... The occasional marriage, even.

Again both Cynthia and Hermione check out the painted-up, very senior citizens in attendance.

ZEB

Yes, we do have them.

Zeb raises his glass of red wine, prompting the two woman to do the same.

ZEB

And other milestones in life.

Cynthia stares at Hermione.

CYNTHIA

The only one left comes with a headstone.

Zeb gives a politician's smile and, assuming a deal done, sips his wine.

EXT. CYNTHIA'S HOUSE - DAY

A REALTOR erects a 'FOR SALE' sign on the front lawn.

INT. CYNTHIA'S (NEW) APARTMENT - DAY

A short entry hall leads on to a flight of stairs, equipped with an elevator chair.

WALK-IN CLOSET - UPSTAIRS

Hermione hangs a bathrobe in a walk-in closet. She looks through a door into the adjoining

BATHROOM

Very spacious, sparkling tiles over walls and floor, first class in every respect. Various chromed/stainless steel bars strategically placed to assist the elderly.

LIVING ROOM - GROUND LEVEL

In close proximity to the stairs, a sumptuous room furnished with many of Cynthia's own possessions.

Cynthia, in jeans and casual top, stands with her back to the window, alongside a business suited Madeleine whose restless body movements betray a desire to be elsewhere.

Hermione joyrides down in the elevator chair.

She jumps off at the bottom, looking like a kid at a fair ground.

She saunters into the Living Room.

HERMIONE

Enough fun for one day.

She looks uneasily at her sister, addresses her mother.

HERMIONE

Perhaps we'll leave you to settle in, okay?

MADELEINE

You okay with that, mom?

A simple, *fait accompli* shrug from Cynthia.

Hermione hugs her mother sincerely.

Madeleine steps forward and gives her mother a peck on the cheek.

MADELEINE
It'll be a load lifted.

Hermione gives Madeleine a scathing glare.

MADELEINE
From your leg.

Cynthia sees her daughters to the front door.

On their departure, she approaches the stairway elevator chair. She looks up at the landing and decides on the elevator chair.

CYNTHIA
A load lifted, indeed.

She fiddles with the controls and slowly the chair starts its ascent ...

Halfway up, and for no apparent reason, it stops and slowly descends.

Cynthia fiddles frantically with the controls and, like a scene from a silent movie, it suddenly ascends again at high speed, stops abruptly halfway up, jolting Cynthia's head.

She looks back down the stairs, as if she's now caught in purgatory.

BEDROOM - LATER:

At the window, Cynthia looks down at activity in the garden square below.

EXT. HAPPY VALLEY GARDEN - DAY - INTERCUT

Surrounded on three sides by two-level apartment blocks.

Along a path that meanders through the garden, two OLD BIDDIES race one another in their gopher vehicles.

BEDROOM:

Cynthia is caught between amusement and bewilderment.

Another part of the Garden where something else grabs her attention.

A DIRTY OLD MAN in deep, intimate conversation with an attractive FEMALE SENIOR CITIZEN who abruptly stands and walks off in a huff.

Undaunted, the Dirty Old Man approaches another ELDERLY WOMAN on a different bench, reading in the sunshine.

Dismissing the scene, Cynthia flops on her Queen-size bed, stares at the ceiling, 'twixt trepidation and relief.

She closes her eyes, drifts away.

INT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

KITCHEN

Cynthia has coffee at the table on which is strewn a pile of loose photos of herself from over the last fifty odd years.

Her approach to these pics borders on blasé.

A framed photo -- a wedding shot of a serious business-type, RUSSELL (early 30s), placing a ring on the left hand of Cynthia (late 20s).

Cynthia puts the framed photo to one side and without regard to their subject matter, gathers all the loose photos in a pile and places them in a large shoe box.

A few pics fall to the floor.

She picks them up, the top-most one being a postcard pic of a young couple on a chopper motorcycle; she on pillion, with her arms around a handsome, long-haired, leather-jacketed young Black man.

After a brief sentimental moment she tosses it on top of the others in the shoe box.

She places the wedding photo on top and carries the box into the

LIVING ROOM

Cynthia positions the wedding photo on top of an elaborate sideboard, in clear view of the elevator chair stuck halfway up/down the stairs.

She gives the wedding photo but a cursory look.

She replaces the cover of the shoe box -- a final fleeting glimpse of the motorcycle pic -- and stows it inside the sideboard.

I/E. DENZEL'S APARTMENT - MORNING

KITCHEN

Denzel eats breakfast of coffee and plain bagel, attempts a crossword puzzle in a magazine with an old fountain pen.

The front door CHIMES (O.S.) He goes to answer.

FRONT DOOR

Harrison, his bowling pal, greets Denzel.

HARRISON

Glad I caught you. Should have messaged. Might be delayed by a few minutes.

ELVIRA (O.S.)

Won't keep him long.

THE CURB OUTSIDE

ELVIRA (late 60s), Harrison's wife, in the passenger seat of a modern compact sedan parked at the curb.

ELVIRA

Just a few things we need to trim before the tide turns, as they say.

Denzel looks at her vacantly.

ELVIRA

Given any more thought to the Bahamas at this time of the year? Still time for signing on.

The vacant look remains.

HARRISON

(sotto to Denzel)

Felix warned you what to expect, eh?

(louder for Elvira's sake)

We'll catch you at the course, okay?

Without waiting for a response, Harrison rushes to the car, calling back to Denzel, re-affirming.

HARRISON
Tee-off ten-thirty.

EXT. GOLF COURSE CLUBHOUSE - MORNING

Felix and Harrison wait impatiently outside the clubhouse.

Harrison consults his smart phone, decides to punch in a number.

INT/EXT. DENZEL'S CAR TRAVELLING - MORNING - SAME

Denzel, in golfing outfit, cruises the freeway in his vintage late 80s convertible. He's oblivious to all the traffic.

His cell phone mounted on the dash RINGS.

He checks the caller ID, "Harrison", answers vacantly.

DENZEL
Good morning to you too.

HARRISON (V.O.)
Tee-off in five. Thought you were good to go?

DENZEL
Go?

HARRISON (V.O.)
Where are you? Sounds like freeway traffic.

Denzel snaps out of it, looks at his surroundings, replies:

DENZEL
Charging my battery. On my way.

Denzel clicks off his phone, whips a sticky note from the dashboard and screws it up, weaves across lanes of traffic to an exit ramp.

EXT. GOLF TEE-OFF - DAY

Harrison, lingering on the Tee-off area, puts his phone away.

Felix, leaning against his buggy, shakes his head.

FELIX

Other things on his mind. Again!

HARRISON

Apparently his faculties are fine.

FELIX

Says who?

HARRISON

Your friend and mine.

DOC MARTINI (V.O.)

Faculties are fine.

INT. DOC MARTINI'S CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

Doc Martini gives Cynthia the all over health check.

DOC MARTINI

Leg is on the mend. Good. No more dizzy spells?

Cynthia shakes her head in the negative.

He checks her medical records.

DOC MARTINI

Anything not listed here I should know about?

CYNTHIA

Not really ... although I thought I might have had a touch of angina a few years ago.

His interest piqued, the Doc's eyes stray to her chest.

CYNTHIA

Too much Mexican. Not my favorite. But my late husband had, shall we say, an appetite for things Latino.

Doc Martini raises his eyebrows -- "an appetite"?

CYNTHIA

Yes, took me a few years of marriage to work out his preference.

DOC MARTINI

And you indulged him?

CYNTHIA
As a good wife does.

Doc Martini nods but doesn't dwell further.

CYNTHIA
So, I'm good to go?

DOC MARTINI
Indulge yourself as much as you
like. Latino ... or whatever takes
your fancy.

INT. ENZO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Arthur clears the dessert plate from Cynthia's table.

Seated alone at a table for two, she faces toward a large mirror on a wall.

It's a laid-back, silver-service affair. A CROONER sings softly at a grand piano.

Cynthia dabs her napkin to her lips. Her attention is captured briefly by an image in the mirror.

A table not far behind her, a Black American, his back to Cynthia, stands and departs, exposing the handsome Felix.

A brief visual encounter.

She's curious, but another WAITER blocks her view of the mirror as he places a fancy cocktail in front of her.

On the Waiter's departure, Cynthia looks up again at the mirror but Felix has gone.

She glances furtively around the dining room but there is no sign of him.

She turns back to the mirror and her musing is interrupted by Felix, standing behind the chair opposite.

FELIX
May I? A beautiful lady should
never dine alone.

CYNTHIA
But I'm not.

Felix looks at the empty chair.

CYNTHIA
I'm with my thoughts ...

FELIX
Of the love of --

CYNTHIA
... of my late husband.

She vacantly twiddles her wedding ring.

Felix sits uninvited.

Cynthia doesn't object to his presence.

CYNTHIA
They can keep.

FELIX
Atta girl.

She leans to one side and stares into the mirror.

CYNTHIA
Your partner has gone?

Felix turns around to the mirror showing the reflection of Felix and Denzel's vacant table.

FELIX
Ah, my partner. Platonic, I can assure you. Golf. The occasional dinner engagement. When he remembers.

Cynthia is satisfied.

Felix turns to the nearby Waiter and points to Cynthia's cocktail.

FELIX
You're new round here, obviously. Might I say, you look much too young to be in a place like this.

Cynthia plays along, more amused than earnest.

CYNTHIA
That's a poor pick-up line.

FELIX
I have more if need be. But I'm thinking you've heard 'em all.

CYNTHIA
I'm flattered.

Felix leans back in his chair, arms open.

CYNTHIA
It's been a while, I must admit.

FELIX
I'm not convinced.

Cynthia's cheeks flush. The Waiter arrives with Felix's cocktail.

Felix raises his drink. Cynthia obliges.

FELIX
This is the part where we exchange addresses --

Cynthia raises her eyebrows.

FELIX
Phone numbers?

EXT. BOARDWALK MIAMI BEACH - DAY

Cynthia, beneath the shade of a dainty parasol, strolls with a subtle limp beside Felix doing justice to a cream linen suit and toquilla straw hat.

CYNTHIA
So, now you know all about me,
about Rusty, and the girls.

Felix averts her enquiring look.

FELIX
Never found the time for anything
long-term, myself. But then again,
I suppose there were few prospects.

Cynthia looks questioningly at him, goading him.

FELIX
Chicago was a cold and lonely town
growing up. I needed an elixir, so
I moved here ... nigh on twenty
years. Ten in Happy Valley.

CYNTHIA
Where it's certainly not cold.

FELIX

And far from lonely. Spend a lot of
time hangin' out with the guys.
They're a good gang. We keep each
other on our toes.

CYNTHIA

I can imagine.

EXT. BOWLING GREEN - DAY

Felix bends awkwardly, delivers his bowl along the manicured
green.

Standing behind him, Denzel and Harrison, polishing their
bowls with cloths.

FELIX

I'm going ahead in leaps and bounds
with this new one.

Felix manages to right himself, rubs his back. The others are
relieved when Felix stands erect.

HARRISON

Figuratively?

FELIX

A purely passive pursuit.

Felix steps back as Denzel prepares to deliver his bowl.

FELIX

You'd like her.

DENZEL

Perhaps.

Denzel delivers his bowl, stands, returns to the others.

FELIX

I think she's one of those, you
know, born again --

DENZEL

Christians?

FELIX

Virgins. Widow and all that.

HARRISON

Name of?

FELIX

Cynthia.

Off Denzel's vague look ...

HARRISON

You know her?

Denzel doesn't respond.

FELIX

Ring a bell?

DENZEL

Virgins?

HARRISON

You remember them, do you?

Denzel reflects, reminisces.

Harrison turns to Felix, who shrugs.

FELIX

I was never so fortunate. In my 'hood, it was slim pickings. And them that were, were dopey doves.

Harrison is thrown by this.

FELIX

Coo cooing all the time, you know what I mean? Commitment. For life.

They both turn to Denzel.

DENZEL

Only ever knew one.

FELIX

Must have been someone special.

