

LUCKY PEARL

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DOG TRACK - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Heart-pounding, fast-pace, anxiety-driving instrumental, in the background. Similar to the beats at the start of the movie "Heat" with DeNiro and Pacino.

Heart-pounding boingy stuff. Something intense is about to happen.

SUPER: "PRESENT DAY"

ON THE SIGN, on the wall outside the Dog Track says, "Sarasota Kennel Club."

INT. DOG TRACK - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Through the doors and over to the escalator.

ON THE SIGN ON THE WALL, "One Eyed Jacks Poker Room Upstairs."

Up the escalator. Over to the entrance to the Poker room. Glass doors open and in we go.

INT. POKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BACKGROUND MUSIC volume builds to almost heart attack level, add to it, the overwhelming sound of POKER CHIPS STACKING and CRASHING into themselves heard through out the room.

ON THE BARTENDER as he serves drinks. Forward past the central reception desk, slowly PAN the whole room. Music building, faster...

ZOOM IN on the cash cage in the back right corner of the room. Next to the cash cage, a gray emergency exit door. Over the door, the sign says "EXIT."

Zoom in on the gray door. MUMBLING POKER PLAYERS in the background, POKER CHIPS STACKING and FALLING. MUSIC CRESCENDOES and....

FOUR PAINTERS in full white face masks, white hats and white coveralls burst into the Poker Room through the emergency exit door located next to the cash cage.

Each with a gun in their hand and a purse over their shoulder.

Around the room, everyone is engrossed in their game, at their tables, no one notices the odd looking gang that has burst into the room.

One of the painters raise their gun, points it to the ceiling and lets off a couple of extremely LOUD ROUNDS.

The room gets instantly silent. The music stops.

Everyone turns to the door next to the cash cage to see the gang of painters with purses on their shoulders and guns in their hands.

In the moment of silence, one of the painters shouts out a muffled command from behind the mask.

MASKED PAINTER

Ladies and Gentlemen. This is a robbery. Please remain seated and you won't get hurt.

CLOSE ON THE FACE of the shouting painter.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DOCKSIDE RESTAURANT - OUTDOOR DECK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

SUPER: "SARASOTA, FLORIDA - EIGHT WEEKS EARLIER"

START OPENING CREDITS

LUCKY, long, thinning, gray hair, still some black, early 80s, with two of his grown children, seated around the table eating lunch.

SEAGULLS SCREAMING, LINES CLANKING on sailboat masts at the marina behind the restaurant.

Wait staff milling around delivering food. PLATES CRASH in stacks, GLASSES CLINK together, SILVERWARE CHING in piles.

RACHEL, gray roots through shoulder length straight black hair, slightly heavy, in her mid-50s. Looks professional. She finishes her salad, looks around the restaurant to recognize or be recognized.

DAVID, late 40s, thick necked, short curly salt and pepper hair, dark circles under wrinkled eyes. Steely Dan T Shirt, expensive jeans. He checks his iPhone for messages.

RACHEL
 What'r we going to do about Mom?

DAVID
 Her memory is getting worse.

RACHEL
 I'll tell you one thing; I swear to
 God, I'll never let that happen to
 me. Never.

LUCKY
 I don't know what you're both
 talking about. She's fine. Finer
 than ever actually.

RACHEL
 Oh, Daddy, you're so blind.
 Sometimes she asks me three times
 in fifteen minutes, what time it
 is!

DAVID
 I remember when she rescued me from
 Security after I stowed away on
 that seven forty-seven. Remember
 that?

RACHEL
 I remember when she made my math
 teacher stutter again, for giving
 me a low grade in school.

The waiter delivers the check to the table. Lucky grabs it
 faster than the other two.

LUCKY
 Lunch is on me, kids.

INT. PEARL'S CAR - LATER THAT DAY

PEARL, late 70s, wrinkled skin, sagging jowls, thinning
 bright red hair, duller than white smile.

She stops at a traffic light, striping red glare across her
 wind shield in the rain. Wipers whipping back and forth.

ON THE FOLDED NEWSPAPER and map on the passenger seat. Easy
 listening music on the radio. Pearl puts lipstick on in the
 rear view mirror.

The newspaper article circled in black marker. Headline reads: "*Chinese Herb Improves Memory!*" An address is circled on the bottom of the article and the intersection is circled on the map.

INT. MARK AND CINDY'S CONDO - SAME TIME

MARK and CINDY, in their early 60s, having breakfast at the kitchen table. He is reading the same article we saw in Pearl's car.

Mark's wife Cindy, is thin, pale and has no eyebrows. She's wearing a pink bandana to cover her bald head.

Mark is almost completely bald with some fuzz around the sides of his head. He has those practically invisible hearing aids in both his ears. He is so skinny that even tight clothes look loose on him.

Their condo is sparsely decorated, like a cheap hotel room. The news is on the TV in the background.

MARK

Did you see this article, hun? They say this Chinese root will stop your nausea from the Chemo.

CINDY

Great. Well go get some of it before I throw up again.

MARK

It says here that it also delays the effects of dementia.

CINDY

Fine, whatever. Let's first beat this cancer, then we can move on to going senile.

Cindy gets up and rushes back into the bathroom to vomit. Mark folds up and takes the section of the paper, sticks it under his arm and yells out to her through the bathroom door.

MARK

Honey, I'm going to that Chinese Herb store, downtown, by the Greyhound Terminal. I'll be back in a little while.

ECHOED BARFING from the bathroom, as Mark grabs his gun and badge and walks out the front door of their condo, with the paper tucked under his arm.

CLOSE ON THE TV, in the background.

TV ANNOUNCER

In other news, elder abuse is up
fifty three percent as seniors
continue to be a target for gangs
and con artists--

INT. PEARL'S CAR - MINUTES LATER

Pearl pulls into the parking lot at the Chinese Herb Store. She's just about to turn into a parking spot when out of nowhere, a pimped out Green Eclipse cuts in front of her and steals her spot.

A GANG OF CHINESE BOYS get out, laughing and point at Pearl. Pearl flips them her middle finger. Shocked, she just sits there in her car with her blinker still on.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PEARL'S CAR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

SUPER: "VALLEY STREAM, LONG ISLAND, 1970"

Driving past a sign that says "Valley Stream Plaza", a young thirty something Pearl, pulls into the shopping plaza parking lot, with her son, BENNY, around 11, in the passenger seat.

She approaches a spot, puts her blinker on and is about to turn left into the parking spot. Out of nowhere, a big black pick up truck cuts her off and steals her spot right in front of her.

Under her breath she blurts.

PEARL

Moth-er-Fuck-er!

Pearl slams the gear shifter on the steering wheel, up and into the park position. She opens the driver's side car door, but first pauses briefly and turns to a now spooked Benny.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Sweetie, watch Momma and learn.

EXT. VALLEY STREAM PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

Pearl gets out of the car, leaves Benny gawking wide-eyed, and marches over to the driver's side of the pick up truck. A gigantic bearded redneck looking man gets out.

Pearl gets in his face and gives him a piece of her mind.

PEARL

What! Are you fucking blind, you
in-bred retard?! Did you not see me
blinking to turn into this spot?!

Pearl is screaming up at the giant, while poking him in the chest with her finger as he backs up against the side of his truck, saying nothing.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Big man... steals a spot from a
lady and a little boy! You get back
in that fucking truck, and back
this piece-of-shit out of here
right now, or you'll come back to
slashed tires. Do you hear me?!

The big man, wide eyed, jaw dropped, with hands up in surrender, retreats back in the truck and backs it out. Pearl swaggers back to her car where Benny sits still wide-eyed.

INT. PEARL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

She pulls down the gear shifter into drive, drives into the now vacated spot, puts the car into park. While looking in the rear view mirror, she re-applies her red lipstick, then turns to a petrified young Benny.

PEARL

And that's how it's done.
(beat)
No one fucks with your Mamma.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. PEARL'S CAR - DAY

Sitting in the Herb Store parking lot, a now older Pearl, smacks the steering wheel with her hand, the WEDDING BAND CLANGS on the wheel.

She grabs the floor shifter and slides it in reverse, she turns her head toward the back, raises her right arm, grabs the back of the passenger seat, and backs up the car into a spot behind her.

Still ruffled by the stolen spot at the Herb Store, Pearl mumbles to herself.

PEARL

God-damn-mother-fuckers. There was
a time when I would kick their ass!

INT. HERB STORE - CONTINUOUS

Attached to the top of the door, the SILVER BELL JINGLES when Pearl enters. The store is floor-to-ceiling covered with stacked boxes all marked in Chinese.

At the back of the store sits a CHINESE LADY behind the counter, reading a Chinese newspaper. Pearl approaches her with her own folded newspaper, the article circled, points at it with her finger.

Pearl shouts, in broken English, assuming the woman is hard of hearing and doesn't understand, just because she looks Asian.

PEARL

S'cuse me. You-help-me-find-dis?

Chinese lady stops reading, looks over bifocals at Pearl, then down at Pearl's article. Then back up at Pearl.

PEARL (CONT'D)

(shouts)

As-tra-gal-us. It's a root. Do you
have it?

Mark, the cop, already at the store, also looking for the root for his wife. He hears the conversation and comes forward to the counter, stands next to Pearl.

MARK

How strange. I'm looking for that,
too.

Pearl barely looks over at him. He is unattractive and frail looking with wire frame glasses and not much hair left. Those stupid hearing aids, whistle a HIGH PITCH SOUND from both ears.

Pumpkin colored dress shirt, top button open, blue jeans too new looking to be worn by anyone cool, Dockside shoes with white socks. An orange and blue hounds tooth sport jacket brings the whole baggy nerd ensemble together.

MARK (CONT'D)

My wife is home throwing up from Chemotherapy. I read, that same root you asked for, could help her feel better.

PEARL

Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. I'm, um, just getting it for a friend.

The Chinese lady behind the counter, gets off her stool, reaches behind her to grab a jar, high on a shelf. It's filled with strangely shaped roots. She pulls the jar down and takes one out.

She uses a metal grater to shave the root into a little baggie, then a little more into a second baggie. She places them on a scale, takes a little out, adds a little, then a twist tie on each and hands a bag to each of them.

PEARL (CONT'D)

How much is it?

CHINESE LADY

One dahlah puh ounce. You make tea. I give you eight ounces.

The Chinese lady makes the charades movement of pouring tea into a cup with one hand and stirs the imaginary cup in the air with the other hand. Then points to Pearl then to Mark.

CHINESE LADY (CONT'D)

Eight dahlah for you and eight dahlah for him.

Mark and Pearl, pay the lady, smiling courteously at each other as old folks do. They walk out the store and go their separate ways.

EXT. HERB STORE - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Pearl, just stands in front of the store. She doesn't remember where she parked. After a moment of panic, she sees her old white Sonata, and heads over to it.

Mark heads to his car, turns to wave goodbye, as he heads to the back of the lot behind the store where he parked. He shouts back to Pearl.

MARK

Nice to meet you. Have a good day.

Pearl waves at him and as she walks over to her car, the Chinese boys, from earlier, who stole her parking spot, run up and surprise her from behind.

One of them grabs the paper bag out of her hand and the gang surrounds and taunts her.

CHINESE GUY 1

Old ladies shouldn't give tough
guys the finger.

With short spiked black hair, he's a skinny, angry looking dude, in a white wife beater T-shirt. Asian characters and dragon tattoos peeking out from under his shirt.

Baggy pants hanging down on his ass, back of the boxers showing, like a black gangsta. He throws the bag to his chubby friend.

PEARL

You boys give that back to me.

CHINESE GUY 2

Uh oh. Wah-chout fo-dat white
bitch.

He's a chubbier Asian. Dirty white crew neck T-shirt, his big belly pushes the bottom of the shirt out over his jeans. He tosses the bag to the third bearded dude.

Pearl turns round and round to face each one with the bag and she gets dizzy and stumbles a little, as she gets pissed, her expression changes.

PEARL

Okay. Okay. You guys had your fun.
Please, give me back my bag and we
can forget the whole thing.

CHINESE GUY 3

Whoa. Now look who's giving orders.
We need to throw dis bitch a
beatin'.

He's the scariest looking one of all, mean eyes, longer black hair parted in the middle and a long foo-man-chu beard. His long fingernailed hand twirling an exotic cane with a dragon-dog, carved on the handle.

And just as Pearl forgets for a second that she is old and gets ready to do battle, Mark comes up behind them all.

MARK

Is there a problem here ma'am?

CHINESE GUY 1

Go away old man, this doesn't concern you.

Like in the old west, Mark pulls back the left side of his sport coat shows the badge on his belt. Then pulls back the right side of his coat, shows his gun in its holster.

Unsnaps the leather guard and leaves his hand on his gun ready to draw.

MARK

Now you boys know, how forgetful us old folks are.

(beat)

Give the lady back her bag and I'm sure neither one of us, will remember this ever happened.

The boys look at each other and the Chinese guy 1, nods to guy holding the bag, to return it to Pearl. They sneer and walk away muttering some comment about old people.

Mark brings sport-coat back over the gun and turns to Pearl with a conquering smile.

MARK (CONT'D)

Looks like you were just about to kick-the-crap outta those guys.

PEARL

Well, there was a time when I would've. Thanks for helping out. I'm Pearl.

MARK

Mark. Nice to meet you, again.

They shake hands and go their separate ways. Mark comments kiddingly as he walks away.

MARK (CONT'D)

Try to stay outta trouble will ya?

Pearl walks to her car, gets in and just sits there a bit.

INT. PEARLS CAR - CONTINUOUS

She watches Mark drive away and waves. Watches the gang drive away, winces, grits her teeth and inhales through them. Opens the bag with the root tea and looks into it.

Then peers out the windshield, talking to herself, while squeezing the bag tightly.

PEARL

That's it. I'm not dead yet. And
I'm NOT gonna go out, without a
fight. I'll show those fuckers.
I'll show'em all.

She puts the car in drive and exits the parking lot. She searches the radio stations for something a little more aggressive than elevator music.

"Welcome to the Jungle" comes on the radio, she turns the volume up and leaves it on for the remainder of her trip home.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

ON PEARLS CAR, flying high from behind and above. Pearl speeds away. Volume up on Axle Rose.

INT. PEARLS CONDO - LATER THAT DAY

Pearl quickly jumps through her front door, into the condo, so no bugs follow her in, closing the door quickly behind her.

She heads over to the phone in the kitchen and listens to her messages.

RACHEL (V.O.)

"BEEP" Hi Mom. It's me. Just wanted
to invite you and Daddy over for
dinner Friday. Call me back...okay?

As she listens to her messages we see a massive amount of family photos around Pearl home. She opens her day book calendar on the counter.

In the back of the open, square, first floor condo, through the back sliding glass doors, is the beautiful lush golf course.

The sand trap is right outside their screened-in-porch back door. Lucky is out there, using the extended little ball basket device, to scoop lost golf balls out of the sand trap.

Pearl continues to listen to her messages.

DAVID (V.O.)

"BEEP" Hi Dad. I'm just confirming that I'll see you at the Poker Room tonight. Bring lots of money old man.

The next message, is from Pearl's buddy STELLA. An old, sexy, Italian broad, who is never on time.

STELLA (V.O.)

"BEEP" Hi Pearl. It's me Stella, just reminding you about Mah Jong tonight. I have to teach that Aikido class at the nursing home so I'll be over to Frankie's house, as soon as I can. See you later Pearly girly.

Just as Pearl hangs up the phone, Lucky comes in from the back and drops his bounty of found golf balls in the kitchen sink to wash them off.

LUCKY

Hey baby. Today was a good day. Four balls those suckers lost, in those goddamn weeds.

PEARL

Oh Gawd. What are you going to do with all those balls. How many fucking boxes of balls do we have now?

LUCKY

(winks)

Eight boxes dear. Eight. I'm a rich man. I have you and never need to buy golf balls.

PEARL

Just keep those things in the garage. You're so crazy with your balls.

Lucky finishes up at the sink and turns to the pill box on the counter, sitting next to the bag Pearl brought in.

LUCKY

I noticed you forgot to take your pills this morning. Let me get you a little glass of juice and you can take them now.

He turns to the cabinet, gets out a juice glass, then over to the fridge and pours out some O-J and puts it down on the counter next to the pills.

Pearl is just standing there, staring at her day planner. Then looks up at Lucky.

PEARL

What day is it?

LUCKY

Its Tuesday honey. Tonight is your Mahjong night and my Poker night.

