

"Sunset Manor"

by

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SUNSET MANOR

FADE IN:

EXT. SUNSET MANOR CARE FACILITY - BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

SUPER: "BEVERLY HILLS"

The sun is shining and BIRDS are singing as a limo with privacy glass eases up the circular drive and stops in front of the manor, an eldercare facility resembling a posh, single-story resort hotel.

A stylish sign out front reads: "Sunset Manor" in larger letters with "Academy Award Winning Care" in smaller print below.

An electric wheelchair resembling a movie director's chair sits on the small hydraulic platform extending behind the limo. The name on the backrest reads: "Ed Gurney".

The CHAUFFER exits the limo, moves around to the back and lowers the wheelchair to the ground. He sits in it and drives it up to the rear passenger door. He gets out of the chair and opens the passenger door.

JAY (50s, distinguished), dressed casually, emerges and he and the Chauffer assist as

ED (70s-80s), an academy award winning actor, gets out of the limo and into the wheelchair with a bit of difficulty due to a stroke that has paralyzed the left side of his body.

EDIE (50s), Ed's daughter, a well-known actress, follows Ed out of the limo.

ED solemnly looks the place over.

The CHAUFFER returns to the trunk, opens it, and extracts two large suitcases.

EDIE

(pats Ed on shoulder)

I'm sorry, Daddy, but with Mother gone now, we've all decided that this is the best thing for you.

ED

You mean, for you.

EDIE

Now, Daddy... It'll be okay. We'll come visit you every day...for awhile.

JAY

Holidays for sure.

ED

Why can't I just stay at home?

EDIE

Because the new owners are moving in next week.

ED

...Then let me live with you.

Jay discreetly shakes his head no to Edie.

EDIE

(sighs)

We've already been through this. Jay and I are busy with our careers, and the kids take up the rest of our time... And since your stroke, you require a lot more care... Let's just go inside and check it out. If you don't like it, then we'll think of something else.

Ed sits in silence for a moment, then CLICKS on his wheelchair and leads the way up the red-carpeted ramp to the large automatic double doors, which are flanked by two giant Oscars. Before entering, Ed looks up at one of them.

ED

(mumbling)

My god. If I'd have known they'd be guarding the gates of hell I wouldn't have worked so hard for one.

EDIE

Now, Daddy, be nice.

INT. SUNSET MANOR - RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

Ed (in his wheelchair), Edie, Jay, and the Chauffer (carrying the two suitcases) enter and move to the large, half-moon reception desk where

TAMI (late 20s, cute), the receptionist, and BETTY HOYT, R.N. (50s, matronly), the head nurse, both wearing their name tags, are watching a security monitor.

EDIE

Excuse me, we're here to—

Betty puts her index finger to her lips and interrupts with

BETTY

Shhh...

Everyone watches the monitor, which shows JOSÉ (30s, Hispanic, cocky) sitting across a conference table from ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER.

ON TV MONITOR

ARNOLD

(filtered, firmly)

Let's face it, José, you blew it.
You're not a team player, you don't
respect your elders, and you take
naps on the job.

(points at José)

You're fired! Hasta la vista, baby!

José stands and scowls.

BACK TO SCENE

Betty and Tami give each other a high five.

BETTY

Yes!

The door to the Administrative Office to the side of the reception desk opens and José emerges. He SLAMS the door behind him, gives Betty a dirty look, and stomps out the front door.

Betty and Tami look at each other and snicker for a moment.

TAMI

(to Edie)

May I help you?

EDIE

Yes. We're here to admit my father,
Edward Gurney.

BETTY
(coldly)
You're late.

EDIE
Sorry. Traffic was bad.

Betty hands her a clipboard containing a ream of paperwork then RINGS the bell on the counter.

LARRY, an orderly resembling Larry of the Three Stooges, appears.

BETTY
(to Larry)
Take Mr. Gurney's luggage to his room.

LARRY
Yes, ma'am.

EDIE
Uh, do you think we could take a look around first? You came highly recommended, but we just want to make sure this is the right place for Daddy.

BETTY
(sarcastically)
Why, sure. We wouldn't want Mr. Ed to be unhappy in his new stable, now, would we?
(to Larry)
Put his luggage in the storage room for now.

Larry takes the suitcases from the Chauffeur and exits down the hall.

EDIE
(to Chauffeur)
We'll be out shortly.

CHAUFFEUR
Very good, ma'am.

He tips his hat and heads back out to the limo.

Betty picks up the phone, DIALS a 4-digit extension and waits for an answer.

BETTY

(into phone)

Ms. Underwood? Betty here. The Gurneys have arrived and would like a tour before they turn the old man over to us. Will you be available soon? ...I see. No problem. I'll take care of it... Mm-hm.

(hangs up phone)

(to Edie)

Our Administrator is tied up in a meeting so I'll have to show you around.

EDIE

Thank you.

Betty takes the clipboard from Edie and gives it to Tami.

WAILING (elderly female) fades in.

The Gurneys stiffen as CURLY, an orderly resembling Curly of the Three Stooges, comes into view and crosses in the hallway that runs behind the reception desk, pushing LUCY (frail, 70s), sitting in a wheelchair, wearing a Green Bay Packers football helmet and throwing a fit.

LUCY

No! No! No! Oh, God, no!

Curly pushes Lucy on down the hall to her room as her WAILING fades out.

EDIE

(to Betty)

Poor thing. Head injury?

BETTY

No. Green Bay just lost to Chicago.

EDIE

Ah.

BETTY

Follow me.

She leads them to the hallway behind the reception desk.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Betty and the Gurneys enter from the reception area and proceed down the endless hallway that fades in the distance into a hazy white light.

After passing several doors they come to one with a chic sign on it that reads: "Bon Apatit!".

BETTY

This is our formal dining room.

DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door opens and Betty and the Gurneys enter.

The room resembles a 5-star restaurant, with fine art on the walls and white table cloths, fine china, and exotic floral centerpieces on the tables. A silver serving tray sits on each table with an assortment of crackers neatly arranged around a large punch bowl full of caviar.

Classical MUSIC plays in the background.

Several WAITERS and WAITRESSES in formal attire move about the room serving gourmet food to and taking orders from elderly DINERS (cameos) who order from large menus. Some are in wheelchairs and others are being fed by CNAs.

EDIE

Very nice.

BETTY

Our guest chef this week is Emeril.

Edie and Jay smile at each other and nod approvingly.

GERTIE (70s, feeble), a female resident, sitting at a nearby table, her hand trembling from Parkinson's disease, slowly reaches out and scoops up a spoonful of caviar, starts to put it in her mouth then pauses, turns her spoon around, flexes it, and flicks the caviar onto the face of WALTER (80s, stone-faced) sitting across from her. Walter looks at Gertie for a moment, then scoops up a spoonful of food from his plate and flicks it back.

Several of the Diners in the room yell...

DINERS

Food fight! Food fight!

All hell breaks loose as the previously reserved Diners begin whooping and hollering and throwing food at each other. The Waiters and Waitresses join in.

HALLWAY - SHORT TIME LATER

As Betty leads the Gurneys down the hall,

DWAIN SCHMIDT (early 40s, skinny), dressed in his security guard uniform, comes trotting toward them.

BETTY

Whoa, there, Dwain! You know the rules. No running in the hall.

DWAIN

Sorry.

He slows as he passes then accelerates into a speed walk as he continues down the hall.

JAY

(to Betty)

Do you have much crime here?

BETTY

No, not really. A 90-year-old resident did get charged with raping one of our female residents a while back, but the case was dismissed.

EDIE

Why's that?

BETTY

The evidence wouldn't stand up in court.

She leads the Gurneys on down the hall to a door with a sign on it that reads: "Bingo Hall".

BETTY (CONT'D)

And, of course, we have...

(to the tune of "Bingo")

B-I...N-G-O.

She opens the door to reveal

BINGO HALL - CONTINUOUS

A large room filled with elderly BINGO PLAYERS seated at long tables checking their cards as the CALLER announces the numbers over a PA system.

CALLER

G...22.

A FEMALE PLAYER (80s) calls out

FEMALE PLAYER

Bingo!

The other Players GROAN, but a male ORDERLY (30s), moving along behind the winner, looks over her shoulder at her card and shakes his head no to the Caller.

ADMINISTRATION OFFICE

MS. UNDERWOOD (50s, professional) sits at her desk looking over a sheet of statistics. The nameplate on her desk reads: "Angela Underwood, Administrator".

Beverly Hills Police detectives BURNS (late 40s) and FULLER (early 40s), sit across from her, waiting patiently.

The door opens and Dwain, the security guard, enters.

DWAIN

(to Ms. Underwood)

Sorry I'm late.

MS. UNDERWOOD

(to the officers)

Gentlemen, Dwain Schmidt, head of our security.

(to Dwain; pointing)

Detective Burns and Detective Fuller.

Dwain steps over to the officers and shakes their hands.

DWAIN

Boys.

Ms. Underwood glances at the sheet of statistics again and shakes her head.

MS. UNDERWOOD

I just can't believe it. Are you sure these figures are correct?

DETECTIVE BURNS

They've been confirmed by the Health Department... Let's face it, with a death rate three times higher than the national average for a facility like this, there's only one explanation: Someone around here is a killer.

DWAIN

A killer?!

MS. UNDERWOOD/BURNS/FULLER
(together)
Shhhh!

MS. UNDERWOOD
What confuses me, though, is that
the causes of death listed here
don't suggest foul play.

DETECTIVE BURNS
That's because we're dealing with a
very clever individual. One who
knows how to kill and make it look
like it was from natural causes.

MS. UNDERWOOD
My god...

She hands the statistics sheet back to Burns.

DETECTIVE BURNS
It's common knowledge that men tend
to die earlier than women. But your
figures are substantially higher
than the norm.

MS. UNDERWOOD
So you think the killer is
targeting men.

DETECTIVE BURNS
It appears so. And the most likely
suspect, of course, would be one of
your employees. However, it might
even be a resident.

MS. UNDERWOOD
Why would anyone want to do such a
thing?

DETECTIVE BURNS
Who knows? Revenge, maybe. Or it
might be like one fruitcake we
caught who said he was doing his
victims a favor by putting them out
of their misery.

DWAIN
That's insane.

DETECTIVE BURNS
Regardless of the motive, it's
still murder, and they're gonna go
down. Guaranteed.

MS. UNDERWOOD
So, how can we help?

DETECTIVE BURNS
We'll need the names, addresses and social security numbers of everyone working here so we can do background checks.

MS. UNDERWOOD
We always do that before we hire anyone.

DETECTIVE BURNS
Trust me, there's a big difference between one of your background checks and one of ours. Once we're finished, we'll be able to tell you what brand of toilet paper everyone uses and how often they use it.

MS. UNDERWOOD
Okay... I'll have someone print everything out for you.

DETECTIVE BURNS
Thank you. Now, the only way we can nail this sucker is to catch 'em in the act. But if they get wind we're onto 'em, they'll probably go underground and we may lose 'em altogether. So everyone needs to go about their business as usual.

MS. UNDERWOOD
That won't be easy, knowing there's a killer on the loose.

DETECTIVE BURNS
I understand. But it's the only way we're gonna catch this nut... If it makes you feel any better, we've already planted an undercover officer here to keep an eye on things.

DWAIN
Who's that?

DETECTIVE BURNS
Let's just leave them anonymous for now. Your job is to watch for anything suspicious and report it directly to me.

He hands Ms. Underwood his business card.

