

FADE IN:

EXT. APARTMENT BLD. - ALLEY - DAY

A black man, in a jump suit and carrying a baseball cap, comes out of a door marked SUPERINTENDENT.

He's PETER BABBIT. About 60. He walks with a waddle and a swagger.

He goes to a window. Checks his reflection and sets his cap on his head at a jaunty angle. He primps, admires himself. Letters on the cap spell out LUCK.

A young black man, MR. WALKER, in a suit and carrying an attache case, comes out of the building. Nods to Peter. Starts toward the garage. Peter beams, stops him.

PETER

Mr. Walker! How ya doin'?

WALKER

Hello, Peter. My, we're certainly chipper this morning.

PETER

Today's the day. Casino Night down at the union hall. I'm gonna win the big raffle -- feel it my bones.

Walker flashes a skeptical, patronizing smile, then tries to leave. But Peter blocks him.

PETER

Say, did I ever tell ya about the day I made ten straight passes at the crap table in...?

WALKER

Several times.

He maneuvers around Peter. Continues toward his car.

WALKER

By the way, my kitchen sink is still clogged. Could you...?

PETER

It was the day I won this hat.  
People were yellin' for me, pattin'  
me on the back and...

WALKER

Until you lost.

He makes it to his car.

WALKER

The sink? Please.

He backs out and pulls away. Leaves Peter alone,  
crestfallen.

PETER

Yeah, well -- just wait, I'm gonna  
hit it big one of these days.

He recovers quickly and heads for the street.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Modern. Small table and chairs, usual stuff. A clock on  
the wall says 7:20.

MARTY GOLDMAN, early 30s, his pretty wife JOAN, and two  
-teen children, GAIL and MICHAEL, wolf down an assortment  
of cereal, toast, rolls, coffee, and milk. Chaos reigns.

SARAH GOLDMAN, 60-something, her arms folded across her  
bosom, watches the scene with a disapproving eye from her  
position in front of the sink.

Her face would be pleasant but for her critical look at the  
confusion.

SARAH

Tsk, tsk, tsk, tsk.

MARTY

Ma. You sound like a clock.

SARAH

So? You should be so lucky. Maybe  
you could leave on time once.

Marty and Joan exchange looks, roll their eyes to the sky. They get up and start clearing the dishes.

JOAN

C'mon, kids. Find your books and get out in the car.

The kids get up, push and shove a little. Start gathering books.

SARAH

(to Joan)

Leave the dishes, already. See to the kids. They need jackets.

JOAN

No, Mother, they don't need...

SARAH

It's the middle of the winter. They'll catch their death.

MARTY

Ma, c'mon.

SARAH

I always made you wear a jacket in the winter.

MARTY

That was in Brooklyn. It's gonna be eighty today.

He puts on his suit coat, takes a last gulp of coffee.

Joan finds her purse. Retrieves an attache case. Then steers the kids toward the door.

SARAH

Your father's dead three years. If he had worn a jacket that day he might still...

MARTY

Ma! He died in the middle of summer -- of a heart attack!

SARAH  
So? It was a cool summer.

Marty finds his brief case. Goes to his mother, brushes her cheek.

MARTY  
We gotta go. Have a good day.

SARAH  
Doing what?

She gives him a martyred look. Marty shrugs. Moves his family to the door.

JOAN  
Goodbye, Mother.

KIDS  
Goodbye, Grandma!

Sarah hugs each kid with genuine affection as they leave. She calls after them.

SARAH  
Don't play too hard, it's gonna be hot today!

Joan gives Marty a pained look as they go out the door. Sarah goes to the window and stares out. She's sad.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A small knot of MOURNERS stand at a fresh grave.

In the sea of somber faces, ETHEL SIGWELL -- in her 60s -- seems to be smiling. Smirking, really.

Her lined face is heavily made up: dark eye shadow and garish lipstick a little shocking for a woman her age. She's well dressed, looks like money.

The MINISTER is just finishing his litany.

MINISTER  
(over the above)

And so we commend the body of  
Everett Sigwell to the hereafter.

(a beat)

He was a good man.

Ethel rolls her eyes upward.

ETHEL

(quietly)

Sheeeez. I must have missed that  
night.

The mourners stand silently as the minister takes a handful  
of dirt and drops it into the grave.

MINISTER

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

The mourners bow their heads. Absently Ethel kicks some  
dirt of her own into the grave. Her mouth moves in a  
whisper.

ETHEL

Two twin beds and only one of them  
us.

LINDA STOKES, the pretty woman next to Ethel, looks up.

LINDA

Did you say something, Mother?

ETHEL

Just wishful thinking.

Linda gives her a quizzical look.

ETHEL

There's got to be a few real men  
left -- somewhere.

MINISTER

Amen.

Ethel glances in his direction.

ETHEL

I'm glad he agrees.

LINDA

Have you thought about joining the  
Marines?

The crowd murmurs and starts to move away. Each MOURNER in turn makes some gesture of sympathy to Ethel.

MOURNER #1

It was all so sudden.

Ethel responds with a phony smile. She leans to Linda when the mourner is out of hearing.

ETHEL

Sudden? He was dead when I married  
him.

Ethel and Linda start to a waiting limousine. Another mourner passes.

MOURNER #2

Poor Ethel. Such a sad day.

Ethel smiles "bravely" again. Then, out of sight of the mourner, rolls her eyes to the heavens as if to say "spare me."

ETHEL

It's one of the happiest days of my  
life.

They proceed to the limo, where a uniformed CHAUFFEUR helps them in.

EXT. APARTMENT - STREET

Peter is in front of the apartment. Amid several filled garbage cans -- waving and smiling broadly.

A garbage truck rolls up and FRANKO hops out. He's short, beefy. Wears coveralls similar to Peter's. But not as clean.

FRANKO

Hola, Pedro!

PETER

Hola, yourself. You're two minutes late, Franko.

FRANKO

C'mon, man, this is a garbage truck not a bus.

PETER

Yeah? I collected garbage for -two years and you could set your watch by when we hit every corner.

Franko empties garbage cans into the truck's lift. He hoists each one as though it were a feather.

FRANKO

There wasn't as much trash in those days.

Peter picks up a can with no lid. He's barely able to carry it. Franko works smoothly while Peter GRUNTS and GROANS -- staggers to the lift.

PETER

'Cause...ugh...nobody had...uhh nothin' to...umh...throw away.

FRANKO

Hey, don't hurt yourself. I could get in big trouble for lettin' you do this.

Peter struggles to hoist the can to the edge of the lift. nearly falls in as the refuse pours out, as much over him as into the lift.

Laughing, Franko helps him, as Peter sputters and spits -- brushes himself off.

FRANKO

Man, you must've really loved this business.

Peter straightens.

PETER

Garbage is in my blood.

FRANKO

Yeah, and it's in your hair and your ears and...

Peter fluffs his hair.

PETER

My hat! Where's my hat?

He runs to the lift. Sifts through it and comes up with his hat, dusts it off. Franko is already back in the truck.

FRANKO

When you gonna get rid of that relic?

PETER

You kiddin'? I won this hat in Vegas. It's my good luck charm.

Franko pulls away, smiling.

FRANKO

It's sure done a lot for ya lately.

Peter watches the truck move off. He smiles confidently. Puts on his hat and raises his arms in a victory salute.

PETER

Wait till tonight. You'll see!

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Goldman's station wagon wends its way past Farmer's Market in the early morning traffic.

INT. CAR - MOVING

Marty's driving, Joan beside him. The kids are wrestling in the back. Joan screams.

JOAN

Michael! Gail! If you don't stop I'll -- I'll...!

Marty gives her a concerned look.

MARTY  
Hey, easy. Why so hyper?

Joan takes a deep breath, closes her eyes. Sighs.

JOAN  
Not in front of the children.

From the back seat.

MICHAEL  
Grandma's driving her nuts.

Marty and Joan exchange looks; she nods and sighs again.  
The kids go back to wrestling -- more quietly.

JOAN  
I know she misses having her own  
place, but...

MARTY  
Aw, she doesn't mean it. It's just  
habit. She told my father what to  
do every day of their married life.

JOAN  
That's why he looked so happy in his  
casket.

They chuckle.

MARTY  
(tenderly)  
She just misses someone to take care  
of -- and boss a little.

The racket gets louder in the back seat.

MARTY  
C'mon, you two!

The noise from the back continues. Joan's on the verge  
again. She screams.

JOAN

Knock it off back there or I'll --  
I'll make you stay home with  
Grandma!

The kids are immediately silent.

MARTY

Wow. Is it that bad?

JOAN, MICHAEL, GAIL

It's that bad!

Marty looks a little sheepish, shrugs, nods.

MARTY

It's that bad.

INT. LIMOUSINE - MOVING - DAY

Ethel and Linda are in the spacious back seat.

LINDA

At least Everett was a gentleman,  
Mother. Quiet -- reserved.

ETHEL

He was preserved, all right.

LINDA

I said reserved.

ETHEL

That's one way to put it. How about  
dead?

(a beat)

I haven't had a real husband since  
your father. God rest his soul.

LINDA

Not for the lack of trying.

(a beat)

Maybe you should...?

Ethel gives her a skeptical look.

ETHEL

Should what? Spit it out.

LINDA

You know, back off for a while.  
Give up trying so hard to find that  
perfect man.

ETHEL

Honey, I gave that up a long time  
ago. Right now I'd settle for one  
that has his own teeth.

The limo stops for a traffic light. Ethel gazes dreamily  
out the window at a handsome young hunk in the cross-walk.

ETHEL

Mmmm. So little time.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Small, untidy. A mini apartment: bedroom, kitchen, and  
living room all in one. On the shabby side, but not dirty.

Pieces of men's clothing hang from a chair back and are  
tossed on the daybed. The place lacks a woman's touch.

Somewhere o.s. Peter hums "No Place Like Home" in a raspy  
voice.

He comes out of the bathroom running a comb through his  
hair. His face has several little pieces of toilet paper  
stuck to it where he has cut himself shaving.

PETER

(singing)

...be it ever so humble, there's no  
place like home...

He quits singing, looks around the room.

PETER

Man, if it was any more humble I'd  
be homeless.

He buttons his collar, pulls suspenders over his shoulders,  
and grabs a baggy sweater off the chair and struggles into  
it.

Then he picks up some kind of a ticket off the table, kisses it, and tucks it in his pocket. Pats it.

He starts out the door, stops, comes back and grabs his old cap off the table. He rubs a sleeve over it, and sets it carefully on his head. Turns out the light and leaves.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Peter is at a bus stop. An L.A. RTD bus approaches, the destination sign says DOWNTOWN.

INT. BUS - MOVING

Peter walks down the aisle. Past a half dozen PASSENGERS who read or stare dully out windows. Everybody looks gloomy.

Each passenger glances up in turn and stares at Peter's -spotted face. One by one, the sour looks turn to smiles. Each head turns to watch as he walks by.

Peter's delighted with his new-found popularity. By the time he reaches a rear seat, he's strutting like a politician at a nominating convention, waving and grinning.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CORNER

The bus pulls to the curb and Peter dismounts. He smiles happily, still decorated with paper. As the bus leaves, he raises his arms in a salute while passengers wave and smile from the windows.

Peter heads for a shabby building, goes in. A sign at the door reads: W.A.S.T.E. -- WORKERS' ALLIANCE OF SANITATION TRUCK ENGINEERS.

INT. GOLDMAN LIVING ROOM

Joan is reading. Sarah watches TV, a rerun of the old LOVE BOAT show.

ON THE SCREEN

Gavin MacLeod beams broadly as he welcomes some guests to the captain's table.

IN THE ROOM

Marty comes in, watches Sarah for a beat. He's mildly amused.

SARAH  
Tsk, tsk, tsk.

MARTY  
Ma, you sound like a time bomb.

SARAH  
So cover your ears.

MARTY  
That the best you can find to watch?

ON THE SCREEN

Close on MacLeod.

SARAH  
Reminds me of your father.

IN THE ROOM

Marty gives his mother a skeptical glance.

MARTY  
Gavin MacLeod reminds you of Pop?  
Pop was short. With black hair.

SARAH  
I'm talking about the boat. It  
reminds me your father always wanted  
to go on an ocean cruise.

She gives Marty an injured stare.

SARAH  
After you left us alone in Brooklyn.  
(a beat)  
And for your information, his hair  
was a beautiful grey. And he was  
handsome.

Marty is gentle with Sarah now.

MARTY

I know, Ma.

(a beat)

How come you guys never took the  
cruise?

SARAH

He kept putting it off. If I told  
him once I told him a dozen times.  
Jake, I said, so you want to go on a  
cruise? Well, go on a cruise.

(deep sigh)

But he never listened to me.

Joan looks up from her book, rolls her eyes to the ceiling.  
Marty signals for her to cool it.

SARAH

So -- now it's too late.

(another sigh)

I hope he's happy.

Joan mumbles to her book.

JOAN

I'd bet money on it.

Marty represses a smile.

MARTY

What about you, Ma?

SARAH

So how can I be happy? No husband.  
Imposing on my son...

(a cold glance at

Joan)

...and his wife.

MARTY

No, I mean what about the cruise?  
Didn't you ever want to go?

SARAH

Who wouldn't want to take a cruise?  
I used to dream about it.

Joan puts her book down, a sudden gleam in her eye. Her voice is syrupy when she says

JOAN

You know what they say, Mother.  
It's never too late.

Sarah smells a rat.

SARAH

I get sea sick now.

JOAN

They've got pills for that.

SARAH

To get sea sick?

JOAN

No, I mean they have pills that keep  
you from...

SARAH

They don't work. Jake took me on  
the Blue Line boat around Manhattan  
once. I took pills and still got  
sick like a dog.

MARTY

I don't remember that. Where was I?

SARAH

Waiting to be born. I was two  
months pregnant.

Joan rolls her eyes, sighs, tries to be patient.

JOAN

If you don't like pills they have  
those little patches now you put  
behind your ear.

SARAH

What, so you can hear when you're  
going to throw up?

