

BIG HARBOR

"Family Fun Day"

Written by

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BIG HARBOR (Double-long Pilot - *Family Fun Day*) Final
By Jerry Guarino and Daniel Reed

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FADE IN on:

CREDITS MONTAGE - BIG HARBOR, WA (MORNING)

Mt. Rainier dominates the eastern horizon overseeing a quiet, quaint, contented harbor town, somewhere along the coast of Western Washington's Puget Sound.

Seagulls caw soothingly as locals bike, jog, or walk with coffee mugs; deliveries are made to the Boardwalk's storefronts (which include "Laura's Japanese Sushi and Steak," "Wilson's Water Taxi Service," "Jake's Pirate Charters," "Sally's Seaplane Transport," and "Madame Levine's Fortunes & Tarot"); fishermen unload their morning catch; other boats head out; yachtsmen stretch and greet the day. It's a typical morning.

EXT. BIG HARBOR'S WHARF (MORNING)

A full-blown buccaneer (puffy shirt, vest, boots, hat, sans sword) hums "*Yo-ho, yo-ho, a pirate's life for me,*" as he opens a small net of fish directly above a barrel, which fills to the brim.

SUPERIMPOSE: THE LAY OF THE LAND

This is UNCLE JAKE (60's, like an always spaced-out Christopher Lloyd). As he reaches for the barrel's lid, he spots an astonishingly ugly, beaver-sized critter stepping hesitantly towards him.

JAKE
ARRGH! What be here?

THE CRITTER growls out a whimper.

JAKE (cont'd)
What happened to you boy, uh, girl,
whatever?

The critter inches forward, licks Jake's boot, whimpers again.

JAKE (cont'd)
Hungry?

Jake tosses it a sardine.

BILL JONES (30, an affable Michael B. Jordan-type) walks by carrying his lunch-pail.

BILL
Whoa! What is that, Jake?

JAKE
'Mornin', Bill. Me thinks it be a dog.

BILL
Looks like an experiment gone wrong.

The dog growls. Jake feeds it another sardine and pets it.

JAKE
I'ma thinkin' I've stumbled upon a bounteous treasure. *ARRGH.*

The dog barks.

JAKE (cont'd)
C'mon boy, uh, girl --

Jake lifts the dog, glances quickly --

UNCLE JAKE
-- whatever, let's find you some proper gear.
(steps off)
May the wind be ever at yer back, Bill. *ARRGH.*

Bemused, Bill watches the pirate strut down the dock.

BILL
As with you. *ARRGH.*

INT. AN INEXPENSIVE HARBOR-SIDE FLAT (MORNING)

A wildly nervous young man is looking out a window overlooking the harbor, cellphone to his ear. This is DON DIEGO DELA VEGA, an always scheming Michael Pena-like con-man from South-Central Los Angeles.

EXT. GANG BOSS'S LAVISH L.A. HOME - POOLSIDE (MORNING)

A DANGEROUS HISPANIC MAN looks out upon the L.A. Basin, a cell-phone to his ear.

BOSS
Hablame.

INTERCUT their conversation.

DON DIEGO
I need Meemo. Send me Meemo.

BOSS
Why?

DON DIEGO
We spit-ball ideas good.

BOSS
This is your job, son. Make it happen.

The Boss disconnects. Sighs.

BOSS (cont'd)
Kids.

From behind, a GAL IN AN ITSY-BITSY BIKINI slithers her arms about him.

GAL
I want you, Daddy. In the water.

EST. SHOT - THE SHARED STOREFRONT - WILSON'S WATER TAXI SERVICE, JAKE'S PIRATE CHARTERS, AND SALLY'S SEAPLANE TRANSPORT (MORNING)

It's little more than a window and a door, but it somehow promises a good time.

INT. THE SHARED STOREFRONT (MORNING)

The space goes back a ways. On the left are three counters. Nearest the door: "Wilson's Water Taxi Service." Deeper in: "Jake's Pirate Charters." Still further in: "Sally's Seaplane Transport." Across the front of the counters is a message: "Text your pictures to the Wilson's Family Fun Page," accompanied by a web-address and phone number. On the walls are posters of local attractions, a clock, and scores of wholesome family pictures having fun.

Behind the Water Taxi Counter, LINDA WILSON (24, hot but insecure, like Jennifer Aniston putting on a brave face) is handing tickets to a MALE PASSENGER, while simultaneously answering the phone via her headset.

LINDA
The taxi will leave for Seattle from Dock Number One, in 12 minutes.
(MORE)

LINDA (cont'd)
 (into headset)
 "Wilson Family's Getaways," how can I
 help you?

Outside, a group of six men and women, wearing #12 Seahawk jerseys and carrying identical briefcase-portfolios in one hand and a Starbucks-like coffee cups in the other, walk by briskly. (An ongoing site gag.)

PASSENGER
 It's June. There can't be a game
 today.

LINDA
 (covers headset's mic)
 No, they always dress that way.
 (into headset)
 Not a problem, not a problem.

DOUG WILSON (26, like a young Chris Pratt) enters.

DOUG
 How many this morning, Sis?

Linda clicks off her mic.

LINDA
 Eighteen. A full boat. I think I'll
 take you up on that bet.

DOUG
 (snorts)
 You've never won a bet with me. Ever.

Bill steps in from the rear, toweling his hands.

BILL
 She's a-purrin' now, Doug.

DOUG
 And Taxi Two?

BILL
 Even smoother.

Bill disappears. Linda clicks her mic back on.

LINDA
 You're all set, Mr. Miller. Just
 swing by the office ... on the
 Boardwalk, right.
 (disconnects, to Doug)
 Yeah, well, you peaked in college.
 Mine's with a "Secret Admirer."

DOUG
A blind date?

DOUG (cont'd)
I thought you were looking for the
Big Long Term -- a stable, mature
Prince Charming.

LINDA
You make that sound like a Bad Thing.
Who's yours with?

DOUG
Susan.

Linda sees her chances improving.

LINDA
The One That Got Away?!

DOUG
She texted me, out of the blue.

LINDA
Memories sweeten with time, brother-
mine.

DOUG
Well, I'm now a simple hook-up kinda
guy, and I've a feeling, too.
(reminding)
The loser mows the lawn once-a-week
week next summer. You sure?

She offers her hand. They shake.

EST. SHOT - THE WILSON'S BED-AND-BREAKFAST INN (MORNING)

The sign out front identifies the grand, late 19TH-century
Victorian perched atop a small hill overlooking a truly huge
front lawn and the harbor-town beyond to be "The loveliest
B&B in all the Pacific Northwest."

