

ASSISTED LIVING

"Costco Sushi"

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

FRANK FOWLER, 23, In a white dress shirt and baggy dress pants, and TYLER LEE, 23, wearing an ironic t-shirt and limited edition sneakers, walk into Great Falls retirement home.

FRANK

Thanks for the ride, man.

TYLER

No problem. I just hope you didn't blow this interview like the Channel 3 one.

FRANK

I know. I'm running out of stations.

TYLER

The news is dead anyways, dude. Everything's online. You should work online like me.

FRANK

I wouldn't call offering to break up for people on Craigslist a real job.

TYLER

It's more than you've got.

FRANK

I hope you end up in the news. Under the headline: Tragic Donkey Show Accident.

TYLER

I hope you die falling in a manhole so even your death is gay.

FRANK

I hope you're in a bank robbery and they kill you first to make an example.

TYLER

I hope...

FRANK
(to Tyler)
Shut up.

Frank signs in at the front desk where ELLEN POOLE, 25, an attractive nurse, is chatting with KELLY, 40, a black transvestite.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(to Ellen)
Hi.

Ellen smiles at Frank. Frank smiles back.

ELLEN
Hi.

Kelly smiles at Frank. Frank smiles awkwardly.

KELLY
Hi.

FRANK
Hey.

ELLEN
Back already? You're sweet to spend so much time with your grandfather.

FRANK
Yeah, well, he's family. Gotta do it, right?

ELLEN
I can tell you, not everyone's like that around here. Good for you.

FRANK
Thanks.

Frank and Tyler walk down the hall.

TYLER
That the girl you were talking about?

FRANK
Shut up.

TYLER
She is nice.

FRANK

She'll hear you, ass.

(beat))

I hope you only live to thirty in dog years.

TYLER

I hope you get the flesh eating virus on your junk and it scares girls.

FRANK

I'll tell them I got it from you.

TYLER

(like touché)

Douche-shay.

Frank and Tyler walk around a corner.

TYLER (CONT'D)

It smells like old people here.

FRANK

You get used to it.

TYLER

They should do something about it.

FRANK

Like what? This is where they live.

Frank and Tyler pass MR. THOMASEN, 95, who is smoking a cigar and dragging an oxygen tank.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hey, Mr. Thomasen. How are you doin'?

MR. THOMASEN

I feel so alive today.

FRANK

Well, that'll change real quick if you keep smoking by your oxygen tank.

MR. THOMASEN

Bah!

TYLER

Glad to see you've made friends.

FRANK

They're my grampa's friends. Not mine.

TYLER
You know, I didn't want to say anything, but I can kinda smell it on you, too.

FRANK
What?

TYLER
That old people smell.

FRANK
Really?

TYLER
Yeah, dude.

FRANK
Damn.

TYLER
Can't you stay at your parents' place?

FRANK
They're renting it out while they travel. It was Grampa's or nothing. I just gotta get in at one news station and then I'm out.

They reach apartment 903. Frank unlocks the door and opens it slightly.

TYLER
What?

FRANK
I forgot to tell you. My grandfather's kind of a crazy racist.

TYLER
Okaaay?

FRANK
Especially against Asians.

TYLER
Yikes.

FRANK
'Cause he was in World War II and all that.

TYLER
Ohhh. 'Cause that makes it okay.

FRANK
Maybe you should just go.

TYLER
No way. I want to meet your roommate.

FRANK
Grandfather.

TYLER
Right.

FRANK
Whatever. I'm just visiting. Look, he
can't see real good. So if he says
anything, just, I dunno, pretend
you're Italian or something.

TYLER
Okay.

BILL FOWLER, 84, but looks 60, with a tucked in flannel shirt
and thick glasses, opens the door as far as the chain will go
and sticks a gun through the gap.

BILL
Who the hell's jimmying my door?

FRANK
It's me, Frank. Don't shoot. Christ.

Bill lowers the gun.

BILL
Humph. Why in the hell were you
leaving the door open like a buncha
dumb Pollocks?

FRANK
I'm sorry.

BILL
I thought it was a shakedown.

Bill opens the door. Frank and Tyler walk in.