Marty turns off the TV. He and Joan exchange conspiratorial looks.

MARTY

Just think, Ma, after all these years. You could have a dream come true.

SARAH

I wouldn't feel right, going without your father.

JOAN

(softly)

He wouldn't be good company now.

Marty gives her a sharp look.

MARTY

You owe it to yourself, Ma.

SARAH

On your father's pension and Social Security? Who could afford it?

MARTY

Don't worry, it would be...

JOAN

...our treat.

Sarah starts toward the kitchen, pauses by a chair, turns. Marty and Joan watch -- hopeful, expectant looks on their faces.

SARAH

I only travel first class.

JOAN

Money's no object.

SARAH

My daughter-in-law the millionaire.

JOAN

I just meant...

SARAH  
I'll think about it.

She goes into the kitchen, out of view, and there's the RATTLE OF DISHES o.s. as Marty and Joan hug each other and dance silently around the room. Trying to stifle their happiness.

INT. "W.A.S.T.E." HALL

Smoky, crowded. It's casino night.

Gaming tables are set up around the room. And there's a loud HUM OF CONVERSATION. The RATTLE and CLICK of dice. An occasional YELP of joy from a winner somewhere.

At one end of the room there's a small stage with a speaker's stand. Behind it hangs a red banner, with a garbage can design and big letters reading: W.A.S.T.E.-- LOCAL 122. JOB SECURITY IS A LOAD OF GARBAGE.

The bar's crowded: men of all sizes, shapes, and colors -- with a few women scattered among them. They laugh, smoke, and drink.

Peter comes in. His face still dotted with paper. He draws a few odd looks as he heads toward the bar -- where two manly looking WOMEN stand talking.

PETER  
Evenin'. You here for the big raffle, girls?

They scowl.

WOMAN #1  
We're not "girls," we're...

Peter shrugs.

PETER  
Boys?

The women grow more belligerent.

WOMAN #2  
What're you, some kind of sexist?

PETER

No, but I'm runnin' out of choices.

WOMAN #1

Buzz off, paper face.

They turn away as Peter remembers the paper and begins to pick it off his face. Then he wanders through the crowd, nodding but being ignored. He stops at two young MEN, interrupts their conversation.

MAN #1

This barrel musta weighed a ton. I almost broke my...

PETER

Awww -- when I was your age, I could lift two barrels with one...

MAN #2

We know Pete, ya told us a hundred times. Whyn't ya go shoot some craps.

PETER

No way. When I gamble it's for real money.

The men walk away. Peter looks hurt for a beat then

SPEAKER

Could I have your attention!

Peter turns toward the stage where a SPEAKER is at the microphone. The crowd ignores him, except for a few BOOS.

SPEAKER

OK. Let's hold it down. It's time for the big drawing.

Now there are a few CHEERS and APPLAUSE. Then quiet.

SPEAKER

That's more like it.

(a beat)

OK. The grand prize this year is a

to-die-for cruise to Mexico. First  
class all the way!

The room is filled with CHEERS. The speaker goes to a wire  
drum filled with ticket stubs. He gives the drum a good  
spin.

SPEAKER

We'll just mix 'em up one more time.

More CHEERS and HOOTS from the audience, then he reaches  
in, grabs a ticket.

SPEAKER

And the winner is...

He looks. Squints at the ticket. More WHISTLES and HOOTS  
from the crowd. Some angry ad lib SHOUTS to hurry up.

SPEAKER

The winner is...

His shoulders sag, his voice drops.

SPEAKER

...Peter Babbit.

The room is quiet except for a few people CLAPPING  
unenthusiastically over a couple of mild BOOS.

The crowd turns away from the stage, some waving in disgust  
as they drift toward the bar.

Peter looks like he's just been elected president. He  
waves his arms in a victory salute, dances around, attempts  
to slap hands and give high fives. But no one responds.

He swaggers to the platform waving his old cap. The  
speaker shakes his hand limply, gives him his cruise ticket.

Everyone ignores Peter as he leaves the stage. Until  
Franko comes up.

FRANKO

Hey, way to go, amigo!

They shake hands, slap backs. Franko looks around.

FRANKO

Can't say it was a real popular win.

PETER

They'll sing a different tune when I  
come back rich.

FRANKO

Rich?

PETER

They got a casino on that boat,  
don't they?

Franko shrugs. Peter kisses the ticket and rubs up his cap.

EXT. PASADENA MANSION - DAY

A broad lawn and a circular driveway with a parked limo.

INT. PASADENA MANSION - WORKOUT ROOM

Ethel is on an exercise bike. Dressed in a green  
sweatshirt over skin-tight, purple cycle pants. Her face  
is covered with a mud pack. A sling supports her chin, and  
she's in curlers.

Linda comes in and suppresses a laugh.

LINDA

Are you training for a bike race or  
a minstrel show?

ETHEL

Cute. You'll be old some day.

LINDA

What's wrong with getting old?

ETHEL

Getting old is fine. It's looking  
old that I can't stand.

LINDA

Well, before your face hardens, the  
new gardener's at the back door. He

needs to know where you want the  
tulip bulbs planted.

Ethel dismounts gingerly; gently massages her backside.

ETHEL

Can't these foreigners do anything  
on their own?

LINDA

How do you know he's a foreigner?

ETHEL

He better be. If that agency sent  
me an American gardener I'll sue.  
How low class can you get?

INT. A BACK HALL - DOORWAY

Ethel opens the door to find a young, handsome GARDENER,  
hat in hand, waiting on the porch. She's taken aback by  
his husky, Latino good looks. Ethel purrs.

ETHEL

Oh, my -- muy bueno. Como esta  
usted?

The gardener smiles, speaks flawless, unaccented English.

GARDENER

I'm sorry ma'am, I don't speak  
Spanish.

ETHEL

(still purring)  
Who cares.

The gardener looks quizzically at Ethel's mud pack, chin  
strap, and curlers. She suddenly remembers how she looks.  
Sucks in a big breath.

ETHEL

Oh, my God, don't look!

GARDENER

If I've come at an inconvenient  
time...

Ethel tries to hide as much as she can behind the open door.

GARDENER

About the tulips?

Ethel waves a red-nailed hand in the direction of the rear lawn.

ETHEL

Just -- just plant them anywhere.

The gardener nods, puts on his hat and steps off the porch. Ethel gives him a lingering look while she eases the door closed.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Ornate. Linda is reading as Ethel sweeps in, untying her chin strap.

ETHEL

Why didn't you tell me he was so gorgeous?

LINDA

See one handsome Mexican you've seen them all.

ETHEL

He's not Mexican.

LINDA

Could have fooled me. He looks just like dozens of men I saw down there last year.

Ethel starts wiping the mud off her face with a tissue.

ETHEL

Oh, really?

She keeps wiping. But now the wheels are turning.

ETHEL

Dozens?

LINDA  
Maybe hundreds.

She looks up from her book.

LINDA  
Oh, no. Not again.

Ethel ignores her and starts taking out her rollers. She seems to be talking to herself.

ETHEL  
I wonder if there's a law in Mexico  
against bigamy? Maybe I could get a  
matched set.

EXT. L.A. STREET - DAY

Skid row.

A few street people shuffle by, occasionally examining the gutter for hidden treasure. The shabby buildings all have security ironwork in front of their windows.

A tattered BUM weaves past a doorway -- just as Peter emerges, wearing his old cap and carrying a large brown-paper package tied with string.

Peter smiles at the bum. The man, obviously drunk and swaying in the breeze, stops and looks at Peter then up at the building he just came out of.

The bum shakes his head sympathetically. He reaches in his ragged pants and comes up with a few coins. Holds them out.

BUM  
(slurring)  
Here, pal. You need it more than I  
do. Wish it was more, but that's  
all I got.

Peter's surprised -- then offended, refuses the money.

PETER  
What's the matter with you? You're  
lookin' at a rich man -- almost.

Peter stalks off. The startled bum holds his few coins, swaying unsteadily. He looks up at the sign over the store front. It says: MISSION RELIEF - USED CLOTHES.

Then he turns his nose up -- looks like a dirty-faced nobleman.

BUM

(phoney British  
accent)

But of course, dear boy. How clumsy  
of me not to notice.

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM

Sarah and Joan are in the small, neat room.

An open suitcase on the bed is nearly full. There's a small toiletry case next to it. Sarah goes to the closet, takes out a simple dress.

Joan tries to help her with it, but Sarah makes it clear she can handle it herself.

Marty comes in, smiling, happy. Sarah gives him a dark look.

SARAH

Did you get the bagels?

MARTY

Ma, I told ya. You don't have to  
take any snacks. This isn't the  
boat ride around Manhattan, ya know.

He puts his arms around his mother.

MARTY

They'll feed you so much you won't  
believe it.

SARAH

Kosher?

MARTY

Don't worry, it's all arranged.

You'll eat kosher.

SARAH  
Otherwise I don't go.

Joan makes a praying gesture in the b.g.

JOAN  
I'll get a signed statement from the  
Rabbi.

Marty closes Sarah's cases and sets them on the floor.  
Puts his arm around her shoulders. Smiles at her  
comfortingly and guides her toward the door.

MARTY  
Just relax. This is gonna be a  
great trip.

Joan hangs back in the bedroom. She beams, gives a two-  
handed victory salute.

JOAN  
(softly)  
Yes!

INT. ETHEL'S BEDROOM

It's the size of half a football field. All silks and  
satins. Mirrors. Canopy bed.

Several pieces of luggage lie open on racks. Linda sits at  
a dressing table. Ethel, in a bathrobe, comes out of a  
huge closet carrying several fancy dresses.

LINDA  
For heaven's sake, Mother, you're  
only going for ten days.

She takes the dresses, starts to pack. Ethel gives her a  
dark look then disappears back into the closet.

LINDA  
Are you planning to change every  
hour?

ETHEL

Variety's the spice of life.

LINDA

Yes, and too much gives you  
heartburn.

ETHEL

If you want to catch fish you have  
to use plenty of bait.

She reappears wearing a slinky, too-young-for-her dress and  
too-high heels.

ETHEL

Especially when your hook is as old  
as mine.

EXT. SAN PEDRO - PORT TERMINAL - DAY

People and porters, most with luggage, mill about the  
parking lot or move toward the massive terminal building.

From across the lot, a clean, white garbage truck  
approaches. It pulls up near the terminal and stops.  
Franko hops out of the driver's side and goes around to the  
other door.

He reaches in and takes out a pathetic, beat-up suitcase.  
Then Peter climbs out, dressed in his coveralls and old  
cap. He's all smiles from ear to ear.

PETER

Careful of my suitcase there, amigo.

Franko eyes the tattered case critically.

FRANKO

I've seen wetbacks with better stuff  
than this. They might not even let  
you into Mexico.

(a beat)

What is it, imitation leather?

PETER

It ain't imitation nothin'. It's  
real cardboard. From the finest  
name in luggage.

FRANKO

Samsonite?

PETER

St. Vincent De Paul.

Franko hands Peter his bag.

FRANKO

Well, have a good trip, ol' buddy.

He pulls out a big cigar, offers it to Peter.

FRANKO

Here's a little somethin' for later.

PETER

Hey, thanks.

Peter tucks the cigar away and starts for the terminal building. Franko yells after him.

FRANKO

Say, man, does the boat stop in  
Ensenada?

PETER

Twice. Goin' down and comin' back.

FRANKO

Check out a place called Hussong's.  
I got a cousin works there.

PETER

What song's?

FRANKO

Hussong's. A nice quiet little  
cantina. Everybody knows it. Just  
ask for Raul.

They exchange waves and Peter continues toward the terminal. Franko climbs back into his truck. As he pulls away, he passes a long, gray limousine.

The LIMOUSINE pulls up to a no-parking area at the curb and

the uniformed chauffeur hops out.

AT THE CURB

The chauffeur opens a rear door and Ethel and Linda dismount. Ethel's dressed to the teeth: flowing dress, picture-book hat, tons of makeup. Linda's in a business suit.

The chauffeur goes to the trunk as the two women step up on the curb.

LINDA  
Enjoy yourself, Mother.

ETHEL  
Aren't you coming on board?

The chauffeur deposits Ethel's bags with a porter who starts wheeling them toward the terminal.

LINDA  
No, I have to see a client. But there's a surprise in your cabin.

ETHEL  
Blonde or brunette?

LINDA  
Oh, Mother.

ETHEL  
Only kidding.

They touch cheeks, embrace lightly. Ethel takes off after the porter. Linda gets in the limo, waves from the window.

LINDA  
See you in ten days!

INT. TERMINAL BUILDING

A big, hanger-like structure. Open rafters, corrugated metal roof.

People stand in slow moving lines leading to check-in counters -- where tickets are checked and baggage tags

issued.

Peter is at the head of a line. Flimsy suitcase in hand. Ethel is next in line -- a couple of paces behind him. He smiles at her, nods. She looks down her nose, as though he were something crawly.

Peter gets to the CLERK, who is also a snob.

CLERK  
Ticket, please.

Peter sets his bag down. Takes out his ticket, beams.

PETER  
Right here. First class.

He smiles triumphantly at Ethel.

PETER  
Is there a line for the poor people  
too?

Ethel looks daggers at Peter. The clerk eyes him suspiciously. Then glares at Peter's suitcase.

CLERK  
I'm not sure that old bag will make  
it.

Peter is still looking at Ethel. He eyes her up and down.

PETER  
She'll be OK if she takes it easy.

Ethel is shocked, huffs and puffs.

ETHEL  
Well! I never...!

PETER  
You should have. Looks like it's  
too late now.

The clerk points to Peter's suitcase.

CLERK

I meant that old bag.

He hands Peter a tag.

CLERK

Put this on your -- whatever it is  
--and leave it over there with the

CLERK

rest of the luggage. We start  
boarding in half an hour.

Peter mocks Ethel's disdainful look, then smiles and picks up his bag.

EXT. TERMINAL - AT THE CURB

The Goldman station wagon pulls up. Marty, Sarah, and Joan pile out. Marty opens the tail-gate, takes out a couple of bags and a small cosmetics case.

