

HIS THREE DAUGHTERS

Written by
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INT. APARTMENT – MORNING

KATIE is in her early 40s. She is sitting at a dinner table. The apartment has been long lived in, modest, with books, pictures and art on its walls. It is located high above a New York City street.

She addresses someone sitting directly opposite, offscreen.

KATIE

So you've been good, right? I mean other than this. He seems okay, at least better than how I was picturing. Not too different than last time I was here. Hard to tell whether he's in pain, I mean at least while he's asleep. But you've been on top of that, yes? Because I think that's the thing, is for it to be as painless as possible. The trick is, I guess the thing I'm saying, is that I hope we can make this easy, on him. Just not make a thing out of anything. If we disagree, we talk it out without getting heated, or yelling, or anything that's going to upset him. We handle it like adults, like the age we are. I don't really see what there is to disagree about, anyways. At the end of the day, the hard truth is, is that he's dying and there's nothing either one of us can do to stop that from happening. I'm not trying to be cold, but it's a matter of being there for him, being here. Things from the past don't matter, not right now. If there are things to work out, they can wait. I really hope you agree. I'm upset. I know you are too. We all are. It's hard. It sucks. Let's not make it harder, ok? I did see...I did see that the DNR never got signed like I asked. Quite a few times. I got it, it's not that easy...well it was easy, actually. And now, it's a lot harder—I'm not making this a thing—I'm just saying it's harder now that he's not seeing doctors.

(MORE)

KATIE (CONT'D)

I have to figure out how to get Dr. Sanders here, or someone who can witness his signature, and it would have been just a lot simpler when you were taking him in. And I don't know how much time I have. He has. It's important. It's really important.

CHRISTINA enters the room and takes a seat nearby. She is in her 30s.

CHRISTINA

He opened his eyes for a bit. That was nice. He knows we are here. I could tell that made him happy. I know... I know...

(Katie takes her hand)

I promise, I won't be like this the whole time. I'm not going to just cry through it all. Just for now. It's weird to be away, you know, from Mirabella and David. That's part of it. It's really my first time.

KATIE (OFF CAMERA)

Oh, you could have brought them.

CHRISTINA

No, it's good they're not here. They're fine. I'd rather the memory be from our last visit. He was better. That's what hurts about this more, he was still sick, of course, but he was still so there. So able. I just thought things wouldn't get to this. Not so suddenly. I've seen too many movies, probably. Especially the ones made for children, with Mirabella, these past couple years. Everything so nice, bright. Even if they get heavy, there's a beauty and clarity to it all. This feels so real...I'm rambling, I'm sorry. It's the jet lag. I get even more emotional when I fly. Anyways, it's nice that it's us, just us. This is the way it should be. The way that he would want it. I interrupted something though, I'm sorry. How are you, Rachel?

(MORE)

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

I feel like we haven't spoken since Thanksgiving. How are you?

RACHEL, who has been sitting directly across from Katie this entire time, is in her early 40s. Her chair is big and worn – unlike the simple table chairs the others sit in.

She looks nothing like Katie or Christina.

RACHEL

I'm all good.

Silence.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I don't know what you want me to say. I'm good. That's basically it.

KATIE (OFF CAMERA)

Well, she's definitely high. The whole place stinks like weed.

RACHEL

Fuck yes, I'm high. High as a motherfucker. First thing I do in the morning is roll a blunt. And then I smoke at least three more throughout the day. You know why? Because that's how I do shit.

KATIE (O.C.)

I don't care that you smoke weed. It's just not right to smoke it in the house, when someone is sick.

RACHEL

Daddy doesn't mind. Trust me, I've been smoking around him for all this time and he never had an issue. In fact, he likes the smell. Told me more than a few times.

KATIE (O.C.)

It's the smoke. The smoke, not the smell. The man is dying, just go outside.

RACHEL

Damn, it took you five minutes, five minutes, right? For you just to get in my shit. A second ago, it was how let's just get along–

CHRISTINA (O.C.)
 Yes. Yes. Let's settle down.
 There's no reason for this to
 become an issue—

KATIE (O.C.)
 —and for her just to take her
 shitty weed and smoke it outside.

RACHEL
 Shitty weed? Please. I get top
 shelf, not that dogshit you smoked
 all day long. Right? You think I
 forgot that?

KATIE
 That was high school. I've grown up
 quite a lot since then, unlike
 others.

RACHEL
 Grown up, still a bitch.

CHRISTINA
 Rachel! Katie! No. Let's just stop.
 Look.

Christina indicates someone has entered the room.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
 Hi! Were you trying to find us?
 Please, please, sit down.

ANGEL is dressed causally, respectfully. Very clean. He is in
 his early 30s.

CHRISTINA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry, we were just—

ANGEL
 Nothing to apologize for. I
 understand what a stressful
 situation this is. It's natural.
 It's a hard time. But, while my
 partner, Mirabella, is in the room
 with your father, I was hoping to
 talk you through where we are at
 the moment.

CHRISTINA (O.S.)
 Mirabella?! That's my daughter's
 name! Wow.

ANGEL

Really? It's a beautiful name.

CHRISTINA (O.S.)

She's three.

ANGEL

That's nice. And it's also very nice that you are all here. At a time like this. It's not always like that. Things happen in families. Sometimes people can't be here for health reasons. Sometimes it's just, you know, other issues. I understand his wife passed some years ago.

KATIE

He was married twice.

Rachel looks at Katie.

CHRISTINA

Yes. She did. Breast cancer. About twenty years ago. Right?

Christina looks at Rachel, who doesn't respond.

ANGEL

I'm really sorry to hear that. I don't know what that process was like, but I think it would be helpful to understand the process here, now that your father is off food and liquid. I, or Mirabella, or both if possible, will be here each morning, around this time, but you will have my number and I will do my best to answer any questions, or come here, if need be. It will be us you call, when he does pass. We can make the declaration of death, unless a medical reason brings him to the hospital beforehand.

CHRISTINA (O.S.)

I'm sorry, it's just so weird that's her name. I keep picturing my daughter when you mention her. Sorry, please go on.

ANGEL

So, it's good news that he responds well to the pain treatment. His cancer is very advanced, and when we are in pain, our bodies naturally try to fight it, even if it's actually just hurting us more. His ease will possibly quicken the process, in an organic way. That's really the big difference between hospice and hospital care, which aims to extend life. As painless as possible is our goal, always. But another thing is, it's not just our bodies that affect the time it takes to pass. I can't tell you the science on this, but in the twelve years I have been working in hospice, it has become very clear to me that the mind is just as big a factor as the body. And that is really where you can be a huge help, in case he is holding on, not wanting to go out of fear. You can help in letting him know, reassuring him, that it's okay. The mind doesn't have power to heal or reverse the disease, not at the stage it is. But if he knows it will be okay, that you all will be okay, it could mean a great deal.

Angel looks at them kindly.

KATIE

Sorry, Angel, right? Angel, that's quite a name considering what you do. I need to ask you, my father was supposed to sign a DNR, a "Do Not Resuscitate" form, but for whatever reason, it didn't happen while he was still going to his doctors. It's still very important to him though, which is one of the reasons I wanted to know how much time he had. I get it, it's not a simple math equation, but-

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT – DAY

The dining room area and the living room have no wall between them, are adjacent to each other and sharing the same space. The living room area presses up against one end of the apartment, which has a few windows to the outside, revealing that the building is in a complex alongside identical ones.

Katie stands in the corner of the living room area, next to a couch facing a TV resting on a NY Jets banner, and a shelf of predominately American history books.

She is on her phone.

KATIE

–well, he wasn't clear. It sounds like it could happen anytime, or it could be a few days. Maybe longer. I mean, you should see him, he doesn't look well. It was only a month ago I saw him, I think, but seems like years looking at him now. The plan is, at least at the moment, I'll stay here, we all will take turns watching over. We'll be together when it happens. I'm sure that if I left, the moment I left, and got too far away to rush back, is when it would happen. Y'know?

She pauses to listen to faint singing from another room. Katie puts the phone back to her ear.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Can you hear that? That's Christina singing to him in his room right now. I don't know. Let's just hope it's not Grateful Dead, that will kill him right away. He hated that music as much as I did. She's fine, she's good. At least she appears to be, like always. Hope the singing doesn't go on too much... Could kill me.

Katie turns.

KATIE (CONT'D)

She... She's exactly who she's always been. I asked her to do one simple thing, get the damn DNR signed, which now is much more complicated to do.

(MORE)

KATIE (CONT'D)

I was hoping the hospice guy could help, but it really seems I need to somehow get a physician here, to the house, and time it, again, somehow, to when he's awake and somewhat coherent. She's out now. I asked her to stop smoking weed in the house and she got all upset. It's like she can't even wait till he's dead so that the apartment will be hers. See if I give a fuck what she does in here after that. Not my responsibility.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT COURTYARD - SAME TIME - DAY

Rachel sits on a bench among a few empty ones. Other than nearby traffic, it's quiet. As if there was no one else.

Rachel puts a blunt in her mouth. She lights it, inhales deeply.

Long exhale.

She takes another huge draw.

MAN (O.S.)

Rachel. What are you doing? You know you can't be doing that out here?

Rachel tries to speak as she exhales.

RACHEL

Vi...c...to...or.

Rachel puts up a finger for him to hold on, coughs.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Damn, Victor. What are you doin'? You fucked my whole shit up.

VICTOR

You shouldn't be doing your whole shit here. That's the problem.

RACHEL

Shit's legal now. What are you stuck in the nineties when you last blazed?

VICTOR

Please. I smoke every night, but when I get home, inside my own apartment. You know how it is here. These people lose it when someone smokes a cigarette out here. They ask me to call the cops. It's crazy. Why aren't you inside where I can just call you with a complaint and you can tell me to go fuck myself?

Rachel takes another long draw.

RACHEL

Okay. Last. One....

Exhales and speaks.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

My..bitch...ass...sister. She's trying to say the smoke is killing our dad.

VICTOR

How is Vinnie?

RACHEL

He's fucking dying! But not from my weed smoke! She's just a fucking... It's got to be something. Now she got me out here, trying to chill, and getting yelled at—I know, I know—I don't mean any disrespect. You know I love you. But she's who you should be yelling at, not me. I'm just trying to maintain, y'know?