DETECTIVE BURNS (CONT'D)
And when you call in, say that it's
regarding Operation Grim Reaper and
they'll put you through to me
immediately. Any questions?

Dwain and Ms. Underwood shake their heads no.

Burns and Fuller rise.

DETECTIVE BURNS (CONT'D)
Alright, then. Let's catch
ourselves a killer.

He and Fuller leave.

Dwain starts to follow them out but Ms. Underwood hails him.

MS. UNDERWOOD
Uh, Dwain. I need to talk to you.

DWAIN
Sure.

He returns to her desk.

MS. UNDERWOOD
It's obvious that we're way too lax
on our security, so I want you to
tighten it up.

DWAIN
What do you have in mind?

MS. UNDERWOOD
I don't know. That's your
department. Just make it difficult
for anyone to get away with murder
around here.

DWAIN
Yes, ma'am. Anything else?

MS. UNDERWOOD
Isn't that enough?

DWAIN
Uh, yes. I guess it is.

He leaves.

HALLWAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Betty leads the Gurneys down the hall to a set of double doors with a sign over them that reads: "Sunset Lanes".

JAY
A bowling alley?

BETTY
Mr. Ed might like to join one of
our handicap leagues.

She pushes open one of the swinging doors to reveal

BOWLING ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

A 12-lane alley filled with teams of BOWLERS (70s-80s), some of them in wheelchairs, all wearing their team shirts and BOWLING league.

HALLWAY

Betty and the Gurneys move on down the hallway to a door with a sign on it that reads: "Fitness Center".

BETTY
(to Ed)
A personal trainer will tailor a
program to fit your needs.

FITNESS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door opens and Betty and the Gurneys enter.

The room is stocked with the latest high-tech exercise equipment, all of which are equipped with TV monitors.

Several RESIDENTS (70s-80s) wearing sweat outfits are sitting idly on exercise machines and standing motionless on treadmills watching their favorite TV shows.

TONY (a well-known fitness expert) is leaning against the wall reading a romance novel and eating a candy bar. He flinches when he sees Betty, SLAPS the novel shut, stuffs the rest of the candy bar in his mouth, moves over to CRASH (40s), a former stunt-man with both legs amputated, dumps him out of his wheelchair onto the floor and orders him to

TONY
(slobbering around
the candy bar)
(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)
Give me twenty, you no-good, bottom-
feeding, slime-sucking wussy!

Crash gives him a cross look, then sees Betty and quickly assumes the position and begins doing one-handed push-ups.

The other Residents begin working out vigorously on their machines.

HALLWAY - SHORT TIME LATER

As Betty leads the Gurneys down the hall they meet an aged ROBIN pushing an aged BATMAN in his wheelchair, both wearing their costumes.

Eddie and Jay turn and have a second look at them as they pass and continue on down the hall.

Betty leads the Gurneys to a door with a sign on it that reads: "POOL & SAUNAS".

POOL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door opens and Betty and the Gurneys enter the large skylit, domed-ceiling room containing an Olympic-size pool.

BETTY
This is our therapy pool.
(pointing)
The saunas are off the locker
rooms.

EIGHT MALE RESIDENTS (70s-80s), in Speedos and wearing swim caps, perform synchronized swimming at one end of the pool while

EIGHT FEMALE RESIDENTS (70s-80s) are yelling and playing water polo at the other end.

WANDA (70s, thin), wearing a bathrobe, slowly shuffles up to the edge of the pool with the aid of her walker.

MOE, an orderly resembling Moe of the Three Stooges, stacks plush pink and blue towels on a rack near the wall.

Wanda slides her walker over the edge of the pool and tumbles in with a SPLASH. Jay notices.

JAY
Ohmigod!

He whips off his jacket, kicks off his shoes, runs to the edge of the pool and DIVES IN after Wanda.

BETTY
 (to Jay too late)
 Wait!
 (to Moe)
 Get him some dry clothes.

Moe nods and exits through the door to the men's locker room.

An UNDERWATER view of Jay as his eyes widen when he sees that Wanda has transformed into a beautiful MERMAID.

The Mermaid smiles and waves, then swims away.

HALLWAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Betty and the Gurneys (with Jay now wearing an orderly's smock and his hair wet) move down the hallway to a door with a sign on it that reads: "ALTERNATIVE MEDICINE".

BETTY
 We offer the latest in holistic
 therapies.

ALTERNATIVE MEDICINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door opens and Betty and the Gurneys look in on a CHINESE ACUPUNCTURIST lighting SPARKLERS stuck into the back of an LARGE MALE RESIDENT lying prone on a treatment table, and... An ELDERLY FEMALE RESIDENT lying supine on a treatment table while a CHIROPRACTOR twists her head around 360°, like in The Exorcist, CRACKING all the vertebrae in her neck, and...

A MASSAGE THERAPIST placing hot SIZZLING rocks on the bare back of a SKINNY MALE RESIDENT while he winces, SWEATS, and bites down hard on the leather strap wedged between his teeth.

HALLWAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Betty leads the Gurneys down the hall past the doors of several residents' rooms with Ed now bringing up the rear (in his wheelchair).

Passing an open door, Ed looks in and sees A HAPPY FAMILY gathered around a GRANDMA (70s), celebrating her birthday with a cake and candles, and singing "Happy Birthday".

Betty leads the Gurneys on down the hall to a door with a sign on it that reads: "Examination Room".

BETTY

Let me introduce you to Dr. Casey.

EXAMINATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door swings open and Betty and the Gurneys enter to find NURSE AMBER (late 20s, buxom blonde), sitting on the exam table in her skimpy nurse's uniform, passionately kissing DR. CASEY (50s).

BETTY

Doctor!

Dr. Casey and Nurse Amber flinch, separate, and quickly straighten themselves up.

BETTY (CONT'D)

(to Dr. Casey)

I'd like for you to meet Mr. Ed,
one of our new residents.

EDIE

Potential resident.

BETTY

Whatever.

Dr. Casey moves over and shakes Ed's hand.

DR. CASEY

Pleased to meet you.

BETTY

And this is his daughter, Edie, and
son-in-law, Jay.

DR. CASEY

(to Edie & Jay)

Hello.

JAY

(to Dr. Casey)

You look familiar. Were you in
Gross Anatomy?

DR. CASEY

No...but I've sure seen a lot of it
around here.

He points at Jay and chuckles.

NURSE AMBER
(to Edie)
Ohmigod. Edie?!

EDIE
Yes.

NURSE AMBER
Wow! This is so unreal! You're one
of my favorite stars!

EDIE
Why, thank you.

NURSE AMBER
(bubbly)
You're welcome... So, what have you
been up to lately?

EDIE
Well, I'm, uh, currently doing two
pilots.

AMBER
Are you serious?! That's great!
I've never done a pilot, but I did
do the mayor and two of his
councilmen.

EDIE
...I see...

BETTY
(to Ed)
Dr. Casey here will be giving you a
complete physical.

ED
(curtly)
The only thing I need is an
amputation.

EDIE / DR. CASEY
(together)
What? / Amputation?

ED
Just cut off the left side of my
body and I'll be all right.

A brief silence, then Nurse Amber laughs.

DR. CASEY
What's so funny?

NURSE AMBER
 Don't you get it? Then he'd be
 (gesturing)
 all right!

Dr. Casey thinks about it for a moment then smiles.

DR. CASEY
 I get it. That's good! I gotta
 remember that one.

ED
 ...You aren't going to check my
 prostate, are you?

DR. CASEY
 No...
 (thumbing toward Amber)
 But she will.

Nurse Amber grins and waves her acrylic-nailed index finger.

HALLWAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Betty leads the Gurneys down the hall with Ed, again,
 bringing up the rear.

They pass a resident's door (closed) with a sign on it in
 large print that reads: "Keep Out!"

EDIE
 What's that all about?

BETTY
 A resident with a rare blood
 disorder.

EDIE
 Oh, my. I hope it's not contagious.

BETTY
 Only if you get bitten.

Edie and Jay give each other a worried look.

They move on down the hall past another resident's door,
 which is open. Ed looks in and in SLOW MOTION sees

A SAD FAMILY, dressed in black, mourning over the death of
 their LOVED ONE (80s) lying ashen in a hospital-style bed.

A YOUNG GIRL (4), holding a doll, turns her head and looks
 somberly at Ed as he passes.

Betty leads the Gurneys on down the hall to a door with a sign on it that reads: "CHAPEL".

BETTY (CONT'D)
Let's see if Father Murphy is in.

CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

The door opens and Betty and the Gurneys enter the small sanctuary. No one is around. The pews are dusty and cobwebs hang from the fixtures.

BETTY
Father?

No response.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Father?!

The confessional at the side of the sanctuary opens and an ALTER BOY (10) steps out followed by FATHER MURPHY (70s).

FATHER MURPHY
(to Alter Boy)
Go, my son, and sin no more.

The Alter Boy exits quickly through the side door.

BETTY
Father, I'd like to introduce you
to Mr. Gurney, a new resident.
(looks at Edie)
Potential resident.

Father Murphy approaches and shakes hands with Ed.

FATHER MURPHY
Welcome...in the name of the
Father, and of the Son, and of the
Holy Ghost.

He gives Ed the sign of the cross.

ED
Sorry, I'm Jewish.

FATHER MURPHY
Oh. Well, in that case...

He pulls a skull cap out of his robe pocket and places it on his head.

FATHER MURPHY (CONT'D)

Shalom.

HALLWAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Betty and the Gurneys move down the hallway past the doors of several residents' rooms with Ed bringing up the rear.

Passing the open doorway to Room 1313, Ed looks in and sees MARIA SANTIAGO (70s, Latina, bonita), sitting on her bed brushing her long, salt-and-pepper hair. She locks eyes with Ed for a moment as he passes.

Betty leads the Gurneys on down the hall to a door with a sign above it that reads: "Mental Health".

BETTY

All of our residents are required
to attend a group session at least
once a week.

EDIE

That's good.

Betty pushes the door open to reveal A GROUP of residents gathered around DR. PHIL (seated), patting him on the back and consoling him as he sobs and dabs his eyes with a makeup-stained handkerchief.

BETTY

(to the Gurneys)

Uh-oh. A catharsis. We'd better
come back later.

She closes the door and leads the Gurneys on down the hall past a door with a sign on it that reads: "Laundry".

The others continue on, but Jay pauses, opens the door and peers into the STEAM-filled room where half a dozen Asian LAUNDRY WORKERS, sweating and jabbering in their native language, are doing huge piles of laundry. They stop talking and stare at Jay for a moment.

Jay quickly closes the door and catches up to the others.

Betty leads them on down the hallway to where it intersects with the lobby of the theater. An antique ticket booth sits in the center of the lobby and old movie posters hang on the surrounding walls.

Betty moves over to the double doors to the theater, holds one open and extends her hand.

BETTY (CONT'D)
May I have your tickets, please?

THEATER - CONTINUOUS

The Gurneys enter, followed by Betty, and pause on the sloped, red-carpeted aisle.

On the stage, half a dozen CARPENTERS are BANGING hammers and SAWING wood as they construct nine large wooden squares with three to a tier.

JAY
What's going on?

BETTY
We're going to be the host site of
Hollywood Squares: Senior Edition.

HALLWAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Betty leads the Gurneys (with Jay still in the orderly smock, his hair a little drier) down the hall past the entrance to a well-known coffee franchise, then around a corner to the vestibule leading out to the grounds behind the manor. Just before they go outside, on their left, between the doors to the barbershop and the men's bathroom, they pass a shoeshine stand where

WILLY (50s, African-American), the shoeshine man, is putting a spit polish on the shoe of A ONE-LEGGED MAN (70s) perched in the shoeshine chair reading a copy of Running magazine and smoking a big cigar.