MARTY

(to Joan)

Want to park the car and meet us  
inside? I'll take the bags.

JOAN

See you in a few minutes.

INT. TERMINAL

Peter tags his suitcase and puts it with stacks of others. Then he swaggers casually toward the huge open doorway just as Sarah and Marty come in.

Marty spots Peter, sets his bags down and waves.

MARTY

Porter! Porter!

Peter ignores the shouts. Marty walks up to him; Sarah follows.

MARTY

You, there. Porter.

Peter looks around at Marty.

PETER  
You talkin' to me?

MARTY  
Yeah.

PETER  
My name's Peter, not Porter.

MARTY  
Aren't you a porter, Peter?

PETER  
What are you, a wise guy?

Marty's embarrassed.

MARTY  
Jeez, I'm sorry. I was looking for  
someone to help my mother with her  
bags and I thought...

Peter appraises Sarah, then softens a bit.

PETER  
Forget it. Lemme give ya a hand.

Sarah looks skeptical. But Peter grins and gives her an  
admiring look.

PETER  
Since we're gonna be shipmates.

Marty frowns -- as Sarah shows just a hint of a smile.

INT. CRUISE SHIP - FIRST CLASS PASSAGEWAY

Marty, carrying Sarah's cosmetics case and her ticket,  
leads Sarah and Joan along the corridor.

MARTY  
Don't worry, Ma, they'll send up the  
rest of your bags.

Marty checks the ticket.

MARTY

Here you are -- three A.

He leads the group into the stateroom. Closes the door.

Now a slightly perplexed Peter wanders along the empty passageway. Checking door numbers against his ticket.

He stops at the door next to Sarah's, checks his ticket again, then goes in.

INT. PETER'S STATEROOM

A plush, first-cabin suite. Decorated with elegant furniture and gleaming accessories.

Peter eases the door open, steps in gingerly. Mouth agape and eyes threatening to leave their sockets, he gazes around the room.

He's in a world he has never known. He moves tentatively from area to area. Touches the furnishings with reverence.

He looks awe struck; whispers softly.

PETER

Wonder how many other guys are in here with me.

INT. FIRST CLASS PASSAGEWAY

Ethel swishes along. An old, scrawny STEWARD behind her struggles to keep up. He carries her small case and a couple of fancy packages.

As they round a corner, a handsome young steward, TED EVANS, passes them going the other way. His smile is charming. Ethel devours him with her eyes -- then looks daggers at the old man.

ETHEL

(to herself)

Just my luck.

(to the old steward)

Can't you move any faster?

As they reach Peter's door, it opens and he steps out. He

and Ethel stare. She's nearly overcome with shock.

ETHEL  
Surely, you're not on this deck?

Peter grins. Dusts imaginary lint off his coveralls.

PETER  
Guess they figured it needed a  
little class.

Ethel huffs. Turns up her nose and moves on.

ETHEL  
Come along, steward!

INT. SARAH'S STATEROOM

The same as Peter's. Marty and Joan say goodbye to Sarah.

MARTY  
Now if there's anything you need,  
just pick up the phone or ring for  
the steward.

Sarah doesn't look too confident.

MARTY  
And cheer up. You're supposed to be  
having fun.

SARAH  
Such fun.

The ANNOUNCEMENT for visitors interrupts.

ANNOUNCER  
All ashore that's going ashore. All  
visitors must leave the ship at this  
time, please. We will be departing  
in fifteen minutes.

Sarah, Marty, and Joan hug. Then Marty and Joan head to  
the door.

MARTY  
Just loosen up a little, Ma, you'll

have a great time.

JOAN

And we'll see you in ten years...

She's flustered.

JOAN

...er, days! I mean ten days!

MARTY

Goodbye, Ma.

Sarah glares. Marty hustles his wife out of the room.

INT. ETHEL'S STATEROOM

It's identical to Peter's and Sarah's. Ethel is just dismissing the aging steward.

STEWARD

If there's anything you need, Ma'am,  
just let me know.

Ethel gives him a skeptical look.

ETHEL

I don't think you could pass the  
physical.

The steward bows, backs to the door and out.

Ethel turns to the coffee table where there's a card and a bottle of champagne with a bow on it. She opens the card.

A handwritten note says: FOR THE GRIEVING WIDOW. COME HOME SINGLE. LOVE, LINDA.

EXT. AT SEA - DAY

The beautiful cruise ship slices through the smooth, blue Pacific.

INT. DINING ROOM

Elegant, but crowded and NOISY. People move in confusion, trying to find their tables.

Sarah comes in. Follows a steward who leads her to a table, and seats her alone. She stares around self-consciously.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Heads begin to turn one after another in the direction of the door. Then, through the crowd, Peter swaggers in -- a blinding jumble of color and light.

He wears a gaudy plaid jacket over a checkered purple shirt. Hanging from his neck is a brilliant Hawaiian sunset that faintly resembles a tie. His slacks are green hound's-tooth check. And he's got his cap on.

He smiles from ear to ear, basking in the attention of the other passengers. He checks his ticket, and heads for Sarah's table.

AT THE TABLE

He checks his ticket again, then nods to Sarah.

PETER

What a coincidence.

Sarah nods pleasantly and Peter sits down.

PETER

I see you like to be on time.

(off Sarah's nod)

Me too. I hate bein' late.

SARAH

You know what they say about the early bird.

PETER

Yeah, 'cept worms gimme the creeps.

Sarah smiles thinly, not quite sure what to make of Peter.

Then a young couple, obviously love sick, approaches the table. They are MOLLY and REX DOWD.

Molly's in a tight mini-dress that emphasizes her lush

figure. She's glowing. Rex, in casual slacks and sport coat, looks more subdued. They giggle, bill and coo as they sit.

MOLLY

Oh, hi. I guess we're table mates.  
I'm Molly. And this is Rex, my  
husband.

More giggling.

REX

Hi.

MOLLY

We're on our honeymoon.

SARAH

How nice. Enjoy.

Molly makes a show of her diamond ring, flashing the large sparkler. Then she snuggles up to Rex, gives him a suggestive look.

MOLLY

Hope this doesn't take too long. I  
can't wait to get back to our room.

REX

Yeah, but I want to eat first.

Peter eyes Rex as if he were a few cards short of a deck. He looks at Molly, then back to Rex.

PETER

I've had some lean times, but I  
don't think I ever been that hungry.

The conversation is interrupted by Ethel's loud voice o.s.

ETHEL

There must be some mistake I tell  
you! I simply refuse to be seated  
at that table!

The MAITRE D', obviously in distress, leads Ethel toward the table.

MAITRE D'

(foreign accent)

But I assure you, madame, there is no mistake. The table assignment was made through your travel agent.

ETHEL

My ex-travel agent. And unless you want to be the ex-maitre d', you'd better...

Ethel stops in mid-sentence as a man in a dinner jacket approaches, stops at the table.

He's BRAD SPENCER, 50-ish, sporting a deep tan and a dazzling white smile. He's handsome in an oily sort of way. He nods to the group at the table.

Ethel's eyes bulge as she sees Brad sit down. She suddenly leers happily.

MAITRE D'

Very well. I will arrange for you to be seated at another...

ETHEL

You'll do nothing of the sort you silly little man. This table will do just fine.

She goes to the table, leaves the maitre d' pleading to the heavens for strength.

Brad stands for Ethel. No one else pays much attention. Molly nuzzles Rex, as Peter watches. Sarah eyes Peter. Brad and Ethel exchange deep, soulful looks as he attends her chair.

ETHEL

You're very kind.

Brad has a British accent.

BRAD

A pleasure, Miss...?

ETHEL

Sigwell. But please, call me Ethel.  
Everyone does.

Peter turns to her.

PETER

Howdy, Ethel.

Ethel's smile fades and she gives Peter an icy stare.

ETHEL

Have we been introduced?

PETER

I'm Peter Babbit.

Ethel cocks an ear toward Peter, frowns.

ETHEL

Peter Rabbit? You look more like a  
chocolate bunny.

Ethel smiles cruelly at her cleverness. But around the  
table there's an awkward silence; an averting of eyes.  
Ethel's suddenly embarrassed. Peter doesn't lose a beat.

PETER

And you look like a painted Easter  
egg, with wrinkles. I said Babbit!

He gives Ethel a big grin. Sarah seems uncomfortable with  
it all. Molly breaks away from Rex, fingers her diamond  
ring conspicuously.

MOLLY

Why don't we all just introduce  
ourselves and...

BRAD

Splendid idea!

Peter mimics Brad.

PETER

Yes, splendid!

BRAD

I'm Bradley Spencer.

SARAH

Sarah. A pleasure to make your acquaintance.

MOLLY

I'm Molly.

REX

And I'm...

PETER

Hungry, right?

Rex looks self-conscious. Molly giggles.

MOLLY

We're on our honeymoon.

She toys with her ring blatantly, an expectant look on her face. Then she's disappointed when no one notices.

Brad grins smugly, leans closer to Ethel. He looks toward Peter and speaks just loud enough for everyone to hear; his accent thickening.

BRAD

I was under the impression it was customary to dress for dinner.

Peter leans closer to Sarah.

PETER

Where I come from, it's customary to get dressed for everything -- 'cept maybe takin' a bath.

He chuckles at his own humor, brushes at imaginary lint and admires his loud jacket. Sarah smiles. Ethel looks down her nose at Peter's gaudy outfit.

ETHEL

You call that dressed -- or decorated?

Sarah wants to change the subject, opens her menu.

SARAH  
Dressed. Undressed. Who cares? So  
when do we eat already?

Molly fiddles with her ring.

MOLLY  
That's what I say. Besides, it's  
getting warm in here, I think I'll  
take my ring off.

Still no one notices her sparkler. She pouts. Ethel looks  
around impatiently.

ETHEL  
If we could ever find a steward.

Peter gestures around the room.

PETER  
That's easy. All those guys in the  
white coats are named Stuart.

ETHEL  
I said a steward, you nincompoop.

Peter looks hurt. Then a WAITER appears, pad in hand.

WAITER  
Good afternoon, ladies and  
gentlemen, I'll be your waiter for  
dinner. My name's Stuart.

Peter turns to Ethel, a big self-satisfied grin on his  
face. She's furious.

ETHEL  
Are you going to wear that stupid  
hat all through dinner?

Sarah looks up quickly.

SARAH  
So what's wrong with wearing a hat  
at the table?

Peter gloats, then leans over to Sarah. Imitates Brad.

PETER

What would you like, my dear?

Sarah smiles.

EXT. AT SEA - DAY

The ship slices through the peaceful ocean.

EXT. DECK - VARIOUS

Smiling, happy people of all sizes, shapes, and ages promenade along the deck. Then a VOICE comes over the PA system.

VOICE

Your attention please. Your attention please. We will hold a routine lifeboat drill in thirty minutes.

VOICE

Please return to your cabins and wait for the signal to proceed to your assigned lifeboat station.

INT. PASSAGEWAY

Sarah sticks her head out her door. Wide-eyed and clearly worried. She looks both ways, then sees Peter's door open, and his smiling face pokes out.

SARAH

Did we hit an iceberg? We'll drown like rats in a trap.

PETER

No, no, you got it all wrong.

(a beat)

You mean like rats on a sinkin' ship.

Sarah's beside herself.

SARAH  
I knew it. Oi vey.

VOICE  
This is only a drill, so please do  
not be alarmed.

PETER  
This is just practice.

SARAH  
So who needs to practice drowning?

VOICE  
Please wear your life vest to your  
assigned lifeboat station. If you  
need assistance, just ask any of the  
ship's officers or your steward.

PETER  
Get your life jacket. I'll help ya  
put it on.

They both duck back into their cabins.

Now Ethel comes hustling along the passageway toward her  
room. Ted, the handsome young steward, approaches from the  
other direction. They meet at Ethel's door. He nods  
politely. She positively exudes charm.

TED  
Good morning, ma'am. Is there  
anything I can do for you?

Ethel devours him with her eyes.

ETHEL  
Silly question, dear boy. But I  
have to go to some dreadful lifeboat  
drill first.

She flutters her lashes at Ted and opens her door. He  
gives her an amused look and moves along.

EXT. ON DECK - LIFEBOAT STATION - DAY

A crowd of people mills around, all in life vests. Mostly

at loose ends, not sure what to do.

A TIGHT SHOT on Peter and Sarah as they come on deck, looking for their station. Peter's wearing his hat.

PETER

I think it's this way.

Sarah is clearly anxious. Gives Peter a worried look.

SARAH

I -- I can't swim. So -- so just in case anything... You should know my name is Sarah.

Peter gives her a shy smile.

PETER

I know. Don't worry -- Sarah. Just stick with me. My name's Peter.

Sarah, looking relieved, tries to smile back.

SARAH

I know.

PETER

Besides, nothin'll happen long as ya wear your life jacket.

Sarah's face clouds and she eyes Peter up and down.

SARAH

Are you sure that's how it goes?

A WIDER ANGLE

Peter wears his life vest around his bottom like an oversized diaper. His legs through the arm holes. He shrugs.

PETER

You know what they say. If it feels right, do it.

SARAH

I'm not so sure.

Peter looks around at the other passengers then helps Sarah into her vest the normal way. They find their boat just as the people around them start gawking at something out of frame.

Across the deck Ethel strides along like a stripper on a runway.

You can almost hear the throbbing beat as she swings along. All eyes are focused on her tight skirt and sweater, and the fox fur draped casually around her neck. She swings her life vest by its straps.

From a vantage point near the lifeboat, Ted watches the show. A gleam in his eye.

VOICE

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. If this had been an actual emergency you would have manned your lifeboats and been lowered safely away.

Ethel spots Ted; goes to him. Now she's a vamp, flirting openly. She puts a hand on his arm.

ETHEL

You were marvelous. I never had a moment's concern knowing you were here to -- save me.

Ted takes it all in stride, appraising Ethel humorously.

Brad watches from across the deck.

TED

But you really should wear your life vest, Miss...

ETHEL

Please. Call me Ethel.

