

OLD PEOPLE

by

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FADE IN:

INT. A CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT - SOMETIME IN THE FUTURE

We see a large group of people watching a large screen. They are Geriatric Options (GO!) officers. The striking GO! logo adorns their black uniforms.

SALVO DE SOCK stands at a podium to the left of the screen. He is a slick fellow -- early forties, wearing a black suit. On his lapel is a pin bearing the GO! logo. He controls the video and the room's lighting with a small hand held remote.

On-going action on the screen fills the frame.

ON SCREEN

In a dark urban alley, an elderly woman, MRS. BECK, runs for her life. Her little Jack Russell, SPARKY, runs ahead, tugging on his leash. She hides behind a dumpster.

Sparky BARKS.

MS. BECK  
(whispering)  
No, Sparkey.

MYRA BLACK, a GO! Officer, walks down the alley. She, like most GO! Officers, is in her early thirties. Myra has a gun.

Mrs. Beck sees Myra and panics. She looks about for a better place to hide but sees none; she runs again holding Sparky in her arms.

MYRA  
Mrs. Beck, please, I've had a long  
day, got a headache -- have a  
little consideration.

De Sock stops the on-screen action and brings the light up with a snap.

DE SOCK  
Who cares if Officer Black has a  
headache?!

AUDIENCE  
No one!

DE SOCK  
Never discuss anything with a  
client!

(MORE)

DE SOCK (CONT'D)

If you are told to terminate a client then you do it without requesting their cooperation!

De Sock snaps the lights off and the film resumes.

Ms. Beck cries out and falls. Myra approaches her. Mrs. Beck looks directly into the camera filming her.

MRS. BECK

She tried to run me down with her car.

MYRA

Mrs. Beck --

MS. BECK

-- Help me, please.

SOMEONE (O.S.)

Shhh.

MRS. BECK

(to Myra)

-- I did not sign up.

(to camera)

I never signed up!

MYRA

-- you cannot change your mind. Its in the contract.

MS. BECK

I didn't change my mind.

MYRA

Then why are you running?

MS. BECK

(to someone outside the scene)

There's been a mistake!

De Sock again stops the film and the lights come on. He stands in silence for a moment and rolls his eyes.

DE SOCK

There's been a mistake all right! Never. Never. Never haggle with a client! Some of these people are so old they can't remember their own names, much less having signed a contract.

He again returns action to the screen and puts the room in darkness.

Mrs. Beck crawls along the pavement, crying. Sparkey sprints away.

MYRA  
Hold still please.

Myra's gun clicks, but doesn't fire.

MYRA (CONT'D)  
(refers to a cheat sheet)  
Oh, heck, I forgot to load my gun.

Myra takes a garotte from her belt and snaps it.

Light up. On-screen action freezes. The audience is laughing.

DE SOCK  
You may think such ineptitude  
couldn't exist among your ranks,  
but it does! This film is based  
entirely on blunders made by  
officers of Florida's Office of  
Geriatric Options. Florida has the  
highest rate of blunders in  
delivery of consensual euthanasia  
of any state! You all have sworn  
an oath pledging to reduce  
geriatric over-population with  
competence and professionalism.  
Can we do better?

AUDIENCE  
Yes, Director De Sock!

DE SOCK  
Will you uphold your oath?!

AUDIENCE  
Yes, Director De Sock!

DE SOCK  
And, remember, "accidental" death  
is preferred by the national office  
-- other methods of delivery are  
acceptable only when they employ  
the element of surprise!

De Sock starts the film again, but dims the lights slightly. He speaks over the action.

On screen, Myra tightens the garotte until Mrs. Beck is dead. She then looks down the alley for the dog. She preps the wire with a snap.

MYRA

Sparky? Come here boy. That's a good doggie.

The audience groans.

DE SOCK

Does anyone question national policy regarding pets?

The crowd is silenced.

Myra speaks into a shoulder mounted communication device.

MYRA

Clean up request. Case number ZX-509.

DE SOCK

Note. She gave no location. Without a location, clean-up could take days, and we can't have old people rotting on our streets! Can we?!

AUDIENCE

No, Director De Sock.

Sparky hides behind a box of trash. He trembles as MYRA approaches.

More groans from the crowd.

DE SOCK

And, we cannot have our streets populated with homeless animals.