A hand-written sign on the wall beside the stand reads: "Half Off Today".

Willy recognizes Ed as he passes.

WILLY
Mr. Gurney!

ED
Yes?

Betty and the Gurneys stop.

WILLY
It's me. Willy. How ya doin'?

ED

Willy. I'll be damned. You used to be down at the Wilshire.

WILLY

That's right. But all of my good customers started movin' in here. So I did too...about a week ago.

ED

Sounds like a good business decision... Well, nice seeing you again.

WILLY

You too. Stop by sometime for a shine...on the house.

ED

I might just do that.

Betty and the Gurneys head toward the exit, passing a smiling WAL-MART GREETER (70s) on their right, standing in front of two double doors with a lighted sign above them that reads: "Wal-Mart Express".

EXT. REAR GROUNDS OF MANOR - CONTINUOUS

One of the large automatic doors on the back side of the manor opens and Betty and the Gurneys emerge.

The area behind the manor resembles that of a 5-star hotel. The grounds are lush and well-manicured.

Young hunks as POOL BOYS and well-developed bikini-clad COCKTAIL WAITRESSES attend to the RESIDENTS (cameos) lounging around the kidney-shaped pool in plush lounge chairs while others play shuffleboard on the patio or croquet on the lawn.

Several Residents are having lunch in the garden café just off the pool. Beyond the pool are tennis courts, a jogging track, a playground, a petting zoo, and an executive golf course.

EDIE

Very nice.

Betty leads the Gurneys around the pool and over to the jogging track where

BEN and JERRY (70s-80s, rotund), sit in wheelchairs, holding ropes tied to a couple of large sea turtles, urging their "steeds" on to the finish line a few feet ahead of them.

BETTY
(to Ben & Jerry)
You boys should be ashamed of
yourselves! Untie those things and
let them go back to the pond! Now!

Ben and Jerry grumble, get out of their wheelchairs and untie the turtles.

Betty then leads the Gurneys past the petting zoo and playground where several Residents are petting the ANIMALS and others are playing on the playground equipment.

CLARENCE (late 30s, African-American, big), an orderly, is spinning the merry-go-round for some Residents.

BETTY (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Not too fast, Clarence! Remember
what happened last time!

Clarence nods and waves okay.

Betty and the Gurneys move on over to the tennis courts where

An elderly, skinny female TENNIS PLAYER in tennis attire swings in slow motion at tennis balls served full-speed from a well-known FEMALE TENNIS STAR.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Tennis, anyone?

She then notices A DRUG DEALER (30s, slimy), standing just outside the chain-link fence surrounding the property holding a sign that reads: "Viagra, Cialis, Vioxx, DMSO" and selling some pills to SHORTY (70s, short and stocky) and SLIM (80s, tall and thin).

BETTY (CONT'D)
(to the Gurneys)
Excuse me for a moment.

She stomps off toward the fence.

BETTY (CONT'D)
(to Drug Dealer)
Get the hell outta here before I
call the police!

The Drug Dealer quickly finishes his transaction, takes his sign and runs off.

Shorty and Slim stuff the pills in their mouths as Betty marches up to them.

BETTY (CONT'D)
(firmly)
Alright, let's have 'em.

She holds out her hands.

Shorty and Slim swallow real hard then open their mouths to reveal that it's too late.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Okay, then, go to your rooms! And
don't come out until that stuff
wears off!

Shorty and Slim grin at each other and shuffle back to the manor as Betty returns to the Gurneys.

LES FEINBERG (70s) and a well-known SENIOR PGA GOLFER in an electric golf cart with their clubs on the back drive past the Gurneys. Les, behind the wheel, slams on the BRAKES when he sees Ed.

LES
Ed! You son of a gun! Thinking
about joining? Just tell 'em I
recommended ya, and you'll be in
like that!
(snaps his fingers)
Well, love to chat, but I'm going
out for a lesson. See ya later!

He hits the pedal and gives the PGA Pro a whiplash as the cart speeds away.

EDIE
(to Ed)
Who was that?

ED
Les Feinberg. Used to be a big-wig
over at Paramount.

EDIE
No, the other guy.

INT. MANOR - RECEPTION DESK - SHORT TIME LATER

Betty and the Gurneys enter from the hallway and move to the reception desk where Tami is entering data into the computer.

BETTY
(to the Gurneys)
Well?

Edie looks at Jay before responding.

EDIE

It's, uh, certainly more than we expected.

(to Ed)

What do you think, Daddy?

ED

It's a damn zoo.

Edie looks exasperatingly at Jay who shrugs his shoulders.

EDIE

Okay... Then I guess we'll look for something a little more, uh, traditional.

ED

What do you mean, "traditional"?

EDIE

You know, where everyone sits around staring out the window all day watching the grass grow.

Ed sits in silence for a moment. Then,

ED

I guess I'll try the zoo for a while.

ED'S ROOM - LATER

Larry enters with Ed's suitcases, followed by Ed in his wheelchair.

The room is set up for double occupancy with a short wall dividing the sleeping areas.

Ed notices the two beds and another person's belonging on the side of the room next to the window.

ED

I thought I was getting a private room.

LARRY

Your family thought it would be better if you had a roommate.

ED

You mean, it was cheaper.

Larry sets the suitcases down in front of Ed's dresser.

ED (CONT'D)
How come they get the window and I
get the aisle?

LARRY
First come, first served.

ED
But I've always slept next to the
window.

LARRY
You'll have to take that up with
Administration. I'm just a stooge
around here.

The toilet FLUSHES in the shared bathroom.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Dinner is from five 'till seven, or
you can order room service. If you
need assistance, just push the red
button on the remote attached to
your bed. Any questions?

ED
Yeah. Where can I get a stiff
drink?

LARRY
Sorry. We're a dry facility.

ED
My luck runneth over.

LARRY
(smiling)
Welcome to Sunset Manor.

He exits.

The bathroom door opens and JACK HAMMOND (70s), another well-known actor, shuffles out.

JACK
(surprised)
Eddie?

ED
(also surprised)
Jack?

JACK

What the hell are you doing here?

ED

My god. It's the Devil himself.

JACK

I heard about your "stroke" of bad luck. I just didn't realize it was that bad.

ED

(curtly)

I'm fine...getting better every day.

JACK

Good for you. They have an excellent rehabilitation program here, so I'm sure you'll do just fine... So, you're my new roommate.

ED

(coldly)

Not if I can help it. My wife may have slept with you, but I'm sure as hell not going to.

JACK

Don't be ridiculous. That was a long time ago...long before you and Barbara ever met.

ED

Maybe so, but I don't want to be reminded of it every day by seeing you.

JACK

C'mon, now, Eddie. Let's be adults here. You know Barbara loved you more than anyone. And you had forty good years together, for chrissakes.

Ed sulks a moment.

JACK (CONT'D)

(shakes his head)

Whatever... It's too late today, but if you want to move to another room tomorrow, be my guest.

He moves to his closet, selects a little dressier shirt and exchanges it for the one he's wearing.

ED
...So, why are you in here?

Jack turns and looks at Ed for a moment, then smiles.

JACK
I forget.

ED
...Alzheimer's?

JACK
It doesn't make sense. If it's
Alzheimer's disease, and I'm not
Alzheimer, how come I got it?

Ed looks at Jack for a moment then shrugs his shoulders.

Jack smiles then glances at his watch.

JACK (CONT'D)
One thing I don't forget, though,
is when it's time to eat. A group
of us always sit together. Why
don't you join us?

ED
I think I'll stay here and unpack.

JACK
Hell, just leave it. The staff'll
put everything away for you...after
they rifle through it looking for
anything valuable.

DINING ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Several Residents are eating or ordering from the menu as the Waiters and Waitresses move about taking orders and serving.

The door opens and Ed enters in his wheelchair followed by Jack. They move over to a table where Crash (in wheelchair), Ben, Jerry, Shorty, Slim, BIG JOHN (70s, African-American) and RICARDO (70s, Hispanic), are all perusing their menus.

JACK
Gentlemen, I'm sure he needs no
introduction, but this is Ed
Gurney.

THE OTHERS
 (together)
 Hi. / Hello. / Hey Ed.

Ed gives a little wave with his right hand and nods.

JACK
 (pointing)
 That's Ben...

Ben nods.

JACK (CONT'D)
 (pointing to Jerry)
 And that's, uh...

JERRY
 Jerry.

JACK
 Yes, thank you. Jerry.
 (pointing)
 And that's Shorty...Slim...Big
 John, Ricardo...and last but not
 least--well, maybe so--Crash.

CRASH
 (to Ed)
 It's my ex-wife's fault. One day we
 were walking on the beach when we
 came across an old bottle that had
 washed ashore. My wife picked it
 up, opened it, and a genie popped
 out. The genie said, "As your
 reward for freeing me, I will grant
 you each a wish." So my wife thinks
 for a moment then says, "I wish my
 husband was just half the man he
 used to be."

Everyone laughs except Ed. Finally, his curiosity getting the
 best of him,

ED
 So, what did you wish for?

CRASH
 I wished that my wife was twice the
 woman she used to be.

Everyone roars and Ed smiles for the first time.

Jack pulls a chair out of the way so Ed can wheel himself up
 to the table.

Jack then takes a seat opposite Slim and Shorty, but when he places his elbows on the table, it teeters, being high on Shorty and Slim's side.

JACK
What the hell...

SLIM
Sorry. The pills haven't worn off yet.

He looks at Shorty and they snicker. Then

Maria, using a cane, enters the dining room. Ben notices.

BEN
(whispering)
There she is.

He nods toward Maria. Everyone turns to look.

Maria moves to an open table and sits by herself. A Waiter brings her a menu.

ED
Who is that? She looks familiar.

RICARDO
La viuda negra.

ED
Who?

BEN
The Black Widow.

JERRY
Her name is Maria, but everyone around here calls her The Black Widow because all of her husbands have died mysteriously.

ED
Is this another joke?

BEN
No, it's true. She was a well-known diva in South America and moved to Hollywood with one of her husbands.

BIG JOHN
Who died shortly after they
arrived.

Maria glances at them then peruses her menu.

SHORTY
We're trying to get Ricardo, here,
to take her to the prom.

ED
Prom?

JERRY
The Senior Prom. We have one every
month.

SLIM
(to Ricardo)
Go on over and ask her.

RICARDO
No way, man. I don't wanna die.

SLIM
You don't have to marry her, just
ask her out.

RICARDO
(to Slim)
You do it.

SLIM
I already have a date.

RICARDO
Yeah? Who?

SLIM
(embarrassed)
Uh...Wanda.

RICARDO
Wanda? The broad who thinks she's a
mermaid?

Slim shrinks as everyone but Ed snickers.

BEN
(to Slim)
Gee, Slim, you'd better drop that
dance class and sign up for some
swimmin' lessons.

Slim shrinks even more as everyone snickers again.

JACK
Alright, boys, that's enough.

A CUTE WAITRESS (20s) appears and pours everyone water and coffee.

ED
(to Crash)
So, how did you lose your legs?

CRASH
I was performing a stunt in a big action movie when everything went wrong.

ED
How unfortunate.

CRASH
Yeah... I wanted to sue, but my lawyer said I didn't have a leg to stand on.

Everyone looks at Ed for a moment, then they all burst out laughing. Ed and Crash join in.

