

NORTHERN BURRITOS

written by

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"NORTHERN BURRITOS"

FADE IN:

EXT. GOLDEN YEARS HOME - DAWN

The morning sun peeks over the roof of a snow-covered Victorian mansion nestled in the forest. Harsh winds blast falling snowflakes into the weathered siding.

A sign posted in the front yard reads: "GOLDEN YEARS ASSISTED LIVING: The perfect place to end your life."

A heroic-size bronze statue of man dressed in a US Army Cavalry uniform is in the f.g. A bulldozer rolls in and knocks it off its pedestal into a snow bank.

MUFFLED VOICE (O.S.)  
Nooooooooooooooooo!

EXT. MAZDA LAPUTA - DAWN

A micro-mini is parked on the street within spitting distance of Golden Years. Coming from the car:

MUFFLED VOICE  
Nooooooooooooooooo!

INT. MAZDA LAPUTA - CONTINUOUS

FRANK CZARNOBISKI (early 20s), in a white uniform and parka, bangs his forehead hard against the steering wheel over and over.

FRANK  
Nooooooooooooooooo!

VOICE IN HIS HEAD (V.O.)  
Might as well give up, Frank.  
You'll fail at this like you've  
failed at everything else...

FRANK  
Nooooooooooooooooo!

VOICE IN HIS HEAD (V.O.)  
You always try your best - 'your  
best' being the optimal words here.  
Not good enough. Not good enough  
by a long shot...

FRANK  
Nooooooooooooooooo!

VOICE IN HIS HEAD (V.O.)  
(sighs)  
How long have we done this? Give  
it up, numbnuts...

FRANK  
Nooooooooooooooooo!

VOICE IN HIS HEAD (V.O.)  
Stop saying that! God, do you know  
how sick I am of these one-sided  
conversations? Me doing all the  
talking and you sitting there:  
(mimics)  
'Nooooooooooooooooo! Nooooooooooooooooo!  
Nooooooooooooooooo! Nooooooooooooooooo!'

FRANK  
Nooooooooooooooooo!

VOICE IN HIS HEAD (V.O.)  
Oh, for the love of...stop already!  
(beat)  
That's it, I'm outta here...

Frank dips into his front shirt pocket and yanks out a prescription bottle. He dry-swallows a couple pills, extends his fingers and watches them shake.

FRANK  
I can do this...I can do this...

VOICE IN HIS HEAD (V.O.)  
(singsong)  
No...you...caaaaaan't...

FRANK  
Nooooooooooooooooo!

Frank dives from the car and races up the icy sidewalk - falls on his ass a couple times.

FRANK  
Dammit!

He reaches the doorway and bursts into the lobby of Golden Years.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

It is very warm and quaint - a typical old folks home.

FIVE RESIDENTS hover near a window in mid-ruckus, watching the bulldozer in the yard.

RESIDENT #1  
Just what in blazes do they think  
they're doing?

RESIDENT #2  
Making a damn fine mess of things,  
if you ask me!

CLYDE VALENZUELA (early 20s), Filipino, dressed in a white uniform like Frank's, approaches him. Frank does his best to compose himself. Clyde extends his hand and:

CLYDE  
Heeeeeeyyyyy...Frank Starnobski,  
right?

Frank shakes his hand, jerks his arm back.

FRANK  
Um, Frank Czarnobiski, actually.

CLYDE  
Riiiiiiigt...yeah, okay. I'm Clyde  
Valenzuela. I've been here awhile,  
so if you need anything...fuckin'  
bother somebody else! He he, just  
fuckin' with you. But seriously -  
don't bother me!

Clyde punches him in the shoulder - Frank gives him a good-natured smile.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
He he, I'm fuckin' with you again.  
(beat)  
Seriously, don't bother me.

FRANK  
(laughs)  
Got it, don't bother you!

Clyde stares at him. Frank Swallows.

FRANK  
Right, don't bother you.

Awkward silence. Frank points to the residents at the window.

FRANK

So, what's going on over there?

CLYDE

Oh, the old geezers are bent out of shape about that stupid statue. Wanna see 'em wig out? Change something.

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN (early 90's) is eavesdropping. He hustles over to the two men and taps Frank on the shoulder.

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN

He's wrong, young fella. That's more than just some 'stupid statue.' That's Feigling Angstmann, defender of the Alamo - a true Minnesota hero!

FRANK

Oh, yeah? Never heard of him.

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN

Never...what? Where the hell've you been - buried under a pile of horse crap?

FRANK

Close...Detroit. I just moved here, sir.

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN

That figures! Another idiot! It's a tragedy, I tell ya! A disgrace!

CLYDE

Okay, Mr. Etternavnsen, you need to calm down. Remember what the doctor said: 'Too much excitement and you'll end up flat on your back like a hooker on nickel night at the cathouse.'

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN

Make me, you Filipino ladyboy!

Clyde puts the screaming geriatric in a headlock and leads him over to a recliner. He whips out a syringe and injects several cc's of a mystery drug into the flailing man's neck.

Clyde watches the old man nod off, then ambles back over to Frank, a big grin on his face.

CLYDE  
Sleepy time!

FRANK  
Is that...I mean...

CLYDE  
Lesson number one: Don't take any shit. You gotta show them who's in charge, bro. Give an inch and the next thing you know you're bent over - pants around your ankles getting one broke off in your ass.

FRANK  
What are you talking about?

CLYDE  
Some staff like to get all buddy-buddy... big mistake, dude. This is a war zone - us against them. You need to choose a side...there's no fence-sitting here. Are you a fence-sitter, Frank?

FRANK  
What? No, I'm not a fence-sitter.

CLYDE  
Because you can't sit on the fence, bro. You need to pick a side.

FRANK  
I'm not a fence-sitter!

MS. ORTEGA (early 40s) enters the lobby and claps her hands at the residents by the window.

MS. ORTEGA  
Okay, ladies and gentlemen, the show's over. Hillary is serving Very Berry Strawberry Kool-aid and veggie breakfast burritos in the dining room. Hustle along now!

RESIDENT #1  
What the hell is a burrito?

A line of grumbling residents shuffles through the lobby and into the corridor. Ms. Ortega approaches Frank and Clyde.

MS. ORTEGA

I'm Ms. Ortega, the Golden Years Administrator. Have you ever worked with the elderly population before?

FRANK

No.

MS. ORTEGA

Hmm. Well, Doctor Wellesley thought this would be a good fit ...so we'll see.

FRANK

Yes, he seemed to think this was a good idea.

Ms. Ortega rubs her neck sensuously, breathes heavy.

MS. ORTEGA

What an amazing man. Poet, scholar, environmentalist and fantastic lover all rolled into one. Some say he's mad, a lunatic, but others might simply call that genius.

FRANK

I dunno about all that. He's just my doctor.

MS. ORTEGA

Tell me, why do you want to work here?

FRANK

I have a hard time with...  
 (switches gears)  
 I have a burning desire to give something back, to do something fulfilling...to help my fellow man.  
 (beat)  
 And woman. Women. And men. Men and women.

MS. ORTEGA

Uh huh...

Mrs. Ortega stares at him for an ungodly long time, lost in thought. Frank waves his hand.

FRANK

Um, hello?

MS. ORTEGA

Clyde, why don't you introduce Frank to the residents he'll be working with, 'K? Then head over to the activity room for the meeting.

CLYDE

Will do, Ms. L. Come on, Frank. Here, give me your coat...

Frank slides his parka off and hands it to Clyde, who throws it onto the floor in the doorway. He pops a couple more pills and follows the Filipino into the

CORRIDOR

They walk by a frail man propped against a walker.

CLYDE

Good morning, Mr. Kitzler.

FRAIL MAN

What's good about it, nip?

CLYDE

(sighs)

I'm Filipino not Japanese, Mr. Kitzler. The correct term is 'flip.'

The two men continue down the hallway.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

What's your last name again?

FRANK

Czarnobiski.

CLYDE

What is that - Australian?

FRANK

Jewish...Polish, actually.

CLYDE

Oh boy, you're going to have lots of fun...

CUT TO:



INT. MR. LUTEFISKSEN'S ROOM - DAY

The room is typical of all the resident rooms: spacious with white walls, an adjoining private bathroom and a bay window with a view of the snow-covered forest.

MR. LUTEFISKSEN (late 70's), stands in front of an easel by the window, painting a picture of a tree. Clyde and Frank enter the room.

CLYDE

Mr. Lutefisksen, this is Frank, the new guy.

FRANK

Nice to meet you, sir.

CLYDE

You need to speak up.

FRANK

Nice to meet you, sir.

CLYDE

Louder.

FRANK

Nice to meet you sir!

(beat)

Nice to meet you, sir!

(screams into ear)

NICE TO MEET YOU, SIR!

MR. LUTEFISKSEN

Goddammit, shut the hell up! I heard you the first time, or can't you take a hint?

Frank peers around at the dozens of paintings on the floor surrounding the old man: all pictures of pine trees.

FRANK

Say, that's really neat. Pine trees, huh? Real neato stuff. Really, really...neato.

Mr. Lutefisksen continues painting. Frank reads some of the titles:

FRANK  
 "A study in Pine", "Green Pine  
 Tree", "Pine Tree Number 139",  
 Ooooooh, I like this one:  
 "Summertime Pine."

Frank stares at the back of the old man's head.

FRANK  
 Mr. Lutefisksen, would you like to  
 paint me sometime?

Mr. Lutefisksen stops painting, gives him a good once-over.

MR. LUTEFISKSEN  
 I don't know. Are you a pine tree?  
 Hmmm, I don't think so...you look  
 more like an asskissing little  
 punk. Which are you? A pine tree  
 or an asskisser?

A red-faced Frank looks away...

CUT TO:

INT. MRS. FREUDENHAUSER'S ROOM - DAY

Clyde is knocking on the adjoining bathroom door; Frank  
 stands with hands in pockets.

CLYDE  
 Mrs. Freudenhauser, come out of the  
 bathroom.

MRS. FREUDENHAUSER (O.S.)  
 In a minute, boys...I'm putting on  
 my face...

CLYDE  
 Word of warning: Never turn your  
 back on this one. Never. Got it?

Frank nods his head vigorously. The bathroom door opens and  
 Clyde jumps back into a defensive karate stance.

MRS. FREUDENHAUSER (80's) leans against the doorframe in a  
 suggestive pose. She is wearing a negligee from the JC  
 Penny spring catalog (circa 1949) and plastered in makeup  
 that would make a rodeo clown proud.

MRS. FREUDENHAUSER  
 Here I am, boys. Feast your eyes  
 on this...

CLYDE  
 (machine gun speed)  
 Mrs. Freudenhauser - Frank. Frank  
 - Mrs. Freudenhauser. Okay, bye.

Clyde drags a shocked Frank out the door by his collar.

CUT TO:

INT. HERR VERDREHT'S ROOM - DAY

The room is pitch black. Clyde and Frank slide through the doorway.

HERR VERDREHT (early 90's), a double leg amputee in a wheelchair, strikes a match, illuminates his face. He places the flame to the cigarette clenched in his teeth. A smile creeps across his twisted, skeletal features.

HERR VERDREHT  
 (German accent)  
 Welcome...

Clyde flips on the light, revealing walls covered in World War II Nazi memorabilia, a giant framed portrait of Adolf Hitler the centerpiece of the collection. The light also reveals the Luger resting in Herr Verdreht's lap.

Clyde studies Frank who is clearly agitated. An evil smile creeps across his face.

CLYDE  
 Guten tag, Herr Verdreht. I'd like  
 to introduce you to Frank  
 Starnobski. That's Starnobski with  
 a 'ski.'

FRANK  
 It's Czarnobiski.

HERR VERDREHT  
 Ah, Czarnobiski. Polish Jew. I  
 knew a few Polish Jews in my time.

FRANK  
 I bet. Fortunately, my great-  
 grandparents escaped Poland before  
 all the bloodshed.

HERR VERDREHT  
 (chuckles)  
 Ya, it was bloody, wasn't it? Good  
 times...good times...

FRANK

What?

CLYDE

Let's go. See you, Herr Verdreht.

Frank exits the room, followed by a grinning Clyde.

CLYDE

What's wrong? Did he say something?

FRANK

Nothing, forget it. Hey, how come they let that nut keep a pistol? Isn't there a law or something?

CLYDE

Probably...

MS. ORTEGA OVER INTERCOM (V.O)

Attention, residents and staff.  
Meeting in the Activity Room in five minutes. That is all.

CLYDE

Go 'head, dude. I'll grab your new kraut buddy.

Clyde twirls and heads back down the corridor, leaves a bewildered Frank standing there.

CUT TO:

INT. ACTIVITY ROOM - DAY

The room is overflowing with Mexican Fiesta decorations: Sombreros hang on walls, colorful streamers cascade from the ceiling, piñatas dangle from lamps, potted cacti everywhere, etc.

Ms. Ortega, TEN CAREGIVERS and FORTY OR SO RESIDENTS mill about. Ms. Ortega blows an obnoxiously loud whistle and:

MS. ORTEGA

Attention, everyone. The meeting has started. Okay, first I'd like to introduce myself...I'm Ms. Ortega, the new administrator. Although I've only been here a week, I feel like we're already family...

Blank stares from the residents.

MS. ORTEGA (CONT'D)

And now please help me welcome the newest staff members...

She points at Frank and TWO PIMPLY-FACED GUYS in their late teens: They all look like they would rather be somewhere else. Ms. Ortega claps her hands furiously.

MS. ORTEGA

Welcome to Golden Years, gentlemen. These men have dedicated their lives to making your last days as comfortable and happy as humanly possible, considering everything...

Some of the staff give half-hearted claps. Frank smiles, offers a meek wave.

FRANK

Thank you, everyone. I'm overwhelmed, really.

MS. ORTEGA

As you are all aware, today is the grand re-opening of Golden Years. I see a few happy new faces...

We see a few unhappy new faces.

MS. ORTEGA (CONT'D)

...so welcome to you as well.

(beat)

Are there any questions before we begin?