INT. THE WILSON'S BED-AND-BREAKFAST INN - KITCHEN (MORNING)

In the kitchen, ANDRE (a Spanish Prima Dona of a chef)
chatters away to himself as he finishes the last of the
morning's meals. BOB WILSON (60, a Zen-like Bob Newhart), in
the elegant whites of a French maitre de, hunches over a
computer to surreptitiously check the Lottery results
against the ticket in his hand.

BOB

Damn.

In a heavy accent, Andre sings "*Oh what a beautiful morning*" as he scraps the grill, cleaning up.

INT. THE B&B - DINING ROOM (MORNING)

Bob floats in from the kitchen carrying two fresh breakfast plates, followed by MARIA GARCIA (20, like Bryana Salaz, always on the edge of overworked and dressed in a colorful, sexually-attractive outfit), carrying the other plates destined for the waiting FAMILY OF FOUR. Bob places the plates, setting the last before the ELDERLY MATRIARCH who is *insanely infatuated* with him.

BOB

And here you are, Mrs. Javier:

Bob adopts a unplaceable European accent.

BOB (cont'd)

one Mediterranean omelet, over-well.
(back to himself)
Can I get anyone anything else?

DAUGHTER

Safe passage home?

MOTHER / FATHER

Charlotte! / Be nice.

MRS. JAVIER

Maybe later, Robert.
(eyes him lustfully)
Just now, everything's perfect.

DAUGHTER

There's nothing cool about this place.

MOTHER

It's got "class."

DAUGHTER

It's old.

INT. THE B&B - RECEPTION DESK (MORNING)

Bob joins his wife, NANCY WILSON (60, like Mary Frann), at the Reception Desk positioned before a huge picture window that looks out upon the lawn, the harbor, and Mt. Rainier.

NANCY
 (kiss, sotto)
 My Bedtime Chef.

BOB
Mi dove. I thought you were going to
 talk to Maria about her outfits.

NANCY
 Bob, she's the sweetest, hardest
 worker.
 (snuggles)
 I think her coz-play gives our place
 a dash of whimsy and daring.

BOB
 You didn't see the look Mrs. Javier
 give her.

NANCY
 Did you see the sinfully generous tip
 those San Francisco Techies left with
 their pre-payment?

Bob notices Don Diego loitering outside.

BOB
 (sighs)
 I went into the wrong business.

NANCY
 Then we never would have met.
 (kiss)
 I just hope we have good weather for
 awhile. We lost a lot of business
 last winter.

Bob mumbles a reply and heads outside.

EXT. THE WHARF - THE BUCCANEER'S BERTH - LATER (MORNING)

At the top of the gangplank to a surprisingly authentic
 pirate ship, complete with skull-and-crossbones flag, Jake
 settles the ugly-but-affable dog, now dressed in a puffy
 shirt, vest, hat, and eye-patch.

JAKE
 Ye be good, now, fella, uh girl,
 whatever.

ORIENTAL-ACCENTED VOICE (OS)
 Avast, there, Matey.

SIX JAPANESE MEN, overly equipped with expensive fishing gear and cameras stand below. All of them are wearing white-on-black T-shirts: "Jake's Pirate Charters - ARRGH!" on the front, and the Jolly Roger on the back.

UNCLE JAKE

(bows)
Konichiwa.

JAPANESE TOURISTS

Konichiwa.

TOURIST'S "LEADER" (KAJIRUSO)

We are ready to catch big salmon.

UNCLE JAKE

And photograph them, too, I see.

KAJIRUSO

We document trip for family back in Japan; maybe even share to our local station television.

UNCLE JAKE

Blimey, but you're in luck. The Buccaneer packs all the modern amenities, including WIFI. Password: ARRGH!

JAPANESE TOURISTS

(arms raised, in unison)
ARRGH!

Jake urges them aboard, the eye-patched dog sniffing as they pass.

UNCLE JAKE

AND, if'n you brings your catch to Laura, that's her Japanese restaurant yonder, she'll cook it up for ye!

JAPANESE TOURISTS

ARRGH!

UNCLE JAKE

And this be Long-John Silver, me First-Mate. Ye take his orders same as mine: with instantaneous submission. To da fish! ARRGH!

JAPANESE TOURISTS

TO DA FISH! ARRGH!

EXT. BEACH NEAR THE WHARF (MORNING)

LAURA LEE (30, Asian, like Grace Park) is leading a Goat-Yoga class inside a fenced-in area, the sand covered by a parachute.

LAURA

All right, for you newbees, it works like this: take a deep breath and exhale *slowly* as we move into Upward-Facing Dog, and ...

(taps a Singing Bowl)

... dissolve.

She demonstrates for the eight-or-so attendees. Several young goats hop onto her belly and legs. ROSE (an older, SALTY WOMAN RESIDENT) is aghast.

ROSE

Don't that hurt?

LAURA

The goats are young and light and trained. I got them used from goat-yoga.com.

A NEWBEE

What's that on their hooves?

They all wear little booties.

LAURA

Egyptian cotton. Another deep breath and *slow* exhale as we move into Cow Pose, and ...

(taps the bowl)

... dissolve.

HAROLD, Rose's even older partner, is having a hard time with both the poses and the goats.

LAURA (cont'd)

A regular yoga practice can strengthen muscles, protect your heart, boost your immune system, reset your weight --

ROSE

(sotto - to Harold)

I like the sound of that.

LAURA

-- ease chronic pain, delay signs of aging --

HAROLD
 (sotto - to Rose)
 Too late for that.

LAURA
 -- boost your energy, and improve
 your sex life.

ROSE
 (sotto - to Harold)
 Too late, indeed.

LAURA
 Another deep breath and *slow* exhale
 as we curl up into Cat Pose.

Most everyone is struggling with the goats' constant re-positioning.

PARTICIPANT
 (a hoof in his ear)
 How is this better than regular yoga?

LAURA
 If you can do yoga with a goat on
 your back ...
 (taps bowl)
 ... dissolve.

EXT. THE WHARF - PARKING LOT SIDE (MORNING)

In a quick series, we SEE a Greyhound Bus pull to a stop. A YOUNG LADY of 20 (in washed out jeans, graphic t-shirt, combat boots, jacket tied round her waist), descends the steps. She tips the Driver. The bus pulls out. She drags her rolling suitcase to a railing and surveys the awakening harbor.

YOUNG LADY
 They've spruced the place up a bit.

She spots the Goat-Yoga class on the beach below, then turns her gaze towards the nearby forested hill.

YOUNG LADY (cont'd)
 You can do this.