PEARL

What time is it?

LUCKY

(smiles, compassionate)
Um. Oh sweetie, let's take some of these pills. What'cha got in the bag?

PEARL

What bag?

LUCKY

This little paper bag right here next to the newspaper.

She turns back to the day planner again, then back to him.

PEARL

Ya know. I'm just so goddamn bored with those ladies. If I had something else to do tonight, I'd do it.

LUCKY

Yeah, but what would they do without you to entertain them?

PEARL

Exactly! That's all I do. I'm their entertainment. They have no balls and are just waiting to die.

LUCKY

I've got balls. Why don't you bring over some of my balls.

PEARL

(chuckles)

Your cute Lucky.

LUCKY

So, Pearl. What's in the little bag?

PEARL

What bag?

LUCKY

Here honey, take these pills with the juice.

He brings the glass of juice over to her and hands her, her pills. She sips a little with each pill. Lucky distracts her from the whole pill taking thing, with a little more chatter.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

In eight weeks there will be the biggest tournament in the entire state of Florida at the Poker Room. And I'm going to be there to take those suckers for all their worth. Supposedly, there is going to be half a million bucks, just sitting in the cash cage from all the chips everyone will buy.

Pearl sips the juice and swallows the pills as she listens. Lucky continues.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

I heard from my valet buddy, who parks cars for the players at the track, that the owners of the Poker Room, love ripping off, us old folks. They think we come down here to Florida with our life savings and have nothing to do but lose it gambling at the stupid dog track or poker room.

Pearl goes over to the cupboard, opens the door and pulls out a box of cookies.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

Baby, I'm gonna win some big money tonight, but at the tournament I'm gonna show them what a lifetime of winning at cards looks like. This is one old fart that won't be ripped off.

Pearl is listening but kind of out of it. She looks down at the juice glass and is disgusted that Lucky gave her a dirty glass with a smudge on it.

She is unaware that it's her lipstick from a moment ago.

PEARL

Lucky. Do me a favor. Next time you give me glass of anything, make sure it's clean. This one has some dirt or something on it.

LUCKY

Oh. Yeah. What was I thinking? Next time, I'll keep an eye out for that.

PEARL

I'm gonna take a nap. I'm kind of tired. What time is it honey?

LUCKY

It's four o'clock baby. It's cocktail time for me but you go snooze and I'll wake you in a little bit to get ready for Mahjong.

Pearl heads into the master bedroom and closes the door behind her. Lucky grabs the Dewars, a couple of cubes and pours a drink.

He cuts up some cheese and grabs some crackers and walks his treats over to the couch in the living room and picks up the remote and turns on the TV.

The TV turns on with a movie cued up. It's the opening scene of the movie Goodfellas.

SLOW ZOOM in on the TV.

HENRY HILL(V.O.)

...BANG BANG BANG BANG. As far back as I can remember, I've always wanted to be a gangster...

INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

ON nozzle going back and forth on the carpet, loud VACUUM CLEANER WHIRRING. FRANKIE is getting ready to host Mahjong night.

Long gray wavy hair that ends at the center of her back in a braid, basketball shorts, masculine sandals, always a dirty V-neck T-shirt and never any make-up or jewelry.

Her house is decorated eclectic. Dozens of magnets on her fridge. Some hokey ones from various airport gift shops and others showing funny pictures and quotes spouting the power of women.

Half painted walls, cob webs in the high corners by the ceiling. The Mahjong game set up on the kitchen table, the PHONE RINGS, she turns the vacuum off and...

FRANKIE

Hello...

The CHATTER OF A BOILER ROOM OPERATION in the background of the TELEMARKETER'S call. Lots of other operators CALLING, PHONES RINGING, PEOPLE TALKING IN THE DISTANCE.

TELEMARKETER (V.O.)

Yes, is this Frankie Patterson?

Looking up, squinting hard and mouthing the words "goddamn-telemarketers!"

FRANKIE

Yes. Who's calling?

TELEMARKETER (V.O.)

Yes, ma'am. We have your name as someone who had inquired about our walk-in bath tubs, after seeing one of our TV commercials. Did you call us ma'am?

FRANKIE

Goddammit. I may be old, but I can still lift my legs, to get into the tub. NO! I didn't call you. I'm hanging up now.

TELEMARKETER (V.O.)

Thank Y--

The clock on the wall says five-thirty. She curses to herself and the vacuum gets switched back on.

EXT. YMCA - LATER THAT DAY

Establishing shot of the building. Sign outside of the building shows featured programs for that day. "Bingo with Barbara Cohen" - "Crochet with Cathy Small" and "Senior Self Defense" with Stella Toscano" seen in white letters on the black marquis.

INT. YMCA LOCKER ROOM - SAME TIME

STELLA takes off her Aikido gi. She has just finished teaching her Aikido Class to seniors. Easily recognized by her shoulder length straight black hair, dark sun tanned, leathery chest and triumphant breasts.

Defying the old lady, mid-70s stereotype, she wears a tight white leotard shirt and several gold necklaces. One with a charm that says, "Sexy Senior", one a pair of boxing gloves, another with an Italian Horn and another with a cross hanging from it.

She throws her bag over her shoulder and marches out the locker room, speaking to all the ladies behind her still dressing.

STELLA

G'bye ladies. See you next week.
Tonight is Mahjong night and I
can't be late.

Her high-heel march, CLICKS ON THE TILE FLOOR, out of the locker room, strutting and swishing her defiantly tight geriatric ass.

INT. SUPERMARKET - EXPRESS CHECK OUT LINE - SAME TIME

A plastic grocery bag is at the end of the belt, partially open, there is a box of Depends, some Roloids and some hand lotion in it.

HILDA, late 60s, short, large and curvy, perfectly placed shoulder length wavy brown/gray hair, designer purse, flat shoes and an appropriate but pretty, tropical blouse with matching skirt.

She's arguing with the CHECKOUT LADY. Hints of a long time unused, Russian accent, can still be heard through her angry English.

HILDA

This is not about the money. You think cause I'm old, I don't know the difference between a ten and a twenty!

CHECKOUT LADY

Ma'am, I do this all day long. I have a system. I know what you handed me and the change is correct.

Everyone starts to look over at them and Hilda is self-conscious, about her bag's contents.

HILDA

Listen to me you little shit. I've been paying for groceries before your daddy had his first wet dream. Now you give me the right change before I have you fired.

INT. PEARLS CONDO - SAME TIME

Pearl's heading out to Frankie's and Lucky is heading out to play poker. They kiss each other good-bye as they leave the condo together.

PEARL

Bring Mamma home some moolah Lucky. When's that big tournament again?

LUCKY

Will do gorgeous. Yeah. I gotta practice, it's at the end of September, eight weeks away.

EXT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Pearl arrives in her old white Sonata and Hilda pulls in behind her in her late model Subaru. They park, get out, greet and walk to Frankie's front door.

The house is a small, one story, ranch with white vinyl siding and a single-car driveway on the side.

INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The DOOR BELL RINGS, signaling the ladies arrival. At the same time, Frankie's CELL PHONE RINGS. She runs to answer the door with her phone to her ear.

Pearl and Hilda walk in together, kissing Frankie on the cheek with a hug, quietly noticing she is on the phone.

TELEMARKETER (V.O.)
Hello! Is this Frankie Toscano?

FRANKIE
Yes. Who is this?

TELEMARKETER (V.O.)
Hi Frankie. We have you on our list as someone who requested information on our walk-in bath tubs. Did you call us after watching one of our infomercials?

Frankie gives them a piece of her mind...

FRANKIE
Goddammit! Take my name off your fucking list. I don't want one of your goddamn tubs!

She hangs up on the caller. Puts her social smile on and greets the ladies again, as they have come in and taken their seat at the kitchen table.

PEARL
Where's Stella?

The other ladies chuckle. The Mahjong tiles are spread out on the table. The ladies turn them over and get ready to play.

FRANKIE
Anyone want a beer? Some wine or soda?

They get up, mill around the kitchen, grab some Italian cookies that Frankie had out. Something to drink. Fridge open. Fridge close. Stella just walks in.

STELLA
I know, I know. I'm always late.

PEARL
Come on in Stella. Everyone lets sit down. Before we play, I want to talk about a few things.

The ladies take a seat around the table. They each have a drink in front of them.

STELLA

Speech! Speech! Quiet down. Okay
Pearlie. What's with the big t'do?

PEARL

(nervous/smiling)

Thanks Stell. Well, as you know, we
have been playing this stupid
fucking game, every Tuesday night
for years--

FRANKIE

(chuckles)

Hey! Watch the language Pearl.

Pearl gives Frankie "the eye" then continues back to the
group.

PEARL

Anyway, something happened to me
earlier today, and I've made a big
decision.

HILDA

Did you decide to finish eating
that cookie? Cause I have my eye on
it!

The ladies all break out in a giggle.

PEARL

Come on now. I'm serious. I'm done
sitting around and just waiting for
my time on this planet to end.

All the ladies stop their fidgeting, look and listen to
Pearl.

HILDA

Sorry Pearl. G'head. What are you
trying to say sweetie.

PEARL

Earlier today a gang of chink-
bastards, hassled me outside a
little grocery store. They thought
I was old and weak and tried to
give me a hard time. If it wasn't
for this off-duty cop, that just
happened to be there, I'd be
chopped liver.

STELLA

Shit! Pearl. Are you okay? Did you use the moves I showed you?

FRANKIE

Jesus, Pearl. I'd be piss'd as hell if that happened to me.

PEARL

Lemme finish--

Hilda raises her hand to speak. They all turn to her.

HILDA

Someone hassled me today too. I was at the grocery store, and some chippie, thought cause I was old, I was stupid. That fucking bitch!

PEARL

That's exactly what I'm talkin' about.

FRANKIE

(blurts)

I got these fucking telemarketers calling me, thinking they can get their hands on my money cause I'm old.

The ladies whip up CHATTER BETWEEN THEMSELVES as Pearl grabs the reins again.

PEARL

Okay, Okay. Quiet down. I have a plan. And I think you'll all like it way more than playing Mahjong.

STELLA

Nobody ever hassles me, cause they know I'd beat them to death with my tits!

All the ladies roar with laughter. Frankie reaches over and squeezes one of them.

PEARL

Okay. Listen up. We are all way too smart to let all this brain power go to waste over a Mahjong game.

Frankie makes a retard face and Stella lets a little drool fall out her mouth on her huge breast shelf. She reaches for a napkin to wipe herself. Hilda giggles.

PEARL (CONT'D)

You all know that Lucky goes to the Poker Room at the Dog track when I come here on Tuesdays, right?

STELLA

Oh yeah. How is that hot, stud muffin of yours?

PEARL

Come on Stell.

(beat)

He was telling me that in two months there's going to be a huge poker tournament there. Half a million in cash, stacked, just sitting in a cage, waiting to hand over to the winner.

HILDA

What are you saying Pearl? You want us to start playing poker instead of Mahjong?

PEARL

No! What I'm saying is...

(beat)

We're going to rob that goddamn, mother fucking place and show all those fuckers out there, that we're not just a pack of helpless old ladies, waiting to die!

All the ladies just stare at her for a moment. Shocked in silence, the pitch continues.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Lucky is friends with the valet at the track, who told him, that the owners just love to rip off old folks for their money. It's time to take back our money and our dignity.

The ladies still in shock and blinking. Look at Pearl like she's crazy, then they look at each other.

HILDA

Um, Pearl, first of all isn't that a little dangerous for a group of old ladies?

PEARL

What-the-fuck Hilda! Do you want to get hassled by check out girls for the rest of your life?

HILDA

Well. No I don't.

(beat)

And um, second of all. If, we do this, we gotta do this for us. Fuck those fuckers out there. They don't need to know who we are. It's one thing to take credit for a crime, and it's a whole other thing for us to get caught because of it.

Then, after a perfectly timed, tension filled pause, all the ladies fearfully look at each other. Suddenly, Frankie jumps up, slams her bottle of beer down on the table, the foam overflows and...

FRANKIE

Fuck Yeah! Lets do it girls! I certainly am not dead yet. Let's go for it! Let's do it for us!

Stella and Pearl look at each other and nod with approval.

STELLA

For as long as I can remember, I've always wanted to be a gangsta--

They all bust out laughing. Frankie raises her beer to toast.

FRANKIE

Here's to Good-Stellas!

More laughter and whipped up excitement.

PEARL

Okay. Lets make a pact right now.

All the ladies stand and grab their drinks and clink them all together over the table.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Let this be the first meeting of our gang. We may be old, but no one is going to screw with us ever again.

(beat)

NEVER AGAIN!

They all repeat in a shout together. NEVER AGAIN!

EXT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - LATE MORNING
 SUPER: "SIX WEEKS TILL THE POKER TOURNAMENT"

Establishing shot on Rachel's shingle outside the office building. RACHEL MENDER - PSYCHOTHERAPIST

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A one room office, on the second floor, big window, usual couch, desk behind a free standing, bi-fold, rice paper partition.

Off camera, MICHAEL is at the end of his session, telling Rachel, about his most recent encounter and battle, to overcome his obsession with extremely large women.

We hear how he is drooling from excitement, as he describes his last encounter

MICHAEL (O.C.)
 ... so she rolls over and I climb
 on top of her. I felt like a little
 kid on a giant jiggly ride...

We recognize Rachel from the lunch she had with Lucky at the beginning of the script. She's dressed professionally, makes no facial reaction to her client's confession.

Michael is a grown man, mid 40s, but looks 14. About 5'8" with a skinny, boyish, bony, frame; not a wrinkle. His rusty brown hair is parted on the side, short, dense and Brillo-like.

Rachel scribbles copious notes, on a yellow pad, just as a sweet, considerate, TIMER STRIKES "DING DING," to signal the end of their session.

The clock on the wall reads eleven forty-five.

RACHEL
 I'm sorry Michael. Time's up for today. But just a quick question.

MICHAEL
 Sure Doc, what's up?

RACHEL
 Well, first, you know I'm not a doctor. So, just call me Rachel. Second, you obviously get tremendous joy from wrestling with these women of generous proportion.

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

What do you think your wife would say if she knew?

MICHAEL

Oh. My wife. Yeah. Well, she is a sweet woman, but she works so hard to stay thin.

RACHEL

And you don't like that?

MICHAEL

(lustful)

Well, I do, but, sometimes I just want to have my way with a giant ball of pizza dough, to knead and squeeze and thrust and ... well, you know...

RACHEL

Um. Right. Well, we'll have to talk more about this, in the next session.

(beat)

Same time next week?

MICHAEL

Sounds Good. Thanks Rachel.

They both stand, shake hands and Michael walks out with a chipper step. Rachel looks at the clock and quickly gathers her purse, looks at the clock again, waits a bit for her client to distance.

She closes the lights, the door and leaves her office.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONG BOAT KEY - ROAD - SAME TIME

A street sign with an arrow pointing up, the sign says, "LONG BOAT KEY MARINA & RESTAURANT - 2 MILES". Beautiful palm tree lined road, hi-rise condos on either side of the road.

INT. PEARL'S CAR - SAME TIME

Pearl is meeting her daughter for lunch. Pearl knows the road... sort of. Slightly relieved from seeing the sign, she knows the restaurant is close.

She looks beautiful as always, a pretty floral blouse, perfectly matching slacks, matching shoes and purse.

Sunrise/Sunset from Fiddler On The Roof - music from the Broadway Show, blasting on the radio. Pearl's eyes well up with tears as she listens to the lyrics sung by Tevye and Golde.

EXT. LONG BOAT KEY - ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Sign for the Marina/Restaurant... "MARINA & RESTAURANT NEXT RIGHT".

INT. PEARL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

She puts her blinker on to turn in, as she dabs her eye make up in the rear view mirror from the tears.

EXT. MARINA PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

It's the same restaurant that Rachel, David and Lucky had lunch in, at the beginning of the script. A large marina with a deck facing the water.

CLANKING LINES on sail boats and SCREAMING SEAGULLS.

Rachel pulls in and parks right next to Pearl. She checks herself in the rearview, eerily similar to Pearl. Then gets out of the car and shouts in Pearl's direction

RACHEL

Great timing Mom! You found the place okay?

Rachel walks over to Pearl, as Pearl double checks that she has everything before she locks the car door. The KEY REMOTE BEEPS!