RESIDENT #1

Ya, what's with all the Mexican shit everywhere?

MS. ORTEGA

Mexico has an extremely vibrant and dynamic history...to help foster a new appreciation for my...their culture we're having a Cinco de Mayo party this afternoon.

RESIDENT #2

What the hell is that?

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN

Cinco de Mayo? It's January, for Christ's sake!

MS. ORTEGA

The date isn't important. What's important is this wonderful celebration of Mexican pride and heritage. Some of you seem to have the mistaken belief that only Germans and Norwegians live on this planet...

RESIDENT #2

Are there a lot of Mexicans in Minnesota? I've never met one. I've met a lot of Canadians - why don't you decorate it Canadian?

MRS. FREUDENHAUSER

What do you do at a Mexican party?

MS. ORTEGA

I'm so glad you asked. Mexican fiestas are very exciting. We break piñatas, play games with Mexican beans...

Blank stares from the residents. Ms. Ortega struggles:

MS. ORTEGA

...I...oh, Mr. Happy GoLucky is making a special appearance to play some wonderful Mariachi music. I know you all love him...

Groans.

MS. ORTEGA (CONT'D)

...and we're going to kick it all off with an arts & crafts contest ...so finish up those beautiful projects you've all been diligently working on.

MRS. FREUDENHAUSER

What's the prize?

MS. ORTEGA

First prize is a brand new puzzle with a picture of some cute kitties in a basket of yarn. But remember, you are all winners!

Mrs. Freudenhauser blows raspberries.

MR. LUTEFISKSEN

If we're all winners then why don't you just give us all a puzzle and skip the stupid contest?

MS. ORTEGA

It's not the prize that matters, sir. It's the fact that you all need to participate, to show community spirit.

MR. LUTEFISKSEN

Says you.

MS. ORTEGA

Any other questions?

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN

Ya, why did you knock down Feigling Angstmann's statue?

MS. ORTEGA

The Alamo is a very controversial subject, Mr. Etternavnsen. And controversy is not conducive to a happy life.

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN

It's a tragedy, I tell ya! A disgrace!

MS. ORTEGA

Moving on. Does anyone else have something they'd like to ask?

RESIDENT #3

Ya, does that mean we have eat Mexican crap now?

MR. LUTEFISKSEN

What's the deal with that slop we had for breakfast?

MS. ORTEGA

(extremely irritated)

Mexican food is much healthier than the - eghh - rakfisk, bratwurst and sauerkraut you've been somehow surviving on. In fact, I've gotten rid of all that other wretched... 'food' and am introducing Mexican cuisine into your diet.

Angry outbursts and murmuring from the crowd.

MS. ORTEGA (CONT'D)

Look, you ingrates, I'm trying my best to cast a ray of sunshine on your dull, miserable lives. Anyone who doesn't like it can just leave for all I care!

She claps her hands over her mouth. Now all the residents smile.

MS. ORTEGA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Just...oh geez, excuse me...

The flustered administrator hustles out of the activity room. Clyde saunters over to Frank.

CLYDE

Now's your chance, man. Sure you don't want quit and go home?

Frank tries to stare into his eyes, looks at his feet.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR/PHARMACY - DAY

Clyde and Frank stop by a counter window with a sign over it that reads: "PHARMACY." A rotund woman stands beside the bare shelves, writing on a clipboard.

CLYDE

This is the good shit right here. OxyContin, Vicodin, Ketamine, Nembutal - the works. Score a shift behind the counter and, you know, you score.

Clyde nudges Frank and winks a few times. Frank gives him a blank stare. Clyde continues nudging him and winking. Frustrated:

CLYDE

You can steal the shit and get high.

FRANK

Ohhhhhhhh. Looks kinda bare in there.

CLYDE

Yeah, today's delivery day. Thank God too...if we don't keep these loonies doped up then...



Clyde sticks his tongue out, makes googly eyes and twirls his finger around his temple.

CLYDE  
Especially the psychotics and  
schizos. Don't get me started on  
them.

They walk further down the corridor and Clyde leads Frank through an open doorway into the

TV ROOM

TEN RESIDENTS are seated in recliners, staring like zombies at the 52" plasma TV in the corner broadcasting a gameshow; the volume is deafening.

CLYDE  
This is where the old codgers veg  
after their morning fix.

FRANK  
Drugs and TV? Seems kinda...

CLYDE  
I know...smart. The best way to  
deal with these fossils.

The TV goes dead quiet. A picture of a lightening bolt with the words "BREAKING NEWS" flashes on the screen.

MONOTONE VOICE (V.O.)  
We interrupt our previously  
scheduled program to bring you this  
breaking news...

The plastic face of a news anchor fills the screen.

NEWS ANCHOR  
Good morning. We've just been  
informed that a massive storm -  
which originated in the Gulf of  
Mexico and has been moving across  
the United States - is now pushing  
into Minnesota. This is one  
heckuva storm, folks. Now over to  
our weathergirl, Candy...

Candy, a matronly older woman, stands in front of a giant map of North America.

## WEATHERGIRL

This weather system named 'Una Madre de una Tormenta', roughly translated as 'One Mother of a Storm', started here in this mysterious foreign land called Mexico.

She points at Mexico on the map.

## WEATHERGIRL (CONT'D)

For those of you unfamiliar with it, Mexico is south of the U.S., or in layman's terms, 'down.' The storm moved north - or 'up' - and has been raging across the U.S. for several days. Back to you, Bob.

## NEWS ANCHOR

Thank you, Candy. Now we go live to Stan in Kiester, Minnesota.

A live video feed shows STAN with his microphone being slapped around by a horrendous snowstorm.

## NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

How's it going out there, Stan? Looks like she's really blowin', don't ya know.

## REPORTER

Yeah, she's blowin' all right, Bob. Gonna be a heckuva storm, if ya ask me.

## NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

You got that right, Stan. A heckuva storm.

## REPORTER

They've closed all major roads - police have advised everyone to stay indoors. The storm's heading northwest, so if you haven't been hit yet, I figure you'll see it in the next couple hours or so - that's my opinion, anyway.

A blast of icy wind and snow sends the reporter flying O.S. The video feed goes dead. The news anchor is now on the screen.

NEWS ANCHOR

Stan? Stan? Looks like we lost Stan.

(chuckles)

Okay, then. Like he said folks: 'A heckuva storm...'

CLYDE

Shit.

FRANK

What?

CLYDE

Kiester's only a few miles from here. You've never been through a real Minnesota snowstorm, have you?

FRANK

No, why?

CLYDE

Get ready to have you cherry popped, bro.

INT. MR. LUTEFISKSEN'S ROOM - DAY

Frank knocks on the door and enters. The room is empty; light from the bathroom falls across the floor.

FRANK

Mr. Lutefisksen? Mr. Lutefisksen?  
Hello, sir...?

MR. LUTEFISKSEN (O.S.)

(from bathroom)

Is that you, Fred? Get in here and help me!

Frank races into the

BATHROOM

and stops in horror. Mr. Lutefisksen is bent over, his feces-smearred, wrinkled bare ass aimed at the doorway. Frank, eyes bulging, slams his back against the bedroom wall.

MR. LUTEFISKSEN (O.S.)

I saw you, you little bastard. Get back in here and clean this up!

Frank slips a shaky hand into his shirt pocket and retrieves his pill bottle. He dry-swallows a couple more tablets, steels himself and walks back into the

BATHROOM

FRANK

What...happened?

MR. LUTEFISKSEN

Oh, I don't know...it's a real mystery. I'm truly stumped...a real thinker, this one. I shit myself, you jackass!

FRANK

Okay, okay. Let's not panic. Whatever you do, don't move. Please, don't move...

Frank slips on a pair of rubber gloves, raises his hands in the air and slides over to the toilet. It is completely packed with fecal matter and paper.

FRANK

Oh God. Don't you ever flush?

MR. LUTEFISKSEN

What, and waste water? Haven't you ever heard the saying, 'If it's brown, squirts out like Jell-O, do not flush, let it mellow?'

Frank hits the flush lever. There is groan, air bubbles pop to the surface and the toilet overflows onto Frank's white sneakers.

FRANK

Aaaagggghh!

He scurries around Mr. Lutefisksen. The old man turns his ass in Frank's direction as he passes, leaving a long poop streak on his white pants leg.

FRANK

Dammit, I told you not to move!

MR. LUTEFISKSEN

Oooooops, I'm soooooo sorry.

Frank grabs a roll of toilet paper and hunkers down behind the gaping ass - wipes the cheeks.

FRANK

Sunuva...

MR. LUTEFISKSEN

Make sure you polish my starfish  
nice and shiny...so you can see  
your face in it. That's  
it...that's it...

Frank gags, keeps wiping.

MR. LUTEFISKSEN (CONT'D)

I have to ask myself, what kind of  
man would take a job wiping asses?  
Tell me, what do you think? Pretty  
pathetic, huh?

(beat)

Hey, you know what works great?  
Put your tongue in there and...

Frank jumps up, tosses the wad of toilet paper.

FRANK

That's it! Clean your own butt.  
I'm outta here!

MR. LUTEFISKSEN

What'd I say? Get back here!

Frank pulls off the rubber gloves and exits the bedroom into  
the

CORRIDOR

He bangs his forehead on the wall a few times. Clyde passes  
by, pushing an old woman in a wheelchair.

CLYDE

Better go check on Mrs.  
Freudenhauser, man. Remember what  
I told you...

CUT TO:

INT. MRS. FREUDENHAUSER'S ROOM - DAY

Frank knocks quietly on the door, cracks it open and peeks  
in. He clears his throat and:

FRANK

Mrs. Freudenhauser? It's me,  
Frank.

Frank slowly opens the door into the dark room. He steps in  
like he's entering a minefield, crosses the floor.

FRANK

Mrs. Freudenhauser? Mrs. Freud...

A Hummel figurine smashes the back of his head. His eyes cross and he drops face-first into the carpet.

Mrs. Freudenhauser locks his wrists behind his back with pink fur-covered handcuffs. She lays a huge porcelain vase across his back and pins him to the floor.

A dazed Frank looks up and gets an eyeful of the old lady, now decked out in a leather dominatrix outfit. She slaps a riding crop in her gloved palm.

MRS. FREUDENHAUSER

Well, well. Hello, Frank.

FRANK

(struggles)

What the hell...? Let me up!

She sticks a stiletto-heeled boot in his face.

MRS. FREUDENHAUSER

Lick it.

FRANK

Are you insane? No way.

MRS. FREUDENHAUSER

Lick it or you never get up.

FRANK

Look, I think they're having a pottery class in the activity room in a few minutes. Why don't you just...

MRS. FREUDENHAUSER

Pottery? Oh please, Frank. Did you know when I was a younger woman I toured with the Leather Cabaret? I made perfectly well adjusted men do things that would shock a death row inmate. Really, really sick stuff.

FRANK

Please let me go. I swear I won't tell anyone.

She slaps the riding crop on his ass, steps on his face.

MRS. FREUDENHAUSER  
Lick it, dog!

FRANK  
Okay, okay!

Frank licks the tip of her boot.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
There, you said you'd let me go.

Mrs. Freudenhauser kneels down next to the helpless caregiver.

MRS. FREUDENHAUSER  
And you believed me? That is so adorable...

FRANK  
What? Dammit, let me up!

The old dominatrix picks up a strap-on dildo and studies it.

MRS. FREUDENHAUSER  
Now - lube or no lube?

FRANK  
Nooooooooooooooooo!

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Frank hobbles out of Mrs. Freudenhauser's room, walks down the corridor like he's just finished a two hundred mile bike ride. Clyde watches him walk by, gives him an evil smile.

CLYDE  
Something wrong? You look...  
different somehow.

Frank flips him the bird, holds it as he passes by.

CUT TO:

INT. HERR VERDREHT'S ROOM -DAY

Frank opens the door without knocking and walks into the room. Herr Verdreht is in his wheelchair by the window, aiming a Luger at some invisible enemy in the woods.

FRANK  
Come on, Mr. Verdreht - bath time.

The ancient Nazi wheels around and grins.

HERR VERDREHT  
Ah, my young Jewish pollock friend.  
I thought I scared you off.

FRANK  
Nope, still here. Let's go.

Herr Verdreht aims the pistol at Frank and cocks it. Frank stiffens.

FRANK  
That's not loaded, is it?

HERR VERDREHT  
What do you think?

FRANK  
I think you need to put it down -  
now.

HERR VERDREHT  
I killed many people with this  
Luger. How many, you ask?  
No idea. You know, you point one  
of these at a woman and she'll do  
anything you want...anything.

FRANK  
That's pretty sick, Mr. Verdreht.

HERR VERDREHT  
What are you, a homosexual?

Herr Verdreht pulls the trigger. Click. Frank steps up and snags the gun out of his frail hands. He opens the window and tosses it into a snowbank.

FRANK  
Oops.

HERR VERDREHT  
You goddamned kike!

FRANK  
Let's get this over with.

CUT TO:



INT. HERR VERDREHT'S BATHROOM - DAY

A pruney Herr Verdreht is naked in the bathtub, water up to his chest. A rubber-gloved Frank scrubs his back, angry eyes locked on the old man.

VOICE IN HIS HEAD (V.O.)

Hi Frank. Me again. Listen, I know you're having a rough day, so I'm giving you a break. But I just had to say something here...

FRANK

What?

HERR VERDREHT

What?

VOICE IN HIS HEAD (V.O.)

This is way too good to pass up. Just look at him there...all helpless and stuff. Go on, shove his head under the water.

FRANK

No!

HERR VERDREHT

What?

VOICE IN HIS HEAD (V.O.)

Dammit, Frank, Listen to me for once in your miserable, pathetic life. Imagine how good it'd feel - think of the rush!

Frank scrubs the old German's back harder, faster, stares glassy-eyed. Now with less conviction:

FRANK

No...

HERR VERDREHT

What?

VOICE IN HIS HEAD (V.O.)

Think how much better off the world - your world - would be without him.

FRANK

I said no and I meant no. Now get out of my head!