EXT. THE B&B (MORNING)

Outside, Bob faces the now nattily-dressed Don Diego.

BOB
I appreciate the interest, but my
mother's grandfather built this
house. It's my family's home.

DON DIEGO
Your equity is zilch, your savings
are gone. You can't afford NOT to.

BOB
You never know. I've a feeling.

Don Diego scoffs, steps closer.

DON DIEGO
A father does what's best for his
family.

BOB
Good day, DeLa Vega.

INT. DOUG'S WATER TAXI (DAY)

Doug is ferrying his passengers out of the harbor.

DOUG
See. It doesn't rain all the time.

One PASSENGER is seasick and heaving over the side. His WIFE
comforts him.

WIFE
Where do you recommend for lunch?

DOUG
Pike Place. The Market Grill -- no
better spot. But head to the Space
Needle first, before the crowds
start.

The Seasick Passenger rallies --

SEASICK PASSENGER
And we *rendezvous* back at the wharf
at four?

DOUG
You'll be back in time for dinner.

-- but turns and vomits again.

WIFE
Laura's Japanese Sushi and Steak?

DOUG
Good choice.

INT. WATER TAXI COUNTER (DAY)

Linda, in place behind the counter, is effectively dealing with whatever's on the monitor when SALLY KOWALSKI (50, like a hyperactive, fun-loving, Australian Rebel Wilson) enters.

SALLY
Seen those three Vancouver-bound lawyers?

LINDA
Sally! You've lost another fare?

Linda's phone PINGs distinctively.

LINDA (cont'd)
Oooo, look at this nice shot of Jake and his cute Japanese tourists.

VISUAL of her phone: the tourists and Jake standing before the Buccaneer's main mast.

SALLY
That crazy Jake. How did he manage to make that boat look so much like a real pirate ship?

LINDA
You would have to know my uncle.

SALLY
I know him pretty well. We've partied a time or two.
(sighs)
He's a loner.

LINDA
Say, are you ... quite all right?

SALLY
Never better. Why?

LINDA
Get enough sleep?

SALLY
I'll sleep when I'm dead. My flyin's never been 'fected by lack of sleep nor excess drink.

LINDA
Oh, here are your lawyers.

As the THREE LAWYERS enter, Sally licks her palms and ineffectively slicks back her wild hair.

SALLY
Over here boys. Ready to fly.

EXT. THE WHARF'S BOARDWALK (DAY)

A pimply-faced, baseball-cap-askew teenager is stapling posters. Passing residents and tourists are aghast.

ROSE
Oh my, Harold, look at that.

Rose's servant/husband lugs a heavy canvass bag on his back, the effort forcing him into an altered state.

HAROLD
That's ... some kind of animal?

A YACHTSMAN and his TROPHY WIFE join.

YACHTSMAN
Says it's a dog, but I don't know.

MALE TOURIST
Maybe an escapee from a dog-fighting ring?

The wharf's Tarot-Card Reader and Fortune-Teller, MADAM LEVINE, floats by, tapping castanets at the poster.

MADAM LEVINE
It's a demon.

TROPHY WIFE
It's an alien!

Everyone starts talking at once. Other hyperbolic wharfian characters join in. Among them, Don Diego.

DON DIEGO
Say, kid. What's the rumpus?

TEENAGER
(said this 100 times)
Mrs. O'Toole (our neighbor, nice enough, I guess), she had an accident; lost her dog.
(MORE)

TEENAGER (cont'd)
 She's in the hospital, freakin' out.
 Paid me to put these up.

DeLa Vega inspects one of the kid's posters.

DON DIEGO
 "Mr. Pickles"?

TEENAGER
 That's his name.

DON DIEGO
 Mr. Pickles, you gotta be the ugliest
 dog on four legs.

TEENAGER
 Yeah, well, the way I heard it,
 Pickles was attacked by a pack of
 chihuahuas outside Mexico City. Was
 pretty gnarly.

DON DIEGO
 Hard to believe a few little
 chihuahuas could do this to another
 dog.

TEENAGER
 There were nine. But those chihuahuas
 picked on the wrong Pickle. They were
 lucky to escape with their lives.

HAROLD
 (huffing past)
 Hate to imagine the chihuahuas.

INT. WATER TAXI COUNTER - LATER (DAY)

Bill enters from the back, drops off a piece of paper.

LINDA
 (into headset)
 Yes, he is a mischievous rascal.
 Thank you, Captain, I'll talk with
 him.

BILL
 Everything okay?

LINDA
 I received this about an hour ago.

VISUAL of her phone: a terrified, tied-and-gagged Jake is being forced to walk the plank by six sword-wheeling Japanese Tourists.

BILL
He pranked you?

LINDA
I had to call Harbor Patrol. Uncle Jake sure has a weird sense of humor.

BILL
On top of thinking he's a pirate?

LINDA
I like it.

BILL
I can see that. When did he go pirate, anyway?

LINDA
(unsure)
Had some drug trouble in Berkeley and joined the French Foreign Legion. There he was kidnapped by Somali pirates. When he got out, he settled in Hawaii. Some guy, he told me, gave tourists rides on a pirate's schooner.

BILL
That wouldn't be about the same time he was dropping all that LSD, would it?

LINDA
Maybe. Sometimes he does play it a little too real.

BILL
ARRGH.

LINDA
Exactly. ARRGH.

INT. THE B&B - PARLOR (DAY)

The grandfather clock BONGS two o'clock as a diverse group of EIGHTEEN good looking, casually-but-expensively dressed PROFESSIONAL MEN AND WOMEN step in. Maria scurries over to join Nancy at the Reception Desk.

NANCY
Greetings, weary travelers. Welcome
to our Inn.

LEAD MALE GUEST (JOHNNY)
This may very well be, as advertised,
"the loveliest B&B in all the Pacific
Northwest."

HEATHER, a sultry female Techie agrees.

HEATHER
Perfectly charming.

JOHNNY
Think we'll get any work done this
time?

HEATHER
I'm not here to work.

She slithers in and kisses Johnny long and sensually. The
Techies wander about the parlor, admiring.

MARIA
(whispering)
Eighteen guests in ... six rooms?

NANCY
Apparently, they all know each other.

MARIA
But what about the ... sleeping
arrangements?

NANCY
Well, "Detective Maria," they're the
only ones here, and my guess is
they're into sharing.

MARIA
¡Ay Dios mío!

NANCY
Bill said just give him a call if
anything gets out of hand. Or you can
always call us.

MARIA
No! Not on your special night.
Does Mr. Bob know?

NANCY
He booked them.