Rachel gives her mom a big hug and kiss on the cheek. They both have strangely similar outfits on. Rachel is oblivious to it, Pearl notices it immediately and smiles with pride.

PEARL

Hi mommala! What-a-ya think? Just cause I'm old, I can't find a stupid restaurant?

RACHEL

No mom. I knew you'd find it.

PEARL

Don't forget little girl. I brought you into this world and I can take you out!

Rachel smiles at the familiar cliché.

RACHEL

I know mom. I'm so glad to see you too. Let's go have some lunch!

As they walk toward the restaurant, with almost exactly the same walk, Rachel compulsively shares, about her last client.

PEARL

Are you coming from your office?

RACHEL

Gawd yes. I have been looking forward to this lunch all morning.

PEARL

Oh? Any interesting clients? I love your stories sweetie.

RACHEL

Mom. You wouldn't believe this last guy I just saw. I won't tell you his name, because that would be unprofessional. But...

(beat)

He is married and he has this obsession with morbidly obese women.

PEARL

(chuckles)

Obese? Like whale obese? Or like Oprah obese?

RACHEL

Like whale obese. He can't get enough of these gigantic women. It's so bizarre.

PEARL

Does he work in a bakery or something, so he can see them all the time?

RACHEL

No mom. He's a security guard at the Dog Track! You'd never know it, to look at him. He's 45 years old but looks like a 14 year old kid.

Security Guard? Dog Track? Pearl makes a mental note.

PEARL

Oh? Is he married? Does his wife know?

They both laugh as they walk into the restaurant. They sit, get the menus, they both put on reading glass, that strangely resemble each other's.

Pearl closes the menu and knows what she wants. Then proceeds to be Pearl and...

PEARL (CONT'D)

Did you get your hair cut recently?

RACHEL

Why yes. Do you like it?

PEARL

Well, not particularly, but it'll grow back.

Rachel just looks up from the menu, decides not to react, changes the subject.

RACHEL

They have great salads here Mom.

PEARL

What am I a rabbit? I think people eat entirely, too much salad.

RACHEL

Well what are you going to get?

PEARL

I think, I might get some tomato soup and a grilled cheese sandwich.

Rachel glares at her mother, then catches herself staring and returns to her objective. Closes the menu and waves the waiter over, they order, the waiter leaves and they continue talking.

RACHEL

How's Daddy?

PEARL

Oh. Yaw fath-ah is cute as evah. Still a pain in the ass, but I keep him around cause he's cute.

RACHEL

Tonight's Poker night right? You still playing Mahjong with the ladies?

PEARL

Yep. Have you ever thought about learning to play?

RACHEL

Oh mom. I would love to learn, maybe, even join you, but I have my book club tonight.

PEARL

Honey, did you just get your hair cut recently?

RACHEL

Mommy, you just asked me that.

PEARL

What? No I didn't. I'm not an idiot. If you don't want to talk about your hair, it's fine with me.

Rachel decides to stay focused and not address the issue of the hair or her mom's memory.

RACHEL

Mommy, how are you feeling lately?

PEARL

Fine. Why.

RACHEL

Well, I was talking to my brother, David.

PEARL

Yes? How is my son the Doctah?

RACHEL

He's great Mom. He has a friend that gives aptitude tests to older people. It helps them discover new interests later in life.

PEARL

You think I don't know my interests? I'm 79 goddamn years old. If I don't know my interests by now, you should shoot me.

RACHEL

Yes, yes, but, she is a special doctor that does these tests all the time. It's more like a game than a test. We want you to go see her.

PEARL

Fine. Sounds wonderful. I love games.

RACHEL

Great Mom, I'll set it up.

PEARL

Tell me, about my beautiful, great grandson!

RACHEL

(huge grin)
Well....

EXT. HILDA'S HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY

Establishing shot of the house. Mailbox in the foreground. Side of the mailbox printed the name "HILDA AND ____" the second name is covered with duct tape.

INT. HILDA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tonight is Hilda's turn to host Mahjong. Her home is a two story colonial built in the 1970's. Two, adult Wire Hair Terriers, are running around.

One, black, the other, sort of reddish-brown. She lets the dogs out the back door, the cell phone rings and...

HILDA

Hello...

PEARL (V.O.)

Hi Hildie. Ya ready for tonight?

HILDA

Oh Hi Pearl. Yes, I'm making a delicious salad with mangos and peaches.

PEARL (V.O.)

Uch. Gawd. What is it with everyone that wants to feed me salad? Hilda, do I look like a rabbit to you?

Hilda is unruffled by Pearl. She lets her dogs in while Pearl continues with her dramatic rant.

INT. PEARLS CONDO - KITCHEN

Pearl is standing in front of her day planner, making notes in her book, at the counter in the kitchen. Then walks around waving her hands. Touching her ears then her butt.

INTERCUT between Hilda's house and Pearl's kitchen.

HILDA

No Pearl.

PEARL

Do I have big floppy ears and a little cotton ball tail?

HILDA

Um. No Pearl.

PEARL

Well, then why do you want to feed me like a rabbit then?

HILDA

I'm sorry Pearl. You don't have to eat the salad, but the other--

PEARL

Yeah, yeah, listen, Hilda. We gotta crack down on our plan. Only six more weeks to go.

HILDA

I know Pearl. I've been doing research.

Hilda walks into the dining room and unrolls a huge blueprint on her dining room table. Pearl searches through her cupboard for hidden Halloween candy.

PEARL

Okay. We'll talk tonight. I got an idea on how we're going to get into the place. I think, we can recruit one of the security guards, to help us.

HILDA

Okay Pearl. Sounds good. I'll have the floor plans ready and maybe some hot cheese dip and chips, for you, instead of the salad.

PEARL

Great! I love that shit.

HILDA

You got it Pearl. Hey, how'd you get the security guard connection?

PEARL

Don't worry about that. I'll tell you tonight. By the way, how much do you weigh these days?

HILDA

Huh?

PEARL

Never mind. I'll see you tonight.

HILDA

Later gator.

They both hang-up. Hilda turns her attention back to her dogs that are staring at the refrigerator. She reaches in and gets couple of carrots and throws them down to the dogs.

INT. HILDA'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

All the ladies have assembled around the table for Mahjong night. Hilda, the perfect host, always makes the best spread of coffee and cake.

Laughing, commenting on each other's outfits, cracking jokes about becoming criminals and kidding about going to jail. All while noshing on Danish and sipping decaf from cups and saucers.

They all had jobs to do to prepare for the big heist. Pearl brings the meeting to order.

PEARL

Okay! Okay! Ladies, come-on, lets bring the meeting to order.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BIG CONFERENCE HALL - NIGHT (MEMORY HIT)

SUPER: "GREAT NECK, LONG ISLAND - 1975"

A young, vibrant, disco Pearl, is pounding the gavel in front of thousands of women as President. Big banner in the background reads, "Cure For Cancer Foundation."

END MEMORY HIT:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HUGE RESTAURANT - PRIVATE HALL - DAY (MEMORY HIT)

SUPER: "BOCA RATON, FLORIDA - 1985"

A slightly older, punker-devo Pearl, up in front of another group of women pounding the gavel again. Big banner in back of her this time reads, "Florida Real Estate Brokers Association."

END MEMORY HIT.

INT. HILDA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - PRESENT TIME

Pearl has herded women before. This time, the stakes are higher. Coming into focus on Stella, cool, smirking, cleavage out for the world to see, gold chains clumped between the boobs.

STELLA

What's a matter Pearl? Can't organize the troops?

PEARL

Shove it Stella. Ladies, come on.

Pearl grabs a serving spoon from the plate of pastries and clinks it against the water glass. She stands and gets piss'd, pounds her fist down on the table and...

PEARL (CONT'D)

(shouts)

"LADIES!"

They all get quiet and turn toward her, all serious and reprimanded.

FRANKIE

G'head Pearl. We're listening.
Sorry.

HILDA
Go on sweetie.

Stella shoots Pearl a wink.

PEARL
In order for us to commit this
crime, we have to first become
criminals.

HILDA
Well I'm dying to rob Pet Smart.
They have been robbing me since I
got my two dogs.

Frankie chuckles, nods to Hilda.

PEARL
It doesn't have to be anything big.
Just don't get caught. We need to
build our confidence. We only have
six weeks to go before the
tournament.

FRANKIE
I was thinking about bumping off a
liquor store or maybe selling some
pot?

PEARL
Whatever Frankie, just don't get
caught.

Stella sits there smiling. Her Italian roots, make her no
stranger to the discreet family business.

STELLA
And ladies, remember the rules.

PEARL
Rules?

STELLA
Yeah Pearl. Rule number one and
rule number two.

PEARL
What's rule number one?

STELLA
Never say nuthn' t'no one.

PEARL
And what's rule number two?

STELLA

(beat)

See rule number one, of course.

They all giggle to the classic pre-crime reminder.

FRANKIE

Hey Stell, what kinda crime are you gonna commit?

STELLA

(beat)

Well, I'd like to kidnap some young stud and chain him to my bed. But I know we are thinking about robbery, not kidnapping.

FRANKIE

And what about you Pearl. What kind of mayhem to you have in mind.

The ladies cackle with life and enthusiasm. They all have a mission, that thrills them. They have been brought back to life, thanks to Pearl.

PEARL

I'm not sure. But I'm very serious about us entering into training here. If we can't train ourselves solo, we'll have to do this together.

STELLA

Pearl, no one is gonna suspect us old ladies of anything. The world is our candy store.

PEARL

I can't wait to hear about your crime Stell. Maybe you should steal some jewelry. Looks like you could use a few more necklaces.

They all laugh and click coffee cups and toast. "TO THE HEIST"

INT. EMMA LANE'S OFFICE - MORNING

SUPER: "LATER THAT WEEK"

DR. EMMA LANE, is a very tall, square shouldered woman, in her early 40s.

Her shoulder length straight blonde hair is thick and straw-like from too much time spent bleaching, straightening and curling.

No jewelry in sight but a nice pair of designer reading glasses hang from her neck on a gold chain. A dark solid color, loose professional blouse that makes it impossible to see her slight belly or enormous breasts.

PEARL

So, how do we begin?

EMMA

Well that depends? How do you want to begin?

PEARL

Okay, Okay, so my daughter wants me to take some kind of test with you? She calls it an aptitude test but I'm not an idiot. They're worried about me losing my memory.

EMMA

Go on.

PEARL

Let's not play games doc. I got more important things to do. I'm not losing my mind, I just forget things from time to time.

EMMA

Please Pearl. Call me Emma.

PEARL

Emma. Let's cut through the shit. Is there a test I need to take or what?

EMMA

Yes Pearl, we have a quick test to give us a feel of how your memory is these days. Would you like to take it?

PEARL

Sure. Lay it on me doc.

EMMA

Okay. I'm going to ask you a series of questions to test your memory. They may seem simple, but please answer them, the best you can.

Pearl starts to get impatient. Starts waving her hands, pointing to her watch, studying Emma's office.

PEARL

C'mon Emma. Time is money. Lets get the show on the road.

EMMA

Okay Pearl, here we go. What year is this?

PEARL

Are you kidding me?! Really?

EMMA

Please Pearl just answer the question.

PEARL

(beat)

... it's... um... Two thousand ten... no... two thousand eleven. You have any tougher questions or should I take a little nap here.

Pearl reaches over to the box of tissues and wipes her nose. Anything but giving Emma her full concentration.

EMMA

Are you tired?

PEARL

C'mon Emma. I'm just kiddin' around with ya. Let's keep movin'

EMMA

Okay, next one. Repeat after me. Apple - Table - Penny.

PEARL

Jesus Christ. You sure you aren't giving me the retard test by accident?

EMMA

Please Pearl, just the three words in the order I asked.

PEARL

Fine. What were they again.

EMMA

Apple - Table - Penny.

PEARL

Fine. Apple. Table. Penny. Jesus,
I'm starting to sweat over here.

EMMA

We're almost done Pearl. Just a few
more questions.

PEARL

Okay, Okay. Next.

EMMA

Alright. The next one is a little
more fun. We are going to time you
on this.

Pearl adjusts the pillows on the couch as if to get more
comfortable.

PEARL

Shit. I'm great under pressure. I
can't wait to hear this one.

EMMA

For the next sixty seconds, and I'm
watching the second hand on the
clock on the wall. For the next
sixty seconds, name as many
different animals and vegetables as
you can.

PEARL

You gotta be kidding me.

EMMA

Come on Pearl. I'm timing you.

PEARL

Jesus. Okay. Carrots, dogs,
lettuce, tomatoes, birds, dogs,
horses, doctors, bunnies, chickens,
cows, peas, carrots...

Pearl continues to mix animals, vegetables, slanderous
remarks, inventing new curse words with animals and
suggestive sexual adjectives for the vegetables.

She clearly exceeds the ten in, under a minute, that Emma was
looking for.

EMMA

(mild sarcasm)

That's great Pearl. You kiss your
kids with that mouth?

They both chuckle.

PEARL

How many more of these moron questions do you have? And how much am I paying you exactly for this bull-shit?

EMMA

(laughs)

Pearl. This is a courtesy visit, I'm providing as a professional favor, to your daughter Rachel and your son David. Two more questions to go.

PEARL

Okay. Lay it on me.

EMMA

Right. Well this next one is sort of a choice. You get to answer which ever question you prefer.

PEARL

Fine. Go.

EMMA

Okay.

(beat)

Either spell the word "WORLD" backwards or if you prefer, subtract seven from one hundred, and keep subtracting seven, from each number you get to, down to zero.

PEARL

(impatient)

Right. Okay.

(beat)

D-L-R-O-W. And seven's... let's see.

(beat)

A hundred, ninety three, eighty six...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EMMA LANES OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Time has passed as we get to the end of the test.

PEARL

Twenty six, nineteen, twelve, five
and fucking minus two!

EMMA

Wow. Pearl! That was great! I don't
know if even I could do that!

PEARL

Well maybe you're the one going
senile. Not me.

EMMA

You might be right!

They both laugh and Pearl pulls another tissue from the box
and wipes her nose and pats her brow for effect.

PEARL

Phew! That was one, tough ass test.
Glad that's over with.

EMMA

Oh Pearl. There's one more
question.

PEARL

What?
(beat)
I thought we were done?

EMMA

Nope, just one more.

PEARL

You're not going to ask me to sing
the star spangled banner, while
standing on my head are you?

EMMA

No. This is an easy one.

PEARL

Okay, come on. I'm gettin' old
here.

Pearl points to her watch again.

EMMA

Okay. Last question.

PEARL

Ready

EMMA

Remember the three words I asked you to repeat, when we first started?

PEARL

Oh yeah. But that was so long ago.

Visible look of panic on Pearl's face.

EMMA

Do you remember them?

PEARL

I think so.

EMMA

Take your time. Would you like a hint?

PEARL

Sure doc. I'll take all the help I can get.

EMMA

Okay, the first word was "APPLE."

PEARL

Right. Apple. Jesus. What was that other?

EMMA

What was the second word Pearl?

PEARL

Um. Apple. Table? But what was that last goddamn word? Shit!

EMMA

Take your time.

PEARL

Shit! I can't remember!

EMMA

It was "PENNY" Pearl.

PEARL

Dammit! Does that mean I failed the test?

EMMA

No actually, two out of three is all we're looking for.

PEARL

Jesus. Phew. That really was tough.
I think I need a drink!

EMMA

There's water out in the waiting
room. I'll be happy to get you some
and tell you my findings when I
return.

PEARL

Super. I'll be here waiting.

Emma gets up and goes out to the waiting room to get Pearl
the water. Meanwhile Pearl takes a breath and prepares for
what the doctor has to say as she returns.

Emma returns and hands Pearl a cup of water.

EMMA

Here you go.

PEARL

Thanks. Okay. Lets get this over
with. What's the story?

EMMA

Well, Pearl. As far as I can tell.
Your memory seems to be fine. At
your age there should be some
normal forgetfulness but based on
this test I see nothing severe.

PEARL

Wow. Well that's great news. But
tell me doc. What would I sound
like, if I really had a screwed up
memory?

EMMA

Well, right off the bat, you might
not know what year it is. Second of
all, if it took you longer than a
minute, to repeat the three words
back to me the first time, that
would have been a red flag.

PEARL

No kiddin'? What else?

EMMA

Well, All those vegetables and
animals. Nothing wrong with your
sense of humor either.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

Someone with severe dementia would not be able to name, more than ten, in a minute.

