

## JEANNIE

She pulls a GLUTEN-FREE bar out of her pocket, and stands up.

ETHAN  
(singing, arms wide)  
There she is, Miss African-America!

DOTTY  
(tapping her watch)  
I'm gonna' miss my bus.

She holds out the Gluten-Free bar. He hands her a BENJAMIN.

ETHAN  
Keep the change.

DOTTY  
(as she goes)  
You know I will.

ETHAN  
And, Dotty?

Dotty turns.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
Is that dress from McDonalds?  
'Cause *I'm lovin' it*.

She guffaws - charmed, in spite of herself.

## START 1

17 INT. CREEKSIDE RETIREMENT HOME - PRIVATE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A private room. Ethan walks in.

The rhythmic repetition of shallow, somewhat LABORED BREATHING pierces the otherwise quiet.

Ethan takes off his sunglasses and gingerly approaches the SINGLE TWIN HOSPITAL bed up against the window. Soft MOONLIGHT lights the bed-ridden woman's face.

This is Ethan's mother, JEANNIE, (68, kind eyes).

ETHAN  
Hey, mom.

Her eyes are shut. He takes her hand.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
Wish you could have been there.  
You would have gone nuts for the  
sparkly table decorations.

He leans closer.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

(whispers)

We really did it. We're gonna be richer than our wildest dreams. Anything you want. Anything at all.

He squeezes her hand, no response.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I love you.

END 1

BACK TO:

18 INT. SODA BAR - VIP AREA - A LITTLE LATER 18

Stef sits alone on the couch, scrolling through her photos. She finds one she likes, and pauses.

As Stef looks at the picture we

FLASHBACK TO:

19 INT. HALLOWEEN PARTY - SAGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - A FEW MONTHS PRIOR 19

A costumed crowd is gathered in a semi-circle, clapping rhythmically around the BACK of two costumed partygoers in PARACHUTE PANTS, shuffling in and out of frame, dancing the iconic MC Hammer inspired "Typewriter dance" from the early 90's.

As they shuffle back into frame with their backs to us, one of the dancers JUMP TURNS TO FACE CAMERA with a huge "STOP" gesture as the crowd goes nuts! We see now that this dancer is Ethan.

Stef (the second dancer, dressed so "sexy" she's basically topless) throws her arms in the air, and takes a bow.

STEFANI

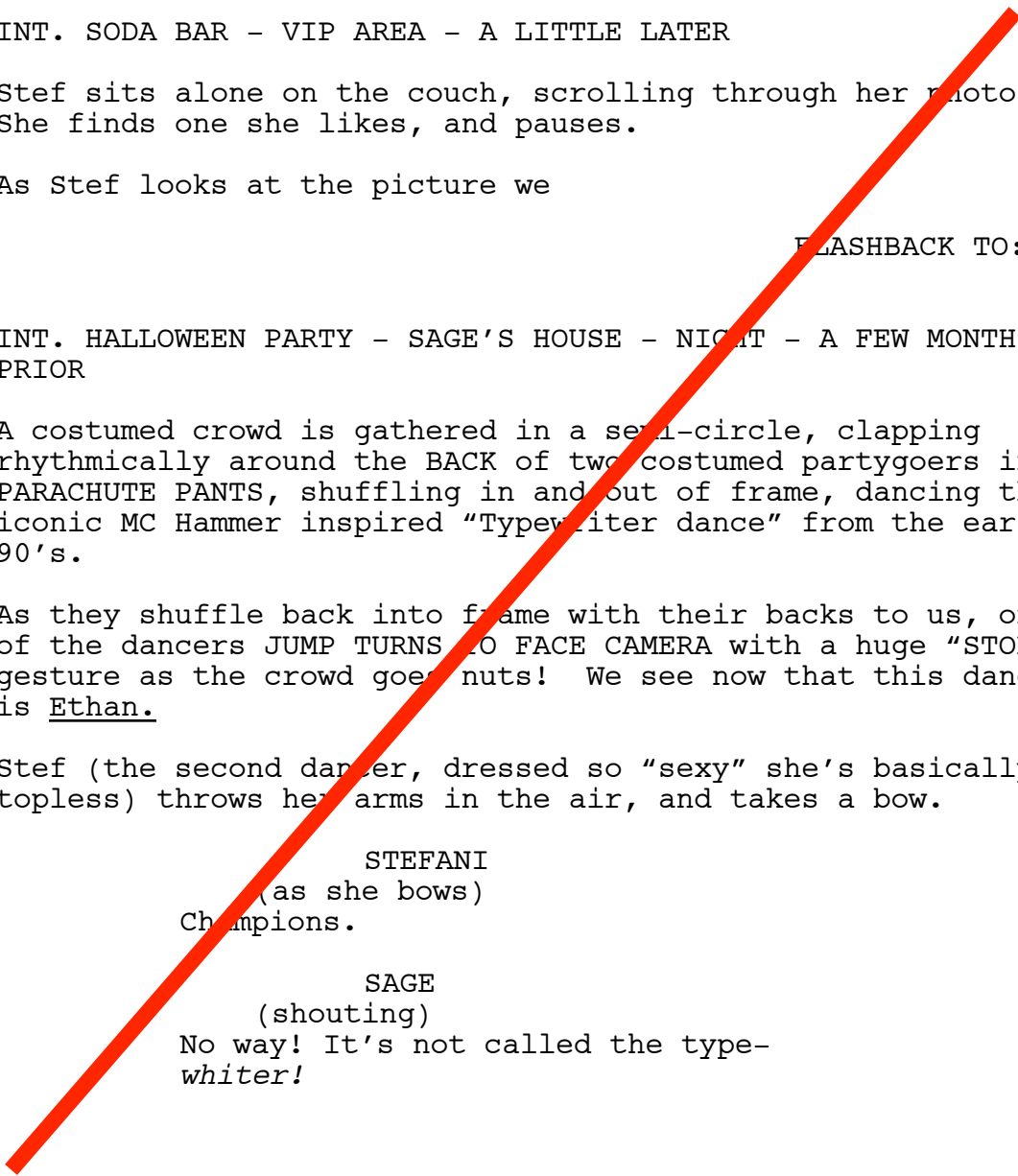
(as she bows)