When Myra is very close, Sparkey makes a run for it, and as he does, the audience cheers and the camera follows Sparky revealing several other cameras, a film crew and Mrs. Beck, who is lying dead on the ground.

#### TRANSITION

Our POV lifts. As we rise we see Sparky leaving the alley and running down a street, his leash trailing. Our POV continues to rise, and we see inner city desolation.

There is little traffic. Light emanates from only a few buildings and street lights.

The city disappears and we enter time lapse as the Earth revolves and morning begins to break along the horizon.

As the world turns into day we begin an ascent and time lapse slows. A suburban neighborhood comes into view. Houses need roofs, pools are filled with trash, lawns are waist high with weeds. We join an elderly man, TOBY ROBERTS, chasing a chicken in his back yard.

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 breathlessly chases Helen, a chicken. Much of the chase is seen from the clever chicken's POV. Each time Toby attempts to grab her, Helen SCREAMS and escapes.

TOBY

Helen, ma coco. Cooperate with  
Papa.

JANET ROBERTS, a towering figure with a fluty voice and in her late seventies, appears on the deck, she is a bit breathless, also.

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 (CONT'D)

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 front door bell CHIMES.

JANET (CONT'D)

That'll be Nancy.

Janet enters the house almost in a run.

INT. THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. THE FRONT STOOP OF THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

NANCY stands on the stoop sadly surveying the overgrown lawn. 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! These 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 - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. THE DECK - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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

In two days. Do you still want the table?

NANCY

Oh, yes.

JANET

We'll bring it over tomorrow.

NANCY

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

JANET

Thank you, Nancy!

Janet slams the door. Nancy turns to go with the vacuum, shaking her head.

EXT. FRONT STOOP - CONTINUOUS

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



INT. BLACK GO! SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Mercy leaves her car, and checks Nancy's pulse. Nancy isn't dead. Mercy kneels with a knee on Nancy's throat. 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 speaks into her shoulder mounted communications device.

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

Mercy smiles and waves as Janet turns and enters her house clutching her stomach.

TRANSITION

We lift high above the neighborhood in time lapse, and as the sun goes down, so do we. We enter Toby and Janet's home through the roof and ceiling of their dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Toby 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 in their mid fifties -- they look affluent. HAL, their younger son, is in his early fifties; he's skinny and unkempt.

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. Wine 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 eats in silence.

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

HAL  
Rob --

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 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-eight  
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  
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 prostate surgery.

TOBY  
Oh, yes. '28?

HAL  
Dad, you had prostate surgery? --

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  
 Turds!

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.

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!  
Anyway, now 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  
Over and over and --

TOBY

-- Asshole! 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'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.



TOBY

The up-side? No more Rubio robo-calls! Will he never tire of running for President?

CARLA

This is all so . . . unexpected. You should have told us.

HAL

For once I agree with Carla --

CARLA

-- Please don't.

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

CARLA (CONT'D)

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 Ford 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  
And, we certainly won't ask.  
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 - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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?  
It's 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.

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!

TRANSITION

We leave the euthanasia room with Toby and Janet, then we rise up and out of the Medical Center. Time lapses as the world rotates. We see light breaking at the horizon. As we begin an ascent, the sun comes up. Time lapse slows as we approach:

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. Entrances are 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

As we move toward the entrance, we see Janet and Toby standing at the rear of "Applicants w/ Appointments" line. Each carries a suitcase.

We move through the crowd past the checkpoint as the CLERK calls the next client. We see Hal sneak into the building behind the clerk.

CLERK

Next! Appointment ticket, please!

Moving faster now, we follow Hal as he makes his way through throngs of people entering and leaving the building.

INT. GO! BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Hal knocks on office M-13.

As he waits he looks about nervously. The door opens a crack. We see one of LA'TRICIA DOMINICA'S eyes. She is a beautiful, curvy gal in her mid-twenties with very long fake nails.

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 the sumptuous curves of her ass.

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

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.

LA'TRICIA (CONT'D)

Her number? Cell number? She got a cell?

HAL

Yes.

(checks his phone)

Uh, yes, 850-249-7470-9

LA'TRICIA

Check.

(tosses file aside)

OK, talk to me.

