

"Oldies, But Goodies"

Written by Bobby Logan

FADE IN:

EXT. A "K-MART" TYPE DEPARTMENT STORE - LATE MORNING

ESTABLISHING SHOT.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - LATE MORNING

A huge banner advertises today's "After Martin Luther King Jr. Day Sale." PEOPLE scurry about. A revolving blue light to the side indicates a sale item.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Attention shoppers. This reminder,
on aisle thirteen we're having a
"Blue Light" special...

Behind a display of electric shavers stands CURT HATFIELD, late 20's, handsome and dressed casually, as most store detectives are. He suspiciously eyes someone O.S.

ANGLE ON A MAN - looking at another product display.

Curt moves a little closer without blowing his cover when suddenly he bumps into something with his knee. He looks down and sees a nine-year old GIRL eyeing him suspiciously.

GIRL
You're a store detective. Aren't
you?

CURT
Huh? What?

GIRL
You're the heat. I know all about
you guys. I watch "CSI" all the
time!

CURT
(avoiding her)

I don't know what you're talking about.

GIRL
I've been watching you look at that man over there...
(she points O.S.)
...for five minutes. Boy, talk about obvious!

CURT
Look, just because I've been watching that man doesn't mean that I'm a store detective.

GIRL
(loud)
Then you're gay!

Several CUSTOMERS turn and stare at Curt. Embarrassed, Curt hugs the girl like his own daughter.

CURT
(nervous chuckle)
Sweetheart, didn't daddy tell you not to listen to what mommy says about me?...
(to customers)
...Bitter custody battle. My "ex" will say anything to make me look bad.

GIRL
You're not my daddy!

CURT
(to customers)
Whoa! Haven't heard that one yet.

CURT'S POV - the man at the display appears ready to lift something. Curt notices, then pulls a few dollars from his wallet.

CURT (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Look, kid, here's three bucks. Go buy yourself something... with a sharp edge.

GIRL
(takes the money)
Thanks...

The girl happily walks away, then turns to Curt.

GIRL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
...Homo!

She runs off laughing.

CURT'S POV - of the man as he looks around, slips a small object into his jacket pocket, then begins walking away. Curt springs into action by holding up his badge.

CURT
SECURITY! FREEZE!

The man panics and runs away. Curt gives chase, accidentally knocking over a counter of porcelain sculptures that crash to the floor. The man runs into the "Lighting Department" and proceeds to knock over countless lamps and light bulbs. Curt is right behind him, doing the same! The man heads for the front door of the store. Just before he exits Curt makes a diving tackle, sending the two men into a display of vanity mirrors. They come to a loud, crashing, stop next to a blue revolving "Sale Light." Countless CUSTOMERS gather around to view the scene.

As Curt lifts the man to his feet the stunned STORE MANAGER arrives. He can't believe what he sees.

MANAGER
What's going on?

CURT
(cocky)
Well, Mr. Reynolds, seems this gentleman wanted to negotiate a little five finger discount.

MANAGER
Are you sure? What did he take?

CURT
All right, pal, cough it up!

The man pulls a twenty-nine cent comb from his pocket!

MAN

(near tears)

I'm sorry. I've always wanted my
own comb! My mother never let me
have one! She always hated me!
Always!

Curt's face drops as he turns to the incensed Reynolds, who angrily surveys all of the damage Curt has caused.

MANAGER

HATFIELD!! YOU'RE FIRED!!

EXT. THE GREYDON RETIREMENT COMMUNITY - LATE MORNING

We PAN along a fairly modest looking series of bungalows and a small one story administrative office situated alongside a busy street. STOP PAN on a SIGN "The Greydon Retirement Community" mounted above a bed of beautiful red roses.

MONTAGE - LOCATIONS AROUND THE COMPLEX - LATE MORNING

A myriad of OLD PEOPLE, from their late

50's through their 90's, go about their way in a mundane, lifeless manner.

TWO OLD LADIES - they sit on a bench, one knitting, the other staring blankly into space.

TWO OLD MEN - are clued to their checkers board.

A VERY OLD MAN - sits in a wheelchair. An OLD LADY approaches, offers him a small carton of milk with a straw in it. He belligerently brushes it away.

INT. THE GREYDON CAFETERIA - NOON

The place is bland, no paintings, no plants, just folding chairs around the wooden folding tables. In the B.G. a line of old PEOPLE routinely push their trays along the cafeteria serving line for lunch.

FOOD SERVER'S POV - The old folks ENTER and EXIT FRAME to receive their food. WILLIAM DOUCETTE, 60's, gruff, a pessimist. CASSIE MUMFORD, 73 year old black woman, honest intuitive. MEREDITH LEE, 62, a loving, simple woman (think Edith Bunker). She's in love with the next man in line... BRIAN ANDERS, 65, an all-around "nice guy." Next up is MR.

JACOBS, 71, a man of NO words... Just constant gas. Next is CLIFFORD LATIMER, 66. Immaculately dressed and a favorite of the ladies. ANGIE KELLARD, 58, a skinny, salty-talking, opinionated, chain-smoking former bowling alley waitress who uses too much make-up. MILTON WEXLER, 74. He suffers from a loss of everything, mainly hearing and memory. REVA FORTUNA, a 60ish, overweight, talkative Italian mom. She sticks her tongue out in disgust when she sees what the server has placed on her plate. Finally there's LEO DANCER, 65 (think Scatman Crothers). A born leader who has lost his sword. Once full of life, this place has forced him to tame his zeal for life. He pushes TWO lunch trays down the line. He explains the two trays to the server:

LEO

It's my turn to get Miss Bradley's lunch.

The server puts the food on the other tray. Leo moves on.

AT A LUNCH TABLE - all of the above mentioned people are now seated. Leo steps INTO FRAME and sits beside MRS. BRADLEY. She is a sweet, caring woman confined to a wheelchair.

LEO (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Here you go, dear.

Terminally silent, she gestures her thanks to Leo.

LEO (CONT'D)

And you're quite welcome, ma'am.

As Leo sits there is a LONG SILENT BEAT as they all stare at the food on their plates. It is NOT very appetizing.

ANGIE

Chicken surprise again?

BRIAN

Looks that way.

LEO

(sniffs his plate)

Smells that way too.

REVA

Some surprise... we've only seen it a hundred times.

MILTON
(leaning in to hear)
What?

REVA
(shouts in his ear)
We've seen it a hundred times!

Milton stands up, checks his zipper. It's zipped up.

MILTON
When?

ANGLE ON CAFETERIA DOOR - as MEGAN PHILLIPS ENTERS. Mid 20's, pretty, confident, with a somewhat patronizing attitude. She's the new community coordinator, hired to run the Greydon facility. Though sincerely concerned about the old folks, her personality clashes with them. Megan walks around offering "hellos" to the old folks. Once at our group's table she is received coolly.

MEGAN
Hello. And how's everybody doing today?

EVERYBODY (AD LIB)
(unenthusiastically)
Fine. Okay.

MEGAN
And how are you today, Mrs. Fortuna?

REVA
(bland)
I'm alive.

MEGAN
Well, good.
(attempting a joke)
It could be worse... you could be dead!

Megan's face twists when she realizes how that sounded. The whole group stare at her in silence.

REVA
I wouldn't know. I haven't died yet.

MEGAN
(making amends)
And I'm sure you have many, many
happy and productive years ahead of
you.

REVA
(no enthusiasm)
Oh, boy.

There is an uncomfortable moment of silence, then:

MEGAN
Well. I must be going. Enjoy
your...
(looks at their plates
curiously)
...uh, lunch.

Megan EXITS hurriedly, as Angie looks at the others.

ANGIE
At least it surprised her.

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE OF AN OFFICE DOOR - NOON

A SIGN on the door reads: "Mr. & Mrs. Arthur Greydon." Megan
walks down the hallway, stops at the door and KNOCKS.

INT. GREYDON'S OFFICE - NOON

In contrast to the rest of the complex it is decorated in
bright, cheerful colors and the finest in furnishings. Seated
behind an oak desk is ARTHUR GREYDON, 52, dignified, looking
like a man with a Princeton education. Wrong. Standing
beside Arthur is his wife, BLAIR GREYDON, 48, the epitome of
perfection. She speaks softly and politely.

Seated across from them is ROGER BREAM, a no-nonsense
inspector for the State's Department of Social Services.

ARTHUR
(answers the door)
Yes?

Megan sticks her head in.

MEGAN

Excuse me for interrupting, Mr. Greydon. I just wanted you to know that I reorganized all of our guests medical records.

ARTHUR

Fine, Megan. Oh, I'd like you to meet Roger Bream. Mr. Bream is from the Department of Social Services.

(to Bream)

We hired Miss Phillips a month ago to help coordinate our organization.

MEGAN

Nice to meet you.

BREAM

Pleasure. I hate to seem rude, Ms. Phillips, but the Greydons and I have something important to speak about. Could you excuse us?

MEGAN

Oh, certainly. Nice meeting you.

She exits.

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE GREYDON'S OFFICE - NOON

As Megan closes the door behind her, she hesitates for a moment, looks around to see if anybody is watching, then leans in close to the door to eavesdrop.

INT. GREYDON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ARTHUR

Reorganizing our guests medical records. Now, that's the kind of dedication we have here. Concern for our guest's health, concern for their comfort, and concern for their...

BREAM

Money?

Arthur, Blair are taken aback.

ARTHUR

Pardon me?

BREAM

Let me toss some facts at you, Mr. Greydon. Fact: You have 68 residents here. Fact: You grossed over \$450,000 for the last three years. Fact: An average of \$398,000 of that money came from Social Security payments, yet our records show that you spent less than \$150,000 per year on the people here.

ARTHUR

Are you accusing us of stealing money from these fine elderly citizens?

BREAM

I haven't got quite enough evidence to prove what you've been doing to these...

(mocking him)

...fine elderly citizens. Not yet. But, I will. You can bet on that.

The Greydons share a stunned look with one another.

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE GREYDON'S OFFICE - NOON

A surprised Megan leans in closer, listening. Unbeknownst to her, Mr. Jacobs walks up behind her, staring at her. Megan JUMPS when she sees him.

MEGAN

OH! Uh, hello... Mr. Jacobs. I was just, uh...

(regaining herself)

And how are you feeling today?

Mr. Jacobs lets loose with a mammoth FART. Megan CRINGES, then quickly walks O.S. leaving a grinning Jacobs behind.

INT. GREYDON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

BREAM

Have you hired the recreation director yet?

ARTHUR

Well, not quite yet...

BLAIR

(interrupts, sweetly)

Excuse me for interrupting, dear.

(to Bream)

That is all my fault. My husband asked me to handle that, but I've been so very busy with our guest's needs. I promise to get right on it.

BREAM

By today, Mrs. Greydon. Hire someone QUALIFIED today. If not, I have the authority to fine you \$2,500.00 A day until you do. And believe me, I will.

Bream steps over to the door to leave. Arthur joins him.

ARTHUR

Mr. Bream. You have my word that everything will be straightened out. And, as far as that other allegation is concerned, well, my wife and I will forget it was ever mentioned.

BREAM

(stern look at them

both)

I won't.

He EXITS. Suddenly the pleasant Blair EXPLODES!

BLAIR

Who the Sam hell does that son of a bitch think he is?! God dammit! I need a shit like him like I need another asshole!

Arthur now reveals his true personality -- he is a sniveling little wimp! His wife is the one with the balls!

ARTHUR

But, what can we do, sweetheart?

BLAIR

(mimicking him)

But, what can we do, sweetheart?!
Get your balls out of your mouth,
Arthur! We have to do what that
bastard Bream says! We have no
choice! So, call that employment
agency. Find some idiot who'll work
for minimum wage. Like those spics
in our cafeteria.

INT. "GERALDINE'S EMPLOYMENT AGENCY" - DAY

CLOSE-UP of GERALDINE NADER, 40ish, the owner of the agency.

GERALDINE

FIRED? AGAIN?

Curt sits opposite her, NODDING his head. Their rapport tells us that they know each other well.

GERALDINE (CONT'D)

Christ, Hatfield, that's three jobs
in the last two weeks! Who do you
think you are? A movie executive?

CURT

Yeah, yeah.

GERALDINE

You know you're making me look bad.
Every single job I've gotten you,
and I'm talking about fifteen jobs
mind you, has either ended up with
you getting fired, the business
folding, or the owner dying.

CURT

Wait a minute! I had nothing to do
with Woo Chung's death. All I did
was jokingly, jokingly, say that I
thought I saw Godzilla in his
kitchen... I didn't know he had a
heart condition!

She gives him a look, then pulls out her job file.

GERALDINE

Let's see what we've got. I know
you're tired of hearing this, but...

CURT

(knows the speech)
...but if I only had a college
degree I wouldn't have to be here at
all. Hey, so I thought college was
just a passing fad... so, sue me!

GERALDINE

Passing fad!
(scanning the files)
Geez, Louise. Your qualifications
are so hard to meet.
(eyes him)
Ever work as a speed bump?

Curt tosses her look. The phone RINGS. Geraldine answers.

GERALDINE (CONT'D)

Geraldine's Employment Agency. Oh,
hello Mister Greydon. How's Julio
working out? Fine. What can I do
for you? You need a recreation
director?

Curt's eyes pop open. He listens intently.

GERALDINE (CONT'D)

To coordinate all of the leisure
activities?

Curt stands, pantomimes a tennis swing, jumping jacks, etc.

GERALDINE (CONT'D)

You'd like to see someone today?

Curt kisses her hands, then ducks under her desk.

GERALDINE (CONT'D)

(to Curt)
Stop licking my shoes!
(into phone)

No! Not you, sir... my... uh...
dog! I, uh...

Curt pops up, then holds his finger like a gun to his head.

GERALDINE (CONT'D)
...I have the perfect man.
(sighs heavily)
His name is Curt Hatfield. I'll
have him meet you at 3:00. Fine.
Goodbye.

She hangs up, drops her head in her hands. Curt is ecstatic.

CURT
Geraldine! I love ya'! Imagine?
Me, a recreation director! If ever
a job were tailor-made!
YEAAAH!!!...
(suddenly serious)
...What does it pay?

GERALDINE
Let's just say it is rationally in
proportion to your immediate profit
potential.

CURT
ALLLLRIGHT!!

Then his face drops.

CURT/GERALDINE
(in unison)
MINIMUM? MINIMUM!

INT. THE GREYDON RECREATION ROOM - AN HOUR LATER

Reva, Meredith, Cassie, Angie and Miss Bradley are watching a
SOAP on TV. Doucette, Brian, Leo, and Milton are playing
poker, while Clifford and Mr. Jacobs look on.

Megan sits to the side writing a report.

EXT. FRONT OF RETIREMENT COMMUNITY - STREET - DAY

Several cars come to a screeching stop, almost hitting each
other! As their HORNS blare, Curt, the cause of this scene,
drives between the cars on his 10-speed bicycle.

DRIVER #1
Asshole!

DRIVER #2
Get outta the street! JERK!

CURT
Sorry. My fault! Blame me.

He drives onto the Greydon's lot.

INT. THE RECREATION ROOM - DAY

Doucette points to Brian's cards.

DOUCETTE
Pair of Queens showing.

BRIAN
I'll check.

SFX: A loud CRASH outside. The men react.

DOUCETTE
What the hell was that?

The women also react.

REVA
Tony! It's my Tony.

ANGLE ON MEGAN - as she jumps up and RUNS outside.

EXT. THE RECREATION ROOM PATIO - DAY

Curt lies entangled in his bicycle on the ground in a loud Hawaiian shirt, jeans, sneakers a large backpack and a Dodgers cap. He stares at the surroundings in disbelief.

CURT
An old folks home?! Aw, crap!
Forget the tan-lines!

Megan RUNS up to him.

MEGAN
Are you all right?

CURT

(upset, sarcastic)
Do I look all right to yoo...
(reacts to her beauty)
...ooou aren't wrinkled at all.

MEGAN
Are you the new recreation director?

CURT
Yep. Curt Hatfield. Are you Mrs.
Greydon?