A scowling Brad joins them; takes Ethel by the elbow.

BRAD

Come, my dear. We had a date for shuffleboard, remember?

Ethel gives Ted a lingering look then leaves with Brad.  
Ted chuckles and turns to his duties.

As Peter helps Sarah out of her life vest he sees Molly and Rex. He watches as she tugs suggestively at her husband's arm and leads Rex away from the crowd. He seems reluctant, offers feeble resistance.

PETER

Now there's a man that almost looks  
sorry the boat ain't sinkin'

Peter steps out of his life vest and guides Sarah toward a doorway.

INT. PASSAGEWAY

Sarah and Peter stroll along, carrying their life vests. She's still a little flustered, dabs at her face and neck with a tissue.

SARAH

I thought a cruise was supposed to  
be relaxing.

(a beat)

First that terrible woman at our  
table and now we're training for  
when the boat sinks.

They approach a bar and lounge. Peter motions.

PETER

How about somethin' to calm your  
nerves?

SARAH

Such as?

PETER

A couple boilermakers usually does  
it for me.

Sarah laughs a short laugh.

SARAH

You remind me of my husband. May he

rest in peace.

PETER  
Your husband was black?

SARAH  
No. But he was a mailman. He had a  
boilermaker every night after work.  
Said it helped get the kinks out of  
his back after carrying mail all  
day.

PETER  
I know how he feels -- felt. I was  
the same way after slingin' garbage  
cans all day.

INT. LOUNGE AREA

Peter and Sarah go to a small table by the bar. Peter  
takes out a cigar.

PETER  
Mind?

SARAH  
Be my guest. It's like -- like a  
nice manly smell. I miss it.

PETER  
Your husband smoked cigars?  
(off Sarah's nod)  
My wife hates it.

Sarah's suddenly wary.

SARAH  
Your wife?

PETER  
Ex-wife. She left me.

SARAH  
Another man?

PETER  
I think so. A ballet dancer.

SARAH  
You live alone?

PETER  
Yeah, I tried livin' with my  
daughter and her family for a while,  
but...

PETER  
It didn't work out. So I got a  
place of my own.

SARAH  
How nice for you.

PETER  
(without conviction)  
Yeah.

Sarah looks suddenly wistful; almost sad.

SARAH  
I live with my son.

PETER  
Hey, great.

SARAH  
And his wife.

PETER  
Bet you're real happy.

SARAH  
I can hardly stand so much  
happiness.

A WAITER interrupts.

WAITER  
What would you folks like?

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOUNGE AREA - LATER

Peter and Sarah finish their drinks. He motions for the check and pays the waiter. They get up to go; Sarah pauses.

SARAH  
I think we should split the bill.

PETER  
Forget it. It's on me.

SARAH  
I pay my own way.

PETER  
Tell ya what.

PETER  
There's a floor show and dancin'  
tonight in the main ballroom. Go  
with me and you can pay me back  
then.

Sarah gives him a cautious look, then her face softens into a smile.

SARAH  
It would be my pleasure, Mr.  
Babbit.

AT THE BAR

Brad, in tennis shorts and pullover, comes in and takes a seat. He sees Sarah and Peter but can't hear their conversation.

AT THE TABLE

Sarah fumbles in her purse. She comes up with a couple of bills and leaves them on the table -- while Brad watches.

SARAH  
At least I can leave a tip.

Peter offers his arm and Sarah takes it. They smile at each other happily and stroll to the exit.

AT THE BAR

Brad is deep in thought as he watches Peter and Sarah leave. Then he turns to see Ethel, in a colorful, two-piece warmup suit, enter from another direction. She joins him, and they make their way out of the bar whispering and laughing.

INT. PETER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Peter's in his "suit of lights." He puts on a bow tie that clashes with everything but the white walls. He primps in the mirror, adjusts his old hat, then goes out the door.

INT. MAIN BALLROOM

Cavernous. Filled with people seated at tables radiating out from a dance floor that's backed by a stage and bandstand.

Small lamps decorate each table. Spots of light, reflected off a slowly turning globe in the ceiling, dance like fireflies around the dim room.

Peter and Sarah are at a table near the dance floor. Drinks in hand.

They lean close, trying to hear each other over the blare of ROCK MUSIC coming from the bandstand.

PETER  
How's your drink?

SARAH  
Club soda is club soda.

Peter turns toward the band.

PETER  
Too bad they can't play somethin'  
Civilized. I'd probably ask ya to  
dance.

Sarah smiles, looks a little dreamy.

SARAH  
I'd probably accept.

PETER

You would?

SARAH

Why not? I used to love to dance.

(a beat)

But poor Jake...

PETER

He didn't like dancin'?

SARAH

After carrying mail all day? Who could blame him?

Sarah begins to sway gently with the beat of the music. Keeps time with her hand. Peter begins to tap his fingers too. Then they look at each other and smile, each getting the other's vibes. Peter gets up and reaches for Sarah.

PETER

C'mon.

SARAH

To this?

He takes her hand, gets her to her feet.

PETER

Looks like it's all we're gonna get.

They go to the floor and begin to dance cheek to cheek. Gracefully, slowly. Ignoring the throbbing beat.

Then, amid stares from the other dancers, they begin to dip and dive. Whirl and twirl. In a stately exhibition of ballroom dancing.

The crowd slowly parts. People stop to watch, then smile and clap softly.

ON THE BANDSTAND

The band leader sees what's happening. He motions to his group and they segue into a WALTZ.

ON THE FLOOR

The strains of the WALTZ wash over the room. The crowd on the floor forms an opening. Now Peter and Sarah really turn it on. They're Fred and Ginger. Gliding and sliding. And both beaming with delight.

The music ends. The breathless Peter and Sarah collapse into each other's arms -- to the APPLAUSE and ROAR of the crowd.

Sarah and Peter are Cinderella and Prince Charming.

EXT. OPEN DECK - NIGHT

With the sound of APPLAUSE behind them, Peter and Sarah come out on deck. Sarah fans herself and Peter mops his brow.

They pause by a life boat as the o.s. beat of a ROCK TUNE replaces the applause. They smile happily then move away.

In the shadow of the life boat, Ethel and Brad lean against the ship's rail. Talking, unaware of Sarah and Peter. Brad is in evening clothes, Ethel in a floor-length gown.

BRAD

Your last husband was in oil, you say?

ETHEL

Yes. Unfortunately it wasn't boiling.

BRAD

But surely he left you very -- comfortable?

ETHEL

I was quite comfortable -- as you put it -- long before I met him.

Brad gives Ethel a patronizing smile.

BRAD

Of course.

A sudden breeze ruffles Ethel's gown and musses Brad's Hair. He quickly pats it back in place and takes her by

the elbow.

BRAD

Let's go in, shall we?

Ethel gives him a quizzical look.

ETHEL

But it's such a lovely night.

Brad pats his hair again.

BRAD

I -- ah -- I find it a bit breezy.  
And I wouldn't want you to take a  
chill.

He steers her toward a nearby doorway.

INT. PASSAGEWAY

Peter and Sarah amble along toward their rooms. They look happy, contented.

SARAH

Such fun. It's been years.

PETER

That was just the beginning.  
Wait'll we hit the casino.

Sarah's face clouds and she gives him a questioning look.

SARAH

Casino?

PETER

I just thought... You know, I  
thought we could go to the casino  
tomorrow night. You and me.  
Maybe...

Sarah looks stern.

SARAH

To gamble?

PETER

Well -- yeah. That's kinda the idea.

Sarah is cool to the suggestion.

SARAH

A fool and his money are soon parted.

Peter tries to turn on the charm.

PETER

Not this fool. I mean not this time. I'm gonna hit it big. I can feel it. Right here.

He taps his solar plexus.

SARAH

It's probably gas. Take a glass of seltzer before you go to bed.

They're at Peter's room. Sarah stops.

SARAH

Here you are.

PETER

I'll just make sure you get home all right.

He takes her elbow and guides her the few steps to the next room. They stop and Sarah smiles a little smile.

SARAH

Thanks for walking me home.

(a beat)

And for the dancing.

PETER

Ah -- about tomorrow night. Do ya think...?

SARAH

I'm not much for gambling.

PETER

Yeah, well...

He ponders for a beat, then brightens.

PETER

How about just watchin'?

Sarah opens her door. Turns and touches Peter gently on the arm.

SARAH

We'll see.

She gives him a fond look, then goes in and closes her door softly. Peter lingers briefly, a small frown on his face, then walks away.

EXT. AN OPEN DECK - DAY

Passengers stroll and enjoy the sunshine.

Others play shuffleboard -- Ethel and Brad among them. She's in a brightly colored casual suit. He's in shorts and tennis sweater.

Ethel hails a passing steward who takes her order and scurries away.

Peter emerges from a doorway and struts to the rail. He's in bright Bermuda shorts down past his knees, street shoes, Hawaiian shirt -- and his cap.

He leans against the rail. Lights a cigar. And watches as the steward returns with a drink for Ethel.

The steward starts away as Ethel takes a sip. She wrinkles up her nose.

ETHEL

Steward! Get back here!

The steward turns, scurries back. Ethel hands him her drink.

ETHEL

I said a dry martini! This thing is

swimming in vermouth. Take it away!

At the rail, Peter mimics Ethel's antics and facial expressions. To the enjoyment of some nearby passengers.

As the beleaguered steward departs, Sarah watches the scene from a doorway. Peter spots her and waves. They meet at the rail.

PETER

Have you thought any more about  
--you know -- about tonight?

Sarah gives him a wry smile.

SARAH

Why not? It's not every day I get  
to see a man make his fortune.

Peter beams.

SARAH

Just promise one thing.

She nods toward Ethel, and if looks could kill...

SARAH

After you're wealthy, don't get like  
her.

PETER

Aw, that's just the way rich people  
are. They don't mean nothin' by it.

Peter gazes toward Ethel and smiles.

Sarah frowns at him. She's not overjoyed.

INT. CASINO - NIGHT

Las Vegas at sea. The lush casino is filled with crap tables, blackjack tables, roulette tables, and slot machines. Noise, smoke, and people.

Peter and Sarah are wedged into a group at a crap table. Peter, wearing his old cap, has a small stack of chips on the pass line in front of him.

He watches with a pained look as the man next to him prepares to roll the dice. Sarah looks like she has a case of heartburn.

PETER  
C'mon, dice, be nice!

The man rolls. The CROUPIER watches sternly.

CROUPIER  
Seven, you loose. Next shooter.

Peter clutches his head as the croupier takes his chips, but shoves him the dice. Sarah shakes her head.

SARAH  
Tsk, tsk, tsk, tsk.

Peter gives her a sidelong glance.

PETER  
I don't know if I'm shootin' craps  
or playin' Beat the Clock.

SARAH  
Why don't you quit while you're  
behind?

CROUPIER  
Roll the dice, shooter.

PETER  
I gotta get even.

SARAH  
You were even before you started.

Peter frowns. Bets a few chips then shakes the dice.

PETER  
C'mon seven!

Sarah closes her eyes and crosses her fingers.

SARAH  
Mazel.

Peter stops and gives her a questioning look.

SARAH

Luck.

PETER

I thought you didn't like gambling.

SARAH

More than gambling I don't like to see you lose.

CROUPIER

Roll the dice, shooter.

Peter rolls. The dice come up one and one.

CROUPIER

Snake eyes, you lose. Same shooter coming out.

Peter doles out a couple more chips, starts to take the dice, then his face brightens. He hands them to Sarah.

PETER

(to the croupier)

Pass to the next shooter.

Sarah is stunned.

SARAH

I wouldn't dare.

PETER

There's nothin' to it.

He gives her a quick demonstration.

PETER

Just roll 'em out there.

SARAH

Such craziness!

CROUPIER

Next shooter, please.

Sarah closes her eyes and rolls the dice awkwardly.

CROUPIER

Seven, a winner.

Peter cheers. The crowd livens up. Sarah's shocked. The croupier pays her bet and pushes the dice back. Sarah looks at Peter. He motions for her to roll again.

PETER

Let it ride.

Sarah rolls again. More skillfully this time. The dice come up five and two.

CROUPIER

Seven, another winner.

Peter dances like he has to go to the bathroom. The crowd's getting excited.

PETER

Bet it all! Bet it all!

Sarah rolls again, with still more finesse. She's smiling now.

SARAH

C'mon, snake ears.

PETER

No! No!

The dice come up five and six. Peter goes nuts. The crowd ROARS.

CROUPIER

Eleven, a winner.

Now Sarah's in the groove. She stacks the chips neatly on the pass line like a pro.

SARAH

Give it a ride!

Peter darts a startled look at Sarah. She flips the dice

again.

CROUPIER

Seven, a winner!

The crowd EXPLODES. Peter's smile turns a little sickly as he watches Sarah's phenomenal luck. People squeeze in between them, getting their bets down. They force Peter aside.

Sarah looks around for him, catches his eye. Shrugs.

SARAH

What should I do?

PETER

Just what you're doin'.

VARIOUS ANGLES

Brad enters the casino. He's attracted by the commotion at the crap table and maneuvers into a position to see the action. He eyes Sarah's big stack of chips.

Peter watches with a desperate look on his face as Sarah rolls the dice one more time.

They come up two and three.

CROUPIER

Five. Five's the point.

Slowly and deliberately Sarah rolls again. The crowd YELLS. Peter covers his eyes. Sarah holds her breath. Brad watches.

CROUPIER

Seven. You lose. Next shooter.

The crowd moans and Sarah is gently nudged out of the way. Peter pulls his old cap down over his eyes.

Sarah leaves the table and goes to Peter. Shrugs.

SARAH

Easy come, easy go.

Brad's face registers keen interest as he eyes Sarah.

EXT. ON DECK - NIGHT

Peter and Sarah stroll along slowly. They stop at the rail and just stand for a few moments looking out over the calm, moonlit sea. Each deep in thought. Peter sighs.

PETER

Man -- so close.

SARAH

So, I didn't warn you? A fool and his money...

Peter looks a little testy.