ED & JACK'S ROOM - LATER

MONIQUE (30s-40s, African-American, full-figured), a certified nursing assistant, wearing her nametag, helps Ed button up his pajamas while he sits on the edge of his bed.

Jack is in his bed trying unsuccessfully to get it to recline for the night. He SLAPS the control.

JACK
Damn thing must be broken.

Monique tucks Ed in then picks up the urinal sitting on his nightstand.

MONIQUE
Now, Mr. Gurney, if you need to go to the bathroom in the night, you can either page one of us, or you can use this.

ED
...I think I'll just wet the bed.

MONIQUE
That's up to you. Just remember
that your electric blanket is
plugged in to 220.

Ed reconsiders.

ED
Alright. Give me the damn thing.

Monique smiles and hands him the bedpan before moving over to Jack.

MONIQUE
Gimme that thing.

She takes the remote control away from Jack, pushes on the correct button and the bed RECLINES.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)
It just needed a little of that ol'
black magic.

JACK
Damn, you're good. Now, hop in here
and tell me a bedtime story.

MONIQUE
Honey, that bed ain't big enough
for both of us.

JACK
I didn't mean side-by-side.

MONIQUE
Sorry, I have a headache.

She winks at Ed.

JACK
You say that every night.

MONIQUE
Did you use your eye drops?

JACK
I forgot.

MONIQUE
(shaking her head)
Mm, mm. You naughty boy. Pretty
soon you won't be able to see where
you're goin'.

JACK
I don't have to see to know where
I'm going.

Monique picks up the bottle of eye drops sitting on Jack's nightstand and puts two drops in each of his eyes.

JACK (CONT'D)
(blinking)
Now I can't see for sure.

Monique sets the eye drops back on the nightstand and adjusts Jack's pillow for him.

Jack lets out a little FART.

JACK (CONT'D)
Ooops. Excuse me. I shouldn't have
had those burritos.

MONIQUE
Don't apologize, honey. We were
told in nursing school to consider
it a feather in our cap when one of
our patients passes wind.

JACK
No kidding?

MONIQUE
Yes, sir.

JACK
Well, then, stand back, 'cause I'm
about to make you an Indian chief.

Monique's eyes bulge as Jack lets go with a FARTA GRANDE.

HALLWAY - OUTSIDE ED & JACK'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Monique staggers out holding her nose and wearing a full Native American headdress. She shuts the door behind her, uncovers her nose and exhales, then sucks in a deep breath of fresh air before heading off down the hall.

BEN & JERRY'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Ben & Jerry are asleep in their beds, both snoring. Jerry is hooked up to a C-PAP machine for his sleep apnea.

The digital clock on Jerry's nightstand reads: "3:09 A.M."

The dimly-lit room BRIGHTENS gradually as the door opens, then DARKENS again as it closes.

Surgically-gloved hands IGNITE what appears to be a small piece of incense with a butane lighter. Once burning, the gloved hand holds the incense up close to Jerry's nose and allows him to inhale the smoke along with his oxygen.

After a few breaths, Jerry snorts a couple of times, twitches a little, then tenses and stops breathing. His mouth opens and he exhales slowly then lies motionless without taking another breath.

The room BRIGHTENS a little as the door opens, then DIMS as it closes.

EXT. MANOR - EMPLOYEE PARKING LOT - NEXT MORNING

It's another beautiful day and the birds are CHIRPING.

Ms. Underwood, driving her Mercedes, pulls into the employee parking lot and parks in her designated stall. She reaches over, picks up her briefcase, which is in the passenger seat, then gets out, locks her car and walks to the front entrance.

INT. MANOR - RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

Ms. Underwood enters through the main entrance and is greeted by chaos.

Numerous VISITORS, DELIVERY MEN/WOMEN, the POSTMAN, etc., stand in a long, winding line, impatiently waiting their turn to pass through a metal detector and x-ray machine set up in the lobby.

Orderly Clarence feeds the trays of items to be checked, including belts, shoes, purses, delivery packages, etc., into the x-ray machine as Moe ushers people through the metal detector.

Larry pulls a heavily BODY-PIERCED MAN to the side and checks him with a wand after he sets off the detector's BUZZER.

Curly frisks Residents as they pass by in the hallway.

Ms. Underwood marches up to the reception desk where Tami is trying to respond to several frustrated Visitors who are all asking her questions at the same time.

MS. UNDERWOOD
(to Tami)
What the hell is going on?!

TAMI

Dwain said you told him to tighten up security, so this is what he set up before he went home this morning.

MS. UNDERWOOD

My god...

(pointing to metal detector)

I want that damn thing shut down and taken out of here immediately. Do you understand?

TAMI

Yes, ma'am.

MS. UNDERWOOD

And if this logjam isn't cleared up in thirty minutes, some heads are gonna roll--including Dwain's for doing something this ridiculous!

She stomps off to her office.

EXT. MANOR - BESIDE THE POOL - SHORT TIME LATER

Several Residents have taken up their favorite positions around the pool to enjoy the sun. An ULTRA WHITE COUPLE, wearing sunglasses, are covered from head to toe to avoid skin cancer.

A handful of Residents are doing Tai Chi on the lawn near the pool, led by a CHINESE INSTRUCTOR.

A few Staff members mill about, tending to the residents.

OUTDOOR DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Ed (in his wheelchair) and a few other Residents are having breakfast in the garden café adjacent to the pool. Ed sits alone in his wheelchair at a table for two, eating his oatmeal and reading the daily Variety.

The SHADOW of a large bird moves across his paper.

He looks up and sees some VULTURES circling overhead, then notices one sitting on a limb in a nearby tree peering down at him. They stare at each other for moment.

ED
 (to bird)
 Not today. Sorry.

He resumes reading his paper.

Maria, using her cane and wearing her usual black garb, enters the garden café and sits alone at a table.

Ed glances up from his paper and sees her.

Maria glances over at Ed and their eyes lock for a moment. She smiles. Ed nods.

A Waiter appears and takes Maria's order, then leaves.

Ed occasionally glances over his paper at her.

The HOSTESS (20s, cute) approaches Ed and hands him a portable phone.

HOSTESS
 Phone call for you, Mr. Gurney.

ED
 Thank you.

The Hostess leaves.

ED (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Hello?

INT. EDIE'S POSH BEVERLY HILLS HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Edie, resting on her elbows with a portable phone to her ear, lies prone on a massage table as a buff MALE MASSAGE THERAPIST massages her lower back.

EDIE
 (into phone)
 Daddy?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION - ED & EDIE

ED
 Edie?

EDIE
 I'm calling to see how you're doing.

ED

Well, I didn't get much sleep last night. You stuck me with that sonofabitch Jack Hammond.

Eddie cringes.

EDIE

I'm sorry, Daddy, but it was the only opening they had. I'll have them switch you to a different room as soon as one's available.

ED

And I want a bed by the window.

EDIE

Okay. I'll let them know.

ED

...So, when are you coming over?

EDIE

I, uh, have a really busy schedule today, so I won't be able to stop by. But I'll send Tommy over as soon as he gets home from school. He's already missing his grandpa.

ED

Like hell. The kid hates me.

EDIE

He doesn't hate you. He loves you.

ED

Since when does giving someone the finger mean "I love you?"

EDIE

It's no big deal. He does that to me and Jay all the time. It's a teen thing.

ED

Yeah? Well, if the little bastard ever does that to me again I'm gonna cut off his little teen thing.

EDIE

Be nice, Daddy... I'll see you tomorrow.

ED
Shall I hold my breath?

EDIE
Bye.

She pushes the END CALL button on the phone, tosses it onto a nearby chair then plants her face in the slot on the table.

EDIE (CONT'D)
(to massage therapist)
I need you to start over.

EXT. SUNSET MANOR - OUTDOOR DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Ed pushes the END CALL button on the phone and lays it on the table. He glances over at Maria, who smiles then looks away.

Jack, wearing shorts and a Hawaiian shirt, enters the garden area, eases up behind Ed and grabs him by the shoulders. Ed flinches a little.

JACK
Eddie, ol' boy! You musta got up
with the chickens.

ED
...Buzzards, actually.

Jack looks up at the vulture in the tree.

JACK
(laughing)
Yeah, they hang around here hopin'
to get ahead of the undertaker.
(to vulture)
Heahhh!

The vulture casts off the limb and flies away.

Jack sits opposite Ed and picks up The Variety.

Ed reaches over and snatches it back.

BRIAN (late 20s, buff), a waiter, wearing his name tag,
appears.

BRIAN
(to Jack)
Good morning, Mr. Hammond.

JACK
Brian.

BRIAN
What can I get for you?

JACK
Coffee.

BRIAN
Black. Anything to eat?

JACK
Two eggs, over easy; bacon, crisp;
and toast...Sourdough.

BRIAN
You got it.

He leaves.

JACK
So, starting to feel like home yet?

ED
Hardly.

JACK
Just give it a little time.

ED
Einstein said time is an illusion.

JACK
Yeah, well, Einstein was an
idiot... You're probably bored. I
know I sure was when I first got
here. You just need a little
action.

ED
What kind of action?

JACK
Well, for starters, a group of us
play poker a couple nights a week,
and one of our guys just passed
away. You could take his place.

ED
I'm not much of a gambler.

JACK
Hell, Eddie, at our age everything
is a gamble.

SHELLY (20s, cute), wearing a short shirt and revealing top, a cigar/cigarette display case hanging from her neck, strolls past Jack and Ed. She calls out:

SHELLY
Tums, Roloids, Pepto-Bismol?

Jack motions her over.

JACK
I'll have my usual.

Shelly glances around then moves over close to Jack, reaches down her top, pulls out a big Havana and passes it discreetly to him.

JACK (CONT'D)
Thank you, dear.

He puts the cigar in his shirt pocket, takes out his money clip, peels off a twenty and hands it to Shelly.

JACK (CONT'D)
Keep the change.

SHELLY
Why, thank you, Mr. Hammond.

She stuffs the twenty between her breasts, then turns to Ed and leans down low with her display case.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
How about you? See anything you like?

Ed glances at her breasts then clears his throat.

ED
Uh, no, I'm good for now.

SHELLY
Are you sure?

ED
Uh, yes. Thank you.

SHELLY
Okay. I'll be hanging out here for awhile, if you change your mind.

She smiles, winks at Jack, then moves over to some other diners a few tables away.

ABBY (20s, cute), Jack's granddaughter, enters the garden area with a plate of chocolate chip cookies covered with saran wrap. She spots Jack.

ABBY
(smiling)
Grandpa!

Jack looks over Ed's shoulder at Abby as she approaches.

JACK
(waving)
Abby!
(to Ed)
You're about to meet the world's
best granddaughter.

ABBY
I've been looking all over for you.

She walks up and sets the cookies in front of Jack.

ABBY (CONT'D)
I wanted you to have these while
they're still warm.

JACK
Mmmmmmm. Chocolate chip. Baked 'em
yourself, I bet.

ABBY
I did.

JACK
What a sweetheart. Let me give you
a big kiss.

Abby leans down so Jack can kiss her on the cheek. She sees the cigar in his pocket.

ABBY
(scoldingly)
Grandpa! You naughty boy.
You know you're not supposed to
have these.

She removes the cigar from his pocket and tosses it in a nearby trash receptacle.

JACK
No!
(to himself)
Damn.

Abby recognizes Ed.

ABBY
Ohmigod. You're Edward Gurney.

Ed smiles slightly and nods.