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - SOMETIME LATER - DAY

A bedroom door opens, and Christina peers out just as Rachel is attempting to walk by.

CHRISTINA

Hey! Do you want to come in and join us? The nurse is about to show up and we could all circle around him before she gets here. We could sing to him.

(MORE)

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Or if you want, you and he could be alone until she arrives. That's fine too. He's just sleeping, but he looks super peaceful.

Medical equipment is beeping from inside. Rachel shakes her head no.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Are you sure? Ok, well. If you change your mind. I don't want you to feel like we've invaded your space at all.

Christina shuts the door softly.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

KATIE

Christina. Christina.

Katie is kneeling on the floor of the kitchen, before an open refrigerator door. Christina, hearing herself being called from nearby, enters.

Katie pulls a bag of apples out of the fridge, holds it up.

KATIE (CONT'D)

This is what's in here. Not just one bag of apples. Three bags. And you know what? All of them look old, they've gone soft. And that's it. Seriously. You can see for yourself. Three bags of apples, some old condiments from who knows when, and that's it. I mean, really, how old is she?

CHRISTINA

I can run out now and do some shopping.

KATIE

No. I'll go. But that's not the point. Damien is nine and he can take better care of himself. The moment dad wasn't able, I mean, this is all she got. That's just the last few weeks. What the hell is going to happen to her afterwards?

(MORE)

KATIE (CONT'D)

I'll tell you one thing, it's not going to be us. You live halfway across the country and have a family to take care of, and I have enough on my plate with my own. More than enough. She is so fucked, but it can't become my problem.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM AREA - SUNDOWN

Christina is on the phone, and is looking at a picture on the bookshelf of an older woman who resembles Rachel.

CHRISTINA

-she's out shopping right now. Yes. Staying here too. We're taking shifts, watching over him. There's a nurse in with him now, she comes for four hours each day around now. It's...good. I'm not sure. He's kind of in and out, sometimes he says something, but mostly he is asleep. Just think the pain medication is...you know. It's weird. It's fine. I can't guess how long, no one can. I don't want to guess. But I think. I will be home. Soon. It's fine, it's fine, thank you. But really want to hear how things are there. Are you guys having fun?

CUT TO:

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME - SUNDOWN

Rachel is watching a baseball game on a TV propped up on a pile of clothes, many of them sports jerseys. The room is small, her bed takes up most of it. There are dirty dishes, cups, lighters, empty rolling papers scattered throughout.

A poster of Luis Firpo knocking Jack Dempsey out of the ring has been hanging on a wall for years. So has one of Audrey Hepburn.

Rachel shifts her attention between the TV and phone, where a different game plays simultaneously. Winning bet receipts and ticket stubs are taped on the wall behind her.

Christina's conversation with her child carries quietly through the wall. Rachel lowers the volume so she can hear.

CHRISTINA (O.S.)

I miss her so much. I miss you. I miss you both so damn much. What, it hasn't been a day yet, and all I can think of is being back there with you both. This is so not home anymore. I'm so lucky. You have no idea, trust me, *I know*.

Rachel brings the television volume back up.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM AREA - SAME TIME

-is that her? Yes? Yes! Plea- My angel! Yes, yes, it's me, mommy. Hello, my sweet beautiful Mirabella, how I've missed you! Have you been missing me? I heard you have been having so much fun with Poppa! No, no, I'm crying because I'm just so happy to be hearing your voice, mommy's not sad. She's happy because she loves you and can't wait to see you and- Mirabella, you know what? I met a woman today-she helps people- she's like a doctor... She is a doctor, and guess what her name is?

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - DINING ROOM AREA - NIGHT

Katie has not only done the shopping, but has made the dinner she serves. Christina enters the area from a hallway that leads to the other side of the apartment.

KATIE

How does he seem?

CHRISTINA

He's still asleep. We have another half hour with the nurse. Alejowon. Alezown? Alejown. She's nice.

KATIE

Do we feed her? There's enough.

CHRISTINA

I can ask.

KATIE

Maybe, yes. She probably wants to get home. Who knows how long she has to travel. But, yes, I think. Let's offer. If anything, it will help if she doesn't hate us.

Christina pauses.

KATIE (CONT'D)

And, what about her?

Katie indicates a room by the hallway's entrance, the only room visible from the dining area.

KATIE (CONT'D)

I don't want to intrude on her privacy—

The two slip into a childhood language:

CHRISTINA

Iitherg doitugnt we woelitugd be.
(*I don't think we would be.*)

KATIE

If yoitherg thitugnk so.
(*If you think so.*)

CHRISTINA

I'll let her know there's food and she's invited.

KATIE

Right. Right. I made food for her. You can tell her that, I made food for her. If she wants. Let the nurse know, and then let her know.

Christina nods, and goes to get the nurse.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT — DINING ROOM AREA — NIGHT

Christina is mostly finished with her meal.

CHRISTINA

– anything green. I have no idea why. If it's green, she won't eat it. We have seriously considered dyeing her food. Just a little fruit color. Seriously. She wouldn't know if a cucumber was purple. I mean. Maybe it will confuse her when she gets older.

Katie is across from her, still eating.

KATIE

Well, you can count on that. Won't be the only thing. Lots of things to confuse them when they get older.

CHRISTINA

Have things become a bit better?

KATIE

With Tracy? Better is relative. What do you mean "better"? Is she talking to us, yes. Is she a full of shit, snotty teenager most of the time, treating us– me especially– like an enemy whose only job as a parent is to stop her from doing what she wants? Yes. I don't... I don't... Let's not, ok?

Katie looks down the table, at Rachel, who is staring at her phone.

KATIE (CONT'D)

How do you like the food?

Silence builds until Rachel realizes the question is for her.

RACHEL

What was that?

KATIE

The food. The food that I made. Are you enjoying it?

RACHEL

Yes. I like the food you made. Thank you for making the food you made. The food you made tastes good. I have a parlay going and I'm on the final team, that's why I am looking at my phone. I'm working.

KATIE

You mean you are watching a game,
that you bet on.

RACHEL

Uh huh. Bet on four. Won three. 10
bucks to make 270.

KATIE

Do you think watching will change
its outcome?

Rachel gets up, takes her plate to the kitchen, which is
visible from the dining table area.

RACHEL

Thank you for the dinner.

KATIE

(whisper)

Watch her not even wash her dis-

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT – LATE NIGHT

The kitchen dishwasher ends its cycle, and the house becomes
quiet. There is little street noise. The father's bedroom,
which lines the hallway and is opposite Rachel's bedroom, has
its door cracked open. Machine beeps emit from within, and
echo throughout the apartment.

Another machine inside the father's room is audible; it rises
and falls with his breathing. Katie, visible through the
doorway sliver, is asleep on a chair.

Christina is in a different room, one half filled with
storage. She is on a single bed, under the blankets, propped
up on her pillow, scrolling through pictures on her phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT COURTYARD – NIGHT

Rachel is on the bench, smoking her blunt in peace. She looks
to the sky, and sends a waft of smoke towards the stars.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT – DINING ROOM AREA – EARLY MORNING

Katie is writing on a small pad. She crosses out something, starts again. A cup of coffee is nearby, still hot.

Someone enters the room, taking Katie's attention.

KATIE

That's funny.

Christina is wearing pajama bottoms and a 2003 Tour shirt of The Dead.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Your shirt.

CHRISTINA

Oh...yeah. I found it in one of the boxes in my room. I really should go through them all, and take with me what I want. Get rid of the rest. But yeah, this. I was happy to find it.

KATIE

You still love them. But you don't still go to shows, do you?

CHRISTINA

I've been known to drive a few hours if need be.

KATIE

John Mayer?

CHRISTINA

Sure. Family is family. Why aren't you asleep? You were with him till four.

KATIE

I can't sleep when I know they have to get to school. I was texting all three of them. Jay's worse than the kids. But he got them there, that's something. Tracy skipped breakfast, of course. I slept a bit before, I'll get some more later. You know she hasn't done a shift, right?

CHRISTINA

Who?

Katie waits for Christina to realize who she is talking about.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Oh...yeah. I'm not sure. I should probably get back in there with him, I was just getting some water.

KATIE

You don't find that strange? Once we get here, she steps back from all responsibility?

Christina turns towards the kitchen.

KATIE (CONT'D)

The coffee is still hot.

CHRISTINA

Thanks.

KATIE

I've been working on his obituary. Would be good if you could read over, when you can.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM AREA - MORNING

Katie is on the phone.

KATIE

- yes, I understand that. But if he can't do it, I need someone to come here who can authorize his signature. This is extremely important to him. I understand that, yes, but here we are, and now he's too sick to go anywhere. He can die any minute, so really, I just need a solution-

Behind her, Rachel is walking quietly to the bathroom, located at the far corner of the living room area. Katie turns just after she's passed.

KATIE (CONT'D)

-yes, please. I'll wait.

Katie is on hold. She takes a few steps towards the bathroom.

The apartment door buzzes. Katie looks at the time.

KATIE (CONT'D)
(calling out)
That's going to be Angel and
Mirabella!

Christina is already exiting their father's room.

CHRISTINA
Yes, yes, got it.

Katie, still on hold, looks to the end of the apartment, at
Christina by the intercom, then to the shut bathroom door.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Rachel is sitting on the closed lid of the toilet, smoking a
spliff. She cranes to blow smoke out of a small window.

Her sisters can be heard greeting the hospice workers.

Rachel takes her time.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM AREA - SOON AFTER - MORNING

RACHEL
Hey.

Rachel, still in her pajamas, is on her way from the bathroom
to her bedroom when she passes Angel, who sits at the table
with Katie and Christina.

ANGEL
Good morning. Rachel, right?

She nods. Christina gives her a small wave, Katie just looks.
Rachel appears to be very happily stoned.

KATIE
Do you want to put some clothes on
and join us? Angel was just telling
us about where he thinks things
are.

RACHEL
Um. Sure.

In no rush, she walks away towards her room.

Silence.

KATIE

How about some coffee?

ANGEL

Sure. Would love some.

Angel begins to get out of his chair.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM AREA – SOON AFTER

Angel, back in the chair, puts his coffee cup down.

