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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
RIVERSIDE

Assisted Living

A Thesis submitted in partial satisfaction  
of the requirements for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts

in

Creative Writing and Writing for the Performing Arts

by

Brett Michael Callahan

June 2011

Thesis Committee:  
Stuart Krieger, Chairperson  
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The Thesis of Brett Michael Callahan is approved:

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Committee Chairperson

University of California, Riverside

FADE IN:

INT. LOBBY - NURSING HOME - DAY

A FAMILY walks a hunchbacked OLD MAN through the front doors. He scuttles an inch at a time as his SON and GRANDSON assist with each arm. Grandson has a suitcase in his free hand.

His DAUGHTER and GRANDDAUGHTER walk nearby. Granddaughter leans in to say something to him while pointing around the facility -

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
(mocking)  
Oh, Grandpa, look at this place.  
You're going to love it here.

Son pats him on the arm, mouthing something inaudible -

MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Now, Dad, we'll be by to visit at  
least every other month. And don't  
forget about Christmas and  
Thanksgiving in alternating years.

STEPHEN STAMOS, 40s, the nursing home's director, comes out with some paperwork. He's an ex-marine type, wearing his watch on the inside of his wrists and his pants exactly at waistline. Stamos shakes Dad's hand and shoots Old Man a winning smile.

The family gives Old Man final hugs and kisses, tears building up in Mom's eyes as she holds Granddaughter tight.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
We're doing the right thing,  
sweetie.  
(mockingly chokes up)  
We're doing the right thing.

INT. CAFETERIA - NURSING HOME - SAME TIME

The voice is coming from COLE MURPHY, 30, a lanky, cocksure orderly with a stubbly beard. He is sitting on a parked Rascal next to KENNY WILLIAMS, 25, an African-American orderly wearing a backwards ballcap.

COLE

Poor bastard has no idea what he's getting himself into.

Cole takes a bite of a hash brown square -

COLE (CONT'D)

I give him two weeks.

Kenny slaps TEN DOLLARS in Cole's hands.

KENNY

You're on.

Stamos ushers Old Man over to the two guys.

STAMOS

Mr. Murphy, break was over ten minutes ago.

Stamos grabs the hash brown out of Cole's mouth and throws it out.

STAMOS (CONT'D)

Please show our new resident here to his room.

Cole manages a fake smile for the poor guy -

COLE

Be happy to.

Cole pulls another hash brown square out of his chest pocket and starts up the Rascal.

COLE (CONT'D)  
(while chewing)  
Saddle up, Pops.

INT. HALLWAY - NURSING HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Old Man rides on the back of the Rascal as Cole steers him on a tour of the facility. He highlights the tour by spiritlessly reading from one of the home's PAMPHLETS -

COLE  
Welcome new resident to Moonseed Oaks Assisted Living. We are ecstatic about your decision to join our community. It is truly a privilege to serve so many fine seniors during what we believe to be some real golden years.

The Rascal passes a resident drooling on himself.

COLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
At Moonseed Oaks you can expect a schedule chock-full of excitement.

The Rascal passes a group of seniors asleep on a couch, a television on in the background.

COLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Whether it's recreation...

An old man plays Scrabble by himself.

COLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Exercise...

The Rascal scoots by a frightened old woman holding onto a SHAKE WEIGHT, her arm's loose skin shaking wildly.

COLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Or a friendly hand...

A resident uses his CANE to swipe at orderlies trying to calm him down.

Cole abruptly stops the Rascal. He looks over the pamphlet -

COLE (CONT'D)

I can't do it anymore.

Cole tosses the pamphlet to the side and faces Old Man, his poor face terrified at what he's just seen. As blunt as possible -

COLE (CONT'D)

Look, you and I both know this is what it is. The clock's ticking and this is probably your last hoorah. You want my advice? Find someone here who makes it all work and follow what they do.

INT. RESIDENT'S ROOM - NURSING HOME - MORNING

It's quiet as morning light barely shines through the blinds. RICK EVANS, 70s with a thick white mustache, sleeps.