MEGAN
Not quite. Megan Phillips. I'm the
community coordinator.

CURT
Whoa. Niiice title. I'm supposed
to meet the Greydons.

MEGAN
Yes, I know. They had a banking
appointment and will be returning
shortly. They asked me to show you
around. Why don't we go meet our
residents?

Curt checks out the surroundings.

CURT
Sure. You know, this place kinda
reminds me of
(singing)
"...The Love Boooat! It's Such a
Kooky-Spooky Place..."

Megan stares at him with concern as they walk OFF CAMERA.

INT. THE RECREATION ROOM - DAY

Everyone's faces look out the windows at Curt and Megan as
they walk towards them.

ANGIE
What the hell is that?

REVA
(sad)
It's not my Tony.

ANGIE

Count your blessings, Reva.

They all return to their activities as Curt and Megan ENTER.

MEGAN

Ladies and Gentlemen, I'd like to introduce you to someone. This is Curt Hatfield. He's our new recreation director.

They all turn and stare at him in stunned silence.

CURT

Howdy! How 'ya guys doing?

The silence is deafening.

CURT (CONT'D)

(sotto to Megan)

Ever see "Dawn of the Dead?"

(to the old folks)

What is this? You folks look like you just saw your first Guns N' Roses concert!

Curt RUNS across the room and starts rustling people out of their seats.

CURT (CONT'D)

C'mon! Everybody up! Two rows!
Single file!

He turns off the television set, and pulls Reva, Cassie, Angie and Meredith to their feet, much to their dismay.

REVA

Hey?!!

CASSIE

What are you doing, boy?

Curt wheels Miss Bradley into one of the cock-eyed two rows of old folks he has formed.

CURT

Let's go! Let's go!!

Curt takes the cards from the men's table, and pulls Brian, Leo, Mr. Jacobs, Clifford, Milton and Doucette into the line.

BRIAN

What the...?

MILTON

Hey! I had a full house!

(beat)

Or was it a pair of threes?

Megan is so stunned she can't react.

ANGLE - on the two lines of confused people. Curt pulls out a cassette player from his backpack, plugs it in, turns it on, and out blasts a current, popular, HIP-HOP SONG.

CURT

It's hip-hop time, kiddies!

Ready... And a five, six, seven,
eight!!

Curt begins to do several wild, uncoordinated aerobic exercises to the music. Many of the old folks just stand in shock, while others slowly begin to do the exercises (some having fun, and some scared out of their minds!)

CLOSE ON Doucette - as he defiantly stares at Curt.

CURT (CONT'D)

Stretch! Bend! Grunt! That's it!!
Unload that rust! Jane Fonda, my
butt!!! AWOOO!!

Miss Bradley sits motionless in her wheelchair, yet a slight smile comes to her face as she watches Curt. Soon the majority of the people begin to get into the exercises. Curt continues singing and egging them on.

ANGLE ON THE FRONT DOOR - as Arthur & Blair Greydon enter, their mouths dropping open.

INT. THE GREYDON'S OFFICE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Arthur sits in his chair facing us. Blair behind him.

ARTHUR

So. You're our new recreation
director?

MEDIUM ON Curt - sitting opposite him.

CURT

Yes, sir. I believe you have my resume in front of you.

ARTHUR

(reading from resume)

Let's see here... Hmm. Apparently you've had quite a varied career, Mr. Hatfield. Tag team wrestler, abalone diver, La Maze instructor, proof reader for...? ...Proof reader for the National Enquirer?

CURT

Yep. They wanted me to stay, but I was offered a job with more growth potential by the Department of Sanitation.

(points to resume)

It's the next one on the list.

ARTHUR

Well.

(he reads more)

Sanitation expediter, curb address painter, and it says here that you were a collector. What did you collect? Art?

CURT

No... unemployment!

Curt is the only one laughing. His laughter quickly ceases.

CURT

But, uh, seriously, I used to collect oceanographic samples for UCLA.

ARTHUR

I see. Well, your resume certainly speaks for itself. Now, let me explain a little about the job. The elders here average about sixty-four years in age. They are by no means

children, and we cannot treat them as such. Do you follow me?

CURT

I think so.

ARTHUR

In other words, we have to be careful not to make them do something that is too strenuous.

CURT

Less Gangsta Rap and more Muzak?

ARTHUR

Something like that.

Blair steps up beside Arthur.

BLAIR

(sweetly)

You will find, Mr. Hatfield, that the vast majority of our guests do not want to get involved with activities as such. Basically, they have entered our facility to wait for the inevitable.

Curt gives her a strained, "Huh?" Look.

BLAIR () (CONT'D)

Therefore, we do not feel the need to overdo any of the activities...

(smiles)

...or the expense. Which makes this a rather cushiony job for you. Now, how about that?

Curt dislikes her attitude, but also realizes he needs the job. He "creates" a smile.

CURT

Sounds great.

ARTHUR

Fine. You can start first thing in the morning.

Curt and Blair share an interesting, smile-laced stare.

EXT. A FRATERNITY ROW STREET - LATER THAT DAY

Curt rides his 10-speed down the street, passing the "Theta Berra" house where several gorgeous SORORITY GIRLS are washing a car on their lawn. They call to him suggestively.

GIRL #1

Hey, babe!

GIRL #2

Want us to wash your trike?

CURT

The bike's fine. But, I could use a little chrome work.

The girls giggle with "mock" excitement.

GIRLS (AD LIBS)

Ouuu! Kinky! Where's the hot wax?

EXT. CURT'S HOUSE - DAY

Curt pulls into the overgrown, totally unkempt front lawn of his house, next door to the "Theta House." It is a mess! This former fraternity house needs gallons of paint and years of carpentry work. Curt hops off the still rolling bike, letting it come to a CRASHING stop against an old, battered yellow SCHOOL BUS parked on the lawn. As he jogs onto the porch, he HEARS A MALE VOICE from O.S.

KEVIN (O.S.)

Hey! Hatfield!

Curt turns toward the well kept "Delta Beta Phi" house next door. Several of its FRATERNITY BOYS are sunning themselves on lounge chairs on their perfectly kept lawn, holding drinks, etc. KEVIN, the frat president, continues speaking.

KEVIN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Did you get the petition we left on your door yesterday?

CURT

Yeah, Kevin. I got it.

KEVIN

Did you have somebody read it to you?

The frat boys LAUGH.

CURT

Yep. Wasn't easy finding someone who could read crayon.

FRAT BOYS (AD LIBS)

Ouuuu...! Cut us low!

KEVIN

Chuckle, chuckle. So how about it, Hatfield? We'll ignore that stinking bus, but at least cut the lawn.

FRAT BOY #1

Who knows... if you got your lawn looking like ours your property value would go up.

KEVIN

Yeah. About eighty cents!

More LAUGHS from the frat boys.

CURT

I gotta admit it, it is amazing how green that lawn of yours is...

The frat boys nod in prideful agreement.

CURT (CONT'D)

...Then again, look at what's spread on top of it.

Curt ENTERS the house grinning, leaving behind JEERS & BOOS.

INT. CURT'S HOUSE - DAY

Curt ENTERS and is greeted by "PIA," his German shepherd. Curt takes the newspaper from her mouth, pats her.

CURT

What a good dog, Pia. Bringing her master the paper everyday. Are you sure the frat guys haven't noticed?

Pia BARKS.

CURT

Atta girl!

Suddenly, Curt sees something O.S. And ducks -- BLAAM! A speeding racquetball ricochets off the wall next to him!

MARTY (O.S.)

C'mon, hole! Winner buys dinner!

Curt grabs his racquet from the hat rack on the wall.

CURT

You're on! But who gets to eat it
this time?

Curt dives wildly to his left and hits the speeding ball.

ANGLE ON MARTY VARNEY - late 20's, overweight, crazy, dressed in a metallic outfit reminiscent of what firemen wear at chemical fires.

MARTY

Doesn't matter! We're cash-less
anyway!

Marty hits the ball. As this racquetball game continues, we notice that the interior of this two-story house is a mess. Fast food wrappers, beer cans, and clothes thrown about, plus the house is in need of a bath, paint and many repairs.

Curt stumbles up the stairway to return the shot.

CURT

So what else is new?!

ON PIA - her head turning side to side watching the match.

Marty crashes over a chair returning the shot.

MARTY

I've got another gig for the bus!

Curt goes sliding headfirst on the floor to return the shot.

CURT

Good! I got another job too!

ANOTHER ANGLE - Curt rams headfirst into a wall!

MARTY

I swear -- you get more jobs than
Billy Martin! Ayeiiii...!!

Marty dives for the ball, hits it, but lands on the sofa,
sending billows of dust into the air. Pia catches the ball in
her mouth. Just then the falling dust covers her. She
SNEEZES, then spits the ball out.

Curt sits on the floor beside Marty, rubbing his head.

CURT

So, Marty, what's with the outfit?
They opening a McDonalds's in Three
Mile Island?

Marty sits up on the sofa, dust hovering everywhere.

MARTY

It's a necessary element in my new
profession.

CURT

What? Selling the "Watchtower" door
to door?

MARTY

Actually, ma' boy, this week I'm
using the Yellow Ghost to carry and
dispose of toxic waste.

Suddenly Curt jumps up and screams at Marty.

CURT

Toxic waste? Get out!! What kind
of disease are you spreading around
the house?!!

MARTY

Nothing worse than this house has
spread on me!

CURT

You've used that old bus in some
weird ways, man, but carrying toxic
waste?!

MARTY

Call me a trend setter.

CURT

I'm calling you an idiot. Did you carry that toxic crap by yourself?

MARTY

You kidding? I hired those aliens I snuck over the border last month. Forget that, tell me about your new job?

CURT

I've been made the new Recreation Director at this place, and...

MARTY

Recreation Director? Alright!!!
Bikinis! Parties! Women!...

CURT

....it's an old folks home.

MARTY

(loosing his steam)
...Bed Pans! Walkers. Geritol.
Old folks?
(he cringes with
disgust)
Ouuuu! Phlegm city!

CURT

I've got no choice. Geraldine said this is it. I either hold this job or she stops looking. I'm lucky my parents left me this place or we'd be sleeping in your bus.

MARTY

Oh, yeah. A Gas company dude came by and turned off the gas. Said they sent a notice -- it's probably in the bill stack.

CURT

(to Pia)
Pia. Junk mail.

Pia bites a huge stack of bills from a table then hands it to Curt who walks over to the dirty, empty fireplace. He strikes

a match against the mantle, tosses the letters in the fireplace, then sets them ablaze, warming his hands over the flames.

ON Marty - Nodding with content.

MARTY

American Ingenuity. I love it.

INT. GREYDON RECREATION ROOM - MORNING

(MUSICAL MONTAGE)

Looking very bored, Curt silently stands behind Clifford as he plays poker. Curt points to a card in his hand. Clifford looks at him, then throws the card out that Curt suggested. He takes another. Suddenly Clifford's PAINED face tells us this was the wrong move. Curt, feeling badly, backs off. He glances his wrist watch.

ANGLE ON THE TV SCREEN - A soap opera features a YOUNG MAN kissing an OLDER WOMAN.

ON Curt and THE WOMEN - watching it. Curt, bored to tears, sits beside the women who are all LEANING FORWARD in their chairs, totally enthralled by the scene.

Again, Curt looks at his wrist watch, YAWNS.

ANOTHER SCENE - Curt attempts to play traffic cop at a hallway intersection, where THREE OLD PEOPLE using walkers, and FOUR OLD PEOPLE in wheelchairs have entangled themselves! What with some of the people having hearing difficulties, and others very slow in movement, Curt can only look to the heavens for help!

EXT. GREYDON GROUNDS - LATER IN MORNING

Curt sits beside two ELDERLY WOMEN on a park bench tossing bread crumbs to the pigeons. Curt again looks at his wrist watch, YAWNS, then notices something O.S.

HIS POV - OF The Greydons and Megan - walking down a walkway, talking. The Greydons' spot Curt and WAVE. Megan just looks on.

Curt stands to WAVE back, but when he does he spooks the pigeons, sending them flying everywhere! The startled old

women YELL, and throw their remaining bread crumbs at him - as Curt tries to apologize.

CLOSE ON Megan - as she GIGGLES contentedly to herself.

(END OF MONTAGE)

INT. GREYDON CAFETERIA - NOON

Curt pushes his tray in the cafeteria line. Angie is in front of him. He tries sparking a conversation.

CURT

Mmmm. Lunch looks great. Can't wait to dig in -- how about you?

ANGIE

It's shit.

She moves O.S. Curt looks at the food again and grimaces.

CURT

Who says the mind is the first thing to go?

AT A LARGE TABLE - our regular group of 10 old folks are seated. Angie and Curt join them. There is a LONG, awkward moment of silence. A beat later Curt remembers something.

CURT (CONT'D)

Oh. I almost forgot...

He begins pulling out pencils and "Peel 'n' Stick" Name Tags.

CURT (CONT'D)

...Could you pass these around?

Curt hands the name tags and pencils to Reva and Brian. The group looks at Curt curiously, yet do what he says.

DOUCETTE

What the hell are these?

CURT

Name tags. This'll help me get to know you quicker.

As the others begin writing their names down, Doucette sourly gazes at Curt... Then slowly TEARS his tag in half.

CLOSE ON Curt - He returns the gaze at Doucette. It's obvious that Curt has his hands full with Doucette.

INT. RECREATION ROOM - LATER

ON THE TV SCREEN - is the same SOAP OPERA from before with the same young man & older woman again in a romantic scene.

WOMAN

Ricky -- I don't care how you look at it. In my eyes you took my daughter's virginity!

YOUNG MAN

Mrs. Volker. I didn't take anything. I just -- borrowed it for a while.

Cassie, Reva, Meredith, Angie and Miss Bradley watch the soap, each wearing their name tags. Curt, bored out of his mind, stands beside Miss Bradley and her wheelchair.

CURT

How can you ladies watch this stuff? Pretty soon you'll be watching Pro Wrestling!

ALL WOMEN

...Shhh!!

ANGIE

And what's wrong with Wrestling?

Miss Bradley smiles. Curt notices and speaks to her.

CURT

What we need is a nice "get to know you" conversation. Do you agree...
(looks at her name tag)
Miss Bre...? I'm sorry. I can't make out your name.

Without turning from the TV, an agitated Angie answers.

ANGIE

Her name is Miss Bradley. She doesn't speak...
(a "dig" at Curt)
...Unlike some people.

CURT

Sorry.

(to Bradley)

Do you agree with me, Miss Bradley?

Bradley NODS in agreement.

CURT (CONT'D)

Then why did you speak up?

Curt moves to the center of the room.

CURT

...Excuse Me. Can I have everyone's attention?

ALL WOMEN

(glued to the TV)

Shhh!!

CURT

Just for a minute, please?

The women are upset, but face him anyway.

CURT (CONT'D)

Guys. Could you stop the game for a second?

ON THE MEN'S CARD GAME - Equally upset, they turn toward Curt, with Doucette SLAMMING his cards on the table. (NOTE: all of them wear their name tags except for Doucette.)

DOUCETTE

What the hell...?

CURT

Look. It would help me out a heck of a lot if we could all get together and talk for a few minutes. You know, get to know each other.

DOUCETTE

Why should we? Why don't you just leave us alone?

CURT

(sincerely)

Because I need this job. Look - you can spend the rest of your lives watching TV, or playing cards if you like, but I need to pay a few bills. All I'm asking is you help me out by at least making it seem like I'm earning my keep. Okay?

The Oldies all look at one another.

CURT (CONT'D)

So, whatdaya say? Let's form a circle with our chairs and talk - just for a few minutes.

Though lacking enthusiasm, the Oldies decide "why not" and move their chairs in a circle. All, except for Doucette.

DOUCETTE

Where the hell you going? We're in the middle of a hand!

LEO

Gonna help the kid out. Besides, I saw that full house you're holding.

The Oldies, sans Doucette, now sit around Curt. Doucette stays at the card table, THROWING his cards on the table.

CURT

Thanks. Alrighty, anybody want to begin?