HERR VERDREHT

What?

VOICE IN HIS HEAD (V.O.)

Have it your way, Frank...pussy!

Frank stands and drops the washcloth on the floor.

FRANK

Alright, time to get out.

HERR VERDREHT

You forgot to help me piss.

FRANK

What are you talking about? If you gotta pee...just go in the tub.

HERR VERDREHT

I can't piss on my own...I need one of those bags over there...

He points at the sink. Frank picks up a catheter tube attached to a plastic bag, studies it.

FRANK

This?

HERR VERDREHT

No, the toilet plunger. Ya, of course that. Stick it in.

FRANK

Stick it in...your penis?

HERR VERDREHT

No, my ear.

(beat)

We can play this game all day if you want or you can do your job.

FRANK

I've never done this before. Can't you...?

HERR VERDREHT

Get your ass down here and stick that hose in my cock!

Frank kneels down by the tub and slides the hose under the water, fiddles around for a few seconds.

HERR VERDREHT

What the hell are you doing?

FRANK

Give me a break here, I'm doing my best.

HERR VERDREHT

You can't get it in unless it's hard.

FRANK

What are you talking about?

HERR VERDREHT

You need to get me hard first and then slip it in.

FRANK

What? I'm not doing that! Can't you do it?

HERR VERDREHT

If I could do that do you think I'd be so frustrated all the time?

FRANK

No way! Absolutely not!

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

An ashen-faced Frank shuts Herr Verdreht's door behind him. He leans against the wall, pops two more pills. Clyde stands near the pharmacy sucking on a lollipop, watching him. He walks over.

CLYDE

Gotcha, huh? He's a sneaky bastard.

FRANK

What? Nothing happened in there!

CLYDE

Hey, relax. He suckers everybody at least once. Everybody.

(mimics)

'You need to get it hard!'

FRANK  
Really? Everybody? You?

CLYDE  
Nah, bro, not me. I'm no fag. See ya.

Clyde saunters away down the corridor. Frank beats the back of his head against the wall.

FRANK  
I should have killed him.

VOICE IN HIS HEAD (V.O.)  
Told you...

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Frank is by the front entrance. He slides his coat on and zips it up. Ms. Ortega and Clyde approach from the activity room.

MS. ORTEGA  
Just a minute, you! Where do you think you're going?

FRANK  
Listen, I tried and failed. I was looking for something low-stress and, frankly, this is the most stressful thing I've ever been through in my life. And I mean my entire life. Ever. Period.

MS. ORTEGA  
It's probably for the best.  
(beat)  
However, it's a shame you're going to miss the big surprise...

Ms. Ortega stares for another ungodly long time, again lost in thought. Frank folds his arms.

FRANK  
Hello? What is it?

The front entrance door crashes open and Frank jumps in the air, drops a deuce. Howling winds and snow blast in with a fury.

FRANK  
Jesus Christ!

MS. ORTEGA  
No, but close...

TWO SNOW-COVERED MEN wearing parkas are shoved in by the wind. One of the men carries a guitar case and trunk. The other man forces the door shut. They lower their hoods.

MS. ORTEGA  
Dr. Wellesley! What a pleasure.

DR. WELLESLEY (30's), too dashing for words (so I won't even try), glides across the floor and takes the administrator's hands in his frozen fingers.

DR. WELLESLEY  
Oh, Dominga. Parting is such sweet sorrow, but a rose by any other name...

MS. ORTEGA  
Oh my. I don't know where you come up with that stuff. Such a genius...  
(beat)  
Frank, this is the surprise!

FRANK  
(twirls finger)  
Whoopie. I'm still outta here.

The other man, HAPPY GOLUCKY (20's), Buddy Holly look alike, sets his luggage on the floor, blows on his hands and:

HAPPY GOLUCKY  
Sorry, compadre. You're not going anywhere. We barely made it here ourselves.

DR. WELLESLEY  
Yes, this is quite true, indeed. We would have been here sooner but I risked life and limb to help a stranded motorist and her newborn baby. I'll elaborate later, Dominga, over a fire and a glass of warm aguardiente?

MS. ORTEGA  
Oh my goodness! You saved a baby? Did you all hear that? He saved a baby!

CLYDE

Yeah, we all heard - couldn't help it.

DR. WELLESLEY

Well, saved is a little much. A more apt description would probably be 'rescued from tremendous peril.' Something along those lines.

MS. ORTEGA

And I see you brought Mr. Happy GoLucky along with you.

DR. WELLESLEY

Yes, he was performing for the children in the leprosy unit and mentioned that he was scheduled to play here and spread his unique brand of wholesome fun amongst the residents. He asked for a ride - how could I say no?

MS. ORTEGA

Oh, you really couldn't, could you?

DR. WELLESLEY

No, I really, really couldn't.

HAPPY GOLUCKY

I can't wait to see their faces when I hit 'em with my unique brand of wholesome fun - mariachi style!

Frank weighs his options: stay with these people or face certain death outside. He looks back and forth from the door to the group.

FRANK

Okay, bye now.

MS. ORTEGA

Well, good riddance to bad rubbish, is all I have to say.

FRANK

Yeah, whatever.

CLYDE

See ya, bro.

MS. LOPEZ

And don't come back!

DR. WELLESLEY  
 Dominga! Tsk tsk.

The doctor gives her a disapproving look; she shrinks.

Frank opens the door and is blown against the far wall by gale force winds. He climbs off the floor and bends into the wind, taking slow, stomping steps out the doorway.

EXT. GOLDEN YEARS HOME - CONTINUOUS

Frank fights his way down the icy sidewalk, lands on his ass a few times. He makes it to his tiny Mazda Laputa and climbs inside. The car turns around in the snow-packed street and heads down the hill.

EXT/INT. MAZDA LAPUTA/ROAD - CONTINUOUS

It's looking pretty good for Frank, until a mighty wind blasts the micro-mini to the curb. The right tires slam into the side; the car flips onto its top and slides on its roof down the icy hill.

FRANK  
 Oh my God, noooooooooooooo!

VOICE IN HIS HEAD (V.O.)  
 Aaach. Here we go...

The vehicle zips down the hill and up a second one; as it reaches the top it slows, then slides back down and up the first hill. The car stops in the exact same spot Frank was parked before - of course, now it's upside down. He unbuckles the safety belt and lands on his head.

VOICE IN HIS HEAD (V.O.)  
 Ouch!

Frank stands spread-eagle and is pushed up the icy sidewalk by the wind. He smashes into the front door, jerks the knob and flies into the

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is still standing there, now watching him. Frank forces the door shut and wipes his hands. He charges through the group, passes Ms. Ortega and:

FRANK  
 Just so you know, I still quit.

INT. ACTIVITY ROOM - DAY

Residents sit around knitting, working on puzzles or simply stare into space. Frank sits in a chair (arms folded, scowling) by the entrance between TWO MEN in their eighties. Ms. Ortega enters, stops in front of Frank. To the two men:

MS. ORTEGA

Hello Mr. Fuchs and Mr. Koch.

(cold, to Frank)

Hello, Mr. Starbucks. Hope you're all enjoying your stay.

MR. FUCHS/MR.KOCH

Yep/Can't complain.

FRANK

I'm having a great time. In fact, I'm having such a great time I may never leave - how 'bout that?

Ms. Ortega scowls and walks over to another group of residents.

MR. FUCHS

I did her.

MR. KOCH

Yeah, me too. A helluva lay.

A RADIANT WOMAN (early 20's), long golden hair, curvaceous figure outlined by her tight white uniform, enters the activity room like a burst of sunshine. She has several dozen bright-colored rubber exercise tubes looped around her arms.

Frank sits bolt upright, stares at the wonderful creature as she glides across the room and over to Ms. Ortega.

FRANK

Who...who is that?

Mr. Fuchs nods at an old lady, hobbling by on a walker.

MR. FUCHS

Who? Mrs. Gamsig over there?

Yeah, she's okay, but I've had better.

MR. KOCH

Ya, me too. A helluva lot better than that bag.



FRANK

No, her!

Frank points at the radiant woman laughing and talking to Ms. Ortega. Mr. Fuchs adjusts his coke-bottle glasses.

MR. FUCHS

Oh, Penelope. Yeah, that makes more sense. She works in the kitchen and gives fitness classes. Pitches a serious trouser tent.

MR. KOCH

I did her once. Not the best, but right up there.

MR. FUCHS

Ya, me too. Top five, maybe. Oh, Jesus!

Mr. Fuchs squirms in his seat, elbows Frank.

FRANK

What? What's the matter?

MR. FUCHS

I just crapped my diaper. Damn. Help me out of this chair.

Annoyed, eyes still locked on the girl, Frank stands and hoists the old man and his sagging drawers up off the chair. The back of his pants are covered in smeared feces, as is the chair seat.

MR. FUCHS

One more thing. Pull my britches up and I'll be on my way...

Frank yanks the pants up; some poop smears on his hand. Mr. Fuchs and Mr. Koch wander off. Frank, eyes still fixed on the woman, sits down in Mr. Fuchs' fecal-covered chair.

He rubs his nose, then runs fingers through his hair and adjusts his collar - leaves a shit trail wherever he touches. He stands and walks over to the two women, his butt-cheeks covered in crap.

FRANK

Um, excuse me. Yeah, hi. I was sitting over there, and um...

The two women turn and stare at Frank. Ms. Ortega cocks an eyebrow and gives him an evil grin.

MS. ORTEGA

Well, hello there. Frank Studbrewski, this is Penelope Warmduscher. Miss Warmduscher, Frank.

FRANK

It's Starbobiski, er, Czarnobiski. Pleased to meet you, Miss... Warmduscher?

He takes her delicate fingers in his clean hand, soaks up her touch. She giggles and:

MISS WARMDUSCHER

Oh, I know. People always give me a hard time about my name. You know - 'Warm' and we live in Minnesota where it's cold. Brrrr. He he.

FRANK

Yeaaaahh. Well, I think it's a lovely name. Just...lovely. Warmduscher. Mmmm hmmm. So, you teach fitness using those rubber tube thingies?

MISS WARMDUSCHER

(rubs her nose)  
Uh huh.

MS. ORTEGA

Too bad you won't have much time to be friends. Today was Frank's first and last day. Right, Frank?

MISS WARMDUSCHER

(rubs her nose)  
Oh, are you leaving?

FRANK

Yeah, about that. I was thinking about it and I don't want to do anything rash, you know? I mean, I haven't eaten all day and my blood sugar is kinda screwy and we both said some things we don't mean...

MS. ORTEGA

I meant everything I said.

FRANK

Okay, well, then I'd appreciate it if you would hire me back. No more freak-outs...scouts honor.

MS. ORTEGA

You are very, very lucky Dr. Wellesley is so fond of you. Very lucky indeed...

(beat)

Fine, back to work.

FRANK

Thank you so much. You won't regret this!

MS. ORTEGA

We shall see.

Ms. Ortega leaves the activity room. Frank exhales.

FRANK

Wow. What a ball-buster, huh?

MISS WARMDUSCHER

(rubs her nose)

What? Ms. Ortega is the most loving, kind-hearted person I know.

FRANK

Me too, me too! I guess what I meant was, my first day has been kinda...hard.

MISS WARMDUSCHER

(rubs her nose)

You just need to loosen up a bit, let the residents see the real you. Once they know where you stand, it'll be much easier.

FRANK

How do you do it - this - day after day after day after day after day after day after day after...?

MISS WARMDUSCHER

(rubs her nose)

I don't take anything personally. I always smile, and when they say something icky or mean, I just smile even more. Same goes for the staff...

She looks over his shoulder. Frank turns and sees Clyde leaning in the doorway, eyeing Miss Warmduscher and simulating cunnilingus with his tongue and fingers. She waves and smiles.

FRANK  
And that works?

MISS WARMDUSCHER  
(rubs her nose)  
Absolutely. I love my job because I'm doing something to help others. Sometimes you have to sacrifice yourself for the greater good.

FRANK  
That's me all the way! I'm all for personal sacrifice and putting others first. This is great!

MISS WARMDUSCHER  
(rubs her nose)  
That's the spirit, Frank! You're going to do great. Okay, I got to get to the kitchen to make lunch.

FRANK  
Okey-dokey. See you later. I'll see you later, right? Of course, I'll see you later, we work together. See you!

Miss Warmduscher exits the activity room. Frank watches her leave, then struts off - high-fives a startled old man, cocks his thumbs and shoots his index fingers at a couple others. He enters the

CORRIDOR

and passes by the hall mirror, gives himself a cocky smile - stops dead. He slaps at his poopy nose, then stops, sniffs - looks at his ass.

FRANK  
What? What? Are you kidding me?  
Aaaaggh!

VOICE IN HIS HEAD (V.O.)  
Ha ha! What a putz!

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Frank stands by the window, watches the swirling snow in the yard.

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN (O.S.)  
Planning your escape?

FRANK  
(spins)  
Jesus! What do you want?

Mr. Etternavnsen steps beside him from the shadows, looks down at the Feigling Angstmann's bare pedestal.

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN  
It's a damn shame. You have no  
idea...

Frank looks at the strained old man, sighs.

FRANK  
Okay, go ahead...

The room darkens; a filtered spotlight shines on Mr. Etternavnsen. He begins to ramble, old man style:

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN (CONT'D)  
Back in 1836, while crossing  
through Texas, Feigling Angstmann  
was separated from his cavalry unit  
and wound up at the Alamo, just  
before General Santa Anna and his  
Mexican army attacked and blah blah  
blah...

Mr. Etternavnsen's voice distorts into nonsensical sounds. Frank's eyes droop and drool runs down his chin. The old man pokes him between the eyes. The room brightens.

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN (CONT'D)  
Hey, are you listening?

FRANK  
Huh? Yeah...sorry.

The room darkens once more and the spotlight shines.

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN  
Commander Travis drew a line in the  
sand...