ANGEL

So, yeah, I was saying to your sisters that Vincent appears, to me, to be much further along than when I saw him yesterday. I don't want to imply that I know when he will pass. I'd say my guesses have been as wrong as much as they have been right, and I have seen people at a similar condition as your father hold on a lot longer than I would have thought. I'm just saying, as best as you can, please prepare yourself, especially for him to become even less coherent. Have you been able to have any conversations recently?

CHRISTINA

Yes. I mean, small ones. There are windows when he says a few words in response to something. He's thought I was someone I'm not, or asked for something that doesn't make sense. He seems to think he still has work, or a deadline of some kind.

ANGEL

Work is a big one. I mean, even if the job sucked, you know, and they couldn't wait for the day to retire. Even still, it's the cycle of familiarity that could be what's needed now. I'm hoping you all will, if you want, take whatever windows you can, to say whatever you feel must be said. If you want. Now would be the time.

KATIE
This DNR form...

ANGEL
Right.

KATIE
It's very hard to get someone here.
And now, with what you are saying,
it feels even more impossible.

ANGEL
Yes. Yes, I understand that it's
really important for you.

KATIE
For him. I know what happens, what
can happen without one. EMT cracked
the ribs of my close friend's
mother, almost all of them, trying
to bring her back after she had
just about passed peacefully. The
poor lady was left brain dead for
another three weeks, completely
broken and bruised, and that's not
something my father wants. When he
goes, he should be allowed to go.
You understand that, right?

ANGEL
I do. I do. Sometimes... Sometimes
people don't call EMT right away
when they believe their loved one
has passed away. Sometimes...they
are not completely sure, and it
delays that call for a while. And
because we are helping, you should
call us rather than 911.

Angel is looking directly at Katie.

KATIE
Right. Right. But what happens if
suddenly he needs to go to the
hospital for some reason?

ANGEL
I'm a firm believer in "Do Not
Resuscitate" orders. I just can't
sign them.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Katie knocks on Rachel's door.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Yes?

Eventually, Rachel opens her door. A magazine is on her lap, she is rolling a blunt. A baseball game is on her television.

KATIE

Here's the thing. I get it that you don't want to go into his room. Sure, I was there till four a.m. and Christina has basically been in there since. The help would be appreciated, but look, everyone deals with death their own way, and I am not going to tell you what to do. That's between you, and him, and however you think you should run your life. But what I am going to ask you to do is not act like a teenager and sneak smoking in the bathroom. It's not sneaking. The whole place reeks of it, and I'm not even asking for you to do it for him, even though he can't speak for himself. I'm asking for me. I'm asking you to respect me, and my wishes, and while he's alive and I'm here, to smoke outside. That's it. Afterwards, this will be your place, you're on the lease, and you will be free to do whatever you want and I will have no say. You want only rotten apples in the fridge, not my business. You want to do bong hits all day and all night, not my business. But for now, whenever you step outside to smoke, think "I'm respecting Katie", and I'll know that you are respecting me. Okay? Okay?

RACHEL

Sure.

She closes her door.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT COURTYARD – AFTERNOON

Rachel sits on her regular bench, smoking another blunt.

She shifts as someone steps outside.

RACHEL

I don't want to hear it. Not in the mood.

VICTOR (O.C.)

Rachel—

RACHEL

I love you Victor, but truly, fuck off. Call whoever you want, do whatever you want. I really do not give a fuck. Shit is legal is all I know.

Victor watches her for a moment longer before heading back into the building.

Rachel takes multiple draws until she can't inhale anymore.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Goddamn right, get the fuck out of here with that bullshit.

A person walks by with kids.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

How you doing? Doing ok?

PARENT (O.C.)

You know, you know. Trying to get by.

RACHEL

Yes I do, I do know, brother. I'd say take a seat with me but you got little ones with you.

PARENT (O.C.)

It's all good, thanks.

RACHEL

They'll be out here soon enough, don't worry about it. Lighting up a big fattie of their own.

PARENT (O.C.)

Don't I know it. Don't I know it.

The parent and kids are now out of earshot.

RACHEL
Fucking kids.

She's about to greet the next person approaching, but suddenly stops. This person stands right before her, off camera, and the two look at each other for a good moment.

Eventually, Christina takes a seat next to Rachel.

CHRISTINA
I came out. Thought I'd get a bit
of air.

Rachel says nothing.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
It's easy to forget the outside
exists. It's good to step out, take
a breath. I haven't sat here for a
long time. Probably years. But it's
nice. I forgot about it. I
definitely remember taking some
time out here, just sitting. I
remember needing it. It's strange
the things you forget, things that
are good for you. Like just
stepping out of things for a
minute. How are you? I know this is
not easy having Katie and I invade
your space the way we have.

RACHEL
It's not my space.

CHRISTINA
Well, it is, I mean, it's dad's and
yours. But you know, soon, it will
be yours. I'm planning on getting
my storage out. Either in the
garbage, or back home with me. I'm
sorry I've left things in there as
long as I have, I won't leave you
with that.

RACHEL
I don't care. It's not in my room,
it's not my business.

CHRISTINA
I do, and I'm just saying there's
no reason for it to stay here. We
have plenty of space.

(MORE)

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Too much space. I guess enough for another child, when the time comes. Mirabella is a handful as it is, you know? Hard to imagine two, but they say it gets easier. That's what they say, at least. I know David is ready. What about you?

RACHEL

What about me?

CHRISTINA

Kids, do you want children?

Rachel laughs.

RACHEL

I'm sorry, but you're crazy. No offense, just kinda nuts.

CHRISTINA

I am? What do you mean? Crazy how? In what way? Really.

RACHEL

I dunno. Maybe it's all those wacky mushrooms and shit you took. Fucking Grateful Dead. That's some kooky shit.

CHRISTINA

Yeah, yeah, right. You know...you know, it's not really like that. I'm sure for some, but it was never about that for me.

RACHEL

Okay, okay, I'm just playing. I'm high, that's it, forget it. No, no, I'm not thinking about having kids.

CHRISTINA

It's fine, trust me. I got it a lot in the past. People have this picture, naked in the mud and all that Woodstock stuff. But the truth is, the shows...it's a group of people, who look out for each other. That's it. Everyone joined by this one love of a music, which allows them to connect and to relate and to care.

(MORE)

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

It's for people who haven't found that anywhere else. Who weren't given that, and had to find it for themselves.

Rachel studies Christina.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Yeah. At least for some. Not everyone.

Rachel continues to watch her.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Anyways, I should probably walk a bit. I'll pick up some food, do you want anything specific? Anything in particular?

Rachel shakes her head.

RACHEL

I'm good, thanks.

CHRISTINA

Okay, see you soon.

RACHEL

Yep. See you soon.

Rachel watches Christina walk away until she disappears.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM AREA - LATE AFTERNOON

Katie is on the phone.

KATIE

- I was given your number from Dr. Robert Sanders' office, as a potential place that can make a house call. Well, my father, my father is very sick. He's dying. Thank you. Yes, and he wants to sign a "Do Not Resuscitate" form, but is too sick to come in. Yes, he's conscious. I mean, not all the time. He's in hospice care, here at home. Do you think the doctor would-

Christina bursts into the room.

CHRISTINA
Katie! Katie!

Katie sees her sister, rushes towards her.

KATIE
What is it?

CHRISTINA
His breathing. It's gotten really
strange. Something is happening!

Katie rushes into their father's room. Christina pauses,
watching her pass, then looks at Rachel's door.

She knocks on it.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Rachel. Rachel. You should come.
His breathing... Something's wrong!

Rachel cracks open her bedroom door. She looks terrified. She
doesn't move.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT – MOMENTS LATER

The house is quiet. Still. Sounds from outside. Passing cars,
music, exhaust fans. The hallway leading to the father's
bedroom is dark. Katie's notepad is on the table, the
obituary is incomplete. Her handwriting is strong, clear,
quite beautiful. Lots crossed out. It's been challenging.

The father's bedroom door is open, Rachel is standing in its
doorway, looking in from the hallway. The beeping sound is
steady, the breathing machine rhythmic.

Soft crying.

More beeps. More breaths. Whispers:

KATIE (O.C.)
He's ok.

CHRISTINA (O.C.)
He's ok.

A laugh. Laughing. Relief.

Rachel, pale, exhales.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT – SUNDOWN

Katie is opening a bottle of wine in the kitchen. Christina enters. They hug.

KATIE

Oh my fucking God.

CHRISTINA

It's crazy. I thought... I thought... I don't know.

KATIE

Well, I do know that that fucker is strong, damnit. Can't count him out till he's ready.

CHRISTINA

I see you are celebrating.

KATIE

Better believe it. I knew there was a reason why I got wine. Didn't know it'd be for celebrating life, but hey. I'll pour you some.

CHRISTINA

Just a bit. Angel said he'd be here soon. We shouldn't be, you know, partying when he gets here. Could be a bad look.

KATIE

Angel. Angel of death more like it.

Katie hands Christina more wine than she asked for.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Just drink it. Cheers. To dad.

They clink glasses.

KATIE (CONT'D)

You got what he was saying before, right? Angel? Don't call him or anyone until dad's good and dead. Make sure the guy's not breathing, and then some.

CHRISTINA

I should go back to his room. Make sure things are still steady.

KATIE
Angel of death. Comes in and plucks
them away. Go on.

Christina leaves. Katie finishes her glass and pours another.

CUT TO:

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rachel is watching a game on her television. She switches
channels to another game.

BENJY
Don't do that. Stop doing that.

BENJY is around the same age as Rachel. They sit on her bed,
backs against the wall, close enough so that their arms are
touching. Benjy is rolling a blunt.

RACHEL
I need to see both. I have money on
both.

BENJY
Doesn't matter. Watch one. Annoying
as fuck going back and forth. Just
pick whatever game matters most and
stick with it. I don't even know
what's going on with either of
them, back and forth, back and
forth.

Rachel eventually puts the remote down.

BENJY (CONT'D)
Thank you.

RACHEL
We have to go outside to smoke
that.

Benjy licks the blunt closed.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
It's been requested.

BENJY
We're watching a game.

RACHEL
It's alright. It's not worth it.

INT. DINING ROOM AREA - SAME TIME

Katie is taking a sip from her third glass of wine. Angel is in the midst of talking.