INT. GO! BUILDING - A LITTLE LATER

Toby and Janet carry their suitcases 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 - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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 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.) (CONT'D)  
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 (V.O.)  
A nurse is on duty five days a week in each forty bed ward.

The video ends; the info-hostess reappears.

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.) (CONT'D)  
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  
Some of our seniors prefer a more  
natural life ending experience  
which comes when they least expect  
it.

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.

INFO-HOSTESS (V.O.)  
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.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Rob and Carla sit in the rear of a coffee shop whispering over cafe 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  
I threw up. 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 agreement.

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!

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

HAL  
Right, and we'd split that. Less  
La'whatsherface'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.

CARLA  
We split it thirty/seventy after  
they take their cut.

HAL  
What?! No! Forty/sixty!

CARLA  
(smiling)  
Done.

HAL

Wait!

CARLA

Done!

HAL

Shit! How, how much would that be?

CARLA

Do the math. Either way it's  
little more than pocket change.

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.

There's a polite knock on the door.

MS KNOX

Come in! It's not supposed to be  
closed!

Janet and Toby enter with their suitcases.

MS KNOX (CONT'D)

So please don't close it when you  
leave. Wait, did I close it?  
Never mind -- No, do close the  
door for now, just leave it open  
when you . . . Sit!

She looks at her schedule on her computer screen.

MS KNOX (CONT'D)

Abernathy. Right?

JANET

Wrong.

MS KNOX

What?

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)

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!

He extends the keys to her. A short silence. Knox carefully takes the keys.

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.

(speed reading)

All your assets -- that would be your car since that all you had -- is now property of the Geriatric Options. Hereinafter called GO!, and will be distributed as deemed necessary to various elder communities housed in malls. Got that?

JANET

Yes.

MS KNOX

Initial.

TOBY

She did.

MS KNOX

OK --

TOBY

-- Wait. May I ask a question?

Ms. Knox nods and blows her nose.

MS KNOX

If you must.

TOBY

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 p.m.

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?  
(to Toby)  
Maybe we can stay with the kids  
tonight.

MS KNOX  
OK, but make it snappy.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

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.

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

Janet returns the phone and swiftly retrieves a small bottle of hand sanitizer, which she uses.

JANET

We can try again later.

MS KNOX

Continuing . . . You agree to abide by all rules set forth by your mall's community and those imposed by GO! as well.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Carla, Rob, Hal and La'Tricia sit in the coffee shop. La'Tricia's computer note book is on the table in front of her. Rob sits across from her eyeing her breasts and signing a form. La'Tricia is aware of his interest.

LA'TRICIA

(to Rob)

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

(to 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. She notices Rob's appreciation of her pulchritude.

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!  
Please. But, I get caught, you get  
caught.

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, speaking faster than ever, and the Roberts continue the check list.

MS KNOX  
And the last one.

TOBY  
Thank you, Jesus.

MS KNOX  
What?

JANET  
And the last one?!

MS KNOX  
Should you become ill or for any reason be unable to complete your assigned duties in your mall community, you will be transferred to a Federal Ward.  
(off the cuff)  
Unless you, you know, you opt in for euthanasia. Did you initial that?

JANET  
Yes.

TOBY  
So, that's it?

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

They do.

JANET  
(reading quickly)  
Terminally ill and/or demented ward residents will be euthanized as a matter of course.  
(to Ms Knox)  
Are family members informed as a matter of course as well?

MS KNOX  
Uh . . . probably.

Ms Knox sneezes, grabs a Kleenex.

EXT. STREET CORNER - CONTINUOUS

Hal, Rob and Carla walk to Rob's car. Rob spies his car across the street.

ROB  
There it is.

HAL  
Can I stay 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.

The 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.

TRANSITION

We rise slowly, but quickly speed in time-lapse as the world turns. The sun goes down, as do we, and we come to rest with Janet and Toby.

EXT. A CITY PARK - NIGHT - LATER

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. Sparkey sits nearby and watches with interest.

TOBY (CONT'D)  
 Oh, now mon chien doux.

JANET  
 Dog?

LAVAN  
 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  
 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.

TOBY

And those yearly PSA tests --

JANET

-- pap smears --

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 --

TOBY

-- and the goddamned gym  
memberships!