EXT. HAPPY VALLEY GARDEN - DAY

Cynthia, still a subtle limp, walks arm in arm with Hermione.

CYNTHIA

Nice that one of my daughters remembers.

HERMIONE

They've a lot going on at the moment. But she's promised to catch up soon for Dad's anniversary.

Cynthia seems unenthusiastic.

HERMIONE

We arranged it at the wake, Mom. Remember? Hard to accept it's been nearly a year.

Cynthia shrugs, blasé about the comment.

HERMIONE

Don't worry. Maddie'll come round when their building plans are settled.

They walk a while.

HERMIONE

You seem pretty well settled now?

CYNTHIA

Not much choice.

Hermione lets the comment ride.

HERMIONE

Mom, until you start making friends.

The cheeky smile that slowly appears does not go unnoticed.

HERMIONE

Okay, out with it.

CYNTHIA

I've met a man.

Off Hermione's raised eye-brows.

CYNTHIA

Who I think has designs on me.

HERMIONE

Designs on you?

CYNTHIA

Bit of a ladies' man.

HERMIONE

That counts you out.

They both have a chuckle.

HERMIONE

When you say you've "met a man"?

CYNTHIA

No no, nothing like that. Helping fill the gap. We've had a few outings together, is all.

INT. MARINA - CAFÉ - DAY

Al fresco, looking out over a marina, where expensive yachts bob gently at their moorings, Felix and Cynthia sip coffees.

FELIX

Nearly bought one of those to see my days out.

CYNTHIA

Then we might not have met.

He's pleased by this.

She subtly reaches down and massages her lower leg.

FELIX

You know your ankle will heal quicker with properly fitted shoes.

CYNTHIA

Think so?

FELIX

Know so. Bit of a pedi phile, you see.

Off Cynthia's concerned look.

FELIX

A lover of feet. I sometimes wonder where I'd be without them.

She cringes at the pun.

FELIX

Did you know, there's hyper pronation AND hypo pronation?

Cynthia totally bewildered.

CYNTHIA

I did not.

FELIX

Flat feet or high arched. Peasant,
Egyptian, Greek.

CYNTHIA

All double-Dutch to me.

FELIX

All to do with the big toe.

CYNTHIA

Of course.

FELIX

Not to mention lineal discrepancy.

CYNTHIA

I wouldn't dare.

FELIX

Take mine. Please, they're killing
me!

Prompts a chuckle from Cynthia.

FELIX

But seriously. Lineal discrepancy.
My left is over one half inch
longer than my right, would you
believe?

CYNTHIA

Oh, I wouldn't doubt it for a
minute.

FELIX

Stopped me from playing football.
Couldn't afford proper boots, so I
cut down a couple old secondhand
pairs - low cut were the new trend.
More like shoes.

Cynthia nods, recalling the era.

FELIX

In the process I learnt a thing or
two about feet and fashion ... one
thing led to another, trained as a
cordwainer and --

Confused look.

FELIX

Maker of shoes. What about yours?

CYNTHIA

Mine?

FELIX

Let's have a look.

CYNTHIA

Here?

FELIX

Kick your shoes.

CYNTHIA

You're pleasant company but I'm not ready to kick my shoes for any man.

FELIX

I used to charge a fortune for my consults. But for you, special deal.

Cynthia relinquishes and subtly removes her shoes. Felix peeks under the table.

FELIX

Whooaa. You sure you're not Chinese? I thought they outlawed that practice.

She quickly re-dons her shoes, embarrassed.

CYNTHIA

Mister Sebastian, I swear you'll be the death of a woman.

EXT. HAPPY VALLEY RETREAT - DAY

An ambulance slowly departs the facility on to the highway. A somber affair, no lights flashing, no sirens wailing.

INT. DENZEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

BATHROOM

Denzel, wet curly gray hair, in white toweling robe, shaves with an electric shaver. He pauses, stares at his image in the mirror. For a moment he is bemused by what he sees.

He reaches out and places a hand on the mirror surface. Frowns, brings his hand to his face, probes its features.

The hand drops to his chest as if checking his heartbeat.

The shaver still BUZZING away in his other hand snaps him out of his trance.

BEDROOM

On the mirror of a dresser is a stick-it note that reads:

"GREEN POLO WITH PLAID TWEED"

Denzel enters the walk-in closet ... returns with said clothes and lays them neatly on his bed.

Removing the bathrobe, he stands butt naked, looking at his reflection in the mirror.

He dons his boxers and pulls a white T-shirt down over his man boobs, mutters

DENZEL

And a cute pair of tits.

EXT. HAPPY VALLEY GARDEN - LAKE - DAY

A breezy day, palm trees swaying.

A small crowd of Residents, gathered around Zeb and TWO ELDERLY FAMILY MEMBERS, collectively move toward a small ornamental lake replete with lotus lilies and other lush tropical water plants.

At the water's edge they stop with heads bowed. Zeb raises a small casket above the water.

ZEB

What more can I say. This was the wish of a favorite of many of us, the widow Patricia Dolmsky.

Various ELDERLY MEN in the gathering shuffle uneasily.

He tilts the casket toward the water. A menacing breeze starts swirling about, causing some to secure their hats.

INT. ENZO'S RESTAURANT - DAY

A dozen or so Residents, some with remnants of ash on their clothes and in their hair, mingle around the bar and converse as they sip coffee.

Denzel, in his green polo shirt and plaid jacket, with Felix, Harrison and Elvira et al.

DENZEL

Should have taken the ol' Doc more seriously.

The others are not entirely sure what he is alluding to.

DENZEL

About her having acute angina.

FELIX

And a cute pair of tits too, for that matter.

Glares from the others in their midst.

FELIX

Just assumed one went with the other.

Felix spies someone in another part of the room behind Denzel, and motions to come join them.

Cynthia accepts a coffee from a Waiter, wanders over, sidles up beside Denzel. Neither notices the other until Felix reaches and takes her arm, drawing her to his side.

FELIX

Denzel, can I introduce you to --

Cynthia freezes, drops her coffee!

Denzel bends and picks up the empty cup, hands it back.

But he can't escape her stare. He looks intently at her, incredulous.

CYNTHIA

Denzel?

Denzel's cup and saucer start to quiver in his hand.

FELIX

A blast from the past? The only one you ever knew?

Felix hands his own coffee to Harrison and takes Denzel's and Cynthia's cups to the bar.

Elvira, breaking the impasse, introduces herself.

ELVIRA

Hi. I'm --

But gets no further.

CYNTHIA

I'm sorry, I had no idea --

She rushes off without further explanation.

FELIX

Looks like she's just seen Phil.

The others are thrown by this.

FELIX

Specter. Never mind.

INT. CYNTHIA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cynthia retrieves the shoe box of photos from the sideboard and carries it to the sofa and coffee table.

She removes the lid and is greeted by the top pic -- the postcard two-shot photo of a young woman on the back of a chopper motorcycle behind a young black man in leather jacket.

She flips the photo where it is written:

*"With Denzel, my easy rider -
1972."*

She flips it back over again.

A tear drops on to the photo.

CYNTHIA (V.O.)

Can we meet?

EXT. CYNTHIA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Cynthia, distraught, takes coffee with Hermione in her work gear.

CYNTHIA

I could help Ryan with his school work. Take a load off your mind.

HERMIONE

What's brought this on?

CYNTHIA

Well, it's obvious he's a handful --

HERMIONE

No, how come you want to leave?

CYNTHIA

I've met a man.

HERMIONE

I thought that was why you were settled here!

CYNTHIA

Another one.

INT. MADELEINE'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Hermione paces the floor before a seated Madeleine.

MADELEINE

Well it's going to be difficult for us. The addition is in full swing.

HERMIONE

I suppose we can try and find room. Knew we shouldn't have sold her house.

MADELEINE

Face it sis. How else was she going to buy into that place?

HERMIONE

The place she doesn't want to be in any more.

MADELEINE

But why not?

Hermione abruptly stops her pacing, anger mounting.

HERMIONE

I just finished telling you, for Christ's sake!

MADELEINE

I know, I know. This man. But it's not as if she's been threatened with rape or anything. I'd have thought that at her age --

HERMIONE

It's someone from her past.

MADELEINE

Someone we know?

HERMIONE

Apparently not. But they had a relationship.

EXT. BOWLING GREEN - DAY

Felix and Denzel stand behind Harrison and watch on as he delivers his last bowl.

FELIX

Relationship?

Harrison's bowl progresses down to where four other bowls rest.

He stands erect, turns back to the others, all ears.

HARRISON

As in "affair"? She was married?

He sidles next to Felix, thinks about his comment.

HARRISON

Nah, 'coz then she wouldn't have been a virgin --

A dig in the ribs from Felix.

HARRISON

No, guess not.

Denzel is unwilling to elaborate.

Felix picks up on this.

FELIX

Young lovers, eh?

Denzel leaves them speculating as he prepares his last bowl.

FELIX

And a broken heart in there somewhere?

Denzel halfheartedly demurs.

Harrison pulls a face like an insensitive teenager.

HARRISON

You ol' heartbreaker, you.

Denzel drives his bowl, disturbs the head, scatters all the bowls resting there. The Jack goes into ditch.

FELIX

Whoa. Now there's a statement.

INT. DENZEL'S APARTMENT - EVENING

BATHROOM

Denzel, naked but for his boxers, in front of the bathroom mirror.

On his dark shoulder blade, a tattoo of sorts we haven't seen before -- a heart pierced by Cupid's arrow with the initials:

"DM Loves CG"

He douses his face with water, dons a dressing gown.

BEDROOM

Denzel enters the walk-in closet ... and emerges with a plain cardboard dress box.

He flops on the bed, flips the lid, places a small jewelry box to one side, and rummages through a collection of old photos.

E/I. DENZEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

FRONT DOOR

Cynthia rings the CHIMES ... No answer. She rings again.

Still no answer ... She turns, about to depart ...

The door opens by a bleary-eyed Denzel.

They stare at each other for an inordinate time.

CYNTHIA

I'm sorry.

That said, she heads down the short walkway.

DENZEL

Sorry?

Cynthia stops in her tracks, turns back on her heels.

CYNTHIA

Humiliating you. In front of all those people.

An impasse.

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Cynthia wanders aimlessly about the room, taking in the furnishings, paintings on the walls -- eclectic but far from ostentatious.

On a writing bureau, an open magazine of crossword puzzles.

On a dresser, three photographs of attractive, spirited Black American females, the first about 30, the second about 35, the third about 45 years old.

Various stick-it notes are stuck randomly around the place -- just simple things like "luncheon Friday".

A digital calendar with time, date and day displayed.

Denzel enters with a tray of coffee, sees Cynthia looking at the first of the photos.

CYNTHIA

Your daughter?

DENZEL

First wife.

Cynthia "oh", gestures to the other two photos.

DENZEL

Second ... and third.

This is a real revelation. Cynthia makes no more of it.

Denzel places the tray on the coffee table, bids her to sit on the sofa.

Joining her, he pours the coffee, offers her cream, she accepts; he has his without.

DENZEL

Not out making progress with Felix?

A sore point for her.

CYNTHIA
He keeps asking.

DENZEL
But?

CYNTHIA
Perhaps I have a thing about
relationships. And you?

DENZEL
Struck out, I'm afraid.
(gestures to the photos)
Three curved balls.

Cynthia is taken aback by this last comment.

DENZEL
Had their own game plans.

Cynthia motions over to the photos on the dresser.

CYNTHIA
Were you in love?

DENZEL
Not like --

He checks himself, piqued by a memory.

DENZEL
No idea if they ever were. I know
they all loved gold.

Cynthia takes this comment philosophically.

CYNTHIA
Took you for a ride, eh?

DENZEL
Metaphorically speaking.

She looks at him quizzically.

Denzel rises, goes out the room a moment, leaving Cynthia to
look scathingly over the three photographs.

Denzel returns holding a once crumpled, now resurrected
postcard photo.