ANGEL

-it's no problem at all. It's my job. I'm glad you called when I was close enough that I could get here as quick as I could. Another thirty minutes would have been heading to Queens.

CHRISTINA

Well, obviously we are happy that he's still with us, but about the sound he made when his breathing got hard. My concern -our concern- is that he's in pain.

Angel nods.

ANGEL

Yes, I'm sure Mirabella is looking into this right now. Tolerance to the drip definitely goes up, as does pain. For sure, I'd suggest we increase the morphine. It's just a fine line that we must figure out, enough to help, but not to kill. Once Mirabella's ready, she'll come out and tell us.

KATIE

But, you see what I was saying? Before, right? We could have called 911. We would have, if the breathing continued like that for a while. It was clear he was in pain, and we don't know what to do.

ANGEL

I do. I did. Trust me, the last thing anyone wants is that in-between place. We all want him to transition as peaceful as possible. But Mirabella should be a help, she will tell us exactly how much more can be administered.

KATIE

And what if the same thing happens, he's in pain and we give him more than what she recommends?

ANGEL

Well, you can't intentionally do that. That's looked upon as murder in this city. In most of this country, at this time, even if it is asked for by the patient. The only way to do that, is to make a mistake. For it to be unintentional. Maybe someone didn't measure the amount correctly. Sometimes, if the amount is just over, it can be lethal. I don't know, I don't know. But, mistakes have been made. And accidents are natural, right?

Katie gives Christina a look, takes a sip.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry that he was in pain. I understand how terrible that must have been for you to witness. But, here he is, with you, and not in a hospital. With hope that things will continue ahead as peaceful as possible.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

KATIE

Angel of mother fucking death. Did I call it or did I call it?

CHRISTINA

He's trying to be helpful. You're the one who's asking him.

KATIE

Oh I know, and he is. Trust me, I appreciate it. But I'm not aiming to overdose our dad, "accidentally" as Angel was suggesting. I just don't want him to be hurting.

CHRISTINA

We should probably figure out dinner while the nurse is here.

KATIE

Okay, you don't want to go there. That's fine. You want more?

(MORE)

KATIE (CONT'D)

There's at least two glasses left
in this bottle. There's another, if
we want to open it.

CHRISTINA

I'm good, I'm goo-

Christina and Katie turn to see Rachel and Benjy going into
her room. They carry plastic bags, and have been outside.
Before Rachel can fully close the door behind her-

KATIE

Rachel. Rachel.

Rachel says something to Benjy who is already inside her
bedroom, then shuts its door. She comes over.

RACHEL

Yes? Is there a problem?

KATIE

Is there a problem? You tell me?

RACHEL

Please, don't start. We smoked
outside as you asked. Now we are
back in my room, taking care of
ourselves.

KATIE

You don't think it's a bit weird? I
mean, it's kind of strange, no?
Having a random person over to the
house, now? At a time like this?
You really think it's right to have
a stranger here when he may pass at
any minute?

RACHEL

He's not random. Benjy and I have
been hanging out for a while now.
Just because you don't know him,
doesn't mean he's a stranger. And
daddy likes him. That's what
matters.

KATIE

Okay.

Rachel lingers for a moment.

RACHEL

Okay.

Then goes to her bedroom. Katie looks over to Christina.

CHRISTINA

Think you should go a bit easier on her.

KATIE

All she has is easy.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM/STORAGE - NIGHT

CHRISTINA

(on her phone)

-yeah it's ok, now. I mean, it was terrifying. I was so sure he was going. His breathing sounded crazy, his face, I hope I can get that image out of my mind. Yes. Yes, they've given him more now, he's sleeping. I don't know if there will be any more windows. I'm okay. At least that means I should be coming home soon. It's okay. It's okay. Katie started drinking a few hours ago, and you know her and Rachel. It's just... Anyways, it doesn't matter, everything is okay. Tell me, how are things there? Did she get her bath yet?

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Katie is cooking. She loudly places a pot on the stove.

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Benjy has drunk a good amount of his quarter pint bottle of Triple Sec.

BENJY

What?

RACHEL

Nothing. Just don't want to be dealing with your sleeping ass any minute. Got enough to deal with already.

BENJY

Please. I'm feeling nice, not going to sleep. Definitely do not put me with those bitches you got outside.

RACHEL

C'mon. Those are my sisters. I can call them bitches, you can't.

BENJY

Yeah, sure. They're your sisters, but you're not theirs. Fucking telling you to smoke outside. This is your fucking home!

RACHEL

Shhh! Stop. For real, I don't need the drama.

BENJY

Okay—

RACHEL

Just lower your voice.

BENJY

Okay, okay. But you know that's bullshit and you don't need to do shit that they say, right? It's been you here, this whole time, taking care of your dad. Suddenly, it's their place? They've been doing it?! Get the fuck out of here.

RACHEL

Quiet. For real, just shut up. You're yelling.

BENJY

All I'm saying is, your sister lives where? Brooklyn? Brooklyn. And she comes in when? Once a month at best? Not even that. That is some bullshit. She needs to be called on it too. And the other one... That one is fucking lost. I can tell from just looking at her that she's not even on this planet.

RACHEL

Alright.

BENJY

Oh, I'm good at it. If there's one thing I can see is when someone is full of shit, or out of their mind. That ain't you. You're not either of those things.

RACHEL

I know that. You're drunk.

BENJY

And I'm reminding you of it. 'Cause I see you forget it. Especially dealing with those two. They may act like they got it, but they don't. Okay? You understand?

RACHEL

I got it.

She returns to the game on the TV.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Thank you.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - DINING ROOM AREA - SOON AFTER

Christina is serving Katie and herself dinner. Another bottle of wine has been opened, Christina's glass is still full.

Katie is holding a pen and reading from her notepad.

KATIE

-after the Coast Guard, Vincent took night classes in business at B.M.C.C. where he fell in love with the quiet green-eyed girl sitting behind him. She became Margaret Dyson in 1978, and they became the loving parents to two daughters. Margaret succumbed to breast cancer in 1994, after a long battle, with Vincent always by her side. Three years later -

Rachel's door opens and someone walks by. Katie and Christina follow this person with their eyes. Once they hear the bathroom door shut, Katie continues reading, quieter.

KATIE (CONT'D)

-Vincent married Sarah Brodsky,
whose young daughter he raised as
his own. Sarah also preceded
Vincent in death, after her own
battle wi-

The bathroom door opens. The person crosses the opposite
direction.

KATIE (CONT'D)

You know, there's enough food for
both of you, in case you want to
tell Rachel and join us.

BENJY (O.C.)

Ok, thanks.

KATIE

Well, nice meeting you.

Benjy is just about to open the door to Rachel's bedroom. He
pauses. His back is to Katie and Christina for a while.

He turns to face them and his eyes are glassy from alcohol.

BENJY

Oh, we met before.

Katie watches him.

BENJY (CONT'D)

Yeah. It wasn't even that long ago.
Maybe a few months. You don't
remember?

KATIE

I'm not sure. No, no I don't.

Benjy takes a couple steps closer to them at the table.

BENJY

I'm gonna guess it was the last
time you were here, maybe. Because
that was a while ago, right? It was
actually right here. In this room.
Me and Vinnie were watching a game.
Bucks Bulls. Yeah. We did that a
lot actually. We watched a lot of
games together.

KATIE

That's nice.

BENJY

Sure was. He always made me feel at home here. And I always looked forward to seeing him. Sometimes we'd not even say anything, just watch. Other times we'd talk, just bullshit, you know, talking about life, things like that.

Katie sips her wine.

BENJY (CONT'D)

Old people... Some are like that. I mean, not all, but I can usually get along with them. They sometimes got this wiseness. It's just there or it isn't. That's what I liked about Vincent right from the jump. The man can see people. I could tell the moment he saw me, he understood certain things that I'm not going to say. I don't need to say. Because I'm like that too.

KATIE

Well, sounds like you both had a good relationship. That's great to hear.

BENJY

I mean, I can figure out people too. They don't even have to say anything, and I can get the whole deal. Most of it at least. It's easy when someone is looking at me, but really looking *through* me. You understand?

KATIE

I'm not sure I'm following you. If you'd rather not join us, I'm just saying there is enough food for you both. You're welcome to take two plates in with you too.

He comes closer to them.

BENJY

Y'see.. Y'see... Right there, I get what you are doing. I mean, maybe that's obvious. But I could see it before you even said a word, just walking by both of you.

CHRISTINA

I think you are misunderstanding things.

BENJY

Not misunderstanding shit. Definitely not misunderstanding. Understanding. Even the act of offering food is ownership, you ever think of that? I think I've sat at this table more times than the two of you combined for years.

KATIE

He's *our* father.

BENJY

Yes, but who do you think has been here? She's not going to stick up for herself. I mean, Rachel can handle herself, that's one of the things I love about that girl, but she doesn't stick up for herself. Especially around you two. Who do you think—

KATIE

I think we got it. Thank you, definitely heard enough.

BENJY

No, no, you did not, because just maybe you wouldn't be acting the way you are, like this is your place, like you've been here all this time. Who has been taking your old man to the bathroom? Who split up his pills into that stupid plastic container with the days on it? Just the way I watched my mom do the same thing for her father when he was passing.

KATIE

Okay. I'm going to call her. I think it's time for you to step out of our face. I can smell whatever you've been drinking from here.

BENJY

The fucking poor girl fed him. And when he stopped wanting to eat anything but apples, who was slicing them and feeding them to him? You don't understand a goddamn—

KATIE

Rachel!

The door is already open and Rachel is soon pulling Benjy away.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Get your fucking drunk ass boyfriend out of our faces, or whatever the fuck he is. I don't want him here, he needs to go.

Benjy's only slightly resistant.

RACHEL

Benjy. Come on. Let's go.

He falls quiet, grabs his things, allows Rachel to walk him towards the exit of the apartment.

BENJY

I want to say bye to Vincent.

Rachel looks behind her, at her sisters.

BENJY (CONT'D)

I'm not asking them. I want to say bye to Vincent. Is that okay? Can I say goodbye to him?

RACHEL

Sure, sure. Of course.

BENJY

Okay, you coming in with me?

RACHEL

I'll stay out here.