JANET

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

Toby  
 You know what pisses me off the most? All the delicious foods we denied ourselves because some expert on TV said 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 adventure.

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)

All that for fifty dollars? You are dreaming.

Toby's face pops up from between her breasts.

TOBY

We'll share the muffin.

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

EXT. PARK EXIT TO SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

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.

YOUNG WOMAN

Are you kidding? Of course, I will marry you!

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 - CONTINUOUS

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

The driver, TRUMP McCARTHY, 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 - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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 Trump 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.

Behind them we see Trump speak into his cell phone, as a few people gather. Trump returns to his car and follows Toby and Janet.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Toby pulls Janet into the darkness of an abandoned Kay Jewelry's store front. 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 withdraw into the darkness as Trump 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.

Trump stares down the street. We see Toby and Janet over his shoulder hurrying away. Trump starts to turn, but something catches his eye.

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

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - CONTINUOUS

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 Trump. He is not there.

Their will to escape returns. They try several more store fronts.

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

JANET  
Help us . . . Please!

TOBY  
Son of a bitch!

Toby spots lights coming from a bar not far away.

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

They rush to a bar several store fronts ahead.

JANET  
Oh, Thank God.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

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

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

BARTENDER  
Sorry.

TOBY  
What?

They see through the windows Trump 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.

TOBY  
We need help. Could you call the  
police?

BARTENDER  
They don't come down here at night.  
Out!

Toby opens the door, ready to comply.

JANET  
(to bartender)  
Why? Why are older people barred  
from your . . . establishment?

BARTENDER  
The owner says you old people are,  
like, bad for business.

Janet surveys the joint.

JANET  
What business?

We see Trump speed back in the other way.

                  TOBY  
                  He's backtracking! Let's go!

Toby pulls his angry wife through the door as she speaks.

                  JANET  
                  (hanging in the doorway)  
                  You should expunge the word "like"  
                  from your active vocabulary. Using  
                  "like" as you do makes you sound  
                  unschooled!

The bartender has no clue as to her meaning.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

They leave the bar, and they are on the run again, hurrying from one locked storefront to another.

Trump's car makes a SCREECHING U turn.

                  TOBY  
                  He's coming back! Come on!

                  JANET  
                  I can't run anymore!

Toby helps Janet into an alley.

INT. AN URBAN ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

They hide in shadows. Trump passes the alley entrance. We hear him hit the BREAKS. Trump BACKS UP.

                  TOBY  
                  Oh, no!

They run toward the opposite end of the alley. Trump 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 Trump explodes into the street and plows into a parked car.

INT. RICK'S SEX SHOP SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

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

Through Little Bit's binoculars we see Trump stumble out of his car. He nurses a knee and limps after his targets.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

Through the 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 - CONTINUOUS

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 sex videos, featuring a round bed covered in pink fake fur and large pillows shaped as male and female genitalia.



Kinky, a man in his eighties, wears a moo-moo, large loop earrings and noisy bracelets. His Head is shaved and tattooed. He 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 - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. ROB AND CARLA'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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 Trump, 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.

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

When Trump is no more than five feet away, Sparky leaps out, barks, and races down the alley. Trump 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. Trump 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 Trump's hand as he reaches for his gun. A boat paddle WHACKS down on his butt repeatedly.

INT. ROB AND CARLA'S HOME - A LITTLE LATER

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

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

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, Trump, 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 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 - CONTINUOUS

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  
He.

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.

KINKY (CONT'D)

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!

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.

JANET  
Thank you, Bobo.

Reading Sparky's tag:

TOBY  
And, thank you, Sparky.

Sparky licks Toby's face.

INT. LA'TRICIA'S VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. ROB AND CARLA'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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)  
(MORE)

JANET (CONT'D)

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 - CONTINUOUS

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

LA'TRICIA

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

INT. ROB AND CARLA'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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

LA'TRICIA  
You were a darn good lay, Trump  
McCarthy.

TRUMP  
Gee, thanks, Mama.

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

TRUMP  
Yeah, you said.

LA'TRICIA  
But you are so really stupid.

TRUMP  
Yeah, you said that, too.

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

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

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

TRUMP  
Let me give mama some sugar.

LA'TRICIA  
Not now, Trump.

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

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

TRUMP

Ouch. I thought you liked my sugar.