The room is typical of most in the home. It has a small older television set, a couple chested drawers, and a nightstand with a lamp and a glass of water resting on it.

Next to the lamp is a PHOTO of Rick's deceased wife with some craft wire shaped like a halo hovering over the frame.

Rick's feet dangle out of the sheets. They are corned and varicose veined at the ankles. He looks peaceful in his sleep. SILENCE and then -

A LOUD FART. So loud that it startles Rick awake.



INT. BATHROOM - NURSING HOME - MINUTES LATER

Rick, in a v-neck and boxers, shaves with a straight razor. He takes some grooming scissors and trims his nose hairs. He then trims some hair off of his big droopy ears.

INT. LOBBY - NURSING HOME - MINUTES LATER

Dressed for the day in a polyester suit, dress shirt, bow tie, and a derby cap, Rick strolls by several other residents. The bounce in his old gait as he waves his morning hellos makes it clear that he is "the man" at the home.

He passes a group of nursing home WOMEN. Rick takes off his cap, holds it over his chest, and jokingly staggers.

RICK

What angels. I can now die a happy man now.

The women BLUSH.

GEORGIA, a sassy, old wheelchair stricken woman, struggles getting over a lip in the flooring. Rick shuffles over and helps guide her chair.

GEORGIA

There he is. Morning, Rick.

Rick kisses her hand and smiles.

Rick approaches FELIX, 80s, a loud, short Cuban man, relaxing with BUBBA, an old, white-faced golden retriever - the home's dog.

FELIX

(thick Cuban accent)

Oh, look who it is, Bubba. Your old buddy.

Bubba rolls over for Rick to scratch his belly.

RICK

Watch that old talk. Hell, if I was  
a retriever, I'd only be twelve.

Bubba lets loose a blithe HOWL as Rick finds the spot.

INT. GROUP COUNSELING ROOM - NURSING HOME - DAY

The room is as stale as most university classrooms with walls begging for some color. Stamos has a yellow tablet and sits at the front of the room. Rick, Felix (and Bubba), Georgia, and several other old folks fill out the surrounding seating.

STAMOS

Last week Otis started sharing his  
thoughts on some problems with the  
orderlies.

OTIS, 80s, a testy African-American resident restricted by an oxygen tank and a cane, sits with his arms folded.

OTIS

Yeah, my problem is they're all  
men.

PEARL, 70s, a dolled-up hornball of a senior who was something in her day, interrupts -

PEARL

I've got no problem with it.

Georgia rolls her eyes at Pearl's comments.

OTIS

I'm just saying if I'm gonna be  
getting sponge baths at some point,  
it'd be nice to know they're coming  
from a woman's touch.

WALT, 100, probably the oldest senior in the home, who is never without his Navy fishnet hat, chimes in. His voice clicks from respiratory problems.

WALT

I (click) hear (click) that.

Cole enters with a wheeled trash can, emptying the room's garbage cans.

STAMOS

Guys, let's get back on track.  
Underneath each of you is a  
shoebox.

Underneath each chair is indeed a SHOEBOX. Liver-spotted hands reach for the boxes.

STAMOS (CONT'D)

I want you to open up your shoebox  
and tell me what you see.

The seniors open up the shoeboxes to reveal an empty box.

OTIS

Nothing.

STAMOS

Opportunity, Otis.

Cole takes interest in the exercise, pausing from his duties to listen in.

OTIS

Opportunity look like a whole bunch  
of jack shit, but if you say so.

STAMOS

Your box is an opportunity for you  
to start living without fear. Fear  
can come out as anger, regret, a  
need for validation - it takes many  
forms and we all carry it with us.  
I want each of you to write down  
what fear is holding you back, and  
how you're going to overcome that  
fear.

The seniors start writing on loose sheets of paper. All except Rick, who can't seem to write anything at all.

Cole finishes with the trash, making brief eye contact with Rick before exiting the room.

STAMOS (CONT'D)

By doing so, we are making the  
choice to close the lid on our  
fear.