ABBY (CONT'D)
What a coincidence. We just critiqued one of your films in class.

ED
Is that right?

JACK
Abby is majoring in cinema at UCLA.

ED
Ah.

ABBY
The teacher said you were highly overrated as an actor.

ED
(offended)
Oh, really?

ABBY
Yeah, but she's weird. It may affect my grade, but I reminded her that you were the one with the Oscar, not her.

ED
Thanks for defending me.

ABBY
You're welcome... Well, I gotta run.

She leans over and kisses Jack on the cheek.

ABBY (CONT'D)
I love you, Grandpa. See you again soon.

JACK
I love you too, dear.

ABBY
Nice meeting you, Mr. Gurney.

ED
Likewise. And tell that teacher of
yours that I'll come beat her over
the head with my Oscar if she
doesn't give you an A.

ABBY
(smiling)
I will. Bye.

ED/JACK
(together)
Bye.

Abby leaves.

JACK
Out of four wives, seven kids, and
eleven grandchildren, she's the
only one who comes to see me.

Brian returns with a carafe of coffee and pours Jack some.

JACK (CONT'D)
Thanks, Brian... Are you single?

BRIAN
I am.

JACK
Perfect! You see that young lady
leaving over there?

BRIAN
(looking)
Yes.

JACK
What do you think of her?

BRIAN
She's gorgeous.

JACK
How would you like to take her out?

BRIAN
No thanks.

JACK
What?! Are you crazy?

BRIAN
No. Just gay.

He leaves.

JACK

Damn.

SEAN (20s), a waiter, appears with Jack's breakfast: a fruit plate.

JACK (CONT'D)

I didn't order this.

SEAN

Your dietitian did. She said you needed more fruits and vegetables.

JACK

I'm surrounded by fruits and vegetables. Doesn't that count?

SEAN

Sorry.

He leaves.

Ricardo enters the garden area and approaches Jack and Ed.

JACK

Ricardo. Care to join us for some fruit?

RICARDO

Thanks, but I already ate... I just came to tell you that Jerry died last night.

JACK

What?!

RICARDO

He didn't wake up at his usual time, so Ben went over and shook him a little, but he was gone.

JACK

He seemed fine last night.

RICARDO

I don't know, man... The coroner is there and they're getting ready to take the body away.

JACK

Damn... How's Ben doing?

RICARDO
He's pretty shook up.

JACK
I'd better go check on him.

ED
I'll come with you.

Jack rises and hails Brian nearby.

ED (CONT'D)
Brian. See to it that these cookies
get to my room.

He hands Abby's cookies to Brian.

BRIAN
Of course, Mr. Hammond.

Jack and Ricardo leave the garden area and head into the
building with Ed following in his wheelchair.

INT. SUNSET MANOR - MS. UNDERWOOD'S OFFICE

Ms. Underwood stands behind her desk, looking out the window.

A KNOCK on the door.

MS. UNDERWOOD
Come in.

She turns around as the door opens and Detective Burns
enters.

MS. UNDERWOOD (CONT'D)
Well?

DETECTIVE BURNS
Hard to say. No evidence of foul
play, so it could be a normal
death. We'll have to wait and see
what the toxicology report shows.

MS. UNDERWOOD
...I've been trying to find a
common denominator among these
deaths that would point to the
killer. But nothing seems to stand
out.

DETECTIVE BURNS

Don't worry, we'll eventually gather enough clues to nail the sucker.

MS. UNDERWOOD

And just how many more deaths will occur before that happens?

DETECTIVE BURNS

I don't know. We're doing everything we can.

MS. UNDERWOOD

I'm sorry, but that's not good enough. I've got a facility to run here and stockholders to answer to. Once everyone figures out that we have a killer on the loose, this place will be a ghost town. They'll probably turn it into a federal prison.

DETECTIVE BURNS

I understand your frustration, but you'll just have to be patient. All we ask is that you go about your business as usual and let us do our job.

MS. UNDERWOOD

You do your job, detective, and I'll do mine. I can't just sit around here while innocent people keep dying.

DETECTIVE BURNS

What are you going to do?

MS. UNDERWOOD

I'm not sure yet, but something.

DETECTIVE BURNS

Well, whatever you do, make sure it doesn't interfere with our investigation.

MS. UNDERWOOD

Is that a threat?

DETECTIVE BURNS

I'll be in touch.

He leaves.

MAIN HALLWAY

Ed, Jack and Ricardo move down the hallway to Ben and Jerry's room, arriving just as

TWO CORONERS emerge with a body in a black body bag atop a gurney and wheel it away.

Ed, Jack and Ricardo turn and watch them for a moment.

BEN & JERRY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack, Ed and Ricardo enter.

Ben sits on his bed, sniffing.

Monique is in the process of remaking Jerry's bed.

Dr. Casey, looking over Jerry's medical chart, scratches his head.

Jack moves over to Ben, sits on the bed beside him and puts his arm on his shoulder.

JACK
I'm so sorry, Ben.

Ben just nods through his tears.

JACK (CONT'D)
(to Dr. Casey)
So what happened?

DR. CASEY
We won't know for sure until after the autopsy, but it looks like it was a heart attack. He had severe sleep apnea for years, which tends to weaken the heart.

JACK
But he seemed fine yesterday.

DR. CASEY
I hear that a lot after someone dies.

Ben removes a tissue from the box beside him on the bed and blows his nose.

MS. UNDERWOOD'S OFFICE

Ms. Underwood sits at her desk perusing a page in one of several files now stacked on her desk.

MS. UNDERWOOD
(to herself)
Hmm...

She puts that file down, picks up another one and flips to a particular page and reads for a moment. She does the same with a couple more files.

MS. UNDERWOOD (CONT'D)
I'll be damned.

She picks up the phone and DIALS a number.

MS. UNDERWOOD (CONT'D)
(into phone; curtly)
...Hello, Dwain? Angela, here... Of course I know what time it is... I don't care if you were asleep. We had another death last night... Yes. Jerry Rothstein... They're not sure. We'll have to wait and see what the autopsy shows... No! No more metal detectors. Just come by my office before you start your shift this evening. I think I've discovered something that will help us catch the killer... I'll tell you when you get here... Okay, bye.

She hangs up the phone then TAPS her nails on the desk.

MENTAL HEALTH ROOM

Ed, Slim, Big John, Wanda, Lucy, and Dr. Phil are sitting in a circle. Ed and Lucy are in their wheelchairs; Lucy is now wearing a Chicago Bears sweatshirt.

Slim and Wanda glance furtively at each other.

DR. PHIL
First of all, let's welcome Ed to the group.

EVERYONE
Welcome, Ed.

Ed acknowledges by nodding and raising his right hand a little.

DR. PHIL

Ed's taking Jerry's place, who, I'm
sure you've all heard by now,
passed away last night.

Everyone nods and lowers their head a little.

DR. PHIL (CONT'D)

Losing someone close to us is very
traumatic, so I want to spend a
little time today on the subject of
death and dying.

Everyone shifts a little.

DR. PHIL (CONT'D)

Let's start with you today, Slim.
How do you feel about dying?

SLIM

About the same as I do about taxes.
I think both should be abolished.

SHOE SHINE STAND

Gertie, a small purse in her lap, sits atop the shoe shine
stand while Willy finishes putting a high polish on her red
patent leather shoes.

WILLY

How's that, Gertie?

Gertie leans over and assesses the job.

GERTIE

My land, Willy! They haven't looked
this good since I stole them from
Judy Garland.

Willy chuckles.

Gertie CLICKS her heels together a couple of times.

Willy reaches out quickly and holds her feet still.

WILLY

Whoa! Don't be doin' that! Remember
what happened last time.

GERTIE

Sorry. Just a habit.

Willy takes Gertie's hand and helps her down.

WILLY

Now, don't you go scuffin' 'em up
before the prom, ya hear?

GERTIE

I won't.

She opens her purse, removes a quarter and hands it to Willy.

GERTIE (CONT'D)

Keep the change.

She smiles and shuffles away.

Willy looks at the quarter for a moment then drops it in his pocket. He smiles and shakes his head.

Looking around and seeing no more customers, he glances at his watch, which reads: "5:03"

He leans over, opens his shoeshine box and begins putting his brushes and polish away. At the bottom of the box is a .38 REVOLVER.

MAIN HALLWAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Father Murphy, wearing his overcoat, moves to the laundry room door, pauses, looks around to make sure the coast is clear, then enters just as

Betty, carrying her coat and purse, steps into the hallway from the nurses' station.

BETTY

(over her shoulder)

See you tomorrow, ladies.

She catches a glimpse of Father Murphy entering the laundry room and walks briskly down the hall after him.

Upon arriving at the laundry room door, she reaches out to open it.

LAUNDRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door opens and Betty enters the STEAM-filled room where the Asian Laundry Workers are clustered in front of a side wall, jabbering in their native language and pitching quarters. They scramble back to work when they see Betty.

Betty makes her way around the laundry tables and commercial WASHERS/DRYERS to the back of the room where a tall rolling towel cart, stacked with towels, is pivoting back against the wall.

Betty moves to the cart and pushes it to the side, exposing a speak-easy door just as it CLOSES.

She moves up to the door and KNOCKS loudly.

The small peek-through opens, but the mesh conceals the identity of the person on the other side.

RICARDO
(from behind door)
Password?

BETTY
Open the damn door!

The door UNLOCKS then opens, revealing Ricardo and a SMOKE-filled room in which Jack, Ed, Crash, Shorty, and Moe are all sitting around a poker table smoking cigars, drinking beer, eating pretzels and...chocolate chip cookies.

POKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Father Murphy moves to the coat pegs along one wall and hangs up his coat as

Betty enters, hands Ricardo her coat and purse, then puts her hands on her hips.

BETTY
Just what the heck's going on here?

JACK
Take it easy, Betty. It was my
idea. I invited him to take Jerry's
place.

He pats Ed on the shoulder.

Father Murphy moves over to the table and takes a seat.

BETTY
(to Jack)
As I recall, we're supposed to vote
on new members.

JACK

I know, but Eddie's a swell guy,
and everyone thought it would be
okay.

Ricardo pulls the towel cart back in front of the door and
CLOSES it.

BETTY

Yeah, well, the next time you boys
decide on something without me, I'm
gonna shut down this little
operation. You got it?

EVERYONE

Yes, ma'am.

Betty moves over and takes a seat in one of the two open
chairs at the table.

Ricardo hangs Betty's coat and purse on a peg on the wall
then takes a seat in the remaining chair.

BETTY

(to Ed; coldly)
Did you bring any cash?

ED

Two hundred.

Betty smiles, picks up the deck of cards and begins
shuffling.

BETTY

Ante up, boys. It's showtime!

MS. UNDERWOOD'S OFFICE

Ms. Underwood sits at her desk signing some papers.

A KNOCK on the door.

MS. UNDERWOOD

Come in.

The door opens and Dwain, dressed in his security guard
uniform, enters.

MS. UNDERWOOD (CONT'D)

Have a seat.

She moves the papers to the side and lays down her pen.

Dwain sits in one of the chairs opposite.

DWAIN

Sorry about this morning. I thought the metal detector would--

MS. UNDERWOOD

(interrupting)

Let's not talk about that major fiasco right now and concentrate on something more important. Okay?

DWAIN

Sure.

MS. UNDERWOOD

...Now, Dwain. We can't just sit around here waiting for the police to catch the killer. Because, when they do, they'll get all the credit and we'll be the incompetent administrator and security guard who let such a terrible thing happen. And I don't want to lose my job. How about you?