PEARL

Who knew?! What else?

EMMA

The whole spell the world backwards test and all that math, was truly something to see. It's doubtful that many your age could do that!

PEARL

I've always been good with numbers doc.

Pearl moves forward to the edge of her seat. Now she's interested in what Emma is saying.

EMMA

And lastly, of course, someone with memory impairment, would be unable to remember any of the three words, maybe one, but you almost remembered two, which is close enough for me.

PEARL

Are there really zombie, old folks, wandering around out there?

EMMA

Oh yes. There are many people with memory challenges. In severe cases, people wear bracelets with contact info, just in case they get into trouble.

PEARL

Yeah. I remember with my own mother. She had it bad. We had to put her in a nursing home. She couldn't remember the time from one minute to the next.

EMMA

And you're worried that it got passed down to you?

Pearl's voice cracks, eyes water, obvious sad reaction to this question.

PEARL
My whole life.

Pearl grabs another tissue, wipes her eyes and nose.

EMMA
Well, based on this visit, you are fine. Normal aging memory, with maybe some slight dementia starting, but nothing to worry about.

PEARL
Tell me more about the really bad cases.

EMMA
Well, I don't usually do this, but since I'm friends with your family; I have this one case, where this woman would go shopping at the mall and forget to pay for her purchases.

PEARL
What happened to her?

EMMA
She kept getting arrested and because I knew the officers involved, they would call me, informally, because she had mine and her kids name on her bracelet and the officers needed to verify her condition.

PEARL
She really stole stuff?

EMMA
Ironically, she got away with it most of the time. But every once and a while, someone would stop her.

PEARL
How do the police feel about arresting us old folks?

EMMA
They don't want to. It's a real problem for them. They don't want to prosecute and they sure as hell don't want to put you in jail.

PEARL
Uh-huh. Interesting.

EMMA
Yes. It's true.

PEARL
Okay Emma. Are we done here?

EMMA
Yes Pearl. You are officially released.

PEARL
Thanks doc. I'll tell my kids you did a good job.

EMMA
Thanks Pearl. I love your son and daughter like best friends. Glad I could help.

INT. SARASOTA MALL - THINGS REMEMBERED - A FEW DAYS LATER

Pearl stares at the sales girl's lip and wonders why she doesn't just get electrolysis or something. There it is, plain as day, a nubby outgrowth.

PEARL
"That's right boobalah, its spelled A-L-Z-H-E-I-M-E-R. It should say, Alzheimer Patient - If I'm lost, call nine four one, none zero seven, zero five two, two."

Pearl waits patiently.

PEARL (CONT'D)
Thank you honey. You are a freakin' artist. Would you mind helping me to put it on?

Afterwards, Pearl shook her wrist to get it loose as if she was modeling a full Pandora or diamond studded tennis bracelet.

PEARL (CONT'D)
Thank you dearie. How much do I owe you?

Pearl leaves the store and proceeds through the mall and up the escalator to the second floor.

She arrives at the top of the escalator and continues past the stores on the second level. Occasionally she looks down at her wrist, at her new medical alert bracelet.

She stops outside the Brookstone Store and notices the hair removal devices on the shelf. She goes into the store to get a closer look.

Just ahead, Victoria's Secret. The women flock into the store like cattle to the barn at feed time. Crowds of women in every shape, size and age fishing through the front bin of bras, like miners panning for boob bucket gold.

Pearl squeezes through the crowd, dodging, DEAFENING GUM CRACKING in her ear, past background JABBERING ON VARIOUS CELL PHONES.

The dull drone of the CROWD MUMBLES above BASE DRUM BEATING RUNWAY MUSIC. Pearl shoves her way to the back of the store, where she finds, just what she was looking for. The thongs.

She selects one, balls it up, into her fist, passes through the crowd, and heads to the front of the store. Past the long line of lingerie, past the ladies standing in front of the cashier.

Past the big fluffy robes, slippers and skinny skimpy tank tops. She squeezes by the ladies spritzing themselves with more fornicating fragrances and could see the front of the store a few steps away.

She notices all the sales clerks, along the way, wearing their head gear, talking to each other, through the microphone, on the cords hanging down in front of them.

Pearl could see the in-store security clerks, pointing out the more stereotypical shoplifters, like the young teenagers carrying too many shopping bags.

Pearl finally approaches the exit, the final security gate she will walk through, the point of no return. This is the turning point, that will change the course of her life.

She squeezes the thong a little tighter, in her left hand, takes a breath, puts on her best innocent, disoriented old lady expression and slowly, walks out the store.

No bells, no buzzers, and no alarms go off. No one notices an old lady leaving Victoria's Secret, with a fist clenched and a sparkling new bracelet on.

Despite Pearl out of breath, from the enormous pounding in her chest, she is fine. She swallows hard and just keeps walking.

A few stores down, she stops to reward herself, with some frozen yogurt, at one of those tiny cooler case shops. She takes a moment to pause and look back to see if anyone is watching or following her.

In one swift movement, she opens her purse, buries the thong and takes her wallet out. She orders from the YOGURT LADY.

PEARL (CONT'D)

I'll have the fat-free, Dutch
chocolate yogurt, please, small, in
a dish, with some sprinkles and
nuts.

Pearl reaches for the tiny plastic spoon on the top of the counter and takes a taste. In her post robbery euphoria, she relives the crime again and again in her head as she turns from the Yogurt cooler and starts to walk away.

YOGURT LADY

Ma'am, Ma'am, you forgot to pay for
your Yogurt!

Embarrassed and awkward, Pearl walks back to the counter, opens her wallet, still in her hand and pulls a couple of bucks out to give to the girl.

PEARL

Sorry,
(beat)
(winks)
I forgot! Keep the change.

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Hilda sits in the big red chair, sucking on the straw of her Frappuccino. She's working on her lap top computer while being disturbed, by the cell phone conversation, had by the man in front of her.

A long narrow Starbucks with a wall of windows to the right and the food counter all the way back. Soft cushy chairs artistically positioned around the windows.

The GROSS MAN, is fat, balding, with crooked glasses, messy hair, dirty T-shirt and too tight shorts with bulging pockets.

GROSS MAN

... they're idiots! There's no way,
that beam should cost that much!
They're totalling screwing us!

Hilda silently stares, at him and his grossness.

GROSS MAN (CONT'D)

...that's it. I'm coming over there. Those guys are idiots, you're an idiot, and obviously I'm not an idiot, so I'll handle this myself!

The gross man closes his little flip phone and struggles to get out of the deep red velvet chair. Hilda packs up her computer, wraps up her power cord and ejects herself out of her own red velvet chair.

As she gets up and grabs her bag, she notices something sticking out from between the cushions in the chair where the gross guy was sitting.

She looks around to see if anyone else sees what she sees and when it's safe, Hilda switches seats.

She sits there trying to not look guilty, as she reaches between the cushion and the chair and grabs the gross man's wallet, that has apparently slipped out of his shorts pocket.

Hilda puts her computer bag on her lap to cover her discovery and discreetly opens the wallet. It's a thick brown leather stained classic folded wallet, about two to three inches thick when folded.

Scraps of paper sticking out of every flap and section as Hilda pulls out the cash, looks up and around to see if anyone is coming or watching. She pulls out and pockets the cash.

Hilda folds and shoves the wallet back between the cushion and the chair and innocently gets up and slowly strolls out the Starbucks.

EXT. STARBUCKS - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

As Hilda strolls to her car, she passes the gross man yelling to someone on his cell phone, still parked in his car with the motor running.

She looks away, smiles and heads to her car.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SARASOTA - DAY

Stella struts down the sidewalk as she admires her reflection in the store windows. She turns the corner and almost bumps into a PURSE MAN, selling knock off bags on the street.

He's a dark, dirty, skinny man, in his 30s, but looks like he's in his 50s or 60s. Holes in his stained sneakers, tattered stained pants, holes in his tie-dye T-Shirt and his beard does a poor job, of covering his acne scared, pock marked cheeks.

PURSE MAN

How bout a new bag young lady? I got Gucci, Prada, Coach, what ever you want.

Stella stirred, but not shaken, looks at the man, smells the booze on his breath and examines the purses.

PURSE MAN (CONT'D)

Maybe you're looking for something a little richer. I got some sweet "Louies" around the corner if you'd rather.

Stella raises her eye brows at the possibility of scoring a cheap Louis Vuitton purse.

STELLA

Sure, I'll check out the new Louies. Where'd ya say they were?

PURSE MAN

Follow me ma'am. I got'em hidden just around the corner.

The purse man brings Stella round the corner into an alley near by and as they take a few steps into the secluded spot, he turns, confirms that they are indeed alone and reaches for another garbage bag hidden behind a dumpster.

PURSE MAN (CONT'D)

I hope you have lots of money lady, these bags ain't cheap.

STELLA

Don't you worry, I got the cash, lets see the goods.

The man kneels down and opens the big, black, garbage bag, just wide enough, to flash the LV pattern treasure. Then he stands and his expression changes from dirty, smiling, pitchman, to deadly criminal.

PURSE MAN

You know lady, I think I've changed my mind.

STELLA

Changed your mind? About what?

PURSE MAN

I think I'll keep the bags and take all that pretty bling on your neck and all that cash you say you have.

STELLA

Are you kidding? Really? You're gonna try and rob ME?

PURSE MAN

You got it lady. Hand it over.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a switch blade, flicks it open and holds it up like he's the statue of liberty.

PURSE MAN (CONT'D)

Take off the gold and hand over the cash. I'm not gonna ask you again.

STELLA

You call that a knife? I've been screwed by little boys with bigger dicks than that.

PURSE MAN

You got a dirty mouth lady. Don't give me a hard time or I'll have to cut you.

STELLA

(cool)

How bout this. Since you're trying to rob me, why don't you just let me have what ever bag I want from your fancy trash display and I'll let you go without kicking your ass.

The purse man, confused by her fearless behavior, thinks he needs to make his point a little clearer and moves closer to Stella.

PURSE MAN

Lady, don't test me. I just want the cash. You can keep your stupid jewelry, you old leathery bitch.

Now Stella is piss'd. She doesn't mind a little playful mugging but she takes her appearance very seriously.

Like right out of a Steven Segal movie, Stella looks away for a second, then without notice, looks back at the bad guy, and crouches into position.

She grabs the man's wrist that holds the knife, pulls him forward off balance then back around and down, busting his elbow, releasing the blade and smashing him down to the ground.

As she spins him around and flips him over, she scans the ally for any accomplices or partners. She drops down and knees the purse man in the face which knocks him out.

Stella stands, wipes off her knee and brushes herself immaculate once again.

STELLA

I hate it when people make fun of
my gold.

Stella opens the Louis trash bag, picks out four of the nicest shoulder bags and walks out of the ally to continue her stroll. She too has just become a thief.

INT. DOWNTOWN SARASOTA - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Frankie has just finished buying groceries at the local Whole Foods market. As she crosses the street from the store and walks into the parking garage, she passes two couples on their way out of the garage.

A big curly red headed fellow with a long, sparse, biker goatee, his companion, a husky, blonde woman, on his arm.

The other couple, a younger woman walking uncomfortably in extremely high heels. She is with a guy, crew cut, thin, rough face, rough hands, construction worker type, smoking a cigarette.

Frankie notices, that the four, had parked right next to her old Camry, in their red Mercedes SUV. As Frankie passed them in the parking lot, she wrinkles her nose to a familiar smell.

The four giggle and stumble out the garage as the red head attempts to point his arm behind him and lock the car with his remote from the distance, without looking back.

It first made that BEEP sound, but then the back hatch silently popped open. Frankie watches all this as she approaches her car.

She looks back at the two couples, obviously wasted, they don't realize they popped the trunk in error. The four continue out the garage and cross the street to the exclusive Mary's restaurant.

Frankie puts her groceries into her car and proceeds to back out of her spot. As she slowly, passes the Mercedes SUV with the back hatch open, she notices a shopping bag in the back, from Saks Fifth Ave.

Frankie pauses with guilty motivation and sees that there is not a soul in site. Halfway backed out of the spot, Frankie puts her car in park and gets out.

In one swift impulsive move, she looks around a second time to confirm no witnesses, lifts up the hatch on the Mercedes, reaches in and grabs the bag and closes the hatch, "BEEP."

She hops back in her car, tosses the stolen BAG on the passenger seat and casually drives out the parking garage. She inhales deeply through her nose, recognizing fragrance.

Frankie drives out the garage, passes Mary's restaurant and continues down Lime Street on her way to Fruitville Ave. As she stops at the next red light, the smell becomes overwhelming and she has to open her window.

She reaches over to the shopping bag and looks inside to find four large zip lock bags, filled with Marijuana. Pleasantly shocked, she pushes the bag back over to the passenger seat as the light turns green.

Frankie drives forward, as she closes her window to offset her paranoia as well as breathe in more of the intoxicating smell. She too is now officially a criminal.

INT. PEARLS CONDO - KITCHEN - THE NEXT DAY

Lucky's brother has died. He is on the phone with his uncle SAL from New York. Can hear Sal through the ear piece as Lucky prepares of cocktail hour.

LUCKY

...yeah, Sal, my brother was a tough old sailor. It was his time. We were expecting this.

SAL (V.O.)

So, Pearl okay with you coming up for the funeral?

As Lucky is talks on the phone gets his crackers and cheese ready.

But when he reaches for the Dewars, he discovers that he is all out!

LUCKY

Yeah, she knows. She's stayin' here and I'll be up there this weekend and we can go to the service together. You gonna pick me up at the airport?

SAL (V.O.)

Come on Luck. You know I don't drive anymore. I'm as blind as a bat. I'll have my son come get you.

LUCKY

Sounds good. See you soon Sal. G'bye.

Lucky, distract by the lack of Scotch, hangs up the phone and tries to shake the last drops of Dewars out of the empty bottle.

He walks over to the closed bedroom door and puts his ear against it. The TV is on at a quiet volume. He KNOCKS softly on the closed door to their bedroom.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

(loud whisper)

Honey...

(beat)

I gotta go out and get some Scotch real quick. I'll be right back.

(beat)

You okay in there?

Pearl yells from the other side of the door.

PEARL (O.C.)

Yeah, I'm fine. Just relaxing, watching some TV.

LUCKY

Okay, you need anything?

PEARL (O.C.)

No. I'm good. Hurry back.

LUCKY

I will, back in a few.

INT. PEARLS CONDO - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pearl grabs the bedroom phone, hits the number 5, that speed dials Stella.

INT. PEARLS CONDO - CONTINUOUS

Lucky walks away from the bedroom door as he reaches into his left front pocket to check his folded cash. He stops his stride, flips through the bills, realizes he doesn't have enough cash.

He looks up and see's Pearl's purse on the kitchen counter and goes over to it. He opens it up and looks inside for Pearl's wallet and see's the thong.

He pulls it out with the tag dangling from it. Makes a strange facial reaction and shakes his head. Finds the wallet, open's it, and takes out a couple of twenties.

Puts the wallet back, looks at the thong again, smiles to himself, shakes his head and puts it back in the purse, exactly the way he found it.

He walks toward the front door to leave, but remembers he wants to make a call first. Turns around and heads back to the kitchen.

INT. PEARLS CONDO - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pearl's on the phone with Stella. The PHONE RINGS in Pearl's ear.

EXT. STELLA'S CONDO - BACK PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Stella sneaks a cigarette and drinks a glass of red wine, while she sits on her tiny deck overlooking the pond that all the condos see from their back decks.

Her hair is pinned up, she's in a white tank top, gold running shorts and as always loaded with gold necklaces and her phone rings.

INTERCUT between Pearl, Lucky and Stella.

STELLA

Hello?

PEARL

Stell?

STELLA

Pearlie?

PEARL

Hey. We gotta have an emergency Mahjong meeting this weekend. Lucky is going out of town.

STELLA

Where's your cutie going?

PEARL

Come on Stell. His brother died and he has to go to the funeral.

STELLA

Oh Pearl. I'm so sorry.

PEARL

Yeah, he had a stroke a while back and he's been in a coma and on machines. They just decided to pull the plug.

STELLA

Oh my god.

PEARL

It's okay. Lucky will be fine. But he's going away and we have to meet.

Lucky is taking a long time fumbling through Pearl's day planner looking for a phone number.

STELLA

I know, a funny thing happened to me while I was shopping the other day.

PEARL

Yeah, well a funny thing happened to me too while I was shopping.