Mr. Etternavnsen's face distorts, swirls. The spotlight brightens:

FLASHBACK

EXT. THE ALAMO - THE YEAR 1836 - DAY

MOS:

Dozens of MEN stand outside in the walled courtyard. They are a rough, scruffy bunch decked out in traditional western wear. A tough-looking son of a bitch (TRAVIS) drags his heel through the dirt, creating a ten-foot line.

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN (CONT'D) (V.O.)  
He said that anyone willing to  
fight and die to protect the Alamo  
must step over it.

Without hesitation, all the men cross the line, high-five each other, bump chests and cheer.

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN (CONT'D) (V.O.)  
But one man did not step over...

The cheering stops and the men turn and stare at the lone individual rooted to the ground. FEIGLING ANGSTMANN shakes like a leaf. Some of the men point at his feet, disgusted by the puddle of piss growing in the dirt.

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN (CONT'D) (V.O.)  
Yes, it was Feigling Angstmann.

Travis stomps over to him and screams. Feigling drops to his knees, begs and pleads.

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN (CONT'D) (V.O.)  
He bravely volunteered to sneak  
away and get help.  
Travis was impressed by his  
bravado, but told him it was much  
too dangerous and asked him to  
stay...

Travis spits a huge loogie between his eyes and four men grab the kicking and shrieking man and drag him across the line.

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN (CONT'D) (V.O.)  
But Feigling stuck to his guns.  
That night the courageous soldier  
bid farewell to his tearful  
comrades and marched into the  
desert.

Feigling sneaks over the wall and worms his way through the dirt. A sentry on the wall notices him and yells.

Travis and several other men appear on the wall. Feigling jumps up and sprints away, his arms flapping. They fire their rifles at the deserter and kill him.

BACK TO PRESENT

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN (CONT'D)  
 Feigling made it a hundred feet  
 before he was shot down by the  
 Mexican army. He died bravely with  
 over twenty bullets in his back...

The room brightens and the spotlight fades.

FRANK  
 Wow. That's really...something.

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN  
 And now those bastards are  
 destroying the legacy of the  
 greatest Minnesotan who ever lived!  
 It's a tragedy, I tell ya! A  
 disgrace!

FRANK  
 Uh huh.

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN  
 (mimics)  
 Duh, uh huh. Duh, uh huh.  
 (beat)  
 Why do I bother?

The old man shuffles off into the shadows. Frank continues to stare outside.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

The room is filled with large round tables, five or six residents seated at each one. Caregivers line the far wall, standing 'at ease' like prison guards watching inmates. Others help seat old folks and carry their trays of food.

Mr. Etternavnsen, Mr. Lutefisksen, Mr. Fuchs and Mr. Koch are seated at a table with Frank, who is writing furiously in a notebook. Mr. Lutefisksen picks up a soggy burrito.

MR. LUTEFISKSEN  
 Yech! They expect us to eat this  
 garbage?

MR. FUCHS

I wouldn't feed this beaner food to my dog...if I still had a dog.

MR. KOCH

Bratwurst and kraut kept me alive eighty-five years, now they switch it out on me? It ain't human...

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN

Feigling Angstmann would never put up with this shit, I tell you what.

(beat)

By the way, pollock, you're at the wrong table.

MR. KOCH

Definitely the wrong table.

MR. FUCHS

Moron.

Frank is oblivious of them, continues writing.

MR. LUTEFISKSEN

Hey Fred, whatchoo writing there? Your last will and testament?

FRANK

What? Nevermind.

MR. KOCH

Ooooooh, it's something secret. Come on, you can tell us.

FRANK

It's nothing.

MR. FUCHS

Nothing? Looks like something to me. Better tell us, buddy.

FRANK

I said it's nothing. Leave me alone.

Frank finishes writing, sets down the notebook and pen. He does a double-take when he sees Miss Warmduscher enter the dining room from the kitchen. She is laughing and chatting with an old woman as she carries her tray. He thinks a bit, then plasters a big, fakey grin on his face.



FRANK

You know, I've been so gosh-darned busy, I really haven't had a chance to really get to know you folks, you know, on a really personal level. Why don't you tell me about yourselves?

The residents at his table stare blankly.

MR. LUTEFISKSEN

What are you, a faggot?

MR. FUCHS

That's what I've been wondering.

Mr. Etternavnsen points over Frank's shoulder.

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN

Hey, someone wants you...

Frank turns and sees Mrs. Freudenhauser at a nearby table. She is waving at him - winks and flicks her tongue. He grimaces and turns away. Frank smiles at the men through gritted teeth.

FRANK

Anyway, are you guys all friends?

GROUP AD LIB

Nope/uh uh/no way/are you kidding...?

FRANK

Okay...

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN

Just the way it works here. This is the artsy outsiders' table.

FRANK

What do you mean?

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN

Look around - tell me what you see.

FRANK

(looks around)

A bunch of elderly people sitting at tables eating.

The old men shake their heads like he's an idiot. Mr Lutefisksen points over his shoulder at Mrs. Freudenhauser's table.

MR. LUTEFISKSEN  
That table? The skanks.

He points to a table surrounded by old men in sweatshirts with names of different universities across the fronts.

MR. LUTEFISKSEN (CONT'D)  
That table over there is the jocks.

Points to a table of old men and women, all wearing extra-large horn-rimmed glasses.

MR. LUTEFISKSEN (CONT'D)  
The nerds.

Now a table of drooling, spaced-out folks.

MR. LUTEFISKSEN (CONT'D)  
The burnouts.

Over to Herr Verdreht's table.

MR. LUTEFISKSEN (CONT'D)  
The psychos.

FRANK  
Wow. I had no idea.

MR. FUCHS  
Gee, the pollock had no idea. What a surprise.

SLOW MOTION WITH BACKGROUND TEEN BUBBLEGUM POP SONG

The dining room doors open and in strut THREE STYLISH WOMEN (mid 70's), real lookers in their day. Their leader, MRS. SOSTERSONNSEN, throws her head back - long, blonde hair flows in the breeze.

The women sashay across the floor. Mrs. Sostersonnsen bumps into Miss Warmduscher, knocks her aside.

Everyone looks up, stares. Mrs. Sostersonnsen leans into one of the men at the nerd table, scratches his chin. He goes gaga. The three women giggle maliciously - one pushes the nerd, who tips off his chair. Another picks up a carton of milk and pours it over the head of a woman. The nerds scatter and the stylish women sit at the table.

END SLOW MOTION AND BACKGROUND MUSIC

FRANK

Who the heck are they?

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN

Those are the Fashion Queens. They run the joint. Bitches.

MR. FUCHS

I did 'em. Just so-so, in my opinion.

MR. KOCH

Me too. Not the best, not the worst...kinda middlin'.

MR. LUTEFISKSEN

Best to avoid 'em if you know what's good for you.

FRANK

Thanks for the advice. How come I haven't seen them before?

MR. LUTEFISKSEN

The Fashion Queens live on the top floor in the 'Diva Den.' They grace us with their presence now and then.

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN

So now you get it? Time for you to mosey on...

FRANK

What?

MR. LUTEFISKSEN

You're at the wrong table, jackass.

FRANK

So...where am I supposed to sit?

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN

You have to figure that one out on your own. Now scat!

There is a crash. Frank turns and sees Miss Warmduscher kneeling on the floor by a table, cleaning up a dumped tray of food. He races over, leaves the notebook behind. The old men eye it, break into grins.

MR. LUTEFISKSEN

Grab it!

Mr. Fuchs snatches the notebook. Mr. Lutefisksen jerks it out of his hands and reads:

MR. LUTEFISKSEN

"My dearest Penelope, words can not express how deeply I feel for you. My passion is a bottomless well, filled with love and tenderness. I'm a truly sensitive, nurturing individual with a loving heart who longs to hold you in my arms."

A long silence, then the men burst out laughing.

MR. FUCHS

I knew he was a faggot!

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN

Oh God, that was great! Haven't laughed this hard in years!

MR. LUTEFISKSEN

Wait, there's more: "If I had but one wish in this life, it would be to spend eternity with you: companions, friends, lovers, soulmates. My heart is ready to love again, ready for love...from you."

More laughter.

MR. KOCH

Man, that's a guy who needs to get laid if I ever saw one. Poor bastard.

MR. LUTEFISKSEN

Here, let's help him out. Give me that pen...

(writes)

"Furthermore, when I saw that tight, apple-shaped ass of yours, all I could think about was bending you over the dishwasher and..."

Frank kneels down beside Miss Warmduscher, picks up a smashed burrito.

FRANK

Hi. Kinduva a mess, huh?

MISS WARMDUSCHER  
Yeah. Happens all the time. Just  
gotta go with the flow.

FRANK  
(grins like idiot)  
Just keep smiling, right? Right?  
smile, smile, smile...

MISS WARMDUSCHER  
Uh huh.

An old woman elbows her carton of milk. It falls off the  
table and splashes all over Frank's back.

FRANK  
Just smile, smile, smile...

MISS WARMDUSCHER  
Uh huh.

FRANK  
Um, be right back...I have  
something for you.

Frank jumps up and rushes back to the table. His notebook  
is right where he left it; the men (poker-faced) eat their  
burritos. Frank tears off the top page and hustles back  
over to the girl. He hands her the paper and they stand.

FRANK  
Ah, I'm not real good at talking to  
people so...I wrote this for you. I  
hope you take it the right way -  
I'm not a creep, or creepy or  
anything...at least I hope you  
don't think so...

Miss Warmduscher reads, then her luscious lips droop. She  
drops the paper on the floor and slaps him across the face.

MISS WARMDUSCHER  
'Pin my ankles to my ears?' You're  
a pig!

She stomps toward the kitchen. Frank rubs his sore cheek,  
jaw agape.

FRANK  
Wait! What do you mean?

MISS WARMDUSCHER  
 Leave me alone! Don't ever speak  
 to me again! Ever!

In complete shock, Frank picks up the paper, looks it over.  
 His face reddens. He reads:

FRANK  
 "...I imagine you locked in my  
 basement, spending eternity  
 together as soulmates, with you  
 helping me work out my gay  
 problems."

Frank jerks his head over to the table, shoots daggers at  
 the old men. They all smile; Mr. Lutefisksen waves his fork  
 at him and winks. Frank marches toward them, right past the  
 Fashion Queens' table.

Mrs. Sostersonnsen extends her leg - Frank trips and crashes  
 into the Psychos' table. He falls to the floor, dumps two  
 trays of food on himself.

MRS. SOSTERSONNSEN  
 Gee golly, I'm sorry, young man!

The Fashion Queens cackle and high five each other.

HERR VERDREHT  
 Idiot! What the hell are you  
 doing?

Residents laugh and point at Frank. He looks at the leering  
 faces; the world spins. He jams a spastic hand into his  
 shirt pocket, feels around inside.

FRANK  
 (sotto voce)  
 My pills...my pills...

Frank leaps to his feet, sees Herr Verdreht holding the open  
 prescription container, inspecting one of the pills.

HERR VERDREHT  
 What are these for? PMS?

Frank extends a trembling hand, his whole body quivers.

FRANK  
 G-give those to me, Mr. Verdreht.  
 Right now.

Herr Verdreht smiles and drops the bottle into his juice  
 glass.

HERR VERDREHT

Oops.

FRANK

Nooooooooooooooooo!

Frank dumps the glass on the table and looks in horror at the lump of dissolving tablets. He drops to his knees, buries his head in his hands.

VOICE IN HIS HEAD (V.O.)

Oh man...that sucks. what are you going to do now?

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR/PHARMACY - DAY

A tense Frank stops in front of the window and holds up his empty prescription bottle. Clyde is leaning on the counter from the other side, thumbing through a skinrag.

FRANK

Clyde, hi, listen - a funny thing happened...there was some kind of accident and, anyway, I need to ask you a favor...can you refill my prescription?

CLYDE

What for?

FRANK

What do you mean? I just told you I lost them!

CLYDE

Chill, man. I meant what's the pill for - what's it called?

Frank hands him the bottle. Clyde reads it, raises his eyebrows.

CLYDE

Whoa. You're one sick puppy, dude.  
(pokes him in  
the head)  
That shit's seriously fucked up.

Frank slaps his hand away.

FRANK

Can you help me or not?

CLYDE  
 Sorry, bro, no can do. Delivery  
 hasn't made it in yet. Check back  
 later - I'll hook you up.

Frank's shoulders slump. He begins to shuffle off. Clyde whistles.

CLYDE  
 Yo, maybe I can help you after all.

He darts his eyes around, a spliff magically appears in his palm. He wiggles his eyebrows.

FRANK  
 Drugs? No thanks, I don't do drugs.

CLYDE  
 What the fuck you think those pills  
 are - candy? This is some wicked  
 primo shit from the Big Island -  
 it'll do the trick - smooth your  
 shit out.

Frank debates with himself, then vigorously shakes his head.

FRANK  
 Thanks, but no thanks. I'll be  
 ...fine.

MS. ORTEGA OVER INTERCOM (V.O.)  
 Attention residents and staff.  
 Please come to the activity room -  
 the Cinco de Mayo celebration is  
 starting in ten minutes. Remember  
 to bring your arts & crafts  
 entries. That is all.

Frank clenches his fists, walks down the corridor like he's got a pole up his ass. Clyde stretches his neck from side to side.

CLYDE  
 Damn, that dude could make Bob  
 Marley tense.

He looks at the spliff, shrugs, lights it and shuts the metal window gate.

INT. ACTIVITY ROOM - DAY

Folding tables are lined up end-to-end across the room. Residents sit or stand in a row behind the tables, their



arts & crafts projects before them.

Frank is standing near the entrance with a freaked-out look on his face. He watches Miss Warmduscher help a resident prop up his popsicle-stick birdhouse. Their eyes meet - she looks away.

The Fashion Queens sashay into the activity room, each jostles Frank as they pass. Mrs. Sostersonnsen carries an elaborate hand-carved cuckoo clock; Queen #2, a porcelain statuette of Aphrodite; Queen #3, a replica of a Matisse painting.

MRS. SOSTERSONNSEN

I have to say, Renaldo did a wonderful job 'touching up.' First prize for sure.