JOHNNY
 (breaks the kiss)
 Here's a list of our names and
 addresses. We'll be moving around,
 working, so no need to assign rooms.

He signs the register.

NANCY
 (proffers)
 The keys to our kingdom.

The Techies head upstairs, as the front door bangs open, and the young lady who got off the bus enters, her suitcase clattering to a stop.

NANCY (cont'd)
 Debbi! Aren't you supposed to be ...
 in class?

DEBBI
 Yeah. About that ...
 (with a flourish)
 I'm back!

EXT. DECK OF JAKE'S PIRATE FISHING BOAT (AFTERNOON)

It's adventure on the high seas of Puget Sound, and Long-John Silver sits proudly at the bow, watching the harbor seals dart through the waters below. The Japanese Tourists give him a wide berth.

JAPANESE TOURIST 1
 (subtitled)
 What do you think of that ...
 creature? A frightful sight.

JAPANESE TOURIST 2
 (subtitled)
 ARRGH, no. Long-John be a near-
 perfect pirate-dog.

The seals have spotted the mutt and gathered for a closer look. Confused, the dog starts barking at them. Offended, the seals bark back.

JAKE
 Avast, there, Matey. We're safe here
 on the boat.

Jake tosses a couple of sardines to the deck.

JAKE (cont'd)

Hush, now.

Hampered by the eye patch, the dog thuds into a bulkhead, a barrel, the railing until he locates the sardines and downs the first. He licks his chops and sniffs to find the second -- bumping it into the water. With a yelp, he scurries after it. SPLASH!

JAPANESE TOURIST 2

(subtitled)

Man, uh, dog overboard!

Jake drops the sail and bounds to the rail.

JAPANESE TOURIST 3

(subtitled)

He's going to drown in all those clothes.

In a flash, Jake sheds some layers and jumps in. After some tense (unseen) moments, Long-John flies over the railing and thuds to the deck.

JAPANESE TOURIST 1

(subtitled)

Poor ... thing.

Jake follows, sailing over the rail, grabs a towel, and with surprising tenderness dries his First-Mate.

JAKE

Blimey, but ye gave me a scare, there, boy. Say, I have just the spot to warm you up.

EXT. THE WOODS - BROOK (MORNING)

Debbi is strolling through Eden. She breathes deep, listening to the hum of the hollow, as Eve must have, in the Garden.

A handsome young man appears. Their eyes lock. Not so long ago, these two thought they would be married.

THE YOUNG MAN (DAVID)

"The birds" You all right?

She nods.

DAVID

Graduate early?

DEBBI
I just didn't like doing that
anymore.

DAVID
Why not?

He's the first to ask.

DEBBI
I remember reading the comments my
professor had scribbled across a
paper I'd thought was pretty good,
and I realized: their guidelines and
principles and expectations were
hemming me in. Like a prison.

DAVID
So you came home, for some guidance
and nurturing.

DEBBI
It'll be good for them, too; their
baby girl coming to them for that.
But, the strange thing is -- and I
didn't expect this, not at *all*, but
... I see them differently now,
everyone, all playing their parts in
a larger design. It's kind of
freaking me out.

He chuckles a bit, not following.

DEBBI (cont'd)
You don't believe me. But I felt it,
David, when we slipped through
Beavertail Pass.

DAVID
Felt what?

DEBBI
(what are the words?)
A ... shift in energy.

He tilts his head, puzzled. She slumps; she'll have to dig
deeper.

DEBBI (cont'd)

It's like ... Big Harbor is an energy vortex, an intersection of Lay Lines, a focal-point in the web of energies generated by the earth itself that shapes you, me, everyone and everything, endlessly, until the galaxy itself stops pulsing with the energy of life.

She realizes her fervor and reigns herself in, embarrassed.

DAVID

Did you take their "Dowsing" class, too? "Numerology, 101"? Surely "How Hermeticism Fuels Tribal Chants."

DEBBI

(laughs)

I learned that places like this, all over the world, attract symbiotic energies. In the wildlife. The people.

DAVID

What are you saying? "'The Law of Attraction' is alive and well right here in Big Harbor"?

And she sees it all clearly now: how everyone and everything in this valley is connected and how she connects them all.

DEBBI

David, this is my Home Town --

DAVID

Mine, too.

DEBBI

-- and I love it --

DAVID

Me, too.

DEBBI

-- but people here are weird, and barely keeping at bay a swirling sea of ever-threatening despair --

DAVID

You make us sound so common-place.

DEBBI
 -- as they search, some desperately,
 for something undefinable but which
 some call love and fulfillment.

DAVID
 You wanna go out sometime, catch-up?

Her vision disperses.

DEBBI
 Good to see you, Dave.

David watches her stroll away meditatively, until he's alone
 by the brook amidst the suddenly cacophonous bird-call.

DAVID
 (smiles)
 I didn't hear a "no".

EXT. PIRATE BOAT'S CROW'S NEST (AFTERNOON)

Atop a sturdy perch below the flapping Jolly Roger sits a
 dried and warming Mr. Long-John Pickles, Lord of the High
 Seas, sniffing at the exotic alluring aromas of far-off
 lands. MUSIC - *"Ride of the Valkyries."*

INT. THE B&B - BOB & NANCY'S PRIVATE DEN (NIGHT)

The family is gathered for an early-evening champagne toast.

NANCY
 (raises her glass)
 To our family, all together again.

DEBBI
 Where's Uncle Jake?

NANCY
 One can only guess.

DOUG
 Li'l Deb. College too tough, eh?

DEBBI
 Shut-up, Tarzan.

DOUG
 Try making a living, you --

BOB / LINDA
 Kids. / Doug, enough.

LINDA
 (hugs Debbi)
 It's good to have you back.

DEBBI
 I wish I knew then what I know now,
 but --

LINDA
 I know. It's the same with me.

NANCY / BOB
 And me.

NANCY
 It's all settled: Debbi will get
 reacquainted with the routine by
 helping Maria tonight --

DEBBI
 Anything to help.

NANCY
 -- which works out perfectly: we can
 all go out, as planned.

LINDA
 (raises glass)
 To the best parents in the Land.

THE KIDS
 Here-here!

They drink.

DOUG
 Uh, since tonight marks the 10th
 anniversary of your opening this
 place, I, uh, braved the dark and
 stormy byways of Memory Lane and ...

He hands his mother a framed picture of them all standing
 before their B&B's front door on it's opening day.

BOB / NANCY
 Oh, son. / This is wonderful.

DEBBI
 Look! Pop had hair back then!

NANCY
 (snuggling)
 You still have enough.