STELLA

You a criminal Pearlie?

PEARL

You can say that. But listen, let's all get together and I'll tell you all about it.

STELLA

Okay when you thinkin'?

PEARL

Tomorrow night. Saturday night.
Come to my place. Time is running
out and we gotta get serious.

STELLA

Okay Pearl. I'll be there.

PEARL

Hey Stell...

(beat)

Would you mind calling the other
girls.

STELLA

Sure. I'll give them all a call.
See you tomorrow chickie.

ON Rachel's number in the phone book, Lucky picks up the
cordless phone in the kitchen and gets ready to speed dial
his daughter when he accidentally hears Pearl on the phone.

He playfully listens, not expecting to hear...

PEARL

(firm)

Okay. Tell them all to come over
around 7. Are you listening to me?
We really gotta talk about the
robbery.

Lucky, listens is astounded.

STELLA

Yeah I got it. What's the big rush?

PEARL

The poker tournament is in less
than five weeks and if we're gonna
steal all that cash we got bugs to
work out girl!

Lucky listens and gets a strange look on his face. He covers
the receiver so he won't be detected.

STELLA

Okay Pearl. Let me go call
everyone.

PEARL

Thanks Stell. See you tomorrow.
Bye.

Pearl hangs up and smiles to herself as the wheels are turning in her head.

Lucky hangs up and heads over to the bedroom door, knocks and opens the door.

He sees Pearl laying on the bed with the phone on the night table.

LUCKY

(coy)

How ya feeling hun?

PEARL

(guilty)

Better. Just needed to rest a little. I thought you were going out?

LUCKY

I was. But got worried about you. You gonna be okay without me this weekend?

PEARL

Yeah! Of course. You take care of what you gotta do. I'm gonna invite the Mahjong girls over tomorrow night. I'll be fine.

LUCKY

Sounds like fun. A lot more fun than a stupid funeral.

PEARL

Well. You know how I feel about those ladies. They can be boring at times but they're good company at other times.

LUCKY

I hear ya. Hey, anything else going on? Anything you want to talk to me about?

PEARL

Why do you ask?

LUCKY

Well, we've been married almost sixty years. I can ask how my beautiful bride is doing can't I?

PEARL

(beat)

Um. I do have something I want to tell you about...

INT. MARK AND CINDY'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mark and Cindy are in bed. Cindy is bald, without eyebrows and has scary dark circles under her eyes.

Scarecrow skinny, bald, deaf, Mark, is leaning on his elbow, cupping the side of his head, talking to her in bed.

Mark has an amorous look in his eye and perverse tone in his voice. Cindy lays there with her eyes closed, wishing she was dead.

MARK

Glad you're feeling better.

CINDY

Thanks hun. It was touch and go there for a while with the porcelain god, but the puking passed.

MARK

That tea I got a while ago, should help to make you feel better too.

CINDY

Yeah, thanks for that. You'll have to make me a cup tomorrow.

MARK

So, um, since you're feeling better, maybe we can have sex tonight?

Cindy winces, as any of us would. Then patronizes deceptively and delivers thinly veiled sarcasm.

CINDY

Listen hun. You know I would normally, but with the Chemo and all, even if you were Matthew McConaughey, I wouldn't wanna fuck you.

MARK

Ouch!

CINDY

Sorry babe. I'm old, sick, bald,
cancer ridden, nauseous and
forgive, the fuck out-of-me, for
not feeling sexy tonight.

Mark fields the rejection without emotion and starts to distance himself.

MARK

Its okay. I just thought I'd give
it a try. Don't know when the last
time was, not that I like doing it
that much these days anyway.

(beat)

Jesus, we're some pair of old
farts, aren't we?

CINDY

Yeah. Good thing we have each
other. No one else would want us!

And with that mighty submission toward old and worthless,
they each roll over, in their separate directions, turn the
lights out and go to bed.

INT. PEARLS CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

LUCKY laying on the right side of the bed. Pillows propped
up, striped polyester PJ tops showing above the covers,
tucked under his arms. LETTERMAN ON THE TV in the background.

Pearl sits up, in bed, on the left side, hands the sock, with
the tennis ball in it, to Lucky, along with the safety pin.

She turns her back to him as she sits on the side of the bed
glances down and...

PEARL

Just pin the goddamn thing to the
back of my night gown, will ya?

LUCKY

Does this really work?

PEARL

The doctor said if I do this I
won't sleep on my back. And if I
don't sleep on my back I won't get
the heartburn.

LUCKY

If this works, we could go on TV and sell these and compete with Tums, Roloids and all those pill companies.

PEARL

Come on Luck. Just pin the goddamn thing. I'm not going on any goddamn infomercials and hawking socks with balls in'em.

LUCKY

I'm just sayin'.

PEARL

Stop talking and pin.

LUCKY

Got it.

PEARL

(beat)

What time you leavin' in the morning?

LUCKY

I'll be up and out before you're awake.

PEARL

Okay, travel safe, and get your ass back here soon. It's not just anyone I'll have socks with, much less let them pin their balls to my back.

They chuckle, she turns toward him and they kiss like honeymooners. Pearl is forced to turn to one side as the sock pinned to her back dangles.

As Lucky reaches over to turn out the light, on the night table, on his side of the bed, he grins to himself and continues.

LUCKY

Ya know Pearl... I'm thinking about me maybe pinning a tennis racket to the back of my shirt. This way, we can play a set in our sleep.

PEARL

Oh gawd. If you did, you'd wake up
with that racket commin' out of
your ass! Now, go to sleep!

Both turned in opposite directions on the bed, they close their eyes and smile, as the flickering lights from the TV bounce off the walls, LETTERMAN DRONES ON IN THE BACKGROUND.

INT. PEARLS CONDO - THE NEXT MORNING

Pearl walks out of her bedroom in her nightgown with the sock hanging off the back of her like some old man's scrotum. She walks to the back patio and pulls the cord that raises the shade and lets in the new day.

She walks over to the stereo, turns it on and adjusts the volume. Broadway show tunes, always Broadway show tunes Saturday and Sunday morning.

Theme from West Side Story fills the condo. She walks over to the kitchen. Lucky left a note telling her to take her pills, a small glass of orange juice.

She reads, drinks, swallows and moves on to the other side of her counter to review her day planner book. No one is looking, she turns to the pantry behind her and reaches in the back behind the boxes.

A box of well hidden Pepperidge Farm Fancy Chocolate Cookies appears. She guiltily grabs a hand full, closes the pantry and returns to the counter and the day book. The PHONE RINGS.

INT. DAVID'S BMW - DAY

Inside a jet black BMW 850 Convertible Coupe. The road out the windshield. His hand and foot shifts gears as he drives, and he speaks hands free into the air.

Pearls voice comes through the speakers in his car...

INTERCUT phone conversation between Pearl and David.

PEARL

Hello?

DAVID

Mom?

PEARL

Yes?

DAVID
It's me. Your son the doctor.

ON PEARL eating cookies

PEARL
You're my best work!

ON DAVID'S HAND shifting gears

DAVID
Yeah, yeah. That's what you tell
all your kids.

PEARL
That's true. What's up doc?

DAVID
Listen, Mah. I know Dad's away.
Come over tomorrow for breakfast.

PEARL
Oh! How wonderful! I'm writing it
down so I don't forget.

Pearl scribbles in the Sunday box, "Breakfast at Davids"

DAVID
Yeah, your grand daughter has a new
boyfriend we want you to meet.

PEARL
Oh? From the neighborhood?

DAVID
Sort of. But this kid's dad, kind
of owns the neighborhood. His
father owns the dog track. Can you
believe it?

PEARL
Oh my. That does sound like a good
prospect. OK boobala. I'll see you
tomorrow then.

DAVID
Okay mom. Call if you need
anything.

David accelerates away.

PEARL
Will do. Byyyyyyyyye...

Pearl hangs up.

EXT. BROOKLYN FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Lucky steps out of the Funeral Home and as he stands under the overhang that extends across the sidewalk to the street he notices the pool hall across the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOPPY'S POOL HALL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

SUPER: "BOROUGH PARK BROOKLYN - 1945"

A fifteen year old Lucky bends over a pool table about to strike the cue ball that kisses the 8 ball. Both are on the near long cushion, half way between the side pocket and the corner pocket to the right.

Cue on the right side of the kiss, 8 ball on the left.

Lucky looks like a greaser, slicked back hair with a pompadour, jeans, T-shirt, sneakers. Pack of cigarettes rolled up in his right shoulder sleeve. One cigarette behind his right ear.

Lucky looks across the table to a street smart nineteen year old CARMINE seated on the high stools against the wall next to the rack of sticks.

Carmine looks like the kid boss, skinny, dressed all in black with jet black hair slicked back, pinky ring, gold bracelet, pointy black shoes.

He takes a drag of his cigarette and puts it in the black ashtray sitting on the table next to the stool.

ON LUCKY

He looks up at Carmine.

ON CARMINE

HE winks back at Lucky. All the hoods standing around are betting that Lucky can't make this impossible shot. They all shake their heads.

After Lucky gets the wink, he stands upright, grabs the blue cube chalk, paints the tip of his stick with it real slow. Then puts the blue cube back down on the rail.

He leans back down and draws his cue back, and slowly, looks up one more time at Carmine, then down and taps the cue ball with precision.

Everyone around the table watches with amazement. The entire pool hall is dark except for the lights hanging over this one table.

The 8 ball crawls left, up the table hugging the rail, the cue ball rolls across the table, heading for the opposite rail. No one can believe what's about to happen.

Just as the cue ball banks the rail across the table, like it had eyes, it bumps and darts back at an angle heading directly for the side pocket.

CROWD WHISPER

He's gonna scratch. Look, he's
gonna scratch...

And just as the white ball is about to drop into the side pocket, the creeping 8 ball rolls in front of the side pocket, blocks the scratch and is tapped into the pocket by the cue ball which stops at the edge, without dropping in too.

The crowd of gangsters goes wild! Carmine smiles. Lucky looks up from the table, having never moved from his bent position after taking his stroke and winks back at Carmine.

The young Lucky stands up smiling, cooler than cool. Grabs the butt behind his ear, reaches into his pocket, pulls out a pack of matches and fires it up.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. BROOKLYN FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Now, an eighty two year old Lucky, stares across the street at that same old pool hall, from the Funeral Home.

He crosses the street and walks through the doors from the bright light in the street into the dark smoky room.

The loud RACK BREAKS from a mighty shot. Lucky waits for his eyes to adjust to the dark room and looks over at that same table where he used to earn for Carmine.

A very old, frail man sits in a tall stool, against the wall, next to the pool table in the back. Standing around him are unknown faces.

On the table in front of the now fragile Carmine are goons banging the balls around.

ON LUCKY'S EYES, look over at Carmine.

ON CARMINE'S EYES, whose whites have gone yellow. Back to Lucky.

As Lucky approaches the table slow, the goons close ranks and they get in his face. Lucky doesn't flinch. THE BIGGEST GOON stands in front of Lucky menacingly.

BIGGEST GOON

Whataya want old man?

Lucky looks up at the big goon and without taking his eyes off the big goon's eyes he says loud enough for Carmine to hear.

LUCKY

Hey Carm. Am I gonna have to tune this guy up, or ya gonna save him the hospital bill.

The whole crowd chuckles as they look over at Carmine for the command. Carmine raises his palm up, with the bony finger, bends it twice and invites Lucky over.

The goons part like the red sea and let Lucky approach.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

How you doin' Carm?

Carm nods up to the left. The goon sitting in the stool next to him gets up and lets Lucky sit down next to Carmine. Carmine bends his bony finger summoning the GOON TO THE RIGHT.

The goon to the right bends in close to Carmine and hears the boss's words and speaks for him.

GOON TO THE RIGHT

Carmine want's to know if you can still do that trick shot with the 8 ball.

Both Carmine and Lucky stare forward at the goons knocking around the balls on the table.

LUCKY

You bet your ass.

Carmine smiles. Again with the bony finger, the goon bends in for a listen.

GOON TO THE RIGHT
Carmine wants to know what you
want.

LUCKY
Tell Carmine, I got some business
to discuss with him.

Carmine looks over at Lucky and Lucky to Carmine. Their old eyes meet and speak the unspoken language. Carmine raises up his old bony arm and waves it like back handing a fly.

The goons playing pool put the cues down on the table. Everyone moves away from the two old men who wait till they're alone.

Carmine lifts his head in the "what's up" gesture.

LUCKY (CONT'D)
I got a situation and a way for you
and your boys to make a little
somethin'.

Carmine nods again in the "keep talking" gesture.

LUCKY (CONT'D)
You're gonna love this Carm. Let me
tell you about the Poker Rooms in
Florida...

INT. PEARL'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

6:58 PM on the microwave clock in the kitchen. Pearl is oblivious, watching TV in the living room.

THE DOORBELL RINGS. Surprised, Pearl gets up off the couch and walks to the door. She see's Hilda through the curtains on the long skinny window next to the door, and lets her in.

PEARL
Hilda! What are you doing here?

HILDA
Pearl. What a joker you are. What's
the emergency?

PEARL
Emergency? What are you talking
about?

HILDA
Come on, Pearl. Stella called me
last night.

(MORE)

HILDA (CONT'D)

Said you wanted to have an emergency meeting. The other girls will be here soon. You gonna let me in on it or what?

PEARL

IN ON WHAT?

HILDA

Shit, Pearl. Snap out of it. Remember? The heist? The plan?

Pearl staring at Hilda, straining, then faking and hoping she remembers what the fuck is going on!

PEARL

Oh, the plan. The Heist. Yeah, yeah.

THE DOORBELL RINGS again. Frankie just walks in and she is carrying a big bag of something.

FRANKIE

Hey ladies. What's going on?

She's wasted.

PEARL

Frankie, you kill a skunk or sumpthin? Jesus Girl you stink!

FRANKIE

Yeah Pearl, I hit a skunk, right out there in your fancy parking lot.

Pearl holds her nose.

PEARL

Phew, I guess.

The ladies take over. Break out food, glasses and get the party started.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PEARLS CONDO - KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Stella arrives carrying four handbags. She walks in with a ton of swagger.

STELLA

Good evening, ladies. Who wants a Louie?

They all cackle, laugh and talk, as Pearl fades a little, into the background, trying to figure out what's going on.

HILDA

Where'd ya get the bags, Stell?

STELLA

I had the best crime! Some street guy actually tried to rob ME! I had to kick his ass and steal his shit!

They all start laughing. Pearl fakes a smile. Still waiting for her memory to come back.

HILDA

Shit. That's nuthin'. I was in Starbucks and some guy left his wallet in the chair. It had a thousand bucks in it! Uh-huh. I took it.

Pearl is about to scream. Still clueless. Then Frankie grabs her bag, turns it upside down and empties it out on the table and all the ladies go silent.

FRANKIE

What? Ain't you old broads ever see a pound of pot before?

They all looked at each other in shock.

STELLA

Um. Frankie. Where'd you get that?

FRANKIE

You'll never believe it. I was just parked next to this SUV and they left the trunk open.

HILDA

What about you Pearl? What was your crime?

Pearl just stands there, still out of it.

FRANKIE

Hey. I got a great idea. Who's got a light?

Frankie pulls out a joint and pops it in her mouth.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

I think we're all, just a little-too-tense and need to chillax a bit, yo.

All the ladies giggle.

STELLA

Pearl, sit down. It's okay. We'll get to you in a second. Us criminals are now about to do the drug thing.

They all bust out laughing. Stella finds a lighter in her purse.

STELLA (CONT'D)

Don't know what that's doing in my bag, but fire it up beotch.

Frankie hits the joint first and holds it. Then Stella, then Hilda.

HILDA

Like this???

She drags on it awkward. Hilda coughs then brings glasses of water to all the ladies. Frankie takes a professional hit and speaks while the cloud and sound come out of her mouth at the same time.

FRANKIE

Pearl. Smoke it like a cigarette but hold it in, don't exhale right away.

Pearl looks spooked.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

It's okay. You, most of all, look like you need to relax.

Pearl, resigns and surrenders, takes the joint and goes for it.

PEARL

Oh, what the hell. Fuck it.

The girls giggle and stella notices the bracelet on Pearl's wrist.

STELLA

Hey, Pearl. What's up with that bracelet?