He presents it to her. She softly runs a finger over the
creases.

CYNTHIA

I haven't ridden with anyone since.

She averts her eyes. Maybe she was too hasty in replying.

She quickly gulps down her coffee and places the cup on the coffee table.

She stands.

He follows suit.

CYNTHIA

Anyway, just thought I would, you know ...?

Denzel's placid nod puts her at ease.

She departs, leaves the photo on the coffee table -- a copy of the same motorcycle photo in Cynthia's apartment.

EXT. HERMIONE'S HOME - GARDEN - DAY

The backyard of a lovingly tended, humble middle-income home.

Hermione, with Ryan her apprentice, cooks a BBQ.

Cynthia, reclined in a deck chair. Malachy arrives with a long, cool drink. He helps her sit more upright before handing her the drink.

She refers to Ryan at the barbecue.

CYNTHIA

Is he taking it in?

MALACHY

One would hope so. Who knows, after high school he might shock us all and become a chef.

CYNTHIA

You'd be happy with that?

MALACHY

Happy with anything that doesn't amount to a catastrophe.

Cynthia reaches up a hand, motioning Malachy to help her out of the chair.

Standing, she links her arm in Malachy's.

CYNTHIA

There's simply no predicting.

MALACHY

You said it. Who'd have thought,
eh? Another new man in your life.

CYNTHIA

An old one, actually.

Hermione, overhearing, focusses her attention on this discussion ...

She's thwarted by the arrival of Madeleine and her troop: husband GAVIN (mid-40s), daughter HILARY(12), and son NATHAN(10).

The new arrivals give the obligatory cheek kiss.

Gavin, however, is a reluctant participant in Malachy's man hug.

MADELEINE

So good to catch up. So much going
on these days and with time a
commodity in short supply.

MALACHY

A pity we can't just click on-line
and top up, eh?

Gavin turns to observe Hilary and Nathan flop themselves in the nearest chairs and immerse themselves in their own phones.

GAVIN

Say hello to your cousin.

The two juveniles give a passing nod towards Ryan whose vacant eyes reveal little or no interest in any salutation.

Cynthia darts a scathing look at Hilary and Nathan but does not intervene. Madeleine remains oblivious.

MADELEINE

Hear you've met an old flame, Mom?
And with Dad still lukewarm!

It's enough to make Cynthia's cheeks flush, with contempt as much as embarrassment.

MADELEINE

I do hope it wasn't some extra-
marital --

CYNTHIA

No! He was well before you two came along. Before your father, even.

MADELEINE

So, when you married Dad, you weren't ... you know, weren't a --?

Cynthia is unfazed.

CYNTHIA

A maiden? No I wasn't. What about you, darling?

A flustered Madeleine puts on a brave face, fending off Gavin's probing stare.

MADELEINE

Different gens.

A knowing smile from Cynthia.

MADELEINE

So. This new man I gotta meet.

Cynthia scoffs at the idea.

Madeleine eyes her mother impudently -- a bitchy challenge -- as Hermione passively observes this interplay.

MADELEINE

Go on. You know you want to.

CYNTHIA

If you insist.

Madeleine nods petulantly.

Cynthia matches the gesture.

CYNTHIA

You take what you get.

Malachy diffuses the situation.

MALACHY

Is my maiden in distress?

Cynthia, comfortable again in Malachy's presence, links her arm more securely in his, and together they sidle toward Hermione and the barbecue sizzling away.

CYNTHIA (V.O.)

Madeleine can be a real bitch.

EXT. HAPPY VALLEY GARDEN - DAY

Cynthia walks beside Denzel, along the meandering path of the manicured Garden. Her arm brushes against his, he falters.

CYNTHIA

Hermie on the other hand got some good genes, although where from I'm not sure. And Big Mal, bless him, is heaven sent ... Not sure about Ryan.

She leans over a garden bed and plucks a small sprig of 'Forget-Me-Not' flowers.

CYNTHIA

Leave you to make up your own mind.

They come to a bench and she deliberately grabs his hand and motions they sit.

They sit in silence, for what seems an eternity.

She squeezes his hand tenderly, doesn't dwell, fiddles with the flowers.

CYNTHIA

You sure you're cool with this?
Help me keep the hounds at bay.

He leans over and takes one of the flowers from her.

INT. DENZEL'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Denzel places a sprig of Forget-Me-Not flowers into a small vase, sans water.

He stands a moment, pre-occupied with the vase, troubled by some trifle.

After a beat he starts to mumble to himself, agonizing over the words he mouths ...

DENZEL

Daisy ... faisy ... forsy ...
forgot ... forget ... forget-me-
not. Forget-me-nots!

He repeats the term a number of times, committing to memory as if his life depended upon it.

He rummages through a drawer in the writing bureau, locates a pad of post-it stickers and scribbles down the words.

E/I. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Denzel rings the door bell ... a moment passes before it opens.

The interior light of the entry hall creates a subtle halo effect with Cynthia's hair. She's dressed to the nines.

Denzel, his face illuminated by the light, produces something hidden behind his back. It is a small corsage featuring Forget-me-nots.

CYNTHIA

Forget-me-not.

Cynthia fiddles with the pin, trying unsuccessfully to attach the corsage.

Denzel takes over.

She eyes him coquettishly as he screws his mouth up, concentrating.

Success. His eyes meet hers. She blushes.

INT. ENZO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Hermione, not so casually dressed, is chuffed when MAITRE D' assists her into her chair.

Arthur assists Malachy and Gavin.

Maitre d' turns to Madeleine but, much to his chagrin, she seats herself.

He gives her a disdainful look as she alone deposits her phone on the table.

MAITRE D'

Arthur will be in attendance tonight. If you will excuse me.

He departs, leaving Arthur to place napkins on their laps.

That done, he takes a step back to linger unobtrusively nearby.

Both Hermione and Madeleine converse silently "... she had an affair with him before.." and "... he could have been our father ..." or some such.

Maitre d' ushers in Denzel and Cynthia wearing her corsage.

All mouths drop open.

MADELEINE

(sotto)

Or we could have been ...

Malachy stands politely as Maitre d' assists Cynthia into her seat, unfolds and drapes her napkin, does the same with Denzel.

Happy that all are settled, Maitre d' places a hand on the back of Cynthia's chair, addresses them.

MAITRE D'

May I ask the occasion?

DENZEL

Well it's not a Bar Mitzvah.

The others are all taken aback by this comment from way out of left field.

MALACHY

I suppose you could say it's a --

DENZEL

-- a reunion. I suppose you could say.

Cynthia's eyes sparkle, a barely discernible smile.

CYNTHIA

I suppose you could.

Maitre d' raises a single index finger as if to say, "leave it with me", turns and mimes something to Arthur who nods and immediately departs.

The ensemble sit silently a moment ... until Hermione breaks the chill.

HERMIONE

Not a Bar Mitzvah. Good one.

DENZEL

A big earner for the place, so I hear. As are weddings.

ON CUE: Felix walks past.

FELIX

A wedding? So soon?

Cynthia blushes at this.

DENZEL

Felix my man. Pull up a pew.

FELIX

Looks like it's a 'Brady Bunch'
affair and I hear seven's a crowd.

Cynthia averts her eyes ... calls for some diplomacy.

FELIX

But we must catch up for a few
ends. Not much activity with Harry
on the high seas.

(to Cynthia)

Look after those feet.

He offers a casual salute and glides away.

MADELEINE

Feet?

CYNTHIA

He has a thing about them.

MADELEINE

And "he" being?

CYNTHIA

A friend.

Questioning looks dart around.

HERMIONE

"Old" friend?

MADELEINE

Or "new" friend?

HERMIONE

Or a "new old" friend?

MADELEINE

Or a "old new" friend?

Denzel does his best to diffuse the awkwardness.

DENZEL

We're partners from way back.

A few raised eyebrows.

DENZEL

Golf, bowls.

MADELEINE
That look?

CYNTHIA
Look?

HERMIONE
In his eye.

MADELEINE
I do believe he's --

HERMIONE
Yes, I do believe so.

All eyes dart again from Cynthia to Denzel to Cynthia.

Relief comes in the form of Maitre d' popping the cork on a bottle of champagne as Arthur the Waiter up turns the flute glasses in front of each diner.

I/E. MADELEINE'S CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Madeleine drives Gavin.

MADELEINE
So, what d'you think?

GAVIN
About what?

MADELEINE
Her new friend?

GAVIN
Do you mean "old" friend?

Madeleine confirms.

GAVIN
Handsome devil.

Madeleine ponders a moment.

MADELEINE
I wonder how much of one.

GAVIN
Meaning?

MADELEINE

He was obviously pretty hot in his younger days. And let's face it, Mom was a bit of a stunner.

Gavin doesn't get her drift.

MADELEINE

So you gotta ask, how come they didn't stay together?

They drive on a Beat ... Madeleine checks the time on the in-dash screen. And her smart watch.

MADELEINE

Damn. We're almost into overtime.

She plants her foot on the gas.

I/E. HERMIONE'S DOG GROOMING VAN - TRAVELING - SAME

Malachy drives Hermione in her van. He checks the LED clock in the audio display.

MALACHY

What time does Rachel need to be home?

HERMIONE

She's staying the night on the sofa.

Malachy nods, remembering.

HERMIONE

I'll drop her after breakfast ... Seemed comfortable enough, don't you think?

MALACHY

Rachel?

HERMIONE

Mom. And her new friend.

MALACHY

Until her new "new" friend arrived.

HERMIONE

Bit of a menage, it would appear.

INT. BOWLING GREEN CLUB HOUSE - DAY

Felix carries two whiskies to a table where Denzel is seated, staring out at the activity on the rink.

He sits and they both nurse their drinks in silence.

FELIX

Do miss the old threesome. Two
might be company but tends to lack
any excitement, don't you think?

Denzel is ruffled by this intercourse.

DENZEL

I must confess, I've never partook.

This time Felix is thrown by the reply.

DENZEL

Who did you have in mind? The Widow
Dolmsky is no more.

Felix pinches his eye sockets as if trying to relieve a migraine.

FELIX

I'm talking about our mutual
playmate!

Denzel's look borders on disgust.

DENZEL

You're not referring to --

FELIX

Harrison, yes! Our third affiliate.

DENZEL

Oh, right. Harrison. For a moment --

Felix raises a hand, stops this from degenerating further and stares at Denzel incredulously.

FELIX

You are seriously losing it, man!

Denzel glares a moment at Felix.

He turns away and stares outside, digesting this last comment.

Felix continues fondling his whisky, mesmerized by the auburn spirit.

FELIX

I gather she's now off limits?

Denzel turns back to Felix looking for enlightenment.

FELIX

Cynthia.

DENZEL

No, no, we're just old friends.

FELIX

"Old" friends? You swapped phone numbers?

Denzel nods confirmation without any sort of emotion.

FELIX

"New" friends.

Denzel shrugs this off.

DENZEL

She just thought I might like to meet her family. Don't know why.

Felix rolls his eyes.

DENZEL

You don't think ...?

Felix opens his palms as if to infer that the answer is obvious.

Denzel muses a moment ...

FELIX

Just for the record, I am.

Denzel is even more baffled.

FELIX

Jealous, man. Jealous.

Denzel mouths the word "jealous", leans across and lands a jocular punch on Felix's upper arm.

INT. CYNTHIA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cynthia paces the floor, her cell held close to her heart.

She stops by the sideboard, in front of the wedding photo, picks it up, wavers a beat, delicately places it in a drawer.

She picks up the postcard photo of her and Young Denzel's chopper, examines it ... a momentous decision pending.

She taps on her phone's keypad.

ANOTHER CELL PHONE

The phone PINGS, a text message glows on the screen:

"How about it? EZ Rider?"

EXT. MODERN CINEMA - NIGHT - THE PRESENT

Digital posters refer to a retrospective showing of alternative and underground movies.

Denzil, arm linked with Cynthia's, as a group of "senior" Bikers, one with a Captain America helmet, cruise off down the street.