LINDA
Happy Anniversary!

DOUG
Ten Years. Doesn't seem like it.

DEBBI
What time do you expect to be back?

BOB
That ... is a surprise.

DEBBI / NANCY
Awwwww. / Bob?

BOB
Our phones will be OFF.

The meeting over, they break up. Linda approaches her mother.

LINDA
Maria and Debbi? Are you sure?

NANCY
Sometimes, the best we can do is to
see others as the best they can be.

LINDA
Even when they're not?

NANCY
(kiss)
Especially then, dear.

SUPERIMPOSE AGAINST BLACK: ONE DARK AND STORMY NIGHT

LIGHTNING and THUNDERCLAP.

INT. LAURA'S JAPANESE STEAK HOUSE (NIGHT)

The Techies are seated around one *teppan* (grill top), the Japanese Tourists are seated around another, and Doug's morning passengers around another. The full room is joyful and loud, a nice, happy place.

JAPANESE TOURIST
(it's hilarious)
They actually thought our picture of
Captain Jake walking the plank was
real!

JAPANESE TOURISTS
 (loud, in unison)
 ARRGH!

At the Techies' *teppan*, everyone is tipsy and flirting.

HEATHER
 To a productive night!

ALL THE TECHIES
 Here-here!

The men and women exchange kisses.

LEAD MALE TECHIE
 Switch!

The women Techies stand and move two chairs to their right, as the Goat-Yoga Lady (Laura Lee, owner and manager, now dressed in an elegant evening gown) appears and greets the rambunctious Japanese Tourists.

LAURA
 Well, you all seem to be having a good time.

ALL JAPANESE TOURISTS
 ARRGH!

Heather catches Laura's eye, flirting. Andre (the chef for both this place and the B&B) steps up, imperial and intimidating.

LAURA
 This is Andre, our chef.

ANDRE
 Tell me, friends, what did you think of your meal?

THE TABLE
 ARRGH!

ANDRE
 Oooo. Tell me again, with feeling.

Laura sidles over to the Techies' table.

LAURA
 Good evening.

HEATHER
 This cozy little town is filled with such lovely people.

JAPANESE TOURISTS
(eavesdropping)

ARRGH!

HEATHER

We're having a party later, at the
Wilson's Bed & Breakfast. Would you
be free to join us?

LAURA

Maybe. Later. What room?

Each of the men call out a different room number. The
Japanese Tourists find this, too, hilarious.

HEATHER

(holds up two fingers)

I suggest you start in Room #2.

EXT. REAR DECK OF THE *FELIZ NAVIDAD* - MAYOR'S BOAT (NIGHT)

Seated at a white-clothed table adorned with delicacies, Bob
fills two champagne flutes.

NANCY

Aren't you Mr. Incredible. The
mayor's boat?

BOB

He offered. He said we give Big
Harbor "just the right touch of
wholesome."

NANCY

Awwwww.

BOB

(raises his glass)

To us.

They drink, and their love seems to fill the harbor.

NANCY

Before completely retiring, we have
to arrange for some grandchildren.

BOB

Don't see that happening any time
soon. They each still have some
growing up to do.

NANCY

When we were Debbi's age, we were married and raising Doug.

BOB

The BC Era. (Before Computers.)

Bob's phone PINGs distinctively, announcing another picture has been posted to the Wilson's Family Fun Page.

NANCY

You said you'd turn that off.

Deliberately NOT looking at the posted picture, Bob turns his phone off.

INT. THE BIG HARBOR PUB (NIGHT)

On a pier, it's back room open to the harbor, it's a popular place but not yet packed. Doug, seated at a booth, notes a STRIKINGLY ATTRACTIVE WOMAN approach. He stands.

She steps to him sensually, encircles his waist with one arm, pulls him into her, and gives him a long, savory kiss.

SUSAN

Awwwww. You missed me.

DOUG

Susan. How are you?

SUSAN

Great, now. You are as handsome as you were in college.

DOUG

You're prettier. How's life been treating you?

Susan, an eleven on anyone's scale, swats the subject aside as she slides in and settles.

SUSAN

Oh, well, that is a rather long, sad tale of misfortune and woe.

DOUG

Oooo, so dramatic. Tell me.

INT. THE B&B - THE GUEST ROOMS (NIGHT)

Portable speakers fill each room with a different type of MUSIC: romantic, jazz, disco(!?), salsa, etc.

In the Jazz Room, Heather (wearing fairy wings) and the Lead Tech Man (wearing a crown) are intertwined on one of the beds; several other inebriated couples (and triples -- most in fetish-based coz-play costumes) chat, kiss, or make-out. Everyone is in various states of undress and feeling fine.

Debbi and Maria burst in, uncomfortable and overwhelmed.

DEBBI

Hey, guys. Gals.

Maria translates Debbi's words into Spanish, over-enunciating.

DEBBI (cont'd)

You, uh, you're going to have to lower the music. This is --
(to Maria)

These folks don't speak Spanish.

MARIA

But, they're from "San Farisco," no?

DEBBI

Si, I mean, yes, but ... Trust me on this.

(back to the guests)

This is a quiet town at night, and my parents, establishment squares that they are, would freak if they knew what was --

The Lead Tech Man rises enough for us to see he's dressed like King Arthur.

LEAD TECH MAN

(loud)

Hear-ye, hear-ye, hear-ye, people: turn down your music.

The MUSIC gets softer.

DEBBI

Thank you.

TECH MAN (JIM)

(dressed as a unicorn)

Join us?

DEBBI
No, no, that wouldn't be right. I
have to --

DEBBI / MARIA
-- man the front desk. / Watch over
things.

UNICORN JIM
Relax, there's no one else here. Have
a drink.

DEBBI
(to Maria)
See what's going on in the next room.

Maria nods, moves out.

DEBBI (cont'd)
Well, maybe just one.

Debbi knocks back a double then pounces -- kissing unicorn-
Jim, hard. He reciprocates, and, in an enthusiastic clinch,
they tip back into an open sofa.

DEBBI (cont'd)
You sure know how to party. And you
all work together?

UNICORN JIM
This is how we spend our weekends. We
put in so many hours, we don't have
time to date.

INT. THE BIG HARBOR CAFE (NIGHT)

Linda walks in optimistic, then spots TOM, a lawyer she used
to date.

LINDA
Oh, no. You're my "Secret Admirer"?

He flips the two tiny bells pinned to his lapel.

LINDA (cont'd)
I'm still mad at you.

TOM
I know. I was terrible. I can do
better.

LINDA
Give me a reason it won't happen
again.