PETER

Pardon me, but for someone who doesn't like gamblin', you were really gettin' into it there.

SARAH

You're right. That's why I'm glad I lost.

Peter's wide-eyed, incredulous.

PETER

You lost? It was my dough.

SARAH

See? See what it's doing to us already?

Peter looks petulant.

SARAH

It's a curse, Peter -- gambling. It's too easy to get caught up. Oh, I could feel the excitement all right. The thrill. But there's no such thing as easy money.

Peter's still a little huffy.

PETER

You're tellin' me. I spent my life  
slingin' garbage and what've I got?

Sarah puts a hand on his arm.

SARAH  
More than you know.

PETER  
(pensive)  
Man, just a few more passes. I  
coulda had a bundle.

SARAH  
Would it really matter?

PETER  
Bein' rich? Sure it matters. Don't  
ya see how rich people are treated?  
Everybody kissin' up to 'em. Always  
first in line. Gettin' everything  
they want.

SARAH  
Like that Sigwell woman?

PETER  
Yeah, like Ethel.

SARAH  
So now it's "Ethel"?

PETER  
Well -- why not? She's got it made.  
All that dough. Fancy clothes.

SARAH  
You want to be like her?

Peter turns dreamy.

PETER  
Maybe -- just one time.

Sarah frowns and bites her lip. She doesn't like what  
she's hearing. Peter's deep in thought.

INT. MAIN BALLROOM - NIGHT

As before: soft lights, crowded dance floor. The music is SOFT ROCK.

As it ends, Ethel and Brad, she in another new gown, he in a dinner jacket, leave the floor and head for their table.

In the b.g. crowd, Molly Dowd tugs at an obviously pooped Rex, drags him toward the doorway.

Sarah and Peter also leave the dance floor, head for their seats. They pass...

ETHEL'S TABLE

...just as Brad attends to her chair and Ethel sits. Behind her back unaware he's being watched, Brad grimaces, holds his belly and blows like a whale. Dabs a handkerchief at his sweaty brow.

Peter grins as he and Sarah pass.

PETER

You're gettin' a little old for  
this, ain't ya, pal?

Surprised, Brad scowls.

Ethel turns to Peter and Sarah, but doesn't speak. She gestures impatiently at a passing WAITER. He hustles up and Ethel is her charming self.

ETHEL

Where've you been? I'm dying of  
thirst.

The waiter cowers.

WAITER

My apologies, madam.

Sarah gives the waiter a compassionate look. Takes Peter's arm and guides him to...

ANOTHER TABLE

...where they sit in silence for a moment. The mood is cool.

PETER  
Somethin' to drink?

Sarah shrugs, not too interested. Peter waves to a nearby waiter. He moves promptly to the table.

PETER  
About time! We're dyin' of thirst here.

Sarah's eyes widen and she gives Peter a puzzled look. So does the waiter.

SARAH  
We just got here.

Now Peter looks sheepish. Backs off a little.

PETER  
Yeah, well... I was just... Hey, I'm sorry.

Sarah frowns. She's clearly unhappy.

AT ETHEL'S TABLE

Ethel and Brad finish their drinks.

As Ethel looks around the room, Brad puffs and wipes at his brow again. Ethel turns back and he pastes a quick phony smile on his face.

ETHEL  
I think I'd better call it a night, Bradley. We'll be in Ensenada by noon and I want to go into town.

BRAD  
Splendid! Let's do lunch. I know just the spot.

He leans close. Leers.

BRAD

Out of the way. Secluded.

Ethel smiles provocatively -- but not at Brad.

She's looking at something over his shoulder. Brad turns to see Ted, the young steward, approaching. Ted has eyes only for Ethel.

TED

Good evening, Ms. Sigwell. I 't help but overhear you Ensenada.

Ethel smiles demurely.

TED

Don't miss Hussong's. It's world famous. You'll love it.

ETHEL

Thank you, dear boy.

TED

My pleasure -- Ethel.

Ted leaves as Brad stews and steams.

BRAD

Cheeky devil! Someone should put him in his place.

ETHEL

Mmmm -- and I know just the place.

Brad stands. Sees to Ethel's chair.

BRAD

Come, my dear, I'll walk you to cabin.

ETHEL

That's all right, Bradley. I'll find my way.

(a beat)

I'll see you tomorrow at eleven.

She walks away in the same direction Ted took.

INT. PASSAGEWAY

Brad slogs along by himself. Downcast. Unhappy.

INT. BRAD'S CABIN

Small, cut-rate. About room enough to turn around.

Brad comes in and begins to undress. First his jacket comes off, then his tie, then his hair -- or most of it.

He scratches his bare scalp vigorously. Then takes off his shirt, pants, and finally, his corset. He tosses them all in a heap on the bureau.

He's a different man. Bald, skinny legged, and with a ponderous gut. He looks like a pear on match sticks.

He sits on the bed and strips off his socks, tosses them on top of the soiled clothes. Where they cover up his hair piece.

Brad hangs up his pants and jacket. Then bundles up the soiled socks and shirt -- and the concealed toupee.

He stuffs the pile into a laundry bag and throws it under his small bunk. He yawns, scratches his belly. Then crawls into bed and turns out the single light.

EXT. ON DECK - DOCKSIDE ENSENADA - MORNING

Passengers mill about at the rail, waiting for the gangplank to be cleared for departure from the ship.

Peter and Sarah are together. He looks like a repentant school boy.

PETER

Are we -- you know -- still goin'  
into town?

SARAH

A promise is a promise. But I  
promise not to enjoy it.

PETER

C'mon, don't be mad about last

night.

SARAH

Who's mad? You want to see mad,  
there's mad.

She nods toward Ethel, who paces impatiently and checks her watch repeatedly. Ethel sees them and strides in their direction.

ETHEL

Pardon me, but have either of you  
seen Bradley?

PETER

No, God's been good to me so far  
today.

Ethel checks her watch and stalks off.

INT. BRAD'S CABIN

Panic time.

Brad's tearing up the room from top to bottom. Frantically searching for something. He's in his underwear, pot belly protruding, bald head glistening.

Breathing hard, he stops and picks up the phone.

BRAD

This is Mr. Spencer. I've lost  
my... I've misplaced my --  
something very valuable. I need a  
room steward at once to help me  
search. At once, do you hear?

INT. PASSAGEWAY

Ethel stalks along, blood in her eye.

INT. BRAD'S CABIN

Brad rips his bed apart. Looks in the pillow cases.  
Shakes the sheets. There's a KNOCK at the door.

BRAD

Come in! Come in!

The door opens and Ethel comes in, her face dark and scowling. Brad is still occupied with searching his bed and speaks without turning around.

BRAD

It took you long enough. Look, I can't find my...

ETHEL

Ahhhhh!!! My God!

Brad turns to see Ethel. She's bug-eyed. Flabbergasted at the sight before her.

BRAD

Ethel!

He looks like he's had a stroke. Tries to cover his head with his hands. Then he grabs his corset and tries to wrap it around his gut.

BRAD

I thought you were the... What are you doing here?

Ethel recovers. Her surprise turns to fury. She sputters.

ETHEL

You miserable... You contemptible...  
You fake!

She turns on her heel and storms out. Brad, still holding his corset, stumbles to the door -- bangs his shins and toes on furniture concealed under sheets and blankets.

BRAD

Ethel!

Just then a STEWARD appears from the opposite direction.

He looks after the departing Ethel -- eyes the torn up bed. Then whistles softly and gives Brad a wink and a suggestive leer.

STEWARD

Guess it's true what they say.

Brad's furious. In no mood for riddles.

BRAD

What the hell are you talking about?

The steward motions to the torn up bed then in the direction Ethel took.

STEWARD

They don't get older, they just get better.

BRAD

Oh -- go away!

EXT. ON DECK

Passengers make their way toward the departure ramp.

Peter and Sarah move leisurely along with them. Ethel appears on deck and comes their way.

PETER

Looks like she didn't find his highness.

Peter waves to Ethel and smiles, as Sarah gives him a sour look. Ethel comes up, cool but courteous.

ETHEL

Bradley is -- indisposed.

PETER

(mimicking Brad)

Oh, I say, nothing curable, I trust?

Ethel ignores the remark. Peter smiles.

ETHEL

I don't like the idea of going into Ensenada alone. I'd feel safer if I were with -- someone I knew.

SARAH

Sorry, we're...

ETHEL  
I'll treat for lunch.

PETER  
Sure. Why not?

Sarah looks daggers at him.

EXT. DOWNTOWN ENSENADA

Busy, bustling, tourist-trap streets.

Gringos intermingle with a sea of smiling Mexican faces that all seem to be connected somehow to the typical street vendor junk.

Peter, Ethel, and Sarah amble along with the crowd. He's smiling. Sarah's scowling.

Ethel looks down her nose at the obvious signs of poverty and hard living: a beggar or two; cripples; dirty, raggedy children. She's clearly distressed.

ETHEL  
I've never seen such... Why do  
these poor wretches live like this?

Sarah's looks soften at the scenes of misery. She shakes her head sadly.

SARAH  
You think they got a choice?

A particularly pathetic little BOY, tattered and skinny, steps in their way. Holds out a battered cup. Ethel stops -- stares at him. As though she can't believe it.

In what seems more an exhibition than an act of charity, Peter stuffs a couple of bills into the boy's cup. Smiles. Looks around to see who's watching.

Ethel shakes off her gloom and leads the way up the street.

They come to an open doorway which is three well-worn wooden steps above the dusty sidewalk.

Sounds of YELLING, SINGING, and RAUCOUS LAUGHTER pour out of the dim interior. A sign over the doorway reads: HUSSONG'S.

Ethel stops the group.

ETHEL

Here it is.

PETER

Oh, hey. Hussong's.

SARAH

We're going in there? I'm not going in there.

Ethel sticks her nose in the air. Scoffs at Sarah.

ETHEL

Don't be gauche. This place is known around the world.

SARAH

So is ptomaine poisoning.

PETER

C'mon. My buddy's cousin works here. It's OK.

Sarah's still not sure -- but she goes along.

INT. HUSSONG'S

Paint peeled walls. Wooden floor.

And jammed with people. Most standing three deep along the bar, with a few seated at the crude tables scattered about. A lot of YELLING and LAUGHING. Tequila is king.

A couple of Mexican waiters, aprons tied high around their chests, hustle drinks for the almost exclusively Gringo crowd. An old woman with a bushel basket on her head hawks tamales.

A wizened OLD MAN sits in the corner strumming a guitar no one can hear. He has a dreamy look about him as he stares blankly into space.

A few bills stick out of a dirty glass on a stool next to him. An occasional patron staggers by and deposits a bill or some change.

Peter, Sarah, and Ethel push their way through the crowd. Find a table near the back of the room. Sarah is clearly uncomfortable.

AT THE TABLE

A harried WAITER scurries up. Wipes his sweating brow with his apron. His smile sparkles -- from the gold in his teeth.

WAITER  
Señoras? Señor?

PETER  
Kay passo, amigo?

WAITER  
(heavy accent)  
Ah, you speak Spanish, señor?

PETER  
Like a native.

ETHEL  
A native Hungarian.

WAITER  
What would you like?

SARAH  
A glass of Manischewitz, please.

The waiter's mouth pops open, his eyebrows go up.

WAITER  
Que?

ETHEL  
A martini, straight up. And make sure it's dry.

The waiter regards the trio with disbelief. Peter steals a

glance at Ethel and considers his choice.

PETER

I'll have a -- a pink squirrel.  
(a beat)  
And make sure it's -- pink!

The waiter rolls his eyes and heads for the bar.

WAITER

Ay, Chihuahua.

AT THE BAR

The waiter elbows his way to the servers' area. Holds up three fingers and yells.

WAITER

Tres tequilas!

AT THE TABLE

Ethel drinks in the atmosphere. Sarah looks as though she smells something bad -- maybe she does. Peter watches Ethel out of the corner of his eye, and imitates her haughty attitude.

ETHEL

How quaint. The ambiance is simply primitive.

PETER

Quite so. I've always loved a primitive ambiance.

Ethel gives him a puzzled look. Sarah glowers.

No one notices the old man with the tuneless guitar as he shuffles hesitantly toward the table. He bumps into Ethel's chair. She turns, looks at him sharply.

ETHEL

Do you mind?  
(to Peter and Sarah)  
Why do they let these creatures  
stumble around?

The old man grunts what sounds like an apology. As he turns away he knocks off Peter's hat with his guitar.

Peter begins to berate him out of all proportion to the accident.

PETER

Hey! Watch what you're doin' ya clumsy old man! Can't ya see where you're goin'?

Sarah looks horrified. Even Ethel is shocked at Peter. The old man mumbles again and backs away just as the waiter returns with the drinks.

WAITER

Lo ciento, señor. Sorry. Raul is -- how you say? -- he's nearly blind. What they call the -- the cataracts?

Sarah gets up, takes a few bills out of her purse and stuffs them into the old man's shirt pocket. She's hot.

SARAH

(to Peter)

All of sudden I don't care for the company. Stay with your rich friend, I'm going back to the ship.

Peter tries to take her arm. She brushes him off.

PETER

Wait, please. I didn't mean it. I didn't know he can't see.

Sarah gives him a long, accusing stare.

SARAH

It's you that can't see.

She stalks off, leaving Peter speechless. Ethel, too, watches Sarah depart. Her look grows solemn, almost sad.

Then she looks at Peter as though he just acquired leprosy. He gets defensive.

PETER

You were just as bad. What're ya lookin' at?

ETHEL

My reflection. And it's not a sight I'm very proud of.

She gets up to leave.

PETER

Hey, where ya goin'?

ETHEL

To try to find something. Something I lost a long time ago.

She leaves Peter alone. He's embarrassed. Hardly able to face the waiter as he sets down the drinks. Then something clicks. He points at the old man.

PETER

Did you say his name's Raul?

WAITER

Si.

The waiter leans close to Peter. Glances sadly at the old guitar player then taps at his eyes.

WAITER

He needs an operation but...

The waiter shakes his head. He knows Raul will never have the money.