LA'TRICIA

Oh, damn. Meant to shoot you in the head.

TRUMP

You're a good shot, La'Trix.

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

TRUMP (CONT'D)

Oh, mama!

She cries and smashes his fingers with her gun.

LA'TRICIA

Get off. Go away!

He holds on. She drives, dragging him.

TRUMP

Mama?

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

INT. LA'TRICIA'S VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

She sees Trumps 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 Trump is still moving. She guns it again.

LA'TRICIA (CONT'D)

So sorry, baby!

EXT. THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Trump lies in the road. Our POV is just over his shoulder. We see the car speed toward him. As it arrives he raises a hand.

TRUMP

Mama . . .

INT. LA'TRICIA'S VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

LA'TRICIA

What?! Hold, Carla.

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

LA'TRICIA (CONT'D)

Rob? Yeah. 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 phone.

(she does)

So they called?

INT. ROB AND CARLA'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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 head 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 - CONTINUOUS

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

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

INT. ROB'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

CARLA  
*I have the car!*

INT. ROB AND CARLA'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

ROB  
*What!?*

INT. LA'TRICIA'S VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

LA'TRICIA  
*What?!*

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

LA'TRICIA  
We? Who we?

INT. ROB'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

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

CARLA  
Get out'a my face!

INT. LA'TRICIA'S VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

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

LA'TRICIA  
You people . . .

INT. ROB'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. ROB'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

                  CARLA  
 Give me the Goddamned gun!

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE RICK'S SEX SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Hal throws the gun into the car. We see through the open  
 door as it bounces off the seat and hits the dash. It fires  
 striking Hal in the leg.

INT. ROB'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

                  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 - CONTINUOUS

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! You're a cunt!

Kicking him again.

CARLA  
You hate me because I *have* a cunt!

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

CARLA (CONT'D)  
(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 to her ear 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 - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

Carla closes her car door.

                  CARLA  
                   (to herself)  
 I hope he dies.

INT. ROB AND CARLA'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

                  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 - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

TOBY  
He's bleeding. He needs us.

KINKY  
We need him. Fetch, Bobo!

INT. LA'TRICIA'S VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

La'Tricia wipes sweat from her neck and drinks from a gin bottle. She negotiates the blue and green phones, the gin bottle 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 - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

Carla checks the clip, loads. On phone.

CARLA  
I'll be there to meet them.

INT. LA'TRICIA'S VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. ROB AND CARLA'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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 - MOMENTS LATER

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 - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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 - A LITTLE LATER

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 forward. He is pulled sharply down into the cellar of Rick's Sex shop, crying out as he disappears.

HAL (CONT'D)  
Ahhhh!

INT. RICK'S SEX SHOP BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

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 we know where we are as 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 man whatever he  
wants 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 - CONTINUOUS

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.

I

EXT. CALHOUN NEAR COLLEGE - CONTINUOUS

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 turn the wheelbarrow around.

INT. AN UBER CAB - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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 sure of a complete clean-up.

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

The Uber cab rushes past them.

INT. UBER CAB - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. CALHOUN NEAR COLLEGE - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

We see a toppled wheelbarrow 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 - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. COLLEGE AVENUE - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Rob's car parks.

INT. ROB'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Rob attempts to phone Carla.

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

INT. RICK'S SEX SHOP BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. ROB'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

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 and mouths:

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 amazing breasts.

LA'TRICIA  
You big tease.

The window is fully lowered now. La'Tricia leans into the window, thrusting her breasts forward. 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 a cab.

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 - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. ROB'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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

ROB

Jesus!

EXT. ROB'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

De Sock shoots through the windshield into the car. Next, he 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 and a boat paddle. The lid of the can rises slightly, and we see Bobo peering out.

INT. ROB'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

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 phone booth.

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 - CONTINUOUS

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.

HAL  
Mom, Daddy . . . If Carla hadn't --

CARLA  
-- shut up, Hal!

Kinky throws the switch; Hal and Carla SCREAM and shake.  
Kinky quickly turns off the current.

KINKY  
No more of that, kids.

They all react to a GUNSHOT in the distance to their right.

Kinky picks up a Ninja Turtles walkie-talkie.

KINKY (CONT'D)

Bobo? What's happening out there?  
Over.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

We see Bobo standing in the trash can speaking into his walkie-talkie. He suddenly sits again as Rob runs back toward the car.