TOM
I'm not married anymore!

LINDA
You're going to have to do better
than that.

TOM
Just let me get us some coffee and
I'll explain everything.

DOUG (VO)
"The loser mows the lawn once-a-week
week next summer. You sure?"

LINDA
(wary)
All right.

INT. THE BIG HARBOR PUB - LATER (NIGHT)

Doug is starting to remember this luscious siren comes at a
price.

SUSAN
I was in France when I met The
Painter. Oh, Doug, you should have
seen -- his landscapes made me weep.
His portraits made me love the
person. He was dazzling.

Doug's left eye starts to twitch.

SUSAN (cont'd)
Of course he didn't have much money,
so we wound up eating at one of those
cafes, and not one of the nice ones.
But his aura made up for his lack of
money.

To an accompanying WHOOSH, the CAMERA QUICKLY SPINS around
them, twice, transporting us to later ...

SUSAN (cont'd)
It was the hottest sex I ever had --
even hotter than our weekend in
Canada.

DOUG
As good as that?

SUSAN
But here the story takes an even stranger turn. Two days later, he took me on a picnic to the south of France.

Doug touches his brow over his twitching eye, as if it pains him. He empties his wineglass, then re-fills it.

DOUG
On a scooter?

SUSAN
How did you guess?

Again, with a WHOOSH, the CAMERA QUICKLY SPINS around.

EXT. DOCKS (NIGHT)

Jake is strolling back to the Buccaneer, Long-John scuttling along beside him.

JAKE
(sings)
"A pirate's life for me."
(to the dog)
Tomorrow, a fella from LA booked a solo, so we start the morn 500 simoleans in the black!

The poster-posting teenager passes, turns.

TEENAGER
Hey! That's Mr. Pickles.

JAKE
Blow me down! This be Long-John Silver, First Mate of the Buccaneer: this honey of a vessel before ye. I be Captain Jake. State your business.

TEENAGER
"Long-John Sil--"? That's "Mr. Pickles." Belongs to Mrs. O'Toole.
(points at a poster)
Haven't you noticed even one of these? I put up 200 today.

Jake's eyes narrow as he steps towards one of several nearby posters ...

INT. THE B&B - GUEST ROOMS' HALLWAY (NIGHT)

Kajiruso and his ensemble arrive, each holding a bottle of beer and singing ...

JAPANESE TOURISTS

Yo ho, yo ho, a pirate's life for me.

TECH MAN

Hey, it's the guys from the
steakhouse!

KAJIRUSO

(heavily-accented)

Aye, an' a fine meal 'twas. But now
we're alookin' to pillage and plunder.

TECH MAN

Well, some of our gals might think
you're cute.

The Japanese Tourists, ever ready with their camera-phones,
are already snapping away.

INSERT: Accompanied by distinctive PINGs, a quick series of
images appear on the Wilson's Family Fun Page of people
making out at the B&B: Maria and Debbi with costumed Tech
Guys, the costumed Tech Gals teasing the fun-loving Japanese
Tourists, Laura entwined with Heather-Fairy. Some BDSM toys
and costumes are featured, too.

EXT. DECK OF THE *FELIZ NAVIDAD* - LATER (NIGHT)

The crickets chirp, the full moon shines, and the food is
delicious.

BOB

(clears throat)

You're so good at orchestrating
excited anticipation (I love that
about you) it's never seemed the
Right Time. Now's not it either, but,
beyond one's wedding day, an
anniversary is a time for connecting.
Past present future.

NANCY

Who was that Outsider who came by
this morning?

BOB

His name is Don Diego DeLa Vega.

NANCY
Wait. Isn't that Zorro's --?

BOB
He's the one pressuring the bank.

NANCY
'Pressuring the bank'?

BOB
Threatened me, today.

NANCY
Wait? What? What's going on?

BOB
He wants to turn our place into a
casa de mala reputacion.

NANCY
WHAT?!

BOB
Says it's the one thing Big Harbor
doesn't have.

NANCY
Because we don't need or want it.

BOB
I told him that. He suggested we
share the space: B&B during the week
and brothel on the weekends.

NANCY
And you didn't think I ought to know?

BOB
I didn't want you to worry. He seemed
dismissible, and, although he's
offering what amounts to a full
retirement fund twice-over, it's not
going to happen.

NANCY
Any more unpleasant news?

BOB
Actually ... the bank says we have to
make-up our missed payments or
they'll call our loan. The Techies
could be our final guests, and I
could be the Wilson that lost the
last of Granddaddy Wilson's legacy.

NANCY

Oh, my, God, Bob. What, what, what
... what's going to happen? To our
kids?

(sheds angry tears)

Where's my 'Happy Anniversary'?

INT. THE B&B - GUEST ROOMS (NIGHT)

The Japanese Tourists are enjoying the party, snapping pictures, drinking, chattering away in UN-subtitled Japanese.

INSERT: A quick series featuring Maria making out with a Tech Guy (MARK, in a devil's outfit) and Debbi kissing Unicorn-Jim.

JIM

You're very sweet.

DEBBI

Awwwww. 'Bet you say that to all the girls.

JIM

Only the sweet ones.

Debbi straightens.

DEBBI

So, tell me: who are you really, and who were you before, and what did you do and what did you think, huh?

JIM

I grew-up in Boston, graduated from Harvard, Applied Computer Science. I live in San Francisco, a block from Golden Gate Park, and pay my truly exorbitant expenses by writing algorithms for online computer games.

DEBBI

So, computer nerds aren't all nerds.

JIM

How about you?

DEBBI

I left college. Live here, with my family, now. I'm ... still finding myself.

JIM
Have you ever been to San Francisco?

DEBBI
The Wonderful City of Oz? No.

JIM
What are you doing next weekend?

DEBBI
Nothing I can't get out of.

JIM
How about you come down on me -- I mean, I'll buy you a ticket.

She slithers back in, starts kissing him again.

DEBBI
I will tell you ... in the morning.

INT. THE BIG HARBOR CAFE - LATER (NIGHT)

Again Linda's phone PINGS distinctively, and, as the "'picture's-been-posted' PINGS" come faster and faster, her eyes get wider and wider.

LINDA
Oh, oh, my God. Maria?
(looks closer)
Debbi?!
(gathers things)
I have to go.

TOM
What's up?

LINDA
Trouble on the Home Front.

TOM
Can I help?

LINDA
You'd make it worse.

He grabs after her, desperate.

TOM
Tell me what I have to do to get you back.

Linda is hurrying, but turns.

LINDA
Spend the next six months getting
your divorce. Date at least five
other women, then give me a call, and
... we'll see.