CUT TO:

INT. BILL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bill Throws the gun in the walker basket next to a tallboy beer.

BILL
Come on in, ya dingbats. Got another postcard from your folks.

FRANK
Oh yeah? Where are they now?

Bill lifts a postcard with the picture of a bikini-clad woman from his basket and reads.

BILL
"Greetings from Saint Martin. Wish you were her." Damn coconut monkeys can't even afford good spelling.

FRANK
Sounds like they're having fun.

Bill uses his walker to get to an easy chair.

BILL
Yeah, lots of it. And I'm stuck baby-sitting you.

FRANK
I don't need baby-sitting.

Bill sits down and squints at Tyler.

BILL
Francis!

FRANK
Yeah?

BILL
You bring a Jap into my home?

FRANK
Who? Tyler? Grandpa, Tyler's Italian. Right?

TYLER
(in Italian accent)
Uh, that's-ah right-oh. Me and-ah
Frank are a very good-ah friends-ah.

FRANK
(to Tyler)
What are you doing?

TYLER
(to Frank)
You said Italian.

FRANK
(to Tyler)
Not fresh-off-the-boat, dumbass.

BILL
Italian, huh? That's almost as bad. I
fought with as many "eye-thais" as
against. You got a last name?

TYLER
(in Italian accent)
Uh...Macaroni.

FRANK
Tyler gave me a ride home from work.

BILL
Man your age ought to have a car.

FRANK
I wish I did. I'd get out more.

BILL
Me too. You could take me to the
store. Mr. Macaroni, how about you
take me to the store.

FRANK
Tyler can't be driving you around.
He's not your chauffeur.

BILL
No, he's yours.

TYLER
(in Italian accent)
I don't ah-mind.

BILL
See? He doesn't mind.

Bill stands up.

BILL (CONT'D)
Put my gun away while I get my coat.

Bill walks to his bedroom.

FRANK
Dude, what the hell?

TYLER
I panicked. Sorry. You try being fake Italian.

CUT TO:

INT. COSTCO STORE - DAY

Frank helps Bill onto a store scooter.

BILL
I hate these store scooters. It was bad enough sharing them with every other gray hair in town.

Tyler and Frank follow Bill on his scooter.

BILL (CONT'D)
Now you see all these damn fatties on them. Riding around to get food to make them more fat so they have to ride around more. It's senseless.

A fat man on a scooter beside Frank frowns.

FRANK
Some people have conditions.

Bill stops.

BILL
Son, I have conditions. Throwing a donut in your mouth every time you open it isn't a condition.

Bill scooters down an aisle with a cardboard display which he unknowingly knocks over. Frank picks up the display.

TYLER

(in Italian accent)

It's-a true. Some people they have-a the thyroid.

A woman shopper looks at Tyler oddly after hearing him speak.

BILL

Spaghetti, I liked you better when you didn't talk.

TYLER

(to Frank)

How much longer do I have to keep this up?

FRANK

(to Tyler)

You were the one that wanted to drive him. I try not to take him anywhere. It's my gift to the world.

BILL

I've got some business to take care of. You ladies find me a decent can of coffee. And something domestic. I'm not paying the border jumpers in two countries.

Bill scooters over to the deli counter where a group of Hungarian butchers are stocking a display.

FRANK

He's unbelievable, right?

TYLER

I dunno, man. Your grandad's pretty cool. Once you get past the hostility, racism, assault with a deadly weapon...

Bill startles the butchers. They run to get him items as he gestures. Frank picks out some coffee.

FRANK

Yeah. He's like Stephen Hawking. Brilliant, but he brings his shit wherever he goes.

TYLER

He's definitely the most memorable roommate you've had.

FRANK

Ease up on the roommate stuff. If the home finds out I'm living there we can get in a bunch of trouble.

TYLER

At least you can use him to game on girls.

FRANK

No way, dude. Girls aren't down to bang at the old folks' home.

TYLER

You mean girls aren't down to bang cause you smell like an old folks' home.

FRANK

Still? I used some deodorant.

TYLER

I think the place is rubbing off on you, dude.