There is dead SILENCE for what seems an eternity.

CURT (CONT'D)

Okay, how 'bout I carry the ball for a minute? Um - let's see - are you people happy here?

More silence.

CURT (CONT'D)

I'll remind the Greydons not to use you in their commercials.

(changing the subject)

Do any of you have families?

Reva comes alive.

REVA

I do! I do!

Cassie and Angie look at each other cynically.

REVA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

(proud)

I have a son. Tony. Tony Fortuna.
He's the Secretary of the Navy.

CURT

Secretary of the Navy? You must be
very proud.

REVA

I sure am.

Cassie and Angie lean in close to Curt, WHISPER.

CASSIE

Don't listen to her.

ANGIE

Her son is a secretary for the Navy.
You know, typing, dictation...

CASSIE

Change the subject. Quick.

CURT

(takes her advice)

Well, good for you Reva. Now...

REVA

(interrupts)

He was going to come today, but he's
very busy with the Navy's Defense.

ANGIE

He's never visited her.

CURT

(feeling for Reva)

Well, good for him.

(to Milton)

Now -- Milton. Tell me about
yourself.

MILTON

Fine. And you?

CURT

Huh?

MEREDITH

(to Curt)

Curt. Milton is a little hard of hearing.

CLOSE ON Doucette as he comments loudly.

DOUCETTE

Lucky bastard.

Curt REACTS to Doucette, then something catches his eye.

ANGLE ON Brian and Meredith - as they begin to hold hands.

CURT

Brian. Meredith. How long have you two been married?

Several chuckles from the group.

CURT

What?

BRIAN

Who said we were married?

CURT

I thought since you were... You know, holding hands.

MEREDITH

That's because we're in love.

BRIAN

Have been since we met six years ago.

CURT

Six years? I haven't had a relationship last six days!

ANGIE

Wonder why.

More CHUCKLES as Curt and Angie share a stare.

CURT
(to Brian & Meredith)
So, if you're in love why don't you
get married?

The chuckles quickly cease.

BRIAN
Curt, Social Security won't let us.

CURT
Social Security won't let...? What
the hell do they have to do with it?

BRIAN
See, if Meredith and I were to get
married the government would cut our
benefits in half. One of those
silly laws. So, we can't afford to
get married.

CURT
That stinks!

LEO
That ain't the only thing stopping
them.

CURT
(looking at his name
tag)
What do you mean -- uh, Leo?

LEO
(with contempt)
The rules, boy. Mr. and Mrs.
Greydon don't allow couples to share
a room... that is unless they're the
same sex.

CURT
Are they serious? You're adults!
Why don't you complain?

Just then Megan ENTERS the room. Everyone becomes SILENT.

MEGAN

Getting to know each other?

CURT

Yep. Learning some interesting stuff too. Pull up a chair.

The old folks GROAN unhappily. Megan notices she's obviously not wanted. She manages to stiffen her lip.

MEGAN

No, thank you. I have a few things to do. Excuse me.

She EXITS, obviously hurt. A curious Curt faces the group.

CURT

Is it me or do I sense some bad vibes here?

REVA

She's one of them.

DOUCETTE

(re: Curt)

Like some people who work here.

Curt glares at Doucette, then turns to the others.

CURT

If things aren't as peachy-keen as they seem, why not pack up and leave?

CASSIE

And go where? Most of us don't have families, and this is the only place we can afford.

BRIAN

And the Greydons know that. So we have no say whatsoever as far as the rules are concerned.

CURT

(coyly)

C'mon, Brian -- you know what they say about rules.

CLOSE ON Leo - a GLEAM comes to his eye. What Curt has just said has seemed to spark a dormant flame.

CURT

This isn't prison. You don't have to waste away! You can do whatever you want! This is America! If you want to throw a party - you throw a party! If two people want to sleep together - they sleep together!

The Oldies murmur to themselves. They like what they hear.

DOUCETTE

Are you suggesting that we BREAK the rules?

CURT

Me? Absolutely not...
(winks)
...Just bend them a little.

Electricity fills the air as the Oldies begin talking to themselves about the rules they'd like to change.

OLDIES (AD LIBS)

I don't like the curfew. Why can't I cook for myself? I'd like to have a party!

Seeing dissension all around him, Doucette jumps up.

DOUCETTE

Hold it! This is ridiculous! We're not a bunch of radicals! We're old people -- VERY old people! Can't you see what he's doing? He's bored here! He'd rather be surfing with his friends -- but, he needs the job! Isn't that what he said? And how do you think the Greydons are going to react to all this? You willing to find out? Not me!

He storms off down the hallway. The others watch him exit, then humbly turn to Curt.

CLIFFORD

He's right, son. It'd be nice to change things around here, but none of us can risk having the Greydons evict us.

Curt steps up behind Miss Bradley.

CURT
(coily)
...So? Who said the Greydons have to know?
(leans close to Bradley)
What was the old saying, Miss Bradley? "While the cat's away, the mice shall play?"

She NODS in agreement. The old folks look on with devilish interest!

(MONTAGE) - underscored by UPBEAT MUSIC!

INT. GREYDON RECREATION ROOM - DAY

The Oldies quietly play cards and watch TV with Curt when the Greydons pass by them on their way out the door. Curt NODS to them, they return the NOD, then EXIT. Immediately the old folks JUMP UP and RUN O.S.... All except Doucette who is startled by them, nearly FALLING out of his chair.

THE OLD FOLKS - Struggle as they play "Twister!" Curt spins the board and calls out the numbers and colors. The twisted, intertwined mass of old people can't remain upright with all their LAUGHTER -- and comes tumbling down!

ANGLE ON Doucette - He can't believe what he's seeing!

INT. CAFETERIA - A FEW DAYS LATER

Curt and the old folks are eating their lunch. They look O.S. And see the Greydons leaving the complex. Once gone, Curt and the folks clear away their food, then move several of the tables, startling many of the OLD PEOPLE around them. Curt pulls out his TAPE PLAYER. Suddenly the entire cafeteria is filled with the SWING sounds of BENNY GOODMAN! The old folks are soon paired off and DANCING to the music. A wide-mouthed Doucette is disturbed, unable to accept the fact that his friends are behaving so "childishly."

INT. RECREATION ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

The Greydons - again EXIT past the quiet, card playing, TV watching old folks and Curt. Once gone, they once again all RUN O.S., leaving behind a perturbed Doucette.

EXT. COMPLEX BACK YARD LAWN AREA - DAY

The old folks are dressed in their swim suits and running around like kids, as Curt wets them down with a garden hose.

ON MEGAN - who watches all this from a distance. Her emotions are a mixed bag of disbelief and resentment.

INT. CAFETERIA - A FEW DAYS LATER

The Greydons again leave the complex. Curt and the folks again move the tables away. Curt again pulls out the TAPE PLAYER. Soon the room is filled with more 40's DANCE MUSIC, and again the folks are DANCING. However, this time Doucette approaches Curt and tries to take the tape player away, but Curt fends him off -- then points O.S. Doucette turns to see...

DOUCETTE'S POV - ALL of the other OLD PEOPLE have joined in and are now dancing! Doucette can't believe his eyes. As he turns and EXITS Curt watches him, SHAKING his head more in pity than anything else. Curt then notices something on the dance floor...

CURT'S POV - of Leo pushing Miss Bradley in her wheelchair.

BACK ON Curt - His eyes glistens with a devilish thought...

INT. GREYDON HALLWAY - DAY

FLOOR LEVEL ANGLE - The "Chariots of Fire" THEME MUSIC comes up as we PAN UPWARD from the tiled floor to the sight of FIVE WHEELCHAIRS lined up like race cars. (NOTE: This scene is to be shot in SLOW MOTION.)

CLOSER, PANNING LEFT TO RIGHT

The exhilarated faces of the drivers, Reva, Meredith, Angie, Cassie and Miss Bradley wait in anticipation, as their "pushers," Leo, Brian, Clifford, and Curt with Miss Bradley, show the tension of the big race. Mr. Jacobs stands off to the side holding up a handkerchief as a starting device. Instead of dropping the handkerchief, he turns away from our

racers, lift his leg slightly, then lets out with another MAMMOTH FART! The race begins! Though in SLOW MOTION, we can see the intensity of all concerned by their reactions! They careen around the first turn, with Curt and Miss Bradley taking the lead.

SEVERAL ANGLES - as the "racers" joyously bump into walls and one another, brush close to other OLD PEOPLE in the hallways, and generally are having a ball!

ANGLE ON Megan - She rounds a corner and sees Curt and Miss Bradley's wheelchair heading right at her! She DIVES out of the way and onto a sofa, just in time! Megan simply cannot relate to all this!

Curt and Miss Bradley turn down a corridor and head for a FINISH LINE made of toilet paper. With the other racers in close pursuit, Curt and Miss Bradley cross the finish line -- the winners! We END ON Miss Bradley's face. She feels like a little girl again!

INT. MISS BRADLEY'S BEDROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

Curt wheels Miss Bradley into her room.

CURT

(a la Jackie Stewart)

It looks like Shirley "Cha Cha"
Muldowney's car is coming in for a
pit stop!

Curt helps her out of the wheelchair and into her bed.

CURT

But wait! Her pit crew is pulling
"Cha Cha" from her motor car and
putting her in a bed! I've never
seen such a blatant display of male
chauvinism in all my life! This is
Jackie Stewart saying...

Bradley is now in bed. Curt tucks her in.

CURT

...good night, from the Indianapolis
Motor Speedway!

Curt smiles, then walks to the door. Before he leaves, he turns to her again. She holds her arms out for a hug.

CURT
(a la Peter Lorre)
A hug? From me?

She NODS yes. Curt steps up to her.

CURT
(a la Clint Eastwood)
Go ahead... Make my day.

He hugs her. Looks at her openly.

CURT
This is strange. You've never spoken a word to me, yet I feel like I know everything about you.

She points to him.

CURT
Wanna know about me?
(She nods)
Let's see... Really not much to tell. Uh, my folks died when I was eight. From then on I was carted around from one foster home to another. Wasn't as bad as it sounds though -- except at Christmas time. I never felt like I fit in. You know?

She nods again. Curt becomes a bit emotional.

CURT
I mean, my foster parents would always buy me gifts and stuff, it wasn't like they didn't care or anything. It's jut that I...

He realizes he's rambling and tries to compose himself.

CURT
...Whooooa! Not too heavy!
(fakes a chuckle)

Anyway, my parents left me this big old house and now I share it with a big old blob! End of life story! How about another one of my great impressions?

She playfully shakes her head! Curt quickly walks to the door in a swishing manner. Once there he turns toward her.

CURT
(gay voice)
My! Aren't we in a bitchy mood?

Bradley LAUGHS a silent laugh. Curt WINKS at her, then closes the door behind him.

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE OF BRADLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

As Curt walks down the hallway he runs into Megan. She is loaded down with a stack of papers, books and such.

CURT
Hiya. Need help?

MEGAN
No.

Curt takes half of her load. They walk down the hallway.

CURT
You're welcome.

MEGAN
What were you doing in Miss Bradley's room?

CURT
Helping her in bed. Why?

MEGAN
Don't ever do that again. We have rules stating that only a person of the same sex can help another in bed.

CURT
Then I gotta start dating guys!
(he laughs, she
doesn't)

Tough room. What is it with all these rules anyway? This place sometimes seems more like a prison than a rest home.

MEGAN

It's not a "rest home," it's a Retirement Community. And the rules are there for a reason. Even though you seem to feel breaking them is more important.

CURT

(hates her attitude)

Uh, huh.

(changing subject)

Listen, where can I get a copy of these rules?

She hands him a booklet from her stack.

MEGAN

Here. Please don't get any bubble gum on it.

She walks O.S. With Curt giving her a dirty look.

EXT. GREYDON PARKING LOT - NIGHT

They EXIT from a door and walk through the lot.

CURT

Look, I don't want to pry into your personal life or anything -- but, are you suffering from rabies or something?

MEGAN

(insulted)

Rabies?! What's your problem?

CURT

My problem?! What's your problem?! And call me Curt.

They approach Megan's car, a late model Oldsmobile.

MEGAN

My problem is walking me to my car!
And call me Ms. Shaw!

She opens her car door and begins to get in.

CURT

Don't worry -- I won't be calling
you at all!

MEGAN

GOOD! Wish our guests were that
lucky! The way you're treating them
they're lucky to be alive! They are
not children, Mr. Hatfield! You
can't have them sliding down wet
pieces of plastic, and crashing
around in wheelchair races! Just
because they seem to be enjoying
themselves with you is not reason
to...

CURT

(interrupting)

WHOOOA! Hold on! Now I get it!
You're pissed off because the old
folks are enjoying themselves with
me instead of dying a slow death
with you!

MEGAN

What?! That's absolutely
ridiculous! Just like your
clothing!

CURT

No! No! No! That's why you're all
bent out of shape! Well, here's
some advice... if you want them to
accept you as a friend, flip your
personality switch to defrost!

She starts up her car.

MEGAN

Be careful riding home on your
bicycle, Macho Man!

CURT

(re: her car)
I'd rather ride a bike than this!
Tell me, what does it seat? Four
Republicans and a casket?

She PEELS O.S. -- shouting behind:

MEGAN (O.S.)
SIXTIES REJECT!!!

CURT
BARBIE CLONE!!!
(calms down, then asks
himself)
What the hell was that about?

INT. CURT'S KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Curt sits at the kitchen table, DRINKING a beer and READING
the Rule Book. Pia sits by his side, begging for a beer.

CURT
No, Pia. Get your own. This Bud's
for me.

Pia then scoots over to the refrigerator which has a "Doggie
Door" built into it! She ENTERS the doggie door, then comes
out with a can of beer in her mouth! She takes it to Curt and
BARKS.

CURT
You want me to open it for you?
(opening it)
Getting a bit lazy, aren't we?

Curt puts it in Pia's mouth. She proceeds to "chug" the
entire can... then belches! Marty ENTERS.

MARTY
(a la Ricky Ricardo)
Lucy, I'm home! Babaloo!
(normal voice, excited)
Guess what? I made sixty bucks from
the Humane Society, carting two
hundred dogs to a kennel on my bus!

CURT
Great. Must have been noisy.

Marty pulls out two ear plugs.

MARTY

Huh?

CURT

Never mind.

MARTY

What you reading?

CURT

Pure horseshit. These are the rules the old folks have to follow. Listen to this: "No eating food of any kind between the hours of 9:00pm - 8:00am."

(amazed)

Why?

MARTY

Simple. Their afraid some old geezer'll be eating a ham sandwich, turn on the tube, see Ted Kopple talking about "Alzheimer's," then choke to death!

CURT

You're sick, Marty.

MARTY

You asked. By the way, is it true if you stretch out an old man's skin you could make a circus tent?

CURT

(upset)

Hey, knock it off! I know old people aren't your favorite subject, but these people happen to be alright. So lay off, okay?

MARTY

Whoa! Nothing personal. Sounds to me like you're making friends.

CURT

(happy realization)

Yeah. Guess I am. It's a weird feeling. For once in my life I feel like I have a purpose. As if I'm doing what I was meant to do. Like Da Vinci's first time painting. Or Fred Astaire's first time dancing...

MARTY

Or Mary Lou Retton's first time selling out?

CURT

Riiight.

MARTY

I'm happy for you, man. Really. Now all you need is a big-breasted, nymphomaniac, cheerleader and you're set.

CURT

One out of three ain't bad.

MARTY

Meaning?

CURT

Aw, there's this chick at the home - - Megan Shaw -- she's the coordinator or something. Anyway, we got into it pretty good tonight.

MARTY

What about?

CURT

She's all ticked because the old folks would rather hang out with me than her. It's her own fault -- she's one of these "by the book" babes.

(beat)

I swear, I might be interested in her if she just didn't have her head up her ass.

Marty opens the refrigerator. Looks inside.

MARTY

Introduce me. She's got the
qualities I crave.

CURT

Hey. Why don't you drop by
tomorrow? Have lunch with us.

MARTY

(disgusted)

Me? Eat with old people? BLAAAH!
No way!