Rob stops next to the trash can.

INT. TRASH CAN - CONTINUOUS

Through a space just under the trash can lid, Bobo spies Rob's fanny up close and personal.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Rob runs back toward his car and crouches out of sight at the front of the vehicle.

INT. TRASH CAN - CONTINUOUS

Bobo starts to rise again, but sinks as he hears a GUNSHOT. Through a space under the lid he sees La'Tricia running toward the car from across the street.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

As La'Tricia reaches for the driver's side door, Rob rises. Shocked, they both SCREAM and accidentally FIRE guns in the air.

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 - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. ROB'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

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 - CONTINUOUS

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.

TRANSITION

We lift up and in time lapse, the sun comes up and rises to mid-day, and we drift down to street level and then down into the basement of the sex shop.

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. Toby extends his hand. Kinky passes the electronic switch to him.

JANET

We grew up believing forgiveness would set us free. We tried to instill that belief in you boys.

ROB

You did, Mom.

HAL

(crying)  
Thank you, Mom.

JANET

But that belief is . . .

TOBY/JANET

Bull shit.

Janet gives Toby a nod; he throws the switch and gives them a long one.

ROB

Mom, Daddy, what are you going to do?

JANET

You'll find out soon enough.

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 returns the shock control to Kinky, then he picks up the 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  
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 along side.

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. Toby carries Sparky.

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 looking off in the distance as well.

TOBY

Mmmm . . . Qui est tres sale.

JANET

(covering her eyes)  
Oh dear.

Janet looks away and takes a bite of muffin.

JANET (CONT'D)

Toby, I don't want to see this.

TOBY

I do.

Our POV moves behind them and we see what they see in the distance: the large screens outside the Geriatric Options Building.

CLOSE ON

The screens. The audio, faint at this distance, is the looped GO! infomercial sound track, but the visuals have been replaced with a series of scenes shown in short bursts and shuffled in no particular order.

Though the characters are nude, the scenes are suggestive, and comical, not X-rated, and all characters wear dog collars:

Rob does Se Sock doggie style. They both appear to be yelling expletives.

De Sock holds a "GUILTY" sign over his privates and appears to be confessing.

Carla holds a dildo; she shakes her head and appears to be screaming "NO."

Hal does De Sock doggie style; Hal smiles, De Sock cries.

Carla does Hal doggie style. They appear to be yelling insults at one another.

La'tricia goes down on Hal. Hal vomits.

Hal and Rob hold a sign saying "WE TRIED TO KILL OUR PARENTS" over their privates.

Bobo and Little Bit snuggle under the sheets. Across the screen "Bobo Gets A Little Bit Moore."

Carla does La'tricia, doggie style. La'Tricia appears to be screaming expletives; Carla is smiling.

Hal and Rob make out, but intermittently stop and spit.

La'Tricia holds a sign saying "I KILLED 300+ OLD PEOPLE." She rolls her eyes and shrugs.

Carla and Hal make out. They intermittently spit.

Carla holds a sign saying "I KILLED MY PARENTS." She appears to me saying "Fuck you" and suffers an electrical shock.

Kinky holds a sign: "copies available at  
www.kinkyfuchs.com."

EXT. STREET - LATER

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

EXT. GOVERNORS SQUARE MALL PARKING LOT - LATER

A very tired Toby and Janet walk through the expansive and empty lot followed by Sparky. They carry their suitcases.

TOBY

Look.

JANET

Can it be.

They approach a 2017 Honda Accord. It looks like hell.

TOBY

Our car. Here to greet us.

JANET

How lovely. Our car's been  
assigned here as well.

Toby and Janet are several yards from the Mall, Macy's entrance. They look into each other's eyes.

TOBY

I love you, my sweet girl.

JANET

And I love you, Toby. We're going  
to make the best of this.

Sparky barks.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

We see the "nude bunch" from the rear as they approach 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.

EXT. GOVERNORS SQUARE MALL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Toby and Janet are as we last saw them. They kiss. Their hands clasp tightly.

We see their backs as they walk hand-in-hand with their suitcases to the Macy's entrance. Toby Opens the door for Janet who enters first, then Sparky. Toby follows.

THE END