CYNTHIA

I read you like a book when we first saw that movie together. And all I was thinking was how I would look in leather.

They amble silently along the sidewalk, a little out of place amongst the predominantly younger night crowd who give them cursory glances.

They approach the entrance to a nearby Bar.

CYNTHIA

Remember I told you I hadn't ridden with anyone since you know when? Well, how about it?

DENZEL

But I don't have a bike.

CYNTHIA

I mean metaphorically.

They share a moment, their eyes fixed on one another. Denzel digests the situation.

Cynthia's eyes meander to the younger crowd on the sidewalk, some of whom are couples very much in love.

A feisty YOUNG BLACK WOMAN exits the Bar and rushes off along the sidewalk ...

CYNTHIA

What do you say?

But Denzel, a burden weighing upon him, won't commit an answer.

A forlorn YOUNG BLACK MAN hurriedly exits the Bar, looks toward the retreating Young Black Woman ...

Cynthia forces a smile but her eyes start to water up.

They stand facing each other impassively a moment.

Cynthia abruptly removes her arm from Denzel's.

CYNTHIA

Perhaps I'll just settle for a ride
in a cab.

Denzel places a placating hand on Cynthia's arm but she brushes it off.

CYNTHIA

My folly.

And she heads along the sidewalk in the direction of the Young Black Woman, brushing past the Young Black Man.

Denzel approaches and stands beside the Young Black Man.

DENZEL

Doves don't seem to have a problem
with it, do they?

The Young Black Man can only respond with a generational-gap 'WTF' look.

Further along the sidewalk, Cynthia has almost caught up with the Young Black Woman.

A cab pulls up alongside them. They both claim it.

There is a discussion and both women enter the vehicle together.

Denzel shakes his head pathetically and, with car keys in hand, wanders a few paces along the sidewalk and stops.

He looks about him vacantly, bewildered, all of a sudden in a different world.

YOUNG BLACK MAN

Lost your car, old-timer?

Denzel snaps out of it. He mumbles incoherently, trying to disguise his embarrassment.

The Young Black Man takes Denzel's car keys, examines it for the remote button - it has none - tosses the keys back.

YOUNG BLACK MAN

Where's home? I'll call Uber if you like.

Denzel ignores the comment, walks away, leaving the Young Black Man to mumble, loud enough for Denzel to hear.

YOUNG BLACK MAN

How do you lose a car?

Denzel continues on, declares empathetically over his shoulder.

DENZEL

Same way you lose a woman.

INT. ENZO'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Felix alone at a table, on his phone, fidgety. Hangs up in frustration.

He focuses on something across the room, eyes straining, somewhere between concern and amusement. He heads to the

THE BAR

He ambles up beside Cynthia, alone on a bar stool, nursing a martini.

FELIX

Let me guess. This is not the real you.

She takes her hand from her glass.

CYNTHIA

And you?

Felix nods toward the activity in the restaurant.

FELIX

Behold this man's beat, my social media where I get to meet new friends every day. If they only remembered.

She nods insincerely.

FELIX

Truth is, I've been stood up. Not
for the first time either.

CYNTHIA

Maybe they forgot?

Felix tries desperately to lighten things up, looks to the
vacant chair alongside her.

FELIX

Or maybe had a better offer?

She averts his stare.

FELIX

Not.

He delicately takes her chin, turns her to face him, examines
her red eyes, sniffs the aroma of alcohol.

She eases away, removes the olive, throws back her drink,
motions to the Bartender for another, turns back to Felix
with the olive rolling sensuously in her mouth.

Felix places a hand over her empty glass, dismissing the
order.

FELIX

Might I recommend an elixir?

EXT. MARINA - QUAY - AFTERNOON

Felix escorts Cynthia along the quay, past the vessels
bobbing at their moorings. They are close together but both
wary of any intimacy.

Cynthia breathes in the aquatic air.

CYNTHIA

Thank you. Like you guessed, I
don't normally ... you know?

FELIX

Drink alone?

CYNTHIA

Drink!

FELIX

It's none of my business but --

Cynthia bites her bottom lip, wary of what's to follow.

FELIX

We're a bit like elephants in that regard, you know.

Cynthia remains mute.

FELIX

I mean, why do elephants drink, eh?
... To forget.

He chuckles to himself but Cynthia is thrown by the attempt at humor from left field.

FELIX

But we never do, do we?

She frowns.

CYNTHIA

Yes ... and no.

Felix takes Cynthia's hand, offering succor.

With her spare hand, Cynthia rubs Felix's freckled skin soothingly.

FELIX

I've tried but I can assure you,
they won't rub off.

CYNTHIA

No, but something else might.

FELIX

That a bad thing?

CYNTHIA

It's complicated.

FELIX

When is it not?

She withdraws her hand.

CYNTHIA

I'm not sure how this script is going to play out. In the few times we've been out together, you always made me feel --

FELIX

Let's skip act two shall we and get to the denouement? Or perhaps we should re-visit the backstory?

She looks at him warily, breaks from him and walks unsteadily toward the moorings, looks into the water.

FELIX

Whoa. Now there's a statement.

EXT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Felix's compact coupé pulls into the curb.

No words are spoken. Cynthia, tears evident, briskly exits the car, moves swiftly inside her apartment, leaves Felix to ruminate.

Felix tilts his head back a beat, sorts his head, starts the car and spins away from the curb.

INT. DENZEL'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE - NIGHT

A crossword puzzle in an open magazine on the writing bureau desk-top.

Denzel, with fountain pen in hand stares, perplexed.

The front Door CHIMES.

He snaps back to reality as the Chimes continue, frantically.

He ambles the short distance to the Front Door.

He is confronted by a seething Felix.

FELIX

What game are you playin', pal?

DENZEL

It's a crossword, actually. Push-ups for the brain, apparently.

Felix barges in without waiting for an invite.

FELIX

I'm thinking your brain needs a whole lot of serious boot camp.

He follows Denzel back to the writing bureau, shakes his head pathetically.

FELIX
Disappointed, man.

DENZEL
Too cryptic for me.

A pained look comes across Felix's face.

FELIX
I'd have thought it was plain as
day.

Denzel stares at the crossword.

DENZEL
It'll come to me --

Felix grabs Denzel's arm and swings him around.

FELIX
I'm talking about the way you treat
some people!

Denzel looks at Felix's hand on his arm.

Felix relents, releases.

Denzel flops into a lounge chair.

FELIX
While I was at lunch --

DENZEL
Lunch?
(it dawns on him)
Lunch! Sorry. Must have got carried
away --

FELIX
Perhaps if you'd been there, you
would have seen for yourself.

DENZEL
Seen what?

FELIX
My -- Our mutual friend. Why are
you tryin' to mess her up, man?

DENZEL
Mess who up --?

FELIX
Cynthia.

Denzel's lost as to where this is heading.

FELIX

Come on, man. Your past isn't all
that long ago.

Felix hovers over Denzel, an admonishing stance.

Averting Felix's presence, Denzel succumbs to the cross-examination.

DENZEL

My past?

He buries his face in his hands a moment, rubs his troubled eyes.

DENZEL

She's told you, then?

FELIX

All she said was that it's history
now. Wouldn't say more than that.
But somewhere along the line a
heart was broken. That much I know.

Denzel raises his eyes, says nothing to his inquisitor, who starts pacing to and fro in front of him.

FELIX

You wanna tell me?

Denzel, eyes watering up, shakes his head and turns from Felix.

DENZEL

Like you said, history now.

Felix stops his pacing, examines the man seated before him, a damaged man imprisoned behind reluctant eyes.

Felix's demeanor wavers between adversarial and empathy.

FELIX

How'd that song go? What's too
painful to remember --

DENZEL

Is too painful to forget.

Felix flops his arms to his sides, shakes his head, confounded by the lack of resolution.

FELIX

Back to square one.

With Denzel remaining mute, Felix backs away and exits ...

and the tears stream down the cracks and crevices of Denzel's tormented face.

INT. HERMIONE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Hermione hands a red wine to a distraught Cynthia seated at the table.

Cynthia takes a more than generous gulp, perturbing Hermione.

CYNTHIA

Everything's so damn complicated.

Malachy quietly enters but Hermione waves him away.

He takes the hint and wanders off to the Lounge Room, pretending to be occupied on his phone.

HERMIONE

What is it you want, Mom?

CYNTHIA

What I once had.

HERMIONE

But Mom, if you had another fall --

Cynthia raises a dismissive hand.

Hermione goes to her side, waits for the outpouring ... in its own time.

CYNTHIA

The love of my life. Is that asking too much?

Hermione pulls her chair in front of Cynthia, takes both her hands, eliciting more.

CYNTHIA

For a while there, I thought maybe it could still be.

Hermione glances at Cynthia's depleted wine glass.

HERMIONE

Mom, be real.

CYNTHIA
I'm trying to be.

HERMIONE
Mom. Dad's been gone a whole year
and he's not --

Cynthia shakes her head pathetically.

HERMIONE
Mom, what's brought this on all of
a sudden?

Hermione delves into her mother's eyes, searching.

HERMIONE
Not Dad?

Cynthia shakes her head with more conviction.

HERMIONE
Before his time?

Cynthia's head shaking abates.

HERMIONE
So he's more than just an "old"
friend?

Cynthia grabs her drink, downs it.

Hermione is aghast.

Cynthia indicates her glass.

Taking the hint, Hermione goes to the cabinet and retrieves
the bottle of wine, returns to the table.

CYNTHIA
They say in wine there's truth.

Cynthia pours two more drinks, throws caution to the wind and
takes a mouthful of her wine ...

CYNTHIA
It was 1972 --

She checks herself.

Hermione looks resigned to a long night.

MONTAGE: 1972 THROUGH MID-1970s

AN OFFICE

An office party. A group of young males behave badly toward the young females.

CYNTHIA (V.O.)

There they all were, preening themselves like they was God's gift.

Afro-haired YOUNG DENZEL(24), in early 70s suit and tie, stands reticent, apart from the more conservative CAPTAINS OF COMMERCE, one of whom introduces his 'companion', YOUNG CYNTHIA(20), beautiful and eager - instant love.

CYNTHIA (V.O.)

But he, he had those easy rider eyes. You know what I mean? Broke down all the barriers.

OLD CINEMA

Young Denzel and Young Cynthia attract more than a few stares as they exit the cinema arm in arm. Parked at the curb, a collection of motorbikes.

Drawn to them, Denzel wanders alone over to one of them and starts to run a hand over the saddle.

CYNTHIA (V.O.)

The world was my oyster and he was my rare black pearl. Every girl's dream ...

MIAMI CASINO

Young Cynthia and Young Denzel live it up at a rock concert, oblivious to the questioning stares from many of the HIP YOUNG concert-goers.

CYNTHIA (V.O.)

... that turned out to be this girl's nightmare.

PARK - FEMINIST RALLY

Young Cynthia and Young Denzel walk hand-in-hand in the park, past a group of FEMINISTS in the background, cheering a woman on the soapbox, waving a copy of "The Female Eunuch".

CYNTHIA (V.O.)
 Good times. Opinions were being
 challenged ...

A LOUNGE ROOM

*A piano prominent. A distraught Young Cynthia in discussion
 with her "concerned" PARENTS.*

CYNTHIA (V.O.)
 Sadly they didn't change. My folks
 had other plans ... as they so
 often do.

BEACH PROMENADE

*Young Denzel assists Young Cynthia dismount a chopper
 motorcycle parked near the Promenade.*

*Hand-in-hand, they amble with the YOUNG COUPLES and their new
 families - the sun, the sea, the gulls overhead, just like
 regular lovers -- only they aren't.*

CYNTHIA (V.O.)
 ... and I found myself traveling
 the path they wanted ... found
 myself going it alone.

ANOTHER OFFICE AREA

*Young Cynthia, laden with paperwork, passes a desk, is handed
 a phone by an underling SECRETARY, takes a quick phone call.
 She's run off her feet.*

CYNTHIA (V.O.)
 And then the nasty truth hit home.
 It was not the era for women to
 excel.