CURT

What do you mean?

MARTY

I'd blow chunks! I'm serious! Ever
see an old man eat cottage cheese?
YECK! I've seen better porn flicks!

CURT

C'mon, Marty...

MARTY

No way!

CURT

It's only lunch.

MARTY

Forget it!

CURT

I'm buying.

MARTY

(about face)

...Okay. But no cottage cheese!

INT. GREYDON CAFETERIA - NOON

TIGHT ON Marty - who looks ill. PULL BACK to reveal he is
seated at a table with Milton and Angie on either side. Both
are eating cottage cheese (with some on the edges of their
mouths) and staring at Marty.

ANGIE

(O.S. To Curt)

Curt. Your friend looks sick.

CURT

Uh, that's cuz' he's on a diet,
Angie.

Angie offers a spoonful of cottage cheese to Marty.

ANGIE

Here. Cottage cheese is good for a
diet.

Marty, avoiding her, turns to Milton... who PULLS OUT his
dentures and "picks" some food from them. Marty freaks!

MARTY

OH, GEEZ!

LEO

(to Marty)

Curt tells us that you drive a bus.

MARTY

(composing himself)

Yeah.

LEO

For the city?

MARTY

For my wallet. I own the bus.

REVA

What do you do with it?

MARTY

(losing his cool)

What do you think you do with a bus,
you old...!

He sees Curt giving him a "cool it" look.

MARTY (CONT'D)

(apologetic)

...Sorry. I'm a little edgy.

(with a look at Curt)

Must be the diet I'm on.

ANGIE

(sizing him up)
You'll be on it a long time, too.

MARTY
(to Reva, off a look at
Angie)
I deliver things, move people. I
hailed chemical waste with it.
(re: her cottage
cheese)
Stuff looked just like that.

Angie drops her spoon in disgust. Leo, Brian, Cassie and
Meredith are WHISPERING to themselves, then:

LEO
Curt. Marty. We just had a
thought. A lot of us haven't been
off the complex grounds in a long,
long time, and... well, we were
wondering if you'd do us a favor.

CURT
Shoot.

LEO
Let's do the town tonight!

CASSIE
Have some drinks!

MEREDITH
Paint the town red!

The other Oldies get into it.

OLD FOLKS (AD LIB)
Why not? Sounds like fun! Why not!
Terrific!

CURT
HOLD ON! Don't go getting
coronaries on me. Look, I know
we've been having some fun lately,
but that's pushing it too far. We
might get busted.

OLD FOLKS (AD LIB)

Come on, Curt. Please. We won't get caught!

CURT

Oh, man. I dunno. Besides, how are a dozen of us going to get around town?

They all turn toward Marty, who is in the middle of drinking a Coke -- he SPITS it out in horror!

MARTY

You're not serious?! You people'll wrinkle up my interior!

Leo stands up raises his hands for things to settle down.

LEO

I think I have a solution...

INT. GREYDON PARKING LOT - EARLY EVENING

The bus slowly pulls into the lot without its headlights on.

CURT (O.S.)

For the last time -- how much, Marty?

MARTY (O.S.)

Twenty bucks. And I'm damn well worth every cent!

Marty parks it facing a window in the complex. All is still. Then, on Curt's command, Marty FLASHES the headlights several times at the window.

INT. MISS BRADLEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Our FOLKS, minus Doucette, are huddled in the room waiting. They are decked out in their finest, if dated, clothing. Suddenly they see the FLASHING LIGHT through the window.

LEO

That's the signal! Let's go.

They all begin to EXIT, trying to suppress their eagerness. Meredith stops by Miss Bradley.

MEREDITH

I feel so badly that you're not going with us.

Bradley feigns a FROWN, then waves for them to go ahead.

OLDIES

Good night, Miss Bradley. Back soon. Don't wait up for us!

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Like kids sneaking out on their parents, the folks hustle down the door-lined hallway to a quiet chorus of "Shhhh!" As they walk O.S. One of the doors OPENS behind them. Out comes the head of William Doucette. He watches them for a moment, SHAKES his head in disbelief, then returns inside.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Curt helps the folks aboard the bus one by one.

CURT

How you guys ever talked me into this I'll never know. Watch your step...

ON Marty - One by one the folks pass him.

MARTY

Sit wherever you want...
(sotto to himself)
...just don't slip into a coma.

Milton, stepping aboard, leans in to him.

MILTON

What did you say?

MARTY

(louder)
I said "We ought to have lots of fun tonight."

MILTON

(skeptical)
How can we on an old bucket like this?

Milton moves on into the bus. Marty fumes.

EXT. PARKING LOT - ON BUS - NIGHT

With everyone aboard, the door closes. Marty slowly drives out of the parking lot. Once on the street, Marty shouts:

MARTY (O.S.)
Alright, so you want some fun, huh?
Well, let's -- CHECK OUT WHAT THIS
OLD BUCKET CAN DO!!!

INT. BUS - ON DASHBOARD - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Marty's hand as he flips on an impressively laid-out stereo console. SFX: A loud UPBEAT ROCK SONG blasts out over the countless speakers throughout the bus!

As the bus CRUISES down the boulevard, suddenly the old folks are bathed in MULTICOLORED FLASHING LIGHTS, SPINNING SPOTLIGHTS, and other outrageous DISCO lighting effects!

CLOSE ON THEIR STUNNED FACES - They wanted a fun time, but they didn't expect anything like this. Curt shouts to them:

CURT
What's wrong? Is it too loud?

The folks look at one another. They seem to gain reassurance from each other's eyes. After all, they DID want to have a fun evening, didn't they? Brian stands up and declares loudly:

BRIAN
No! It's NOT LOUD ENOUGH!

The other Oldies CHEER in agreement.

OLDIES (AD LIB)
Yeah! Louder!

Marty SHAKES his head with delight, mumbles to himself.

MARTY
Maybe these old farts aren't so bad
after all.

He CRANKS up the music even LOUDER!

EXT. BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The bus ZIPS down the boulevard on this clear summer's eve.
From inside, over the Rock Music we HEAR:

CURT (O.S.)
Anybody hungry?

OLD FOLKS (O.S.)
You bet! Yes!

CURT (O.S.)
Driver, take us to the finest eatery
in town...

EXT. A JACK IN THE BOX DRIVE-THRU - NIGHT

The bus pulls up to the CLOWN'S FACE.

CLOWN FACE (O.S.)
May I have your order please?

MARTY
Got a good memory?

INT. RESTAURANT - POV THRU THE TAKE-OUT WINDOW - NIGHT

From behind the CASHIER the huge yellow bus pulls INTO FRAME,
and TWO OTHER EMPLOYEES form an assembly line to shuttle the
many, many bags of food into the bus!

MARTY
(to employee)
Hurry up! The food's getting cold!

EXT. THE DRIVE-THRU - VIEW FROM THE STREET - NIGHT

As the bus pulls out from the drive-thru, its roof hits up
against, then dislodges, a large CLOWN'S FACE from the
restaurant's roof. The bus pulls into the street with the
clown's face on its roof, smiling down on everyone!

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The bus rolls down the street, the clown still perched atop.

LEO (O.S.)
If this is a party, where's the
BOOZE!

OLD FOLKS (O.S.)

Oh, boy! I haven't had a drink in
years! We want booze! We want
BOOZE!

EXT. A LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

The bus pulls up, parks. Curt, Leo, Brian and Clifford trot
into the store, passing two TEEN-AGE BOYS who watch them.

FLIP TO:

SAME SCENE - A MINUTE LATER

The men stagger out past the teen-age boys, carrying a huge
supply of liquor, chips, etc.

BOY #1
(upset)
Bet they weren't carded.

INT. THE BUS - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

As Marty drives, Curt and the others are DRINKING, MUNCHING,
LAUGHING and really having a good time!

MARTY
So where we going?

The old folks mellow out for a moment of thought.

CURT
What's wrong, Party Animals? All
dressed up and no where to go?
C'mon! It's your night!

A grinning Cassie goes up to Curt, WHISPERS in his ear. Curt
gives her a curious look.

CURT
Something tells me I'm gonna regret
this...

INT. AN AMUSEMENT PARK'S BUMPER CAR RIDE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Curt's face - SCREAMING in fear:

CURT
AHHHHHH!!!

HIS POV - of Cassie with a killer look on her face, as she aims her bumper car straight at Curt! CRUNCH!!! Cassie slams Curt's car, sending him O.S. Curt's car comes to a jarring halt against the railing, next to Marty who stands there eating an ice cream.

CURT
(dazed, to himself)
Why bumper cars?

SEVERAL ANGLES - of the folks RAMMING their cars into one another, having the time of their lives!

BACK TO CURT AND MARTY

MARTY
Yo, Curt! Afraid of the Little Old Lady From Pasadena?! Get back in there and show her what a real man can do!!

His ego bruised, a determined Curt drives O.S. To do battle again. CRAAASH! Curt's car comes SLAMMING up next to Marty again! Curt is dazed. Marty snickers.

MARTY
What a wuss...

JUMP CUT TO:

CLOSE UP ON

Marty - His face contorted in fear.

WIDER ANGLE - We find he is on a roller coaster. Milton and Angie are on either side of him EATING cotton candy and enjoying the ride. Curt and the others are in the cars behind them, also enjoying. Angie shouts to Marty:

ANGIE
Want some cotton candy?

Marty's face turns green, as he turns away toward Milton. Milton, having fun, pulls out his dentures and CLICKS them together like toy "clicking dentures!" Marty quickly covers his mouth and hangs his head out of the car!

A MINUTE LATER - Curt and the others CARRY the bewildered Marty off the attraction - Curt wearing a vengeful grin.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

The folks are DANCING in the aisle, drinking, laughing, etc.

Curt sits next to Marty as he drives. They both look back at the group and SHAKE their heads in amazement.

EXT. BUS - NIGHT

The bus turns onto a street that is packed with TEENAGERS "cruising!" Many of them point and stare at the bus from their cars, the burger stand, the sidewalks, etc.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

The folks continue partying. They are now fairly intoxicated - and loving it!

Brian - looks outside and sees the cruisers. He waves for the others to see. The others stick their heads out the windows and begin to shout, wave and DANCE for the cruisers! Dozens of TEENS in their cars shout back at them.

ANGLE ON CONVERTIBLE MUSTANG - A surprised TEEN-AGE BOY and GIRL look at the bus.

GIRL

How weird! Are those old people dancing in that bus?

BOY

Nah. They just look old. Too much partying.

ANGLE ON A BUS WINDOW as Leo drops his pants and MOONS the kids! The kids REACT to the strange sight. Meanwhile Curt and Marty are falling over with LAUGHTER!

EXT. GREYDON PARKING LOT - LATER THAT NIGHT

All is calm. Quiet. Then, off in the distance, we hear the SOUND of the bus engine mixed in with raucous LAUGHTER, SINGING and YELLING. The gaiety continues to get LOUDER and LOUDER as the bus jumps the curb on its way into the parking lot.

ON MRS. GREYDON'S ROSE GARDEN - The beautiful roses are CRUSHED under one of the bus tires!

As the bus comes to a stop the door opens revealing the entire group crowded together to disembark. Their LAUGHTER immediately becomes silence as they gaze outside.

REVERSE ANGLE - From behind the old folks we see Arthur and Blair, Megan and Doucette standing in front of them.

ARTHUR
(stern)
What do you have to say for yourselves?

THE OLD FOLKS - stand silently. A beat later we HEAR an outrageously loud BELCH.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
How disgusting! I want the man who did that to apologize.

Reva sticks her head out, covering her mouth.

REVA
Sorry, Mr. Greydon.

ARTHUR
Alright. Everybody out of there.
Right this minute!

The group staggers out. Their mood is somber, somewhat ashamed. They stand there looking at the ground much like children. Curt and Marty are the last ones off. Curt and Blair share a defiant "look." Blair then notices her crushed roses. She stares at him angrily. Curt notices, WHISPERS to Marty.

CURT
Shit. Nice parking, slick.

MARTY
I didn't see 'em!

Blair turns her attention on the old folks.

BLAIR
So. Where have you been this evening?

The old folks look at one another like misbehaved children.

BLAIR

Did you have a good time?

Some of the women begin to suppress some GIGGLES.

BLAIR

Well, good. Remember them --
because as long as you stay here,
you will never be allowed permission
to leave the grounds again.

MEREDITH

But, Mrs. Greydon...

BLAIR

SHUT UP!

Meredith reacts. Brian holds her close.

BLAIR

You ARE NOT children! You are
adults. Very old adults!

We PAN along the old folks, their spirits breaking.

BLAIR (O.S.)

You should know better than to do
something like this. Shame on you.
You could have hurt yourself. I
smell that liquor on your breath...

STOP PAN on Leo, listening with disdain.

BLAIR (O.S.)

...you know our rules! No liquor.
Ever! But, you took it upon
yourselves to break the rules. So,
if you want to behave like children,
we'll treat you like children.

BACK ON Blair - She turns to Megan.

BLAIR

Megan. Return our guests to their
rooms.

MEGAN

Yes, Mrs. Greydon.

Megan gathers the Oldies, and guides them O.S.

ON Doucette - He has a contented look on his face -- however, as the old folks pass him by, their saddened faces begin affecting him. These are his friends and his snitching has hurt them. Once the old folks are gone, Blair and Arthur approach Curt and Marty.

CURT

Bad time to ask for a raise, huh?

BLAIR

(calm, direct)

You're fired. And, beyond that, you're barred from the complex. And, if you as much as set foot here again, I'll have you arrested.

Blair EXITS with Arthur right behind her. The reality of what's happened has just registered on Curt. Marty notices.

MARTY

Let's go home, Curt.

CURT

(sadly)

This is home, Marty.

Marty puts his arm around Curt and leads him onto the bus. As Marty is about to start the bus, Curt notices something out of his window.

CURT'S POV - A light in a window reveals Miss Bradley looking at him from her window.

Curt hops up and RUNS out of the bus.

MARTY

Curt! Where ya' going?

TRACK WITH Curt - as he runs toward the window.

AT THE WINDOW - Miss Bradley sits in her wheelchair when Curt RUNS up. Her frown shows her concern. With the glass separating them, Curt tries to reassure her.

CURT

Uh... we're back. We just got back.
You should be asleep, Miss Bradley.
It's late.

She WAVES for Curt to come to her room. Curt is at a loss.
How can he tell her he's been fired? Before he can say
anything, Marty HONKS the horn.

CURT

I... I've got to go. I'll see you
in the morn...

(catches himself, gets
a lump in his throat)

...Good night, Miss Bradley.

Curt presses his hand against the window. Bradley looks at
his hand quizzically, then presses her hand against his. Curt
RUNS back to the bus. Tears fill Bradley's eyes. The
reflection of the bus pulling away fills the window as we...

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE UP ON:

EXT. EMPLOYMENT AGENCY - DAY

(MUSICAL MONTAGE - BLUESY IN STYLE)

The bus stops outside of the agency. A dejected Curt gets out
and walks toward the door.

INT. EMPLOYMENT AGENCY - DAY

Geraldine sits behind her desk. She looks up and sees...
Curt, sitting opposite her, and very depressed.

Geraldine SILENTLY chastises him. Her movements obviously
telling him "no more jobs for him." However, after a moment,
she sees how down Curt looks. Her heart takes over, as she
starts making phone calls for him.

INT. A MCDONALD'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Curt is a counter person, taking the order of a WOMAN and her
crying BABY. He looks rather uncomfortable in the McDonald's
outfit.

EXT. A BUSY STREET INTERSECTION - DAY

Curt stands among this huge traffic jam of HONKING cars holding dozens of bouquets of saran-wrapped roses.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Curt sits beside a few TEENAGERS who are talking on a bank of telephones. Curt speaks emotionlessly into his phone.

CURT

Hello. Mr. Robson? My name is George Jetson. I'm calling to see if you'd be interested in purchasing a subscription to the "Gay Advocate?"

SFX: CLICK!

EXT. CAR WASH - DAY

Curt hand-dries a MERCEDES BENZ as a spoiled rich WOMAN points out his mistakes, while eating an ice cream cone.