Pearl looks down and notices it, too as the Pot starts to loosen up her brain, things start to come back to her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE MALL - THINGS REMEMBERED STORE (MEMORY HIT)

Pearl see's the hair-lip girl at the engraving store.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE MALL - VICTORIA SECRET STORE (MEMORY HIT)

Pearl walks out of Victoria's Secret with the thong balled up in her hand.

END MEMORY HIT.

INT. PEARL'S CONDO - KITCHEN - PRESENT

Pearl get's a big ole stupid grin on her face.

PEARL

Stell, hand me my purse, will ya?

STELLA

Sure Pearly, here ya go.

Pearl pulls out the thong.

PEARL

I stole this from Victoria's Secret the other day, can you believe it!? I'm just lucky I didn't get arrested for not paying for the yogurt I bought right after!

All the ladies stare at her, then, after an uncomfortably long pause, they roar with laughter.

The joint gets passed around a couple more times till it's gone. And as it goes, Pearl's memory, energy and focus return.

Stella lets Pearl take the lead.

STELLA

So, Pearl. What's the plan?

PEARL

Okay. Here's what I got. Tomorrow, by some fluke of romantic coincidence, I'll be meeting the guy who owns the dog track and the poker room.

STELLA

You hav'n an affair, Pearly? Can I have Lucky if you're done with him?

The girls laugh again.

PEARL

Calm down, Miss Italian Stallion. My grand daughter is dating the son of the guy who owns the track. I'm going to meet him at a brunch at my son's house tomorrow.

FRANKIE

Hey Pearl. You got any cookies?

The ladies chuckle again.

PEARL

Yeah, you pot head. In the cupboard over there. Can I continue? Or should we go out and score some heroin?

The ladies scream with laughter. Hilda grabs her crotch.

HILDA

Cut it out, Pearl. I'm gonna pee.

PEARL

Come on now, we gotta do this.

STELLA

Simmer down, ladies, let the boss talk.

FRANKIE

Pearl, there's like only one cookie in here. Do you have any ice cream? Or peanut butter?

PEARL

Okay, I'm going to get some last minute details from this guy tomorrow. Hilda. You gotta make friends with the security guard.

(MORE)

PEARL (CONT'D)

You have the biggest ass and he likes big asses.

The ladies laugh some more.

FRANKIE

Yeah, Hilda. You got the biggest ass. Go do somethin' with it, will ya?

PEARL

Frankie. You gotta get us some guns. They don't have to work but do have to look real.

STELLA

Hey, Pearl. I'm thinkin. This guy I robbed the purses from. He might be in a position to get us some guns if he doesn't run away when he sees me.

PEARL

Fine. Stella, you get the guns. Frankie. I want you to park your stoned ass right in front of that Dog Track and just write down everything you see.

FRANKIE

I can do that.

PEARL

We only have four weeks left. By next Mahjong Night I will have a pristine plan for us.

FRANKIE

Pearl, are we really going to do this? I mean what if we get caught?

PEARL

Fuck that, Frankie! We're old. We're not gonna get caught. We're doing this.

They all look around the table and pause.

STELLA

To the Mahjong Gang!

In unison, they grab the glasses that Hilda brought over earlier and toast.

GANG
TO THE MAHJONG GANG!

INT. DAVID'S MANSION - THE NEXT DAY

It's brunch at the doctor's house. His trophy wife and his four beautiful teenage daughters all sitting around the huge dining room table when the DOOR BELL RINGS.

DAVID
I'll get it. It must be grandma

David opens the huge door from inside his huge house and huge foyer to let grandma Pearl in. She looks beautiful in her Floridian Sunday best and hands him a box cookies.

Its a classic white box with the string wrapped around it like a gift box. The sign of an old fashioned bakery. They hug and kiss at the door and Pearl hands him the box.

DAVID (CONT'D)
What's this mom?

PEARL
It's vidits.

DAVID
VIDITS? What's vidits?

PEARL
Just something my brother used to say when he'd come over for a meal. It's the stuff you eat after the meal..or "wit it." And with a little Jewish accent, it's "Vit It" Get it?

DAVID
Ahhh! "Vit the meal." I love that!

David screams out.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Grandma's here. And she brought
"VID ITS!"

All four grand-daughters get up from their seats and run to meet grandma.

They all usher grandma in like a squad of Secret Service Agents surrounding the president. They bring her over to PATRICK, the boyfriend and PETER, the father.

PETER is a tall slender gentleman in his mid-fifties. Extremely polished, straight brown and gray hair, starched rust and white striped Ralph Lauren Polo Shirt with the horse on the pocket and "PB" embroidered on the cuff.

PATRICK, is a younger, lankier, more awkward version of his dad. Messy longer brown straight hair, a little acne on his cheeks. All his clothes saggy and wrinkled.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Mom. This is Peter Briard and his son Patrick.

PETER

Hello Pearl. Nice to meet you.

PEARL

Nice to meet you as well Peter. And this is your handsome son who has his eye on my grand daughter?

PATRICK

(shy)

Nice to meet you.

Pearl takes the floor and holds court.

PEARL

So Peter. You, better bump up security at the dog track.

Everyone at the table kind of turns an ear, wondering where their unfiltered Grandma is going with this.

PETER

Oh yeah? Why's that?

PEARL

Well, my husband Lucky plays there every week and he's all excited about the big tournament. They don't call him Lucky for nuthin'.

She says smiling and leading, busting to hear how he responds.

PETER

(relieved/chuckles)

Yeah, well, nothing really ever happens down here that we need to worry about. But that tournament will be huge.

PEARL

Lucky is all excited. I'm sure you are doing something special to prepare for it all.

PETER

Nah, not really, just painting the place to make it look decent. Hopefully they will be done before the tournament.

Pearl makes a mental note.

PEARL

I'm sure it will be a great event!

Then Pearl turns to the others and...

PEARL (CONT'D)

Who want's cookies?

EXT. DOWNTOWN SARASOTA - THE NEXT DAY

Everyone starts doing their part. Stella finds the bag man.

STELLA

I want 4 guns by tomorrow, or I will come down here everyday and kick the ever loving shit out of you till I get them.

PURSE MAN

Okay. Okay. I'll get them. Just don't kick me again.

EXT. THE DOG TRACK - PARKING LOT - THE NEXT DAY

Frankie sits there in her car eating Reeces Pieces watching the valets take cars and return cars. She watches the old dudes go in and out the main entrance.

Frankie makes a few notes, waits till the lot empties out and heads home.

INT. HILDA'S HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

In her bathroom, Hilda pushes her cleavage up in a low cut blouse. She turns to see that she is wearing the tightest pants she owns to show off her abundant ass.

She looks back in the mirror to put on more make up and more lipstick. She is getting ready to seduce the chubby chasing security guard at the track.

EXT. UNIVERSITY PARKWAY - LATER

Over the top of Hilda's car, she's driving toward the dog track. Peek inside the front windshield, she checks herself out in the rear view while waiting at a red light.

INT. HILDA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Hilda checks her watch as she drives. Pulling down her blouse to show more cleavage.

EXT. THE DOG TRACK - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Hilda arrives, parks, gets out of the car and walks past the valets parking cars. She enters the front door of the track. Looks around and finds the main front stairs up to the poker room.

She walks through the glass doors leading to the giant open space. She notes the bar to the left, the poker tables all over in front of her and the cash cage way back to the right.

Hilda notices the cameras all over the ceilings, aiming at all the poker tables. Aiming at everything all over that floor.

Next to the cash cage is an emergency exit door. Standing next to the door is Michael, the security guard. The same Michael that is going to Pearl's daughter Rachel to kick the chubby chasing habit.

Hilda gets into character and proceeds to strut, wiggle and jiggle across the room. Most of the men are watching their cards and the other players at the table.

Those not playing can't help notice one amble ass cheek rise and fall then the other. They can't help notice the juicy jugs jiggling as Hilda sashays across the floor toward the door.

Hilda goes up to the cage in an attempt to buy some chips but when she "apparently forgets her wallet" she turns to the security guard and...

HILDA

Excuse me, but where does this door go?

MICHAEL

Um. I'm sorry, what?

HILDA

I left my wallet in my car. Can I get out through this door to get out?

Time freezes as Michael peers into Hilda's luscious lady lumps. The soft peach fuzz round mounds. The dark long line between them.

He is close to drooling unconsciousness in his day dream of devouring them when Hilda interrupts. She waves her hand in front of his face, snaps her fingers, tries to bring him back.

HILDA (CONT'D)

Excuse me. Can I get to the parking lot from this door?

Startled, Michael resumes his professional behavior.

MICHAEL

Well. You can but you're not supposed to.

And with perfect timing, Hilda "accidentally" drops her purse. She quickly bends over in front of him giving Michael a breathtaking view at her juicy melon-like ass, so wide that he could climb inside it and live there for the rest of his days.

He wipes the saliva from his mouth, snaps himself out of his compulsive dream again and bends down to help her with her bag.

HILDA

Oh thank you. You don't have to do that.

She makes sure the air of her whisper gets right into his ear so the hair on the back of his neck would stand erect and cause a rash of goose bumps.

And as she stands up, she makes sure to smack her boobs right in his face.

HILDA (CONT'D)

I'm sure you can you take me out? I just need to get my wallet. It'll just take a second.

MICHAEL

I guess. But I'm really not suppose to.

HILDA

Well sometimes its okay to break the rules. And you seem like such a nice and handsome guy.

MICHAEL

Okay. Okay. Come on. Let's go real quick.

HILDA

Thank you so much. What's your name?

MICHAEL

I'm Michael.

HILDA

I'm Hilda.

She lifts her arm up to shake his hand and makes sure it raises her right tit up and almost out of her shirt, in the same motion.

MICHAEL

Nice to meet you. Come on. We have to do this quick.

They open the door which has no alarm. They go down the two flights of stairs which have no cameras. They get to the bottom and open the door that opens directly to the outside parking lot, next to the front entrance of the track.

HILDA

Thank you so much. You are *such* a nice guy.

Michael tries to close the door and get back to his job, but Hilda grabs the door and stops him. She pushes her breasts through the crack in the door and...

HILDA (CONT'D)

Listen. Let me give you my number so I can show you my appreciation. When do you get off work today?

She grabs his hand through the crack in the door, reaches into her purse, pulls out a pen and writes on his palm her phone number. He looks up at her, he is completely seduced.

MICHAEL

I can get off in half an hour.

HILDA

Great! I'll wait here for you.

He looks at her and she winks back at him. And he swallows hard, uncontrollably grabbing his crotch.

MICHAEL

Okay. Be here in half an hour and I'll follow you home.

EXT. THE DOG TRACK PARKING LOT - THE NEXT DAY

Overhead establishing shot of the track zooms in over Frankie's car. Frankie sits there drinking coffee, smoking a joint.

INT. FRANKIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The main entrance is pretty dark as people enter and exit. To the left of the main entrance is a metal door with no handles on the outside. The same door Hilda was just at with Michael.

As she sits there, smoking, watching, picking from a bag of Reeces Pieces, drinking coffee, a couple of guys walk out. One of the men dressed up business casual.

The second guy dressed in dirty white painter pants and a white painter cap. We recognize the one guy as the owner of the track, Peter Briard, who we met talking to Pearl at her son David's house.

The other guy, obviously the painter. Frankie watches from inside her car as the owner points to the different areas around the front entrance of the track. Frankie takes notes.

INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE - THAT NEXT TUESDAY NIGHT

The ladies are gathered around Frankie's kitchen table. Waylon Jennings music playing in the background.

WAYLON JENNINGS

"...I'm for law and order, the way that it should be..."

As the music fills in the background, the ladies all surround the table showing each other the latest props for the crime. Stella throws the guns down on the table.

SUPER: "THREE WEEKS LEFT TO THE HEIST".

Hilda unrolls the floor plan and points out to the ladies the exit door next to the cash cage, that they will make their escape from.

Pearl empties a shopping bag filled with various Halloween masks. All the ladies try on the different masks and giggle to each other.

Frankie serves the ladies soda and beer and takes an occasional hit off the bong, back in her kitchen, as the ladies cackle and giggled around the table.

Frankie watches the ladies playing with the masks then she puts two and two together. She mutes the music and...

FRANKIE
Hey! Hey! Hold up.

STELLA
What's up Frankie?

HILDA
Why'd you turn it off? I was getting into it?

PEARL
Yeah Frank, what the fuck?

FRANKIE
Listen. While you ladies are having your little Halloween Party, I saw something today at the track.

PEARL
Well spill girly. Wha'ja see?

FRANKIE
I saw some dressed up dude talking to a painter dude outside the track.

PEARL
Holy Shit! That's right! I met the owner the other day. He said he was going to have the place painted, but I didn't think it would work out so perfectly.

FRANKIE
Yes ladies. We can all dress up as painters!

(MORE)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Painters pants, which I love by the way. Painter masks and hats. No one will recognize us.

PEARL

Hm. Maybe, time the heist, just as the real painters leave the job and we can pop out of our cars, and take their place and no one will notice!

STELLA

Brilliant you two! I always wanted to see what my boobs felt like in overalls!

All the ladies break out hysterically in laughter and Frankie turns on the music again and they all laugh and dance around as gangsters to the Geto Boys playing in the background.

GETO BOYS

"...Damn it feels good to be a gangsta..."

INT. HILDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mahjong night again, all the ladies around table at Hilda's this time. Incredible spread of food in the background.

SUPER: "TWO WEEKS LEFT TILL THE HEIST"

Also, music going on in the background as the ladies convene and examine the latest gear on the table. Stella's got more guns. Pearl comes out from the back room dressed as a painter.

Mask covering her face, hat on her head, she has a roller in one gloved hand, and she raises the middle finger to the girls with the other gloved hand.

Frankie sitting at the table eating Reeces Pieces swaying her head to the music with her eyes closed.

Music plays on from Enigma in the background as we INTERCUT on all the different characters about to converge.

ENIGMA

"...Kyrie eleison
Christe eleison..."

INT. HOPPY'S POOL HALL - NIGHT

An old Carmine in a huddle with his crew. He points his bony finger to one than the other. We can't hear what they are saying but all the goons nod as they get their orders.

Music continues consistently over all the intercuts.

ENIGMA (CONT'D)

Je veux aller au bout des mes
fantasmes...

INT. PEARLS LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lucky on the couch, reading glasses on, doing a crossword puzzle, drinking his scotch in the dimpled glass. The weather channel is on, he looks up occasionally at it.

A storm is brewing out of the Caribbean. It may be big or it may just pass. Typical weather for Florida this time of year.

ENIGMA

Je suis la, et ailleurs
Je n'ai plus rien
Je deviens folle, je m'abandonne
Mea culpa

INT. MICHAEL'S HOME - NIGHT

Michael, the security guard is getting dressed for work. He's looking at himself in the mirror, straitens his tie, checks the gear on his belt.

He reaches into his pants and adjusts his penis and smiles to himself in the mirror. We see a hint of his wife in the background knitting or reading in the chair behind him.

ENIGMA

Je ne dors plus
Je te desire
Prends-moi, je suis a toi...

INT. MARK AND CINDY'S CONDO - NIGHT

Mark is standing outside the bathroom door listening. Close up on his face, it's sad.

INT. MARK AND CINDY'S CONDO - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

On the other side of the bathroom door. A cancer ridden woman hugs the toilet.

INT. MARK AND CINDY'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS

Back out to poor Marks face as he listens to the puking through the door helplessly. Enigma still heard in the back ground about to fade out.

Close on the TV at Mark and Cindy's, on the weather channel. The storm is growing and heading right for Sarasota. Still just a tropical storm.

ENIGMA

Je suis la, et ailleurs
Je veux tout
Quand tu veux, comme tu veux
Mea culpa...

Music ends.

EXT. THE DOG TRACK - DAY

Establishing shot of the main marquis sign by the main road. Trailing letters across it promote the big tournament this Friday.

Big blinking letters repeat, "THIS FRIDAY, THIS FRIDAY, PLAY TO WIN HALF A MILLION IN CASH!"

EXT. THE FRONT ENTRANCE TO THE DOG TRACK - CONTINUOUS

The painters are getting ready to work. Laying down drop cloths, scraping the walls, opening gallons of paint and pouring them into the trays.

The owner of the track comes out and talks with the PAINTER BOSS. Same two guys that Frankie saw earlier only today the painter is with all his guys in the background.

PETER

I want this whole entry way
finished by Friday. I got a shit-
load of people coming Friday.

PAINTER BOSS

No worries Peter, we'll getr' done.