OUTER OFFICE:

A more mature Young Cynthia (25) leaves the interview office.

*She passes an UPSTART MALE (early-30s) waiting outside for
 his interview, full of cocky confidence, who gives her a
 lascivious wink.*

CYNTHIA (V.O.)
 That's how I met him. Five years
 later. Rusty. Your dad.

RESUME HERMIONE'S KITCHEN - PRESENT - LATER:

The wine bottle is empty. Cynthia and Hermione are bleary-eyed. In B.G. the sound of SNORING.

CYNTHIA

Circumstances aren't important. But
"on the rebound", I think they call
it.

Hermione, reacting to the phrase "on the rebound", clasps a hand over her mother's.

A daughter/mother moment to reflect.

CYNTHIA

And I end up with a slice of
American Pie all over my face.

A moment for reflection.

HERMIONE

We'll share the bed. I'll get Mal a
blanket.

Cynthia vacillates, finally nods. Hermione stands and assists her inebriated, teary-eyed mother from her chair and up the stairs.

HERMIONE

You know what they say, Mom, it
takes an irritant to make a pearl.

MALACHY continues snoring on the sofa.

HERMIONE (O.S.)

And if you want to get your hands
on one, you'll need to dive deep
for it.

INT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Cynthia goes to her sideboard, takes the wedding photo and secretes it in a storage area below.

She sees her image in the mirror above the sideboard, preens herself, checks the clothes she is wearing; the same as the night before.

She shrugs, carefree. Time to be home-free. A steady breath, heads straight out the front door.

EXT. HAPPY VALLEY GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Cynthia leans over a garden bed and plucks a single 'Forget-Me-Not' flower.

The sound of a door CHIME Off Screen.

I/E. DENZEL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Denzel is confronted by Cynthia at the front door.

There is an impasse.

She brushes past him and enters his abode, regardless of niceties.

DENZEL'S LOUNGE

Cynthia makes herself at home.

Denzel wanders in after her, flummoxed by her assertiveness.

She hands over the flower to Denzel.

A smile quivers in the corners of his mouth.

DENZEL

Forget-me-not?

CYNTHIA

I never did, believe it or not.
They say some things are better
said with flowers. But then again --

She leans forward and tentatively places her lips upon his cheek ... she pulls back slightly, pupils dilated, whispers matter-of-fact.

CYNTHIA

I'm diving for my pearl here.

He's bemused.

CYNTHIA

What I'm trying to say is --

He remains unresponsive. She spells it out.

CYNTHIA

I miss my easy rider.

Her eyes delve into his.

She bites the bullet, places her arms around his neck.

CYNTHIA

Would be so nice to feel the wind
in our hair again.

And plants a passionate kiss upon his lips.

EXT. MULTI-LANE HIGHWAY - DAY

A chopper ridden by Denzel, with Cynthia riding pillion, arms tight around his waste, cruises the highway, wind-in-their-hair rebel Seniors!

On the opposite carriageway, a passing PATROL CAR checks them out -- something's amiss - their helmets are strapped to the chopper's pillion backrest.

The Patrol Car pulls to the side of the road, waits for an opportunity, risks a U-turn across the highway divide.

Siren blaring, lights flashing, the Patrol pursues the chopper.

Denzel speeds off, eluding the Patrol Car, Cynthia holding on for dear life.

EXT. MULTI-LANE HIGHWAY - FAST FOOD VENUE - DAY

The Patrol Car cruises past a Fast Food Venue.

Breaks slam, the car reverses, annoying the traffic.

I/E. FAST FOOD VENUE - DAY

Cynthia and Denzel hurriedly sit in a booth alongside a window and start on their burgers.

OUTSIDE the window, the two PATROL OFFICERS approach the entrance.

INSIDE, younger diners, look up from their meals, fidget, uncomfortable with the presence of the law.

The two Officers amble among the patrons and stop at a booth occupied by a tattooed MALE BIKER TYPE and FEMALE BIKER TYPE finishing off their meal, motorcycle helmets alongside them on the bench seat.

PATROL OFFICER #1

You the easy rider on that chopper
motor-sickle out there?

MALE BIKER TYPE

(Italian accent)

Eezi-a rider? Mota sicka?

Patrol Officer #2 hovers her hand over her holster. The Female Biker Type raises a hand to diffuse the situation.

FEMALE BIKER TYPE

Choppa mota sicka outta our leega.

Cynthia and Denzel leave the last of their meal and slink out into the parking lot.

Paying them no heed, the Patrol Officers move around to another section of the restaurant, out of line of sight, and check out other patrons.

The ROAR of the chopper starting up, accelerating away.

The Patrol Officers rush around to the Biker Types' empty booth, in time to see them ...

OUTSIDE in the parking lot, mounted on an Italian motor scooter, donning helmets.

PATROL OFFICER #2

What league is that?

EXT. CLASSIC MOTORCYCLE HIRE JOINT - DAY

Denzel's late 80s convertible pulls away from the motorcycle hire joint.

INT. DENZEL'S CAR - TRAVELLING - DAY

Cynthia in the passenger seat regards Denzel a moment.

She tentatively leans her head on his shoulder.

She sits upright, focuses internally.

CYNTHIA

On that first ride?

Denzel absently responds "hmmm?"

CYNTHIA

Can't remember much. Just the particular smell of leather.

Denzel recalls.

They drive on, both content in their memories.

Cynthia gets her thoughts back on track.

CYNTHIA

But I do remember you drove me back to your place!

DENZEL

You said you weren't that kind of girl.

CYNTHIA

And as it turned out --

DENZEL

I wasn't that kind of boy?

CYNTHIA

You certainly fooled me.

INT. A BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1972

On the bed in the darkness, two awkward young bodies in silhouette, grapple and grope. And, according to script, YOUNG DENZEL has trouble removing the bra from YOUNG CYNTHIA.

There's no time for idle chat ... and before long, coitus is achieved, with just a stifled GROAN of discomfort from Young Cynthia...

that soon segues into a restrained MOAN of delight.

Young Denzel issues a serious MOAN somewhere between agony and ecstasy ...

followed by the GUTTURAL GRUNT of a rutting stag.

He rolls back, head on pillow, stares at the ceiling.

YOUNG CYNTHIA

Is that it?

YOUNG DENZEL

Sorry. Can try again soon ... if you're up for it.

But then comes the inevitable: he lapses into that post-coital abeyance, closes his eyes.

She props herself on an elbow and addresses the languid body sharing the bed.

YOUNG CYNTHIA

For what it's worth ...

CYNTHIA (V.O.)

I've never done anything like this before.

INT. DENZEL'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON - PRESENT

BEDROOM

Gentle light through the drapes falls on drowsy Denzel's face, in bed - Cynthia's head snug upon his bare chest.

DENZEL

Like what? A bit of afternoon delight?

She pinches his nipple to keep him from dozing.

CYNTHIA

No, I mean, you know, "adultery".

DENZEL

But we're neither of us married.

CYNTHIA

No, we're not, are we.

Her head rises gently as his chest gets into a slumbering rhythm.

CYNTHIA

Even though it seems so right, I didn't expect it so soon.

DENZEL

Hmm?

Cynthia pecks him on the cheek, sits up, naked, leans forward, retrieves, and dons Denzel's T-shirt.

CYNTHIA

I said, it has been a delight. This afternoon.

(an afterthought)
So much for safe sex.

DENZEL
Rest assured, I haven't had a
chance to catch anything lately.
Despite the rumors.

She punches him playfully on the shoulder, stands, adjusts the T-shirt to respect her modesty, collects her clothes draped over a chair.

DENZEL
You wanna, you know, freshen up?

She heads for the bathroom.

CYNTHIA
Is okay. I'll just pop back into
these. Do a full service at home.

Denzel, mouths the words "full service", watches her enter the en-suite bathroom, leans his head back on the pillow, eyelids heavy.

BATHROOM

Cynthia goes to the vanity basin, splashes water on her face.

She examines her reflection in the mirrored door of the cabinet above it, a smutty smile on her face.

She removes the T-shirt, drops it on the floor and examines her breasts -- not bad considering -- before picking her bra from the small valet chair alongside.

She quickly dresses in the clothes from earlier in the day, bends to pick up Denzel's T-shirt and notices a post-it sticker fallen on the floor.

She picks it up and her demeanor changes. It reads:

Take meds

She looks around, not sure what to do with it, sticks it on the mirror.

Curiosity gets the better of her. She peeks inside the cabinet. There are the usual men's toiletries and a selection of medications.

There's a particular packet, with the brand name "Exelon" that catches her attention.

But guilt overcomes her and she ceases her prying, composes herself and leaves.

BEDROOM

Cynthia, dressed and refreshed, returns and approaches Denzel, head heavy on the pillow.

Denzel starts, snaps out of it and goes to get up but she raises a hand.

CYNTHIA
Stay comfy. I'll make my way.

She pecks him on the forehead.

DENZEL
People will talk.

CYNTHIA
But will have forgotten by tonight.

She takes a final, concerned look toward the bathroom, about to depart.

DENZEL
We'll find out. See you for dinner?
Tonight?

Cynthia's face glows -- a teenager satisfied this was not just a one night stand -- and adds a parting coda.

CYNTHIA
After today, I'll expect nothing
less than silver service.

INT. CYNTHIA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cynthia, dressed to the nines, paces back and forth, picks up her cell phone, checks the time, taps in a number.

INT. DENZEL'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE - SAME

The muffled RING of a cell phone, somewhere ...

Denzel working on a crossword puzzle at the writing bureau, pricks his ears, looks about him, checks his pockets, goes to various parts of the room.

The ringing ceases, he stands there a moment, detached.

Finally notices the crossword on the bureau, and returns to it.

INT. ENZO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Harrison and Elvira "entertain" Felix with a photo slide show on their smart phone.

ELVIRA

Paradise Island. Thought I'd died
and left this mortal coil.

FELIX

Sounds like a sales pitch.

ELVIRA

Yes, well ... tried to contact
Denzel to join us tonight but --

FELIX

Er ... in your absence --

Eyebrows are raised, curiosity roused.

FELIX

-- seems he's developed another
interest.

He has their full attention.

HARRISON

Must be something special.

They follow Felix's eyes as he looks toward

FRONT OF HOUSE

Cynthia, dressed to the nines, and Maitre d' survey the
establishment, both looking confused.

FELIX (O.S.)

She is indeed.

Cynthia spies Felix et al, quickly averts her eyes.

Maitre d' consults his digital tablet, and his Rolex, and
nods a confirmation to Cynthia.

FELIX (O.S.)

Excuse me a moment.

Maitre d' shrugs, leaves Cynthia in the lurch and attends to other arriving patrons.

Felix sidles up to Cynthia without formalities.

FELIX

And?

CYNTHIA

Hopefully a case of wires crossed.

FELIX

Or perhaps no longer connected?

She registers his perception.

FELIX

Wouldn't be the first time.

EXT/INT. DENZEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cynthia, still dressed to the nines, rings the door Chime.

No Answer.

She rings again.

No answer

She BANGS on the front door.

No answer.

She pulls out her phone, about to ring, the door opens.

Denzel stares at Cynthia, intrigued by her classy outfit.

CYNTHIA

Dinner. Tonight?

DENZEL

You're certainly dressed for the part.

CYNTHIA

But you're obviously not.

Flustered, Denzel looks aimlessly around, brow furrowed.

She makes her way into the apartment.

It dawns on him. Concocts an excuse to placate her.

DENZEL

Right. Dinner. Was feeling drained
... laid on the sofa. Must have
fallen asleep. Just give me a
minute --

LOUNGE ROOM

Denzel follows Cynthia into the lounge room. The sofa is neat
and tidy, throw cushions neatly arranged -- no sign of
disturbance.

CYNTHIA

Heavy sleeper, eh?

He doesn't react to the sarcasm, sits on the sofa.