WOMAN

You missed a spot there! Hurry, my windows are streaking! Who taught you how to dry cars?

Annoyed, Curt takes the ice cream from her, then plants it into the windshield! He walks O.S.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

My husband is right. "If you ever want something done right, hire a Mexican!"

EXT. BACK OF A MOVING PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Beside shovels and pick axes Curt sits in-between a half dozen ILLEGAL ALIENS, who stare at him coolly. Curt SIGHS.

EXT. A NEIGHBORHOOD STREET CORNER - DAY

Curt sits in a low folding chair wearing a bright ORANGE vest and holding a "STOP SIGN." Suddenly, a dozen school CHILDREN RUN jump all over him! Staggering Curt attempts to carry kids across the street, but the weight of the kids is too much and Curt FALLS to the ground in a mass of kids. Suddenly, a car HORN blasts out! From under the pile of kids we see Curt's HAND as it holds out the "Stop" sign!

INT. CURT'S BATHROOM - A FEW DAYS LATER

Curt lies, fully clothed, in his empty bathtub while Pia sits on the toilet seat. Marty walks by, sees Curt, ENTERS.

MARTY

What ya' doing?

CURT

(lifeless)

I'm gradually regressing back to my first few days in my mother's womb -
- in quest of the true meaning of my existence.

MARTY

Why?

CURT

'Cuz there's nothing good on T.V. I can't hack this anymore, man. I mean everything is caving in on me. I can't sleep, there's no food to eat, I've got bills and collection agencies on my ass, and the only jobs I get are the ones illegal aliens turn down! Man, I don't know what to do.

MARTY

Hey. C'mon, you've just had a lot of stuff happen all at once. Relax.

(a thought)

Why don't you go visit the old folks? You were never happier than when you were with them. Heck, even I kinda got to like 'em.

CURT

(likes the idea, but:)

Yeah. But the Greydon's said they'd call the cops.

MARTY

So. Ask yourself. Are these people worth getting thrown in the can?

Curt stands up with confidence.

CURT

You bet!

MARTY

Then let's cart our ass over there!

THEY BOTH DASH O.S.

EXT. GROUNDS - DAY

Doucette walks down a walkway when he spots Curt and Marty coming his way. His ire raised, he storms off in the other direction.

INT. RECREATION ROOM - DAY

SAME OLD SHIT! The men solemnly play cards, while the women watch the same Soap Opera. However, this time they seem even more subdued.

OUTSIDE OF THE RECREATION ROOM - Curt and Marty appear. They ENTER.

INT. RECREATION ROOM - DAY

Curt and Marty rush to the middle of the room.

CURT

(shouts)

What is this?! A Perry Como concert?

The old folks all jump up and encircle Curt and Marty with HUGS, LAUGHS and HANDSHAKES.

OLDIES

Curt! Marty! Hello! How are you?!

AT THE WINDOW - Megan peers into the rec. room from the outside walkway. She sees the happy, "alive" faces on the Oldies as they surround Curt and Marty. She is obviously moved by what she sees. A moment goes by before she walks O.S.

BACK TO SCENE

LEO

Damn. It's good to see you again!

CURT

It's good to be back, Dancer Man.
Just thought I'd pop in to see what
my kids were up to.

CASSIE

What you been doing with yourself?

CURT

Who? Me? Cassie! I've been
enjoying life! You know, kicking
back, savoring the good times...
(softly, sincere)
...and missing you guys.

Curt takes Miss Bradley's hand. She holds it to her face.

MEREDITH

We miss you too.

ANGIE

Things aren't the same around here.

REVA

We feel like we're being punished.

BLAIR (O.S.)

That's because you are...

The group turns around and sees... Arthur, Blair and Doucette
standing in a hallway. Doucette stands behind the couple.

ARTHUR

Because you all acted like children,
we had no choice but to punish you
like children.

CURT

(Rebellious)

You had no choice? Get real! These
people aren't inmates! You haven't
got the right to punish them!

ARTHUR

You have no say in the matter, Mr.
Hatfield.

Milton, wanting to hear what's happening, blurts out:

MILTON

What did he say?

BLAIR

(loses her cool)

SHUT UP!!

Everyone reacts to her outburst. Curt, boiling with rage, steps right into Mrs. Greydon's face.

CURT

You listen to me. Don't you ever yell at these people again.

The room falls silent, as Curt and Mrs. Greydon stare at one another - a stare that could kill. It is a standoff...

ON THE RECREATION ROOM DOOR - Suddenly Megan and TWO POLICE OFFICERS ENTER the room. Megan seems genuinely stunned to see the police.

LEAD COP

Okay, folks. Who's Mrs. Greydon?

BLAIR

I am, officer. I'm the one who called.

(re: Curt)

I want this man removed from the premises -- he's a former employee who keeps returning and disturbing our guests.

CURT

Disturbing them?

The lead cop steps between Curt and Blair.

LEAD COP

Okay, sir. How about we go outside and discuss this?

CURT

Aw, c'mon!

The cop grabs Curt and guides him outside. Blair turns to the old folks.

BLAIR

Meanwhile, I want all of you back in your rooms until dinner time. Megan, make sure they all do as I say.

ANGLE ON LEO - He's incensed. He can't take it anymore.

LEO

NO!

Everybody, including Curt and the cops, freeze.

LEO

You can't tell us what to do! I DON'T WANT TO GO TO MY ROOM! I WANT TO BE WITH MY FRIEND -- CURT! I don't have to listen to you! I listen to me! And I do what I want to do! Not what you tell me to do!

The Greydons react. As does Curt. The cops look on with interest. Reva steps up beside Leo, and speaks to Blair.

REVA

Leo's right! If we want to be with Curt, we can! It's our choice!

The other oldies rally together.

OLD FOLKS (AD LIB)

That's right! Our choice!

Blair coldly steps up to Reva.

BLAIR

Mrs. Fortuna. We have certain rules here which you must abide by if you want to remain here. Now, if you decide not to we will evict you... And then where would you go? To that son of yours? He doesn't care about you. Does he?

Reva is near tears. Curt, outraged, breaks away from the cops and takes Reva in his arms. He SCREAMS at Blair.

CURT

YOU BITCH! Who the hell do you think you are? You have no right talking to her that way!

BLAIR

Is that right? Well, if she isn't happy with the way things are here...

(points to the door)

...then there's the door. I assure you, no one here will stop her...

(to the other folks)

...or any of you for that matter. But, consider this -- where will you go? You know as well as I do that you can't afford to go anywhere else, even if you could find a vacancy.

The folks are suddenly silent. They have no choice and they know it. Leo's defiance has all but faded. The lead cop reacts to Blair's cold attitude. Curt feels helpless as he sees the defeated look on the old folks faces.

BLAIR

So. Are you going to your rooms or not?

DOLLY CLOSE ON Curt - as a major thought comes to him.

CURT

NOT!

Everyone looks at him. He turns to the old folks.

CURT

Start packing your bags, kids... you're moving in with ME.

ARTHUR/BLAIR

What?

The old folks are startled at the announcement. But quickly their emotions change to wild enthusiasm! Megan can't believe her ears. Neither can Doucette who appears numb. Curt rallies the old folks.

CURT

I've got plenty of room! Come on!
Bus leaves in five minutes!

The old folks all RUN off to their rooms, cheering loudly:

OLD FOLKS (AD LIB)
Ahooh! Let's get ready! Hooray!

Marty slaps his forehead.

MARTY
Shit! I'd better fumigate!

He runs out to the bus. Blair rushes up to the cops.

BLAIR
Officer! Stop them! This is
illegal!

LEAD COP
No it isn't, ma'am. Matter of fact,
I don't blame them.
(to the other cop)
Let's go, Chuck.

The cops EXIT, with Blair trying to reason with them. When she realizes it's futile she angrily turns back toward Curt. Curt looks at her with a smug smile, then RAZZES her.

EXT. THE PARKING LOT - A FEW MINUTES LATER - DAY

With the Greydons, Megan and Doucette off to the side, Curt, Marty and the old folks finish loading the bus with their belongings.

BLAIR
You have no idea what you're getting
into. Do you? What happens if one
of them gets sick?

CURT
Take 'em to a doctor. You know what
a doctor is, don't you? He's kinda
like the Veterinarian you use here.

Blair steams.

MEGAN

Curt. Think of what you're doing.
These people need special care.

CURT
They've all been able to take care
of themselves for over a half
century, Ms. Shaw. We'll make out
just fine, thank you.

Curt spots Doucette off to the side.

CURT
You're more than welcome to join us,
cowboy.

DOUCETTE
In a pig's eye. You're a fool,
young man.
(to the old folks)
All of you are! When are you going
to realize that you can't be young
again?

Leo sticks his head out a bus window and replies.

LEO
When are you going to realize that
you can't grow old?

Doucette can't think of a retort, opting instead to shake his head with displeasure. With that, Marty starts the bus and pulls it out. The SOUNDS of cheering, whistling, clapping and hollering fill the air as they exit.

CLOSE ON Blair, Arthur, Doucette and Megan - as they watch the bus leave. We DOLLY IN CLOSE on Blair's face. A wicked smile twists her face. We sense this isn't over... not by a long shot.

EXT. CURT'S HOUSE - DAY

The bus is parked off to the side on the lawn. Next to it, facing the house, are Curt, Marty and the old folks. The old folks are frozen in stunned silence!

CURT (O.S.)

Tah-dah! Welcome to your new home,
kids! Didn't I tell you it had
plenty of room! So, whatdaya think?

REVERSE ANGLE FACING THE GROUP - The folks are open-mouthed.
They can't believe this run-down "Munster House" is now home.

BRIAN
Where did you get this place?

CURT
My folks left it to me.

CASSIE
Now I see where you got your sense
of humor.

CURT
Aw... It ain't that bad. C'mon
inside.

They step up to the front door when a voice stops them.

KEVIN (O.S.)
Hey, Hatfield!

Kevin and a couple frat BOYS stand beside the fence.

KEVIN
Lemme guess. Having a Tupperware
party?

Kevin and his frat boys laugh.

MILTON
Who are they?

CURT
Leftovers from a science project.
(to frat boys)
They're moving in with me. That is
if it's okay with you?

KEVIN
Why not? It's nice to know where we
can go if we have a history
question!

They LAUGH again as Curt leads our group into the house.

CURT

Ignore them. They're not of this species.

INT. CURT'S HOUSE - DAY

As they step inside, the group is greeting by Pia.

CURT

Pia! Hey girl! Everybody, I'd like you to meet Pia. Pia, say hello to your new roommates.

Pia BELCHES. Mr. Jacobs bends over to pet her. As he bends, a FART slips out of him. Pia immediately runs out of the living room.

MARTY

Just a reflex. When she blasts gas we usually toss her outside.

The group spreads out, looking in awe at their new living quarters.

CURT

It has twelve bedrooms and four bathrooms. The way I look at it, once we get the place organized we can invite some of the other old folks.

ANGIE

Assuming they live that long.

Leo sits on the sofa is quickly enveloped in dust! He begins COUGHING. Suddenly, Reva SCREAMS from O.S. The entire group runs into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Reva stands in the middle of the kitchen as the others ENTER.

REVA

Look at this kitchen! I'll be cleaning in here forever!

MEREDITH

Don't worry, we'll all help out.

ANGIE

Damn right!

As the group talks, Clifford sneaks over to the refrigerator, opens it, looks inside, then pulls out what appears to be a small yogurt carton.

CURT

(to others)

Good. Remember this is your home. Now, I know that the place is kinda run-down, but...

LEO

(interrupts)

But nothing. We've got a dozen pair of hands and our Social Security checks. We'll have this place looking like a palace in no time!

CURT

This is gonna be neat! First things first... Tonight we've gotta celebrate! Whatdaya guys wanna do?

The old men, sans Clifford, huddle together. The women form their own huddle, then:

WOMEN

GO TO CHIPPENDALES!

CURT

Alright! You got it! Gentlemen?

MEN

PLAY CARDS!

MARTY

Play cards? You get released from death row and all you want to do is play cards?

BRIAN

Yep. But now we can play for real money!

The men cheer out loud, as they all begin to file out of the kitchen! Clifford, still eating from the carton, stops Marty.

CLIFFORD

This is terrific! I haven't had yogurt in years!!

MARTY

You still haven't -- that's last month's milk.

Clifford does a class "Spit Take!"

INT. CHIPPENDALES - ON THE MAIN STAGE - NIGHT

The place is packed with wild, cheering, dancing, whistling women! A TRIO of sexy young MEN are dressed in skimpy swimsuits and dancing erotically to loud ROCK MUSIC! Our old ladies are seated near the stage, dancing and making suggestive gestures to the dancers! A WAITRESS steps up.

WAITRESS

Something to drink?

ANGIE

Yeah, honey. Beers all around!

As the waitress starts to leave, Meredith stops her.

MEREDITH

Excuse me. Beer has always upset my stomach. Can I order something else?

WAITRESS

Sure. What?

MEREDITH

A double shot of Cuervo with a twist.

The waitress EXITS as the others give Meredith a puzzled look. Meredith doesn't know why.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

Something wrong?

They LAUGH at Meredith, then the women return their attention to the dancers on stage. One of the dancers bends down in front of Reva. Reva puts her dollar in his bikini briefs, then almost faints with pleasure. Another dancer bends down

in front Angie. After a moment of this she digs in her purse, pulls out a quarter, and puts it in his briefs!

DANCER

(upset)

A quarter?!

ANGIE

It's "two bits" more than you've got!

Our women roar with laughter as the embarrassed dancer moves away.

MEREDITH

I wonder how Curt is doing?

EXT. CHIPPENDALES PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Curt and SEVERAL YOUNG LADIES are arguing. Curt is really taking this seriously, while the women are toying with him.

CURT

I AM NOT GAY!

LADY #1

Then what are you doing here?

CURT

I'm waiting for my friends!

LADY #2

Uh, huh... The strippers!

The women laugh. A frustrated Curt looks skyward in disbelief!

INT. CURT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marty (with Pia on his lap sharing a beer) and the old men are heavy into a loud game of cards. The obvious change in the old men, other than their lively chatter, is the way they are dressed -- Hawaiian shirts, cutoff summer shorts, hats etc. Cans of beer are scattered all about, smoke hovers above them, and the RADIO blasts out a Dodger game.

Brian is dealing the cards, assuming the card dealing position that Doucette once ruled.

BRIAN

Okay! Okay! Leo, it's your call.

LEO

My call? I'm not even in this hand!

MARTY

Oh, this hand you're not in. Why are you only in the hands that YOU WIN?!

MILTON

(misunderstanding)

I WIN? Hot dog!!

Milton grabs all of the money in the pot and mixes it in with his other winnings. The others go nuts!

OTHERS (AD LIB)

Whatdaya doing?!! You messed up the pot!! Milton!!

As Marty tries to sort out the mess he HEARS a SPLASHING SOUND. Noticing that the others didn't hear it, he casually stands up.

MARTY

You dudes are flakes! I'm going to drain my snake.

Marty gets up to leave, with Pia joining him. Meanwhile, as the arguing continues, Leo notices Marty acting suspiciously as he and Pia go up the stairs. Leo follows him.

INT. CURT'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Leo walks down the hallway and checks in the bathroom -- it is empty. Then he hears the SPLASHING of water and the VOICES of YOUNG WOMEN! He looks inside Marty's room.

INT. MARTY'S ROOM - NIGHT

With Pia by his side, Marty is sitting on his balcony floor, peering outside with a pair of binoculars.

LEO

What you looking at?

MARTY

What?!!!

A startled Marty JUMPS UP in fright. Seeing it's Leo he WHISPERS angrily.

MARTY

Christ, Leo! Never do that to an overweight person!

As Leo comes to the balcony, Marty warns him:

MARTY

Get down! They'll see you!

Leo squats next to Marty.

LEO

Who? Let me see.

Marty hands him the binoculars. Leo looks through them.