The seniors fold up their papers and drop them in their shoeboxes, closing the lids afterwards. After a beat, Rick looks inside his EMPTY box and closes the lid.

INT./EXT. - COLE'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Cole drives an old used pickup truck. At the wheel, he is deep into Heart's *Alone*, gesticulating with every verse -

COLE

(singing)

*Till now I always got by on my own,  
I never really cared until I met  
you...*

EXT. SIDEWALK - SAME TIME

An OLD LADY walks, oblivious of any oncoming traffic.

INT./EXT. - COLE'S TRUCK - SECONDS LATER

Cole continues singing while making a turn towards a parking lot -

COLE

*And now it chills me to the bone,  
How do I get you alone, How do I  
get you...*

Cole finally sees the old lady and slams on his brakes. He holds his hands in the air, hoping to draw the lady's attention.

EXT. SIDEWALK - SAME TIME

The old lady continues to cross, completely unaware she was almost just killed.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Cole's truck pulls into a crowded parking lot.

It's stuck behind a Lincoln Towncar with STUFFED ANIMALS lining the back window. The DRIVER of the car is elderly and hardly able to see over the wheel.

INT. COLE'S TRUCK - COLE'S POV - MOMENTS LATER

The Towncar makes a run at the spot at an awful angle. It isn't going to work.

COLE  
Sixth time's a charm.

Some LIGHTS shine behind Cole. A line is building. Driver backs up and gives it yet another go. HORNS blast from behind Cole.

COLE (CONT'D)  
Come on, Gramps.

More HORNS. Cole spots a nearby HANDICAP SPOT.

COLE (CONT'D)  
Fuck it.

Cole cranks the wheel and pulls into the spot.

EXT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

A couple patrons walk into a neighboring Chili's, as Cole enters the doors to a broken down comedy club.

INT. BAR - COMEDY CLUB - LATER

Cole grabs a NAPKIN at the bar and scribbles down some detailed notes. Other amateur comedians mouth lines to themselves as they wait around for their chance on the stage. They're all scared shitless.

INT. STAGE - COMEDY CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

TERRY THE PROMOTER, 40s, wearing jeans and a sports coat, runs up the steps to the stage.

TERRY

Please help me welcome back to open mic night a man who describes himself as the love child of Fergie and Sasquatch...Cole Murphy.

Cole enters the stage a little stiff, trying to shake out the nerves with some deep breaths.

COLE

I, uh, wow, I'd like to thank such a big crowd for coming out. Give yourselves a round of applause.

INT. CROWD - COMEDY CLUB - SAME TIME

There are about nine people in the audience. Cole's best bud, DARRYL, 31, a clean cut, happy-go-lucky guy, claps along with one other crowd member at another table.

DARRYL

Let's go Cole!

The other audience members including KIM, 34, Darryl's miserable, but attractive fiancée, sit in silence.

Darryl nudges Kim, who puts together a half-hearted clap. One singular clap.

INT. STAGE - COMEDY CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Cole paces back and forth on the stage.

COLE

So I'm single as you'd expect.

He waits for a reaction from the crowd but there is none.

COLE (CONT'D)

The thing is that I just can't find the right woman, which is why I switched to dolphins.

Darryl laughs, the rest of the room is silent. Cole stiffens up on stage.

COLE (CONT'D)

Yeah, 'cause according to scientists, they're the only other species that has sex for pleasure. I always wondered how they did "research" to find this out. So I started doing my own - koalas, sea turtles, poodles. And you know what? They're right! Dolphins are the only ones.

Cole wipes sweat off his forehead -

COLE (CONT'D)

But it's nice because instead of yelling "no" or "rape," they just turn their little bottle-nosed heads and go "eh,eh,eh,eh,eh,eh."

Darryl is cracking up, doing his best version of the DOLPHIN noise.

COLE (CONT'D)

Yeah, I don't even have to watch porn anymore. I just turn on re-runs of "Flipper."

Silence.

INT. COMEDY CLUB - LATER

Cole joins Darryl and Kim at a booth. Darryl pats Cole's shoulder.

DARRYL

That was great, man.