Her anger mounts.

CYNTHIA

Let's face it. You stood me up.
Straight out. Didn't you? You got
what you wanted from me and you --

DENZEL

Stood you -- ?

CYNTHIA

I should have known better. You had
a point to make, didn't you? Set
out to humiliate me.

His flippancy wanes, disconcerted by the allegation.

CYNTHIA

And no-one likes humiliation --

She checks herself, stands contrite.

CYNTHIA

Do we? Denzel?

He tries to placate her.

DENZEL

I told you --

CYNTHIA

Don't, Denzel. Just don't!

She turns on her heels and heads for the door.

DENZEL

I forgot!

The forceful tone stops her in her tracks. She turns and is taken by his pathetic demeanor.

CYNTHIA

What's going on, Denzel? What's really going on?

Deeper furrows form on his forehead as he tries to decipher her inquisition. He looks at her with a piercing eye.

DENZEL

I must have forgotten.

She's moved by the sincerity in his voice; this is an acknowledgement, not a cop-out.

All anger subsided, she sidles up to him, places a hand on his nape and gently massages it as if to soothe a befuddled child.

CYNTHIA

Yes, I believe you did, didn't you?

It's an epiphany moment.

CYNTHIA

Same with the guys at times.

DENZEL

The guys?

CYNTHIA

Golf, lunch ... forgotten.

He nestles his face in his hands, taking stock of his quandary.

CYNTHIA

But I'll not be that easily forgotten, Denzel Mosé.

She takes both his hands in hers, beseeching him.

CYNTHIA

Look at me, Denzel Mosé, my sweet. I'm not sure what it is I have to do -- maybe scribble it on a wall a hundred times?

Denzel silently awaits elaboration.

CYNTHIA

Put simply, Denzel Mosé, I love
you. Ok? Always have, always will.

His mind ticks over, assessing something of import.

CYNTHIA

Did you just hear what I said?

He nods vacantly.

CYNTHIA

Well?

He remains inanimate, mind still ticking over, frustrating
her.

She steps back to make her point.

CYNTHIA

I said, "I love you."

She takes his hands and pulls him close, wraps her arms
around him, becomes all jelly, a formless duvet/comforter, as
her body melds into his.

Seemingly of their own volition, his limp arms slowly animate
and wrap themselves around her.

She lifts her waif-like eyes to his handsome profile, sweet
sixteen again.

He kisses her tenderly, his tear gathering in the corner of
his eyes.

INT. CYNTHIA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wrapping paper, bubble-wrap, packing boxes litter the floor.

Cynthia takes the wedding photo from the drawer of the
sideboard, carefully wraps it and stows it safely in a carton
clearly labeled "Storage".

INT. DENZEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Denzel re-arranges his walk-in closet, freeing up space,
tossing old clothes on to a pile on the floor.

LATER

Cynthia adds a few more items to the wide selection of her clothes that now occupy that same space in Denzel's walk-in closet.

EXT. DENZEL'S CAR TRAVELLING - MORNING

Denzel, in golfing attire, travels the highway in the center lane at a snail's pace, other cars zooming past, HORNS blaring.

MADELEINE (V.O.)

What about your apartment?

INT. CAFE - MORNING

Cynthia in a pow-wow with Hermione and Madeleine.

CYNTHIA

It's going on the market.

MADELEINE

Mom, I think you should be wary
What if he's just after your money?

An incredulous look from the others.

MADELEINE

Just saying. I mean, hasn't he had
three already, and they all fleeced
him? I imagine he doesn't have two
pennies to rub together.

CYNTHIA

If that was the case then he would
be wooing me, wouldn't he?

Hermione smiles knowingly at this revelation -- Madeleine is flabbergasted.

MADELEINE

You sure this is not just another
case of the Swiss malady?

The what?

MADELEINE

Nostalgia. And we know what that
did to those people.

Cynthia leans back and stares daggers at her daughter.

CYNTHIA

Have you ever been in love, sweet daughter?

Madeleine is put on a spot.

Hermione places a placating hand on her mother's arm, inveigling her to resume a less belligerent posture.

HERMIONE

Mom, sounds like you've dove right in and got yourself a precious black pearl.

Cynthia's glowing smile says it all.

HERMIONE

Out of curiosity. What about Dad?

CYNTHIA

I don't think he would be casting the first stone.

Hermione and Madeleine try to grasp the significance.

CYNTHIA

Let's just say, ours was a short engagement.

Cynthia gives a cheeky wink.

HERMIONE

You mean, I was --

CYNTHIA

"Premature"?

Cynthia nods, waits for the protest.

HERMIONE

You rebel you.

MADELEINE

Talk about skeletons.

Before the issue can be further debated, Cynthia's cell phone RINGS. Sees the caller ID, a look of concern.

CYNTHIA

Felix? ... He put a reminder in his phone. He was dressed to go when I left ... An incident? How do you mean an ...? I see. We're on our way.

She hangs up. Sits there catatonic.

HERMIONE

An incident? Sounds serious. Why
are we waiting?

Hermione, awash with urgency, beckons a Waiter for the check,
rummages in her wallet for some bills.

Madeleine, calm under pressure, holds up her watch.

MADELEINE

I got it.

She goes to the counter and taps her watch leaving Hermione
to assist her mother from her chair.

Cynthia remains seated, unfazed.

HERMIONE

Which hospital?

Cynthia shakes her head in disbelief.

CYNTHIA

Not hospital.

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Cynthia, comforted by Hermione and Madeleine, approaches the
burly Sergeant at the Duty Desk.

She is startled on being greeted by Felix easing himself from
a bench against one wall of the aging facility.

CYNTHIA

Felix?

FELIX

Thought it only right. Rode a cab,
just in case.

Hermione offers her hand, accepted by Felix.

CYNTHIA

So he rang you first before --

FELIX

Embarrassment?

CYNTHIA

Or esteem?

Felix smiles graciously.

The Sergeant facetiously polishes her badge as she waits patiently for the banter to cease.

SERGEANT
State your business.

Felix, Cynthia, Hermione and Madeleine, all respond.

ALL FOUR
Denzel Mosé.

The Sergeant rolls his eyes in exasperation. She turns and nods to a SUBORDINATE who ambles off down a corridor.

SERGEANT
(to Hermione and Madeleine)
Daughters?

No.

SERGEANT
(to Felix)
Brother? ... Nah.
(to Cynthia)
Leaves you.
(hesitates)
Wife?

CYNTHIA
Er, no. At least not --

FELIX
Fiancée.

Felix looks apologetically to Cynthia.

FELIX
Long engagement.

CYNTHIA
Yes. Long engagement. This time round.

The Sergeant drums her fingers on the desk.

FELIX
So what are the charges? "Fast 'n'
Furious"?

The Sergeant consults a list on the desk.

SERGEANT

More like "Slow 'n' Tedious"!
Driving dangerous to others.
Changing lanes without indication.
Driving under the influence,
although of what we couldn't work
out --

HERMIONE

They'll take away his license.

SERGEANT

Driving without a license.

ALL FOUR

Without -- !

SERGEANT

Hopefully we'll still be using
gasoline when he gets out.

Cynthia moves to one side of the desk, out of earshot, and beckons the Sergeant's indulgence.

Reluctantly, the Sergeant obliges.

Cynthia leans in and whispers in her ear.

CYNTHIA

The thing is, it's his medication.
Ever come across Exelon?

Shake of the head.

CYNTHIA

You'd remember if you had. It's
just that, someone would have to
administer it for him. And I
wouldn't wish that upon my worst
enemy, let alone upon -- Well, on
my worst enemy.

SERGEANT

Point taken.

CYNTHIA

So, I was thinking ...

EXT. POLICE AUTO POUND - MORNING

The ensemble on the footpath.

Hermione, with keys and official Chit, heads off toward the entrance gate.

DENZEL

Where's she going?

FELIX

You heard what the Sergeant said, we're not lettin' you loose on a public roadway again. Ever.

CYNTHIA

A fair deal too with all charges dropped. Most kind of them.

MADELEINE

Most likely the end of their shift.

INT. MADELEINE'S SUV - TRAVELLING - MORNING

Madeleine drives her SUV, Cynthia in front, Denzel and Felix in back.

CYNTHIA

So tell me. The motor-cycle hire. How'd you pull that one off?

Denzel extracts from his wallet a smaller, well-worn photo of him and the younger Cynthia on the ancient chopper from yore, thrusts it before Cynthia.

CYNTHIA

But without a license?

Denzel pulls some folding currency from the wallet.

Cynthia casually takes possession of the wallet.

CYNTHIA (V.O.)

It's Uber from now on.

INT. DENZEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

LOUNGE

Cynthia, Felix and Madeleine stand sentry before Denzel seated on the sofa.

CYNTHIA

Where would you be wanting to go, anyway?

DENZEL

It's a man's right. It's in the
Bill of Rights.

The three women dart glances at each other.

DENZEL

Somewhere.

MADELEINE

They deleted it after this
morning's terrorist incident.

DENZEL

Terrorist --?

CYNTHIA

On the highway. You were driving
like you --

DENZEL

I was on my way to golf.

CYNTHIA

Like you were in a golf cart. And
heading in the opposite direction.
Unless they shifted the golf course
overnight.

The front door CHIMES (O.S.). Felix attends.

DENZEL

Minor lapse.

CYNTHIA

Well that's okay then. Only minor.

MADELEINE

Prelude to a major.

Felix enters with Hermione. She holds up the keys to Denzel's
car.

FELIX

So, keeper of the keys?

Cynthia nods. Hermione tosses her the keys.

A scathing look from Denzel.

CYNTHIA

Like I say, there's always Uber.

Felix jangles his own car keys.

Cynthia goes to Felix and hugs him. They break the embrace -- he holds her at arms length.

FELIX

Any time.

Cynthia is well pleased.

FELIX

You got my number.

CYNTHIA

I have indeed.

MADELEINE

A lift?

FELIX

Thanks but I'll walk. Pretend I'm on the fairway.

Acknowledgments of appreciation from all.

Cynthia follows Felix out.

Denzel goes to follow but he's gently restrained by Madeleine and Hermione. They ease him back on the sofa.

MADELEINE

She'll be back.

Denzel looks at her vacantly.

DENZEL

But I'm down for golf this morning with Felix and --

HERMIONE

You've forgotten already, haven't you?

DENZEL

No, we set the reminder on my phone.

HERMIONE

For when?

Denzel racks his brain. He stands, searches his pockets, locates his cell phone and fiddles around with it.

Hermione takes it from him and brings up the reminder and shows it to Denzel:

Tee-off - 10:30 a.m.

Denzel's eyes brighten, and he nods his head in affirmation.

DENZEL

That's right. Ten --

HERMIONE

And what time is it now?

She returns the screen to its default display:

3:15 p.m.

She assists him sit back down on the sofa.

MADELEINE

Perhaps check on any other
reminders ... just in case.

Cynthia returns.

Hermione and Madeleine escort her to the kitchen, leaving Denzel out of earshot to play with his cell phone.

KITCHEN

MADELEINE

So, how long?

CYNTHIA

Noticed a few things lately. Never
made much of them. But suddenly
this. This is --

MADELEINE

Major.

INT. DENZEL'S BATHROOM - DAY

Cynthia rummages through the medicine cabinet, locates the packet with brand name "Exelon".

She locks the bathroom door, sits on the toilet seat and reads the information sheet from inside the packet.

The more she reads, the more concerned she becomes.

She returns the packet to the cabinet, resumes her seat and searches the term "Exelon" on her smart phone.

INT. DOC MARTINI'S CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

A fidgety Cynthia sits before Doc Martini.

DOC MARTINI

What's brought this on? Your
checkup's not due for some time.

CYNTHIA

Just a bit concerned about recent
events.

Doc Martini lends a professional ear.

CYNTHIA

Been having a few memory lapses
lately.

DOC MARTINI

Not uncommon.