EXT. SORORITY BACK YARD - ON THEIR SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

BINOCULAR POV - A dozen lovely Sorority GIRLS are swimming, and generally playing around in their pool. They wear very revealing bikinis and their wet skin, bouncing off the pool light is enough to make any man a voyeur!

LEO (O.S.)

Lordie. I've died and gone to heaven!

Just then the other old men ENTER onto the balcony.

OTHER MEN (AD LIB)

What's going on? What you looking at?

MARTY

Shhhh!!

ON THE SORORITY GIRLS - They've heard the commotion and stop to look at them.

Marty fumbles with his binoculars, trying to hide them, then turns away from the girls in embarrassment. However, the old men can't help but stare at the very lovely sights.

AMY, a pretty co-ed, shouts to the balcony from pool side.

AMY
Who's up there?

LEO
No one but us Peeping Toms.

The girls LAUGH, then MUMBLE to themselves:

GIRLS (AD LIB)
Those are old men! What are they
doing there?

Amy shouts to the men.

AMY
Is that you Marty?

Marty, trying to act cool while desperately trying to stuff
his binoculars down his pants, stands up confidently.

MARTY
Yo. You got it, baby.

ON THE GIRLS - as they all MOAN with disappointment.

AMY
Are those binoculars in your pants,
or are you just happy to see us?

The girls and the old men share a LAUGH at Marty's expense.

Unbeknownst to the others, Kevin and several other frat boys
step out onto their balcony, surveying the scene.

CLIFFORD
How's the water?

AMY
Nice. Feel like joining us?

The girls giggle. Marty and the men are thrilled!

LEO
Why not..?

KEVIN
You mean... WHY?

Our mean and the girls all turn toward Kevin on the frat's balcony. The girls seem disappointed.

KEVIN

Amy. Darlin'. Wouldn't you rather invite the boys from Delta?

AMY

Depends. What have you got that they don't have?

Kevin and his friends WHISPER to one another, then suddenly take off their shirts, revealing their muscular bodies.

KEVIN

Bodies that'll make you moan for more! Let's see them top that.

A chorus of "Ouus and Ahhs" rumble from the girls. Then they turn up to Marty's balcony.

AMY

Well, gentlemen?

The old men look at one another, GRIN devilishly, then turn to the girls...

CLOSE ON THE GIRLS - as we hear several ZIPPERS UNZIP O.S. The girl's mouths drop wide open!

Kevin and the Frat boys do the same!

Pia does the same!

REVERSE ANGLE - from behind the old men, they have dropped their pants and are flashing the young women!

EXT. SORORITY SWIMMING POOL - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Marty, the old men, the young girls, and Pia are all having a blast in the pool. Clothes and all!

EXT. CURT'S HOUSE - 3:00 AM IN THE MORNING

The bus drives up onto the lawn. Inside we HEAR LAUGHTER from the women.

CURT (O.S.)

Okay, Ladies, party's over.

ALL WOMEN (AD LIB)
Boooo! Take us back! Boooo!

INT. CURT'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

All is dark. Curt and the women enter, with Curt pushing Miss Bradley. He hits the light switch.

WIDE ANGLE OF THE LIVING ROOM - All of the men, including Pia, are scattered all over the furniture and floor, sound asleep and totally soaked!

ON THE WOMEN, FAVORING REVA - As they survey the sight.

REVA
And I thought I was the only one who
got wet!

The women all break down in hysterical LAUGHTER!

INT. GREYDON'S OFFICE - THE NEXT MORNING

Blair and Arthur are beside the desk. There's a KNOCK at the door.

ARTHUR
Come in.

Megan ENTERS.

ARTHUR
Good morning, Megan. Have a seat.

MEGAN
Thank you.

ARTHUR
Megan, my wife and I are growing more and more concerned about the health and safety of those who opted to join Mr. Hatfield. And I'm sure you share those concerns.

MEGAN
Of course.

ARTHUR
Good. Then maybe you can be of assistance. We thought...

Blair gives Arthur a "look." Arthur then rephrases himself.

ARTHUR

...rather, I thought it would be a good idea if you visited Mr. Hatfield's home to check on the conditions there. Make sure the people are being cared for appropriately. What do you say?

MEGAN

Um, yes. Certainly.

Blair puts her hand on Megan's shoulder.

BLAIR

You seem apprehensive, dear. Why?

MEGAN

I just, just don't feel that comfortable snooping around people I care for, Mrs. Greydon.

BLAIR

Snooping? Megan, nobody is snooping. Why, Arthur and I care for these people just as much as you do. We just want to insure that they are receiving the best possible attention.

Megan looks at Arthur, who WINKS at her.

BLAIR

Will you help us help our friends?

MEGAN

Of course.

EXT. CURT'S HOUSE - A FEW HOURS LATER

The bus is gone. The place looks empty. Megan steps up to Curt's house, a legal-sized pad of paper and a pencil in hand. She knocks on the door. From inside we HEAR the loud CRASH of cans.

MARTY (O.S.)

(painfully)

Ahhhh! Just a sec!

(to Pia inside)
Pia! Move your stupid beer cans!

He opens the door.

MARTY
Yeah?

MEGAN
Hi, Marty? I'm Megan Shaw.
Remember me? From the Greydon
Retirement...

MARTY
(interrupting)
...Hellhole. Yeah, sure. What do
you need?

MEGAN
Is Curt in?

MARTY
Nope. Took the old folks shopping.

MEGAN
Oh. Well, the reason I'm here is to
evaluate the living conditions of
this facility in accordance to the
standard for elderly care set forth
by the State Department of Social
Services.

MARTY
Try that again in English.

MEGAN
I'm concerned about the old people.
Can I look around inside, maybe make
some suggestions to help out?

MARTY
(suspiciously)
Guess it wouldn't hurt. C'mon in.

She ENTERS, he follows her inside.

MARTY
(with a grimace)

By the way, do any of these people
use bed pans?

He closes the door behind her.

INT. GREYDON'S OFFICE - LATER THAT SAME DAY

Megan is reading her voluminous notes to the Greydons.

MEGAN

(mid sentence)

...and, finally, his refrigerator
has a "doggie door" on it. Another
definite health violation.

ARTHUR

A "doggie door?" And he accused us
of treating them like dogs?
Incredible.

BLAIR

To think that human beings are
living there. Disgusting. Now,
Megan, Arthur and I would like you
to pay them another visit.

MEGAN

Again? Why?

BLAIR

To speak with the people. You know,
see how they're feeling, find out
what their needs are, those kind of
things.

MEGAN

When?

BLAIR

In a few days. We certainly
wouldn't want them to think we're
spying on them. Would we?

(she smiles, winks at
Megan)

Megan seems hesitant, but forces a
smile as we:

INT. CURT'S KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT

The group is seated for a very lively dinner. Everyone is bubbling over with conversation and laughter.

REVA

...So then Angie says, "It's 'two bits' more than you've got!"

CURT

Ouch.

ANGIE

Story of my life, always getting short-changed.

More laughs. Marty turns to Curt.

MARTY

Curt, I forgot to tell you, that Megan chick came by today.

The room suddenly falls silent.

ANGIE

Thought there was a chill in here.

CURT

What did she want?

MARTY

Look at the place. See how everyone was. She seemed concerned.

REVA

I don't trust her.

CASSIE

Me neither.

CURT

(a pause, then:)

Aw -- she's all right. A little too "by the book" but deep down I really think she cares about you guys. Anyway, forget it. Let's eat!

Everyone proceeds to talk and eat with vigor. We PAN to Pia as she begins to BARK at something O.S. Everyone stops and turns to:

THE KITCHEN DOOR - where the lonely figure of William Doucette stands, wearing a hat, overcoat and a small suitcase. The room becomes silent as Doucette takes off his hat, then nervously rolls it around in his fingers.

DOUCETTE

(humbly)

Guess I'm the last person you expected to see here, huh? Can't say I blame you. Imagine how I feel. When you folks left, I kept saying to myself, "good -- to hell with them -- damned fools." And I knew I was right. I was a man -- an old man, and there was no changing my ways. But, then you were suddenly gone. I was alone. It was then that I...

(emotions grow)

...I realized that you were more than my friends. You were my family.

(wipes a tear, looks at it)

My, my... haven't seen one of these in a long time. Anyway, I was wondering, if you've got an extra room...

Curt walks over to Doucette -- offering his hand.

CURT

Welcome home, Cowboy.

Doucette smiles, then shakes Curt's hand. The rest quickly surround Doucette with hugs, handshakes and hellos.

ON Marty and Pia - who look on in disbelief.

MARTY

Great... Another mouth to feed.

Pia MOANS.

EXT. STREET - IN FRONT OF CURT'S HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

Megan drives up and parks her car. Once out, she hears a radio blasting out "THE ANDREW SISTERS" singing "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy." She looks toward Curt's house.

THE FRONT YARD - Brian, Meredith, Cassie and Milton LAUGH exuberantly as they attempt to paint the house. Reva and Angie are cleaning windows and singing with the song. Leo dances as he pushes Miss Bradley in her wheelchair, who in turn, pushes a lawn mower over the now decent looking lawn.

Marty, Clifford and Mr. Jacobs are off to the side washing the bus in between their water fights!

Megan walks onto the dramatically improved property, amazed at the incredible "day/night" difference. She is greeted by a chorus of "HELLOS" from everyone, which astounds her. Just as she steps onto the porch, a MAN'S VOICE blurts out:

DOUCETTE (O.S.)

Hiya, sexy!

Out of the bushes pops a grinning Doucette with a pair of hedge trimmers in his hands.

MEGAN

Mr. Doucette? We've been looking all over for you! Are you okay?

DOUCETTE

I am now. I haven't trimmed bushes in years. Used to hate it, now I love it!

(flirting)

Matter of fact, if your bush ever needs a little tending, just whistle.

He disappears back within the bushes, leaving behind a stunned Megan. As she turns she bumps into Curt's arms. It's an awkward moment for both of them as she backs away.

MEGAN

Oh. Hi.

CURT

Hi. How's life at the embalming factory?

MEGAN

So-so. I came by yesterday to see how things were here. Hope you don't mind?

CURT

Nope. We don't have any rules against that here.

(gives him a look)

Oh, before I forget...

Curt steps in the house, then returns, handing Megan a book.

CURT

...Here's your rule book. I couldn't find anyone to read it to me, so I just colored in the pictures.

MEGAN

Curt. I want to apologize about that night. This is very hard for me to say, but you were right -- I was... am a little jealous of you. It's just that I wanted so badly for them to like me. Then you show up and...

(stops herself, offers her hand)

...Anyway, no grudges?

CURT

I've never held one in my life...

He shakes her hand. They share a moment as they look into each other's eyes.

CURT

...But, I have held a few barbecues in my time, and it just so happens tonight is one of them. Why don't you join us?

She points at the old folks.

MEGAN

Think they'll mind?

CURT

Nope. And if they do I'll just
ground 'em for six weeks.

They laugh warmly.

INT. CURT'S BACK YARD - EARLY THAT SAME EVENING

As a spirited Doucette argues with Marty at the grill on "How much barbecue sauce to use," the other old folks are scattered around the large picnic table, indulging in many animated conversations. The atmosphere is light and warm.

Curt and Megan - sit beside the picnic table. While Curt and Pia engage in a beer chugging contest, Megan looks around. It's hard for her to believe that these are the same people she once knew. A contented look comes over her face. She realizes that what's happening here is right, especially when she sees Doucette and Marty arguing over how much barbecue sauce to use!

ANGLE - SECOND STORY DELTA HOUSE WINDOW - Kevin, the Frat leader, sticks his head out and yells down to the group.

KEVIN

Can you people keep it down?! I'm
trying to study!

ON Doucette and Marty - Doucette grabs his balls and shouts back defiantly.

DOUCETTE

Hey! Study this, Junior!!

Our group roars with laughter. Kevin, pissed off, slams his window shut!

MARTY

(to Doucette)
You're all right, Pal!

ON CURT AND MEGAN

MEGAN

This is crazy!

CURT

Nope...This is typical.

ON Brian and Meredith - Brian TAPS his glass with a spoon.

BRIAN

Attention, everybody! Can I have
everybody's attention, please?

Everyone turns to him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Thank you. I've waited a long time
to say this. And believe me, there
was many a time when I felt this
moment would never come -- but, it
finally has.

(he holds Meredith
close)

I've just asked Meredith for her
hand in marriage, and she has
stilled my heart by saying yes.

A sudden, spontaneous cheer fills the night air!

BRIAN

(shouts)

And if Social Security wants to cut
our benefits, then SCREW 'EM!

Everyone surrounds Brian and Meredith with hugs and kisses.

CASSIE

God bless you both! I'm so happy
for you! But when? You didn't say
the date.

Brian and Meredith look at one another perplexed.

MEREDITH

Oh, my. We have to set a date,
Brian.

DOUCETTE

How about this Saturday? We'll
throw the biggest wedding ever!
Music! Booze! Dancing! How about
it?

BRIAN

Do you mind, Curt?

CURT
Mind?! Just as long as I get to be
the Best Man.

BRIAN
Terrific!
(to Meredith)
Dear, how about your Bride's Maid?

Meredith and the other women form a circle and begin to
whisper. Then they emerge with contented looks.

MEREDITH
It would please me very much if
Megan would be my Brides Maid.

ANGLE ON MEGAN - She is genuinely surprised, speechless.

MEGAN
I -- I don't know what to say.

MEREDITH
Just say yes, dear.

MEGAN
Yes...
(joking)
...dear.

The group laughs, indicating her acceptance. It pleases her
immensely.

REVA
(suddenly remembers)
Tony! I've got to invite my Tony!

Reva runs O.S. to the phone, while the other women gather in
Megan and make their wedding plans. At the same time, Curt,
Marty and the remaining men congratulate Brian.

EXT. CURT'S PORCH SWING - LATER THAT EVENING

Curt and Megan step outside.

MEGAN
You're right. It is nice out here.

CURT

Yeah. It's a nice place to get away from the kids for a while.

They sit on the porch swing.

MEGAN

I'm very impressed, Curt. I've never seen the people this happy. But how long are you going to do this for?

CURT

Long as it takes. They grow on you. You know? They started out as my assignment, became my friends, and now -- well, now they're family. I can't quit family.

MEGAN

Any problems?

CURT

Oh, about two hundred a day. But, my plan is to cut that in half by 1997.

Once again the relaxed Megan laughs at Curt's humor. Curt is really enjoying her company, as he gazes into her eyes.

CURT

I could use some help.

MEGAN

You mean me? Quit the Greydons and work here?

CURT

Why not? You've got to admit, there's no comparison between working there and working here.

MEGAN

But, Curt, if I came here I'd make little or no money, lose my health benefits, and probably have to get a part-time job.

CURT

Like I said -- there's no comparison!

(leans in close)

Megan, you yourself said you've never seen these people this happy. Well, isn't that what life is about? Being happy your whole life through?

The two slowly come closer together.

CURT

We need you here, Megan... And I want you here with me.

MEGAN

Really?

Curt and Megan kiss. After the kiss:

MEGAN (CONT'D)

One problem.

CURT

What?

MEGAN

(re: old folks)

What if they don't want me?

ON Marty and The Oldies - peering out thru the window.

OLDIES

We want you! We want you!

CURT

(mock scolding)

Kids, isn't it past your bedtime?
To your rooms.

The Oldies feign being upset, hanging their heads and walking O.S.

INT. GREYDON'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

CLOSE ANGLE - on an upset Blair.

BLAIR

You what?

WIDER ANGLE - Megan is seated opposite Arthur and Blair.

MEGAN

I quit. I've decided to join Curt and the others. Something special is happening over there and I want to be part of it.

BLAIR

Something special? Please. How can you be so gullible?

MEGAN

For that matter, how could William Doucette? He's joined them too.

Arthur and Blair look at one another. Upstaged, Blair changes the subject.

BLAIR

Let's forget that "something special" business and get down to it... you're in love!

Megan reacts - she wasn't expecting this.

BLAIR

Admit it. This has nothing to do with the old people. You're doing this because you're in love with Curt Hatfield... admit it.