INT. STELLA'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

All the ladies are out on Stella's porch watching the fountain spray up from the middle of the little pond that is in the center of the surrounding apartment buildings.

SUPER: "FOUR DAYS TILL THE HEIST"

PEARL

So ladies, we all set for Friday?

They're all looking forward at the fountain while talking.

FRANKIE

Werd. Yo. Been watching the painters. They quit at 4PM every day on the dot. They're packed and gone by 4:15.

HILDA

All set. I got Michael right where we want him. He'll open the door for us at 4:15 PM.

STELLA

We got the guns, the ammo and the Louies.

PEARL

Great. We'll all take separate cars. And Stella, by the way, I love the idea of putting all the cash in the Louis bags! A stroke of brilliance I tell ya, brilliance!

STELLA

Yeah! They'll do the trick.

PEARL

Lucky says he's heading into the tournament around 3. That's when the most people will be there playing. That's when the cage will have the most cash.

FRANKIE

This is about the most exciting thing I've done in a while. Pearl, you sure no one will recognize us in the masks?

PEARL

Yeah. We're good. They got camera's everywhere, it's the only way.

HILDA

What else we gotta talk about.
Michael is coming over in a half
hour. I got a special dose of abuse
I wanna give this guy before
Friday.

PEARL

Yeah. You're such a slut Hildie. I
knew you would like making this
happen.

HILDA

My pleasure ladies. Some guys just
like a little more cushion and a
little less pushin'.

The ladies giggle. Half nervous, half cause Hilda is funny.

PEARL

Okay, lets meet like we agreed.
Friday afternoon for lunch. We'll
get our hair and nails done. Then
head over to the robbery. Sound
good?

FRANKIE

I dunno if any hairdresser can do
anything with this mop.

STELLA

Listen ladies. If we get caught. We
wanna look good for our mug shots.
If I'm getting my prints taken, my
nails are gonna look awesome.

They all chuckle like seasoned gangsters.

PEARL

Alright. That's it then. See you
all at the beauty parlor at noon on
Friday.

INT. HILDA'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Michael is in Hilda's bed under the covers. We see the lump
of his head between her legs and her head on the pillow with
her hands outside the covers.

She's exasperated, frustrated and so close, but being alone
all these years has stolen her ability to reach climax with
someone else.

HILDA
 (insane/frustrated)
 That's it... stop - stop... it's
 not working...

The lump of Michaels head under the covers stops moving. He speaks from under the blankets.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 (muffled)
 Are you sure? I could keep going if
 you want.

HILDA
 Nah. Listen. You're just gonna have
 to wait outside while I finish up.

She pushes his head away under the covers and turns to her night stand to the right of the bed. She pulls out a fairly giant sized, pink, real looking penis dildo.

Hilda turns the dial on the back of it to check the power and decides the batteries are weak. Replaces them with a couple of fresh double A's also in the drawer and turns the penis dildo back on.

The sound of BUZZING VIBRATING RUBBER PHALLUS fills the air. Hildas voice vibrates as she chases him away.

HILDA (CONT'D)
 Please... Michael... you have to
 leave now. Go wait outside...

MICHAEL
 (shocked/confused)
 Um. This has never happened to be
 before. What are you saying?

HILDA
 Not now Michael. Go away... let me
 finish this...

Michael gets out of bed with his soaking wet face and naked jiggly oatmeal body and reluctantly, slowly, walks out of Hilda's bedroom.

He closes the door behind him but leaves a crack open so he could watch what happens next.

Hilda covers herself with the blanket. We see bumps beneath the covers pushing something back and fourth inside her with the her knees up in the air.

INT. FRANKIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Her watch says four twenty. She smiles to herself about the Cannabis irony of the moment but is a little concerned that the painters are running late.

She turns on the radio to find some country music to soothe her. All the stations' jocks are talking about the tropical storm that just became Hurricane Ezra.

It's on track to land at or near Sarasota, Florida, sometime Friday afternoon. Frankie scratches her head and comments to herself..

FRANKIE

Those fuckin' guys. They're ain't gonna be no Hurricane. They just wanna sell out the water, batteries and flashlights at the stores.

She tries again to light the roach, unsuccessfully and flicks it out her window. Starts the car and drives off.

INT. MANE STREAM HAIR SALON - DAY

SUPER: "FOUR HOURS TO THE HEIST"

All four ladies are sitting in a row not speaking. They all are getting pedicures by four similar looking Vietnamese women.

They all look like they are going to a formal event. Their hair is pulled up perfect, so it would fit neatly under the painter caps.

Their make up is perfect. Their nails are beautifully done. And soon so will their toes be done.

In the background are sounds of HAIR DRYERS GOING ON AND OFF. HAIR CLIPPERS BUZZING AROUND. LADIES CACKLING IN THE BACKGROUND IN VIETNAMESE and the TV is on.

All the ladies are looking forward as the shock of what they are about to do is settling in. Pearl looks over at the TV and sees the Tropical Storm Warning and notices it's scheduled to hit with full force later that afternoon.

Without taking her eyes off the TV, she says...

PEARL

Looks like we got some weather coming.

FRANKIE

(also looks forward)

Yeah. Big deal. They're always wrong. They just want to scare us into emptying the supermarket shelves.

STELLA

(also looks forward)

I guess they think we're all a bunch of pussies? Hurricane Schmurricane. It'll probably pass us by like most of these stupid Florida storms.

All the ladies continue to look forward and squeeze out a little grin.

HILDA

(also looks forward)

The sound of those vibrating clippers is making me a little horny.

All looking forward, they all bust out hysterical laughing as the Vietnamese lades finish up with the gang's toes. They get their shoes on and grab their bags.

PEARL

Meet me out in the parking lot when you'all are done.

FRANKIE

You got it Pearl.

STELLA

Be there in a second, Pearlie

HILDA

I'm cumming...

The ladies giggle as they gather their things and head out.

EXT. MANE STREAM HAIR SALON - PARKING LOT - LATER

All the ladies gather around the back of Pearls old white Sonata. She pops the trunk and shows them four neat piles of folded painter outfits.

The wind blows and the sky grows dark. There's white work boots, buckets, gloves, hats and of course white sanding masks.

PEARL

Well, there's no turning back now.
We'll meet at the track at 3:45.
Let's synchronize watches.

The four old ladies put their wrinkled age spotted wrists with the beautiful manicure, in the middle of their huddle, and all set their watches for One O'clock PM.

PEARL (CONT'D)

We'll take separate cars and park just like we practiced. We want to see each other and the front entrance at the same time.

STELLA

I got the guns and the Louis bags. I'll go get them.

HILDA

Michael will open the door precisely at 4:15 or I'll cut his balls off.

They giggle nervously.

PEARL

Come on Hill. Can we please be serious here?

As Pearl speaks, she hands out a pile of painter clothes to each of the ladies.

HILDA

Oh! I am serious.

PEARL

Okay. Frankie. You got the tools to help us bust into the cage if we need'em?

FRANKIE

Yeah Pearl. I got the bolt cutters like we planned. But once they see the big guns we got, we shouldn't have a problem.

(beat)

Hey Hilda. You want these bolt cutters for Michaels balls?

They all chuckle.

PEARL

Okay. Okay. Lets get serious.
Remember. Keep your masks up. We
want to be able to live in this
town after we're done, without
being recognized.

Stella returns and hands a knock off Louis bag with a gun in
it to each of the ladies.

STELLA

Hey Pearl.

PEARL

Yeah Stell?

STELLA

Why are we doing this again?

ON PEARL. And on each of the ladies as Pearl speaks, coming
back to Pearl.

PEARL

(escalating emotional)

You're a riot Stella.

(beat)

We're doing this because those
fuckers out there and these fuckers
at the track, think old folks are
rich, dumb and easy targets.

(beat)

We're doing this, to remind
ourselves that we are THE elders.
We deserve respect. We are not
trash to be thrown away just
because we're old.

(beat)

We're doing this because we want to
remember we have dignity, brains
AND balls and that no one fucks
with us.

(beat)

We're doing this because we are
alive, beautiful women with plenty
of living yet to do. We are NOT
DEAD YET. DAMMIT! DO YOU HEAR ME!
NOT DEAD YET!

All the ladies are tearing up as Pearl speaks.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Besides. No one is going to suspect
a bunch of old ladies and no one is
going to arrest us.

(MORE)

PEARL (CONT'D)

(beat)

I've been a ball buster my whole life and I'll be damned if I'm going to go out like a whipped old pussy.

(beat)

But most of all, we are doing this for us. To remind us, that no one should ever mess with US EVER AGAIN.

They all get hysterical crying and hug each other, look at each other, nodding.

PEARL (CONT'D)

(wiping her eyes)

Now! Lets go show those fuckers our balls!

(beat)

Lets go do this.

Stella blots her now, running, raccoon eye make up.

STELLA

YEAH! Lets go kick some ass.

(beat)

See you ladies on the other side.

Hilda, grabs her crotch in a nervous, "I'm gonna pee" way.

HILDA

See you on the other side.

Frankie smiles, like she knows everyone is gonna get into trouble now.

FRANKIE

Fuckin' A! See you on the other side.

They all walk off in their separate directions holding their pile of painter clothes, buckets, gloves, hats, masks, their Louis Vuitton Bags and their guns.

INT. FRANKIE'S CAR - DOG TRACK PARKING LOT - LATER

Frankie is parked in her old Toyota Camry with the dark windows. It's her usual spot with the best vantage point of the entry way to the track.

She is dressed in her painter clothes and checks her watch as she sucks hard on a joint one last time. The clock on her dashboard says 3:45.

The parking lot is packed, with not a spare spot insight. All the ladies have a view of the entrance to the track, but Frankie's has the best view.

The entry way has been beautifully painted and the painters are cleaning up. They're folding drop cloths and putting tops back on gallons of paint, sweeping up chips.

Everyone has arrived and is getting ready for the big Poker Tournament that day. It's a little difficult for the painters to gather up their supplies as the wind has really started to pick up speed and intensity.

INT. HILDA'S CAR - DOG TRACK PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

Off to the right about thirty yards, Hilda sits in her parked late model blue Subaru. She too is in full painter garb and checks her watch. It's still 3:45.

INT. STELLA'S CAR - DOG TRACK PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

Thirty yards on the other side of Frankie is Stella. She is sitting in her White Lexus SUV, also in full painter dress, though her overall flaps are folded down so her breasts can breathe and her gold chains can jangle.

She checks her gaudy chain gold watch, and her's too says 3:45. Pearl is nowhere in sight.

EXT. THE DOG TRACK - FRONT ENTRANCE - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

The painters are pretty much done cleaning up. A beat up old white Toyota Tacoma Pick Up Truck with a black cap, pulls up to the entrance and the painters load up the rest of the stuff into the back of the truck.

As the wind blows their hair and candy wrappers out of their hands, they pile into the tiny pick up truck and drive away.

INTERCUT between the ladies in their cars waiting.

ON STELLA

She looks at her watch it's 4:00 and whispers...

STELLA

Where the fuck is Pearl?

ON FRANKIE

She flicks the joint out her window while still holding the inhale. She looks at her watch and exhales saying...

FRANKIE

Where the fuck is Pearl?

ON HILDA

She looks at her watch too and says...

HILDA

Jesus Christ. Where the fuck is Pearl?

They all sit in their cars as the minutes tick away, they all start to get nervous and fidgety. They can all see each other and see that the painters have left.

Hilda shrugs to Frankie.

Frankie shrugs to Stella.

Stella gets out of her car to look around the lot to see if Pearl is anywhere.

And way in the back of the lot, way in the distance, a tall, strong, old lady dressed all in white, waves at Stella. Stella turns to the other ladies and gives them the thumbs up sign.

Stella turns to Frankie and gets her attention by waving. Gives her the thumbs up and mouths silently "SHE'S HERE!" Then she turns to Hilda and mouths the same.

All the ladies get out of their cars and finish donning their disguise. Stella zips up, puts her mask, hat and gloves on. Closes up her car and waits for Pearl

Frankie gets out of her car. Pulls up her mask, puts her hat and gloves on, locks her car and walks over to Stella's White Lexus SUV.

Hilda stands up and out of her Subaru and pulls the overall straps on her shoulders and pulls up her mask and puts on her cap and walks over to Stella's car.

The sky is the darkest it's been all day. The wind is the windiest its been all day. Pearl arrives and ...

STELLA

Where-the-fuck-have-you-been?

HILDA

Yeah Pearl, what the fuck?

FRANKIE

You're not stoned are ya Pearlie?

PEARL

Calm down. Calm down. This lot is packed. I just had trouble finding a spot.

STELLA

Jesus Pearl!

PEARL

What Stell? You didn't think I forgot about you guys, did you?

Pearl looks at Stella and winks. Pearl looks at Hilda and Frankie and she winks at them too.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Come on girls. Lets go show these fuckers our balls.

The gang of old ladies dressed in white, with their Louis bags over their shoulder, hold onto their caps and walk through the crazy wind, over to the entrance of the track.

People are coming in and going out of the main entrance and no one notices them, even with their purses, as the painters have been there all week.

The four ladies stand around the emergency door with no handle on it. Hilda checks her watch and muffles through her mask...

HILDA

It's 4:15 this door will open any minute.

And like clockwork, the mysterious door opens and there is Michael.

MICHAEL

Here you go ladies. Good luck.

Michael walks out of the door as the four ladies walk in and close the door behind them. Michael walks over to the valet to establish his alibi as not being anywhere near the robbery.

INT. THE POKER ROOM - EMERGENCY EXIT STAIRWAY - DAY

Stella goes first up the stairs. Frankie second. Hilda follows and when Stella gets to the landing to turn and get to the second floor she sees Pearl still at the bottom of the stairs.

STELLA

Come on Pearl. What's going on?

PEARL

I hate fucking stairs. I have no muscles in my legs! I don't do stairs!

HILDA

Holy Fuck Pearl! Why didn't we know this?

FRANKIE

Jesus Pearl!

They all run down to help. All three ladies surround Pearl and help her up the stairs one step at a time.

PEARL

Some criminals we are. Can't even make it up a flight of stairs.

STELLA

Shut the fuck up Pearl. We're almost there.

The ladies finally get to the top of the stairs and look at each other and nod. They reach into their Louies and pull out the guns. They all look at Pearl and..

PEARL

This is it girls. On three. One - Two - and Three!

And with that, four old ladies dressed in Painters Outfits with Louis Vuitton bags over their shoulders and guns in their hands burst into the second floor of the Dog Track into the Poker Room.

It's the biggest poker tournament in South Florida. Every table is filled. Cameras pointing at everything from the ceiling. And still, no one notices the gang.

Waitresses are still serving drinks to the players at the tables. Dealers are still dealing. The Bar Tender is still serving drinks to the people at the bar.

The four ladies look at each other and Stella takes command.

STELLA

Frankie, get over by the cage and prepare to open that door with your bolt cutters.

FRANKIE

Shit! I left them in the car.

STELLA

What! You idiot! How the hell are we supposed to get into the cash cage?

Hilda is standing there in shock and doesn't know what to do. Pearl is looking around at how no one is paying attention to them.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE MALL - VICTORIA SECRET STORE - (MEMORY HIT)

Pearl flashes back for a moment, to her walking out of Victoria's Secret with her thong balled up in her hand. The feeling of her heart beating and the thrill of the theft.

END MEMORY HIT.

INT. POKER ROOM - NOW

Pearl raises her gun and points it to the ceiling, pulls the trigger and lets off A COUPLE OF LOUD ROUNDS.

All of a sudden everyone turns to the door next to the cage to see the gang of painters with purses and guns standing there.

In the moment of silence, Pearl shouts out from behind her mask.

PEARL

Ladies and Gentlemen, this is a robbery. Please remain seated and you won't get hurt.

Stella looks at Pearl in awe.

STELLA

(whispers)

Nice Pearlie! You really do have some balls.

Hilda comes up behind Pearl as everyone is still staring at them.

HILDA
(whispers)
I think I'm going to pee my pants.

Then, the strangest thing happens. One of the players starts to laugh. A nervous laugh. And all of a sudden, everyone in the room starts laughing.

After a moment or two of laughter, someone starts to applaud. Then others follow and the whole room is staring at the painters with purses applauding.

Stella turns to Pearl.

STELLA
(stunned)
Holy shit! What-the-fuck do we do now?

Frankie still in the corner by the cage rushes back to the gang and...