He enters their father's room. Rachel stands in front of the door, waiting in the hallway. A moment later the NURSE steps out of the room. She and Rachel look at each other.

Christina and Katie come to the other end of the hallway, from the dining room. They too are waiting, watching.

The nurse stands between the sisters, and the four study each other.

Benjy comes out, and quickly walks to the apartment exit without looking back. Rachel catches up to him as he wipes tears from his face.

Katie and Christina watch the two embrace. Christina walks away first, Katie a moment later.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - SOON AFTER - NIGHT

The nurse is leaving.

KATIE

Thank you, thank you very much.
It's been really helpful having you
come and watch over these hours
each day. Gives us a moment to be
out of the room at the same time.
Just catch our breath, you know.

The nurse is ready to go home.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Sometimes it gets a bit much, all
packed in together. I'm sorry about
before. Things became stressful. I
guess you've seen it all.

NURSE

It's no problem. So, tomorrow, five
p.m.

KATIE

Yes, tomorrow. Unless something
happens before then. I'll call if
so. It feels like...I don't know.
We'll see what tomorrow is like...
I don't know how much longer. He's
not doing well.

Katie has become emotional. The nurse wants to leave.

KATIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Just been
hard. I know you have to leave.
Really, thank you for today. See
you tomorrow, I'm sure.

Katie watches the nurse depart before pausing in front of her father's bedroom. Christina is inside, singing.

CHRISTINA

*She had rings on her fingers and
Bells on her shoes And I knew
without asking she was Into the
blues She wore scarlet begonias
Tucked into her curls I knew right
away She was not like other girls
Other girls...*

Katie continues on her way to the other side of the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT COURTYARD - NIGHT

Rachel is smoking her blunt. Someone walks by, but she doesn't say anything. She sits in the silence, inhaling deeply, holding the smoke in till she can't.

She is anxious.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - SOON AFTER

Katie is cleaning dishes.

KATIE

Rachel.

Rachel quickly passes and shuts the bathroom door behind her.

Katie dries her hands and waits until Rachel emerges.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Rachel...

Rachel continues to her room.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Can I say something? Can you just
wait one moment?

RACHEL

Not interested.

KATIE

I haven't said anything.

RACHEL

Not interested in whatever you want to say.

KATIE

Well, I am trying to say—

RACHEL

Here's the thing. We don't need to say anything to each other. There's nothing to be said, nothing I want to hear. You do what you need to while you are here, afterwards that will be it. We won't have anything to do with each other. We can just stay out of each others way till then.

KATIE

That's not very practical, nor is that really what I think is right.

RACHEL

This isn't about you.

KATIE

That's right, it's not about either of us. It's about our father.

RACHEL

Oh, our father? That's funny.

KATIE

Why?

RACHEL

Because you only call him "our father" when you want something from me. Usually, you say "my father".

KATIE

Don't be ridiculous.

Christina enters.

CHRISTINA

What's going on here?

KATIE

Well, I was trying to apologize to her, but—

RACHEL
Fuck your apology. For real.

Rachel enters her bedroom and slams its door closed.

KATIE
Nice. Nice. You slam the door when
he's dying next door. You're a
fucking spoiled bitch!

Katie yanks Rachel's door open.

RACHEL
What the fuck are you doing? Are
you—

CHRISTINA
Wait. Wait! No—

Rachel grabs the door from Katie, who blocks it with a foot.

RACHEL
You have no idea. I will fucking
destroy you—

Christina gets between them.

KATIE
You'll do what? You'll destroy me?
You're a fucking punk. That's it.
You are a cheap—

RACHEL
Christina. You need to do something
about this bitch, 'cause in about
five seconds—

KATIE
You're not going to do shit. Bring
it on! You're a fucking coward. A
leeching, broke ass, live at home —

Christina attempts to push Katie out of the room, but can't stop Katie from shoving Rachel. Rachel pushes back, and Christina is caught between the two, bouncing back and forth and being squeezed.

CHRISTINA
Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!!

She SCREAMS. Katie and Rachel pause, confused.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

I hate you both. You're both
fucking assholes. You're little
fucking kids.

Christina storms off.

KATIE

Christina! Where are you going?

Christina grabs her jacket and exits the apartment.

Rachel and Katie watch her leave, then face each other, still
heated. They split apart, and Rachel shuts her bedroom door
with force. Katie spins back, ready to fight.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - SOON AFTER - LATE NIGHT

Katie is texting. A packed suitcase close by her.

Christina enters the apartment.

KATIE

Hey.

CHRISTINA

Hey.

KATIE

I just left his room to pack. He's
doing ok.

CHRISTINA

Why did you pack?

KATIE

I think I should head home for a
bit.

CHRISTINA

It's late.

KATIE

It will be fine. I think it would
do good if I leave. If something
changes, just let me know and I'll
come back.

CHRISTINA

Something is going to change. You
know that.

Katie takes a moment.

KATIE

Christina, I don't know what you want of me. Clearly there is an issue with the three of us. I didn't even know it was between us. Regardless, she lives here, you live far away, it makes sense for me to be the one to step out for a while.

Christina shakes her head.

CHRISTINA

He is going to die, and you will not be here. And you will never forgive me. I am sorry. I don't want you to leave. I want you to stay. I want the three of us to figure something out. Some way, that we can do what we can to get along. At least for now.

KATIE

I thought we were just fine. You and I. That was a surprise.

CHRISTINA

Katie. I was mad. I got angry. Allow me to say things. I was scared.

The sisters look at each other.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Let's sit down. All three of us. We can leave the door open, we will hear if something is happening.

KATIE

I don't know.

Christina waits.

KATIE (CONT'D)

You know he's going to die while we are talking.

CHRISTINA

I don't think so. Especially if he
can hear that we're all talking,
together.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The father's door is open. Beeping sounds fill the hall. The
oxygen machine rises and falls with each breath.

Katie sits in a chair. Christina in another. Rachel's space
is empty.

They wait.

KATIE

I don't think she's going to join.

Christina does.

Rachel's door opens. She pauses at the sight of her sisters.
She is still angry.

CHRISTINA

Hey.

RACHEL

Hey.

Rachel and Katie don't look at each other.

CHRISTINA

Katie has been working on dad's
obituary.

RACHEL

Okay.

CHRISTINA

She was reading it to me earlier.

Silence follows. Christina presses on.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

And hearing what she wrote, it made
me think that we each have very
different stories. Who he is, who
he was, to each of us. We were all
raised by him, but at different
times. We had different lives, even
if it was in the same home.

(MORE)

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

I mean, both of you had moved out before I was even a teenager. It makes sense that we are different.

Christina takes the silence as a reason to continue.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for what I said earlier. I don't hate either of you. I don't think you are both assholes. I was mad, I was scared. It's everything I did not want to happen. I apologize.

RACHEL

Shit. Whatever. That wasn't the problem. I mean, it's all good. No need to apologize, but apology accepted.

Silence.

KATIE

Yeah, it's fine, Christina. Apology accepted. Of course. I apologize you got caught between things.

More silence. Rachel fidgets, on the verge of leaving.

Christina is not content with her sisters' responses.

CHRISTINA

Well, I-

KATIE

I was trying to say sorry too. Earlier. Before things went out of hand.

RACHEL

Yeah, sorry for what?

KATIE

For one thing, criticizing you about the apples being in there. I hadn't known they were for dad. I'm sorry, I wish I did.

RACHEL

And that makes all the difference? The apples tells you all you need to know?

KATIE

It was one thing. It was a thing,
that I assumed incorrectly.

RACHEL

Anything else?

KATIE

Sure.

Rachel waits.

KATIE (CONT'D)

From the beginning I've understood
I was in your place.

RACHEL

That's bullshit. This is your place
too. You know it, I know it.

KATIE

But you live here. You are on the
lease.

RACHEL

That's the second time you
mentioned this lease shit. What is
that? What are you trying to say?

She looks at Christina.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

And you brought it up too. Outside.
What's up with this?

KATIE

Nothing. Just the facts. When he
dies, this becomes your place.

RACHEL

Do you think that's what I want?
That I give a shit about the place?

CHRISTINA

Let's keep our voices down, we need
to be able to hear his room. I
don't believe we were trying to
imply anything other than what's
understood.

RACHEL

Understood?

KATIE

C'mon, Rachel, of course you care about him. But this place is a good deal, let's be truthful about it. No one has rent like this in this city. I mean just about. It doesn't exist. This is good, I'm happy for you. I want you to have it.

RACHEL

Well then fuck it. I don't want it. Now what?

KATIE

Don't be silly. Why would you leave?

RACHEL

Because then we are done with each other, and this shit is a wrap.

KATIE

This doesn't make any sense. Christina, can you explain what this is all about?

CHRISTINA

I'm not sur-

RACHEL

Don't play fucking dumb.

KATIE

Fuck you-

CHRISTINA

Hey. Hey. Everyone stop.

They do what she says.

In the quiet, they listen to the beeping. It's steady, everything sounds fine. Christina gets up and goes to the room to make sure.

She returns to her seat.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Everything is okay.

After more silence.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

I think, what Rachel is asking, is what connects us, after he's gone?

RACHEL

Not us. You two is clear. And I get it with you, Christina. You live thousands of miles away. You got a kid, probably gonna pop out a bunch more. You got your life. This city ain't your thing, I get it.

CHRISTINA

So you only care about your relationship with Katie?

RACHEL

Oh, fuck no. You, at least, act like we have something more in common.

CHRISTINA

See, see, this is what I was trying to say. We each have our story, but we don't know the others. We assume we do, but maybe, just maybe before I "pop" out some more kids -which is fucking disgusting by the way-

RACHEL

It's true!

CHRISTINA

Nothing pops. There is no popping. That's not the way it is.

RACHEL

Okay, whatever. Looks like popping to me.

CHRISTINA

-before I choose to grow my family...if I choose to...there are things that I was hoping to do.

RACHEL

Yeah, like what? What do you possibly need to do? Your life is perfect, I know it, everyone knows it, you let everyone know.

CHRISTINA

Is that what you think? Is that what you think I'm saying when I show pictures of Mirabella or talk about my life?

Christina looks to Katie, who doesn't respond how she hopes.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Katie? Is that what it comes off
as, to you?

Katie clears her throat.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Well. Damn it. For real. Damn it.
That's not at all what I've
meant... That's not what...

RACHEL

I'm sorry. Look, I really didn't
mean to say anything to hurt you. I
thought it was kinda obvious. I
mean, I never hear you complain
about anything. I guess Mirabella
won't eat green vegetables? But
hey, maybe that's just me. Forget
what I said. What was it you're
hoping to do, before having more
kids?

CHRISTINA

I was. I was hoping. I was hoping
to...form a relationship with you
for one thing.

RACHEL

Ah, Christina. That's sweet. Nah,
that is. But, I kinda thought we
had a relationship...

CHRISTINA

No, a real one.

RACHEL

...and it is what it is. Look,
let's just forget it. We're just
different types of people. You and
Katie, I mean, you both share
blood. You have the same mother.

KATIE

And father.

RACHEL

Well, duh. I know that. But he's my
dad too. That's what I'm saying.

Katie doesn't say anything.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

He's my dad too. Just as much as he is both of yours.

KATIE

But you also had another dad.

RACHEL

Who I never fucking knew. Who died when I was four fucking years old.

KATIE

But he was still your father. And when he was, Vincent was ours.

RACHEL

Okay, here it is. This is what this is all about. I. Did. Not. Have. A. Father. Before him. What part of that do you not understand? He's been daddy to me. That's my dad, over there. In here. Fucking dying. That is my dad. That's my dad.

KATIE

I know, I know. I'm not saying he's not.

Katie is about to continue when Christina puts up a hand.

The sound of the beeping. Steady. The machine rising and falling with each breath.

CHRISTINA

Just because I don't complain, doesn't mean I don't have issues.

Rachel gets out of her chair.

RACHEL

I've been here for him, not for this stupid place.

Rachel goes to her room. Katie looks to Christina to commiserate, but she won't.

Christina gets up and goes to her room.

Katie is left alone.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT – EARLY MORNING

Christina has found a corner for her yoga mat.

Katie, coming from their father's room, enters holding a mug.

KATIE

I think I actually found someone to come over. A doctor. To get that form signed.

CHRISTINA

That's good.

KATIE

I'm sorry, you're stretching.

CHRISTINA

No, it's fine. I was finishing.

KATIE

Do you want some coffee?

CHRISTINA

Sure.

Katie returns from the kitchen with second cup.

KATIE

The thing is getting dad to appear with it, when the doctor's here.

CHRISTINA

Yeah, that may be tricky. He really didn't say anything to me last night. Mumbled a few times, but nothing I understood.

KATIE

Same. Do you think it would be wrong to give him coffee? Ok, maybe not. We just need one more window of clarity. That's it. One last one. I know he has it in him.

CHRISTINA

The coffee is good, thank you.

The two drink.

KATIE

I'm sorry about last night. It got out of hand.

CHRISTINA

Me too.

Silence.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

There's something I realized yesterday. After we all spoke together. It's silly. I mean, it's obvious, I should have realized it years ago, but didn't. For whatever reason.

It's an overcast day outside.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Her mother died. And so did ours.

Christina takes a moment.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

It's something else we have in common. Besides dad. We never talked about it, when it happened to her. I mean, I didn't.

KATIE

You were young.

CHRISTINA

We all were. Probably too young to talk about it, in any real way.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM/STORAGE - MORNING

Katie peeks in, and speaks in their childhood secret language:

KATIE

The doitug-ctor is heitug-re, can you see whitug-at yitherg-ou citherg-an do to githerg-et ditherg-ad awitug-ake whitug-ile I stitug-all hitherg-im from enitug-teitug-ring?

Christina puts down the box of storage she was looking through, and heads towards their father's room.

KATIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
How about some coffee, just made
more. No? We have water and juice
as well. Means a lot that you came,
I can't tell you how difficult it
was to find someone. Busy, busy
city. House calls thing of the past
I guess, right?

EXT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME - MORNING

Rachel has her door cracked open, but doesn't step out till
she hears Katie and the doctor join her sister in their
father's room.

KATIE (O.S.)
Dad. Dad! How are you doing?

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Rachel finds an apple deep in the back of the fridge.

INT. APARTMENT - DINING ROOM AREA - MOMENTS LATER

In the dining room, Rachel finds the notepad that Katie has
been writing their father's obituary in, and reads it.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM AREA - SOON AFTER/MORNING

Katie is on the phone.

KATIE
Well, that was nothing to get
worked up about. He basically just
needed a pulse, the doctor could
care less. Five hundred and fifty
dollars, in and out ten minutes.
Must be a nice life. But, yeah, at
least it's done.

She suddenly becomes upset by what she is hearing.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Well, tell her she has to. It's not
something up for debate. This can't
be this thing where I'm the bad
person. I'm the mean mother. Things
are hard enough here.
(MORE)

KATIE (CONT'D)

I'm like that here. I don't get it.
I don't understand how I became
that person to everyone. It's not
fair, it's not who I am. No one
gives me space to be anything else.

Katie spots Rachel outside through the window, way down below
on the sidewalk. She's excitedly petting someones dog.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Nothing, forget it, okay. Let Tracy
do whatever she wants. It's out of
my hands. Let's talk later.

Katie hangs up, remains by the window, and watches Rachel.

EXT. APARTMENT - SAME TIME - MORNING

The dog Rachel is playing with is huge.

RACHEL

Oh he loves me. I love you too
little doggy. You're just a great
little big beast. Fucking
slobbering little cute thing. Damn,
that's a good dog you got. Eats
like a horse, I bet.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. SMOKE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

RACHEL

That's right. You got it.

The clerk is handing her blunt paper.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You should open earlier, you know
that? What is this ten a.m.
bullshit? I swear, this
neighborhood is going to shit. I
should open up my own blunt store,
24 hours, no bullshit, just here's
your shit and get the fuck out of
here. Fucking wholesale. Ha, just
play-

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT – LATE MORNING

Rachel is entering her bedroom.

KATIE

Rachel!

She finds her sisters sitting with Angel. They wave her over.

ANGEL

Morning.

RACHEL

Hello.

ANGEL

How you doing?

Rachel nods.

RACHEL

Can't complain.

ANGEL

That's good, that's good. I just came out from seeing your father. You were able to get that DNR form signed, I see.

KATIE

Yes. Yes. A doctor came this morning.

ANGEL

And he was able to sign? I mean he was aware of what's going on?

KATIE

Yes.

ANGEL

That's. That's a surprise. I mean, that's good. But what I was just about to say to your sisters, is –I know this is hard to hear– but I'd be very surprised if your father is conscious again. Thankfully...he appears to be comfortable.

Angel pauses for any questions.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

In terms of what happens after, both Mirabella and I will be here as soon as we possibly can, and handle as much as we can. There are certain things that we won't be able to answer though. Exactly when you realize he's passed. If you could try to note it. And of course, you know, it does not need to be to the second. We understand that. Pick a minute in the time frame, once you are able. Maybe decide between the three of you who will do what, who will make calls, who will document. You will need each other. It's good that there is three of you.

KATIE

I feel like you are saying this is it. Like we are here now. At the end.

RACHEL

Wasn't that yesterday? I mean, no offense, but for real, we know he's dying. Like, we get it. You say you can't say when, but then come here and tell us this is it every day. I'm not speaking for them, but it's kind of wearing on me, y'know?

KATIE

It's a lot. It's been a lot of "time to say goodbye".

RACHEL

It was definitely yesterday.

KATIE

And today.

Rachel and Katie's eyes connect with mutual amusement.

ANGEL

I'm sorry if I've come off as alarmist. That's definitely not my intention. It's just, that, things have been ending. That's why I am here.

CHRISTINA

We know. You've been great. Trust me, we are grateful. It was a late night.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT – SOON AFTER

Christina walks Angel to the door, Katie and Rachel remain at the dinner table.

RACHEL

I couldn't help it. The dude is here every day saying he's going to die. Bad enough as it is, but he's dramatic as fuck.

KATIE

I know, I know.

RACHEL

I'm high, so what do I know?

KATIE

I don't know. I'm just tired. But it's true.

RACHEL

Good morning, your dad's dying, may I have some coffee?

Katie laughs.

CHRISTINA (O.C.)

What's wrong with you two?

Christina, having just entered the room, stops at the doorway.

RACHEL

I'm sorry. I should keep my mouth closed.

CHRISTINA

No, you're right. He should switch it up, just for a bit. Say he should be juggling soon just to see if we are listening.

RACHEL

Juggling?

CHRISTINA
Something random. Anything.

RACHEL
Juggling?! Why juggling? Dad
doesn't know how to juggle.

KATIE
He could do that thing where the
quarter disappears.

RACHEL
Oh yeah.

CHRISTINA
Okay, so—

RACHEL
Yeah. Your dad should be
disappearing a quarter anytime
soon. I like that. That makes sense
to me.

KATIE
You're stoned. But yeah. I agree.

CHRISTINA
Are you going to go in there?

Rachel sobers suddenly.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
If you want. I'm not pushing you.
But if you want, and want to be
there with us, or without us, I
hope you'll say.

Rachel doesn't respond.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Well, I'm going in there. I'll call
if anything happens. If a quarter
begins to disappear.

Christina leaves, Rachel and Katie remain seated.

KATIE
I'm not planning on our
relationship just ending when he's
gone.

RACHEL
Yeah, what relationship is that?

KATIE

Well. What do you want it to be?

Rachel forces a laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT – LIVING ROOM AREA – AFTERNOON

Katie sits at the couch, furiously texting. Eventually she calls, gets voicemail.

KATIE

No, you pick up the phone. Tracy-

She hangs up and returns to texting. Her phone rings.

KATIE (CONT'D)

I don't care that you are at lunch,
if you don't want to talk before
school, this is what happens.
Tracy, Tracy, listen to me. I need
you to stop, and hear me...

From Rachel's room is the sound of the TV.

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM – SAME TIME

Rachel is casually watching a game on her television.

A broken plate is on the floor near her. Whether it happened recently, or last night during the scuffle, is unclear.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT – SOON AFTER

Rachel exits her bedroom. Katie hears, and turns away.

KATIE

-do not do that. Tracy, I am asking
you to not-

Rachel stops in front of her father's bedroom. She can hear Christina reading inside.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Trac-

Tracy has hung up on her. Katie furious, calls back.

The sound of Rachel leaving the apartment causes Katie to stop what she is doing, and give up.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN – SOON AFTER

Katie sweeps up a mug that has just broken. Christina is behind her, digging through the fridge.

KATIE

Are you sure you don't want half,
at least?

CHRISTINA

No, I'm really not hungry.

She pulls out some juice from the fridge. A copy of the "Do Not Resuscitate" form has been taped to its door.

Christina pours herself a glass.

KATIE

I know it's weird, but it says to
do that.

CHRISTINA

It's fine.

KATIE

Really, I can't make you anything?
I'm hungry all the time here.

CHRISTINA

Truly. Maybe later.

KATIE

Do you want a break? I can go in
and sit with him, if you'd like.

CHRISTINA

I'm fine. Do you want to be in
there? Of course, we can be there
together. It's fine. I'm just
reading to him.

KATIE

No, no. You stay. There's things I
can do. Do you know where Rachel
went to?

Christina fills her glass with water and shakes her head no.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Christina walks to her father's room. But, instead of entering, she continues to the opposite end of the apartment.

She takes a seat in a chair, out of Katie's view.

KATIE (O.C.)
Christina?

Katie can be heard knocking quietly on their father's door before opening it. Christina gets out of her seat.

CHRISTINA
Hey.

KATIE
Oh. Oh, you're over there.

CHRISTINA
Yes, just on my way. Was taking a moment. What's up?

KATIE
Nothing. Take the moment. Everything is fine.

Christina sits down.

Katie unsurely lingers. Then leaves.

Rachel enters the apartment carrying a plastic bag. She immediately spots Christina.

RACHEL
He's gone?

Christina stands up.

CHRISTINA
No, not at all. We would have called you if something like that happened.

RACHEL
I don't know. It's just weird, you sitting there.

CHRISTINA
Katie's making food. If you want.

RACHEL
Yeah. Shit feels pretty weird in here.

CHRISTINA

Just hanging out for a moment
before going back to dad.

RACHEL

Okay. I need to go check scores. I
placed a six-team parlay. Shit
ain't gonna hit, but who knows.

Rachel starts to leave.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You okay?

CHRISTINA

I'm fine.

RACHEL

Okay. Here. Here, take this.

Rachel hands her an ice tea from the bag she holds, then
walks quickly away. It was the only thing in it.

CHRISTINA

Thank you.

RACHEL (O.C.)

Yup. No worries.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Rachel pauses in front of her father's room. She looks down
both ends of the hallway, no one is watching.

She pushes the door open just enough to look in.

RACHEL

Hey Poppa.

She knows he won't answer, but waits regardless.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

We have the Clippers at +125, Bills
-200, Titans -145, Vikings -900,
Mets -115, and, uh, Eagles -220.
Twenty to win seven twenty four and
some change. Crazy, right?

She gently closes the door before continuing on to her room.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT – ENTRANCE – SAME TIME – NIGHT

Katie is greeting the nurse.

KATIE

Good to see you, come in, come in.

The nurse does.

NURSE

How is he? How is your father?

Katie nods.

KATIE

He's... He's hanging in there!
Still with us.

They walk to his door.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Can I get you some food? I made
soup. No? How about some coffee?
Okay. Well, just let me know if you
change your mind. I made way too
much.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT – LIVING ROOM AREA – NIGHT

Christina is on the phone.

CHRISTINA

You're going in the bath. How fun!
Yes, with ducky. Who else?
Bubbles?! What a good daddy. Splash
some water for me too, okay?

She takes a seat as her husband gets on the phone.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Hey... Hey! You're in the middle of
things. Of course, just call me
when you get a minute. Nothing.
Nothing. Everything is fine. Just
want to say hi. Just homesick. Will
do, thanks. Yes. Love you too. Talk
then.

Christina hangs up, remains seated. She looks at her phone,
scrolls, presses a button:

CHRISTINA'S PHONE
Breathe in. Hold. Breathe out.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT COURTYARD – NIGHT

Rachel is on her bench, lighting a blunt.

VICTOR (O.S.)
How you doing Rachel?

RACHEL
Doing okay.

VICTOR (O.S.)
How's your dad doing?

She exhales smoke for a long time.

RACHEL
Hanging in. Still here.

VICTOR (O.S.)
That's good.

RACHEL
Yup. Thanks.

VICTOR (O.S.)
You know what I'm supposed to be
telling you, right? About smoking
out here? Let's just say that I
did, okay?

RACHEL
Yup, yup. Thanks.

Victor leaves and Rachel continues to smoke in peace.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT – LIVING ROOM AREA – SOON AFTER

Christina is stretching on her yoga mat.

Katie is at the dinner table, notepad and pen in hand.

KATIE
How many times a day do you do
that?

CHRISTINA

Just when I can. I usually don't have the time. But it helps. Want to join me?

KATIE

Thanks. Maybe I'll start when the kids are older. Out of the house. I'm struggling with writing this.

CHRISTINA

I think you should ask Rachel.

KATIE

Really?

Christina doesn't answer. Katie goes to Rachel's room, knocks.

Rachel opens the door.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Are you busy?

Rachel waits for her to continue.

KATIE (CONT'D)

I'm trying to write this thing. His obituary, and was hoping you could help with it.

RACHEL

I don't really know anything about writing those things.

KATIE

Me neither.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - DINING ROOM AREA - SOON AFTER

KATIE

...Vincent was proud to work for The Department of Citywide Administrative Services. After thirty-two years, he retired as a senior supervisor, beloved by his colleagues. Vincent will be remembered for his dedication to his family and friends, his welcoming spirit, warm wit, and an unwavering love for the Jets.

She looks up at Rachel, who sits across from her at the table. In the far corner —the living room area— Christina lays on her yoga mat in a baby pose.

RACHEL

That's it?

KATIE

So far. And I know it all sounds so...dry. But I'm not sure how to sum up his life in just a few words.

RACHEL

Seems like a pretty good job so far. I'm not sure who reads those things anyway. I don't. If you knew the person, you knew the person.

KATIE

It's more a record. Just to have. Like saying "this person existed", in case anyone wants to know.

RACHEL

I'm gonna put my money that you could write anything and no one's going to notice.

Christina rolls up her mat and goes to get a glass of water.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Married a couple crazy bitches, raised a few crazy bitches.

KATIE

Thanks.

RACHEL

Ok, serious. Let's see... Vincent... Vincent loves the Jets.

KATIE

Yeah. Got that.

RACHEL

He loves to laugh at stupid shit. He likes old movies. He listens to records. He'd call in on news radio sometimes and get into it. He can get crazy mad, start yelling about things, then forget about what.

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

He doesn't give a fuck about a lot of things you shouldn't give a fuck about.

Katie finishes writing down her words. Christina enters from the kitchen, and stands nearby, finishing her glass of water.

KATIE

..."doesn't give a fuck about a lot of things you shouldn't"... Well, that's true.

RACHEL

Everything I just said was true.

KATIE

I know. And it's more interesting than what I wrote, but in the end, it's a list too.

RACHEL

I tried.

CHRISTINA

One day, this is after Sarah passed, and Katie, you just left for college, or it was the summer before, but you weren't in the city, and Rachel, you were spending a lot of nights out, so it wasn't that uncommon that dad and I found each other in the home alone together at night. I didn't need much help with school work, and you know, he was still mourning, but we'd watch a film together sometimes after dinner. Or a TV show. This is a time I still think about a lot. It was...calm. Well, one night, he got really upset by what we were watching. I don't know what it was other than someone was dying in it. He wanted to explain to me that the death we were watching in the film had no relationship to how it really was in life. How movies and books and everything else that tried to show death, got it wrong. That the act itself, of putting it into words, into images, is where it all went wrong. A big lie, like the thing we were watching.

(MORE)

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

That...that—if I can remember—the only way to sum up a person's life, the only way to put things in perspective, what they did, who they were, how they loved and were loved was—

The nurse enters the room suddenly. All three sisters jump.

KATIE

What's wrong?!

The nurse is startled.

NURSE

No, no. He is sleeping. It is just time for me to leave.

It takes a moment for the sisters to relax.

The nurse leaves to gather her things.

RACHEL

That was crazy. I was sure something happened.

KATIE

Me too. This is crazy. I mean, we are all just on edge. It feels so wrong.

CHRISTINA

I'll go see her off.

RACHEL

No, wait a sec. You can't leave us just like that. You were about to say what dad said, about dying.

CHRISTINA

Oh. Just, the only way to communicate how death truly feels, is through absence. Everything else is fantasy.

Christina leaves, Rachel and Katie remain.

RACHEL

So, basically don't write anything.

KATIE

I think what he was saying is, we won't really know who he was till after.

(MORE)

KATIE (CONT'D)

But, I think I know who people are when they are still living, right?

RACHEL

Yeah, kinda.

Katie doesn't understand.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Well, like who they are right now. It's not my business, but I hear you and Tracy going at it. But that's just who she is right now, as a teenager. You know that. I think Pops was talking the whole thing, like all of it. All the different times, different people we can be. Y'know, for it all.

KATIE

Yeah. That's easy to forget. With Tracy. It feels like she will be like this forever.

She has been clearly softened by Rachel's words.

RACHEL

I mean, she may be still spoiled when she gets older, but you know, a different spoiled.

Rachel smiles.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I'm just playing.

KATIE

Yes. I know.

Katie puts her pen down.

KATIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I wasn't here more. To help you. I know it was a lot.

RACHEL

It was fine. I liked it. But thanks.

KATIE

And I hope you don't leave this place.

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Christina stands nearby, listening.

INT. APARTMENT - DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

RACHEL

Why?

Christina enters the room.

KATIE

Because I want to keep the
apartment in the family.

Rachel studies Katie, then Christina.

CHRISTINA

Do you want to go in there?
Together? Right now?

Rachel stays still.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

It's okay. Let's do it.

She puts a hand out towards Rachel.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - SOON AFTER/NIGHT

The house is still. The father's door is cracked open. Beeps
and the sound of assisted breathing echo.

Whispering. Some laughter.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Aw daddy. It's me.

A kiss.

The sound of rustling.

Mumbling.