MEGAN

(upset)

Leave Curt out of this..!

BLAIR

I rest my case.

MEGAN

Curt happens to be a tender, caring, loving man. Something that you obviously couldn't relate to! You know, Curt was right. You two are cut from the same cloth... A used PAMPER!

Megan angrily EXITS. A startled Arthur turns to his wife.

ARTHUR
Do you believe that?

BLAIR
Shut up, Arthur.
(grins wryly)
What goes around, comes around.

EXT. CURT'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - A FEW DAYS LATER

The yard has been festively decorated with white floral arrangements, lace, balloons, and other lovely wedding pieces. Everybody, including the Sorority girls from next door and Pia, are seated in rows of folding chairs as Meredith and Brian stand before a PRIEST.

PRIEST
...So, by the power invested in me,
I now pronounce you man and wife.
May God bless you, and guide you
throughout your new life together.
(to Brian)
You may kiss the bride.

CLOSE-UP - of Meredith's face, as Brian takes it in his hands. Tears swell in her eyes. Brian kisses her gently, then WHISPERS to her...

BRIAN
Now my life is complete.

They embrace as the guests applaud. Cassie shouts out:

CASSIE
Meredith! Throw the bouquet!

All of the women, except for Reva, group together to catch it, as Meredith and Brian stand on the back steps.

MEREDITH
Ready? Here goes...!

She tosses the bouquet. The women search within their cluster for the bouquet -- but, after a few moments, they all look around stumped. The bouquet can't be found. Just then Pia BARKS from O.S.

ON Pia - she has the bouquet in her mouth, tail a wagging!

Angie is very upset.

ANGIE

That bitch!

Doucette stands up and loudly declares:

DOUCETTE

Enough of the sentimental stuff!
Let's get this party in high gear!

DANCING MUSIC comes up and quickly everybody is dancing. Doucette is dancing like a mad man with four of the Sorority girls! He has become, in a sense, a man trying to make up for lost time.

ON Curt and Megan - standing off to the side.

MEGAN

What a beautiful wedding. I'm so
happy for them.

Curt looks O.S. and sees Reva off to the side, weeping.

CURT

So am I. Excuse me a sec, okay?

He walks over to Reva. She quickly wipes away her tears.

CURT

I knew you women cried at weddings,
but this is ridiculous. What's
wrong, Reva?

REVA

My Tony. He didn't come again. I
thought I was used to him not
showing up... I just realized that
I'm not.

More tears.

CURT

It's okay to cry. Don't stop.

REVA

You know what? The only time he
visited me at the Greydons was when
he wanted to borrow some money to go

to Bermuda. The only time. I must have looked like a fool to the others, always telling them how "my Tony was coming, my Tony was coming!" Ai, Reva Fortuna. I guess my Tony doesn't love me...

She begins sobbing. Curt holds her to comfort her.

CURT

It's okay. Let it out. Now, I want you to listen to me. Okay? I could stand here and defend your son, saying he's got his own life to live and all that -- but, the fact is I think he's a real shit. I mean, I'm sure he loves you. He probably just thinks that you'll always be there when he needs you. He doesn't realize that one day you may not be. I know. I felt the same about my folks. Then one day...

(the memory pains him)

...Anyway, I want you to remember one thing...

He points to the other people as they party and enjoy.

CURT

...your real family is always there when you need them.

REVA

You too?

CURT

(jesting)

Heck no! I'm headed to Bermuda with Tony!

REVA

Oh, you!

As Reva LAUGHS and kisses him, Doucette steps up, out of breath, yet high-spirited.

DOUCETTE

Reva! Let's dance! You're the only
woman I haven't danced with yet!
I'm going for a record!

He grabs her hand and pulls her laughing O.S., leaving Curt
smiling to himself.

ON THE DANCE AREA - As everyone dances, Doucette pulls Reva
into the middle of it all. He quickly takes control with his
wild dance moves, enjoying this to the hilt! Soon, the others
stop dancing and form a circle around Doucette and Reva,
clapping in beat to the music.

DOUCETTE (CONT'D)

Come on, Reva! Whatsamatter? Can't
keep up with me?

REVA

(breathless, laughing)
I'm trying! I'm trying!

DOUCETTE'S POV - Suddenly things begin to get BLURRY.

Doucette stops dancing. His happy face quickly becomes a
grimace, as he grabs his right forearm in pain.

DOUCETTE

Oh, God... not now.

With those words, Doucette slumps to the ground.

REVA

William? William!!

Curt quickly runs over to Doucette.

CURT

Marty! Call an ambulance! Quick!

Marty runs O.S. The oldies encircle Doucette and Curt, their
faces showing their concern.

EXT. A COMMUNITY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Our entire group of Oldies stand beside Curt, Megan and Marty outside of a hospital room. After a BEAT, DR. GLICKMAN steps out of the room, getting everyone's attention. He addresses the group.

DR. GLICKMAN
Curt Hatfield?

CURT
Yeah. That's me.

DR. GLICKMAN
I'm Dr. Glickman. Can I see you a moment?

CURT
Me? Sure.

They step to the side.

DR. GLICKMAN
Mr. Hatfield, Mr. Doucette is in very poor condition. He's requested to speak to you. Normally, I would say no to this -- but, it seems very important to him. Please, though, just a few moments.

CURT
Sure. Whatever you say.
(to the others)
Pep talk time. Be right back.

He ENTERS the room.

INT. DOUCETTE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The room has the usual equipment that an I.C.U. room has for heart patients. A NURSE roams about the room.

ON Doucette - He lies in bed, I.V.'s, tubes, etc. coming from his body. His weak voice tells us how gravely ill he is, yet he seems at peace with himself.

Curt approaches his bedside, pointing at the video heart monitor beside the bed.

CURT
This thing get cable?

DOUCETTE

Did I have too much to drink?

CURT

Too much of everything.

DOUCETTE

No... not enough.

CURT

So, how's the Party Animal?

DOUCETTE

Tired.

(beat)

Curt... they need you.

CURT

Huh?

DOUCETTE

They need you, son. You mustn't let them down.

CURT

Whoa! -- Time out. This whole conversation is getting scary. You're going to be fine. Understand? None of this "carry on when I'm gone" stuff. Okay?

DOUCETTE

(winks)

It was dark for so many years. So many wasted years... But, you brought the light.

(getting very weak)

I only wish I got to know you sooner. Wasn't so hard-assed. These last few days have been...

CLOSE ON Doucette's HAND - as it takes Curt's hand.

CLOSE ON Doucette - A weak smile crosses his pale lips.

DOUCETTE

...thank you.

With those words, William Doucette gently passes away.

CLOSE ON Curt - His eyes fill with tears.

CURT
So long, Cowboy.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Curt STEPS OUT of the room, up to our group, then BREAKS DOWN in Megan's arms as the others surround him in a huddle of tears and grief.

EXT. A NEIGHBORHOOD CEMETERY - DAY

The cemetery is nothing fancy at all, sparsely covered with nondescript headstones and markers.

Marty pulls the bus off the street and into the grounds. Inside we see Curt, Megan and the old folks, all dressed up in dark, subdued clothing. Marty parks alongside the little road where the services are to be held.

The group steps out of the bus and surveys the site of the services.

THEIR POV - of the raised casket. A PRIEST standing beside it with bible in hand. A scattering of four or five PEOPLE. And one, only one floral arrangement -- a bright and lovely arrangement with the words, "To Our Beloved William, From Your Family."

With Curt wheeling Miss Bradley, the group walks over and sits beside the casket. The Priest begins to read from the bible.

We PAN along the group sitting beside the coffin, most with tears in their eyes. We STOP PAN on Megan who is being comforted by Marty. Their eyes glance away from the service briefly to notice:

CURT - standing a few yards away from the others, purposefully watching from a distance. The look on his face is one of guilt. He appears to feel responsible for Doucette's death.

ON THE GROUP - One by one they turn and notice Curt standing alone.

The Priest finishes, then anoints the casket. The old folks, Megan and Marty, all step up to the casket and place a flower on it... All, except for Curt, as he continues deep within his own thoughts. Once they pay their last respects, the entire

group approaches Curt... and surround him with hugs. A moment later Curt breaks down in tears.

INT. THE BUS - A FEW MINUTES LATER - DAY

Marty drives. The mood inside is somber.

Curt, face in hands, stares out the window. Megan watches him, taking his hand and kissing him. He forces a smile, then returns to staring out the window.

Marty turns onto fraternity row when he notices something up ahead.

MARTY

Uh, oh. Something isn't kosher.

EXT. CURT'S HOUSE - DAY

A large crowd of STUDENTS stand around several government vans parked around Curt's house.

CLOSER ON CARS - as four MEN and two WOMEN from the Department of Social Services eye the approaching bus.

INT. BUS - DAY

Curt breaks out of his trance and walks over to Marty.

CURT

Wonderful...betcha they're from Immigration.

MARTY

Oh, shit! You think?

Marty stops in front of the house. He, Curt and Megan EXIT the bus and are immediately met by AGENT KILEY, while the other agents board the bus.

KILEY

My name is George Kiley. I'm with the Department of Social Services.

MARTY

(nervous)

Look -- the only Mexican I know is Fernando Valenzuela! Honest! Would a face like this lie?

KILEY

(confused, to Marty)

I don't know what a face like that would do...You Curt Hatfield?

CURT

No. I am. What's this all about?

KILEY

Mr. Hatfield, I have a court order here to close down your boarding facility for the following violations: Section A13 operating a boarding facility without a license. Section A26 - operating a boarding facility without proper medical facilities...

As Kelley rattles off infractions, the old folks are escorted off the bus by the other agents.

MEREDITH

What's happening, dear?

BRIAN

I'm not sure. But, I get the feeling they're taking us back to the Greydons.

MEREDITH

No! Why?

Meredith and Brian walk OFF CAMERA, as Leo now steps into view. He fights to control his rage as he answers Meredith's question for himself.

LEO

The rules, dammit. The God Damn rules.

BACK ON KILEY - as he finishes citing violations.

KILEY

...Section C54 - lack of adequate sleeping quarters, and Section C78 - insufficient and/or unhealthful food supplies.

CURT

What? This is a joke! You have any idea what kind of crap they had to eat the Greydons?! Hamsters eat better!

A WOMAN'S VOICE speaks up...

BLAIR (O.S.)

That's your opinion, Mr. Hatfield.

She STEPS into the scene, Arthur directly at her side.

BLAIR

...But I'm sure these people would rather eat like a hamster, than live like a rat.

CURT

Spoken like the latter.

BLAIR

Sticks and stones, Mr. Hatfield.

(to Kiley)

Mr. Kiley, I believe you have a job to do?

CURT

I should have known!

(to Kiley)

Look, Mr. Kiley, this whole thing is wrong. I mean... you can't believe the allegations these two have made. They've never even been in my house.

KILEY

Is that right, Mrs. Greydon?

Curt steps right up to Blair.

CURT

Go ahead. Tell the truth... you'll find it a refreshing change.

ON THE OLD FOLKS

OLDIES

Go on! Tell the truth! You were never in our house!

BLAIR

He's right, Mr. Kiley. Neither me
or my husband have been in the
house.

CURT

Then where did you come up with all
of these accusations -- deary?

CLOSE ON BLAIR - as she GRINS at Curt.

BLAIR

Why don't you ask your girlfriend,
deary?

Megan's face drops. Curt is thoroughly confused.

CURT

What? What you talking about?
(to Megan)
Meg?

MEGAN

(stammering)
Curt, I... I can explain. Really.
You see, when I -- when, I first...

Marty can't believe it all.

MARTY

Oh, shit.

The old folks cannot believe what they're hearing.

MEGAN

It was all before I, uh, started to
get to know...
(off Curt's hurt)
Curt. Wait. Listen to me!

Agent Kiley, having seen enough, turns to his agents.

KILEY

Okay. Let's assist these folks into
the vans.

The unhappy old folks are led away to the vans by the agents.
Once in the vans, the agents drive off down the street.

Blair and Arthur - are about to enter their car when Blair purposely speaks to Arthur loud enough for Curt and Megan to hear.

BLAIR

What a shame... They made such a lovely couple.

The Greydons drive off.

Curt is numb by the pain of seeing his "family" taken away, and having his love betray him. As the students disperse behind them, Marty puts his arm around Curt and slowly walks him to the house. Megan runs up to them.

MEGAN

Curt! Listen to me!

Marty SPINS around and lets her have it.

MARTY

No! You listen to me! You're not welcome around here anymore! Dig what I'm saying? Now, get the hell outta here... before I...
(he starts to choke up with emotion)
...before I get... Just take a hike!

Marty and the emotionless Curt walk into the house. Megan watches them, then sits on the curb and breaks down into tears. In the B.G. the once crowded street is now deserted. WE CRANE UP AND AWAY, leaving Megan alone to her thoughts.

INT. GREYDON'S RECREATION ROOM - A FEW DAYS LATER - DAY

A scattering of old PEOPLE slowly move about, some using walkers. The SOUND of benign MUZAK lingers in the B.G.

Leo, Brian, Mr. Jacobs, Clifford and Milton are seated at their card table -- however, they have NO playing cards. They are silent and sad, with their clothing having reverted back to the drab, colorless garb from before.

Reva, Meredith, Cassie, Angie and Miss Bradley sit emotionless, where they would normally be watching their soap operas.

ANGLE ON THE TABLE - where the TV used to be. It's gone.

Just then Blair and Arthur ENTER the room. After surveying the scene, Blair makes an announcement.

BLAIR
Can I have everybody's attention,
please?

All of the old folks slowly turn toward her... all, except for Leo. He remains glued to his cards.

ON BLAIR - She notices Leo's "lack of cooperation."

BLAIR
(authoritatively)
I said EVERYBODY, Mr. Dancer.

Our entire group TURNS toward Leo.

MEDIUM ON LEO - as Brian leans in close to him.

BRIAN
(quietly, defeated)
Leo. Do as she says. You'll only
make it worse for us.

Leo looks at Brian. He realizes that he's right -- then, though it humbles him to shame, he faces Blair.

A victorious GRIN crosses Blair's face.

BLAIR
Nice of you to join us, Mr. Dancer.
(to the group)
This is to let you know that the TV
set, the playing cards, and all
other privileges will be returned to
you when, I repeat, WHEN you stop
behaving behaving like children and
act your age. Is that understood?

WIDE ON THE GROUP - They softly MUMBLE in agreement.

BLAIR
(more forcefully)
Is that understood?

OLDIES
(louder, giving in)
Yes.

CLOSER ON Leo - as he drops his head in shame.

EXT. CURT'S HOUSE - SIDEWALK - DAY

Megan drives up and parks in front of the bus. She gets out, looks at the bus with remembrance, hesitates for a moment, then musters her courage and walks up to the door. She RINGS the bell. We HEAR Marty from inside.

MARTY (O.S.)

If you're a Jehovah's Witness bug
off! I don't give to...

Marty OPENS the door and sees Megan. His face freezes.

MARTY

...charities.

MEGAN

I'm not looking for charity.

MARTY

Maybe you should be...

Marty tries to close the door, but Megan stops him.

MEGAN

Marty, please. I've got to see him.

MARTY

Yeah? Well, he doesn't need to see
you! Understand? I mean you've got
a lot of guts, lady... Curt had
something really nice going here --
something special -- But then Little
Miss "Muffit" had to come along and
screw it all up.

MEGAN

Marty. Listen to me...!

MARTY

Listen to you? No thanks,
sweetheart! So, maybe it's time you
caught a cab. Besides, we're
allergic to knives in the back!

He SLAMS the door shut in Megan's face.

INT. CURT'S HOUSE - BEHIND FRONT DOOR - DAY

Marty steps away from the door with a confident, proud feeling about what he's just done.

BACK TO SCENE

Megan is hurt, but rapidly a look of rage comes over her. She turns to the door, then with a mighty KICK flings it over!

INT. CURT'S HOUSE - BY DOOR - DAY

Megan storms up to the now VERY COOPERATIVE Marty.

MEGAN
WHERE IS HE?!!