FRANK

Damn it.

TYLER

Hey. What's your grandad doing?

Bill is shouting inaudibly as the butchers cower. A Hungarian stocker hisses at Frank and Tyler from the next aisle through a gap in the boxes of products.

STOCKER

Pssst. Pssst. You there.

FRANK

Hello?

STOCKER

You are the ones with Costco Soeshay, yes?

TYLER

Who's Costco Sushi?

The stocker motions towards Bill.

FRANK
You mean Bill?

STOCKER
No. Costco Soeshay.

FRANK
What are you talking about?

STOCKER
Years ago, he comes in and order Soeshay as always. But this day he demands refund because he got sick. We say no. And Costco Soeshay, he makes phone call and almost everyone loses work visa.

FRANK
Bill did this?

STOCKER
Then he goes after our families and their visas. Our kids. Wives. Parents. Now he comes in here and takes whatever he wants.

FRANK
There's no way.

STOCKER
Beware, my friend. The greatest trick the Devil ever did was convincing the world he didn't exist.

Bill startles Frank and Tyler.

BILL
Who the hell you Nancys talking to?

Frank looks back through the shelves to the next aisle. The stocker is gone.

FRANK
No one. Just waiting for you.

BILL
Find my coffee yet?

FRANK
Yep. Got some Costco blend right here. More expensive though.

BILL

Doesn't matter. I talked to the manager and what do you know? My sushi's on the house so I'm up for the day. Let's go.

Bill reverses the scooter and unknowingly knocks over a tall display of cans onto the stocker. Bill continues to get in line.

STOCKER

Ahhh!

Frank and Tyler run to the stocker who is screaming and bleeding.

FRANK

Oh my God! Are you all right?

STOCKER

Look at me!

The butchers run over to comfort the stocker.

BUTCHER #1

What happen?

STOCKER

Costco Soeshay.

BUTCHER #2

Costco Soeshay do this?

STOCKER

Costco...Soeshay!

The stocker passes out. Frank and Tyler are stunned. Bill scoots by them.

BILL

Today, boys.

CUT TO:

INT. TYLER'S 1993 FORD - AFTERNOON

Tyler drives and Bill rides shotgun. Frank is in the back.

FRANK
Grampa, we should go back. I think you
really hurt that guy.

BILL
What guy?

FRANK
The stocker guy.

BILL
The immigrant? Franky, how many times
do I have to tell you: immigrants
aren't people.

FRANK
There was a bone coming through his
arm.

BILL
I don't know what you're talking
about.
(beat)
Macaroni?

Tyler doesn't respond. Frank nudges Tyler.

TYLER
(in Italian accent)
Uh, yes-uh, Mistah Fowler.

BILL
Pull into that pharmacy real quick.
It's on the way.

TYLER
(in Italian accent)
Bellissimo, Mr. Fowler. What-ah ever
you say.

FRANK
(to Tyler)
Dude!

TYLER
(to Frank)
I panicked again. This isn't easy.

BILL

I know you boys are ready to get home. It really was nice of you to help out an old goat today. Look, just pull up to the drive-through. I'll make this quick.

Tyler pulls to the pharmacy drive thru.

BILL (CONT'D)

I'll take three hundred bucks' worth of Plan B.

The pharmacy tech looks shocked.

BILL (CONT'D)

Ha! I'm kiddin'. I need to pick up my prescription.

Bill hands a card to Tyler who hands it through the window.

PHARMACY TECH

Mr. Holloway? I thought Mr. Holloway had passed away.

FRANK

Holloway?

BILL

Son, I look dead to you?

PHARMACY TECH

Umm, no, sir.

BILL

Then give me my damn prescription.

PHARMACY TECH

Okay. I just need to check with the pharmacist.

BILL

Is that how you handle all your work? Make someone else do it?

PHARMACY TECH

Umm, no.

BILL

Then act like you were born with something swinging in your shorts and do it.

PHARMACY TECH
Okay. Just a minute. Here you go.

The pharmacy tech hands a bag to Tyler. Inside the store, the pharmacist walks by.

PHARMACIST
Whose medication is that?