CYNTHIA

Perhaps. But, you know, sometimes I
forget what I started out to do.
Find myself in strange
surroundings. Don't always
recognize familiar faces. You know,
that sort of thing.

The Doc feigns professional concern.

DOC MARTINI

Not good, not good.

CYNTHIA

Exactly. I mean I'm afraid one day
I might not even recognize my own
daughter.

DOC MARTINI

I thought you had two?

CYNTHIA

Had two what?

DOC MARTINI

Two daughters.

CYNTHIA

Oh, right. Technically, although I
think one's on the way to
forgetting me, so I guess --

DOC MARTINI

So, how long have you been aware of
this condition?

The Doc casts a wary eye over Cynthia as she wavers before
answering.

CYNTHIA

Oh, I don't know ... I forget.

DOC MARTINI

Hazard a guess, shall we?

CYNTHIA

Hard to tell, Doc.

DOC MARTINI

Before you arrived at Happy Valley?

CYNTHIA

When was that, now? Let me think.

But Doc Martini is no fool.

DOC MARTINI

I suggest to you that you first
became aware of these symptoms
shortly after your arrival here at
Happy Valley. Would I be right?

CYNTHIA

I guess so.

DOC MARTINI

What you are describing to me, Mrs
Baker, are classic symptoms of the
early onset of dementia.

Cynthia silently mouths the word "dementia".

DOC MARTINI

But I suspect you knew that,
anyway.

Cynthia bites her lower lip, nods.

DOC MARTINI

But they are not your symptoms, are
they?

Cynthia lowers her eyes like a child caught out lying to a
parent.

DOC MARTINI

Mrs Baker. Look at me. You know I can't divulge information about other patients to just anyone.

Cynthia reacts to the term "just anyone".

DOC MARTINI

Given circumstances, we can sometimes, if the patient is consenting, involve the immediate family, if they are concerned.

CYNTHIA

Immediate family?

INT. ENZO'S RESTAURANT - DAY - INTERCUT

Arthur collects the menus from Cynthia, Hermione and Madeleine.

On his departure:

MADELEINE

So, Enzo's "take two". We have to stop meeting like this.
(consults her watch)
It's a --

Hermione glares, reprimanding her sister.

MADELEINE

Special occasion, then?

Cynthia manages a coy smile.

HERMIONE

Let's all have a guess, shall we?

MADELEINE

Let's see. Bar mitzvah?
(No)
Christening?
(No)
A wake?
(No)
She's getting --?

Madeleine stops mid-sentence, glares at Hermione. Both turn their gaze to Cynthia.

MADELEINE/HERMIONE

Married?

Cynthia's smile covers her face.

MADELEINE
Can't see the point of it, myself.

CYNTHIA
Circumstances change.

Madeleine is bemused by the comment -- but not so Hermione who reaches across and fondles her mother's hand.

MADELEINE
And so where's the man in question?

CYNTHIA
While he's still able, I sent him
off for one last drive.

The sisters look aghast -- until Cynthia holds up a set of car keys.

EXT. GOLF COURSE FAIRWAY - DAY - INTERCUT

Denzel, with Felix as passenger, drives a golf cart down a fairway, Harrison following in another cart.

HERMIONE (V.O.)
Did he get down on one knee?

ENZO'S RESTAURANT

The comment serves to pique Cynthia.

MADELEINE
And forgot how to get back up?

Cynthia half-heartedly acknowledges the lame attempt at a joke.

CYNTHIA
None of the above.

The sisters look for enlightenment.

CYNTHIA
He doesn't know about it. Yet.

HERMIONE
Hang on. When you say --

CYNTHIA
I haven't asked him yet.

An incredulous look from both daughters.

MADELEINE

Looks like this is going to be one
hell of a ride.

CYNTHIA

I'll just have to hang on real
tight then, won't I?

EXT. A BEACH PROMENADE - DAY

Cynthia ambles arm-in-arm with Denzel.

CYNTHIA

My daughter calls it the Swiss
malady.

Denzel looks at her vaguely.

CYNTHIA

A pathetic pining for the past and
for those we knew back then.

Denzel stops, looks about, taking in a few landmarks.

She holds his arm tighter for mutual support.

BEACH PROMENADE 1972

*Young Denzel assists Cynthia dismount the chopper motorcycle
parked near the original Promenade.*

*Hand-in-hand, they amble with the YOUNG COUPLES and their new
families - the sun, the sea, the gulls overhead, just like
regular lovers.*

*He stops her mid-step, withdraws a small item from his
jacket, gets down on one knee, causing mayhem with the other
strollers and a couple reckless roller-skaters.*

*Young Cynthia's face glows a moment on seeing the engagement
ring which the perspiring Young Denzel proffers ...*

*But she closes her eyes in agony, reluctantly declines to
accept.*

*And Young Denzel is at a loss, his smile wanes, heightened
anticipation completely deflated ...*

Drops of perspiration dribble into the corners of his eyes and mingle with the developing tears, as PASSERSBY gawk and snigger.

Without explanation, she walks away, slowly at first, and breaks into a run, leaves him humiliated on one knee.

THE PRESENT

Cynthia waits warily on his reaction.

DENZEL

You had your reasons.

A moment of truth.

A LOUNGE ROOM - 1972

A piano prominent. A distraught Young Cynthia in discussion with her "concerned" PARENTS.

CYNTHIA (V.O.)

I was caught between two loyalties.
It was an ultimatum. The rest is,
as they say ...

THE PRESENT

CYNTHIA

The funny thing is, they both
tinkled the ebony and ivory.

He nods, satisfied with her explanation, Cynthia relieved there's no animosity. They walk on silently a few moments.

DENZEL

It was a leap year. You know that?
Nineteen-seventy-two.

She examines him intently -- what he remembers, what he doesn't.

CYNTHIA

That so?

Denzel nods decisively.

CYNTHIA

Is this a leap year?

Denzel shrugs, unsure.

CYNTHIA

A girl has a right to propose to a boy in a leap year, you know that?

DENZEL

That so?

CYNTHIA

According to tradition.

DENZEL

And if she did, would the boy have to accept? According to tradition?

CYNTHIA

Only if he wanted to.

They walk on in silence.

After a lengthy stroll, Denzel places a hand firmly on that of Cynthia's linked through his arm.

DENZEL

Suppose he did. But, say the next day, he'd forgotten that he had?

She stops him in his tracks, her eyes penetrating.

CYNTHIA

Then the girl might propose to him again ... and again ... and again --

DENZEL

Until?

CYNTHIA

Until she has a ring on her finger.

He looks away from her, as if looking well into the future.

DENZEL

And then what?

CYNTHIA

She would love him, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health until death do them part.

They walk a little further in silence.

DENZEL

I kept the ring, you know?

Cynthia's eyes glisten with joyous tears.

INT. BRIDAL FASHION HOUSE - DAY

Cynthia, Hermione and Madeleine independently browse the various mannequins on display.

A middle-aged SALES CLERK appears from an open ante-room, where another classy Customer examines fabric swatches.

She approaches Hermione at a display of traditional white, checks her casual appearance.

SALES CLERK

First time?

Hermione doesn't get it.

SALES CLERK

First marriage?

HERMIONE

Second. Wasn't around for the first one.

The Sales Clerk doesn't get it.

HERMIONE

What I mean is, it's not for me.

SALES CLERK

Your daughter perhaps? Bear in mind of course that pure white is customarily reserved for --

Hermione stares at the Sales Clerk to continue.

SALES CLERK

What I mean is ... We don't actually have much demand these days for --

HERMIONE

I have only a son and I doubt we'll have concerns in that department.

This is too much for the Sales Clerk. She leaves Hermione to examine and caress the white fabric.

She moves along to Madeleine in general business attire, her attitude becoming more sycophantic.

SALES CLERK

One of our more popular fabrics. Fabulous design.

MADELEINE

This the only shade?

SALES CLERK

Oh no. It ranges from this off-white, through cream to almost ecru. Why don't we consult the samples? I'm sure we'll find something for your special day.

MADELEINE

Oh, no. Not my special day.

This is a very trying time for the Clerk.

HERMIONE (O.S.)

Perhaps we should ask the bride herself.

SALES CLERK

Good idea. Why don't we discuss the lucky lady's requirements in person. Perhaps she would opt for something white after all?

MADELEINE

Hardly. We're talking used goods here.

The Sales Clerk is flabbergasted as Hermione joins them.

HERMIONE

Mom. What's your poison?

They all approach Cynthia, diamond engagement ring glinting under the store's lighting, as she fondles one of the extravagant outfits on display.

CYNTHIA

A mix of leather and lace.

EXT. MEN'S DESIGNER FASHION HOUSE - DAY

Felix escorts Denzel from the boutique, each with a single designer carry bag.

FELIX

I still think you should have discussed this with her first.

They approach Felix's coupé parked at the curb.

DENZEL

We did. We decided to surprise each other.

FELIX

Surprise? Yes, well, I suppose in your case --

Denzel goes to the driver's side of the auto, pats his pockets, absent-mindedly.

Felix, standing right alongside, gently clears his throat, dangles the key, gestures toward the passenger side.

Denzel stands his ground.

Felix, looks all about him. A Patrol Car passes by in the opposite direction.

Felix shakes his head and gestures to Denzel to ride shotgun.

Denzel is adamant.

DENZEL

Nostalgia.

Felix looks to the heavens for guidance, checks about the place again.

The cops have departed.

He acquiesces, presses the remote unlock button.

I/E. ABE'S COUPÉ TRAVELLING - MOMENTS LATER

Denzel drives competently down the road.

FELIX

I suppose it's a bit like riding a bike ... or that other thing we tried to do in our youth.

There's no response. He looks across at a vacant looking Denzel.

The car decelerates ... crawls at a snail's pace ... and weaves all over the place.

FELIX

Man, you're really not up to this.

Another Patrol Car cruises in the other direction.

FELIX

Man, pull over.

Too late. The coupé mounts the curb with a THUD.

Felix quickly shoves the transmission into Park as the car stops dead.

He checks that Denzel is okay.

Looks over his shoulder.

The Patrol Car does a u-turn.

In one swift movement, Felix jumps out of his seat, rushes to the driver's door, tries to slide Denzel across and take up the driving position ...

... just as the Patrol Car pulls along side.

Patrol Officer #1 gets out, approaches the coupé, looks at the occupants who are in compromising positions.

Patrol Officer #2 sidles up next to him, her weapon drawn.

PATROL OFFICER #1

I think we got a couple of them
camellias here.

PATROL OFFICER #2

Chameleons.

Patrol Officer #1 stares down Patrol Officer #2.

PATROL OFFICER #2

One's a flower --

PATROL OFFICER #1

That can change color.

Officer #2 looks incredulously at her partner.

PATROL OFFICER #2

That's a lizard.

Patrol Officer #1 blushes on his *faux pas*.

Felix is now safely ensconced in the driver's seat.

PATROL OFFICER #1

License, sir.

Felix flashes a boyish grin from ear to ear.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Cynthia, Hermione and Madeleine approach the duty desk.

The Duty Sergeant squints her eyes at them -- a vague recollection.

CYNTHIA

Mr Mosé. Again, please. And Mr Sebastian.

SERGEANT

Mosé, Sebastian. The partners --

CYNTHIA

Oh, no. They're not --

SERGEANT

-- in crime. Do me a favor, lady, do the whole Sunshine State a favor. You keep them locked up or we will. I'm putting you in charge and if there's to be one more incident, it's you who gets locked up with them.

Madeleine intervenes.

MADELEINE

Are you sure that's --

But Cynthia keeps her in check.

CYNTHIA

-- a reasonable compromise, yes.

The Sergeant nods to the Sub-ordinate who ambles off down the corridor.

She writes on a form ...

SERGEANT

That leaves us with the vehicle impounded!

She holds up the official Chit.

SERGEANT

I believe you're all familiar.

Hermione places her hand out but Cynthia intervenes, reaches for the Chit.

But the Sergeant snatches it back. She looks to both Hermione and Madeleine.