DWAIN

No ma'am.

MS. UNDERWOOD

That's what I was hoping you would say... Now, I've been going over our records on the latest deaths and I think I've found something in common. What do you think it is?

DWAIN

Uh...I'm not sure.

MS. UNDERWOOD

Take a guess.

DWAIN

Uh...they were all Republicans?

MS. UNDERWOOD

Close. They were all Jewish.

DWAIN

Jewish? Are you sure?

MS. UNDERWOOD

Yes. I've made a list and checked it twice.

She opens the center drawer on her desk and takes out a sheet of paper with a list of names on it.

MS. UNDERWOOD (CONT'D)
These are the remaining residents
who are Jewish. If I'm right,
someone on this list is the
killer's next target.

She hands the list to Dwain. He looks it over.

DWAIN
So, what do you want me to do?

MS. UNDERWOOD
It's obvious that the killer likes
to strike at night while the
residents are asleep and staff is
at a minimum. So, your job is to
monitor those
(points to list)
residents' rooms during your shift
and catch the killer in the act.

DWAIN
That won't be easy. There's quite a
few names here.

MS. UNDERWOOD
If you don't think you can handle
it alone, then I'll hire some more
security.

DWAIN
No, no, that's okay. I'll take care
of it.

MS. UNDERWOOD
Good... Now, don't say anything to
the police. We'll just handle this
internally. Agreed?

DWAIN
Yes, ma'am.

MS. UNDERWOOD
I knew I could count on you. And,
by the way, apprehend the killer
and I'll see to it that you're the
highest paid security guard in
Beverly Hills. How does that sound?

DWAIN
Good. Very good!

MS. UNDERWOOD
Then hop to it.

DWAIN
Yes, ma'am!

He rises, salutes, then does an about-face and exits.

Ms. Underwood straightens a few items on her desk then extracts her purse from a side drawer, rises, moves over to the coat rack in the corner of the room and dons her coat. She then moves to the door, opens it, and FLICKS off the light as she exits.

CARD ROOM

Ed has the largest pile of chips.

SHORTY
Your bet, Jack.

JACK
Sorry. How much to call?

Shorty puts his left hand over his left upper chest and winces a bit.

MOE
You okay, Shorty?

SHORTY
Yeah. Just a twinge where they put my pacemaker in.

JACK
Could be angina pectoris.

BETTY
(to Jack)
You're not a doctor.

JACK
No, but I played one on TV.

BETTY
And you were sued for malpractice several times, weren't you?

JACK
Yes, but--

BETTY
(interrupting)
Let's let real doctors handle the
medical issues around here. Okay?

JACK
...Sure.

BETTY
(to Shorty)
I'll have Dr. Casey check you out
in the morning.

SHORTY
Thanks, Betty.

BETTY
(to everyone)
Whose bet is it?

RECEPTION AREA

SAMANTHA (late 20s), the night receptionist, sits at the desk
with her back to the front entrance, entering data into the
computer.

José, wearing a wind-breaker, slinks in through the front
entrance, glances around then eases up behind Samantha.

JOSÉ
Boo.

Samantha flinches then turns around.

SAMANTHA
José!
(softly; glancing
around)
What are you doing here?

JOSÉ
I came to pick up my check.

SAMANTHA
Oh. Let me see...

She flips through some envelopes on the desk.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
I don't see it here. It's probably
still on Ms. Underwood's desk. I'll
go check.

She unlocks a drawer using one of the keys dangling from the key bracelet around her wrist. She opens the drawer and takes out one of several electronic security badges, which José notices.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
I'll be right back.

Leaving the drawer open, she moves around the reception desk and over to the door of the Administration Office. She swipes the badge through the electronic sensor and it UNLOCKS.

MS. UNDERWOOD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The door opens and Samantha steps in. She reaches over and FLIPS on the light switch, then moves over to Ms. Underwood's desk and sorts through the papers and envelopes stacked on it.

RECEPTION AREA - FEW MOMENTS LATER

Samantha emerges from Ms. Underwood's office.

SAMANTHA
I couldn't find...

She looks around. José is gone.

She moves back to her post at the reception desk, drops the security badge back into the open drawer then closes and relocks it. She glances around for José again, then shakes her head, sits down and resumes entering data into the computer.

HALLWAY NEAR WANDA'S ROOM

Slim and Wanda (using her walker) move slowly down the hall to Wanda's room. Slim reaches out and opens the door for her. Wanda shuffles in then turns to Slim.

WANDA
Thanks for dinner and the movie.

SLIM
You're welcome.

WANDA
It wasn't one of my best pictures,
but you have to admit, I looked
damn good in a bathing suit back
then.

SLIM
You sure did.

WANDA
...Would you like to come in?

SLIM
Oh, I don't know. It's kinda late
and I--

Wanda reaches out, grabs Slim by the arm, jerks him into her room then kicks the door shut.

RECEPTION AREA

Dr. Casey, wearing his overcoat, comes through the front entrance and moves past the reception desk where

Samantha now sits reading a romance novel. She glances up.

SAMANTHA
Dr. Casey. Back so soon?

DR. CASEY
I, uh, forgot my cell phone.

SAMANTHA
Again? You'd better prescribe
yourself some memory pills.

DR. CASEY
(chuckling)
I keep forgetting to do that.

He disappears down the hallway toward his office.

Samantha smiles, shakes her head and resumes reading her novel.

HALLWAY - LATER

Jack and Ed (in wheelchair) move down the hall toward their room.

Jack pats Ed on the shoulder.

JACK
You did good tonight, Eddie.

ED
Beginner's luck.

JACK

Ol' Betty thought she was gonna
take you to the cleaners, but you
sure showed her.

They approach the door to Big John's room where half a dozen
female CNAs have gathered trying to see what's happening
inside.

ED

(to Jack)

What's going on?

JACK

Looks like they're having to
catheterize Big John again.

HALLWAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Dwain, the security guard, moves down the hall making his
rounds for the evening. He pulls out the list Ms. Underwood
gave him, scans it briefly, then tucks it back in his pocket.
As he passes Dr. Casey's office, he notices LIGHT shining
under the door. He tries the door, but it's locked. Then the
light shining under the door goes OFF.

Dwain grabs the master keycard attached to his belt by a
retractable tether and quickly swipes it through the sensor
on the door. It UNLOCKS and he puts his shoulder to the door,
striking someone on the other side as it swings open,
knocking them to the floor.

DR. CASEY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dwain reaches around and FLICKS on the light, revealing Dr.
Casey, nose bleeding, lying on the floor and moaning.

Dwain rushes to the doctor's aid.

DWAIN

Doc! I'm sorry! I thought someone
had broken into your office.

He helps Dr. Casey up, whips his handkerchief out of his back
pocket and places it over Dr. Casey's nose.

Dr. Casey takes the hanky, holds it back from his face for a
moment and looks it over, then reluctantly places it back on
his nose to curb the bleeding.

DWAIN (CONT'D)

Are you okay? Do you need a doctor?

DR. CASEY
A plastic surgeon might be good.

DWAIN
Let me have a look.

He pulls Dr. Casey's hand away from his face, which is puffing up.

DR. CASEY
So, what do you think?

DWAIN
You aren't renewing your driver's license this week, are you?

DR. CASEY
No.

DWAIN
Then you'll be fine... Let's get one of the nurses to fix you up.

He takes Dr. Casey by the arm, leads him out into the hallway, turning the light off as they exit.

A few seconds after the door closes, a flashlight CLICKS on and José, wearing surgical gloves, raises up from behind the nurses' station. He slithers to the door and listens to make sure no one else is coming.

Confident that the coast is clear, he hurries to the medical supply room at the back of the office.

MEDICAL SUPPLY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

José enters and shines his flashlight on the medicine cabinet in the corner of the room. He moves over to it quickly, pulls a couple of locksmith tools from his jacket pocket and picks the lock.

He swings the cabinet doors open and sorts through the pill bottles and vials of medicine on the shelves. He selects a few, pausing to listen for anyone who might be coming before stuffing them into his jacket pockets.

Finally, he takes a few syringes with needles attached and a scalpel. He stuffs them in his coat then closes the cabinet.

ED & JACK'S ROOM

Ed and Jack, wearing their pajamas, are reposed in their beds. Ed's eyes are closed. The lighting is subdued.

JACK

Eddie?

ED

Hmm?

JACK

Do you believe in God?

Ed opens his eyes.

ED

Why do you ask that?

JACK

I dunno. Just curious.

ED

I guess I do. What about you?

JACK

I never really thought much about it until recently. I just assumed I was going to hell. But now I'm thinking I should hedge my bet a little.

ED

Probably not a bad idea. Talk to Father Murphy and see what he has to say.

JACK

Murphy... He's a strange bird. But if he's got the inside track to God, maybe he can pull a few strings for me.

ED

Worth a try.

JACK

...You're all right, Eddie.

ED

Yeah?

JACK

Yeah.

SLIM & SHORTY'S ROOM

Shorty is asleep in his bed, snoring loudly. With Slim in Wanda's room, Slim's bed is currently unoccupied.

The digital clock on Shorty's nightstand reads: "2:35 A.M."

The dimly-lit room BRIGHTENS a little as the door opens, then DIMS again as it closes.

A surgically-gloved hand holds a small electromagnetic device, which is BLINKING. The gloved hand carries the device over to Shorty and suspends it over the pacemaker in his left upper chest. The other gloved hand turns up the dial on the device.

Shorty begins wincing in pain, then opens his eyes wide in terror. He reaches out, grabs one of the gloved hands and holds on tightly for a moment before tensing, grabbing his chest, then collapsing. He lies motionless with his eyes open.

The room BRIGHTENS a bit as the door opens, then DARKENS as it closes.

EXAMINATION ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Ed sits in his wheelchair as Dr. Casey, his nose taped and face swollen, peers into one of Ed's ears with an otoscope.

DR. CASEY

(nasally)

So, you're having a little trouble hearing.

ED

What?

DR. CASEY

I've got just the thing to fix you right up.

He opens a cabinet, removes a set of headphones with 3/4" holes on the sides and places them on Ed's head. Then he removes two earwax candles from a drawer and sticks them through the holes in the headphones and into Ed's ears.

DR. CASEY (CONT'D)

How's that?

ED
(loudly)
Don't you have something smaller
that fits inside the ear? I've got
good insurance.

Dr. Casey laughs, then pulls a butane lighter out of the
drawer (the same one the gloved hand used to light the
incense that killed Jerry) and LIGHTS the ear candles.

DR. CASEY
In about fifteen minutes you'll be
able to hear a pin drop on the
Santa Monica freeway.

Nurse Betty enters.

NURSE BETTY
Doctor, we need you at room 2313
right away.

DR. CASEY
Okay. What's up?

NURSE BETTY
Uh, I can't say with Mr. Gurney
present. It would be a HIPAA
violation.

DR. CASEY
HIPAA, schmippa. I'm so tired of
hearing that word.

NURSE BETTY
Yeah, well, tell that to the HIPAA
police when they come to arrest you
for violating federal law.

SLIM & SHORTY'S ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Nurse Betty and Dr. Casey enter and join Monique and Slim
next to Shorty's bed where he lies pale and motionless.

Dr. Casey checks Shorty's carotid pulse then listens to his
chest with a stethoscope.

DR. CASEY
Yep, he's in a better place now.

MONIQUE
Lucky guy.

Slim wipes a tear.

DINING ROOM - LATER

Jack, Ben, Big John, Ricardo, and Ed and Crash in their wheelchairs, sit together at a table. Their mood is somber.