MARTY
(points upstairs)
Upstairs. Bathroom. Watch your
step!

She hustles upstairs as Marty regains himself.

MARTY
Geez... Must be that PMS thing.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Curt is lying in his EMPTY bathtub. He is emotionally drained. He halfheartedly SHOUTS out.

CURT
Who is it, Marty?

MEGAN (O.S.)
A recent acquaintance.

Curt REACTS upon seeing Megan standing in the bathroom door. He turns his back on her.

MEGAN
I came here because I have something
to say. It's important. Okay?

Curt SIGHS.

MEGAN

I'm not here to talk about us. I realize that's over and I won't say another word about it. Now, on to grown-up matters.

(kneels beside him)

We've got a tremendous responsibility for those poor people. Not just the ones we had here, but for all of them.

Curt looks away, Megan pleads.

MEGAN

Curt -- for Christ's sake! Swallow your pride! The hell with me! You've got nothing to do with me anymore! But you've still got something to do for them -- you've got a responsibility to help them!

Marty's face sneaks through the bathroom door for a look.

MEGAN

(her emotions take over)

Curt! DAMN YOU! They're your family! And you're all they've got! Fight for them!

Marty STEPS INTO the room. Curt looks to him.

MARTY

Curt. She's right, man.

A beat later Curt NODS in agreement as he lifts himself out of the tub.

CURT

I hear that.

He offers his hand to Megan.

CURT

Truce?

MEGAN

(happily)

Truce.

She's about to SHAKE his hand, when Marty cries out!

MARTY
LOOK OUT! SHE'S GOT A KNIFE!

Startled, Curt and Megan stare at the CHUCKLING Marty.

MARTY
Little reunion humor.

CURT
Okay. Now that the Musketeers are reunited we need a plan. Any ideas?

MEGAN
Maybe. But it's a real long shot.

EXT. GREYDON'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT

It is a dark, foggy evening (reminiscent of "Spy" films). Marty's bus slowly pulls into the empty lot, its headlights turned off.

ANGLE ON - Blair Greydon's flower bed, as one of the huge bus tires comes to rest on top of it, smashing the flowers!

LOW ANGLE ON THE BUS DOOR - as it swings open we see Curt's shoes stepping INTO FRAME. However, concurrently we HEAR the loud burst of compressed air from the bus door "PISS!"

CURT
(an upset whisper)
Marty!

MARTY
(Apologetic whisper)
Don't worry... they'll probably think it was Jacobs anyway.

Curt, Megan and Marty step out of the bus dressed in dark clothing. Marty has taken it a bit far, with the Army camouflaged hat, pants and shirt and the black face make-up.

CURT
Man. Talk about chancy.

MEGAN
Got any better ideas?

MARTY

Yeah. Let's get naked and hang-
glide over Health Locklear's house.

Curt surveys Marty's outfit.

CURT

So when did Sylvester Stallone have
a yard sale?

MARTY

I just didn't want anyone to notice
me.

CURT

Then you should've dressed normally.

They all look at the Complex which is ominously lit.

CURT

(to Megan)
You got the key?

MEGAN

Yes.

CURT

Then let's do it.

They walk toward the building.

EXT. GREYDON COMPLEX - RECREATION ROOM - NIGHT

(APPROPRIATE ESPIONAGE MUSIC) - Our trio approach the front
door. Megan carefully opens it with the key. They ENTER.

INT. GREYDON RECREATION ROOM - NIGHT

They sneak down a corridor. Marty comments to the others.

MARTY

What a rush! I feel like G. Gordon
Liddy!

INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE THE GREYDON OFFICE DOOR - NIGHT

They get to the Greydon's office door.

CURT

Quietly.

Megan takes out another key and opens the door. The trio ENTER the office, closing the door behind them.

INT. GREYDON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Once inside Curt huddles them all together.

CURT
(to Megan)
Okay -- exactly what are we looking for?

MEGAN
I'm not exactly sure.

MARTY
What? You're not sure? Terrific!
Tomorrow why don't we break into a bank and make a deposit!

MEGAN
All I remember was Mr. Bream saying that the Greydons may be skimming money. So, if they were, they might have records somewhere around here.

CURT
Then let's look for bank statements. Deposit slips. Checks with the old folk's names on it. C'mon.

They split up. Curt and Megan looking in the file cabinets, and Marty looking in Greydon's desk.

As Marty searches the desk drawers, he suddenly WHISPERS excitedly:

MARTY
Geez! Look what I've found!

CURT
What?

Marty holds up a color PHOTO of Vice President DICK CHENEY.

MARTY
Must be their waiting list.

CURT

Marty!

They continue searching.

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS

Of all three as they peer into any and every file cabinet, desk drawer, etc. Progressively, it seems that their chances of finding anything are nil.

DISSOLVE TO:

OUR TRIO DEJECTEDLY CONGREGATED AROUND ARTHUR'S DESK.

MEGAN

There has to be something here. All of the monies come through this office.

Marty steps up to Arthur's desk chair.

MARTY

What a major league letdown.

Marty sits on Arthur's chair, but as he does we hear the sound of CRUNCHING PAPER. They all look at the seat.

CURT

What was that?

CLOSE ON THE CHAIR SEAT - Marty lifts it up revealing a folder. He picks it up.

MEGAN

This looks important.

With their flashlights lit, Marty opens the folder up and pulls out a bank passbook and several sheets of paper.

CURT

(reading passbook)

First Multi-State Bank. This account registered to Arthur and Blair Smith? Man, talk about original.

MEGAN

My God... Look at these deposits!
\$13,980. \$21,335.00 \$22,700!

Marty holds up a sheet of paper.

MARTY

Look. A list of all the checks that
were deposited into the account.

CURT

(reading)

Reva Fortuna. Brian Anders.
William Doucette...
(a wide grin)
...Holy shit.

MARTY

BUSTED!

They giggle with delight until Curt quiets them.

CURT

Shhhh. Okay. Mission accomplished.
Let's split before the Mylanta
Patrol shows up.

They begin to EXIT.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The trio head outside of the office. Megan and Marty take a
few steps, then stop when they notice Curt just standing
there, looking down the corridor in the other direction.

MARTY

Psssst. Curt. Let's book!

CURT

(his mind elsewhere)

Yeah... Uh, look, you guys go on --
I'll be there in a sec.

MEGAN

But, Curt, you might wake up...

Curt walks O.S. leaving behind a bewildered Megan. After a
beat, Marty grabs Megan's hand.

MARTY

C'mon, he'll be back -- besides, my
mascara's running.

Marty pulls a hesitant Megan O.S.

INT. MISS BRADLEY'S ROOM - ANGLE ON DOOR - NIGHT

Curt slowly opens the door and looks in the room. He's
startled for a moment, then a smile comes to his face.

CURT'S POV - We see Miss Bradley sitting in her wheelchair,
the lamp on her night stand lit. She smiles, then reaches
forward for a hug.

Curt walks over and gives her a gentle hug.

CURT

You knew I'd be coming. Didn't you?

She nods.

CURT

But, how'd you know it would be
tonight?

She shrugs, then looks upward as if to indicate a divine
reason.

CURT

Right. You've got a connection up
there, don't you?

(gay voice)

Well, did your connection tell you
that I happen to be the tooth fairy?

She shakes her head.

CURT

He didn't? Some connection. Got
any toothy things for me?

Curt looks under her pillow. Nothing is there.

CURT

(gay voice)

What a shame. And I was authorized
to give you a thousand dollars for
each tooth.

Bradley WINKS at him, reaches over to her night stand, then hands him a clear glass with her two dentures in it.

CURT
(a la Paul Lynde)
This is dis-gust-ing!

Bradley laughs silently. There is a moment of oneness as the two look at each other, saying nothing, yet saying everything.

CURT
Been sleeping well?

She waves her hand, "so-so."

CURT
How's the wicked witch been treating our guys?

Her smile turns sour. We see the pain on Curt's face.

CURT
That's why I came back.

Suddenly there's the SOUND of the bus HORN tapping softly in the B.G. Curt walks over to the window. He WAVES outside.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

From Marty and Megan's POV inside the bus they see Curt and WAVE for him to return. Marty waves back.

MARTY
Something told me he was in there.
Hurry up.

BACK TO SCENE - Curt walks over to Bradley.

CURT
I'll explain it all later...
(gay voice)
Jesus, you ask so many questions!
(he gets serious)
I want you to get a good night's sleep. Leave everything up to me. I promise you -- no matter what happens, I'm taking you all back home.
(beat)

Good night, mom.

He kisses her forehead, then EXITS. Bradley watches Curt leave. As she does, we see her silently move her lips, miming the words "Good night, son."

INT. THE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Curt quietly closes the door behind him, then starts down the hallway. Suddenly a CLICK makes him spin around. He is startled to find... Blair and Arthur Greydon standing in the middle of the corridor in their robes. Blair holds a flashlight. Arthur shakily aims a gun at Curt.

ARTHUR

(panicky)

Stop! Who's there?! I've -- I've got a gun!

ANGLE ON CURT - who is immediately blanketed in light from Blair's flashlight. Curt reacts to the gun.

CURT

Whoa! Time out! Don't shoot!

Blair takes a step toward him. She is both stunned, yet pleasantly surprised to discover the intruder is Curt.

BLAIR

Well, I'll be. Looks who's decided to pay us a visit at 2:00 AM in the morning. Our dear friend, Mr. Hatfield.

(venomously)

And I thought only cockroaches came out at night.

CURT

(jokingly defiant)

Takes a bat to know.

BLAIR

Shut up!

(to Arthur)

Take him outside, Arthur. Let's not wake any of our guests.

CURT

Guests? You mean depositors, don't you?

Blair and Arthur REACT.

CURT

Don't act like you don't know what I'm talking about. I'm on to your little funneling scheme. Just answer me one question: How do you sleep at night?

BLAIR

That is quite enough! Let's go.

The three walk down the hallway.

EXT. THE GREYDON PATIO - NIGHT

They walk out to the back portion of the patio grounds. The area is dimly lit, the only real light being Blair's flashlight.

BLAIR

You've been a pain in my ass for far too long.

CURT

Aw -- but the view of your brain was breathtaking. So now what? Do you let me go? Call the cops? Invite me in for coffee?

BLAIR

Sorry. None of the above. I have something else in mind.

(to Arthur)

Arthur -- shoot him.

CLOSE ON Curt - He's shocked with what he hears.

CURT

What?!

ON Arthur - who is equally surprised.

ARTHUR

Shoot him? Dear, you're not serious?

BLAIR

Of course, I'm serious, you fool!
Didn't you hear him? He knows
everything. Look at the way he's
dressed. All we have to do is tell
the police we saw this prowler. You
were protecting our residents!

ARTHUR

But, dear -- I can't shoot him. I,
I...

She grabs his arm forcefully.

BLAIR

I said shoot him...shoot him,
Arthur! We're covered this way!
Now SHOOT him!

ARTHUR

But... But, I can't do it!

Blair yanks the gun out of his hand.

BLAIR

Damn you! You're nothing but a
spineless shit of a man!

Humiliated, Arthur cowers. Blair turns the gun toward Curt.

BLAIR

Scared?

CURT

Shitless.

Blair aims the gun at his chest.

BLAIR

Just like most men. Good-bye, you
son of a bitch...

CLOSE ON THE PISTOL - as Blair's finger pulls back on the
trigger. Suddenly a WOMAN'S VOICE pierces the night air...

WOMAN (O.S.)

Nooooo!!!

Blair and Curt both TURN toward the voice.

ON MISS BRADLEY - seated in her wheelchair beside the recreation room entrance. She pleads with Blair in a painfully hesitant voice.

BRADLEY

Pleee... Pleeease! Nooo!

CLOSE ON Curt - stunned by what is transpiring.

CURT

My God...

After a beat, Blair regains herself and turns the gun back at Curt. Curt REACTS again.

CLOSE ON THE GUN - Blair is about to pull the trigger...

Suddenly, she is distracted by a LIGHT from one of the old folk's bedrooms. This is followed by ANOTHER light -- and ANOTHER and ANOTHER! The scene becomes brighter and brighter with each light that is turned on!

ON A BUNGALOW DOOR - Leo, Brian and Clifford STEP OUT into the doorway to see what's going down.

ON ANOTHER DOOR - Reva and Meredith step out to do the same.

ANOTHER DOOR - Mr. Jacobs, Milton, Cassie and Angie do the same.

CLOSE ON Blair - She blurts out in an authoritative voice:

BLAIR

Everyone go back inside! You hear me?

HIGH WIDE ANGLE LOOKING DOWN - as MORE and MORE of the elderly come outside. Soon, Curt, Blair and Arthur are surrounded by DOZENS of old people.

Curt looks on in astonishment.

BLAIR

(screams)

DO AS I SAY! REMEMBER OUR CURFEW RULES?!

QUICK INTERCUT - of the myriad of FACES of the old folks as a sense of outrage brews within them. We MIX IN the faces of our "group" within the others, ending with a...

CLOSE UP of Leo Dancer - His lips quivering with defiance and confidence.

LEO
FUCK THE RULES!

WIDE ANGLE - All of the old people slowly move in around Blair and Arthur!

CUT BACK TO - the frightened REACTIONS of Blair and Arthur, feeling the heat of the determined old people.

As the old people draw closer, Arthur drops to his knees and begins SOBBING.

ARTHUR
I'm sorry. I'm so very sorry.

AT THE PATIO ENTRANCE - Marty and Megan rush in with several POLICEMEN behind them. A HELICOPTER ENGINE roars above as a Police copter HOVERS above, flooding the scene with its powerful light.

COPTER'S POV - of the old folks tightening their living noose around Blair and Arthur!

ON Blair - With dozens of the people she has abused within inches of her, she DROPS the gun. She looks up at the copter's blinding light, then slowly eases herself on her knees next to Arthur. Looking upward, all she sees are elderly people towering above her. She turns and finds herself right in Mr. Jacobs' butt! From over his shoulder he WINKS at her.

MR. JACOBS
I've waited a long time for this...

Suddenly he emits a "killer FART" right in Blair's face! A disgusted cringe crosses her face as she FAINTS!

INT. GREYDON'S OFFICE - A FEW DAYS LATER - DAY

Curt and Megan sit across the desk from Mr. Bream from the Department of Social Services, who sits in Arthur's old chair.

BREAM

...So, primarily due to your efforts, Arthur and Blair Greydon are being transferred to another retirement community... I think it's called Leavenworth.

They all CHUCKLE.

BREAM (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Now, the folks here will get the kind of care and respect that they deserve. However, we still have a big problem...

CURT

What's that?

BREAM

Who's going to run this joint?

Curt and Megan look at Bream, then at one another. A GRIN comes to their faces... Followed by a GRIN on Bream's face.

EXT. GREYDON PATIO AREA - DAY

UPBEAT, PARTY MUSIC - The place is overflowing with DOZENS of old people as they party out! There are brightly colored decorations everywhere, making the once drab-looking place sparkle!

ANGLE ON A PINATA - that looks a lot like Blair and Arthur Greydon.

Suddenly, a bat STRIKES it, sending it into a wild spin! PULL BACK TO REVEAL a long line of happy old folks waiting their turn to pound it!

Curt and Megan - stand, arms around one another, beside our regular group of old folks as they all DANCE in a circle. Each holding a glass of champagne.

Marty sits in a wheelchair SMOKING a huge cigar and drinking champagne, while Pia pulls the wheelchair by a rope.

ON THE CONCRETE "GREYDON RETIREMENT COMMUNITY" SIGN - Several old people place a CROSS with "R.I.P." on it in front of the sign. They then pick all of the flowers from Blair's flower bed and place them around the sign.

WIDE SHOT - of all the old people as they surround Curt,
Megan, Marty and our main group. Curt raises his glass in a
toast.

CURT
A Toast... to life.

EVERYBODY
...TO LIFE!

They all raise their glasses, then CHEER with joy! MUSIC
SWELLS. CAMERA PULLS UP and AWAY, FREEZING on everyone in a
shot reminiscent of the final shot in "Animal House!"

FADE OUT.

THE END