PETER

Does he have a cousin in L.A.? A guy named Franko?

WAITER

Oh, si. Franko is muy importante -- very important. A city official.

PETER

Yeah, right. Couldn't he help?

WAITER

Perhaps. But Raul is too proud to ask.

The waiter shrugs, then indicates he'd like to get paid.

WAITER

Anything else, señor?

Peter looks at the drinks.

PETER

Hey, this ain't what we ordered.

The waiter shrugs.

WAITER

We din have none of those, so...

PETER

Forget it.

He fishes out some bills. Then looks at one of the tequilas. Frowns.

PETER

There's somethin' in my drink.

WAITER

Just a tequila worm, señor.

Peter shivers. Then shakes his head wearily.

PETER

Figgers. It's been that kinda day.

EXT. DOWNTOWN ENSENADA

Still jammed, chaotic. Ethel maneuvers through the crowd, looking for something -- or someone.

She spots the ragged little boy who had stopped her earlier. He walks away and Ethel rushes after him.

ETHEL

Little boy! You there!

The boy turns, looks suddenly frightened. Like he's ready to run.

ETHEL

Wait!

She catches up to him. Takes him by the arm and squats down beside him.

ETHEL

Please, don't be frightened. I just want to -- to talk to you.

The boy has no idea what she's saying. He's suspicious.

INT. SHIP DINING ROOM - AT TABLE - EVENING

It's a miniature wake.

Brad's chair is empty. Sarah sits looking at her plate, picking silently at her food. Ethel is aloof, pensive. Even the young married couple seems subdued.

Peter, in his cap and his suit of lights, peers hopefully from face to face for some hint of friendliness.

PETER

Nice night.

Silence.

PETER

Wasn't that a great meal? What's anybody havin' for dessert?

Sarah looks at Peter as if he were an intruder.

SARAH

Why don't you take your hat off at the table already?

PETER

But I thought you said...

SARAH

I changed my mind.

Peter gets huffy, whips off his cap.

PETER

OK, maybe I was wrong this  
afternoon.

SARAH

So who said anything about wrong?  
What you do is no concern of mine.

Peter stews for a moment. Then gets up and throws his  
napkin on his plate.

PETER

Swell. I know when I'm not wanted.

He grabs his cap and storms away from the table. Sarah  
watches for a beat. There's sadness in her eyes.

EXT. ON DECK - DUSK

Peter is alone at the rail watching the fading light.

BRAD

Well, well, another rejected suitor.

Peter turns, a little startled. Brad comes up -- wearing a  
smile and his hair. Peter bristles.

PETER

What do you want?

BRAD

Misery loves company they say.

PETER

Not yours. I ain't that miserable.

BRAD

You will be, old chap. And so will  
I, unless we do something about our  
situation.

Peter eyes him suspiciously; quizzically.

PETER

What's this we stuff, paleface?

BRAD

Get with it, Babbit. The women.

(a beat)

Unless we do something about the women, we'll both wind up this cruise the way we started -- dead broke.

PETER

Speak for yourself, pal. I'm just waitin' for the casino to open. Tonight's gonna be my big night.

Brad chuckles. Scoffs really.

BRAD

Have it your way. Just thought I'd let you know the Goldman woman has suddenly become very attractive.

PETER

Sarah? You stay away from...!

BRAD

Tut, tut, old man. The race belongs to the swift.

PETER

And my fist belongs in your face if I see you messin' around with...

BRAD

Relax, Babbit. It's every man for himself.

Brad leers, then starts to walk away. Pauses.

BRAD

By the way, if you're looking for a new girl friend, there's always Ethel.

Alone, Peter stews for a moment then checks his watch.

PETER

The only girl friend I need is Lady

Luck.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CASINO - NIGHT

A cacophony of SQUEALS, APPLAUSE, YELLS, and WHISTLES.

CLOSE on Peter's sweating face. His cap is on backwards. He breaks into a wide grin.

CROUPIER

Six, a winner! Pay the line.

BYSTANDER

Ten straight passes!

VARIOUS

Peter is hemmed in by a boisterous crowd at a crap table. The CROUPIER pushes a large stack of chips in his direction. It's obvious Peter's winning big.

CROUPIER

Same shooter coming out. Place your bets.

Peter pulls back about half the chips. Leaves the rest on the pass line. Several thousand dollars worth. He adjusts the dice carefully in his fingers, then shakes them vigorously.

PETER

Make me rich, dice!

He rolls. The crowd SCREAMS.

CROUPIER

Four. The shooter's point is four.

Peter clasps his hands, looks to the ceiling. Well-wishers crowd around. A BYSTANDER rubs his head, knocks off his cap. Peter rescues it and puts it on backwards again.

Peter sweats bullets. He wipes his face with a handkerchief. His smile is weak, nervous. He's got some doubts.

Slowly, deliberately, the stickman returns the dice. Peter looks around the circle of eager faces.

Just beyond the mob that's jammed several deep at the table, he sees Sarah. She's with Brad. Sarah's gaze is cool as her eyes meet Peter's.

Peter's smile fades, he licks his lips.

The croupier's look is icy. His tone impatient.

CROUPIER

Four's the point, shooter.

BYSTANDER

C'mon, man, the hard way. You can do it!

Peter surveys the crowd again. Looks to Sarah.

Then, hands shaking, he slowly pushes all his chips out onto the pass line. There's a chorus of "oohs" and "ahs," followed by almost COMPLETE QUIET. All eyes are on a trembling Peter. Even Sarah and Brad squeeze closer.

Now Peter clutches the dice near his ear -- as though they were talking to him. He squeezes his eyes shut for a second. Then opens them and stares at Sarah.

Her lips move to form a word that's barely audible in the stillness.

SARAH

Mazel.

With a sudden flick of the wrist, Peter slams the dice across the table. They bounce and roll. Come to rest at the far corner. Peter's got his eyes closed. The expectant HUSH is electric. The croupier's voice cracks like a whip.

CROUPIER

Four, a winner!

The room EXPLODES. Peter's in danger of being mobbed.

The croupier pays him off. Peter scoops chips into his cap. Stuffs his pockets. Fights his way toward the cashier. As he pushes through the smiling crowd, he comes face to face with Sarah. They lock gazes.

SARAH

So, now you're rich.

(a beat)

Are you happy?

Peter's grin fades. Before he can speak, Sarah leaves him standing alone.

Brad's nowhere to be seen.

INT. SHIP - OUTSIDE THE MEN'S BOUTIQUE

Peter, in his below-the-knee Bermudas and Hawaiian shirt, window shops at the exclusive on-board men's store.

He puffs on a big cigar as he admires the stylish clothes. Then heads for the entrance.

INT. MEN'S BOUTIQUE

Peter swaggers in.

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

1) Cigar in hand, Peter points to some clothes hanging in the window. A subservient CLERK hustles to a rack. Brings Peter several items for his approval.

Peter scowls and gesticulates. The clerk dashes away.

2) The clerk hustles back from the rack with another armload of clothes.

3) Peter emerges from a dressing room wearing a gold lame sport coat. Admires himself in a mirror. Nods that he'll take it.

4) Another CLERK shows Peter shirts. He tosses several aside. The two clerks struggle to do Peter's bidding while keeping the shirts from being trampled underfoot.

5) Peter tries on shoes. There are a dozen boxes open on

the floor. He waves angrily as a clerk shows him other selections. His cigar ashes drop indiscriminately. Both clerks look skyward as though seeking strength.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. SHIP - OUTSIDE THE MEN'S BOUTIQUE

Peter emerges from the shop looking like an ad for flashy clothes and questionable taste.

Sport coat, slacks, ascot at his throat, tassel loafers. All gaudy, but obviously expensive. Except for his old baseball cap.

Peter pauses at the door. Motions to one of the hassled clerks.

PETER

See those things are sent to my suite.

CLERK

Right away, Mr. Babbit.

Peter, looking snooty, holds out a bill to the clerk.

CLERK

Oh, thank you sir, but...

He refuses it. Peter glares at him. Suddenly hostile.

PETER

What's the matter, ain't my money good enough?

The clerk inspects his fingers, then looks back to Peter.

CLERK

Of course, sir.

PETER

So what's the problem? You took good care of me.

CLERK

I realize that.

PETER

Well then?

The clerk is respectful but cool.

CLERK

We take good care of all of our  
customers -- sir.

Peter grapples with that for a beat, then shrugs and moves on.

He stops to admire his reflection. Then takes out another cigar, unwraps it, lights it. Tosses the wrapper and match on the floor and swaggers away.

The store clerk comes out and picks up the refuse. He shakes his head sadly as he watches Peter go into another passageway.

EXT. ON DECK - DAY

It's fun in the sun.

Some of the passengers work on their tans. Some just stroll the deck. Others play badminton. Stewards, also smiling and friendly, serve drinks. Sarah watches from the rail; a soft breeze toys with her hair.

Peter comes on deck, the picture of sartorial -- if gaudy -- splendor.

He's in bright slacks, flashy sport shirt and pullover, and old cap. A smiling steward passes and Peter signals for service. The steward's smile fades and he ignores Peter as though he were invisible.

Peter tries to get the attention of two or three other stewards -- with similar results. Then he spots Sarah and goes to her. The meeting's strained.

PETER

Haven't seen ya in the dining room  
for a couple days. You on a hunger  
strike?

Sarah's cool, barely responsive.

SARAH

There was an opening at the early seating, so I switched.

They stand awkwardly for a beat.

PETER

How's everything?

SARAH

How's being rich?

Peter brightens, feigns happiness.

PETER

Great. Everybody treats me like a king. People can't do enough for me.

A steward passes and Peter motions.

PETER

Ah -- steward...

Again, he's ignored.

SARAH

I noticed.

Peter tries to cover his embarrassment.

PETER

Yeah, well -- sometimes people resent ya for your money.

Sarah looks away. Peter follows her gaze.

Ethel comes on deck in a fancy robe and gigantic sun hat. She finds a deck chair and is immediately attended by Ted who has appeared as if by magic. Sarah takes it all in.

SARAH

You should get such resentment.

Peter pouts a little.

PETER

That's different. Look, I wanted to ask ya. Would ya like to -- you know -- could we...? Tonight? Go dancin' again?

Sarah looks melancholy as she shakes her head.

PETER

How come? Just because a few stewards are sore at me ain't no reason to...

SARAH

You've changed. I saw it happening even before you won the money.

She glances in Ethel's direction.

SARAH

But now you're as bad as her. Worse maybe. At least she's trying to be nice to someone.

Ethel is holding Ted's arm, smiling up at him. 's crushed, defensive.

PETER

Yeah, well, she's just kissin' up to that kid because she's lookin' for someone to take Brad's place.

Sarah gives Peter a cold look.

SARAH

Maybe you should apply.

She turns abruptly and walks away. Leaves Peter sputtering. Suddenly angry.

PETER

Maybe I will.

INT. LOUNGE AREA

It's the small bar where Peter and Sarah had a drink after

lifeboat drill. Peter swaggers in, dressed in fresh slacks and a colorful sport shirt, open and exposing an assortment of chains hanging over his chest. Old cap on his head.

He takes a seat at the bar. Several stools away two patrons talk quietly with the BARTENDER. Peter waits a few moments. Looks around impatiently then motions to the bartender.

PETER

Hey! Amigo! How about some service?

The barman scowls at Peter. Then goes back to chatting with the other customers. Peter begins a slow burn. Waits a minute, then

PETER

Say, I don't want to interrupt your vacation, but if you decide to go back to work, I'd like a drink down here.

The barman glares at Peter.

BARTENDER

I'll be with you in a minute.

Peter frets, obviously frustrated and getting more angry. He spins around on his stool, his back to the bar. He sees Brad approaching.

Brad smiles warmly. Peter frowns.

BRAD

Babbit, old man! I was hoping I'd find you here.

PETER

Guess my luck ran out.

Brad sits next to Peter and motions to the barman.

BRAD

Could we have a couple of drinks here, old chap?

The bartender comes over immediately.

BRAD  
Champagne cocktail, please.

Peter thinks it over.

PETER  
Yeah, make that two.

The barman leaves. Brad flashes Peter a phony smile, stares with squinty eyes and gives him a taunting look.

BRAD  
How are you getting on with Ethel now that the Goldman woman is out of your life?

PETER  
Great.

BRAD  
You're a poor liar.

PETER  
OK, lousy.

The bartender brings their drinks.

BRAD  
Just put it on my tab.

BARTENDER  
Sorry, sir, but...

He leans close and whispers in Brad's ear. Brad looks slightly embarrassed. Pats his coat pockets as though looking for something. Then turns to Peter.

BRAD  
Would you mind, old man? I seem to have -- ah -- left my wallet in my smoking jacket.

Peter looks suspicious, but pulls out a wad of bills. Peels off a few and throws them on the bar. The barman takes what he needs then leaves.

BRAD

Which brings me to the reason I  
wanted to see you.

(hoists his glass)

Cheers.

They drink.

BRAD

I seem to be temporarily short of  
funds.

PETER

Good. I seem to be permanently  
rich.

BRAD

I need to borrow some money.

PETER

What's that got to do with me?

BRAD

I was hoping perhaps you could -- ah  
--float me a small loan, shall we  
say?

PETER

Not a lousy chance -- shall we say.

Peter drinks.

BRAD

Be reasonable, Babbit. It would  
just be until I make a connection  
with the Goldman woman.

Peter chokes on his drink.

PETER

Until you what?

He grabs Brad by the shirt front. Pulls him close.

PETER

I told you, Buster, if I catch you

so much as...

BRAD

Calm down, for heaven's sake!

The people at the bar turn to look. Brad extricates himself.

BRAD

I'm only interested in her money.

PETER

Money? She ain't got no more money than I have -- had -- used to have.

BRAD

Come off it Babbit. I've seen the two of you -- her buying your drinks.

He points to the table where Peter and Sarah shared a drink.

BRAD

Right at that table, in fact. And I watched her with you in the casino one night. She lost a bundle. "Easy come, easy go," I believe was how she put it.

Peter's flabbergasted.