BIG JOHN
Is Slim coming?

RICARDO
No. He's too upset to eat.

BEN
I can't believe Shorty is gone. He was a good man.

BIG JOHN
With a big heart.

RICARDO
Too big, maybe.

JACK
The longer I live, the fewer friends I have...although in some cases, that's okay.

ED
Dying may be our only way out of here.

RICARDO
...Hotel California.

MS. UNDERWOOD'S OFFICE

Ms. Underwood paces behind her desk. Detective Fuller stands across from her.

MS. UNDERWOOD
I'm sorry, but this is a big place and we can't post a guard at every resident's door or put a camera in every room.

DETECTIVE FULLER
Well, you could, but you would have to raise your rates, which are already through the roof... Don't worry, we're doing background checks on all of your employees and residents and narrowing down our list. It's just a matter of time and we'll have our killer.

MS. UNDERWOOD
If this takes much longer we won't
have any residents...or employees.

ED & JACK'S ROOM - LATER

Ed reposes on his bed watching the news on TV.

Jack and TOMMY (16, long-hair), Ed's grandson, enter. Tommy carries a box of chocolates with a ribbon around it.

JACK
(to ED)
I found this young man wandering
the hall looking for his grandpa.

Ed turns down the TV with the remote.

ED
Tommy.

Tommy moves over and drops the chocolates on the bed beside Ed.

ED (CONT'D)
Chocolates. Thanks, Tommy.

Tommy nervously looks around the room.

ED (CONT'D)
(to Tommy)
So, you met Mr. Hammond.

TOMMY
Yeah. I've seen him before...on TV.

ED
Of course.

Tommy fidgets.

TOMMY
(to Ed)
So, do you like it here?

ED
...Better than sleeping under a
bridge, I guess.

TOMMY
Seems creepy to me.

JACK

That's because the place is
haunted.

TOMMY

Yeah, right.

JACK

No, seriously. A lot of old codgers
die in here, and after they do,
their ghosts hang around for
awhile. The place is pretty dead
during the day,
(dramatically)
but at night, it really comes
alive!

TOMMY

I don't believe in ghosts.

JACK

Then bring your sleeping bag and
spend a night with us sometime.
It'd be like a night at the
mausoleum.

TOMMY

You mean museum.

JACK

That too.

ED

Alright, enough about ghosts.
(to Tommy)
Are you hungry? We can go down to
the dining room.

TOMMY

I already ate.

ED

Okay... So, do you want me to show
you around?

TOMMY

No way. I've seen enough.
(looks at Jack)
Besides, we might run into a ghost.

Jack chuckles then steps into the bathroom and closes the
door.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
I, uh, need five hundred dollars.

ED
Five hundred? For what?

TOMMY
I just need it...for things.

ED
Doesn't your mother give you an allowance?

TOMMY
Yeah, but I can't live on two hundred a week. My gas is that much.

ED
That's ridiculous. Sixteen-year-old kids shouldn't need that kind of money. When I was your age--

TOMMY
(interrupting)
Yeah, yeah, I know. You walked to school every day in the snow, uphill both ways.

The toilet FLUSHES in the bathroom.

ED
Well, it wasn't uphill both ways, but I did walk to school. And that's what you should be doing.

TOMMY
No way José... So, are you gonna give me the money or what?

ED
No way José! You need to get a part-time job after school and earn your own money. That way you'll have a better appreciation for it.

Jack emerges from the bathroom.

Tommy looks incredulously at Ed for a moment, then snatches up the box of chocolates and stomps out.

JACK
Whoa! What did I miss?

ED

The little bastard wanted five hundred bucks for a box of chocolates.

JACK

Seriously? Hell, you can have the rest of my chocolate chip cookies for two hundred.

ED

I thought his mother raised him better than that.

JACK

Aw, don't sweat it. Maybe the kid will turn out to be another Donald Trump.

ED

...Or a Bernie Madoff.

DR. CASEY'S OFFICE

An ELDERLY MALE lies on the examination table, hooked up to an EKG machine, as Dr. Casey and Nurse Amber look at the monitor.

DR. CASEY

It's beating pretty slow. I'll need to adjust your pacemaker a bit.

Nurse Amber moves over to a supply drawer and removes the same pacemaker REMOTE used to kill Shorty. She moves back to Dr. Casey and hands it over to him.

Dr. Casey turns it on, holds it over the Elderly Male's left upper chest and adjusts the dial until he's satisfied with the results displayed on the EKG monitor.

DR. CASEY (CONT'D)

There, I perked you up a bit so you won't keep passing out on the pot.

ELDERLY MALE

Thank you, doctor. I feel better already!

DR. CASEY

Yeah? Well, wait until you get my bill.

He smiles as the Elderly Male's smile fades.

FITNESS ROOM

Ed lies supine on a therapy table while Tony, the fitness guru, exercises and massages Ed's left leg. Nearby,

An emaciated and AGED SUPERMAN, his costume now much too large, lies on a weight bench straining to do presses with 500 lb. weights on each end of the barbell.

TONY

(to Ed)

We'll have you back in shape in no time, Mr. Gurney.

ED

I'm counting on it. No offence, but I'd rather be home where I belong.

TONY

That's what they all say.

HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT

Maria, using her cane, limps down the hall, pausing in front of the door to Ed and Jack's room. She glances around, then eases the door open.

ED & JACK'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ed and Jack are asleep and snoring.

Maria enters quietly, moves over and places a folded up piece of paper on Ed's night stand, then eases back to the door.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Willy, the shoe-shine man, wearing a coat and baseball cap, slips a pair of newly-shined shoes (in a plastic bag) just inside a resident's darkened room then quietly re-closes the door. He turns and sees Maria exiting Ed and Jack's room. Their eyes meet. Willy tips his hat. Maria turns quickly and shuffles down the hall to her room. Willy watches her for a moment then turns and heads down the hall in the opposite direction.

Willy rounds the corner at the end of the hallway and bumps into Dwain.

DWAIN

Oops! Sorry, Willy. You okay?

WILLY

I'm fine.

DWAIN

Workin' a little late tonight,
aren't ya?

WILLY

Yeah. Had to finish shinin' a bunch
of shoes for the prom tomorrow
night.

DWAIN

Gotcha. Well, have a good evening.

WILLY

You, too.

Willy heads toward the front entrance. Dwain smiles and calls
after him:

DWAIN

Shine on!

Dwain removes his list of potential victims and glances at it
as he moves down the hall. He stops in front of the door with
the sign on it that reads: "Keep Out!" He glances down the
hallway both ways then removes a 3" crucifix from his trouser
pocket and grips it tightly in one hand as he pushes the door
open gently and enters the darkened room. The door closes
quietly behind him.

INT. DRACULA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The full MOON shines through an open window and the curtains
billow in the breeze. A casket sits on a gurney in the middle
of the room with the upper half of the lid open. Dwain eases
up to the casket and looks in. It's empty. He glances up at
the open window then moves over, closes and locks it.

EXT. OUTDOOR POOL AREA - SHORT TIME LATER

Wanda, shuffling along using her walker, moves along a dimly
lit path toward the swimming pool. A tall figure in black
attire and black cape eases up behind her. The figure opens
the cape and raises it overhead.

DWAIN (O.S.)

Count!

An aged COUNT DRACULA flinches and turns to face Dwain, who has approached from behind. He hisses and flashes his fangs at Dwain.

Wanda reaches the pool, pushes her walker aside and dives into the pool, turning into a mermaid.

Dwain removes the crucifix from his pocket and holds it up for Count Dracula to see. The Count recoils then turns his head and holds up his hand to block his view of the crucifix.

DWAIN (CONT'D)

Back to your room! We don't need
any mermaid vampires around here.

The COUNT steps off the path and disappears into the foliage.

EXT. SUNSET MANOR - OUTDOOR DINING AREA - NEXT DAY

Several Residents, including Maria, sit at tables eating breakfast. The morning sun filters in through the trees. Maria sits alone at a table for two. A couple of vultures are perched overhead on a tree limb.

Ed, in his wheelchair, cruises in and sees Maria. He motors over to her.

ED

Got your note...and I accept.

Maria, a little embarrassed, cracks a smile.

MARIA

(heavy Latin accent)

Are you sure?

ED

You speak!

Maria smiles.

Ed maneuvers his wheelchair around under the table facing Maria. He extends his good hand.

ED (CONT'D)

Ed Gurney.

Maria takes his hand and they shake.

MARIA

Maria. Maria Santiago.

ED
Nice to meet you, Maria.

Brian, the waiter, appears and hands Ed a menu.

BRIAN
Coffee? Black?

ED
Yes, thank you.

Brian leaves.

ED (CONT'D)
I haven't been to a prom in...well,
ages. And you?

MARIA
No. This will be my first time.

ED
I'm surprised that you invited me.
I can't dance.

MARIA
That's why I invited you.

She smiles. Ed grins and nods understandingly.

MARIA (CONT'D)
We can just watch the others.

ED
Works for me.

Brian returns with Ed's coffee.

BRIAN
What can I get for you, Mr. Gurney?

ED
I think I'll splurge today and have
the strawberry waffle.

BRIAN
Good choice. Extra whipped cream?

ED
What the hell.

He hands his menu to Brian and Brian leaves.

Jack, Big John, Ben, and Ricardo enter and move to a table for four. Big John notices Ed sitting with Maria and alerts the others as they take their seats.

Ed and Maria engage in conversation as Jack, Big John, Ben, and Ricardo glance their way occasionally.

BEN

Looks like you missed your chance,
Ricky.

Ricardo glances over at Ed and Maria.

RICARDO

Señor Ed may be the next to die.

He crosses himself as the others chuckle.

EXT. COUNT DRACULA'S ROOM WINDOW - DAY

A small plume of dark SMOKE rises from the Count's cape and black clothing piled below the window in the morning sun.

Ms. Underwood and Detectives Burns and Fuller stand near the smoking attire.

MS. UNDERWOOD

Looks like he couldn't get back in
before the sun came up.

Detective Fuller crosses himself. Ms. Underwood notices.

MS. UNDERWOOD (CONT'D)

I don't think that will help. He
was Jewish.

INT. ED & JACK'S ROOM - LATER

Ed, in his wheelchair and wearing a suit, is struggling to tie his necktie with his good right arm and hand.

ED

Dammit!

Jack, dressed casually, moves over to help.

JACK

Here, let me do that.

He begins trying Ed's tie.

JACK (CONT'D)
How do you get a one-armed man out
of a tree?

ED
I'm not sure.

JACK
Wave at him.

He laughs. Ed cracks a little smile.

Jack finishes tying a perfect knot in the tie and cinches it
up tightly under Ed's chin.

ED
It's a prom not a lynching.

JACK
Sorry.

He loosens Ed's tie a little then steps back.

JACK (CONT'D)
There. King of the Prom.

ED
Thanks... You should come with us.
You don't need a date to attend.

JACK
Appreciate the invite but I've got
a date with the Queen of Hearts
tonight. I gotta win back the money
Father Murphy took off me last
week.

ED
...Have you talked to him about
hedging your bet?

JACK
Hedging my bet?

ED
About God and the hereafter.

JACK
Oh, that. No, I keep forgetting.

ED
...I probably shouldn't be helping
you get to heaven.

JACK
Why's that?

ED
We might end up roommates again.

Jack chuckles. Ed smiles.

INT. GYMNASIUM - THAT EVENING

The gym is set up for a prom. A DJ spins oldies-but-goodies MUSIC.