QUEEN #2

Oh, please. Renaldo doesn't even compare to Franco. This is simply to die for!

Frank watches them walk over to the center table and sweep the other old folks' crappy crafts onto the floor. They set their gorgeous pieces down and admire them.

MRS. SOSTERSONNSEN

Say isn't that man over there the splitting image of the late Gianni Versace?

QUEEN #2/QUEEN #3

What?/Where?

Both women turn around. Mrs. Sostersonnsen grabs a passing man in a wheelchair and rolls him into their table. She snags her cuckoo clock as he crashes the table over.

The statuette of Aphrodite flies into the wall and shatters. The fake Matisse flops onto the carpet. The old invalid is dumped out of his chair, hits the floor face-first.

QUEEN #2

Auuuuugghh! You clumsy idiot!  
Look what you've done!

She kicks the old man in the ribs. He clutches his stomach, whimpers.

INVALID

Where am I? Is that you, Gladice?

Queen #2 proceeds to kick the shit out of him.

INVALID  
 Yep, that's Gladice!

Mrs. Sostersonsen steps backwards and twists her stiletto heel into the fake Matisse. She drags it back and forth across the painting, shredding it. Queen #3 sees her painting and freaks.

QUEEN #3  
 (to invalid)  
 Oh, you are dead meat, you bastard!

She picks up the Mattisse and smashes him over the head with it several times while Queen #2 continues her frenzied kicking. The old man bawls like a baby.

INVALID  
 I'm so sorry I cheated on you,  
 Gladice! Soooooo very sorry! It  
 was seventy years ago, for Christ's  
 sake!

Frank is shaking uncontrollably. He grits his teeth and grins like an imbecile.

FRANK  
 Just keep smiling, smiling,  
 smiling...

Miss Warmduscher snaps her head over to Frank, gives him a disgusted look like 'aren't you going to do something?' Frank keeps grinning, waves his hand at her. Miss Warmduscher runs over to the women and pushes them off the invalid.

FRANK  
 Just keep smiling, smiling,  
 smiling...

VOICE IN HIS HEAD (V.O.)  
 You're doing great, Frank.

Frank watches an old woman on a walker shuffle over to another resident's craft entry: a checkered quilt. She peers around to make sure no one is looking, lifts her sweater and exposes the urine bag attached to her gut. She opens the hose and empties the rancid yellow-green piss on the quilt.

An old man at another table swipes his neighbor's bead craft, carries it over to the garbage can and dumps it.

A woman in a wheelchair pulls a knitting needle from her hair and pops someone else's balloon sculptures.

FRANK

Just keep smiling, smiling,  
smiling...

VOICE IN HIS HEAD (V.O.)

That's it Frank. Keep it up.  
He he.

Ms. Ortega and Dr. Wellesley (pipe in mouth) enter the activity room and stop by Frank. The administrator grips the kitty puzzle first prize in her hand.

MS. ORTEGA

Well, glad to see you showed up.  
You can help me with the judging.

FRANK

Me? No, I think you better pick  
someone else.

DR. WELLESLEY

Nonsense, lad. You need to put  
yourself out there. Take some  
risks. We talked about this in  
your session.

FRANK

I have been putting myself out  
there, and so far it's done nothing  
but cause problems.

DR. WELLESLEY

Nonsense, lad. You need to grab  
the brass ring, go for the gold.

FRANK

I'm really not myself today. My  
pills...

DR. WELLESLEY

Nonsense, lad. Forget the pills.  
Carpe Diem - seize the day.

MS. ORTEGA

Oooh, is that French? How do you  
think of these things? You are  
such a genius.

DR. WELLESLEY  
Nonsense, Dominga. Just extremely  
gifted...extremely, extremely  
gifted.

MS. ORTEGA  
Extremely!

Frank clutches his head in his hands.

FRANK  
Okay, okay - Jesus! I'll help you!

MS. ORTEGA  
You are such a motivator! An  
extremely gifted motivator!

DR. WELLESLEY  
(smarmy smile)  
Extremely.

Happy GoLucky stumbles into the activity room carrying his trunk and guitar case. He is decked out in a giant sombrero and charro outfit.

DR. WELLESLEY  
Ah, there he is. Glad you could  
join us for the festivities.

HAPPY GOLUCKY  
Sorry I'm late. Trouble situating  
my unmentionables. To the right -  
to the left...I can never decide.

DR. WELLESLEY  
Nonsense, lad. Just as long as you  
made it. Carpe Diem - seize the  
day.

MS. ORTEGA  
There he goes again!

HAPPY GOLUCKY  
(adjusts crotch)  
Dang it. Okay, I'll go set up.

FRANK  
Can we do this thing already?

MS. ORTEGA  
Miss Warmduscher! Please come  
here!

Miss Warmduscher skips over to the group. Ms. Ortega shoves the kitty puzzle into Frank's hands.

MS. ORTEGA

Any word yet on the food and medication deliveries?

MISS WARMDUSCHER

The last I heard they were on their way, Ms. Ortega. I wish they'd get here soon - the kitchen's bare and the residents are acting... funny...

In the b.g. a woman in a wheelchair is chomping on a screaming man's arm.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. DRUG DELIVERY TRUCK/ROAD - DAY

Wicked wind and snow pelts the truck as it drives down a remote road in the woods, headed west. The side of the truck reads: "ELDER-DRUGS."

EXT. FOOD DELIVERY TRUCK/ROAD - DAY

Same weather conditions; this truck heads east. The words on the side read: "MEXICAN FOOD."

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ACTIVITY ROOM - DAY

MS. ORTEGA

Miss Warmduscher, I want you to assist Frank and I in the judging.

MISS WARMDUSCHER

Yes, ma'am.

She picks up two mini-sombrero party hats and hands them to the two caregivers.

FRANK

What's this?

MS. ORTEGA

Put those on...makes you look more cheery and festive.

FRANK

I'm not wearing this stupid thing.

Ms. Ortega gives him a dead stare. Frank and Miss Warmduscher pull the elastic straps over their chins and snap the sombreros on. They look like idiots.

DR. WELLESLEY

Very dapper, Frank. Very dapper indeed.

The trio head over to first table.

FRANK

Penelope, I need to talk to you.

MISS WARDUSCHER

You're a perv...what's there to talk about?

Herr Verdreht is seated in his wheelchair behind the folding table. His arts & crafts project is a human skull with a Nazi dagger embedded in the top. The skull is painted with blood red swastikas.

MS. ORTEGA

Very...creative, Herr Verdreht.

HERR VERDREHT

Oh, I can't take all the credit...  
(pats skull)  
...my friend here contributed some.

Standing next to him is Mr. Lutefisksen. He is holding up a painting of...a pine tree.

MS. ORTEGA

"Minnesota Pine Covered in Snow."  
Very nice, Mr. Lutefisksen.

MR. LUTEFISKSEN

Yeah, much nicer than that Mexican junk you have hanging in here.

MS. ORTEGA

(coldly)  
But, unfortunately, not good enough to win, I'm afraid.

FRANK

(to Miss Warmduscher)  
Listen, I'm sorry. It was those bastards at my table who wrote all that nasty stuff.

MISS WARMDUSCHER  
 Now you blame them? Take some  
 responsibility for your  
 actions...own it, Frank. Own it.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT/INT. DRUG DELIVERY TRUCK/ROAD - DAY

The truck continues westward. The big, beefy driver begins to nod off.

EXT/INT. FOOD DELIVERY TRUCK/ROAD - DAY

Onward to the east. The skinny driver is slamming speed and coffee. Heavy metal blasts from the speakers.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ACTIVITY ROOM - DAY

The three move onto Mrs. Freudenhauser's entry: A small clay statue of a woman standing in front of a man on all fours licking her boot - a man with a remarkable likeness to Frank.

MS. ORTEGA  
 Say, I really like this. A lot.  
 What inspired you to create this  
 piece?

MRS. FREUDENHAUSER  
 A special young man...but it would  
 be uncouth of me to say who...

She mouths the words 'call me' to Frank. Ms. Ortega and Miss Warmduscher turn and look at him. He shrugs, raises his eyebrows - faux confusion.

They move onto the next exhibitor, Mr. Etternavnsen. He stands next to a mannequin dressed in a US Army Cavalry uniform and hat.

MS. ORTEGA  
 Hmm. Is that who I think it is?

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN  
 That's right...Feigling Angstmann,  
 hero of The Alamo...a true hero of  
 Minnesota.

MS. ORTEGA

We talked about this earlier, Mr. Etternavnsen. I will not allow controversial subject matter in this home!

FRANK

Um, what about Mr. Verdreht's swastika skull?

MS. ORTEGA

Shut up! Automatic disqualification. I want this trash out of here by the end of today, is that clear?

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN

It's a tragedy, I tell ya! A disgrace!

FRANK

(to Miss Warmduscher)

Okay, I own it. Are you happy?

MISS WARMDUSCHER

So you did do it? You make me sick!

FRANK

Dammit, what do you want from me?

MISS WARMDUSCHER

(hisses, sotto voce)

I want you to show some balls!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DRUG DELIVERY TRUCK - DAY

The beefy driver is slapping his face over and over and over and over...

INT. FOOD DELIVERY TRUCK - DAY

The skinny driver is totally rockin' out: headbanging, drumming the steering wheel, the whole deal.

SMASH CUT TO:



INT. ACTIVITY ROOM - DAY

The three walk by a couple tables, Ms. Ortega nodding at the projects:

MS. ORTEGA (OVER AND OVER)  
Very nice...very nice...very nice...

The trio stop in front of Mrs. Sostersonnsen and her cuckoo clock. Queen #2 and #3 stand in the b.g., arms folded, scowling. Ms. Ortega claps her hands together in joy.

MS. ORTEGA  
Oh my! That is absolutely beautiful!

MRS. SOSTERSONNSEN  
(very fakey)  
Really? My little craft?

MS. ORTEGA  
I don't think we have look at the rest of this garb...any other projects. Nothing could possibly top this. We have our winner!

MRS. SOSTERSONNSEN  
This is too much! Thank you, but I really don't deserve this...

FRANK  
That's for sure.

MRS. SOSTERSONNSEN  
(claws out)  
What did you say?

Ms. Ortega claps her hands. Everyone quiets, turns and looks. She picks up the cuckoo clock, holds it over head like she just discovered the Holy Grail.

MS. ORTEGA  
Attention everyone. I have our winner. Gaze upon Mrs. Sostersonnsen's majestic cuckoo clock.

She sets the cuckoo clock down, shakes the woman's hand.

MS. ORTEGA  
Congratulations!  
(beat)  
Frank, give her the kitty puzzle.

FRANK

No.

MS. ORTEGA

Excuse me? I said give her the  
kitty puzzle.

FRANK

No way. If anyone deserves this,  
it's Renaldo, the guy who actually  
made the cuckoo clock. Since he's  
not here, I'm keeping the kitty  
puzzle.

MISS WARMDUSCHER

Frank, don't be a jerk. Give her  
the kitty puzzle.

MRS. SOSTERSONNSEN

Give me the kitty puzzle, you  
little shit!

FRANK

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

VOICE IN HIS HEAD (V.O.)

Whaaa? Huh? I didn't do anything!

SMASH CUT TO:

INTERCUT BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN BOTH TRUCKS

INT. DRUG DELIVERY TRUCK - DAY

Beefy driver slapping his face, hanging his head out the  
window, plucking a nose hair, etc.

INT. FOOD DELIVERY TRUCK - DAY

Skinny driver popping pills, slamming coffee, screaming,  
going nuts.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ACTIVITY ROOM - DAY

A tense standoff. Ms. Ortega faces him, hands on her hips,  
eyes narrowed. Frank stares back, eyes also narrowed. Miss  
Warmduscher clasps her hands in fear.

HAPPY GOLUCKY OVER MICROPHONE (V.O.)  
 Heeeeeeeeeeyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy everybody!  
 I'm Mr. Happy GoLucky. Get ready  
 to shake those booties! Raise your  
 hands in the air like you just  
 don't care! Here we go!

Happy GoLucky, in the far corner, begins to belt out a tune on his accordion and sings:

HAPPY GOLUCKY OVER MICROPHONE (V.O.)  
 South of the border, down Mexico  
 way...

On the first note, Ms. Ortega and Mrs. Sostersonnsen dive for the puzzle. Frank pivots and runs toward the door.

The old invalid in the wheelchair (who took the beating earlier) rolls in front of him. Frank slams into the chair, flips them both over onto the floor.

INVALID  
 I said I was sorry, Gladice!

HAPPY GOLUCKY OVER MICROPHONE (V.O.)  
 (singing)  
 ...Cause it was fiesta and we were  
 so gay, south of the border, Mexico  
 way...

Frank is back on his feet. He circles around and races over to the far folding table, chased by Ms. Ortega and Mrs. Sostersonnsen. Various residents cheer and yell:

RESIDENTS (AD LIB)  
 Go, Polski!/Run Fred!/Idiot!

MS. ORTEGA  
 Give me that kitty puzzle!

FRANK  
 Never! It's my kitty puzzle and  
 I'm keeping it!

Frank jumps up on the far table, lands on the popsicle-stick birdhouse, crushes it. He holds the kitty puzzle over his head like Rocky holding up his title belt. Everyone raises their hands, begin to chant:

RESIDENTS  
 Pollock! Pollock! Pollock!

Frank laughs, hops up and down on the table.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DRUG DELIVERY TRUCK - DAY

The beefy driver sees the food delivery truck screaming towards him. He slams on the brakes and skids on the ice.

INT. FOOD DELIVERY TRUCK - DAY

Likewise...

EXT. TRUCKS/ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Yep...humongous fireball.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ACTIVITY ROOM - DAY

FRANK

I did it! I really did it! I got balls! I got ba...!

The table collapses. Frank flies backwards, cracks his head on the wall.

The residents go nuts: tables are flipped over, decorations ripped down, a piñata is on fire and frightened staff are kicked, punched and clubbed with canes. Everything starts to go black for Frank.

VOICE IN HIS HEAD (V.O.)

Dumbass...