TOM
Is that your final word?

On her way out, she pats his shoulder.

LINDA
I'm going to keep looking, too.

INT. LINDA'S CAR (NIGHT)

Driving frantically through the rain, she dials.

INT. BILL'S BEDROOM (NIGHT)

Bill's phone RINGS.

INTERCUT their conversation.

LINDA
Check our website.

He wakes. Flicks on his computer.

VISUAL of his screen as the images fly by, "PING, PING, PING!"

BILL
On my way.

INT. THE BIG HARBOR PUB - LATER (NIGHT)

Doug is finding it hard to remain polite. The pain in his
eye is like a hot needle.

SUSAN
We were looking out across the water,
our feet in the sand, he said to me,
"I have a surprise for you."

DOUG
More fantabulous sex?

SUSAN

He led me to a castle. We went way up these circular stone stairs, into a tower -- oh, the view was spectacular. Then, you'll never guess what happened.

DOUG

A dragon appears.

SUSAN

No, he locked me in and left! I thought it was another one of his sexual games --

He rubs his eye, drains Susan's glass.

SUSAN (cont'd)

-- but, no. He just left.

DOUG

And ... what? You never saw him again? What?

SUSAN

Well, to make a long story short, I was rescued by some CIA types -- but French, whatever they're called. They took me to a room somewhere, very sterile and cold, where they interrogated me for 76 hours straight. Kept me going with some kind of truth-serum upper.

Despite himself, Doug is fascinated, but ready to call it an evening when his phone buzzes. It's Linda. He lifts a finger and answers.

INTERCUT their conversation.

DOUG

(quietly into phone)
You win.

LINDA

(frantic)
Never mind that. Have you seen any of this? At all?

VISUAL of Doug's screen as a series of pictures flash by in a kind of slideshow that shares the Techies' uninhibited partying in a way that is enticing, salacious, and mesmerizing.

DOUG
 (whispers, awed)
 Da-yam, that'd be a good commercial.

LINDA
 Do you have any IDEA what this will
 do to Mom and Dad? It'll kill them,
 that's what it will do. KILL THEM!
 (crying, lost)
 Oh, Dougie, I don't know what to do!
 Meet me there!

Linda swerves through an intersection, drops the phone.

DOUG
 I thought you were there --

The line disconnects.

SUSAN
 So, I checked "starving artist" off
 my Bucket List.

DOUG
 (gathers things)
 Susan, that's a great story --

SUSAN
 One of many.

DOUG
 -- and I am soooo sorry, but I have
 to go.

He steps away.

SUSAN
 You don't want to go back to my hotel
 room?

Doug stops, agonized. ("*Should I Stay or Should I Go?*") His
astral-body turns back.

EXT. THE B&B (NIGHT)

Bill and Linda arrive at the same time.

LIGHTNING and THUNDERCLAP.

LINDA
 What do you think?

BILL

That we can assume Bob and Nancy haven't checked the Family's Fun page.

LINDA

Not helpful! My parents could be back any minute.

BILL

Do you know computer-ese?

LINDA

Can I program them? No.

BILL

Okay, I'll be in the closet. You talk to those quick-with-the-cameras Japanese tourists.

INT. THE B&B - GUEST ROOMS (NIGHT)

The music is much louder now. Linda wades through the party searching. An explosion of flashing cell-phones and laughter catches her attention.

LINDA

Excuse me, would you please stop posting pictures to our web page.

But it's hard to hear, and these guys are having way too much fun. Everyone has to shout.

LINDA (cont'd)

Our parents have spent years branding this place, but it won't be Family Fun Day if they see your pictures!

Debbi appears in the doorway, beer in hand. She spots Linda, sobers, and backs out.

ONE JAPANESE TOURIST

We have sharing with Akime's TV station, our hometown.

INSERT a quick series representing Linda's thoughts: CLICK - An aerial map of Japan. CLICK - The city of Kagoshima. CLICK - a coastline south of Kyushu. CLICK - The fishing village of Akime.

LINDA
 But, but, no, see, around here,
 that's a BAD thing. Your pictures --
 they'll devastate our parents!

The party rages on as the rather confused Japanese guys huddle to confer.

INT. THE B&B - ELECTRICS' OFFICE/CLOSET (NIGHT)

Doug bursts into what was originally a walk-in closet, its walls now covered with wires that feed in-and-out of various monitors. He positions himself behind a frustrated Bill, focused on the main monitor.

BILL
 I've blocked any new postings, and
 I'm getting the pictures down, but
 ... each phone routed its images
 through a proprietary interface; some
 weird new security measure I've never
 seen before. If you can't code, then
 Linda could probably use some help.

DOUG
 (acutely attentive)
 Those are their names and phone
 numbers?

BILL
 Yeah.

DOUG
 And ... websites?

INT. THE B&B - GUEST ROOM & HALLWAY (NIGHT)

All six Japanese Tourists are deliberating. Maria passes the doorway; she and Linda lock eyes. Maria stops, blushes.

LINDA
 Been having fun? Your make-out
 sessions made it to the Family's Fun
 page.

MARIA
 (crosses herself)
 ¡Oh, Dios mio!

LINDA
 Best you head home.

MARIA
Gracias, Miss Linda.

Doug steps in past Maria (as Maria is pulled aside by her guy, Mark-the-devil).

DOUG
 Which one of you is --
 (reads his phone)
 -- Ka-jeer-ru-soh?

The leader straightens.

DOUG (cont'd)
 You have a beautiful home, sir. And
 your parties look to be even wilder
 than this.

KAJIRUSO
 Parties?

Doug offers his phone.

DOUG
 Do your neighbors ever complain about
 the noise? Ours do.

With rising urgency, Kajiruso flips through pictures; the others gather round.

Grunts and expostulations erupt, then an emphatic NON-translated Japanese discussion.

VISUAL of Doug's phone: each fellow's home is featured; superimposed before it is the owner's portrait and a cheerful sign: "Party at Takahashi's! Bring your own Gal!" and "Party at Nakamura's! Bring your own Booze," and "Party at Yoshida's! Everything's On the House!" He returns the phone to Doug, turns to his fellows ...

KAJIRUSO
 (subtitled)
 You just can't help some people.

The Tourists grunt in sad agreement.

KAJIRUSO (cont'd)
 (to Doug & Linda)
 We meant no offense. We --

DOUG
 None taken, but --

LINDA AND DOUG
Please, no more pictures.

KAJIRUSO
I, we apologize for interference.

DOUG
(claps hands)
Okay, then. Hey, maybe next time
you'll stay here, at the B&B.