Residents are coupled up, with some sitting at tables eating hors d'oeuvres and sipping sparking cider while others gyrate slowly on the dance floor. Ed (in wheelchair) and Maria share a table with Slim & Wanda and Walter & Gertie.

EXT. SUNSET MANOR - DELIVERY ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

José, carrying a large duffel bag, swipes his stolen card key through the sensor beside the door and it UNLOCKS. He pushes the door open slowly, makes sure no one is around and enters.

INT. GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

Slim & Wanda and Walter & Gertie have joined the other couples on the dance floor. Ed and Maria watch from their table.

Maria leans over to Ed so he can hear her.

MARIA
You lost your wife recently?

ED
Yes.

MARIA
I'm very sorry.

ED
...It's tough losing someone you love.

MARIA
Sí. I have lost three husbands.

ED
Three? That's quite a few.

MARIA

Everyone believes I am, how you say, a black widow. But I think I have just been cursed by God.

ED

I'm not superstitious, so I don't believe in curses.

MARIA

No?

ED

Sometimes bad things just happen to good people.

He smiles. Maria smiles back.

GYMNASIUM STAGE - BEHIND THE CURTAIN - CONTINUOUS

King and Queen chairs are positioned in the center of the stage behind the curtain with a tiara and a bouquet of flowers on the Queen's chair.

JosÃ© enters from stage right carrying his duffel bag and eases up to the curtain. He parts it slightly and peeks out at the prom attendees.

He then closes the curtain and moves over to a empty mop bucket with mop near the side exit of the stage.

He removes the mop, sets it aside, picks up the bucket and makes his way to the stairs leading to the gangplank above the stage.

He eases up the stairs and proceeds along the gangplank until he is directly above the King and Queen chairs. He sets the bucket down on the gangplank then kneels down, unzips the duffel bag, reaches in and removes a coil of rope and two large bottles labeled "Sulfuric Acid."

He opens and empties the bottles of acid into the bucket, which begins to STEAM, then ties one end of the rope onto the handle of the bucket.

He slides the bucket over the edge of the gangplank and positions it precariously above the King and Queen chairs so that the slightest jerk on the rope will topple it.

He uncoils the rope as he eases back to the edge of the gangplank.

INT. SUNSET MANOR - MAIN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dwain moves down the hallway making his security rounds. He pauses at the door to Dr. Casey's office and checks to make sure it is locked.

Back down the hall where Dwain just came from, Willy the shoeshine man peeks out from around a corner and watches Dwain for a moment before ducking back out of sight.

Dwain continues on his way down the hall.

GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

Ms. Underwood enters and moves to the microphone on the stage as the dance tune ends. Couples separate and await her announcement.

Ms. Underwood taps the microphone to confirm that it's on.

MS. UNDERWOOD

All right everyone, you have chosen
your King and Queen. Let's welcome
Walter and Gertie to the stage.

APPLAUSE and a few WHISTLES as Walter and Gertie make their way onto the stage.

Ms. Underwood moves to the side of the stage and pulls on the rope to open the curtain, revealing the King and Queen chairs. She doesn't notice José perched above her on the gangplank.

She moves over to the Queen's chair, picks up the tiara and places it on Gertie's head then hands her the bouquet of flowers.

The audience APPLAUDS and CHEERS again.

Dwain enters the gymnasium and stands near the door, watching the proceedings.

GANGPLANK ABOVE THE STAGE - CONTINUOUS

José stands at the end of the gangplank in the shadows with the rope in his hand, poised to topple the steaming bucket of acid.

Batman, hanging upside down, slowly lowers into frame to where his head is directly behind José's head, facing him.

José senses something and turns around to find himself face-to-face with Batman.

He cries out:

JOSÉ
Aghhhhhh!

He jerks backwards then trips and falls off the edge of the gangplank but manages to grab it to keep from falling to the floor. However, the bucket of acid topples and douses the King and Queen chairs below.

ON THE STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Shocked, Walter, Gertie and Ms. Underwood step back as the King and Queen chairs begin to STEAM and disintegrate.

The Audience GASPS.

Dwain runs to the stage. He and Ms. Underwood look up and see José dangling from the gangplank.

DWAIN
José! What the hell are you doing
up there?!

Ms. Underwood removes her cell phone from her pocket, dials 911 then puts the phone to her ear. She steps away so she can hear above the commotion.

DWAIN (CONT'D)
(to José)
Come down from there, now!

JOSÉ
Help me!

DWAIN
Okay, hang on! I'm coming up!

He hurries over to the stairs leading up to the gangplank.

Willy enters the gymnasium and surveys the situation.

GANGPLANK - CONTINUOUS

Dwain reaches the top of the stairs and steps out onto the gangplank.

He eases over to José, kneels down, grabs his arms and pulls him up onto the gangplank then escorts him across the gangplank to the stairs.

GYMNASIUM FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

ED
(to Maria)
I've seen this movie before.

Dwain escorts José around to the front of the stage.

Detectives Burns and Fuller enter the gymnasium, along with an uniformed L.A.P.D. OFFICER.

Ms. Underwood moves over to the Policemen and quickly explains to them what is going on.

The Policemen, followed by Ms. Underwood, then move to the stage where Dwain is holding José captive.

DWAIN
(to Ms. Underwood)
Looks like we finally have our
killer.

JOSÉ
Killer?! I'm no killer!

MS. UNDERWOOD
(to Jose)
My God, José. How could you do
this?

DETECTIVE BURNS
Actually, José isn't the killer.

MS. UNDERWOOD
What?

DETECTIVE BURNS
He's one bad José for sure. A
thief, drug addict, illegal alien,
but not the killer. Dwain, here, is
the killer.

The Audience GASPS.

MS. UNDERWOOD / DWAIN
(together)
What?!

DETECTIVE BURNS

(to Dwain)

We followed up on a tip from one of your neighbors and searched your apartment this afternoon. And surprise, surprise. We found all kinds of incriminating evidence: Swastikas plastered all over the walls; a list of names of your victims and future victims; as well as the electronic devices and lethal drugs you used in the killings.

Dwain releases his grip on José and suddenly bolts off through the audience toward the entrance to the gymnasium.

As he passes the table where Ed and Maria are sitting, Ed spins his wheelchair sideways and sticks out his good leg.

Dwain trips over Ed's foot and crashes face-first to the floor.

Willy, the shoeshine man, runs over and pounces on Dwain, whips out a set of handcuffs and cuffs Dwain's hands behind his back, then recites the Miranda rights.

DETECTIVE BURNS (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, meet sergeant Willy Hayes, one of our best undercover officers. He's busted more criminals working as a shoe shine man than anyone else in the precinct.

The uniformed L.A.P.D. Officer grabs José by the arm to keep him from bolting as well.

Ms. Underwood steps up to Dwain and Willy.

MS. UNDERWOOD

My God, Dwain! Is this true?

DWIN

No! Of course not!

MS. UNDERWOOD

Then why are you trying to run away?

DWIN

I, uh, need to go to the bathroom. Really bad.

DETECTIVE BURNS

(to Dwain)

I bet you do. But you'll have to hold it until we get to the station.

(to Willy)

Get him out of here.

Willy helps Dwain up and, along with Detective Fuller, escorts him out of the gymnasium.

MS. UNDERWOOD

(to Detective Burns)

And to think that he was in charge of security... I don't know what to say.

DETECTIVE BURNS

Well, you might thank this gentleman for giving us a hand...or should I say, foot.

He smiles and puts his hand on Ed's shoulder.

MS. UNDERWOOD

Uh, of course. Thank you, Mr. Gurney.

ED

No problem. This is the most excitement I've had in years.

He smiles.

DETECTIVE BURNS

(to Ed)

And you might like to thank yourself.

ED

Why's that?

DETECTIVE BURNS

You were the next victim on Dwain's list.

The Audience GASPS.

MARIA

(in Spanish)

Oh my God!

ED

Jesus.

DETECTIVE BURNS

(to audience)

Well, you can all sleep soundly tonight knowing that we got our man.

(to Ms. Underwood)

I'll be in touch.

He exits.

MS. UNDERWOOD

Ok, everyone. The prom is over. You can head back to your rooms.

Everyone starts filing out.

MARIA

(to Ed)

You are a hero.

ED

You think so?

MARIA

Sí.

ED

Gene Hackman once said, "The difference between a hero and a coward is just one step sideways." So maybe I am a hero after all.

He smiles.

Maria smiles back and takes Ed's hand in hers.

Ed holds up Maria's hand and kisses it.

INT. SUNSET MANOR CHAPEL - NIGHT

Slim, in his tux, is standing at the front of the chapel along with Father Murphy facing

The AUDIENCE, comprised of a few staff members (Nurse Betty, Ms. Underwood, Larry, Moe, Curly, Clarence) and about thirty Residents, including Ed, Maria, Jack, Crash, Ben, and Ricardo, all dressed in their Sunday best.

Ed is sitting in his wheelchair beside Maria who is sitting in a pew. They are holding hands.

Crash, in his wheelchair, is parked on the other side of the aisle next to Ricardo.

Gertie, sitting at the organ, finishes playing a LOVE SONG and then breaks into the WEDDING MARCH.

The Audience rises (except for Ed and Crash) and turns to look at Wanda, in her wedding dress, shuffling slowly down the aisle on Walter's arm.

Upon reaching the front, Walter passes Wanda off to Slim, then steps back to a pew.

FATHER MURPHY
(to audience)
You may be seated.

The Audience sits.

FATHER MURPHY (CONT'D)
Dearly beloved, we are gathered here in the sight of God and these witnesses to unite Wanda and Slim in holy matrimony. If anyone objects to this union, please speak up now or forever hold your peace.

Everyone looks around.

CRASH
I object!

FATHER MURPHY
You do? On what grounds?

CRASH
No grounds, actually. I just always wanted to do that.

The Audience laughs. Father Murphy scowls.

FATHER MURPHY
Let's continue. Slim, do you take Wanda, here, to be your wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better and for worse, so long as you both shall live?

SLIM
I do.

FATHER MURPHY

And do you, Wanda, take Slim here
to be your wedded husband, to have
and to hold, from this day forward,
for better and for worse, so long
as you both shall live?

WANDA

I do.

FATHER MURPHY

Very well. Do you have tokens of
your love for each other?

Slim reaches into the side pocket of his tux, removes the
RINGS and hands them to Father Murphy.

Father Murphy hands Slim's ring to Wanda.

FATHER MURPHY (CONT'D)

Please place this ring on Slim's
finger.

Wanda complies.

Father Murphy hands Wanda's ring to Slim.

FATHER MURPHY (CONT'D)

Please place this ring on Wanda's
finger.

Slim complies.

FATHER MURPHY (CONT'D)

By the power invested in me by the
State of California, I now
pronounce you husband and wife.

(to Slim)

You may now kiss your bride.

Slim leans down and kisses Wanda tenderly.

The Audience OOOHS and AHHHS.

FATHER MURPHY (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, I present to
you Mr. and Mrs. Severson.

The Audience APPLAUDS and someone WHISTLES.

Maria leans over to Ed and inquires:

MARIA

Where are they going on their
honeymoon?

ED

Someplace tropical, I believe.

Gertie plays the RECESSIONAL on the organ as Slim and Wanda
proceed down the aisle and exit.

INT. POOL ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The full MOON, shining through the glass domed ceiling,
reflects off the water in the pool.

Slim's tux and Wanda's wedding gown lie near the edge of the
pool.

FADE OUT.

THE END