INT. ACTIVITY ROOM - LATER

Frank, Miss Warmduscher, Ms. Ortega, Happy GoLucky and Dr. Wellesley are taped into wheelchairs (mummies from the neck down), seated in a semi-circle in the middle of the room.

Mr. Etternavnsen (now wearing the cavalry uniform and hat) and Mrs. Sostersonsen (holding the kitty puzzle) stand in front of them, screaming at each other (sound distorted). The other residents surround the wheelchairs, murmuring and watching. Frank comes-to, snaps his head up.

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN

...and I told you no! We need to stick together!

MRS. SOSTERSONNSEN  
Pliff! Why should we stay with you  
losers?

Frank struggles; no use - he's stuck in the wheelchair but good.

FRANK  
Cut this tape off me!

Mrs. Sostersonnsen whips out a knitting needle and points it one inch from his eye.

MRS. SOSTERSONNSEN  
Shut up, you! The grownups are  
talking.

She backs off, faces Mr. Etternavnsen again. Frank turns to Miss Warmduscher; she is frozen in fear (and tape).

FRANK  
What the hell is going on here?  
Where's the rest of the staff?

MISS WARMDUSCHER  
They escaped. Mr. Etternavnsen  
said we're his POW's. Oh Frank,  
what are we going to do?

FRANK  
How should I know? What are they  
planning to do?

MISS WARMDUSCHER  
I don't know...it's kind of  
confusing. Mr. Etternavnsen wants  
to prepare for General Santa Anna's  
attack and Mrs. Sostersonnsen wants  
to kill us and go upstairs...

FRANK  
What?! We gotta get out of here!

MRS. SOSTERSONNSEN  
You think you got the cojones to  
lead this pack of misfits,  
Etternavnsen? This calls for a  
real leader!

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN  
Who? You? Don't make me laugh.  
While you were on your back  
(MORE)

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN (CONT'D)  
entertaining sailors, I was  
storming Omaha Beach fighting the  
dirty Schmeissers!

HERR VERDREHT  
Hey! Watch it!

MS. ORTEGA  
Please...listen to reason. I'm  
sure the cops are on their way.  
You're only making things worse for  
yourselves.

Mrs. Sostersonnsen tosses the kitty puzzle onto Miss  
Warmduscher's lap, climbs up on a chair and claps her hands.

MRS. SOSTERSONNSEN  
Listen up, scum. You have two  
choices: stay down here and starve  
with this numbskull or follow me up  
to the Diva Den, where we have an  
abundance of food and liquor and  
pay-per-view...that includes the  
dirty channels. Make up your  
minds...now!

The residents look around at each other, then split into two  
groups and shuffle over behind their new leaders. Mrs.  
Sostersonnsen puts her hands on her hips and smirks.

MRS. SOSTERSONNSEN (CONT'D)  
Well, well. Looks like some of you  
have brains.

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN  
Traitors! I hope you all rot in a  
Tijuana prison!

Mrs. Sostersonnsen counts heads. Her group consists of the  
two other Fashion Queens, the jocks, the psychos (including  
Herr Verdreht), a few skanks and the nerds.

MRS. SOSTERSONNSEN  
Uh uh, you nerds beat it. We have  
to keep some standards.

The nerds, heads bowed, move behind Mr. Etternavnsen.

MRS. SOSTERSONNSEN  
Looks like we're split about half  
and half. Fine. We'll just kill  
the hostages and be on our way...

DR. WELLESLEY

Oh, please, God no. I'll do anything! Kill them but please don't hurt me! I beg of you!

MS. ORTEGA

Dr. Wellesley! How could you?

DR. WELLESLEY

Please understand, Dominga. The world relies on me to save its sick. My flame cannot be extinguished - society would suffer.

MS. ORTEGA

Oh, Dr. Wellesley! Always thinking of others first!

DR. WELLESLEY

Always, Dominga...always.

FRANK

Please, please kill him.

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN

No one is getting killed. These Mexican spies are valuable to Santa Anna. They'll be useful later.

MRS. SOSTERSONNSEN

Have it your way, Etternavnsen. But Barbie comes with us...

Mrs. Sostersonnsen snaps her fingers and one of the jocks hustles over and wheels Miss Warmduscher away.

FRANK

Hey, no way! You can't take her!

MISS WARMDUSCHER

Oh, Frank! Don't let them have me!

FRANK

Jesus! What am I supposed to do? Can't you see I'm taped to a goddamned wheelchair?

Mrs. Sostersonnsen's group follow her out of the activity room, trailed by the jock pushing Miss Warmduscher.

MISS WARMDUSCHER

Fraaaaaaannnnkkkkkk!

FRANK  
Stop nagging me! I'll think of something!

MISS WARMDUSCHER  
Fraaaaaaannnnkkkkkk!

FRANK  
Shut up, already! I said I'll think of something! God!

Mr. Etternavnsen shuts the double doors in the entranceway. He walks back over and blows on Ms. Ortega's whistle.

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN  
Sergeant Fuchs, Sergeant Koch!  
Front and center!

Mr. Fuchs and Mr. Koch hop over and stand at attention, salute.

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN  
Santa Anna's invasion force could attack at any time. Organize the troops, barricade the entrances, fortify all windows, gather weapons and supplies - Now!

MR. FUCHS/MR. KOCH  
Yes, sir!/Yes, sir!

Mr. Fuchs points at a group of ten residents.

MR. FUCHS  
All of you - come with us!

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN  
The rest of you, help me make a fort with this furniture!

The old folks move the furniture as best they can, considering some can barely walk. Mrs. Freudenhauser straps red ball-gags in Frank and Happy GoLucky's mouths. She picks up a wooden chair, faces it backwards to the two men and straddles it.

Another old woman stands beside Mrs. Freudenhauser, smiles wickedly at the two men.

OLD WOMAN  
Who's first?

MRS. FREUDENHAUSER  
I ain't fer sure yet.



Frank jerks his head violently several times at Happy GoLucky.

FRANK  
 Hmm. Hmm. Hmm. Hmm.

Mrs. Freudenhauser points back and forth at the two men:

MRS. FREUDENHAUSER  
 Eenie, meenie, miney, moe...

Frank and Happy GoLucky jerk and twist. Her finger stops on Happy GoLucky.

MRS. FREUDENHAUSER  
 Ding ding! We have a winner.

Mrs. Freudenhauser wheels Happy GoLucky towards the entrance.

MRS. FREUDENHAUSER  
 So - lube or no lube?

HAPPY GOLUCKY  
 Nmm! Nmm! Nmm!

EXT. GOLDEN YEARS HOME - NIGHT

The interior is illuminated by light, which cascades from the windows; the old folks moving back and forth inside are clearly visible from the outside. The storm has died down, huge snowdrifts left in its wake.

Headlamps and flashing red and blue lights appear on the distant hill. The lights approach Golden Years and reveal a line of S.W.A.T. tanks and vans.

The first tank rolls over Frank's Mazda Laputa. The vehicles stop in the road in front of the mansion.

CAPTAIN GONZALES (40's), in a blue uniform and flak jacket, emerges from the first tank and hops onto the ground.

Police armed with assault rifles scramble from the other vehicles and surround Gonzales.

OFFICER #1  
 Captain Gonzales, how do you want to handle this?

GONZALES

Form a perimeter around the building. Scope out the leader and get me numbers on hostages and terrorists. We go from there.

OFFICER #1

Yes, sir!

The officer jerks his head and a line of men follow him to the Victorian mansion.

A portly cop, SHERIFF INGLEBRITSON (50's), wearing a brown parka and Smokey-the-bear hat, saunters over to Gonzales.

GONZALES

Who are you?

INGLEBRITSON

Hiya, Captain. Sheriff Inglebritson. Geez, a helluva deal, huh?

GONZALES

I appreciate you stopping by, but S.W.A.T. has this under control.

INGLEBRITSON

Ya, I see that. I just thought I'd come by and help out if I could.

GONZALES

Like I said, we have it under control. Now if you don't mind...?

INGLEBRITSON

Ya, I see that. A helluva deal.

GONZALES

Sheriff...?

INGLEBRITSON

Oh, heck, don't mind me. I'm gonna hang around and see what happens. My wife will never believe this!

GONZALES

Fine. Then stand over there so you're not in the way.

Inglebritson steps back three paces.

INGLEBRITSON

Is here okay?

GONZALES  
A little farther.

The sheriff takes three more steps back.

INGLEBRITSON  
Here?

GONZALES  
Farther.

Inglebritson steps back three more paces. Gonzales' radio buzzes.

OFFICER ON RADIO (V.O.)  
Captain Gonzales, we estimate five to eight hostages and forty plus terrorists.

INGLEBRITSON  
Here?

GONZALES  
Roger that. Report back on their activity.

INGLEBRITSON  
Here?

GONZALES  
What? No, farther!

OFFICER ON RADIO (V.O.)  
Well, Captain. Right now, it looks like a woman has one of the hostages bent over a table and...oh God!

INGLEBRITSON  
Here?

GONZALES  
What's happening? Turner - report!

INGLEBRITSON  
What?

OFFICER ON RADIO (V.O.)  
Uggghh, I think I'm going to throw up! Captain, request to pull back!

GONZALES  
Hold your position! That's an order!

INGLEBRITSON

Here?

GONZALES

Farther!

INT. ACTIVITY ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Lutefisksen, Mr. Fuchs and Mr. Koch sit on wooden chairs in front of Frank, ball-gag still jammed in his mouth. His face and hair are covered in spit wads. Mr. Lutefisksen shoots another one through a straw, hits Frank in the forehead.

MR. LUTEFISKSEN

Score! What is that now - ten for me?

MR. FUCHS

Hardly - try nine.

MR. LUTEFISKSEN

You're a goddamned liar! It's ten and you know it.

MR. KOCH

If he has ten than I have twelve.

MR. FUCHS

That's bullcrap! No way you have more than...

(counts on fingers)

...eleven. I count eleven.

MR. KOCH

What a crock of shit! I have at least twelve, probably more like fourteen!

MR. LUTEFISKSEN

There's no way you have fourteen! Let's ask Fred. Fred, how many did you count?

FRANK

Gaaarrrrh...

MR. LUTEFISKSEN

Ah, what does that idiot know.

Mrs. Freudenhauser pushes Happy GoLucky through the entrance doors and parks him next to Frank. Eyes glazed over, the musician stares off into the distance.

MR. FUCHS  
Eghhh. No lube, huh?

MRS. FREUDENHAUSER  
(to Frank)  
Your turn, buddy-boy.

She begins to wheel Frank toward the doorway.

FRANK  
Nuuaagh!

MRS. FREUDENHAUSER  
Relax. It only hurts the first  
time. I'm sure you're plenty  
loosened up...

Mr. Etternavnsen bursts through the doors, panting.

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN  
He's here! That prick Santa Anna's  
outside!

MRS. FREUDENHAUSER  
I'm right in the middle of  
something.

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN  
He'll have to give you a rain  
check. We need to mobilize the  
forces.

She rips the ball-gag off Frank's head. He cranks his sore  
jaw back and forth.

MRS. FREUDENHAUSER  
Oh, well. I'll punch your dance  
card later, sweetie.

FRANK  
You psycho bitch!

Everyone gathers in a circle around Mr. Etternavnsen.

MR. FUCHS  
What do we do, sir?

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN  
What do we do? What would Feigling  
Angstmann do? I'll tell you  
what...

Mr. Etternavnsen stumbles back, a confused look on his face.

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN  
This is the greatest day of my  
life! The greatest...

He claws his chest, gasps for breath.

MR. ETTERNAVNSEN  
The greatest...day...of...my...

Mr. Etternavnsen's eyes roll to the back of his head and he falls over backward to the carpet.

MS. ORTEGA  
Oh my God! He's having a heart  
attack! Release Dr. Wellesley so  
he can help him!

DR. WELLESLEY  
Nonsense, Dominga. What am I going  
to do? I'm a psychiatrist. If  
this was an anxiety attack, yes  
maybe...

FRANK  
Shut up! Cut us all loose so we  
can help!

Mr. Lutefisksen crouches down and checks the old man's pulse.

MR. LUTEFISKSEN  
Nah, he's kaput. Dead as a cat in  
a lawnmower. Poor bastard...oh  
well.

FRANK  
'Oh well?' Is that all you can  
say? He's dead!

MR. LUTEFISKSEN  
And? Listen, sonny, we lose five  
to ten people every year here. Par  
for the course.

MR. FUCHS  
Actually, with him kicking off I  
count eleven this year.

RESIDENT #1  
Wow, a new record!

MR. KOCH  
Goddamned it! We hit eleven two  
months ago...it's thirteen.

MR. LUTEFISKSEN  
That's bullshit! Remember,  
Kolikson broke his neck falling  
down the stairs last month - this  
makes twelve.

MR. FUCHS  
You're a goddamned idiot! No way  
it's more than...  
(counts on fingers)  
...eleven. I count eleven.

MRS. FREUDENHAUSER  
All of you shut up! What do we do  
now? Our leader's dead...

FRANK  
Listen to me! You all know I can't  
stand it here. Ms. Ortega knows it  
- she hates me. Let me go so I can  
rescue Miss Warmduscher and I'll  
help you get Mrs. Sostersonnsen's  
food.

MS. ORTEGA  
That's not true. I don't...hate  
him. If you release me I'll help  
facilitate your surrender to the  
police. Everyone will be okay...I  
promise.

MR. LUTEFISKSEN  
Well, I could eat, that's for sure.

MR. FUCHS  
Me too.

MR. KOCH  
He did steal the kitty puzzle.  
Hmm...

MRS. FREUDENHAUSER  
And I wouldn't mind putting that  
bitch Sostersonnsen in her place.

MR. LUTEFISKSEN  
I dunno...

FRANK  
She has rakfisk, bratwurst and  
sauerkraut...

MR. LUTEFISKSEN  
Cut him loose!

Mr. Fuchs pulls out a pocketknife and slices the tape.  
Frank hops up and races toward the entrance.

FRANK  
See ya, suckers!