PETER

That was my money!

Brad gives a cynical laugh.

BRAD

Of course it was, dear fellow. And now I want to make some of it mine. But I need a little stake, don't you see. Just so I can make a decent impression. It seems my credit has been...

(a nod toward  
barman)

...temporarily withdrawn.

Peter finishes his drink and stands, ready to go.

PETER

And your brains have been  
temporarily withdrawn if ya think  
I'm gonna lend you any dough.

He jabs his finger into Brad's chest.

PETER

And if ya don't stay away from  
Sarah, your nose will be temporarily  
withdrawn from your face --  
permanently.

Brad scoffs and rises to go.

BRAD

You don't frighten me, Babbit.

He starts away.

BRAD

Money or no money, just watch me.

PETER

Count on it.

EXT. ON DECK - NIGHT

Clear, starlit. The moon plays off the calm ocean. A few passengers stroll the deck, arm in arm or hand in hand.

In the shadow of a lifeboat, Brad stands by himself gazing out to sea. A glum look on his face. He sighs deeply and turns to watch the passing parade on deck.

A movement in a dim doorway catches his eye. He turns in time to see Ethel and Ted emerge from a darkened passageway. She's in a hooded cape, draws the hood close about her face.

Brad backs deeper into the shadows.

Ethel and Ted look around furtively, then head toward the lifeboat. Out of sight of the passengers, they stand close. Gaze deeply into each other's eyes.

TED

I'm off at twelve. I'll leave the door unlocked.

ETHEL

We have so much to talk about. So many plans.

(a beat)

At twelve.

She touches his cheek and he disappears into the darkness.

Ethel arranges the hood again. And, like a Bronte heroine, glides into the night.

Brad smiles -- a villainous smile. Checks his watch. And he, too, wanders away in the pale deck light.

AT THE LIFEBOAT

As Brad leaves, a corner of the lifeboat cover rises. Peter peers out. Watches Brad depart.

INT. PASSAGEWAY

Somewhere in the dim interior of the ship. Ted loosens his tie. Moves briskly past pipes and the noise of THROBBING ENGINES. Obviously the crew area. He comes to a door, unlocks it, and lets himself in.

MOMENTS LATER

Ethel, still in her hooded cape, scurries along, checking doors. She comes to Ted's. Knocks softly and slips inside.

Brad emerges from a hiding place in the passageway.

He leers, checks his watch, makes an entry in a note pad. Then retreats back the way Ethel came. Past a closet with a small window in it.

As Brad passes, a beat-up baseball cap appears in the window. It slowly rises, Peter's face under it.

His eyes roll -- following Brad.

EXT. SOMEWHERE AT SEA - EARLY MORNING

The ship cuts through calm seas as a blazing sun breaks over the horizon.

INT. FIRST CLASS PASSAGEWAY

Ethel, in her hooded cape, smiling and humming softly, strolls along the passageway to her room. Slips quietly inside.

INT. ETHEL'S ROOM

Ethel comes in. Takes off her cape, throws it down. She fails to notice Peter in an easy chair, sound asleep, mouth open.

A violent SNORE, and Ethel turns, SCREAMS. Peter bolts upright.

PETER

What's the matter with you? Don't ya know better than to scare a man half to death?

ETHEL

How did you get in here? What do you want? Leave this instant.

PETER

The steward. To warn you about Brad. And I'll go when I'm ready.

Ethel goes to the door, holds it open.

ETHEL

Out.

PETER

Wait a minute. Us rich folks got to stick together.

ETHEL

I'd give my money away first.

PETER

You might have to -- after tonight.

Ethel is wary now. She eyes Peter suspiciously.

PETER  
Brad was watchin'.

ETHEL  
Watching what?

PETER  
You. Where you went.

ETHEL  
When?

PETER  
Tonight.

He checks his watch.

PETER  
Last night.

Ethel stiffens, but maintains her composure.

ETHEL  
How do you know?

PETER  
I was watchin' him.

Ethel gets interested.

ETHEL  
Why?

PETER  
Because I think he's gonna try to  
blackmail ya.

ETHEL  
Preposterous! Why should he want to  
do that?

PETER  
You ain't too bright, are ya? Why  
do people usually get blackmailed?

For money.

ETHEL  
Nonsense, he's got plenty of money.

PETER  
He's broker than the Ten  
Commandments.

Ethel's still skeptical.

ETHEL  
What concern is this of yours?

PETER  
He wants to make a play for Sarah.

ETHEL  
So?

PETER  
He needs money to do it. Your  
money.

ETHEL  
Why should I believe you? I don't  
even like you.

Peter is suddenly pensive, almost sad.

PETER  
You ain't the only one. I'm not  
even sure I like myself.

He goes to the open door.

PETER  
But don't say I didn't warn ya.

He steps out, then pauses. Turns.

PETER  
Tell me somethin'. Do you like  
bein' rich? Havin' money don't seem  
to be nearly as much fun as I  
thought it would.

Ethel softens. She looks at Peter with something approaching compassion. Gives him a wry smile.

ETHEL

It can buy everything but happiness.

(a beat)

You're looking at living proof.

For a moment Peter and Ethel are soul mates. Then he leaves.

EXT. AT SEA - DAY

Bright, sunny. The ship sails through a calm sea.

EXT. ON DECK

Passengers wander a sun deck. Sarah among them.

Peter, in gold slacks and double-breasted blazer -- and cap -- is beside her. He bounces crab-like, trying to get her to stop. Or even slow down.

Each time he tries to get in front of her, she maneuvers around him. They draw curious glances -- and a few smiles from passersby.

PETER

Will ya listen?

(a hop)

For one minute.

(a hop)

Please.

Sarah slows a little.

SARAH

So why should I care what happens to the Sigwell woman. Or Bradley Spencer either?

PETER

But don't ya see, Spencer's a phony. He thinks you're rich. A wealthy widow. And all he's interested in is money.

Sarah stops and faces Peter.

SARAH  
So you two have a lot in common.

PETER  
That ain't fair.

SARAH  
But true. Let me tell you  
something, Peter Babbit. I thought  
you were a nice man. A very nice  
man. Until you let the idea of  
having money go to your head. Then  
you started treating people mean.  
Like you were better than them.

She starts walking. Peter bounces along with her.

PETER  
I ain't better'n nobody. I just...  
It's just that... I always wanted to  
be rich, to be somebody.

SARAH  
You were somebody. A very special  
somebody.  
(a beat)  
Then money spoiled you rotten.

She stops and faces him.

SARAH  
The Peter Babbit I met a week ago --  
that special person -- is gone. And  
I'm not interested in knowing the  
one that took his place.

Sarah turns and stalks off. Peter is devastated.

PETER  
Wait. Gimme a chance. What can I  
do?

He slumps forlornly. Alone and miserable in the midst of  
the happy crowd.

EXT. ON DECK - DAY

Happy passengers lounge by the pool. Others play ping-pong. Still others are skeet shooting. Sarah relaxes in a deck chair reading.

Peter meanders around the area -- watches her covertly. He's in his colorful pant suit and ascot. Cigar in hand.

He hails a passing STEWARD. Louder than necessary.

PETER

Oh, steward! If you have a moment.  
At your convenience, of course. No  
hurry.

The steward eyes him warily. Peter sneaks a look at Sarah. Her eyes are on her book.

STEWARD

Yes?

PETER

If you would... If it's not too  
much trouble you understand...

The steward's not sure what to make of Peter.

STEWARD

What can I help you with?

PETER

Perhaps you'd be kind enough to  
bring me a margarita. When you have  
time, that is.

The steward gives him an incredulous look, then

STEWARD

Right away.

PETER

No rush. No rush.

Sarah glances quickly at Peter over her book. Then goes back to reading.

Peter watches the steward depart then sneaks another peek at Sarah.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ON DECK

The steward returns with Peter's drink.

STEWARD  
Here you are.

Peter smiles. Looks patronizing.

PETER  
I hope I wasn't too much of a  
bother.

The steward, not quite sure if Peter's for real, presents his tab.

STEWARD  
It's my job.

Peter gives him a bill. As the steward makes change, Peter sneaks another glance at Sarah.

PETER  
By the way, what time do we get into  
Ensenada tomorrow?

STEWARD  
About eleven.

He turns to go.

PETER  
Oh, here -- for your trouble.

He hands the steward a large bill.

STEWARD  
Why -- thank you! Thank you, sir.  
Thank you very much, Mr. Babbit!

The steward backs away, smiling. Peter turns in Sarah's direction, a smug look on his face.

Her chair is empty.

EXT. ON DECK - AT THE GANGPLANK - MORNING

Smiling passengers file down the ramp toward the Ensenada dock.

Ted, in civilian clothes, paces the deck, a worried look on his face. He checks his watch and searches the faces of the crowd.

INT. ETHEL'S ROOM

Ethel's at her dressing table. Dressed to the nines. She puts finishing touches on her makeup. She's furious; seems to be talking to the mirror.

ETHEL

You are a miserable wretch!

She turns to Brad, who is lounging in an easy chair. A villainous leer on his face.

BRAD

Oh, come now. Isn't your handsome young Romeo's job and reputation worth a mere five thousand?

Ethel collects her purse, goes to the door. She's seething.

ETHEL

If I weren't late, I'd snatch you bald headed -- if you weren't already bald.

Brad gloats for a beat, then

BRAD

Insults will only up the price.

His look turns cruel. He goes to her, grips her by the arm.

BRAD

You've got till five o'clock. Or I tell the captain all about your little visits to the crew's

quarters.

Ethel jerks her arm free, glares.

ETHEL

I hope you... I hope your corset  
breaks!

Brad grins evilly as she scurries out the door.

EXT. ON DECK

Ted still paces at the ramp. Then he spots Ethel coming. As she catches sight of him, he motions subtly with his head toward the dock. Then proceeds down the gangplank.

Ethel follows a few paces and several passengers behind him. They meet at a far corner of...

THE DOCK

...and scurry off like a young couple on a secret date.

ON DECK

Here comes Peter and Sarah. He's in a coordinated warmup suit and wearing his cap.

His face looks grim and he holds Sarah by the elbow. Steers her forcibly along beside him.

She frowns. Not sure what to make of Peter but not strong enough to resist.

SARAH

This is kidnapping!

PETER

'Cept you ain't no kid.

SARAH

So look who's talking.

They half walk, half stumble down the ramp and along...

THE DOCK

...and disappear around the same corner Ted and Ethel rounded minutes before.

EXT. ENSENADA

Peter and Sarah walk along the busy street. Slower now, but he still guides her by the arm. They near Hussong's cantina.

SARAH  
What's so important you couldn't  
tell me on the boat?

PETER  
If I told ya, ya wouldn't believe  
me. So I gotta show ya.

She gives him a questioning look as he guides her into Hussong's.

INT. HUSSONG'S

It's about the way it was before: the old woman hawks tamales; the near-sightless old man strums his tuneless guitar.

Peter and Sarah find an empty table and sit. The same waiter appears, flashing his golden smile.

WAITER  
Buenos dias. What can I get you?

PETER  
Gimme a tequila. Hold the worms.

SARAH  
Just a glass of water.

The waiter rolls his eyes.

WAITER  
Ay, Chihuahua. I don't think you  
wanna do that. Even I don't drink the  
water in here.

Sarah points at Peter.

SARAH

Then I'll just watch him.

PETER

Oh, yeah, and send over the guitar player.

The waiter looks around quickly. Then leans over to Peter confidentially.

WAITER

To tell you the truth, señor, he don play so good. Comprende?

PETER

That's OK, I don't hear so good.

The waiter departs. Sarah gives Peter an expectant look.

PETER

I got somethin' to tell ya and it ain't gonna be easy. So when I start, don't say nothin' till I'm done.

He clears his throat. Sarah's a little perplexed.

PETER

I always thought if ya were rich you'd be happy -- have a lot of friends. That everybody'd like ya.

(a catch in his voice)

But since I won that money I been the most miserable, lonely person on earth.

Peter's choking up a little. Sarah is softening.

PETER

Even Ethel can't stand me.

(a beat)

But the worst part was when I drove you away. It finally hit me that if I couldn't have... That if I lost the only person...

He teary, touches Sarah's hand tenderly. Now she starts to fill up. The waiter interrupts with the tequila.

WAITER

Raul will be right over, señor.

The waiter leaves and Peter wipes at his nose with the back of his hand. Sniffs a time or two.

PETER

Well, I decided there's only one way to straighten this mess out.

He digs in his pocket and comes up with a wad of bills.

PETER

This caused all my trouble. So -- I figger if I get rid of it, I get rid of the problem.

He fans the roll so Sarah can see how much is there.

PETER

It's what's left of my lucky streak.

PETER

By my calculations, enough to pay for an eye operation. Maybe even some other doctor's bills.

Just then the old man bumps the table.

OLD MAN/RAUL

Lo ciento. Sorry, señor. Luis said you wanted...

PETER

I'm the one that's sorry, amigo.

He stands. Puts a hand on Raul's shoulder.

PETER

I was a first class jerk the other day and I'd like to try to make it up to ya.

Peter rolls up the wad of bills and stuffs them into Raul's

pocket. Raul nods, his unseeing eyes focused somewhere beyond Peter's face. He adjusts his guitar.

RAUL

Gracias. What would you like to hear?

PETER

I'd like to hear that you can use that money to get your eyes fixed.

Raul feels for the money. Realizes it's a bundle. Tries to hand it back to Peter.

RAUL

So much? No, señor, I can't...

PETER

Consider it a... Well, let's just say it's...

He sniffs, looks longingly at Sarah.

PETER

Just say it's somethin' I gotta do.

He forces Raul to put the money back in his pocket.

Sarah bites her lip. And fights back tears. Then she forces a trembling smile, and reaches for Peter's hand.

RAUL

Gracias, señor.

PETER

I should be thankin' you, amigo.

He turns to Sarah. Tries to smile.

PETER

(to Raul)

You just made me the richest man in the world.

He and Sarah lock gazes for a beat. They both wipe at their cheeks. Then Peter turns back to Raul.