Champions.

SAGE

(shouting)

No way! It's not called the typewriter!



ISABELLA

She said you were faker than a Chinatown purse.

ETHAN

That's racist.

Isabella gives him an eyebrow.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

You're very *honest*, did you know that? It's almost -- unsettling.

They start walking together.

ISABELLA

She's got a point though, no?

She gestures to his "look".

\*  
\*

**START 2**

68 INT. CREEKSIDE RETIREMENT HOME- CAFETERIA - A LITTLE LATER 68

Ethan and Isabella sit with JEANNIE (half-awake in a wheelchair) at a lunch table. Ethan feeds her APPLESAUCE from a pouch.

69 Isabella watches Ethan, touched. 69

**END 2**

HAROLD (O.S.)

(to Ethan)

Where's my Charleston Chew!

Ethan turns to see Harold, just as the old guy FLICKS HIM OFF and keeps walking.

ELAINE (O.S.)

Stop with the candy bars, would you? You're diabetic.

HAROLD (O.S.)

Don't baby me.

CUT TO:

70 INT. AUTO MANUFACTURING PLANT - DAY 70

Brannigan, Diggy, and two SUITS (one young, one old) walk with Dotty down the line. They are wearing eye-goggles and ear-plugs.

Every once in a while, sparks fly.

BRANNIGAN (CONT'D)

Diggy?

DIGGY

These numbers account for a tax implication that, uh, Bob feels may not be wholly accurate.

BRANNIGAN

("see?")

I'll worry about the numbers.

DOTTY

Well now wait a second. If these numbers aren't accurate, we gotta' re-work them until they are. Because if we're sellin' them inflated numbers, then we just a bunch of *snake-oil salesmen in suits*.

Pause. Everyone holds their breath.

BRANNIGAN

What'd you just call me?

**START 3**

72 INT. CREEKSIDE RETIREMENT HOME - TV ROOM - LATER THAT DAY 72

Jeannie sits in her wheelchair in front of a TV.

Isabella and Ethan sit behind her on the couch.

ETHAN

(talking quietly)

...he couldn't hold down a job, mountain of debt, left us when I was three.

ISABELLA

Aha.

ETHAN

I made a vow from an early age, to never be like him. I'd look better, I'd do better, I'd be better.

The TV starts showing auto racing. Ethan hops up and changes the channel to TMZ.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Mom loves this celebrity crap.

Isabella laughs. Ethan pulls a blanket over his mom's legs and smiles.

Except, as soon as he sees what's on, Ethan's smile fades.

ANGLE ON the TV screen:

Stefani, interviewing a HANDSOME ACTOR (30's).

STEFANI (O.S.)

Oh, I'm sure *all* the girls give you involuntary erections.

\*  
\*

Handsome actor looks down at his pants and their BUNCHING CROTCH seamline. He laughs. Ethan doesn't.

\*  
\*

Just then Jeannie stands up and STARTS TO SCREAM.

It happens so suddenly, that everyone, including Ethan, is taken by surprise. Jeannie picks up the remote control and HURLS it at another OLD LADY on a walker, whom it just NARROWLY misses.

ETHAN

Mom!

Two NURSES run over and quickly RESTRAIN Jeannie. They forcefully put it her in the wheelchair and roll her away.

CUT TO:

**END 3**

73

INT. CREEKSIDE RETIREMENT HOME - TV ROOM - A LITTLE LATER 73

Ethan, Isabella, and an employee from Creekside's HR department (40's) are seated on the couch finishing up a conversation.

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HR

For the safety of those around her - we will need to move her to a more hands-on unit.

ETHAN

I understand.

HR

The new housing assignment will raise your invoice to \$12,000.

\*

ETHAN

Per month?!

\*

HR nods, and exits. Ethan collapses back into the couch.

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