MR. LUTEFISKSEN  
You sunuvabich!

Frank hauls ass out the double doors and into the  
CORRIDOR

He sprints down the hallway, into the lobby and yanks the  
front door open. An icy blast of wind knocks him against  
the far wall and onto his butt.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Assault rifle bullets blast a row of holes in the wall  
inches above Frank's head.

FRANK  
Shhhiiiiiiiiittt!

EXT. S.W.A.T. VEHICLES - NIGHT

A row of cops stand with rifles aimed at the front door.  
The officer who fired looks guiltily around.

OFFICER #1  
Oops.

Gonzales charges in front of the men.

GONZALES  
Alright, who fired?

The men all stare dead ahead.

GONZALES  
Won't tell me, huh? Okay, then.  
But I want whomever it was to know  
I'm very, very disappointed in him.

OFFICER #1  
Gosh, I'm sorry Captain. I just  
got all - you know - excited and  
junk. I feel really stupid.

Gonzales walks over to the man and puts his hand on his  
shoulder. The man lowers his head in shame.



GONZALES

Don't be so hard on yourself. We  
all make mistakes. Hey...hey  
there...

Gonzales lifts the mans chin up tenderly with his finger.

GONZALES

Remember when I accidentally shot  
that mother in front of her  
children last year? Remember  
that...?

The officer rubs tears and snot from his face, smiles and  
nods.

OFFICER

Yeah, I remember.

GONZALES

And then the father and  
grandparents ran into the kitchen  
and I accidentally shot them too...  
remember?

OFFICER #1

(laughs)

Yeah, yeah.

GONZALES

We're only human. Come here...

The officer and Gonzales hug. The captain rubs his back,  
releases him.

GONZALES

Feel better?

OFFICER #1

Yeah, I do. Thanks, Captain.

GONZALES

(screams to the men)

Alright, I want fresh intel on the  
situation! Find out who that guy  
was! Move!

INT. CORRIDOR/PHARMACY - NIGHT

Frank crawls along the floor on his belly. As he passes the  
pharmacy window, the metal gate shoots up and Clyde sticks  
his head out.

CLYDE  
Whoa, what time is it? Damn, I got  
me some wicked munchies.

FRANK  
(sotto voce)  
Clyde. Psst - Clyde.

CLYDE  
Huh? Who is it?

FRANK  
Shhhh. Down here...

CLYDE  
Damn, dude, what're you doing?  
Humping the carpet?

FRANK  
The residents have taken over  
Golden Years and the police are  
outside - they shot at me.

Clyde looks at the clock on the wall.

CLYDE  
Six-thirty? Fuck, my shift ended  
an hour ago.

The Filipino hops the counter and walks toward the lobby.

CLYDE  
Catch you later, bro.

FRANK  
No! Don't go outside, Clyde!

Clyde flips him the bird and disappears into the

LOBBY

He snags his parka and slips it on, opens the front door and  
steps outside -

BANG! BANG! BANG!

- he flies across the yard, his chest shredded by bullets.

OFFICER #1 (O.S.)  
Oops. Sorry.

GONZALES (O.S.)  
Alright, who fired?

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Frank continues to worm his way across the carpet. He stops when he runs into a pair of shoes. His face lifts and he sees the residents, arms folded, glaring down at him.

FRANK

Hi, guys. I can explain...

MR. LUTEFISKSEN

You weasely little fuckface. Grab him.

They jerk him up, form a tight circle around Frank and push back into the

ACTIVITY ROOM

Frank is shoved across the floor. The residents shake their fists and canes, ready to beat his ass. Frank raises his hands and:

FRANK

Hold on, hold on. Okay, yes, I am weasely and, yes, I'm a fuckface - but I can't get out...now I'm just like you.

MR. FUCHS

Oh, you're just like us, eh? You have to piss in a bag, just like us? Have someone wipe your ass, just like us? Can't get a hard on, just like us?

MR. KOCH

Speak for yourself.

FRANK

Okay, I'm not just like you. But I know what it's like to put up with the same bullshit day after day. I know what it feels like to be abandoned and left alone...and I know what it's like to love and not be loved in return.

MR. LUTEFISKSEN

Boohoo.

MR. FUCHS

I knew he was a faggot.

FRANK

The bottom line is this: we have a mission to perform, and I'm going to see it through to the end. We must save Miss Warmduscher and steal that food.

MRS. FREUDENHAUSER

What about General Santa Anna? I mean, they actually have guns and...

FRANK

First things first, Mrs. Freudenhauser. Now, who's with me?

MRS. FREUDENHAUSER

But...

FRANK

Come on, who's with me?

Frank pokes his hand out into the middle of the group. A moments hesitation, then one-by-one wrinkled, liver-spotted hands slap down on the back of his, including a prosthetic arm with a hook.

FRANK

All together now - one...two... three:

EVERYONE

Goooooooooooo geezers!

Frank puffs out his chest, filled with a strange sensation he's never felt before - overconfidence. Everyone stares at him, wide-eyed.

FRANK

Fantastic! Okay, Sergeant Fuchs, Sergeant Koch, front and center!

Mr. Fuchs and Mr. Koch hop in front of him and salute.

FRANK

Sergeant Fuchs, have the troops gather up all the rubber exercise tubes. Grab more wheelchairs, tape and all the brooms from the kitchen.

MR. FUCHS

Yes, sir!

MR. KOCH  
What about me, sir?

FRANK  
Take some soldiers and gather every  
used colostomy and urine bag you  
can find.

MR. KOCH  
Yes, sir!

He begins to march off, stops, scratches his head. Mr. Lutefisksen shuffles over to Frank, holding Mr. Etternavnsen's cavalry uniform and hat.

MR. LUTEFISKSEN  
Here, he would want you to have  
this.

Frank takes the uniform. It is a poignant moment and Frank is overcome with emotion.

FRANK  
Ick - gross. He died in this.

MR. LUTEFISKSEN  
Look, you pansy, if you're going to  
lead us you need to look the part.  
That faggoty white uniform doesn't  
cut it.

FRANK  
Fine. By the way, where's Mr.  
Etternavnsen's body?

MR. LUTEFISKSEN  
We tossed it in a snow bank...don't  
need his rotten old carcass  
stinking up the joint.

Frank places his hand on the old man's shoulder.

FRANK  
You're a good man, Mr. Lutefisksen.  
I'm sure he would have wanted it  
this way.

EXT. S.W.A.T. VEHICLES - NIGHT

The wind and snow have died down. Gonzales is sipping hot cocoa out of a children's mug shaped like a teddy bear. Sheriff Inglebritson moseys over to him, a small camera in his hand.

INGLEBRITSON

Hiya, Captain. I was wondering if I could get a picture of you in front of the house for my wife's scrapbook? She just loves this stuff.

GONZALES

Yeah? Well, okay, but make it quick.

Gonzales steps into the yard, turns and poses bravely with his teddy bear mug. Inglebritson snaps a picture.

INGLEBRITSON

Do you think we could get one together?

GONZALES

Sure, I don't see why not.

A SERGEANT runs up.

SERGEANT

Captain, we have some fresh intel about the leader!

GONZALES

Hold on, Sergeant. First, take a picture of us.

SERGEANT

Oh, cool! Okay.

The officer drops his assault rifle in the snow and grabs the camera. Inglebritson stands next to Gonzales, put his arm around his shoulder - big grins. The sergeant clicks a picture.

INGLEBRITSON

Great. How about one where we look like we're storming the house? I mean, if it's not too much to ask...

GONZALES

No, not at all. Sounds terrific.

The two cops draw their sidearms and pose like they're running towards the mansion. Click.

INGLEBRITSON

How about a funny one, where we're holding our guns to each other's heads?

GONZALES

Yeah!

They cock their pistols, grip each other's collars and place the guns against their temples. Click.

INGLEBRITSON

How about one where I'm bent over and you're spanking my bottom?

GONZALES

Perfect.

Click.

INGLEBRITSON

How about one where we pretend to be making out?

GONZALES

Yeah, yeah!

Click.

MONTAGE:

QUICK INTERCUTS OF STILL PICS, EACH MORE HOMOEROTIC THAN THE LAST

END MONTAGE

INGLEBRITSON

Thanks a bunch. My wife is going to love these.

SERGEANT

Sir, we got a fix on the leader. He's a young guy, kinda stupid looking, history of mental problems, wearing a...cavalry uniform.

GONZALES

Got a name?

SERGEANT

Yeah...Statbob...scatbob...sec...

The sergeant whips out a notebook.

SERGEANT  
Here it is. A Frank Slarbinofski.

GONZALES  
Australian, huh?

SERGEANT  
Appears so.

GONZALES  
Maybe some kind of loony cult  
leader.

SERGEANT  
I dunno.

GONZALES  
Would you say a David Koresh type?

SERGEANT  
Not really.

GONZALES  
I'm not asking your opinion...would  
you please say 'a David Koresh  
type?'

SERGEANT  
'A David Koresh type.'

GONZALES  
That's what I figure, too. Looks  
like we have another Waco, Texas on  
our hands.

SERGEANT  
Oh God. But that ended horribly.  
Everyone was killed and the  
compound burned to the ground.

GONZALES  
Did I ever tell you I was there?  
Man, it was something...

INGLEBRITSON  
That was a helluva bloodbath...in  
my opinion, anyway.

GONZALES  
(chuckles)  
Yeah, it was bloody, wasn't it?  
Good times...good times...



SERGEANT

Are you saying we might have to  
kill everyone and burn this place  
down too, sir?

INGLEBRITSON

That sounds a might bit harsh.

GONZALES

Standard police procedure, men. If  
we can't coax the cult leader into  
surrendering then we take everyone  
out. Kind of a scorched earth  
policy.

(beat)

Say, you have any more yummy cocoa  
in your thermos? I'm fresh out.

INT. THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The elevator doors at the end of the corridor ding and open  
and a cautious Frank steps into the corridor. He is wearing  
the cavalry uniform and hat. Muffled techno pulse music  
emanates from the door at the end of the hall. He turns  
back and looks at Mr. Lutefisksen.

FRANK

Coast is clear. Go back down and  
get the others. Gather in the  
third floor activity room and be  
ready to go when I bust through  
those doors. Got it?

MR. LUTEFISKSEN

Got it.

Frank slowly walks down the hallway, eyes locked on the  
doorway. He cracks the door open and peers inside.

INT. DIVA DEN - CONTINUOUS

A flashing disco ball casts brilliant multi-colored lights  
across the huge room. It's filled with weird, new age  
furniture and bizarre statues and paintings.

The residents are engaged in several activities: dancing,  
soaking in the hot tub, eating and watching porn on the  
plasma TV. Miss Warmduscher, still taped to her wheelchair,  
is in the center of the room.

MISS WARMDUSCHER

Please, I have to go pee!

Mrs. Sostersonsen stumbles over carrying a glass of champagne.

MRS. SOSTERSONNSEN  
 Shut it, missy. Peeing is the  
 least of your problems.

Frank inhales/exhales a few times then charges into the room. He sprints across the floor and hip-checks Mrs. Sostersonsen into the hot tub.

Frank grabs Miss Warmduscher's wheelchair and bolts for the doorway. Residents jump in his path, ready to punch him and bat him with canes. He slams the wheelchair into them - they fly like bowling pins.

He steers Miss Warmduscher out the doorway and into the

CORRIDOR

They fly down the hallway, make a right down another corridor. Frank looks over his shoulder, sees no one and slows down.

INTERCUT SCENES

INT. FIRST CORRIDOR/DIVA DEN DOORWAY - NIGHT

Residents sloooooowly shuffle out the doorway in hot pursuit - Herr Verdreht in the lead, his wheelchair inching forward.

SECOND CORRIDOR

Frank, slow jogging, looks back over his shoulder, still sees no one. He stops, turns around.

FIRST CORRIDOR

Shuffle, shuffle...

SECOND CORRIDOR

Frank looks at his watch several times.

FIRST CORRIDOR

Onward, onward...

## SECOND CORRIDOR

Frank snaps his fingers/smacks palm over and over, blows raspberries, bored.

## FIRST CORRIDOR

Making progress...

## END INTERCUT

## INT. SECOND CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Frank is leaning against the back of the wheelchair, reading a Cosmo magazine; he chomps gum, blows bubbles.

Finally, the residents round the corner, pour into the second corridor.

HERR VERDREHT

Get that Polish Jew bastard!

Frank races toward the double swinging doors at the end of the hallway and crashes through them into the

## THIRD FLOOR ACTIVITY ROOM

His troops are positioned and ready: Six wheelchairs face the entrance, three residents to a chair. The wheelchairs have been converted into giant slingshots: Broken broom handles are taped to the arms, each with a rubber exercise tube stretched between them.

On the floor next to each chair is a stack of colostomy and urine bags, bulging with piss or shit.

FRANK

They're coming! Man your battle stations!

Frank wheels Miss Warmduscher over to the wall and runs behind the residents. Each team jumps into action: two grab the sides of the chair and steady it while the third places a bag in the loop and stretches it back.

MISS WARMDUSCHER

Frank, I really have to go to the bathroom!

FRANK  
 Not now, Penelope.  
 (beat)  
 Wait until you see the whites of  
 their eyes!

Seconds pass.

FRANK  
 Steady...steady...

More seconds pass. Then the doors fly open and in shuffle  
 the hoard of old folks.

MR. FUCHS  
 Now, sir?

FRANK  
 Not yet. Wait for my signal.

Everyone filters into the room and charges Frank's troops.

MR. FUCHS  
 Now, sir?

FRANK  
 Not yet!  
 (beat)  
 Closer...closer...

The mob is now twenty feet away. From the rear, a dripping  
 wet Mrs. Sostersonnsen screams:

MRS. SOSTERSONNSEN  
 Kill the bastards!

FRANK  
 Ready! Aim! Fire!

SLOW MOTION WITH BACKGROUND ORCHESTRA MUSIC, THE KIND YOU  
 HEAR IN WAR MOVIES WHEN EVERYONE IS DRAMATICALLY WIPED OUT

The colostomy bags are released and hurdle through the air.  
 One by one they hit the residents: An explosion of piss and  
 shit on impact. Old folks let out distorted, extended  
 screams, fly backwards and crumple to the ground.

Herr Verdreht is hit in the face with a bag of exploding  
 crap and flips over backwards in his wheelchair. Mrs.  
 Sostersonnsen lifts her arms:

SNIK! SNIK!

Two knitting needles slide up her wrists into her hands, ala Wolverine (X-men) style. She charges forward, howling.

Mrs. Freudenhauser pulls back on her tube and shoots a bag. It slams right into Mrs. Sostersonnsen's gaping mouth and blasts her with piss. She falls to her knees, raises her arms to the heavens and freezes there for a couple seconds (think Sergeant Elias from 'Platoon') and then tips forward onto the floor.

Mr. Lutefisksen pulls back his tube to launch another round, when the old man holding the right side of his chair slips and falls. The wheelchair spins right and the bag springs into the air...

...straight at Miss Warmduscher!

FRANK  
(distorted)  
NNNNNNOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Just before the bag hits Miss Warmduscher, Frank launches himself through the air and catches it in the chest.

The bag of shit explodes - Frank is slammed into the wall.

END SLOW MOTION AND BACKGROUND MUSIC

MISS WARMDUSCHER  
Frank! Noooo!

The battle is over. Smoke drifts across the battlefield and over the fallen elderly warriors. Mr. Lutefisksen whips out his pocketknife and cuts Miss Warmduscher free.

She kneels beside Frank and cradles his head, tears gushing down her face.

MISS WARMDUSCHER  
Why? Why? Why Mr. Lutefisksen?  
Why do the good die young?

MR. LUTEFISKSEN  
He was a great man, Miss Warmduscher. A helluva fine pollock.

FRANK  
Um, I'm still here.

MISS WARMDUSCHER  
Oh Frank! You're alive!

FRANK  
What happened?

MISS WARMDUSCHER  
You took a flying shitbag for me,  
Frank! No one's ever done that for  
me before. You're a hero!

FRANK  
Penelope, maybe this isn't the best  
time...

Frank wipes some spattered crap from his face.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
...but I need to say it before I  
explode. I love you, Penelope.  
The first time I saw you wiping  
vomit off of Mrs. Flitzerkacke's  
chin - such care, such compassion,  
such attention to detail - I knew  
you were the one.

MISS WARMDUSCHER  
Oh Frank, I feel the same way.

FRANK  
We've both waited our whole lives  
for our true soulmate, keeping  
ourselves pure, saving it for that  
special moment...

MISS WARMDUSCHER  
Yeaaahh, about that....

FRANK  
Oh...that's okay. I'm sure it was  
someone you thought you loved.

MISS WARMDUSCHER  
Hmmm...

FRANK  
Well, I'm sure you liked him at  
least.

MISS WARMDUSCHER  
'Him?'

FRANK  
Okay...them. I'm sure it wasn't  
very many though, right?

She flips her palm back and forth.

MISS WARMDUSCHER  
Ehhh...

FRANK  
So it was more than a few. But that's all in the past. I mean, I don't know any of them, right?

MISS WARMDUSCHER  
Sort of.

FRANK  
Someone on staff?

She raises her thumb.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Some of the staff?

She raises her thumb higher.

FRANK  
All of the staff?

MISS WARMDUSCHER  
Bingo.

FRANK  
Okay...I guess I can live with you having done the entire staff. That's it, right?

She clears her throat, scratches her head.

FRANK  
One of the...residents?

She looks at the ceiling.

FRANK  
Some of the residents?

She whistles, darts her eyes around.

FRANK  
All of the residents?

MISS WARMDUSCHER  
Yeah, kind of.

MR. FUCHS/MR. KOCH  
Told you.

FRANK

Okay, well, that's pushing it a bit, but I guess...

MISS WARMDUSCHER

Oh Frank, shut up and kiss me!

Frank and Miss Warmduscher kiss passionately. She pulls her face away; there is a ring of shit around her lips. Frank jumps up, grabs Miss Warmduscher's hand and yanks her up.

FRANK

I captured Penelope's heart! I'm the luckiest guy in the world!

MR. LUTEFISKSEN

Congratulations. She's quite a... catch.

MR. FUCHS

That's great and all, but what about our food?

FRANK

He's right. Onward, troops. Rakfisk, bratwurst and sauerkraut for all!

INT. DIVA DEN - NIGHT

Everyone is seated and eating. Frank and Miss Warmduscher are on the couch watching a raunchy porn movie, stuffing their faces with food.

MISS WARMDUSCHER

I love this movie. Whenever it's that time of the month and I'm feeling weepy, the only thing that helps is to climb into my sweats, grab a tub of Haagen Dazs and watch a good romantic love story like this. It's a girl thing...you wouldn't understand...

FRANK

I guess I wouldn't. I've never had a...girlfriend.

MISS WARMDUSCHER

Awww.

They touch foreheads, all smiles.



VOICE IN HIS HEAD (V.O.)  
Psst. Hey, Frank.

FRANK  
Um, what?

MISS WARMDUSCHER  
Huh?

VOICE IN HIS HEAD (V.O.)  
I just wanted to say goodbye.  
Doesn't look like I'm needed here  
anymore. Plenty of other losers  
out there for me to torment.

FRANK  
'K. See ya.

MISS WARMDUSCHER  
Huh?

VOICE IN HIS HEAD (V.O.)  
Take it easy, Frank.  
(beat)  
Uh, Frank?

FRANK  
Yes?

MISS WARMDUSCHER  
Huh?

VOICE IN HIS HEAD (V.O.)  
I was just thinking...maybe we  
could do one for the road. You  
know, just for old times sake. You  
could snap her neck like a twig  
and...

FRANK  
Some other time.

MISS WARMDUSCHER  
Huh?

VOICE IN HIS HEAD (V.O.)  
Okay, never hurts to ask. Take  
care, Frank.

Frank smiles at Miss Warmduscher, gives her a friendly pop  
in the chin, like an old buddy.

FRANK

I think everything is going to be okay.

GONZALES OVER MEGAPHONE (V.O.)

Attention, disturbed, violent terrorists! You have five minutes to surrender your leader, Scatnobiski, or we torch your asses! That's five minutes!

MRS. FREUDENHAUSER

Oh my God! It's Santa Anna! What are we going to do?

MR. LUTEFISKSEN

They want Fred. Now what?

MR. FUCHS

If it's a choice between dying and giving up the pollock, then I say toss him to the Mexicans!

GONZALES OVER MEGAPHONE (V.O.)

Come on, Scatnobski, we won't hurt you...I promise.

(snickers)

Boy is he in for a surprise...damn, is this thing still on...?

Frank and Miss Warmduscher jump up.

FRANK

Now let's not be hasty. I mean, they said leader, right? Mr. Etternavnsen was actually the leader. I'm just kinda pinch-hitting for him.

Dead silence. The old people circle the couple and glare at them.

MR. FUCHS

Grab the sunuvabich!

The old folks dive on Frank, pin him to the ground. He screams bloody murder. Miss Warmduscher does what she always does in these situations: Clasps her hands and gives everyone a frightened look.

They drag the flailing Frank into the corridor and down to the elevator. Frank breaks free and holds out his hand.

FRANK

Okay, okay. Just give me a minute.  
Geez!

Frank steps over to the corner and looks out the north window at the S.W.A.T. vehicles. He then gazes out the west window. His eyes fall on the legs of Mr. Etternavnsen sticking out of a giant snow bank, hidden from the cops' view by a thick stand of trees.

MONTAGE/FLASHBACKS

- Frank and Clyde stand together in the lobby:

CLYDE

...there's no fence-sitting here.  
Are you a fence-sitter, Frank?

- Frank and Miss Warmduscher in the activity room:

MISS WARMDUSCHER

Sometimes you have to sacrifice  
yourself for the greater good.

- Frank faces Mr. Lutefisksen's ass:

MR. LUTEFISKSEN

Make sure you polish my starfish  
nice and shiny...so you can see  
your face in it.

END MONTAGE/FLASHBACKS

Frank turns back and faces the group.

FRANK

I'll do it.

EXT. S.W.A.T. VEHICLES - NIGHT

Gonzales drums his fingers on a tank, checks his watch. A cop runs over from the house. Sheriff Inglebritson stands nearby, eating a hoagie.

OFFICER #1

Sharpshooters positioned and ready,  
Captain.

GONZALES

Excellent. Incendiary charges?

OFFICER #1

Set to go - just waiting for your signal, sir.

GONZALES

Just a couple more minutes.

INGLEBRITSON

Hiya, Captain. Er...so what happens if he doesn't come out?

Pieces of sandwich shoot out of his mouth as he talks and spatter Gonzales. The Captain wipes it off.

GONZALES

Then we blow the house.

INGLEBRITSON

And if he comes out?  
More chunks of hoagie spatter him.

GONZALES

We take him out with the snipers and blow the house.

INGLEBRITSON

Huh. A helluva deal. Excuse me.

Sheriff Inglebritson walks off, chewing his sandwich and shaking his head.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Frank stands near the entrance with a wheelchair, pushes it back and forth, testing the wheels. He sits in it and rolls around.

EXT. S.W.A.T. VEHICLES - NIGHT

Gonzales looks at his watch again. Several cops stand near him, assault rifles at the ready. One of the officers points at the

MANSION

The third floor windows are lined with old folks, gawking outside.

The front door opens, and out rolls Frank in the wheelchair, his cavalry hat pulled low over his face. It rolls down the sidewalk, picks up speed and careens toward the S.W.A.T. tanks.

GONZALES  
Fire, goddammed it!

Dozens of sniper and assault rifles fire. Frank is hit with a barrage of bullets. The wheelchair flies into a snow bank and Frank's mangled and eviscerated corpse is tossed into the air.

INT. THIRD FLOOR ACTIVITY ROOM - NIGHT

Miss Warmduscher clasps her hands to her mouth, screams and faints. The old folks all bow their heads and shuffle away from the windows.

The residents covered in piss and shit are gathered in the far corner, wiping themselves off with paper towels and doilies. Moments pass.

MR. LUTEFISKSEN  
Man, I could use a snack. Anyone care to join me in the Diva Den?

HERR VERDREHT  
Yeah, sounds good. I'm starving.

The old folks meander out of the activity room.

EXT. S.W.A.T. VEHICLES - NIGHT

Gonzales picks up his radio.

GONZALES  
Get ready to blow the building!

Gonzales giggles like a schoolgirl, slaps one of the officers in the arm.

GONZALES  
Man, this is going to be good!

OFFICER #1  
Yeah, oh boy, I can't wait. This is going to be my first firebombing, Captain!

GONZALES  
No kidding?

Inglebritson saunters up, phone to ear. Into phone:

INGLEBRITSON  
Okey-doke, Governor. Here he is...

He hands the phone to Gonzales.

GONZALES  
(hisses)  
Governor?

INGLEBRITSON  
Ya, me and him's old fishing buddies. Head up to Leech Lake every summer to...

GONZALES  
(into phone)  
Hello, Governor, this is Captain Gonzales.  
(beat)  
I see. Yes, sir.

Gonzales picks up his radio like a sulking child and:

GONZALES  
Sergeant, cancel the fireworks.

SERGEANT ON RADIO (V.O.)  
What? Are you serious?

GONZALES  
Yes, now do it.

SERGEANT ON RADIO (V.O.)  
Aww, geez...

Gonzales leans on the tank, the wind knocked out of him. Police officers storm the front door of the mansion, race inside.

INGLEBRITSON  
Yes, sir...a helluva deal.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GOLDEN YEARS ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - LATER

Ms. Ortega, Dr. Wellesley and Happy GoLucky, wrapped in blankets, are standing on the sidewalk surrounded by a crowd of police officers. A couple cops are taking pictures of Frank's body.

MS. ORTEGA

...that's right - a lunatic. I knew I should never of hired him except this idiot talked me into it.

DR. WELLESLEY

Nonsense, Dominga. I hardly think that I am an 'idiot?' I doubt the Minnesota Board of Psychiatry and Neurology would...

MS. ORTEGA

Shut up!

HAPPY GOLUCKY

I think I need a medic. In fact, I know I need a medic. And a rape counselor...

One of the photographers rubs his chin, yells:

PHOTOGRAPHER #1

Captain, come here!

Gonzales walks over to the corpse.

GONZALES

What?

PHOTOGRAPHER #1

You said the perp was what - twenty-three? This guy looks more like he's ninety-three.

GONZALES

Ms. Ortega, please come over here.

Ms. Ortega walks over to the corpse.

GONZALES

Who the hell is this guy?

She stares at the body, saucer-eyed.

MS. ORTEGA

That's Mr. Etternavnsen. But he's dead!

GONZALES

Duh - we shot him.

MS. ORTEGA

No, I mean he was dead before. If he died how could he get up and wheel himself out here? How could a dead man do that?

Gonzales gives her a few patronizing taps on the head. To a nearby officer:

GONZALES

Take Ms. Ortega to the hospital.  
(sotto voce)  
She loco en la cabeza.

OFFICER

Si, Comisario Gonzales.

GONZALES

Get Scatbobski's body out of here!

EXT. HILLSIDE NEAR GOLDEN YEARS - NIGHT

Frank pops his head up over a snow bank, stands up and brushes snow off his coat. There is a worm trail leading from the mansion up to where he stands. He blows a kiss at Golden Years.

FRANK

See ya, suckers.

He walks over the hill and disappears.

EXT. GOLDEN YEARS ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - DAWN

The morning sun peeks over the roof of the Victorian mansion. It is summertime; the yard is filled with lush green grass and flowers.

In the f.g., a crane swings a heroic-size bronze statue of Frank in the cavalry uniform onto Feigling Angstmann's pedestal. There is a plaque bolted to the pedestal that reads:

"On January 15, 20XX, Frank Studbrewski sacrificed his life to save forty-two residents of Golden Years. A true Minnesota hero."

THE END

FADE OUT.