Incensed, Cynthia flashes her own license in front of the Sergeant's nose, holds out the palm of the other hand.

The Sergeant examines the license card ... reluctantly releases the Chit to Cynthia.

MADELEINE

How come you never, you know --?

HERMIONE

Yeah, how come --?

CYNTHIA

Always been taken for a ride.

MADELEINE

But not now.

HERMIONE

No, not now.

CYNTHIA

No.

Denzel and Felix are escorted into the waiting area.

CYNTHIA

You two, with me!

The two men cringe like schoolboys in deep shit.

INT. ABE'S COUPÉ TRAVELLING - DAY

Cynthia drums her fingers on the steering wheel of the vehicle as she drives cautiously along the highway.

SILENCE

She peers over her shoulder, addresses a vacant-eyed Denzel cramped in the compact rear seat.

CYNTHIA

So, out with it. What was that all about?

Felix, in the front passenger seat, mumbles a reply.

FELIX

I was relieving him when they pulled up.

CYNTHIA
Relieving him?

FELIX
You know, when we were, you know?

CYNTHIA
I don't actually.

DENZEL
We were changing positions at the
time.

FELIX
Exactly. Changing positions, 'cos
he was headed for deep shit.

Cynthia cringes, mouths "deep shit".

FELIX
What else could I do? If they
caught him with his pants down?

CYNTHIA
Pants down!

FELIX
Behind the wheel.

CYNTHIA
So he was driving?

Felix consults Denzel who shrugs.

FELIX
'course, like him, I don't have a
license either, since I don't know
when. So --

CYNTHIA
You tried to take the rap?

FELIX
But they didn't buy it.

DENZEL
Do you know what they thought we
were doing?

CYNTHIA
If I didn't know you better.

She puts her mind back on the highway.

INT. DOC MARTINI'S - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Cynthia occupies herself with a GQ-type magazine not really ensconced in any particular article.

It's a mere diversion from the meaningless chatter of the highly made-up and coiffured ELDERLY RECEPTIONIST.

ELDERLY RECEPTIONIST

Chuck has been pushing me and pushing me. Says that Jamaica is the next Nassau and we should get in before the crowds. But I'm not so sure. All they do is play cricket, I hear.

CYNTHIA

Uh-huh.

ELDERLY RECEPTIONIST

You ever been to Jamaica, honey?

Cynthia shakes her head, eyes still on the mag.

ELDERLY RECEPTIONIST

Nassau? Most everyone ever from these parts has been to Nassau, surely?

Cynthia nods absently.

CYNTHIA

Honeymoon.

ELDERLY RECEPTIONIST

Honeymoon?

CYNTHIA

Don't remember much.

ELDERLY RECEPTIONIST

Nah. I don't suppose you would have noticed much in the way of scenery. Palms would have grown a bit by now.

CYNTHIA

We'll give it some thought.

The Receptionist's intercom buzzes.

DOC MARTINI (V.O.)

Send Mr McCallum's fiancée in, please.

ELDERLY RECEPTIONIST
Mister McCallum's --?

Cynthia rises from her chair and places the magazine on the desk, her diamond engagement ring flashing brilliantly before the Elderly Receptionist.

The Elderly Receptionist picks up the magazine with the sub-head:

MOBAY: Jewel in Jamaica's Crown ...

and gazes lustfully at the image of a bare-chested Jamaican hunk massaging an elderly woman on a white-sanded beach, another sub-head below reading:

where every body is welcome

She glances at Cynthia entering Doc Martini's consulting room, returns to the magazine.

She flips through to the page of the article and reads briefly, more intent on admiring the pics of hunky men.

She picks up the desk phone and dials.

On answering:

ELDERLY RECEPTIONIST
Chuck? Book that cruise any time
you like, lover.

She hangs up, returns to the article, not even noticing Denzel and Cynthia being escorted out of the consulting room by Doc Martini.

They depart.

The Doc stares at his occupied Receptionist.

DOC MARTINI
R and D, I take it?

INT. DENZEL'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

An assortment of travel brochures pertaining to Jamaica decorate the table.

Denzel examines one from a cruise liner company, open at a plan of the accommodation, an outside suite circled in pen.

Cynthia, with a weekly Pill Dispenser unit, joins him.

CYNTHIA

Let's just go through this again
first.

Cynthia allocates different pills and capsules to compartments in the plastic dispenser, making sure Denzel repeats the name of each as she deposits it.

CYNTHIA

So, when we reach this last
compartment labeled "Sa", we re-
stock starting from the first "Su".
The "Su" stands for?

She waits for Denzel to indicate his comprehension.

DENZEL

Suite.

She politely removes the brochure from him.

CYNTHIA

Okay, okay, we'll get to that.
(refers back to meds)
"Su" for Sunday. Don't forget. We
start on a Sunday, finish on a
Saturday. Just have to make sure we
don't skip a day, okay?

DENZEL

Okay, okay.

Denzel draws back the brochure again.

She absently fondles her engagement ring.

CYNTHIA

Let's not get ahead of ourselves.

EXT. HAPPY VALLEY GARDEN - LAKE - DAY

A huge crowd of Residents, at various stages of
decrepitation, on the lawn beside the ornamental lake.

Denzel and Cynthia, both in jeans and leather cycle jacket, a
sprig of Forget-Me-Nots pinned to the lapel, stand before a
Justice of the Peace.

They're surrounded by their coterie, Felix, Hermione and ...

an uncomfortable Madeleine, looking very much a biker's whore
in her tight jeans and leather jacket.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
 And so I ask all of you gathered
 here today, to bear witness to this
 momentous occasion.

The Justice of the Peace leans forward and speaks softly to
 Denzel.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
 Now, you remember what to say when
 I ask "Do you ..."?

DENZEL
 Do I ... ?

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
 Well, do you?

Denzel leans forward in a tête-à-tête.

DENZEL
 Do I what?

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
 Take ... you know ... ?

The Justice motions toward an anxious Cynthia.

DENZEL
 Should I?

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
 Of course you should.

DENZEL
 If you say so.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
 No. You say so.

DENZEL
 Say what?

The Justice gives up, throws his hands in the air, addresses
 all assembled.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
 Oh, what the hell, at their age,
 any one here give a f --?

In unison the crowd roars:

THE CROWD
 I DO!

Cynthia lifts the lace veil from her face, pulls Denzel's face to hers and kisses him tenderly.

He vacillates as if trying to fathom what he is doing.

But Cynthia's eyes are wide and encouraging.

Denzel acknowledges her entreaty with a subtle nod and resumes the kiss with more gusto.

INT. ENZO'S RESTAURANT - DAY

It's an informal arrangement with GUESTS standing, fronting the Wedding Party, an abundance of leather and lace, gathered around a small pedestal table.

Upon the table is a frosted wedding cake adorned with miniature chopper bike and a MALE FIGURINE and a FEMALE FIGURINE astride.

Zeb pours champagne for the Wedding Party.

He turns to the Guests, taps an empty glass with a knife to get their attention, and raises his own glass.

ZEB

Ladies and gentlemen. After probably the longest engagement in history, I present to you the bride and her groom.

Those gathered respond in unison with "The Bride and Her Groom".

ZEB

And whatever happens after this is out of my hands.

DOC MARTINI

Outta mine, too!

The Guests respond with ad hoc COMMENTS --

HARRISON

I guess our threesome is now out of the question.

Which earns a dig in the ribs from Elvira.

Felix brings an end to the banter with a rousing call to action.

FELIX
YOLO everyone.

The guests are all bemused.

Felix turns to the Pianist at the grand piano. Along with a sax player, drummer and double bassist, the band strikes up their rendition of some 70s rock music.

LATER

Dancers on the floor. Zeb with glowing teeth meanders among them ...

Doc Martini partners a not-so-old woman. He cannot take his eyes off her generous breasts as she shimmies to the music ...

While loose-limbed Felix, encouraged by a small crowd, jives with an OLD DEAR, looking down at her feet in serious consultation ...

Arm in arm, Cynthia and Denzel approach Hermione and Madeleine.

The inebriated sisters, looking a little worse for wear, start sobbing.

CYNTHIA
I trust they're tears of joy.

But Madeleine bursts out.

MADELEINE
Mom. You lived a lie all these years.

To which Cynthia replies.

CYNTHIA
YOLO.

Madeleine doesn't quite comprehend.

CYNTHIA
Talk to your kids. You still know how to do that?

As Cynthia leads her little puppy dog Denzel away, Madeleine bursts into serious tears. Gavin stands emotionless beside her.

Hermione turns and embraces her sister.

Eventually they pull apart.

MADELEINE
The love of her life?

Hermione nods affectionately.

MADELEINE
And his?

Hermione nods affectionately again.

Hermione elbows Gavin in the ribs, and nods toward Madeleine.

He takes the hint, moves to Madeleine and comforts her. But she breaks from him, turns back to Hermione and, making a display of it, hands her smart phone and watch to Gavin and gestures toward the Bar.

MADELEINE
Time to get disconnected.

HERMIONE
What about the kids?

MADELEINE
I'll talk to them later.

Arms linked, the sisters sashay off toward the Bar, leave Malachy and Gavin to fend for themselves.

EXT. MIAMI CRUISE TERMINAL - QUAY - DAY

A generous crowd on the quay farewell the mighty, floating hotel of a cruise liner as it slowly eases its way out toward the open waters off Miami.

I/E. CRUISE LINER - SUITE - DAY

A view of the OPEN OCEAN through a window.

It's the view from the honeymoon suite, appropriately decorated in leather and lace.

The bed is made, everything in its place:

champagne in an ice bucket and two crystal flutes on an occasional table;

sensual healing MUSIC;

... but no sign of occupation.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

A high-class single bed hospital ward, with decor similar to the cruise ship honeymoon suite -- minus leather and lace.

Denzel, zonked with meds, hooked up to diagnostic equipment displaying on a monitor.

A different type of SOUNDSCAPE ...

Cynthia, seated in a chair beside the bed, dozes -- sound of gentle, muffled SNORING -- from whom is hard to tell.

A NURSE enters with Felix. She fluffs up the pillows supporting Denzel, takes his pulse, waking Cynthia.

Cynthia stands, embraces Felix.

CYNTHIA

It's almost as if his whole body
simply forgot to do what it was
supposed to do with itself.

DOC MARTINI (O.S.)

Can happen. There's no predicting.

Cynthia doesn't bother to acknowledge the Doc's arrival.

Instead she sits beside Denzel and picks up his other hand.

CYNTHIA

I thought for a moment the world
was my oyster again.

The green dot on the ECG monitor spikes and issues a BEEP, breaking the morbid silence.

The Nurse's eyebrows arch.

FELIX

Whoa. Now that's a statement.

Cynthia, bemused, stands, still holding Denzel's hand, addresses Felix.

CYNTHIA

You think he knows who I am?

MADELEINE (O.S.)

Somehow I think he does.

Madeleine and Hermione approach and embrace Cynthia.

Denzel opens his eyes. He looks to Cynthia.

DENZEL
I'd like to go home, now.

CYNTHIA
Home?

DENZEL
To Happy Valley.

CYNTHIA
Let's not get ahead of ourselves.

Cynthia looks up, sees Doc Martini nodding affably.

DOC MARTINI
Think of the positives.

Cynthia has her doubts.

DOC MARTINI
He'll have you by his side.

INT. DENZEL'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE - DAY

On the sideboard, an electronic/digital photo frame, with the image of Madeleine and Hermione.

DOC MARTINI (V.O.)
And I'm sure he'll be happy making
new friends every day.

Denzel stares a moment at the frame ... and the image changes to Denzel and Cynthia on the chopper ... to Denzel, Felix and Harrison on the bowling green ... to Doc Martini ... to ...

Cynthia sidles up to him, massages an arm, puts him at ease as he continues watching.

Denzel's eyes brighten each time the image changes.

DENZEL
These people are my friends.

CYNTHIA
They certainly are.

FADE OUT

THE END