PETER

Oh, yeah, one other thing. I won't be around if you -- when you get to see again. So here's a little somethin' personal to remember me by.

Peter takes off his cap. Rubs it up with his sleeve and sets it on Raul's graying head. Peter touches the old cap tenderly one last time. Then pats Raul on the shoulder.

PETER

Good luck, pal.

The waiter comes over and leads Raul back toward the bar. As they move away the waiter turns to Peter. His solemn look speaks his gratitude.

WAITER

Vaya con Dios, señor. God love you.

Sarah smiles tenderly at Peter.

SARAH

I'm sure He does.

Peter turns to her. She gives him a quick hug and they stand holding hands.

SARAH

How could He help it?

Peter beams, puts his arm around Sarah. She glances at Raul.

SARAH

But so much money -- are you sure?

PETER

Who needs it? I got my pension. The job at the apartment.

Just then a shrill, familiar voice breaks the spell.

ETHEL

Oh, thank heaven! I was hoping you'd be here.

Ethel comes charging across the cantina, leading Ted by the hand. They're both puffing, out of breath.

ETHEL

Look, I know we're not what you'd call the best of friends. But I need you to do me a favor.

Sarah and Peter frown, trade suspicious looks.

ETHEL

Real bad. And right now.

Sarah and Peter shrug, break into "why not?" Smiles. Now Ethel and Ted smile with them.

ETHEL

Great. Here's the deal...

EXT. ON DECK - AT THE GANGPLANK - DAY

Passengers straggle back on board by twos and threes.

Brad leans against the rail watching the parade up the gangplank. He checks his watch.

It's 4:45.

Brad looks doubtful, worried. Then, as he scans the crowd again, his face brightens.

In the midst of the returning throng, Peter, Sarah, Ethel, and Ted swing along happily. The quartet comes on board and starts along the deck. Brad intercepts them; looking snarly and motioning to his watch.

BRAD

(to Ethel)

I was just on my way to see the captain.

ETHEL

Don't let me stop you.

She starts around Brad. He looks suddenly vicious. Grabs her arm.

BRAD

I'm not bluffing, Ethel. You've got five minutes.

Ted scowls menacingly. He takes Brad by the elbow, forces him up on his toes.

TED

Why don't you quit bothering the lady -- sir?

BRAD

You could be in big trouble, my young friend.

He snarls and shakes free of Ted's grasp.

BRAD

Don't add molesting passengers to the charges.

ETHEL

Charges?

BRAD

In case you've forgotten, entertaining single ladies in the crew's quarters is cause for dismissal.

Ethel gloats. Sticks her left hand in Brad's face so he can see the sparkling ring.

ETHEL

Single ladies?

Ted grins, puts a protective arm around Ethel.

TED

Since when is it against the rules to have your wife in your cabin?

Brad pales. Sputters. Then catches his breath.

BRAD

(to Ethel)

Ha! Don't think you can trick me.  
Anyone can wear a ring. Wait till  
the captain hears...

ETHEL

Go ahead, make a fool of yourself.

She reaches in her purse and takes out a formal looking  
document. Flashes it at Brad.

ETHEL

And in case you can't read...

She motions to a smiling Sarah and Peter.

ETHEL

I think you know our witnesses.

Brad looks ill.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

It's as before except for the MUSIC: DREAMY AND DANCEABLE.  
Peter and Sarah dance cheek to cheek.

They move smoothly around the floor. Swirl past the Dowds.  
As the young marrieds dance by, Molly waves and smiles, but  
it's obvious Rex is out on his feet.

Sarah and Peter are thoroughly enjoying themselves. Eyes  
closed, happy looks on their faces. They part slightly,  
smile, then

SARAH

I can't remember when I've had so  
much fun.

PETER

Me neither. 'Cause I never did.

They twirl a couple of times.

PETER

Man, you Jewish people sure got  
rhythm.

A couple of giggles, then Sarah grows pensive.

SARAH  
Too bad it's nearly over already.

Peter sobers.

PETER  
Yeah, well, I wanted to -- to talk  
to ya about that.

Sarah looks quizzical. The music ends and Peter leads her  
to their table.

AT THE TABLE

Peter toys with his glass while Sarah watches patiently,  
expectantly.

SARAH  
So talk.

PETER  
Yeah, well...

He pauses. Then as though to speak before he loses his  
nerve, he blurts out his thoughts.

PETER  
I don't want it to be over. Us. I  
don't want us to be over. Ever.

Sarah shakes her head at the idea. Smiles like a patient  
grandmother.

SARAH  
Tsk, tsk, tsk.

PETER  
Your clock's running.

SARAH  
Yes it is. And so is yours. Ever's  
a long, long time, Peter. We don't  
have forever.

PETER  
Well, for as long as we've got then.

He looks out at the dancers. Molly and Rex among them.

PETER

Seein' them kids out there --  
thinkin' about Ethel and Ted...

He takes Sarah's hand.

SARAH

Are you proposing?

PETER

I know we got our differences.  
(a beat)  
I'm not Jewish.

SARAH

You can't have everything.

PETER

And a mixed marriage will be hard on  
our kids.

SARAH

Kids! You're maybe expecting  
another star in the East?

PETER

No! I mean the kids we got now.  
(a beat)  
But the important thing is...

SARAH

I know what the important thing is.

She covers Peter's hand with hers. Gazes at him affectionately. He's bubbling.

PETER

Oh, man! I'll talk to the captain.  
See if he'll...

SARAH

No.

Peter's destroyed.

PETER

No? You mean you won't...? You mean no?

SARAH

Yes.

PETER

But...

SARAH

Not till we get home. I couldn't get married without -- without my son being there.

Peter's about to explode. Sarah smiles happily.

PETER

You mean...? Does that mean ya will?

SARAH

It means I'd be honored, Mr. Babbit.

PETER

Yahoo!

His yell draws looks and smiles from the whole room. He reaches over and gives Sarah a big hug and kiss as the crowd watches.

PETER

She said yes!

He raises his arms in a victory salute. And the crowd APPLAUDS, YELLS, and WHISTLES -- and smiles.

On the dance floor, Rex rallies. Breaks away from Molly.

REX

Oh, no. It'll kill him!

INT. MEN'S BOUTIQUE - DAY

Sarah browses among the men's furnishings. She handles ties, sweaters, shirts, hats. Picks up and lays down.

ETHEL

I thought you'd be shopping for your trousseau.

Sarah turns to see Ethel, her face gentle in an unaccustomed friendly smile.

ETHEL

I heard the good news. I'm so happy for you.

Sarah returns the smile. Accepts Ethel's handshake.

SARAH

Thank you. I'm happy for me too.

More smiles, then Ethel sobers a bit. She's got something on her mind.

ETHEL

I've come to ask a favor.

Sarah's eyebrows raise. She shrugs, not completely without suspicion.

SARAH

So ask.

ETHEL

Unless you have someone else in mind, would you -- would you do me the very great pleasure of letting me be your matron of honor?

Sarah looks a little stunned for a beat. Then breaks into a broad grin, holds out her hands to Ethel.

SARAH

You know what they say? One good turn...

ETHEL

...gets most of the blanket.

Ethel grins, takes Sarah's hands. They giggle and touch cheeks.

ETHEL

I'll talk to you later.

She leaves and Sarah goes back to her browsing just as the CLERK approaches.

CLERK

Have you made a selection, Madam?

Sarah points off camera.

SARAH

I'll take that one.

EXT. SAN PEDRO - DOCKSIDE - DAY

The pier is crowded with people craning their necks. Others wave, YELL.

LINDA STOKES

Looks expectantly toward the NOISE of the docking cruise ship. She checks her watch.

MARTY AND JOAN

Stand a few yards away.

They too gaze toward the sounds of passengers disembarking. Their faces do not reflect great joy.

JOAN

It's hard to believe -- ten days already.

Marty seems a little distant.

MARTY

Yeah.

(a beat)

Ya know -- I hear it only costs about twelve thousand dollars for a person to sail around the world.

JOAN

How long does it take?

MARTY

Months.

Joan thinks this over for a moment.

JOAN

We could take out a second mortgage.

EXT. THE GANGPLANK

A smiling Peter and Sarah walk arm in arm among the other disembarking passengers.

Peter's in a natty blazer, ascot, sun glasses. And bare headed. Sarah carries a small package. She spots Marty and Joan on the dock, waves.

EXT. THE DOCK

Marty and Joan spot Sarah. They're dumbstruck.

JOAN

My God! She's with a man.

MARTY

And he's -- he's -- my God!

JOAN

Maybe it's Stevie Wonder and she's just helping him off the boat.

EXT. THE GANGPLANK

Ethel comes to the top of the ramp. She looks dockside, waves, and starts down the ramp.

EXT. THE DOCK

Linda smiles, waves -- then her eyes bug out.

Ethel approaches. She holds the hand of the little beggar boy who stopped her on the street in Ensenada. Only now he's cleaned up and wears new clothes.

Linda is totally incredulous. She and Ethel embrace. Linda eyes the boy. He smiles -- a real charmer.

LINDA  
 Mother, what in the world...?

ETHEL  
 Linda, dear, this is Tirso. Your  
 new -- brother. Or he will be once  
 the papers are processed.

Linda eyes Ethel as if she were crazy. Then she softens,  
 holds out a tentative hand.

LINDA  
 Hello, Tirso.

Tirso smiles. Takes Linda's hand.

ETHEL  
 He doesn't speak much English yet.

LINDA  
 I'll say this for you, Mother, you  
 certainly keep life interesting.  
 (a beat)  
 At least you didn't come home with a  
 new husband.

Ethel seems a little sheepish. Looks toward the ship.

ETHEL  
 Ah -- that's not entirely true.  
 Maybe not the way you mean, but...

EXT. ON BORAD SHIP

Ted leans on the rail. Smiling and waving.

EXT. THE DOCK

Linda follows Ethel's gaze. Sees Ted.

LINDA  
 Don't tell me...?

ETHEL  
 It's a long story.

ETHEL

Let's just say I needed a -- a temporary husband in order to get custody of Tirso.

LINDA

Temporary?

ETHEL

Until the annulment. We never did... Well, you understand.

Her face grows whimsically sad.

ETHEL

Such a pity.

A few yards away, Marty and Joan move to greet Sarah and Peter.

SARAH

This is Peter. Peter Babbit.  
(to Peter)  
My son, Martin -- and his wife.

It's awkward. Limp handshakes all around; and sickly smiles from Marty and Joan.

PETER

It's a pleasure to meet my future...

MARTY

Don't I know you from somewhere?

He gives Peter a careful once-over.

SARAH

(to Marty)  
I got something to tell you. Peter and I...

She's interrupted by the blast of a HORN. They all turn to see a garbage truck pull up to the curb behind them -- Franko at the wheel. He waves. Peter waves back.

PETER

Excuse me a minute.

He heads for the truck. Marty turns to his mother and hisses.

MARTY

Ma! Who is this guy?

SARAH

Did something happen to your hearing? I said his name is Babbit.

MARTY

Yeah, but who is he?

SARAH

The man I'm going to marry.

MARTY

OK. Long as it's somebody you know.

Then it registers. Marty flips.

MARTY

What? My God! What did you say?

SARAH

Something did happen to your hearing.

JOAN

But, Mother, he's...

MARTY

Yeah, he's... He's a... He's not Jewish!

Peter's on his way back from the truck. He's the subject of sidelong glances from Marty and Joan. And panicked whispers.

JOAN

You don't know anything about him!

SARAH

I know I want to marry him.

MARTY

Does he have any money?

SARAH

There are more important things.

Joan gives Marty a frightened glance.

MARTY

Yeah, like how will he support  
you...

Joan gives Marty another fearful glance.

JOAN

...and where will you live?

SARAH

We'll manage. With both our  
pensions we can afford a place of  
our own.

JOAN

A place of your own!

Marty and Joan exchange wide-eyed looks.

Peter's nearly back. Marty turns to him, smiles, extends  
his hand.

MARTY

Dad! What great news!

Now there's laughter and smiles all around. Hugs and  
slapping of backs.

PETER

Hope ya all don't mind --  
(to Sarah)  
Franko's gonna drive us home.

Marty and Joan are beaming.

EXT. ON BOARD SHIP - DECK

Brad, in sun glasses, minus toupee, coat collar up, skulks  
along the deck. Makes for the gangplank. He's confronted  
by a burly ship's OFFICER.

OFFICER

Mr. Spencer. One moment, please.  
I'm the ship's purser. It seems  
there's a little matter of a bar  
bill and some gambling debts.

BRAD

How forgetful of me.

He pats his pockets nervously.

BRAD

Oh, dear. I seem to have left my  
wallet in my other suit.

OFFICER

Perhaps we can look for it together.

He takes Brad by the elbow and steers him away.

As they move along the deck, they pass a steward pushing a  
wheel chair toward the gangplank.

Molly Dowd walks along side. Rex is in the chair. He  
looks hollow-eyed, exhausted.

INT. FRANKO'S TRUCK - MOVING

Sarah is seated between Franko and Peter.

FRANKO

How was the trip?

PETER

Great!

SARAH

Marvelous!

FRANKO

By the way. Did you ever get to see  
my cousin, Raul?

PETER

Yeah, we saw him.

FRANKO

How's he doin'?

Sarah looks lovingly at Peter.

SARAH

Fine. He's doing just fine.

They smile. Franko points at Sarah's package.

FRANKO

Souvenirs?

SARAH

Oi, I almost forgot!

She gives the package to Peter.

PETER

For me?

SARAH

A wedding present.

He unwraps it. It's a new baseball cap. Letters on the front spell out LOVE. Franko grins.

FRANKO

Hey! About time, amigo.

Peter is suddenly choked up. He looks fondly at Sarah. She smiles. Reaches for his hand.

FRANKO

Your old one was all outa luck.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Franko's truck maneuvers away from the dock area.

SARAH

Don't be too sure.

PETER

Yeah. Don't be too sure. You know what they say. Unlucky at cards...

SARAH  
...lucky at love.

FADE OUT: