

OLD PEOPLE

by

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Some time in the near future hovering above the City of Tallahassee, FL. On ascent, a suburban neighborhood comes into view. Houses need roofs, pools are filled with trash, lawns are waist high with weeds. No vehicles travel the streets.

EXT. A SUBURBAN BACKYARD - DAY

Once a beautiful garden, the fenced backyard of this suburban home is now an unkept mess.

Toby, a short roundish man of eighty, hatchet in hand, breathlessly chases a chicken. Each time Toby attempts to grab her, HELEN, the chicken, SCREAMS and escapes.

TOBY

Helen, ma coco. Cooperate with Papa.

JANET ROBERTS, a towering full figured woman in her late seventies appears on the deck. Like her husband, she is breathless; unlike her husband, Janet is low keyed and understated.

JANET

Toby, I need Helen. Now.

TOBY

She never ran from me before. Come to me, mon ange.

He dives at Helen who quickly evades him with a SCREAM.

TOBY

She knows, Janet! She knows!

JANET

Put the hatchet down before you kill yourself and try not to frighten the dear thing. You grew up in Louisiana -- you should know how to kill a chicken.

The doorbell CHIMES.

JANET

That'll be Nancy.

Janet enters the house almost in a run.

INT. THE HOUSE

We follow Janet. Bare spaces appear where furniture, lamps, curtains and hanging art used to be.

EXT. THE FRONT STOOP OF THE HOUSE

NANCY stands on the stoop sadly surveying the overgrown lawn; her Jack Russell Terrier, Sparky, accompanies her. She is a pretty little woman in her early eighties. She has a handful of freshly pulled carrots. She shakes soil from them.

As Janet opens the door, a scream is heard from the back of the house from Toby, then:

                          TOBY (O.S.)  
I can't do this, I cant!

                          JANET  
Hello, Nancy love.

Janet gives Nancy a perfunctory hug.

                          NANCY  
Happy anniversary, darling.

                          JANET  
Thank you. Those are beauties,  
Nancy! You have such a green thumb.

                          NANCY  
Are they going to be enough?

                          JANET  
Plenty for soup -- give me just a  
sec.

INT. THE HOUSE

Janet rushes through the house leaving the door open; Nancy peers into the empty living room and sympathetically shakes her head.

EXT. THE DECK

Janet races out to the deck. She sees Toby holding and petting Helen. She takes Helen from her husband and rings her neck.

                          TOBY  
No, I'm not ready! I wasn't ready!

She releases Helen, who flops about on the ground. Toby stares at the sight holding back a scream, as Janet re-enters the house.

INT. THE HOUSE

Janet turns on the vacuum and races with it to the front door doing last second cleaning on the run. Janet pushes the vacuum right to the doorway, presses a button on the vacuum and the chord automatically RECOILS and lands with a SNAP. Toby finally SCREAMS.

Janet offers the vacuum to Nancy, who hands Janet the carrots.

NANCY  
Is everything all right?

JANET  
Yes, dear.

NANCY  
When are you leaving?

JANET  
We check in tomorrow. Do you still want the table?

NANCY  
Oh, yes.

JANET  
We'll bring it over early tomorrow.

NANCY  
Oh, any time. Janet, I will miss you and Toby so much.

JANET  
Thank you, Nancy.

Nancy sadly turns to go with the vacuum.

EXT. FRONT STOOP

Nancy struggles with the vacuum as she descends the steps to the sidewalk.

INT. BLACK GO! SEDAN

Over the shoulder of the driver, MERCY LOPEZ, we see the sedan swerve to hit Nancy as she steps to the street. THUD! SCREAM. Nancy and the vacuum go flying.

EXT. THE STREET

Mercy leaves her car and checks Nancy's pulse. Nancy isn't dead. Mercy kneels on Nancy's throat. Sparky growls and barks. Mercy lifts her revolver and aims at Sparky.

Janet comes out of her house.

JANET  
(from her porch)  
Oh, no!

MERCY  
It's OK, Ma'am. I'm with Geriatric  
Options. How you doin' t'day?

Mercy takes a shot at Sparky, but misses.

JANET  
What are you doing!?

MERCY  
We're required to eliminate  
unattended pets.

JANET  
That's my dog. Come Sparky.

Sparky growls and lunges at Mercy before running to Janet for refuge.

Mercy speaks into her shoulder mounted communications device.

MERCY  
Case JX-167 resolved. Clean up  
requested. Right in front of her  
house. Make it snappy.  
(calling to Janet)  
Beautiful day, huh?

Mercy smiles and waves before driving away. Janet stands motionless for a moment before entering her home holding Sparky.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Toby (holding Sparky) and Janet are seated at the ends of their dining room table.

Also seated are their son, ROB ROBERTS and his wife, CARLA; he is plump, she is thin. Both Rob and Carla are mid-fifties -- they look affluent in casual dress. HAL, their younger son, is in his early fifties; he's lean and wears old jeans and a t-shirt.

The table is set oddly. There is a center piece composed of carrot tops, a few blooming sprigs from the back yard and a couple of white chicken feathers.

At each place at the table are plastic forks, knives and spoons, and an odd assortment of bowls ranging from cereal to small mixing bowls. The bread plates are paper. Water glasses are plastic.

The soup tureen is highly decorative depression glass, egg shell blue and adorned with song birds and gold leaf.

One light of the six in the lighting fixture above the table glows.

The family eat in silence.

ROB  
OK, I'll ask. What's happening here?

HAL  
Yeah --

CARLA  
-- Don't interrupt, Hal.

Toby and Janet look at each other. Finally Toby responds.

TOBY  
Geriatric Options ran over our neighbor today.

JANET  
Nancy Goodman. She grew the carrots in our soup. Do you boys remember her?

HAL  
Who?

ROB  
I meant the house. It's empty.

JANET  
Oh.

After a silence.

ROB  
Mom, why is the house empty?

TOBY  
We've sold, bartered some things.

ROB  
Why?

TOBY  
At first, for survival.

HAL  
You're kidding.

JANET  
More recently we just had to  
liquidate.

CARLA  
Liquidate?

JANET  
Yes. We're moving.

ROB  
What? Moving? Moving where?

JANET  
To the mall.

After a long pause.

ROB  
The mall?

JANET  
We hope.

HAL  
That's funny.

ROB  
What's funny?

HAL  
They're joking.

TOBY  
Whose joking? --

CARLA  
-- You've sold the house? --

HAL  
-- Don't interrupt, Carla.

A brief silence. Hal and Carla stare at each other.

JANET  
We lost the house. We have to go  
somewhere.

Another silence. Toby and Janet look at Rob and Carla. Rob and Carla look at their hands, food, whatever.

Hal breaks his plastic spoon and tosses it in his empty bowl.

CARLA  
But you own this house out-right,  
don't you?

JANET  
We did.

TOBY  
It was like Dominos.

HAL  
What was?

JANET  
Let's see, first, first we lost our  
jobs.

CARLA  
I thought you retired --

HAL  
-- Mom just said --

CARLA  
-- I heard!

There is a silence. Both Toby and Janet stare at Carla.

TOBY  
When all people over sixty-five had  
to give up their jobs to younger  
people, yes we retired.

Janet places her hand on Toby's, comforting him.



JANET

High school French was being phased out anyway to make room for more ignorance.

TOBY

C'est vrai! But you, my darling girl, you could still be teaching English -- it hasn't been phased out, has it?

JANET

Not yet. And within weeks of our forced retirement, the State pension fund went bust and I had that hip replacement . . .

TOBY

Damned Young American Party.

JANET

They killed what was left of Medicare while I was in surgery!

TOBY

Your Mama's derriere cost me a pretty penny.

JANET

(with a wink)

It's the only time you ever had to pay for my behind, Dear. Anyway --

TOBY

-- we had to mortgage the house in . . . Oh, when was it?

ROB

How can you be so glib?

JANET

Glib?

(very dour)

Who's being glib?

TOBY

Back in '28 wasn't it?

JANET

That was your knee replacement.

TOBY

Oh, yes. '28?

HAL  
Dad, you had a knee replacement? --

JANET  
-- I had my surgery about three, no  
four years ago not that any of you  
would have noticed.

CARLA  
But you had some kind of health  
insurance, right? --

HAL  
(to Carla)  
-- Mom just said --

CARLA  
(to Hal)  
-- Did I address you?

TOBY  
(to Janet, loudly)  
-- So. It was in '31? --

ROB  
What was?

JANET  
That's right, '31 --

TOBY  
-- the year after retail --

JANET  
-- brick and mortar retail --

TOBY  
-- Yes, brick and mortar retail  
finally drew its last --

JANET  
-- gasping breath! --

TOBY  
-- and the fucking Young American  
Party dissolved Social Security,  
those --

JANET  
-- No, that was before, after the  
'28 election. Little bastards.

TOBY  
 Oh, whenever. Ass holes . . .  
 those --

                  JANET  
 -- war mongering, damned  
 avaricious . . .

Janet gives Toby "the nod" to continue and pretends to cover her ears.

                  TOBY  
 Cunts!

A pause.

                  ROB  
 Mom, Daddy . . . When did you start  
 swearing?

Janet strains to remember.

                  JANET  
 It's been a while . . . It sort  
 of . . .

                  TOBY  
 . . . sneaked up on us. Sorry  
 kids --

                  JANET  
 --actually, I said my very first  
 "fuck" when the pension system went  
 belly up.

A brief, tense silence.

                  HAL  
 The mall? What mall?

                  TOBY  
 Governor's Square. It stood empty  
 for years and --

                  JANET  
 -- Now it's full of old people. A  
 lot of cities are doing that --  
 wasn't Denver the first? Or was it  
 Miami?

                  TOBY  
 Yes, Miami, but they were moving  
 people into empty Walmarts --

JANET

-- Oh yes. I would die first. In New York they are using the Dayton model -- they have all those hotels. Anyway, in Florida they're moving old people off the streets and into malls --

TOBY

-- no use wasting all that space, and it puts "the wrinkled masses out of sight" as the Young American Senator from --

JANET

-- Texas --

TOBY

-- Texas said on TV!

JANET

Ignorant Bile thumping dick head.

TOBY

Its what you Young American fogey-phobics call a win-win situation.

HAL

I didn't vote for them.

CARLA

You didn't vote.

ROB

But, Mom --

JANET

-- And when social security failed we couldn't make house payments anymore, so . . .

TOBY

We're moving to the mall.

JANET

We hope. Actually, we'll get final approval tomorrow.

CARLA

Do phone us and let us know how you like it.

A moment of loud silence.

TOBY

No can do.

JANET

No phone.

HAL

You're kidding.

TOBY

Still not kidding, Bucko.

JANET

You boys would know that, had you attempted to reach us. I borrowed Nancy's phone to invite you here tonight.

Silence. Carla pats her mouth with her paper towel napkin and rises to collect bowls.

CARLA

Now stay off your feet, Mom. Rob and I will clear the table.

Rising to help.

ROB

It was great, Mom. So fresh.

JANET

You've no idea.

Rob gives his Mother a kiss on the cheek.

ROB

Carla made you an anniversary cake.

JANET

Yes, I saw.

Rob and Carla enter the kitchen with all the bowls except for Hal's.

HAL

How in the name of sweet Jesus could they afford that car? It's got to be one of the last ones Tesla made.

JANET

They seem to be doing very well.  
Who can afford cosmetic surgery  
these days?

TOBY

Is that what happened to her?

JANET

Well, proctologists will always  
have jobs --

TOBY

-- so long as there are assholes.

JANET

Toby, that's no longer funny.

HAL

I took the train from Atlanta, had  
to sell my computer to pay for the  
ticket.

His parents look at him without emotion.

HAL (CONT'D)

John and I are splitting up. I  
thought I'd move back home for a  
while.

TOBY

What happened?

HAL

A guy named Leonard.

They stare a moment longer.

TOBY

I'm sorry, son.

JANET

(referring to Rob and  
Carla)

They are not going to offer to take  
us in, Toby.

TOBY

So, we'll start our fifty-fifth  
year together . . .

JANET

In a mall.

Janet is upset. Toby caresses her cheek.

JANET (CONT'D)

I refuse to live in Sears. I asked for Macy's on the application.

TOBY

There's still a stock of tools at Sears.

JANET

Macy's has the beds.

HAL

What about me?

JANET

You are too young, Sweetheart. You have to be over seventy-five. And in good health.

HAL

That's not what I meant. I don't know what I'm going to do?

JANET

You've had fifty years to work that out, my boy.

INT. KITCHEN

Rob and Carla discard the paper cups and plates and stack the bowls in the sink.

CARLA

Their dishwasher's gone, too.

ROB

(observing the hole)  
It would seem so. Jesus.

CARLA

Think about it, Rob. When they die they'll have nothing to leave us but chicken feathers. You know what we're going to have to do.

She stabs the cake.

ROB

No.

CARLA  
Honey, they're old, they've lost everything.

ROB  
I can't ask them to volunteer --

Hal enters with his bowl.

HAL  
Volunteer for what?

CARLA  
They don't have to volunteer.

ROB  
No!

HAL  
Volunteer for what?

CARLA  
My parents didn't volunteer and you didn't have a problem then.

ROB  
Your parents were assholes --

CARLA  
-- It's the only way, Hun. It would be a kindness. Besides, we may have a little money now, but what about next year? Your practice is dwindling and --

HAL  
-- What are you talking about?

Carla and Rob finally look at Hal. Meaningfully.

INT. DINING ROOM

JANET  
We need to be at the hospital before nine. Dot and Sid, our last surviving friends -- it's just unthinkable.

TOBY  
They always spoiled that daughter of theirs. I cannot believe she expects this of them.



JANET

Both Sid and Dot are ill . . .  
Otherwise I don't think they would  
have agreed to be "put down" like  
dogs.

TOBY

It's poor Nancy I don't understand.  
Why she chose to end her life that  
way! She was against euthanasia.  
She was Catholic.

JANET

And why would she have taken the  
vacuum and asked for this table?  
She made no arrangements for her  
little dog. But then, she would  
have done anything for that lazy  
daughter of hers. Still its so hard  
to believe.

She shudders. The kids enter with cake.

CARLA

Happy Anniversary, Mom and Dad!

ROB

Hard to believe what, Mom?

JANET

That Carla baked a cake.

CARLA

Oh, now . . .

ROB

Here, Daddy.

TOBY

Is this real chocolate?

CARLA

Sure is.

JANET

Oh, my! Where did you find  
chocolate?

CARLA

I didn't see any coffee.

JANET

Coffee? What's that?

ROB  
She bought it on-line -- how else  
do you buy anything anymore.

HAL  
Yeah, if you have a computer. And  
money.

CARLA  
(with a wink)  
Maybe both are in your future, Hal.

Hal, who has just taken a drink, chokes and coughs.

ROB  
OK! Let's eat.

They eat cake.

TOBY  
I'd forgotten how chocolate tastes!

JANET  
You used to say I tasted like  
chocolate.

Toby and Janet share a moment and lick chocolate icing from  
their lips. He kisses her.

After a moment, Toby and Janet notice how intently the kids  
are looking at them.

JANET (CONT'D)  
So, Carla, how are your parents?

CARLA  
How sweet of you to ask.

They all eat cake.

TOBY  
So? How are they?

After a moment, Carla manages to swallow.

CARLA  
Dead.

INT. A HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

An elderly couple, DOT and SID DORN lie side-by-side in  
hospital beds, each with saline IV's inserted in their arms.

On the wall is a large photo of Salvo De Sock holding a large GO! logo. Toby stands near Sid, Janet near Dot.

SID  
(to Janet and Toby)  
Hell, you look so depressed.

DOT  
No need to be sad.

JANET  
But we are, dear.

DOT  
Well, cheer up. No more complaining  
about arthritis --

SID  
-- or hemorrhoids!

Dot and Sid look at each other and laugh.

NURSE DOWNS knocks and enters simultaneously.

NURSE DOWNS  
Mr. And Mrs. Dorn, it seems your  
daughter isn't coming.

DOT  
Please, give her a few more  
minutes.

SID  
Yeah -- give us a break. We're  
dyin' here, Lady!

Sid and Dot laugh.

DOT  
Oh, Sid, you're killing me.

Dot and Sid just crack up.

A pissed off Nurse relents.

NURSE DOWNS  
You have five minutes.

The Nurse leaves.

SID  
For fuck's sake, Toby, stop crying.

DOT  
Don't be a party pooper.

Toby wipes his face.

TOBY  
Sorry.

SID  
Where were we?

DOT  
Uh . . . I was saying or about to say that we are sick of being sick, and life is so hard on the young folks now, so few jobs --

SID  
-- and what with the economy gone to shit.

DOT  
Our sweet girl can really use the -- what is it they call it, Sid?

SID  
Comfort Cash. That's what they call it. Comfort Cash.

JANET  
Horrible name.

DOT  
Well, they had to call it something.

Nurse steps in briskly.

NURSE DOWNS  
Sorry.

DOT  
You said five minutes.

A Hospital Administrator steps in.

HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR  
(to Nurse Downs)  
We've waited more than an hour and we're stacking up in the prep room.

NURSE DOWNS  
I'm on it, Sir.

The Administrator leaves. Nurse Downs steps to the IV pole and releases poison into the saline.

                  TOBY  
What are you doing?

                  NURSE  
My job.  
                  (meaning Toby and Janet)  
You two need to go now.

                  SID  
Is that it?

                  NURSE  
That's it.

                  DOT  
Wait.

                  NURSE  
Done. You won't feel a thing.

                  JANET  
But --

                  NURSE  
-- They signed up for medical  
                  euthanasia not a memorial service.

                  DOT  
Goodbye, Sid.

                  SID  
Goodbye, Sweetie. See ya, Toby.

                  DOT  
Bye now, Janet, Toby . . .

                  TOBY/JANET  
Goodbye.

                  SID  
                  (to Nurse)  
Fuck you.

The old people are gone.

                  NURSE  
                  (casually)  
Same to you, sport.

She goes to the door. To Janet and Toby:

NURSE (CONT'D)

Out.

They hesitate to leave their friends.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Now, please.

Janet and Toby exit. Nurse Downs opens a door on the opposite side of the room. Two orderlies step out and stack the bodies on one gurney.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Make it fast, we're behind!

EXT. GERIATRIC OPTIONS BUILDING - DAY

The huge GO! Building is flanked by an expansive cement courtyard. Hundreds of people stand in lines leading to entrances labeled: "Initial Applicants," "Applicants w/ Appointments," and "Power of Attorney Designates."

The older people are very quiet. Many have papers in hand or carry everything from cigar boxes to brief cases. Some sit on portable stools or suitcases or lean on walkers. They wear old clothes and are generally unkempt.

The younger crowd in the Power of Attorney Designates line are a bit rowdy. People of all ages smoke pot.

Huge screens mounted over the entrances to the GO! Building loop an infomercial describing elder options. Each screen is flanked by large photos of Director De Sock.

CLOSE ON

One of the screens. A very sincere, smiling INFO-HOSTESS speaks.

INFO-HOSTESS

. . . And of course, many of you healthy seniors who have met with economic misfortune will opt for one of the mall residency programs.

BACK TO SCENE

Janet and Toby stand at the rear of "Applicants w/ Appointments" line. Each carries a suitcase. Toby holds Sparky.

Past the checkpoint as the CLERK calls the next client, Hal sneaks into the building behind the clerk.

CLERK

Next! Appointment ticket, please!

Hal makes his way quickly through throngs of people entering and leaving the building.

INT. GO! BUILDING

Hal knocks on office M-13.

As he waits he looks about nervously. The door opens a crack. We see one eye. La'Tricia Dominica speaks through the cracked door.

LA'TRICIA

And you are . . . ?

HAL

Hal Roberts.

LA'TRICIA

And who are you here to see?

Hal refers to a slip of paper. He struggles with the pronunciation.

HAL

La-Trisha Do-'min-ica

LA'TRICIA

La-'Tree-sia Dom-in-'EEk-a

HAL

Oh.

La'Tricia opens the door and quickly admits him.

LA'TRICIA

Close enough. Sit, Hal.

She makes her way to behind her desk, aware of the tightness of her skirt and her sumptuous curves.

HAL

Thanks.

LA'TRICIA

Why are you here?

HAL  
I'm Hal Roberts--

LA'TRICIA  
-- Established, Hal. You must  
answer my questions that's how this  
works. Now. Why are you here?

She leans forward squeezing her ample breasts together so  
that they erupt out of her plunging neckline.

HAL  
Oh, God. About my parents -- I'm  
here about my parents . . . ? I  
called earlier?

LA'TRICIA  
You did? What about?

HAL  
My parents . . . ? Janet and Tobias  
Roberts.

LA'TRICIA  
Very good. Who referred you?

HAL  
My sister-in-law.

LA'TRICIA  
She got a name?

HAL  
What?

LA'TRICIA  
The sister-in-law. She got a name?

HAL  
Carla Messinger Roberts.

LA'TRICIA  
(checks a file)  
Oh, yeah. That one.  
Her number? Cell number? She got  
a cell?

HAL  
Yes.  
(checks his phone)  
Uh, yes, (shows her his phone)



LA'TRICIA

Check.  
 (tosses file aside)  
 OK, talk to me.

INT. GO! BUILDING

Toby and Janet carrying their suitcases are stopped by a  
 GUARD.

GUARD

No Pets!

TOBY

But --

GUARD

No Buts. (Taking Sparky) The dog  
 will have to wait outside.

JANET

Sparky, darling, we'll be back  
 soon.

Sparky whimpers. Toby and Janet push their way down a  
 hallway crowded with other seniors coming and going via  
 stairwells and offices.

Video monitors, flanked with images of De Sock, are mounted  
 along the hallway -- each playing the looping infomercial.

Hal steps out of office M-13 as his parents pass. He  
 immediately turns away, avoiding detection. Once they pass he  
 grabs his stomach and runs toward an exit, banging into old  
 folks as he goes.

EXT. GO! BUILDING

A door marked *No Entrance* swings open and Hal exits the  
 building, and throws up. Sparky sits near by. Sparky snorts  
 and trots away.

INT. GO! BUILDING, OFFICE B-52 WAITING AREA

Janet and Toby enter with their luggage. The room is small,  
 littered and dirty. A TV monitor loops the informational  
 video. One other couple waits.

MAN

They're running late.

Toby and Janet sit. They are a little out of breath. The Info-Hostess chirps away.

INFO-HOSTESS

Today there are more geriatric options than ever before!

CLOSE ON

The monitor.

INFO-HOSTESS (CONT'D)

Let's review some of them together.

A video of a forty bed ward is shown. The beds are single hospital beds, each with white sheets and a grey blanket.

The ward is occupied by people of both sexes age seventy and up. There is a toilet between each bed. Toilets beside unoccupied beds are in use.

The sounds of weak voices calling out "Hello" is quite unappealing. All the inhabitants smile and wave to the camera.

INFO-HOSTESS (V.O.)

Those who wish to languish, may opt for one of our lovely Federal Wards. All of which are considered final destinations.

BACK TO SCENE

JANET

Can that be turned off?

WOMAN

Nope.

CLOSE ON

The TV monitor

INFO-HOSTESS

Consensual euthanasia remains a popular option for all people over seventy-five.

Video is shown of "children" in their fifties dancing about with hands full of cash.

INFO-HOSTESS (V.O.)  
 Children of elders who volunteer  
 for one of our compassionate forms  
 of euthanasia receive Comfort Cash.

BACK TO SCENE

The video drones on as the door to the interview room opens. The voice of MS KNOX is heard as a couple exits quickly.

MS KNOX (O.S.)  
 Anybody else out there?!

JANET/MAN  
 Yes!

Ms Knox appears at the door with a Kleenex over her nose.

MS KNOX  
 Give me five.

CLOSE UP

The TV monitor

INFO-HOSTESS (V.O.)  
 Some of our seniors prefer a more  
 natural life ending experience  
 which comes when they least expect  
 it. A variety of scenarios are  
 created by our caring and creative  
 GO! Staff for those who prefer to  
 "go" with a quick and painless  
 surprise ending.

As she speaks, we see a woman swinging on her porch. A GUN SHOT is heard, the woman smiles and gracefully slumps.

A man turns on his electric shaver. As he is electrocuted, he beams and then falls out of frame.

Another man bends to pick up a McDonald's burger wrapper from his driveway and a bat cracks his head; as we hear the WHACK, the man smiles pleasantly as he falls.

INT. COFFEE SHOP

Rob and Carla sit in the rear of a coffee shop whispering over café lattes. Through the window we see the huge screens outside the GO! Building.

Carla pours whisky from a small bottle into hers, then Rob's. Rob is biting his fingernails. Hal hurries in to join them. He sits and covers his face.

CARLA  
So . . . ?

HAL  
Oh, boy.

ROB  
What?!

CARLA  
Christ, your breath stinks.

HAL  
She's coming here.

CARLA  
Who is?

HAL  
She is. God, I feel sick.

ROB  
Why?

HAL  
Why do you think?

ROB  
I don't know -- I'm confused.

CARLA  
Rob, honey, take a breath.

ROB  
Hal, who is coming here?

HAL  
The agent, La'whatsherface. She's meeting us. Here.

CARLA  
Why?

ROB  
When?

HAL  
Now. Can I have some coffee?

CARLA  
I thought you were nauseated.

ROB  
(to Carla)  
We shouldn't be seen with her.  
Should we leave?

CARLA  
No!

ROB  
(to Hal)  
Why is she coming here?

HAL  
It'll have to be a rush job.

CARLA  
When?

HAL  
She didn't say exactly.

ROB  
I don't want to know when!

CARLA  
(to Rob)  
Get a grip, sweetheart.

Rob takes a breath, starts to relax, but quickly loses it again.

ROB  
You said she is coming here, now?

HAL  
Yeah.

ROB  
But, why? And, why is it a rush job?

CARLA  
(to Rob)  
Hun, they're moving to the mall tomorrow and that complicates things. Relax. Fuck.

HAL  
You should have come with me. She wants to be sure you're in.

Carla  
I knew it!

ROB  
What?

CARLA  
You have to sign!

HAL  
I signed the contract and I forged  
their signatures. I didn't forge  
yours --

ROB  
Damn.

CARLA  
Relax! It's just a signature.

HAL  
Christ, I almost ran into them.

ROB  
Who?

HAL  
Mom and Daddy!

CARLA  
What?! --

ROB  
-- Did they see you? --

CARLA  
(to Rob)  
-- I told you you might have to  
sign --

HAL  
-- She said you'd have to since we  
both get money!

CARLA  
Keep your voice down! How much?

ROB  
Hal. Did they see you?

HAL  
No!

CARLA

Shhhh --

ROB

-- Why couldn't you just sign for me?

HAL

She wouldn't let me --

CARLA

-- What's their take? --

HAL,

-- Let me finish! OK?!

ROB

Sorry.

A moment.

HAL

That was one stressful situation.

CARLA

Thought you were going to finish.

HAL

Eat me, Carla.

CARLA

Eat yourself -- oh, that's right, you can really do that.

HAL

(to Rob)

You told her?

ROB

Sorry. So they didn't see you? Right?

CARLA

How much? Can you at least tell us how much we get? Things may have changed since I took care of my parents. Well?

There is a long silence. Hal takes a deep breath and closes his eyes. Finally:

HAL  
 These guys use the same payment  
 schedule the Feds use for voluntary  
 euthanasia.

                  ROB  
 What guys?

                  HAL  
 Them.

                  CARLA  
 Them who?

                  HAL  
 Her!

INT. GO! BUILDING, OFFICE B-52 - CONTINUOUS

Ms Knox, an exhausted and frazzled woman of forty, sits at a desk piled high with equipment: computer, scanner, camera, three boxes of Kleenex, photos of her dog and empty, half empty and unopened water bottles.

She looks at her schedule on her computer screen.

                  MS KNOX  
 Abernathy. Right?

                  JANET  
 Wrong.

Knox blows her nose, takes a deep breath, and is suddenly confused.

                  MS KNOX  
 So, you are . . . ?

                  JANET  
 We're the Roberts. Tobias and  
 Janet Roberts.

                  MS KNOX  
 But my schedule says . . . Oh, no  
 it doesn't -- fuck me, I am so  
 sorry.  
 (blows her nose again)  
 OK. Have a seat.

                  JANET  
 We did.



Ms Knox finally really notices them. She looks from one to the other, realizing what an odd pair they are. She almost laughs, but quickly stifles it.

MS KNOX

OK. Let's see . . . You brought your . . .

JANET

Car title. Yes.

Janet hands it over.

MS KNOX

You left the car --

JANET

-- in the designated area --

MS KNOX

Keys?

TOBY

Here! What do you do with the cars?

MS KNOX

Your car will be assigned to one of the GO! Facilities or sold for scrap.

TOBY

Oh.

He extends the keys to her, but holds tightly. Knox carefully and firmly jerks the keys from him with a snap.

INT. COFFEE SHOP

CARLA

I got two hundred thousand, a hundred thousand per parent.

HAL

Right, and we'd split that. Less La'whatsheface's percentage for rigging the paperwork. I think twenty percent is high.

CARLA

I paid fifteen! Talk about inflation! Wait! Why should you get half?

HAL  
 (to Carla)  
 You spit on me.

CARLA  
 I should get my own cut, after all  
 it was my idea and I had the  
 bitch's number!

HAL  
 You spit on me, Carla.

ROB  
 She's right, little Brother.

INT. GO! BUILDING, OFFICE B-52

MS KNOX  
 So . . . Oh, so yeah, you are  
 allowed one object of value. You  
 have an object of value?

JANET  
 Yes. It's in my suitcase.

MS KNOX  
 What is it?

JANET  
 My great grandmother's soup tureen.

MS KNOX  
 You're kidding.

JANET  
 (a challenge)  
 Why would I be kidding?

Brief silence.

MS KNOX  
 Other valuables?

TOBY  
 That's it. Except for our clothes,  
 you want 'um?

MS KNOX  
 No. Bank accounts?

JANET  
 Closed.

MS KNOX  
House?

TOBY  
Bank has it.

MS KNOX  
Good.

JANET  
Is it?

MS KNOX  
(refers to check list)  
Uh, let's see . . .

JANET  
(not quite a threat)  
And now you tell us we can live in  
the Governors Square Mall. Macy's  
wing.

Ms Knox consults her computer, then looks at Janet whose look cannot be misunderstood.

MS KNOX  
Governors Mall, Macy's wing.

Ms Knox fumbles around for a form.

MS KNOX (CONT'D)  
Where'd I put it?!

Janet moves a box of Kleenex on the desk. Ms. Knox hands a form from under it to Janet, wipes her nose with her hand, then fumbles about for a pen.

MS KNOX (CONT'D)  
I . . . have a pen here someplace.

Toby quickly hands his pen to Janet.

JANET  
I have one.

MS KNOX  
OK, as I read this out to you,  
initial that you understand and  
will comply.

TOBY  
-- Wait. May I ask a question?

Ms. Knox nods and blows her nose as she responds.

TOBY (CONT'D)

We had to be out of our house today  
and you're taking the car . . .

MS KNOX

Right . . .?

JANET

We can't check in at the mall  
until . . .

MS KNOX

(checks screen)  
Tomorrow, five pm.

JANET

But . . .

MS KNOX

Yeah, you have your bags packed and  
no where to go.

JANET

May we check in today, a day early?

She checks the screen. Shakes her head "no" and blows a  
major load.

MS KNOX

Glitch in the system, Sorry.  
Shall we go on now?

JANET

No. May I please use your phone?

INT. COFFEE SHOP

Rob's phone rings.

CARLA

Who is it?

ROB

I don't know that number.

HAL

La'whatsherface said we shouldn't  
answer calls from unknown --

Carla grabs the phone and silences it. They look about  
fearfully.

La'Tricia enters the shop wearing sunglasses, a large floppy back hat and a trench coat with the collar turned up. She carries a black laptop bag.

                  HAL (CONT'D)  
Here she comes.

                  ROB  
Who?

                  HAL  
Her. La'Whatsherface.

She stops near their table, looks around, then stripper - like, sheds the coat, hat, and glasses. She sits and opens her bag and places papers on the table. As she opens her laptop:

                  LA'TRICIA  
You Rob?

Rob nods. Rob sits across from her eyeing her breasts.

                  LA'TRICIA (CONT'D)  
Sign by the red X.

La'Tricia is aware of his interest. He hasn't moved.

                  LA'TRICIA (CONT'D)  
          (to Rob)  
Sign, Robbie. And, one more  
on . . . the bottom.

Rob smiles at her and signs. She touches his hand slightly as she takes the form.

                  LA'TRICIA (CONT'D)  
          (looking at computer)  
It's coming up now.

                  CARLA  
          (looking at Rob)  
What is?

                  LA'TRICIA  
Damn. For sure they check in at  
the Governor's mall tomorrow.

La'Tricia squeezes her elbows together forcing her cleavage to rise and fall.

                  ROB  
Wow . . . Is that bad?

LA'TRICIA

It's difficult getting to them  
once they're in a mall. Turn  
around time is frickin' tight.  
Needs to happen tonight.

ROB

I didn't want to know when.

CARLA

The sooner it happens the sooner we  
get paid.

LA'TRICIA

You are so right, sister. I'll put  
a rush on it.

Hal begins to cry.

CARLA

Oh, for the love of God, Hal!

La'Tricia types furiously, and enters.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Where are they now?

LA'TRICIA

They're still at the GO! Building.  
How they getting to the mall?

HAL

How? They'll drive, I guess.

LA'TRICIA

Nope. GO! has the car.

ROB

My God, that was them calling.  
They have no money and no place to  
stay the night. This is horrible.

LA'TRICIA

No, this is good.

La'Tricia closes her computer and rises. She gathers her  
things.

LA'TRICIA (CONT'D)

Be very careful who you share my  
number with. I mean, share it.  
But, I get caught, you get caught.

(MORE)

LA'TRICIA (CONT'D)

I get caught, my boss get's  
caught, and that would be a fucking  
shit storm nightmare for all of us.

INT. GO! BUILDING, OFFICE B-52 - CONTINUOUS

Dirty Kleenex wads have covered the desk and lie on the  
floor. Toby and Janet look exhausted.

MS KNOX

Did you initial that?

JANET

Yes.

TOBY

So, that's it?

MS KNOX

It is. Oh, fuck me no -- I always  
forget this one. Turn the page  
over.

They do.

Ms Knox sneezes, grabs a Kleenex.

EXT. STREET CORNER

Hal, Rob and Carla walk out of the café. Rob sees his car  
across the street.

ROB

I parked across the street.

HAL

Can I stay on with you guys until  
we get our checks?

Long awkward pause.

ROB

It's fine with me. Carla?

CARLA

Well . . . OK, but no fuck buddies.

Hal gives her a withering look.

HAL

Thanks.

They walk in silence for a moment.

ROB  
Will it be humane? Did she say  
how?

HAL  
I forgot to ask.

CARLA  
Of course it's humane.

Traffic lights change. An ELDERLY MAN starts across the street ahead of them. A black GO! sedan turning right on red strikes and kills the elderly man.

ROB  
Oh, God!

Rob freezes as though he's just been punched in his fat stomach.

Carla, holds Rob and pets his head as she would a puppy.

CARLA  
That was humane. Totally.

ROB  
No it wasn't!

CARLA  
He never knew what hit him.

They cross the street, carefully.

HAL  
Carla, how did your parents . . . ?

CARLA  
Drowning.

Rob pulls away. The men are shocked.

ROB  
I never wanted to know that.

HAL  
You had your parents drowned?

CARLA  
They loved the water.



EXT. A CITY PARK - NIGHT

Toby and Janet are huddled on a bench. Sparky sits at their feet.

JANET  
My bum's gone to sleep.

They hold hands and walk through the unkept park, carrying suitcases with their free hands. They are weary.

Sparky trots along after them.

They pass several under-seventy homeless people who huddle under blankets.

TOBY  
Happy anniversary, Sweetheart.

JANET  
Is it?

Janet drops her suitcase; her breathing is fast.

TOBY  
Janet? Are you OK?

JANET  
No. I'm old and tired, I'm hungry  
and my feet hurt! And I want a bed!

She covers her face and then balls her fists. She begins to cry.

TOBY  
Oh, love --

He attempts to hold her, but she stops him.

JANET  
-- I have never been so angry.

TOBY  
At me?

JANET  
No! Not with you!  
(angrily)  
Why would I be angry at you?!

TOBY  
I . . . I'm not sure.

JANET

We did everything right, Toby.  
This is all wrong. Getting old  
shouldn't be a crime. We've lost  
everything, everything. And why?  
Because we're still alive.

TOBY

Not everything, Sweetheart. Our  
fifty-five years together -- no  
one can take that from us. We  
raised our boys, had wonderful  
teaching careers. We may have lost  
our house . . . But we're still  
together.

JANET

(gathering herself)  
You're right. Of course, you're  
right.

TOBY

Fifty-five years together -- who  
has that anymore?

JANET

(laughing)  
Who *wants* that anymore?

She sees Toby's forlorn face, his eye's welling with tears.  
She holds his face.

TOBY

We do.

JANET

We certainly do. I'm sorry. I'll  
try not to be big ole baby.

He steps up on a bench -- a bit wobbly, but successful.

TOBY

(lustily)  
Come here, you, big baby doll you.

Janet embraces him. He kisses her. She laughs, then cries  
again. Sparky sits nearby and watches with interest.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Oh, now mon chien doux.

JANET

Dog?

TOBY

It's a sexy French dog which makes  
it romantic.

Janet laughs and squeezes him. He farts.

TOBY/JANET

Houp-la!

They laugh. Then after a silence:

JANET

I'm afraid.

TOBY

Moi aussi, cheri.

JANET

We're so vulnerable, Toby. I've  
never felt fear like this before,  
not ever in my life.

TOBY

(stepping down from the  
bench)

I guess I've done a lousy job  
managing our affairs.

JANET

Stop it. I managed our affairs.  
The world just turned upside down  
and shook us out. I'm grateful  
you're still here to live through  
this nightmare with me.

She withdraws.

JANET (CONT'D)

Oh, Toby, we've been such fools.  
In our lifetime we've spent so much  
money and energy on insurance and  
co-pays, yearly physicals,  
mammograms . . .

TOBY

. . . colonoscopies . . .

JANET

Horrors. Pap smears, mamagrams --

TOBY

-- digital exams --

JANET

-- which you confided you enjoyed --

TOBY

-- and all those fucking vitamin supplements and --

JANET

-- dental checkups! And oh, those vaccinations for flu, pneumonia, shingles, and Covid!

TOBY

And the goddamned gym memberships!

JANET

Oh, yes! Those horrid aerobic classes! Which led to my hip replacement.

TOBY

All that, so we would live longer. You know what pisses me off the most? All the delicious foods we denied ourselves because some expert on TV or a doctor warned it wasn't good for us. What a joke.

JANET

A very bad joke!

TOBY

Well, fuck'um!

JANET

Amen to that, dear.

TOBY

Let me hear you say it, ma femme! Please, it makes me . . . hot.

Janet hesitates, then is a low sexy voice:

JANET

Fuck them.

A lackluster chorus of "Fuck'um's", and a "fuck you" rises from the homeless.

Janet and Toby enjoy this.

TOBY

Any of you homeless youth have a phone I can use?

Silence.

JANET

Let's not call the kids again.  
Let's just try to enjoy this  
nightmare.

TOBY

A nightmare becomes an adventure  
when I am with my sweetie. Buy ya'  
a cup of coffee and a muffin?

JANET

Such a tease.

TOBY

Not teasing, Amoureux. I put away a  
little money for our anniversary,  
almost fifty dollars.

She hugs him very tightly and cries. His face is buried  
between her breasts.

JANET

Oh, you dear, dear man.

Janet composes herself and plays with his hair and bald spot.

JANET (CONT'D)

Coffee and a muffin for fifty  
dollars? You are dreaming.

Toby's face pops up from between her breasts.

TOBY

We'll share the muffin.

Sparky barks. Toby picks him up and rubs his head.

TOBY (CONT'D)

(to Sparky)

T'inquie`te, we'll share the muffin  
with you too, little one.

They walk arm-in-arm carrying their suitcases toward a park  
exit. Sparky follows.

EXT. PARK EXIT TO SIDEWALK

Janet, Toby and Sparky exit the park. They see a young  
couple ahead on the sidewalk. The YOUNG MAN kneels and  
places a ring on the YOUNG WOMAN's finger. She SCREAMS with  
joy and LAUGHS.

The young lovers embrace and kiss as Janet and Toby pass them and approach the corner.

JANET

Oh, how darling. An old fashioned proposal.

TOBY

Like ours . . . a lifetime ago.

The newly engaged couple laugh and follow Janet and Toby to the corner.

INT. BLACK GO! VEHICLE

Through the windshield and over the driver's shoulder we see Janet and Toby approach the corner.

The driver, WILL BANGER, lifts a cell phone into view.

CLOSE ON

On the phone's screen we see Janet and Toby. "CONFIRMED" appears and blinks on the screen.

EXT. STREET CORNER

Just as Toby and Janet step off the curb:

TOBY

Wait -- I saw a coffee shop a few blocks back.

They reverse directions just as the newly engaged lovers run past them. Sparky stays with them.

INT. BLACK GO! VEHICLE

The SCREECH of tires is heard as the car suddenly accelerates. Through the windshield we see the car hit the young couple, sending them flying.

EXT. STREET CORNER

The GO! sedan stops with one tire up on the curb. Toby and Janet rush to the youngsters lying in the intersection.

TOBY

No, no, no, no, no!

As Will gets out of the car he looks directly at them. His face is grim and frightening. They freeze for a beat and then hurry away down the street. Sparky runs ahead toward the end of the block.

Will speaks into his cell phone, as a few people gather. Will returns to his car and follows Toby and Janet.

EXT. STREET

Toby pulls Janet into the darkness of an abandoned Kay Jewelry's storefront. They whisper.

TOBY  
Did you see that?

JANET  
If looks could kill.

TOBY  
You don't suppose . . .

JANET  
I'm afraid I do . . .

TOBY  
We need to contact the Geriatric  
Options office -- someone's got his  
wires crossed.

JANET  
It's Friday. They're closed until  
Monday.

They withdraw into the darkness as Will parks directly in front of the jewelry store. He gets out with a gun in his hand.

They watch him through the glass of the empty display area as he walks down the sidewalk. They leave the storefront and head in the opposite direction.

Will stares down the street. Toby and Janet hurry away in the opposite direction. Will starts to turn, but something catches his eye.

Near an alley entrance, Sparky sits wagging his tail. He barks. Will fires. Sparky runs into the alley. Will follows.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS

Toby and Janet hear the gun shot and panic. They run, stopping at deserted stores, trying the doors but finding them locked.

Finally Exhausted and ready to accept their fate, they look back expecting to see Will. He is not there.

Their determination to escape returns. They try more store fronts.

Janet attempts to flag a passing car, which speeds by.

JANET  
Help us . . . Please!

TOBY  
Asshole!

Toby spots lights coming from a bar just ahead.

TOBY (CONT'D)  
Janet! Look they're open!

They rush to the bar.

INT. BAR

Toby and Janet hurry into a bar. Both are breathing heavily and unsteady on their feet.

The place is practically empty. The BARTENDER raises his palm assertively.

BARTENDER  
Sorry.

TOBY  
What?

They see through the windows Will speed past the bar.

BARTENDER  
Like, no one over sixty's allowed in here. Sign's on the door.

TOBY  
How do you know we're over sixty?

BARTENDER  
(derisive laugh)  
Out.





EXT. STREET

Will's car makes a SCREECHING U-turn.

TOBY  
He's coming back!

JANET  
I can't run anymore!

Toby helps Janet into an alley.

INT. AN URBAN ALLEY

They hide in shadows. Will passes the alley entrance. We hear him hit the BREAKS.

TOBY  
Oh, shit!

They run toward the opposite end of the alley. Will drives into the alley and floors it.

Toby stumbles, almost falls. Janet helps him up.

TOBY (CONT'D)  
Go, go go!

JANET  
We can't make it, Toby!

They do make it to the far end of the alley and round the corner just as Will explodes into the street and plows into a parked car.

INT. RICK'S SEX SHOP SECOND FLOOR

LITTLE BIT MOORE, a tiny woman in her eighties with binoculars spies through a second floor window overlooking the street. The room is dark.

Through the binoculars Little Bit sees Will stumble out of his car. He nurses a knee and limps after his targets.

EXT. STREET

Janet and Toby duck into another alley. They are badly out of breath.

As Will approaches the alley entrance. He turns on a flashlight and draws his gun.

INT. RICK'S SEX SHOP SECOND FLOOR

Little Bit hurries down a hall and into another room.

EXT. ALLEY

Sparky runs past him into the alley. Will fires at Sparky but misses.

EXT. RICK'S SEX SHOP, ALLEY SIDE, SECOND FLOOR

Through another open window we see Little bit speak into a Hello Kitty walkie-talkie. She speaks with KINKY FUCHS.

LITTLE BIT

Kinky, they're in our alley now.  
Over.

INT. RICK'S SEX SHOP BASEMENT

KINKY

Good, honey. Come back down.  
Over.

Kinky sits at a table drinking a coke. The basement is still stocked with sex toys, condoms, lubes, and DVD's, all neatly organized on shelves.

A hallway leads to stairs. Along the hallway are private rooms, the door to each decorated with life-size couples of various gender combinations engaged in sex acts.

The center of the basement is set up as a studio for making videos, featuring a round bed covered in pink fake fur and large pillows in the shape of male and female genitalia.

Kinky, a person in their eighties, wears a moo-moo, large loop earrings and noisy bracelets. Their head is shaved and tattooed. Kinky puts the Hello Kitty walkie-talkie down and picks up a Mutant Ninja Turtle walkie-talkie.

KINKY (CONT'D)

Bobo? You there? Over.

The voice of BOBO BOATWRIGHT responds.

BOBO (V.O.)

Kinky, I'm close. Over.

EXT. ROB AND CARLA'S HOME

Rob stands at the open front door of their blinged-out home. La'Tricia Dominica rushes in wearing sunglasses, hat and coat.

INT. ROB AND CARLA'S HOME

Rob is stunned for a moment. He smiles and then realizes there's a problem.

ROB

Carla!

Carla yells as she enters from another room.

CARLA

What?

She sees La'tricia.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Oh. Crap. What happened?

EXT. DARK DEAD-END ALLEY

The alley is blocked at the far end by a chain link fence. Janet and Toby huddle behind a dumpster; a pile of boxes are stacked behind them. Sparky joins them.

TOBY

(whispering)

Bonjour, mon petit chien.

Janet stands to see what's happening. She sees Will, weapon drawn, entering the alley. She squats quickly.

JANET

(whispering)

He's coming.

TOBY

(looking back)

This is a dead-end.

They embrace as though it is their last.

Will continues into the alley, kicking boxes out of the way.

When Will is very close, Sparky leaps out, barks, and races down the alley. Will rushes past them.

The boxes piled behind Janet and Toby rise as a unit, revealing a cellar entrance. Kinky emerges.

KINKY  
(whispering)  
Down here!

Janet and Toby are startled. Toby's gasp is muffled by a hand belonging to Kinky featuring a dazzling if gaudy collection of rings.

KINKY (CONT'D)  
Shhhhh . . .

Kinky pulls them to the opening.

At the end of the alley, close to the ground, is an opening cut into a chain link fence. Will examines the hole with his flashlight. He holsters his gun crawls through the hole. It's a tight squeeze, and his uniform catches.

He struggles to free himself. Sparky appears again, and bites and shakes Will's hand as he reaches for his gun. A boat paddle WHACKS his butt repeatedly. Will cries out.

INT. ROB AND CARLA'S HOME

Rob, Carla, La'Tricia stand in the kitchen. Carla pours a drink for herself.

LA'TRICIA  
(to Carla)  
Can I have one of those?

La'Tricia removes her coat and hat.

CARLA  
(pours a very short one)  
How in hell could that happen?!

HAL  
(entering)  
What happened?

La'Tricia's phone rings. She answers.

LA'TRICIA  
Yeah. Oh, Will, you are shitin' me!  
Well find them!

She ends the call, and drinks her short one in one gulp.

HAL  
What?

                  CARLA  
SHHHHH!

Silence. The kids wait for La'Tricia to gather herself.

                  LA'TRICIA  
OK . . . so your parents survived  
the second attempt, also.

                  HAL  
What?!

Carla whacks Hal's shoulder hard. He is stunned.

                  CARLA  
So they know.

                  HAL  
          (to Carla)  
Why'd you do that?

                  LA'TRICIA  
I apologize. This is very highly  
unprofessional.

                  ROB  
I knew this was a mistake.

                  CARLA  
          (to Rob)  
Don't. Rob!

                  LA'TRICIA  
Have they tried to reach you guys?

                  ROB  
I knew what we were doing was  
wrong.

                  CARLA  
          (hissing)  
Pussy --

                  HAL  
-- You think they might have  
figured it out?

                  LA'TRICIA  
Not necessarily. Maybe. Probably.  
Have they attempted contact?

ROB

No.

CARLA

What do we need to do?

HAL

Oh, shit.

CARLA

Enough with the shits, Hal! What do we do? Ms Do-min-i-ca, what should we do?

LA'TRICIA

(icily)

Wait. Do not panic. Just wait. My best man is on this.

Carla pours another drink and sits.

CARLA

Your best man and he's missed them twice?!

LA'TRICIA

If they call you or show up --

CARLA

-- God forbid --

LA'TRICIA

-- Then you call me ASAP at these numbers only.

La'Tricia gives Rob and Carla cards.

LA'TRICIA (CONT'D)

These numbers cannot be traced to me.

HAL

Do I get one?

CARLA

Shush!

HAL

Shush your own damned self, Carla --

ROB

-- What do we say to them. If they call or --

CARLA

-- Show up God forbid.

LA'TRICIA

Under no circumstances admit to anything. Say its a system failure.

(pouring another drink)

You got a gun?

INT. RICK'S SEX SHOP BASEMENT

Little Bit quietly takes items from the shelves, boxes and prepares the boxes for shipping. She works from a small desk near the bed. When her laptop signals a new order, she checks it.

Toby lies on the bed, his head resting on a penis pillow. Janet sits on the edge of the bed, clearly uncomfortable, and Kinky Fuchs hovers with Cokes.

KINKY

You're safe here, darlings. Sit up Honey, and enjoy an ice cold Coca-Cola.

JANET

(taking a Coke)

Oh, my. Thank you. Toby, sit up, dear. She has Cokes.

KINKY

They.

JANET

Oh, I am so . . .

Toby rises and tearfully takes the Coke.

TOBY

Cokes? Janet, are we in heaven?

JANET

(looking about)

I don't think so.

Little bit giggles as she works.

KINKY

That's Little Bit Moore, my assistant.

Toby and Janet acknowledge her with their Cokes.



LITTLE BIT  
 (waving a dildo)  
 Just call me Little Bit.

KINKY  
 Janet, Toby . . . right? My name is  
 Kinky Fuchs. I bought this  
 business just before the bottom  
 dropped, but we're still humping --

LITTLE BIT  
 -- excuse the expression --

KINKY  
 -- with on-line sales. Thank God,  
 UPS International didn't go under.  
 Everything is marked "made in the  
 USA."

LITTLE BIT  
 But, actually most of it comes from  
 North Korea. That's why the dildos  
 are so small.

KINKY  
 Little Bit! She just has to say  
 that --

LITTLE BIT  
 -- every time.

Little Bit and Kinky share a hearty laugh.

JANET  
 Lovely.

Toby burps loudly.

TOBY  
 Pardonnez-moi.

KINKY  
 We've been monitoring you two since  
 your names showed up on the GO! hit  
 list earlier today.

TOBY  
 Hit list? A terrible mistake has  
 been made.

KINKY  
 'Fraid not.

There's a grave pause.

JANET  
Please explain.

KINKY  
In the last week alone, how many,  
Little Bit?

LITTLE BIT  
In Florida alone, a hundred thirty-  
three, the most of any state.

KINKY  
A lot of people have been  
euthanized who never knew they  
signed on for it. It's their kids.

Toby and Janet exchange glance.

TOBY  
No. It's just not possible --  
it's a bureaucratic fuck-up, that's  
all.

Little Bit is at her computer, fingers flying.

JANET  
It's got to be a breakdown in the  
system -- our boys . . .

KINKY  
Little Bit is a computer whiz.  
She's hacked both systems at GO!.  
The legit system was easy, but the  
dark side, as we call it --

LITTLE BIT  
-- finally! After weeks, I cracked  
it yesterday.

KINKY  
We knew the Dark Side had to exist.  
You see, we would find people, like  
you, running from Geriatric Options  
officers.

LITTLE BIT  
Kinky would give them a Coke.

KINKY  
They'd call their kids, then go to  
meet them and . . .

LITTLE BIT

Ka-splat! Every damned time! This happened only to people with kids.

KINKY

So we knew something was up.

JANET

No, our boys would never.

LITTLE BIT

(reading from the monitor)

Let's see . . . You completed your mall application today with Knox, right?

JANET

Yes.

LITTLE BIT

And apparently at the same time you filed euthanasia requests with Ms. Dominica, naming your sons Rob and Hal as beneficiaries.

TOBY

No, we didn't do that.

Bobo enters. He's a man in his eighties, with a Mutant Ninja Turtles walkie-talkie hanging from his belt. He carries a boat paddle. Sparky trots in by his side.

BOBO

Man that was fun.

Sparky runs to Toby and sits in his lap.

LITTLE BIT

Bobo!

BOBO

Lil'bit!

Little Bit and Bobo embrace.

KINKY

Bobo's kept an eye on you.

JANET

Thank you, Bobo.

TOBY

And, thank you, Sparky.

Sparky licks Toby's face.

INT. LA'TRICIA'S VEHICLE

La'Tricia drives fast through empty downtown streets. She has three cell phones on her dash -- blue, green, and red. She speaks into a fourth -- black.

LA'TRICIA

Will, you took out two kids in their twenties. Very highly unprofessional. Baby really made a mess.

INT. ROB AND CARLA'S HOME

Rob paces with his cell phone in hand. It rings and he drops it.

ROB

Oh, damn! Hello? Hello? Carla?  
Mom! Oh, God . . . Hello Mom.

He takes a photo of his parents off a table and holds it to his heart.

INT. RICK'S SEX SHOP BASEMENT

JANET

Hello, darling. I hope I didn't call too late.

Toby sits on the round bed clutching a large vagina cushion tightly. Little Bit holds a cue card to which Janet refers.

JANET (CONT'D)

We borrowed a phone, dear. Yes.  
(refers to cue card)  
A nice homeless man from Dayton. Daddy and I are hoping you might come pick us up, just for the night.

Janet holds the phone out -- Rob is now on Speaker.

ROB (O.S.)

Well, sure. I guess. I mean, I'll have to check with Carla.

JANET

Of course dear. Rob, is there something you want to tell me?

ROB (O.S.)

Ah, yes, Mom . . .

(long pause)

Carla's out. She's running an errand. May I call you back at this number?

Kinky nods "yes."

JANET

Yes, dear.

ROB (O.S.)

Bye Mom.

Janet and Toby are devastated. Little Bit and Kinky try to console them.

INT. LA'TRICIA'S VEHICLE

Her blue phone rings. She continues to talk on the black one.

LA'TRICIA

Will, Mama will deal with it.  
Where are you?

INT. ROB AND CARLA'S HOME

Rob holds a card La'Tricia gave him. He holds the phone waiting for La'Tricia to answer.

ROB

Come on, come on! Where the heck are you?

He throws phone down on the sofa, but quickly retrieves it and re-dials.

EXT. CORNER COPELAND AND DUVAL

La'Tricia pulls up next to Will. His car is a mess. The blue phone still rings. They speak from their cars.

LA'TRICIA

You were a darn good lay, Willy Banger.

WILL  
Gee, thanks, Mama.

LA'TRICIA  
(wistfully)  
And I adore your vintage X-Men  
sheets. So damn cute.

WILL  
Yeah, you said.

LA'TRICIA  
But you are so really stupid.

WILL  
Yeah, you said that, too.

LA'TRICIA  
We just cannot have an  
investigation, baby.

She points a gun at him. Will gets out of his car. He has  
an obvious erection.

LA'TRICIA (CONT'D)  
No, baby.

WILL  
Let me give mama some sugar.

LA'TRICIA  
Not now, Willy. I got orders.

La'Tricia stares at his crotch. She shoots, hitting him in  
the crotch.

LA'TRICIA (CONT'D)  
Ooooh! Noooo! Sorry, baby.

Will collapses against La'Tricia's door. He hangs on to her  
window opening.

WILL  
Oh, mama!

She cries and smashes his fingers with her gun.

LA'TRICIA  
Get off. Go away!

He holds on. She drives, dragging him.

WILL  
Mama?

He eventually falls off. She turns her car around. He lies wriggling about on the road.

INT. LA'TRICIA'S VEHICLE

She sees Will moving about in the road.

LA'TRICIA  
Oh, Fuck!

She guns it and runs over him. The car's shocks GROAN sharply when the big bump occurs.

La'Tricia wipes her eyes and then her nose with her hand. She turns her car around again. She sees that Will is still moving. She guns it again.

LA'TRICIA (CONT'D)  
So sorry, baby!

EXT. THE ROAD

Will lies in the road. The car speeds toward him. As it arrives he raises a hand.

WILL  
Mama . . .

INT. LA'TRICIA'S VEHICLE

She is crying so hard she can barely see. The blue phone still rings, but the green cell phone now rings as well. She recovers miraculously and answers the green phone.

LA'TRICIA  
Who!?

CARLA (O.S.)  
Carla.

LA'TRICIA  
They call you?

INT. ROB'S CAR

Carla drives. Hal sits in the passenger seat holding a gun.

CARLA  
No. Any sign of them?

She slaps Hal's arm.

CARLA (CONT'D)  
Don't look at me -- look for them!

INT. LA'TRICIA'S VEHICLE

LA'TRICIA  
What?! Hold, Carla.

She does not disconnect the green call, but answers the blue.

LA'TRICIA (CONT'D)  
Rob? You hear from them?

ROB (O.S.)/CARLA (O.C)  
Yes!/ What?

LA'TRICIA  
Carla, I am talking to Rob. Hold on  
-- putting you both on speaker.  
(she does)  
So they called?

INT. ROB AND CARLA'S HOME

ROB  
Yes. They want me to pick them up.

LA'TRICIA (O.S.)  
Carla, you hear that?

CARLA (O.S.)  
Yes.

ROB  
They want me to pick them up. What  
do I do!?

INT. ROB'S CAR

Hal is all over Carla trying to hear the conversation.

CARLA  
Get off me!

HAL  
I hate you so much!



CARLA  
Your breath! What is that?

ROB/LA'TRICIA (O.S.)  
What?/Hello?

INT. ROB AND CARLA'S HOME

Rob lies on the sofa, kicking like a small child.

ROB  
What do I do?! They are waiting  
for me to call! What do I do?!

LA'TRICIA (O.S.)  
Rob, you gotta relax.

CARLA (O.S.)  
Jesus . . .

ROB  
I heard that.

LA'TRICIA (O.S.)  
Call your parents and tell them to  
meet you at the corner of College  
and Calhoun.

ROB  
(searches for a pen)  
Wait. Can't find a goddamned --  
got one. College and . . .

CARLA (O.S.)  
Calhoun!

LA'TRICIA (O.S.)  
In say a half-hour? Nobody around  
there this time of night. Got  
that? Robby?

ROB  
It's Rob.

CARLA (O.S.)  
Jesus!

ROB  
Heard that, too.

Rob struggles to put on his shoes as he speaks.

ROB (CONT'D)  
 Got it. So I meet them -- what  
 then??

INT. LA'TRICIA'S VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

LA'TRICIA  
 Just park near the corner. Keep  
 your doors locked. I'll deal with  
 them. They need to see you or they  
 might not bite.

ROB (O.S.)  
 Bite? Wait --

CARLA (O.S.)  
 -- Earth to Rob!

La'Tricia rolls her eyes and mouths curse words as she drives  
 and listens.

INT. ROB AND CARLA'S HOME

ROB  
 -- *I hate it when you say that--*

CARLA (O.S.)  
 -- but, Robbie, you are forgetting  
 something.

INT. ROB'S CAR

CARLA  
*I have the car!*

INT. ROB AND CARLA'S HOME

ROB  
*What!?*

INT. LA'TRICIA'S VEHICLE

LA'TRICIA  
 What?!

CARLA (O.S.)  
 We'll meet them!

LA'TRICIA  
We? Who we?

INT. ROB'S CAR

HAL  
I'm in the car, too! Me, Hal!

CARLA  
Get out'a my face!

INT. LA'TRICIA'S VEHICLE

She pulls her hair and shakes the phone in the air.

LA'TRICIA  
You people . . .

INT. ROB'S CAR

CARLA  
We're only a few blocks from there--

HAL  
-- Wait, no! I don't want to be  
there.

CARLA  
Shut up, Hal!  
(back to phone)  
No problem -- I have a gun.

HAL  
Stop! Let me out. Let me out!

CARLA  
No!

ROB (O.S.)  
Carla, just let him out!

CARLA  
You should have come with me but  
you were too big'a pussy!

LA'TRICIA (O.S.)  
Oh my God you people.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE RICK'S SEX SHOP

Rob's car stops. Hal gets out with the gun.

INT. ROB'S CAR

CARLA  
Give me the Goddamned gun!

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE RICK'S SEX SHOP

Hal throws the gun into the car through the open passenger door. It bounces off the seat and hits the dash, causing it to fire striking Hal in the leg.

INT. ROB'S CAR

CARLA  
You stupid fucking cock sucker.

LA'TRICIA (O.S.)  
Carla?

ROB (O.S.)  
What was that!?

CARLA  
Hal shot himself.

ROB (O.S.)  
What?

LA'TRICIA (O.S.)  
Jesus, Mary and Joseph, you people.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE RICK'S SEX SHOP

Hal is howling and writhing on the sidewalk. Carla leaves the car and kicks him.

CARLA  
Shut up, Hal. You are going to fuck everything up!

HAL  
You spit on me! Again!

CARLA  
Oh, for God's sake --

HAL  
 -- and you kicked me where I'm  
 shot! --

CARLA  
 -- Boo hoo! --

LA'TRICIA (O.S.)  
 -- Carla --

HAL  
 -- I hate you, Carla!

Bobo, at the second floor, street-side window of Rick's Sex Shop lifts his Ninja Turtles walkie-talkie into frame.

CARLA  
 (at phone)  
 He's only shot in the leg. Should  
 I leave him? --

LA'TRICIA (O.S.)  
 -- Carla --

ROB (O.S.)  
 -- No! Don't leave him!

Carla tugs at Hal with one hand, holds the phone with the other.

CARLA  
 OK. Come on, Hal. Get off your  
 ass or I will leave you.

Into phone:

CARLA (CONT'D)  
 He won't get up.

LA'TRICIA (O.S.)  
 -- Carla! --

HAL  
 (shouting)  
 -- I can't get up!

ROB (O.S.)  
 Hal? Hal?

LA'TRICIA (O.S.)  
 -- Carla!? --

CARLA  
 -- Wait a sec.

She holds the phone near Hal's face.

ROB (O.S.)  
Hal?

HAL  
What?

ROB (O.S.)  
Get up, Hal!

HAL  
I'm shot, damn it!

CARLA  
Get in the car, Hal! --

LA'TRICIA (O.S.)  
-- Please, Hal! --

HAL  
-- Rob, your wife's a horrible woman!

CARLA  
That's it!

Carla heads back to the car.

INT. LA'TRICIA'S VEHICLE

La'Tricia smokes, rolls her eyes.

HAL (O.S.)  
She's leaving me!

ROB (O.S.)  
Carla!

CARLA (O.S.)  
I am leaving his ass!

HAL (O.S.)  
Help!

INT. ROB'S CAR

Carla closes her car door.

CARLA  
(to herself)  
I hope he dies.

INT. ROB AND CARLA'S HOME

ROB  
I heard that!

Rob kicks anything he can. He holds the phone to his chest.

ROB (CONT'D)  
Why did I let that *bitch* talk me  
into this!

A muffled response is heard:

CARLA (O.S.)  
I heard that, wussy-boy!

INT. SECOND FLOOR RICK'S SEX SHOP

Bobo leads Janet, Toby, Little Bit and Kinky to the window.

BOBO  
You gotta see this. Oh. Damn,  
that mean girl is gone.

JANET  
Toby, is that Hal?

TOBY  
That's our son.

EXT. THE STREET IN FRONT OF RICK'S SEX SHOP

Hal manages to get up. He limps away crying and repeatedly saying "I hate you, Carla" as he heads into the dead end alley.

INT. SECOND FLOOR RICH'S SEX SHOP

TOBY  
He's bleeding. He needs us.

KINKY  
We need him. Fetch, Bobo!

INT. LA'TRICIA'S VEHICLE

La'Tricia wipes sweat from her neck and drinks from a gin bottle.

She negotiates the blue and green phones, the gin bottle, a cigarette and a handkerchief with amazing dexterity.

LA'TRICIA  
OK, Rob. Call your parents please.

A silence.

CARLA (O.S.)  
Rob?!

LA'TRICIA  
Rob? You still there?

INT. ROB AND CARLA'S HOME

Rob holds a photo of his parents. He says nothing for a moment.

ROB  
(quietly)  
Yes. Corner of College and  
Calhoun?

LA'TRICIA (O.S.)  
That's right.

INT. ROB'S CAR

Carla checks the clip, loads. On phone.

CARLA  
I'll be there to meet them.

INT. LA'TRICIA'S VEHICLE

LA'TRICIA  
Carla. Keep your doors locked. Do  
not engage them. Understood?

INT. ROB AND CARLA'S HOME

ROB  
Wait -- I think we should cancel.  
Can we do that?

LA'TRICIA (O.S.)  
Robbie, you signed a contract.



ROB  
I'm breaking the contract.

INT. ROB'S CAR

CARLA  
Rob! Listen to me. Your parents are so old they'll die soon anyway and if they just die on their own we get nothing!

INT. ROB AND CARLA'S HOME

LA'TRICIA (O.S.)  
Honey, you cannot stop this -- it's too late.

CARLA (O.S.)  
Yeah, Robbie.

ROB  
OK . . . but Carla, if you shoot my parents I'll divorce you!

INT. ROB'S CAR

CARLA  
(scratching her nails on phone)  
What, honey? I'm losing you.

Carla disconnects her phone. Parks. Lowers the driver side window.

INT. ROB AND CARLA'S HOME

Rob sits very still. After a silence:

LA'TRICIA (O.S.)  
Robbie, you still there?

ROB  
It's Rob. Please.

LA'TRICIA (O.S.)  
Will you make the call now? Do it, Rob, and this will all be over soon. Tell them to meet you at, uh, better make it midnight, exactly. Got that?

Rob disconnects the call. He refers to his call history and calls his parents.

INT. RICK'S SEX SHOP BASEMENT

Kinky pours Bourbon into Toby's coke. Janet paces with the phone.

JANET  
Thank you, Rob.

She hangs up.

JANET (CONT'D)  
Carla is meeting us. At midnight.

TOBY  
Well, it just got uglier.

Janet and Toby embrace tearfully.

INT. LA'TRICIA'S VEHICLE

The red phone rings loudly.

LA'TRICIA  
Oh, fuck.

She fluffs her hair, adjusts her cleavage, takes a deep breath and answers the red phone.

LA'TRICIA (CONT'D)  
Hello, sir.

INT. ROB AND CARLA'S HOME

Rob drops the phone and collapses back on the sofa, about to cry. After a moment, as if struck by lightning, he picks up his phone, and presses an app.

EXT. AN URBAN ALLEY

Hal limps down a dead-end alley, bracing himself against the wall and on trash as he goes.

HAL  
Dead end? Shit! God, I hate you,  
Carlaaaaaaa . . .

He loses his balance as he says "Carlaaaaa" and falls on a pile of boxes near a dumpster. The boxes rise from beneath him and he falls. He is pulled sharply down into the cellar of Rick's Sex shop, crying out as he disappears.

INT. RICK'S SEX SHOP BASEMENT

Hal sits on the round bed; his hands and feet are tied. He wears a dog collar; a wire leads from it. A bright studio light shines in his face.

It's dark all around him, but a bit of the pink bedspread and a penis pillow are lit. Also, we can make out Little Bit, who stands at a camera and tapes.

                  HAL  
Hello? Hello?

                  KINKY (O.S.)  
Hal.

                  HAL  
How do you know my name?

                  KINKY (O.S.)  
I know all about you, Hal.

                  HAL  
Who --

                  KINKY (O.S.)  
--Quiet! You will answer my  
questions truthfully. Or else.

                  HAL  
Or else, what?

Dimly lit, we see Kinky's hand throw a switch. Hal begins to shake and SCREAM. Kinky's hand reverses the switch.

                  KINKY  
That's what else.

Toby and Janet appear from the darkness. Looking stressed and worried.

                  KINKY (CONT'D)  
                  (to them)  
Can you believe some people  
actually like it?

Kinky throws the switch again.

TOBY  
That's enough, please.

                  HAL  
Daddy?

                  JANET  
Hal, you tell this -- Kinky  
whatever they want to know.

                  HAL  
Mom?

                  JANET  
And you tell the truth.

                  HAL  
Yes Ma'am.

INT. RICK'S SEX SHOP, DOOR TO PRIVATE ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

The painting on the door depicts a torrid sex act. We hear the SOUNDS of Toby and Janet grieving behind the door -- their grief easily mistaken as the sounds of intense sex.

INT. RICK'S SEX SHOP, PRIVATE ROOM

Janet cuddles Toby. She looks around the dimly lit room, which is just large enough for the single bed on which they sit. The walls and ceiling are filled with sex scenes.

                  JANET  
When I think of them, I always  
picture them as small boys. Rob  
pulling Hal around in that little  
red wagon . . .

                  TOBY  
Rob was the best big brother . . .

                  JANET  
They were good boys. Weren't they?  
A little lazy, maybe . . . but good  
kids all the same. So sweet, so  
affectionate. They loved us then.

                  TOBY  
Yes, they did.

                  JANET  
We have to report them.

TOBY  
You mean to the police?

JANET  
Yes.

TOBY  
But they'd go to jail.

JANET  
Kinky's right. If we don't report this, the bad apples at Geriatric Options will just continue to kill people like us.

TOBY  
But they were such precious little boys.

JANET  
So was Adolf Hitler, I imagine.

They sit in silence for a moment.

TOBY  
Did we do something to make them hate us?

JANET  
They don't hate us, dear. They just don't love us. And, then there's . . . Carla.

EXT. CALHOUN NEAR COLLEGE

Bobo spies as Carla gets out of the car. She looks around and then hurriedly tosses the gun onto the drivers seat. She then moves to the curb side of the car, pulls down her panties, hikes up her skirt, squats and pees.

Bobo approaches her with his boat paddle. She hears him, attempts to rise, and gets a foot tangled in her panties. She loses her balance. She starts to fall, but Bobo manages to brace her until Toby appears with a wheelbarrow. She falls backward into the wheelbarrow, and SCREAMS loudly.

Bobo slips a bag over her head. She SCREAMS more loudly. Bobo has no choice but to bop her on the head with the paddle.

Carla, semi-conscious, is sprawled in the wheelbarrow with her panties down to an ankle and a bag over her head. She sounds drunk.

CARLA

Are you going to rape me? Oh. My.  
God. Am I being raped?

Toby pushes the wheelbarrow with Carla in it as Bobo jogs along side with the paddle. They disappear into an alley just as La'Tricia's vehicle parks on the street just ahead at the far end of the alley.

Toby and Bobo do a quick reverse.

INT. AN UBER CAB

Rob rides in the backseat of a beat up 2015 Prius, bouncing as the shocks are long gone.

The windows are down and wind blasts in his face. LUKA, a huge man with long hair and a beard, drives.

ROB

Do these windows close?

LUKA

No.

Rob starts to speak and a bug flies into his mouth. He chokes and spits.

Through the window we see Rick's Sex Shop as they pass.

EXT. STREET

De Sock and La'Tricia get out of her car. Both are armed.

LA'TRICIA

The rendezvous point is just around the corner, Sir. The old people were last seen around here somewhere.

They walk in silence.

LA'TRICIA (CONT'D)

Really, Sir, you don't have to do this.

DE SOCK

Wrong. This is a major fuck-up, and I have to be certain of a complete clean-up.

La'Tricia fumes and fights back tears. She sniffles and one of her false eyelashes slips a bit.

The Uber cab rushes past them.

INT. UBER CAB

Rob doesn't see De Sock and La'Tricia -- he checks his watch; it's 11:55.

EXT. CALHOUN NEAR COLLEGE

Rob gets out, and the cab screeches away. He walks to his car.

ROB  
Carla? Hal?

He looks in the car and sees the keys in the ignition and the gun in the drivers' seat. He looks about and softly calls:

ROB (CONT'D)  
Mom. Daddy?

EXT. ALLEY

A toppled wheelbarrow rests at the mouth of the Rick's Sex Shop cellar entrance. The boxes covering the entrance are raised.

Carla's body lies on the pavement -- panties still at her feet. We see her body suddenly pulled into the cellar and the boxes slam down.

She cries weakly as she disappears:

CARLA  
Rape . . .

EXT. STREET CORNER

De Sock and La'Tricia walk around a corner onto College Avenue.

EXT. COLLEGE AVENUE

They see Rob's car just ahead. They whisper.

DE SOCK  
So we euthanize the old people now.

LA'TRICIA  
Check.

She looks at her watch.

LA'TRICIA (CONT'D)  
They should be here any minute.

DE SOCK  
And then the kids.

LA'TRICIA  
The daughter-in-law should be  
waiting in that car just ahead.

DE SOCK  
Good. And the wounded guy?

LA'TRICIA  
Around here somewhere. I think.

DE SOCK  
You think?! And the third?

LA'TRICIA  
At home. I am so sorry about all  
this, Director De Sock. I know it  
is highly unprofessional --

DE SOCK  
-- Shut up. If the wounded man  
gets medical help we're screwed.  
*Find him!* I'll take care of this.

De Sock continues forward. La'Tricia takes a right at the  
corner.

De Sock approaches Rob's car.

INT. ROB'S CAR

De Sock thrusts a gun in Rob's face through the driver's  
window. Rob is horrified.

DE SOCK  
You're not a woman.

ROB  
I know.



De Sock flashes his GO! badge. Then hides it quickly.

DE SOCK  
You know who I am?

ROB  
No. You know who I am?

DE SOCK  
No. Have you seen a woman in a car  
around here?

ROB  
No.

DE SOCK  
Get out.

Rob places the gun under the seat.

EXT. ROB'S CAR

Rob gets out of the car.

DE SOCK  
(suspiciously)  
Are you wounded?

ROB  
No.

DE SOCK  
Turn around. Slowly.

Rob complies. De Sock checks him out.

DE SOCK (CONT'D)  
What are you doing here?

ROB  
Uh, I . . . don't know . . . I,  
ah . . . took an Ambien.

DE SOCK  
Took an Ambien?

ROB  
Yes.

DE SOCK  
You need to go home.

ROB  
All right.

INT. ROB'S CAR

Rob hops in his car and starts the engine.

DE SOCK  
Wait.

ROB  
What?

DE SOCK  
(leaning in the window)  
Seen a wounded guy?

ROB  
No.

DE SOCK  
How about an old couple?

ROB  
No.

Rob raises the window and drives away.

EXT. STREET

We see La'Tricia stalking along the darkened street. She throws her back to the wall of a building at the edge of an alley and then whirls around, preparing to shoot anyone she sees.

EXT. AN URBAN ALLEY

La'Tricia enters the alley pushing debris out of her path with her foot.

She hears a car's ENGINE and BREAKS behind her on the street, she whirls around to see Rob's car slowing. She recognizes him.

LA'TRICIA  
What the . . . ?

EXT. STREET

Rob's car parks.

INT. ROB'S CAR

Rob attempts to phone Carla.

ROB  
Carla, answer you bitch! Where on  
holy hell are you?

INT. RICK'S SEX SHOP BASEMENT

A bright light illuminates Carla whose feet are tied. She sits on the round pink bed. As with Hal, she wears a dog collar; a wire leads from it. Her cell rings several times.

Little Bit tapes.

CARLA  
What do you want from me?!

Carla's last word suddenly turns into a scream. She shakes violently.

EXT. ROB'S CAR

La'Tricia approaches the passenger side window, holding her gun out of sight.

INT. ROB'S CAR

La'Tricia, outside the car, presses her breasts against the window. She TAPS on the window with her free hand.

LA'TRICIA  
Rob.

Rob is shocked and points his gun at her.

ROB  
Oh! Sorry.

She taps the window again, points down.

LA'TRICIA  
Lower the window, I can't hear you.

As the window lowers, it drags the top of La'Tricia's blouse down more fully exposing her voluptuous breasts.

Rob, in his excitement and confusion, reverses the window, then again lowers it.

ROB  
Oops. Oh, God. Sorry.

He raises the window again by mistake.

ROB (CONT'D)  
Oh, wow. My mistake.

LA'TRICIA  
(seductively)  
Robbie . . .

ROB  
Sorry!

He lowers the window again. All the way. He is captivated by her breasts.

LA'TRICIA  
You big tease.

The window is fully lowered now. La'Tricia leans into the window. She sinks a bit, pushing her breasts up to their maximum grandeur. Rob cannot take his eyes off them.

LA'TRICIA (CONT'D)  
Baby, where is Carla?

ROB  
I don't know.

LA'TRICIA  
Is this your car?

ROB  
Yes.

LA'TRICIA  
I thought Carla was in your car.

ROB  
Me too.

LA'TRICIA  
How'd you come?

ROB  
Come? Oh, I come -- came in an Uber.

La'Tricia giggles, screws up her face, suffering major indecision.

LA'TRICIA

Hal. Where is your brother?

ROB

Haven't seen him.

LA'TRICIA

Well . . . hell. What am I gunna do with you, Robbie?

ROB

Rob.

LA'TRICIA

I like Robbie.

ROB

O.K.

INT. RICK'S SEX SHOP BASEMENT

Carla is still SCREAMING. Her hair stands up all over her head and her eyes are very wide.

KINKY

Carla, dear, believe me. No one here wants to rape you.

TOBY

I gag at the thought.

CARLA

Mr. Roberts? Dad? Is that you --

Carla again SCREAMS and shakes.

EXT. STREET

Mr. De Sock stealthily stalks. He hears intermittent horn BEEPS. He looks about and in the distance he sees Rob's car. It is shaking. As he draws closer, he hears La'Tricia's and Rob's NOISY ENJOYMENT.

INT. ROB'S CAR

La'Tricia and Rob are going at it. It's awkward, but they manage. The windows are up and steamed.

EXT. ROB'S CAR

Mr. De Sock peers into the car. He can't see clearly. He rushes to the rear window. He then climbs over the top to the windshield. He raps on the glass with his gun.

DE SOCK  
Stop that! You stop that!

INT. ROB'S CAR

Chaos. Rob and La'Tricia separate, she SCREAMS.

ROB  
Jesus!

EXT. ROB'S CAR

De Sock goes to the passenger side door -- it's locked. He then runs around to try the driver's side door. As he does, the door opens, knocking him back on his ass.

Amid SCREAMS from La'Tricia, Rob bolts from the car wearing only a shirt and carrying his gun.

Rob moons as he runs barefoot down the street, passing a trash can, lid askew, with a boat paddle sticking out of it. The lid of the can rises slightly, and we see Bobo peering out.

INT. ROB'S CAR

De Sock, enters the car and points his gun at La'tricia who is still trying to dress.

DE SOCK  
Who the fuck was that!

A frozen moment, then:

LA'TRICIA  
I -- I don't know.

DE SOCK  
What!?

De SOCK searches the car pocket, finds registration. As he does this La'Tricia opens the passenger door and attempts to leave.

De Sock grabs her arm, stopping her exit.

DE SOCK (CONT'D)  
This car is registered to Robert R.  
Roberts! You were screwing one of  
the kids?!

LA'TRICIA  
Was I?

She breaks free, grabs her gun from the roof of the car, and runs. De Sock fires at her. She returns fire from behind a derelict car.

LA'TRICIA (CONT'D)  
I can't believe you shot at me!

DE SOCK  
I can't believe you fucked one of  
the kids! You're fired!

LA'TRICIA  
Fuck you!

They exchange fire again.

Further up the street, we see Rob still running. He hears the shots, stops, panics.

ROB  
Oh, God!

Rob fires his gun blindly, then continues to run.

INT. RICK'S SEX SHOP BASEMENT

Carla and Hal sit, feet bound, on the round bed. They are fried. Little Bit continues to tape. Toby and Janet stand near by. Kinky holds the electric shock control.

KINKY  
That'll do for the time being,  
Little Bit.

Carla tugs at her dog collar.

CARLA  
So can we take these damned things  
off now?

They all react to outside GUNSHOTS in the distance to their left.





LA'TRICIA  
He's gunna kill us!

She runs to the passenger side and gets in. Rob gets into the driver's seat.

INT. ROB'S CAR

ROB  
Who is that man?

LA'TRICIA  
De Sock, my boss -- he's crazy.

Another GUNSHOT is heard and through the windows they see De Sock running toward them.

ROB/ LA'TRICIA  
Crap!/ Drive!

Rob attempts to start the car. De Sock closes in, FIRING.

LA'TRICIA  
Start the fucking car!

The car finally starts. Rob puts it in gear.

EXT. STREET

They speed away just as De Sock reaches the car. De Sock fires again but can't -- he's out of ammo. He runs after the car.

Bobo gets out of the trash can, all the while reporting via the walkie-talkie.

INT. ROB'S CAR

La'Tricia sees De Sock chasing the car.

LA'TRICIA  
Turn around!

ROB  
What?

LA'TRICIA  
Do it!

She tries to turn the steering wheel. Rob brakes hard.

ROB  
OK. OK.

EXT. STREET

We see the car back up, lurch forward, back again, and then head back down the street. De Sock stops, throws his gun at the on-coming car, then turns and runs.

INT. ROB'S CAR

LA'TRICIA  
Faster!

ROB  
Oh, God.

She puts her foot on the gas pedal and guns it. De Sock is directly in their path.

ROB (CONT'D)  
Oh, God!

EXT. STREET

Just as Rob's car is about to run him down, De Sock darts into an alley.

INT. ROB'S CAR

And, just as De Sock evades, La'Tricia grabs the wheel and turns the car toward him. The car SMASHES into the corner of a building.

EXT. AN URBAN ALLEY

And, just as the car smashes into the building, a boat paddle CRACKS De Sock over the head.

Bobo, holding the paddle, speaks over his walkie-talkie:

BOBO  
I'm gunna need some help.

INT. RICK'S SEX SHOP BASEMENT - THE NEXT DAY

De Sock, La'Tricia and Rob, all sporting lumps and black eyes, sit with Carla and Hal on the round bed.

All wear dog collars. All have their feet tied. Rob holds a penis pillow in his lap to cover his privates. Rob and Hal cry.

Like Hal and Carla, De Sock, La'Tricia and Rob show signs of having been given electrical shocks.

Little Bit is again at her video camera with Bobo near by. Janet and Toby sit just outside the set area, and Kinky holds the electrical switch.

KINKY

So . . . We have everything on video. A sordid tale of greed and corruption. The question is what shall we do with it? Or, better yet, what shall we do with you?

The five on the bed simultaneously plead. Kinky flips the switch and they all fry a bit and bang their heads together. Kinky turns off the juice.

KINKY (CONT'D)

Toby and Janet Roberts, whose only crime has been to outlive the love of their sons, have the privilege of passing judgement on you.

Toby and Janet rise. There is a long silence.

ROB

Mom, Daddy, what are you going to do?

JANET

You'll find out soon enough. Not another word.

DE SOCK

But --

Toby again throws the switch. When he releases it, the others on the bed slap De Sock about the face and head.

Toby picks up a suitcases.

TOBY

You ready, sweetheart?

JANET

(taking a suitcase)

Yes, I am, dear. Let's go to the mall.

Janet and Toby start up the stairs to the alley.

                  TOBY  
Thank you Kinky, Little Bit and  
Bobo . . . for everything.

                  JANET  
Yes. We thank you from the bottom  
of our hearts.  
          (pause)  
Are you sure it's no trouble?

                  KINKY  
No trouble at all, dear. They  
deserve it and it'll be good for  
business.

                  JANET  
Well . . . All right, then.

They reluctantly start up the stairs.

                  ROB  
Deserve what? Mom, Daddy, please --

Kinky delivers a shock.

                  CARLA  
Mommy, Daddy, what a pussy --

Kinky delivers a longer shock.

                  KINKY  
Come back and see us -- we'll  
always have Coke!

Little Bit waves a dildo.

                  LITTLE BIT  
We can have fun next time!

                  BOBO  
Bye!

As Janet and Toby climb the stairs out of sight, Hal, Rob and others desperately CALL OUT to them.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Muffled SCREAMS from the basement are heard. Janet appears from the stairs, puts her suitcase down and extends a hand to Toby, who follows.

Toby puts his suitcase down and brings the box-covered door down, just as Sparky joins them. The screams from below are silenced.

TOBY

Well, ma mie, we never got that coffee.

They hold hands as they walk to the street with their suitcases. Sparky trots alongside.

JANET

(with a wink)  
Nor the muffin.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Toby and Janet, hand-in-hand, walk out of the alley into the sunshine. Birds sing. Sparky trots along in front of them.

Toby and Janet stroll through a park past a fountain. Butterflies flutter by as Sparky leaps playfully at them.

They walk hand-in-hand into the coffee shop across the street from the GO! Building; the large screens still play the GO! Infomercial.

EXT. STREET

Rob, Hal, Carla, La'Tricia and De Sock are huddled together. They are nude and cover themselves with pieces of cardboard and trash from the alley.

They move cautiously as a clump, and although we cannot hear them, we see that they are insulting and cursing each other.

As the "nude bunch" approaches La'Tricia's car. Out of no where several police cars pull up, blocking their escape. Cops pour out of the cars and kneel, guns at the ready. Our "nude bunch" raise their hands, dropping their cardboard and trash.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - A LITTLE LATER

Janet and Toby sit outside the shop drinking coffee. They share one muffin. They stare off into the distance. Sparky sits in Toby's lap enjoying a bit of muffin as well.

Behind them, unnoticed, the large screens outside the Geriatric Options Building suddenly go dark.



JANET

Oh, my . . .

And you always said "what's the use  
in leaving a spare Key --

JANET (CONT'D)

-- in a car that should be locked?"

TOBY

And now we know.

Sparky jumps into the car and barks.

They laugh. Energy returns. They dance, Janet twirls Toby under her arm, then pops the trunk. Toby tosses the suitcases in and SLAMS it closed. Janet starts the car, Toby hops into the passenger seat. Sparky stands between them with his front paws on the dash.

They drive away.

THE END