JAPANESE TOURIST
We already made reservation
September. With our wives!

ALL JAPANESE TOURISTS
ARRGH!

Linda follows Doug out of the room.

LINDA
Impressive.

DOUG
Thanks.

EXT. DECK OF THE *FELIZ NAVIDAD* (NIGHT)

A few moments later.

NANCY
You said you'd take care of me!

Bob reaches across the table and gently touches his sobbing
wife's arm. She lets him.

BOB
Dearest. Best friend. Partner, lover,
mate. What seemed an insignificant
variable has invaded our lives, and
... I just ... have a feeling.

The glimmer behind Bob's calm confidence is reassuring, but,
still ...

NANCY
I'm scared.

His hand begins soothing hers.

BOB
I love you. And the adventure you
are.

She adds her hand to his.

NANCY
I love you, Robert Ballymoney Wilson,
always. But there'll be no dessert
tonight.

BOB
My fault.

BOB AND NANCY
As ever.

BOB
I'm sorry. I'll share more.

In the blink of an eye, Bob becomes a leering, mischievous,
heavily-accented *rogue*.

BOB (cont'd)
Mon cheri, it has been a grand day,
all told, but now is time to retire.

He gestures her up and escorts her in.

BOB (cont'd)
In the mayor's rolling cabin. Inside.
Together. Side-by-side ...

INT. THE B&B - ELECTRICS' OFFICE/CLOSET (NIGHT)

A distressed Bill is explaining to Debbi ...

BILL
That's the problem. They've already
been copied and posted ... all over.

VISUAL of the screen: the Tourists' salacious pictures pop-
up on rental sites, blogs, photo-galleries, even porno
sites, each zooming at us quicker and quicker.

DEBBI
And you know how to deal with this.

BILL
Not really, no.

DEBBI
Skooch over.

Debbi sits, and, as she punches buttons, opens layers of screens, penetrates to a mysterious level of MATRIX-like coding, she talks casually ...

DEBBI (cont'd)

One quarter I had the oldest, fattest, slowest greybeard you can imagine for theoretical algorithms: Professor Higgins. His catchphrase, which he bellowed every lecture, was, "Look for the opposite!"

Doug and Linda enter.

DEBBI (cont'd)

I mean, what if this was a good thing? I know tradition and nostalgia mean a lot to mom and dad, but this place is almost 150 years old. "The Wilson Family Inn" could be updated a bit, dontcha think?

BILL

(points at screen)

Hey, you can't ... oh, I guess you can.

DEBBI

A tad more elegant? A smidge more cosmopolitan? Once-a-month corporate weekends?

(indicates upstairs)

Holiday swinger parties? Amenities supplied.

(she finishes up)

Okay. Whenever a copy gets posted on any website anywhere, it'll delete itself. Poof.

The others stare at "Li'l Deb" with new eyes.

DEBBI (cont'd)

What? Dean's List every quarter. I just didn't wanna do that anymore.

DOUG

(clears throat)

Good job.

As the group ambles out, Linda seems to "notice" Bill for the first time.

LINDA

Why haven't you ever asked me out?

BILL
Fear of heights.

LINDA
Acrophobic, huh?

BILL
No. 'Fraid of the fall.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM (NIGHT)

It's late. LIGHTNING and THUNDER as Jake steps into the doorway, carrying a handled canvass duffel. The room's only occupant is a frail old lady. Jake, his hat in his hand and immensely sad, raps gently on the door's frame.

JAKE
Mrs. O'Toole?

The groggy lady mumbles out a response.

JAKE (cont'd)
Captain Jake, here. I'm told I have something that belongs to you.

Steeling himself, he opens the bag and extracts the dog, free of his pirate-garb.

MRS. O'TOOLE
Mr. Pickles!

Jake sets the wriggling-with-happiness pooch on the bed and the reunion ignites.

MRS. O'TOOLE (cont'd)
Oh, I thought I'd never see you again. Where did you find him? How?

JAKE
He found me down at the dock. I've been looking after him.

MRS. O'TOOLE
Thank you, thank you, oh, thank you.

As the pair rejoices, Jake starts out. Mrs. O'Toole's tears of joy turn to sobs.

MRS. O'TOOLE (cont'd)
But, you know, Mr. Pickles, I just don't know how I'm going to take care of you now that I'm laid-up.

Jake stops. Turns.

JAKE

I might be able to help with that.

MRS. O'TOOLE

I will NOT have him euthanized!

JAKE

It would be my honor to watch over him during the day, walking, feeding, entertaining, and bring him back to you at night.

MRS. O'TOOLE

Oh, Captain Angel!

JAKE

Mr. Pickles here already finagled a spot for himself on my pirate boat, where he's known as Long-John Silver.

MRS. O'TOOLE

He's afraid of the water, you know.

JAKE

I'll keep him safe.

MRS. O'TOOLE

Praise be, another prayer answered.

(cuddles dog)

While Momma's been bandaged and strapped to this bed, you had an adventure and found a friend. I'm so proud of you!

(back to Jake)

Say, maybe you could dress him up as a pirate?

JAKE

Now that's an idea.

MRS. O'TOOLE

Maybe even give him a hat and an eye patch? You'd like that, wouldn't you, Mr. Long-John Pickles.

LONG-JOHN PICKLES

(grins)

BAARRGH!

INT. MAYOR'S BOAT - BEDROOM (NIGHT)

Bob and Nancy are asleep. Nancy's phone BUZZES. Her groggy hand fumbles for it.

NANCY
(still asleep)
Jake. What's happening?

JAKE
Sis, thought you'd appreciate a wake-you-up-in-the-middle-of-the-night phone call like this: the Family's website lit up last night. Never seen anything like it.

NANCY
Great.

JAKE
Seems Bob's techies and my new Japanese friends have something of a magic touch. Your little B&B is booked solid for the next three months.

NANCY
It's "who you know."

JAKE
And, of all people, Li'l Deb, your wild child, has an idea that'll keep your place busy for the next ten years. If that's what you want.

NANCY
'Night, Jake.

Nancy disconnects, drops the phone, snuggles into Bob.

NANCY (cont'd)
You and your "feeling" were right. Again. We're booked through summer.

BOB
(head rises)
Let's leave the kids in charge more often.

They turn to each other and ... finally make love.

EXT. THE B&B'S FRONT PORCH (EARLY MORNING)

Debbi, seated upon the porch sofa and sipping from a warm coffee mug, surveys the awakening harbor.

OLD WOMAN (VO)

So, that's pretty much where it started.

FADE OUT. CREDITS