FRANKIE
(pissed/serious)
What-the-fuck-is-going-on? What, are, they, laughing at?

HILDA
(confused)
Why are they clapping? What are they laughing at Pearl.

And at that moment, when Pearl feels the whole room laughing at a gang of has-been, weak broken down old ladies dressed in white, with purses over their shoulders.

Just as Pearl's biggest fear is realized and all hope is lost...

INT. THE POKER ROOM - THE BAR - NOW

Jesus Christ! IT'S LUCKY, and he's sitting there calmly sipping on a scotch. He turns back around to the bar tender, puts his drink down on the bar and shrugs his shoulders at the bar tender like "what's going on???"

Then he looks over at one of the poker tables where a big goon of a man looks back over at him. And Lucky just nods up and down with his head and gives the big goon a wink.

The big goon of a man, the same big goon of a man who was protecting Carmine at Hoppie's Pool hall, stands up, reaches into his sport jacket and pulls out a nine millimeter semi automatic pistol.

And shoots it into the ceiling. And everyone in the room turns to him and...

BIGGEST GOON

You heard the painter. This is a stick up. Nobody move and nobody get's hurt.

Suddenly at every table in the pool room, a big guido goon of a guy stands, reaches into his jacket and pulls out a piece to control the crowd at the table and near the table.

The first big goon shouts over to the painters.

BIGGEST GOON (CONT'D)

I suggest you fellas start filling up those purses with cash. The cops oughta be here any minute.

Frankie goes back over to her spot next to the cage door and points her gun into the cage at the cashier and...

FRANKIE

Open this fucking door and gimme all the cash or I'll blow your fucking head off.

Stella turns to Pearl and...

STELLA

Who the fuck are those guys and why are they helping us?

PEARL

I dunno Stell. But lets get the cash and get outta here.

Then, with almost psychic knowledge, as Pearl looks out at the room with a goon standing at each table with a gun, she scans over to the bar and spots Lucky.

He just sits there sipping his scotch and when their eyes meet, he just gives Pearl one of those winning winks that says it all okay, with out saying a word.

A tear comes out of her eye as she smiles under her painter mask.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Let's go girls. We got only a few minutes.

The cashier opens the door and the ladies walk into the cage like four trick or treaters with their Louis Vuitton bags open. The cashier helps pile in the cash.

First Frankie gets her bag filled, then Hilda, then Stella and by the time they get to Pearl, there's no more cash to be had.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Fuck it! Lets get out of here!

And the ladies swiftly moved out of the cage while Stella covers them all and the goons cover the painters. They disappear into the stairway.

The goons at all the tables are not far behind and with almost serendipitous timing, just as the last goon enters the emergency stairway, the lights go out in the poker room.

The rain starts beating down on the roof top like rapid fire taps, speeding up in force and power. The poker players panic and run for the big stairway by the bar.

EXT. THE DOG TRACK - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Floods of people pour out of the front doors in a panic into the night mare of a parking lot that is now as dark and wet as the hurricane that was about to touch down on it.

The four white painter ladies are over by Stella's car and they quickly take off their outfits and give them to Stella. They all hug each other and head off in their separate directions.

Frankie back to her old Camry with the dark tinted windows with her stuffed Louis purse over her shoulder, gets in and drives away before the crowd bottle necks at the entrance.

Hilda runs over to her Subaru and hops in with her stuffed purse and also gets out before the crowd. Stella follows in her White Lexus, also making it out just barely.

Meantime, the panic stricken crowd fills the parking lot as the wind blows fiercely and the rain comes down in a torrential down pour.

The roof starts to fly off the dog track as the wind begins to blow harder and harder.

Pearl is just standing where the ladies left her. She can't remember where she parked her car. She can't remember what she is doing out in the rain in the middle of a hurricane.

She starts wandering in one direction then another as she gets more and more drenched she starts to cry. Horns are honking all around her, the sky is now black like death.

The rain is like a million young bullies spitting at an old wet Pearl and just when all seems lost without hope again, a light blue, brand spanking new, Hyundai Sonata pulls up next to Pearl.

The dark tinted window goes down and it's Lucky.

LUCKY
(empathetic/calm)
What'r you doin' out here sweetie?

Pearl just looks into his eyes and can't speak as the rain drenches her some more and the tears make what's left of her melting make up even worse.

LUCKY (CONT'D)
(soft/loving)
Why don't you get inside my car, so
that pretty purse of yours doesn't
get any wetter.

Pearl walks around to the passenger side and gets in. Amazingly, Lucky has towels and blankets waiting for her. As the crowded parking lot tries to empty like ketchup on a cold day.

The wind kicks up it's last big gust and just as Pearl and Lucky drive out of the parking lot, the whole grandstand of the dog track that housed the poker room, topples over and collapses.

Followed by a huge explosion that set's the whole track and remaining structure on fire. Just as Lucky and Pearl head out, all the police and fire trucks drive in from the other direction.

INT. PEARLS CONDO - KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Lucky is on the phone, as Pearl Sleeps. His first call is to Stella.

EXT. STELLA'S CONDO - OUTSIDE DECK

Stella can't sleep. She's having a cigarette, drinking some wine and the phone rings.

INTERCUT between Lucky and Stella.

STELLA

Hello?

LUCKY

(cool/charming)

Is this sexy Stella?

STELLA

Oh hey Lucky. How's my best friend's cute husband?

LUCKY

Good Stell! Hey, can I ask you a favor.

STELLA

Sure Luck. What's up.

LUCKY

Well, I need you to bring over all the cash you stole from the poker room, like in about an hour. I have some friends from the old neighborhood that will be coming over and I need to give them some of it.

Stella is shocked. But now it all makes sense as to who brought in the extra muscle. She catches on quick and puts it all together without saying the words.

STELLA

Oh? Was that you and your friends getting into our fun tonight?

LUCKY

Stell, could you call Frankie and Hilda and get the money from them too and bring it over.

STELLA

Well I don't know Lucky. How does Pearl feel about this?

LUCKY

Pearl's asleep. She couldn't remember where she parked the car and got caught in the storm. I got her home okay, so no worries.

STELLA

Well sure Lucky. I can do that. But what do we get for all our trouble?

LUCKY

Don't worry Stella. We make a little tribute and get to keep a little and everyone is happy.

STELLA

What about witnesses and the camera's at the track?

LUCKY

All handled. The storm destroyed everything and our friends in NY had a talk with the owner of the track. He won't press charges. He get's a hundred percent of the insurance because of the storm, New York gets their cut and you girls will get to keep a piece too.

STELLA

So nobody needs to get their underwear twisted over what we done?

LUCKY

Nope, where good all around.

STELLA

Okay. I'll collect the cash and be over in an hour.

LUCKY

Thanks sweetie. Oh, and you might want to get rid of those Louise Vuittons. They kind of stuck out last night and now you can afford real ones.

STELLA

Your really are the cutest Lucky.

LUCKY

Thanks Stell. I'll tell Pearl you said so when she wakes up.

STELLA
You got it. Later.

LUCKY
B'bye honey.

INT. PEARLS CONDO - KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

ON LUCKY with just the gravely old voice of an old Italian on the phone through the receiver.

CARMINE (V.O.)
(filtered - phone)
Yeah?

LUCKY
Carm? It's me Lucky.

CARMINE
How you doin' Luck?

LUCKY
Doin' okay. Hey listen, I just wanted to let you know I invited your nephew over in a little while.

CARMINE
Oh yeah? Is he behaving himself down there?

LUCKY
Yeah. He's doin' great. He's gonna bring a package home for you, from our friends down here.

CARMINE
Dat's good Lucky. I like to hear dat.

LUCKY
Yeah. You'd be a poor ole man if I wasn't watchin' out for you Carm.

CARMINE
Yeah, shuah Lucky. Keep dreamin'. We'll be in touch.

LUCKY
Take care Carm.

CARMINE
Later Luck.

INT. PEARLS CONDO - KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Lucky makes one more call.

INSURANCE AGENT (V.O.)
(filtered/phone)
AARP Emergency Hotline, how can I
help you?

LUCKY
Yes, hello. I need to report some
probable damage to one of my
vehicles.

INSURANCE AGENT
I'm sorry sir. Probable damage?
What do you mean?

LUCKY
Well. I'm calling from Sarasota,
Florida and as you know we had a
pretty severe storm here tonight.

INSURANCE AGENT
Yes, sir. Did your vehicle get
damaged in the storm?

LUCKY
Well, not mine, but my wife,
Pearl's car. I was playing in a
poker tournament tonight and she
came to watch me play. Shortly
after she arrived, the storm hit.
We left her car in the parking lot
and we both made our getaway
together in my car.

INSURANCE AGENT
I understand sir. Do you have your
policy number handy?

EXT. THE DOG TRACK - PARKING LOT - LATER THAT NIGHT

The storm has passed, the night is dark and the usual clean
up crews and investigation units are at the crashed remains
of the Dog Track Grand Stand.

Palm trees down and debris everywhere. Assorted cars
abandoned throughout the parking lot. Parked in front of
Pearl's Sonata is an unmarked police car with it's headlights
shooting into late night mist.

No sirens, just the gumball machine, the circulating flashing lights rotate on the dash. Two detectives standing in front of the Sonata, one old, worn and ready for retirement. One new, eager and green.

We recognize Mark as the old cop who saved Pearl in the beginning of the movie. The young cop is POXSON, fresh out of the academy.

Short blond military hair cut, bright blue eyes, skinny like a teenage boy, grimacing with his best tough cop expression. Mark has his old fashioned note pad flipped open, making notes with a tiny pencil.

POXSON

So what do you think the deal is with THIS car? Player? Staff? Robber?

MARK

Alleged robber. The owner of the track hasn't filed any charges and the reports of the robbery are so absurd. No two stories alike.

POXSON

But it's possible, right? One of these cars, left in the lot, could belong to the crew that robbed the joint?

Mark is starring at the car. Something about it looks familiar.

MARK

Wait a second. I know this car...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HERB STORE - PARKING LOT - DAY (MEMORY HIT)

Mark's POV. He approaches Pearl being hassled by the Chinese Gang in front of that very same Sonata.

MARK

Is there a problem here ma'am?

CHINESE GUY 1

Go away old man, this doesn't concern you.

Like in the old west, Mark pulls back the left side of his sport coat showing the badge on his belt. Then pulls back the right side of his coat showing his gun in its holster.

Unsnaps it and leaves his hand on it, absolutely ready to draw...

MARK

(righteous, cool, staring
at the gang)

Now you boys know how forgetful us
old folks are.

(beat)

Give the lady back her bag and I'm
sure neither one of us will
remember this ever happened.

END MEMORY HIT.

EXT. THE DOG TRACK - PARKING LOT - PRESENT

Mark returns to the moment. Rips off the piece of paper, from the pad, that he was taking notes on, crumbles it up and throws it to the ground.

POXSON

What'r you doing?

MARK

Come on. Let's go.

POXSON

What are talking about? This car
could belong to one of the do-ers!

Mark heads over to the driver side of his car. Opens the door and shouts back to Poxson over the roof.

MARK

Come on. Let's go.

POXSON

I don't understand. Do you know
this car?

MARK

Yeah. I know this car.

POXSON

Well?

MARK

Listen. This can't possibly be the do-er.

POXSON

Why the hell not?

MARK

Cause it belongs to this little old lady who is afraid of her own shadow. She has dementia and can't remember how to add two plus two.

POXSON

(taken back)

Oh. Well what's her car doing here?

MARK

Who cares? She probably met someone at the tournament last night and forgot where she parked the damn thing. Come on. Let's go. We got bigger fish to fry.

And with that, Poxson shakes his head and gets in the car and the two drive away.

INT. PEARLS CONDO - THE NEXT MORNING

Lucky walks out of the bedroom like he always does and pulls down on the cord that pulls the shade up on the back sun room to look out at the sun and the golf course where he collects his balls.

He walks into the kitchen and pours a small glass of juice and opens up Pearl's box of pills and proceeds to get some out for her.

Lucky then gets a bowl out of the one cupboard makes some cereal and brings it over to the kitchen table and starts eating it.

Soon afterwards Pearl comes out of the bedroom and puts on the stereo. She decides today is a good day to listen to the sound track from the Broadway show, Man a la Mancha.

ROBERT GOULET

"...To dream ... the impossible
dream ... To fight ... the
unbeatable foe ... To bear ... with
unbearable sorrow ... To run ...
where the brave dare not go ..."

As the show tune plays, Pearl sit's down at the table and joins Lucky for breakfast. They just look at each other and communicate with the incredible cool that is the unspoken language.

Then as if nothing happened, their well rehearsed banter of sixty years of marriage continues.

PEARL

Luck. I had the weirdest dream last night.

LUCKY

Oh yeah baby? What about?

PEARL

Didn't you have that big poker tournament last night?

LUCKY

What a good memory you have. As a matter of fact I did.

PEARL

Did you win any money?

LUCKY

Of course my love. I always win a little money to bring home to you.

PEARL

Oh Lucky. You're so cute.

LUCKY

I maybe be, but not as cute as your son who is coming for a visit today.

PEARL

Benny? Oh that's right. Benny is coming.

LUCKY

I'll pick him up at the airport this afternoon and bring him back here.

PEARL

Fantastic! I'll get the guest room ready! What a treat!

INT. LUCKY'S CAR - LATER THAT DAY

BENNY is Pearl and Lucky's middle son. The fifty-three year old artist from New York has flown down to Florida for a visit and some sunshine.

Benny looks pretty much the same as he did when he was eleven, only older, fatter, more wrinkled, weathered and sporting theatrical long wavy salt and pepper hair.

Pearl is taking Benny for a drive to the Chinese Herb Store to get more of the root that she has been using for the special memory improvement tea.

Pearl has always taken Benny on errands since he was a boy and this one is no exception. They arrive at the Chinese Herb store and Pearl is excited to be with her son after not seeing him for so long.

They pull into the parking lot and just as Pearl is about to pull into a spot, she miraculously get's cut off again by those same Asian teenagers in the Green Eclipse, that hassled her weeks ago.

With this, Pearl turns to a now much older Benny and...

PEARL

Benny honey, sit right there. Momma has to have a little talk with those boys.

BENNY

Mom? Are you okay? Really. We can find another spot. You don't have to do this.

PEARL

No worries Benny. I'll be right back, stay right there.

Pearl puts the car in park, grabs her Louis Vuitton purse and steps outside of the car.

EXT. HERB STORE - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Pearl walks over to the driver's side of the Green Eclipse and as the driver opens the door and steps out, Pearl is standing there waiting for him.

CHINESE GUY 1

Whoa! You scare me lady.

PEARL

That's good. You should be scared.

CHINESE GUY 1

What? What the fuck you talkin' about grandma?

Pearl get's real close to him and reaches into her Louis and grabs her gun and pushes the bag into his crotch while pointing it at his balls.

PEARL

Have you ever seen the inside of a Louis Vuitton purse before?

The Asian kid looks in and almost pisses himself when he sees the gun cocked.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Now, I want you, to get back in that pimped-out, piece-of-shit. And back it out of my spot, before my old, shaky hand puts a second slanty hole in your dick.

CHINESE GUY 1

Okay. Okay lady. Chill out. I'll move the damn car. It's cool. It's cool.

Pearl backs away with her hand in the purse and the Chinese kid gets back into the car, backs it out of the spot and drives away as fast as he can.

INT. PEARLS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Pearl gets back into her car where a once again spooked, now much older, Benny sits in the passenger seat, as he did when he was a boy many years ago.

BENNY

(smiling)

Wha'ja say to that guy Ma?

Pearl just savored the moment as she put the car in drive and pulls into the spot. She puts the car in park and turns to Benny.

PEARL

It doesn't matter what I said to him sweetie.

(MORE)

PEARL (CONT'D)

What matters is that he knows now,
what you have known your whole
life. No one fucks with Pearl! No
one.

BENNY

Right. I remember Mom. No one fucks
with my Mom.

EXT. PEARLS CAR - CONTINUOUS

From above and behind, as Pearl and Benny drive away, we
close on Axel Rose sound up in the back ground.

AXEL ROSE (O.C.)

(sung loud - filtered)

"...Welcome to the jungle
It gets worse here everyday
Ya learn ta live like an animal
In the jungle where we play
If you got a hunger for what you
see
You'll take it eventually
You can have anything you want
But you better not take it from
me..."

FADE OUT.

SUPER: "THE END."