KATIE (O.S.)

What's that? Dad? I don't
understand. You want me to move
you? Please say it again.

CHRISTINA (O.S.)
I can...you...ok, hold up-

RACHEL (O.S.)
I think dad wants to sit up.

More mumbling.

KATIE (O.S.)
Really? Are you sure?

RACHEL (O.S.)
I'll get it.

Rachel rushes out of the bedroom towards the apartment door.

KATIE (O.S.)
Are you sure dad? Christina, grab
his waist. I think if we can get
him in the chair, we can move
everything together.

Rachel returns carrying a folded wheelchair.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - SOON AFTER

With each sister giving directions, the family emerges into the living room. Christina leads the way, rolling the breathing machine forward, which is attached to their father VINCENT, who follows in his wheelchair, which Rachel pushes. Katie trails with the heart monitor, also still attached.

Vincent makes a motion.

CHRISTINA
I think he wants to sit in his
chair?

KATIE
In? Is that wise? What if we need
to move him suddenly?

CHRISTINA
To what?

With a lot of coordination, they get their father into his chair while still connected to his machines.

Vincent attempts to say something.

KATIE
What's that, dad?

She leans in.

KATIE (CONT'D)
I don't understand. Someone else
try.

RACHEL
What's up, Pops? It sure is good to
see you back in your chair.

He mumbles a response.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Pillow? I think—he wants his pillow
for his back. It's in my room. On
my bed, against the wall.

Christina trades looks with Katie before retrieving it.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Here you go daddy. Look at you.
Back in charge. Just like that.
Knew you weren't down yet.

KATIE
What do we do? I don't think he's
supposed to eat anything.

CHRISTINA
He's not asking for food. I don't
think so, at least.

RACHEL
We just hang out with him. We could
watch a movie, or a game, if he
wants. Dad, Titans blew our parlay,
but we can still catch the Bills if
you want.

Katie takes pictures with her phone. Christina places a
blanket on Vincent's lap and buttons his pajamas. One button
drops into her palm. She studies it curiously.

Vincent studies his daughters as they kiss his cheek, his
forehead, his hand. It quickly becomes overwhelming.

VINCENT
Everyone...

The three sisters freeze.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Please. Just...

They are stunned.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
I'm fine. Everyone. Please. Stop.

This is more coherence than they have heard for a while.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
I...this machine...these
machines...the sound...

Vincent YANKS the breathing tube out of his nostril.

KATIE
Wait! You can't—!

He has.

VINCENT
Off! Off!

Vincent SHOVES the machine onto to the ground and it stops working. Next, he pulls out the morphine drip from his arm, and pushes the machine over as well.

All three daughters cry out in shock.

No more beeping, no more machines.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Ahh..

Vincent relaxes.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
For fuck's sake.

His speaking is still labored, but he's gaining strength.

RACHEL
Dad...

He moves to get out of his chair.

CHRISTINA
Wait, dad. I don't think...

With trembling arms, Vincent lifts himself out of the chair. They all attempt to help him.

VINCENT

No! No, let me do it. I
still...have...more left...in me.

He's on his feet. It takes a moment before he gets his balance, and Katie reaches out again. He waves her hand away.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Just give me a minute.

He takes a step, then turns back to face his daughters.

He takes another step, now more confident.

Vincent disappears into the kitchen.

VINCENT (O.C.) (CONT'D)

"Do Not Resuscitate". Nice.

Sound of the fridge being opened, a bottle cap popped. Vincent emerges with a beer in his hand.

CHRISTINA

Dad...

VINCENT

Ok, enough with the shocked looks.
I've been in bed for how long now?

Vincent walks to the table, sees the notepad with the draft of his obituary.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Katie. I mean, it's nice, and I
thank you for trying, but first
off-

He scratches something off.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Rachel is your sister. She is my
daughter. I didn't raise her "like
my own". She is my own. If blood
had an influence on us, you would
have had a very different father.
You would have had a dad like my
dad. My dad was a fucking jerk, you
know that. We were related, but he
was no father.

Vincent looks at Katie.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

You have no idea how much Rachel cares about you, how much you mean to her. When you moved out, and went to college, I've never seen her so sad. Well, only when her mother was sick and left us. I kept waiting for the day for you both to realize why you fight so much. How similar you are.

Vincent looks out a window, onto the city.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I want you all to try, when I'm gone. I know that a better relationship is possible. You will be connected after I'm gone. Even more so, because of it. I just know it.

He faces his daughters.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Christina. Christina. I know you didn't have it right. I heard what you said about that time, when we'd watch movies together. But that was the only time. I never gave it to you, and no one else really did either. I can't tell you how sorry I am. You just...you just...from the moment you could walk didn't seem to need anyone. That you were fine, and could be left alone. And then, when your mother passed, you seemed okay, too. I should have realized that's not possible, that you were hurting just as much, but I was in so much pain I couldn't see. And then, I fell in love again, and then... That girl of yours will not be left wanting. I watch you with that love of yours for her, for David, for whoever is going to join you next if you choose to have more, and I thank you. I thank you for doing better than me. For doing more.

Vincent turns back to the window.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Damn, I love this city. I marvel at it. Like the roaches and the weeds, somehow, we keep making it through. I sure will miss the ghosts and memories I have on every block. I guess I'll be one soon enough.

Vincent picks up a quarter.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

A couple last things before I make this disappear. And by the way, I can juggle, or I could, a bit when I was young. I think so, at least.

He is now light on his toes, like a dancer.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

There was one other real, true love besides your mothers. This love happened when I was very young, the summer I went into the Coast Guard. Her name was Bliss. I know, but it's not so uncommon in Ireland, and she was Irish, from Queens. And like all of you, like your mothers, she could handle herself. But I'd never met anyone like Bliss before. She was interested in more things than anyone I had ever met till then. Maybe since then. She found life, the world, people interesting, and it was intoxicating to be around. I couldn't get enough. I wanted to see like her. I aimed to see like her. And then I went away, and by the time I got out, our letters had stopped, and the way life can, things just drifted apart. In fact, we didn't see or run into each other again except for one time, each in our own group, passing each other on the street. It was so brief, and when I grabbed her arm and said hello, she said "You still remember me!" I said "Yes, of course, you changed my life." That made her smile. But if there was any guilt I have, it's that maybe I could have expressed myself better.

(MORE)

VINCENT (CONT'D)

There's no big lesson here, we know we each will die with at least one regret. It's just a love, that I want you to know about. Something that fundamentally changed me. Made me who I am, who I...

Vincent sees something that makes him stop mid-sentence.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

...who I...

Vincent is staring at-

CUT TO:

himself, in his chair, plugged into his medical equipment.

Every word spoken, every step taken, has been a fantasy of his.

His breathing has just stopped. The beeps flatline.

His three daughters cry out before him.

KATIE

Dad!

RACHEL

Daddy!

CHRISTINA

Dad!

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Vincent's chair is empty.

The sisters sit on the sofa across from it, close together.

With no more beeping, the house has never been so quiet. People have come and gone. Paperwork is on the table. Vincent's body has been taken away.

Christina stands up and approaches the chair, her sisters watching. She feels the grooves in the arm rests, then takes a seat in it.

From here, Christina sees the love her sisters look at her with.

She gets out of the chair and returns to them.

Katie stands up. Takes the seat. Gets up out of it, hesitates, and sits back down.

KATIE

Dad is gone.

Katie takes her place on the sofa. They wait for Rachel.

Finally, Rachel takes her turn in the chair.

She returns to her sisters just as quickly. The three study the chair as if it may come to life itself.

Christina grabs Katie's arm and Rachel's hand.

They are intertwined. The chair stares back.

CHRISTINA (O.C.)

*Five little ducks went out one day
Over the hills and far away
Mother duck said, "Quack, quack,
quack, quack"
Only four little ducks came back.*

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

Coffee is percolating.

Christina is packing.

Rachel lays awake in bed.

Katie is at the table, working on Vincent's obituary. She looks up at Rachel emerging from her room.

Christina enters.

Christina hugs Rachel.

Katie stops writing.

Katie and Christina hug.

CHRISTINA (V.O.)

*Four little ducks went out one day
Over the hills and far away
Mother duck said, "Quack, quack,
quack, quack"
Only three little ducks came back.*

Christina, suitcase in hand, turns back before exiting the apartment. Then, she's gone.

JUMP CUT TO:

Katie places food into plastic containers, then into the fridge.

She tears the "DNR" form off the refrigerator's door.

Katie, suitcase by her side, is texting on her phone.

Katie hugs Rachel. She then puts on her sunglasses before leaving, and they are just like the pair Audrey Hepburn wears in the poster on Rachel's wall.

CHRISTINA (V.O.)

*Three little ducks went out one day
Over the hills and far away
Mother duck said, "Quack, quack,
quack, quack"
Only two little ducks came back.*

JUMP CUT TO:

A game is on the living room TV.

Rachel sits nearby, watching, rolling a blunt.

The kitchen has been cleaned. Katie is also gone.

Rachel turns the TV off.

She looks over at the place. It's quiet. It's hers.

She flicks her lighter.

CHRISTINA (V.O.)

*Two little ducks went out one day
Over the hills and far away
Mother duck said, "Quack, quack,
quack, quack"
Only one little duck came back.*

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT COURTYARD – SOON AFTER

Rachel is on her bench. She lights the blunt.

VICTOR (O.C.)

How you doing, Rach?

She sees who it is.

VICTOR (O.C.) (CONT'D)
I heard the news. I'm sorry. You
hanging in there okay?

She takes a deep draw.

RACHEL
Yeah, I'm doing ok. Thanks, Victor.

He walks away, leaving Rachel alone.

CHRISTINA (V.O.)
*One little duck went out one day
Over the hills and far away
Mother duck said, "Quack, quack,
quack, quack"
None of those ducks came back.*

Rachel exhales and watches the smoke drift above.

CHRISTINA (V.O.)
*Sad mother duck went out one day,
Over the hills and far away-*

RACHEL (V.O.)
But then daddy duck went out and
said, hey listen! "Beep, beep,
beep, beeeeeeeeeeeep"!

KATIE (V.O.)
And all his crazy little ducks came
back.

Sound of all three daughters laughing.

HIS THREE DAUGHTERS