PHARMACY TECH
Mr. Holloway's.

PHARMACIST
Mr. Holloway died. What's going on here?

BILL
(to Tyler)
Drive.

TYLER
What?

BILL
Drive!

Bill stomps on Tyler's foot and the car lurches forward. They speed off as the pharmacist leans out of the window yelling.

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. TYLER'S 1993 FORD - AFTERNOON

Tyler pushes Bill with his right arm.

TYLER
What're you doing?

BILL
Stop squealing. You're fine.

Bill takes his foot off the accelerator.

FRANK
You're not Mr. Holloway!

BILL
It's a good thing, too. They're
puttin' him in the ground today.

TYLER
(in Italian accent)
You-ah stole this man's-ah
prescription?

FRANK
Yeah, his best friend's. Grampa, what
the hell?

BILL
Of course I did. He ain't using it.
That's the whole reason you have
friends. To use their stuff and have
an excuse to drink.

FRANK
That's not friendship. If you were his
friend, you'd be at his funeral right
now.

BILL
Why the hell would I go to his
funeral? He sure as hell ain't coming
to mine!

FRANK
Turn around, Tyler.

BILL

What!

FRANK

We're going back and returning this stuff.

BILL

Fine. Send your friend to jail.

TYLER

What?

BILL

Yeah, he's the wheel man to this little heist.

FRANK

You stole the drugs.

BILL

No, Mr. Macaroni here reached for them and then sped off. That's what the police will see.

TYLER

(in Italian accent)

Holy stromboli, Frank. He's-ah right.

FRANK

(to himself)

Costco Soeshay.

CUT TO:

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Frank and Tyler get out of the car. Bill gets out and opens his walker.

BILL

Good job today, boys. You're one hell of a wheel man, Mr. Macaroni. Francis?

FRANK

I'm not talking to you.

Tyler gets two bags of groceries from the trunk.

BILL

You're my grandson. Not my wife.

FRANK

Yeah, what would Gramma think of you today?

BILL

Well that depends on the year. In '85 she would've been irked. In '05, she would've been too busy tryin' to plug the cat into the wall.

Tyler holds the building door open. Bill's walker falls over.

FRANK

Serves you right.

BILL

Come on now, Franky. Hand me my walker.

FRANK

No.

BILL

Francis!

FRANK

No. I'm sick of you manipulating people. Especially me. Do it yourself.

BILL

I will, damn it.

Bill falls scraping his knees.

TYLER

We need some help out here!

Frank goes to Bill's side as Ellen and a large female orderly race out to bill.

FRANK

Grampa, are you okay?

BILL

Thought you weren't talking to me.

ELLEN

What happened?

BILL
He kicked my walker out from under me.

ELLEN
You did what?

FRANK
He's lying!

BILL
Oh, the pain's terrible!

ELLEN
Just try to relax, Mr. Fowler. We'll have you all patched up in a second.

BILL
(to female orderly)
Thank you, big fella. You're a strong one. Ya must've been a terror on some offensive line in your day.

Female orderly grimaces.

BILL (CONT'D)
(to Ellen)
And thank you, ladybug. You're an angel.

Bill winks at Frank. Ellen and the large female orderly help Bill into a wheelchair and wheel him inside.

ELLEN
Of course, Mr. Fowler.

FRANK
Yes. Thank you.

ELLEN
You have to watch them on the asphalt out here. They trip easily.

FRANK
It happened so quick. I always look out for him.

BILL
Bullshit. He's the one that tripped me.

FRANK
You dropped your walker.

BILL
And you left me. Same thing.

ELLEN
Both of you, settle down. Let's get
inside.

CUT TO:

INT. BILL'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Ellen tends to Frank's Knees. Tyler sets down the groceries.

BILL
Ouch. Ouch. Ouch.

TYLER
Dude, I think I'm gonna get outta
here. I gotta get to my non-Italian
accent job.

FRANK
Thanks. And sorry about the weirdness.

TYLER
No worries. But don't expect me to
give him a ride anytime soon.

FRANK
I don't blame you.

Tyler leaves.

BILL
Ouch.

ELLEN
I know it hurts. Oh, I think these
pants are ruined. We need to get them
off.

BILL
Thought you'd never ask.

ELLEN
Settle down. I need to go get my
scissors, but I think I should just go
ahead and cut the legs off, okay?

BILL

For a beauty like you, I'd probably let you cut off my arms, too.

ELLEN

Oh, Mr. Fowler, don't worry. I'll just be cutting the cloth. And you'll have a new pair of shorts when I'm done.

BILL

Okay. Just don't cut 'em too short. You might glimpse something that'll ruin you for all the other boys.

ELLEN

Behave or I won't come back.

BILL

Hey now. Just 'cause I got some snow on the roof doesn't mean there's not some fire in the furnace.

Ellen laughs as she walks out.

FRANK

That's gotta be one saggy furnace. Ugh. What the hell am I even talking about?

BILL

Ha. You're just jealous cause I just got more action than you've seen in a month.

FRANK

That's because I'm stuck taking care of you all the time.

BILL

I don't need taking care of.

FRANK

You're a wrecking ball. You almost killed that man at the grocery store...

BILL

Immigrant.

FRANK

You almost killed Tyler and me in the car.

BILL

Nah.

FRANK

And now you're all busted up. You need constant help.

BILL

Like you don't need help? You're the one who needed a place to stay. Now all of a sudden you're too good to help out Grampa.

FRANK

No. It's just really one sided. You need to think of other people.

BILL

I do. That's why I called in a favor and got you an interview at Channel 7.

FRANK

What? Really?

BILL

Yeah. Ran into a buddy of mine who retired from there. He's still got a few friends. Said you should come down sometime today.

FRANK

Today? It's three o'clock!

BILL

Then you better hurry.

FRANK

Why didn't you tell me sooner?

BILL

Then I wouldn't have gotten to do my errands.

Frank steps in the bathroom and looks in the mirror.

FRANK

I need to get dressed. How in the heck am I going to get there?

BILL

Settle down. First, go in my closet and get a tie. Always dress for the job you want.

FRANK

Okay.

Frank runs to the closet and pushes clothes aside.

BILL

Then call Macaroni back for a ride.

FRANK

He left for work.

BILL

Alright, then you can take my scooter.

FRANK

I don't think so.

BILL

Don't worry. It'll make it there and back.

Frank comes back out holding an old tie.

FRANK

But what if you need something? What if you can't make it to the bathroom?

BILL

Son, I'm wearing my bathroom.

FRANK

Thanks.

BILL

You're welcome. Now piss off.

CUT TO:

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY

Frank scooters out the door, tie in hand, and almost hits Ellen.

ELLEN

Whoa.

FRANK

Oh. Sorry.

ELLEN

You're just as bad as your grandfather on that thing.

FRANK

I know. Sorry.

ELLEN

You headed out on a date?

FRANK

Huh? Oh, no. No. He just wanted me to check on some noise it's making.

Frank bounces on the scooter seat.

ELLEN

See? You are a sweetheart.

FRANK

I guess a little bit, yeah. Thanks for looking out for him.

ELLEN

It's why I'm here.

FRANK

I know. He's just a lot of work is all. And then you've seen how he acts. I mean, I didn't sign up to be his nurse.

(beat)

No offense. You have a noble profession. Sorry.

ELLEN

Don't worry about it.

FRANK

I should let you get to his...

ELLEN

Yeah.

FRANK

Thanks again.

ELLEN

Sure.

Ellen walks in Bill's apartment. Frank watches. Then accelerates fast.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - AFTERNOON

Frank scooters along the sidewalk and passes the fat man on a scooter from Costco on a bench. The man frowns.

CUT TO:

INT. STATION MANAGER'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

NEAL WATZMAN, 55, mustached and burnt out, stares at Frank in silence.

NEAL

Does it smell in here to you?

FRANK

I don't think so.

NEAL

Smells like...medicine cabinets. And attics.

(beat)

So you want to get into the news, eh?

FRANK

Yes. Well, not be in it. Report it.

NEAL

Yeah? Some say there's not much difference.

FRANK

In what?

NEAL

Reporting the news and being the news. If a man gets murdered at City Hall and we cover it, it's a story. But If the same murder happens in China, and we don't cover it, does it happen?

FRANK

Well, he's dead.

NEAL

Right you are, Captain Literal. But do people here know about it?

FRANK

No.

NEAL

And do you know why we didn't cover it?

FRANK

China's too far away?

NEAL

Exactly. No one back here gives a damn. You have to find the local angle. Lesson one: no proximity, no story. Think about that.

DAN WASHBURN, 38, a handsome and polished anchor, enters the room holding a disk.

DAN

Hey, Neal, I just got it. Bam!

NEAL

Got what?

DAN

Security footage from the Costco accident. I say you lead with it.

(beat)

What smells like ointment?

NEAL

Put it in. This'll be a good lesson for our aspiring broadcaster here. Dan, this is Frank.

Dan walks to the tv.

DAN
Hey.

FRANK
Hi.

Dan Inserts the disc. It plays.

DAN
This is great. Some old guy rams the display and it crushes this Hungarian stocker.

The black and white footage shows bill on his Scooter. Frank eyes the scooter parked outside the window.

NEAL
Hungarian. White guy?

DAN
Yeah.

NEAL
Too bad he's white. We could've pulled the whole race element in. Might have gotten picked up somewhere.

DAN
Well, I'm sure he's suing. This thing reeks of workplace negligence.

FRANK
Can you see the scooter guy's face?

DAN
No. But check this out. I had them edit in someone's camera-phone footage of the victim up close.

The TV screen shows the stocker screaming.

STOCKER (V.O.)
Costco...Soeshay!

NEAL
Look at that employee loyalty. Bone sticking out and he still has sense to plug the week's special.

DAN
So we can lead with it?

NEAL

I don't see why not. Lesson two for you, Frank: if it bleeds, it leads.

DAN

That's also why our two anchors are women.

NEAL

Easy, Dan.

DAN

I'm just saying. If I keep bringing you hot ones like this, you got to put me at the desk.

NEAL

Noted. Now get the hell out of here.

DAN

I gotta go anyway. I'm following this Medicare fraud story. Apparently some guy's been driving off at pharmacies after slipping them bogus IDs. It's like an old folks crime wave.

Frank shifts nervously.

NEAL

Great. Just get this out of editing in time for the six o'clock.

Dan walks out the door.

NEAL (CONT'D)

So what do you think?

FRANK

It's all really interesting stuff.

NEAL

Yeah? Good. I like you, Frank. Something about you strikes me as...
(inhales)
...responsible. I'll start you off as an intern in the editing room on weekends. Sound good?

FRANK

Sounds great.

NEAL

Good. I'll see you Saturday at 6 a.m.
In the meantime, see if you can't find
a tie that was made after the moon
landing.

FRANK

Will do. Thanks.

Frank Walks out the door. Neal keeps sniffing.

NEAL

Hmmm? Wet Wipes and...peroxide?

FADE OUT:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. NEWS STATION - AFTERNOON

Frank walks out of the news station, sees dan, and hides. Dan is smoking by bill's scooter. Dan gets in a van and leaves. Frank scooters away.

CUT TO:

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - EVENING

Frank scooters to Bill who is sitting on a bench with a radio in his walker basket.

FRANK

Hi, Grampa.

BILL

How'd it go?

FRANK

Really good. I got an internship. I start Saturday.

BILL

That's great, son.

FRANK

You been out here long?

BILL

Kinda lost track. Mailman came. Then some family came to look at the place so I told them it was full.

FRANK

Controlling overpopulation?

BILL

I like to put my feet up.

FRANK

Put some new pants on, I see.

BILL

I didn't want to be bothered. You get the tiniest scratch here and it's the talk of the whole damned town. Couldn't get the zipper so I just stapled it.

FRANK

Ha ha. Seems like a waste of good pants.

BILL

Nah. It's not too bad. Plus, it's fun when the nurse has to take them off.

Bill smiles. Frank laughs.

BILL (CONT'D)

See, I'm not as helpless as you make out.

FRANK

No. You're pretty determined. I like that about you. You're not all fuzzy like most people here.

BILL

The day I get that way, I'm counting on you to smother me.

FRANK

I have to wait that long?

BILL

Ha! Just remember who has the gun in the house. Listen, Francis, I thought about it and I got used to acting pretty selfishly around here before you showed up. That's not easy for me to admit.

FRANK

I appreciate that.

BILL

And I'll try and be a little more thoughtful.

FRANK

And stop stealing?

BILL

On my honor.

FRANK

Yeah? Where'd the radio come from?

BILL

Storage.

FRANK

It says property of Gerald Holloway on it.

BILL

I'm storing it for him. In case they find a cure for death.

FRANK

Fair enough. Let's get you inside. I don't think your scooter should be out here in the open.

CUT TO:

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - EVENING

Frank signs in at the front desk. Bill scooters.

KELLY

Hello there, Mr. Fowler.

BILL

Hey, Kelly. My, you sure look fine this evening.

KELLY

Oh, Mr. Fowler, I'm on to you. I know you say that to all the girls.

BILL

Sure I do. But I only mean it when I say it to you.

Frank winces.

KELLY

You're too much. This your grandson?

BILL
Yeah, when he's not acting like my
granddaughter.

KELLY
Well, he's a cutie too. I can tell
there's some good genes in your
family.

Frank grimaces.

BILL
Yeah, but they don't make 'em like the
original anymore.

KELLY
Oh, you get out of here, Mr. Fowler.
Have a good night, baby.

Frank and Bill walk down the hall.

BILL
That Kelly. Boy, she really gets me
going. Just something about her.

FRANK
You're kidding, right?

INT. RETIREMENT HOME BY THE LOUNGE

They pass a lounge and Frank runs into Ellen. Bill scooters
on down the hall.

ELLEN
Hey again.

FRANK
Hi.

ELLEN
They're going to have to start
charging you rent around here.

Frank laughs nervously.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
I'm kidding. Hey, how did your
interview go? Sorry...your grandfather
told me.

FRANK

It went...well. Got the job.

A news promo of the security tape of Bill is on a TV behind Ellen.

ELLEN

That's great! So I'll be seeing your face on TV soon?

FRANK

Maybe so.

Frank snatches the remote from a coffee table and changes the channel. A near-comatose resident on the couch doesn't flinch. Ellen looks puzzled.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Sorry. Competing station.

ELLEN

Ha. I gotcha.

Bill yells from down the hall.

BILL

You comin' or not?

FRANK

I gotta go. Listen, thanks again for today.

ELLEN

Anytime.

FRANK

See ya around.

ELLEN

I'm sure you will.

Frank jogs up to Bill.

FRANK

Grampa, you need to watch the news when we get in. You might wanna lay low for a while.

BILL

Don't worry about me.

FRANK

Still, maybe you shouldn't scooter out for a bit.

BILL

Ah, if you say so, Francis.

CUT TO:

INT. BILL'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Frank turns on the TV.

FRANK

I want you to watch this.

BILL

Alright, alright. Just let me get a beer first.

FRANK

You're missing it.

BILL

Hold on.

The news shows the pharmacy tech being led into a police car. Dan narrates.

DAN (V.O.)

A local pharmacy worker was arrested today on fraud charges. Security footage shows him handing pills over to an accomplice who then flees the scene.

FRANK

Hey, Grampa. Come here.

BILL

I'm coming, damn it.

Frank looks in the kitchen and sees bill reaching for a top shelf. Bill jumps and grabs a bag of chips. Frank is stunned. another news story shows the profile picture of the injured stocker.

DAN (V.O.)

A sad update this evening as medical personnel say that the local Costco employee who was injured in a freak accident earlier today has slipped into a coma. The stocker was crushed when an unstable display of canned goods was bumped by a store patron. Authorities are still looking into the incident, but details are being withheld until the employee's family can be notified.

Frank looks at the screen wide-eyed.

FRANK

(to himself)
Costco Soeshay.

Bill appears at Frank's side.

BILL

You want some? I've got plenty in the fridge.

Bill cracks a beer and swills it. Then smiles at Frank.

FADE OUT:

THE END