COLE

Really? 'Cause it sounded like you were the only one laughing.

Kim uses her straw to poke at the ice in her empty drink -

COLE (CONT'D)

(sarcastic)

Appreciate your support by the way, Kim. As always.

KIM

I was laughing on the inside.

INT. BAR - COMEDY CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Terry the Promoter approaches Cole, standing next to a few other comedians.



TERRY

Good set tonight. Make sure to keep in touch. You never know when I may need a backup for a five minute set.

Terry leaves. A random DRUNK, 20s, approaches. To another comedian -

DRUNK

That shit about nagging wives and shit. Hilarious.

He turns to Cole.

DRUNK (CONT'D)

But you -- man, I hope you've got a good plan B.

INT. CAFETERIA - NURSING HOME - DAY

A metal spoon digs into a mystery casserole.

COLE (O.S.)

We need a refill over here.

Cole is the one hoisting the spoon. He wears an embarrassing hair net that is two sizes too small. Kenny comes over with a fresh casserole and switches them out.

MOMENTS LATER

Kenny and Cole wipe down dirty tables. Cole peels a long gray hair off the table and hangs it in front of Kenny -

COLE

Why do we do this for eight bucks an hour again?

Kenny continues wiping.

KENNY

I don't. I do it for ten, sucka.

COLE

What do you mean you do it for ten?

KENNY

I mean I could make eight at  
Subway. I do this shit because  
Stamos gives me ten.

Kenny shrugs and Cole is left steaming. He takes the rag and shakes it out.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

A dangling towel cleans a bowling ball. The score screen reads "Cole" and "Darryl."

Cole stares down a split as Darryl has a brew nearby.

DARRYL

Ohhh. Don't think the mighty Cole  
Murphy's going to recover from this  
one. Could the streak be drawing to  
an end, ladies and gentleman?

COLE

It ain't over yet.

Cole's ball pops up. He has a whole routine before he throws - stands on the balls of his feet three times, bends his knees, and finally rolls. The ball has some spin on it. The right approach, but it misses smack in the middle of the two.

Ribbing him -

DARRYL

Oh, it's over baby. It's over!

MOMENTS LATER

Cole and Darryl finish a couple beers -

COLE

I don't know how much longer I can  
do it, D.

DARRYL

It's not like they've got you  
wiping butt over there or anything,  
right?

He laughs, but Cole doesn't.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I didn't know.

Cole slouches back in his chair.

COLE

It's not that. Work's work.

DARRYL

The stand-up?

Cole nods -

COLE

I mean, I'm going to be thirty in a  
month.

DARRYL

And I'll be thirty-two in January.  
Who gives a shit?

COLE

Of course you'd say that.

DARRYL

What the hell does that mean?

They start transferring their balls from the ball machine to the racks.

COLE

Remember when we were in seventh grade and I wanted to run for class president?

Darryl is thrown off by this -

DARRYL

I thought you were vice president.

COLE

I was. But I ran for president. The class just elected you without you even running.

Smiling while remembering -

DARRYL

Oh yeah.

COLE

And now, you had your show and never have to worry about money or what's coming next.

DARRYL

Is that what this is about?

COLE

Never mind.

DARRYL

Come on. Don't "never mind" me.

COLE

I'm just running out of steam, D. At some point, I'd like to drop aspiring before the word comedian.

DARRYL

You're overreacting. How bad could it be?

COLE

Two shows ago I performed here.

DARRYL

Bullshit.

Cole points to a pathetic stage in the corner of the alley with a karaoke machine next to it.

COLE

I just can't afford to do this much longer.

Near the stage is a group of KIDS celebrating a birthday. A gigantic cake sits in the middle as they impatiently wait for it to be cut and served.

DARRYL

Listen, you know how sometimes a cake looks amazing. It's got perfect frosting, raspberry filling, and it's like two feet tall. And you just want to tear into it.

COLE

I don't know. Sure. Can we just forget it and bowl?

DARRYL

Let me finish. So you get that big honking piece on your plate, but it turns out the frosting is grocery store frosting and the raspberry filling has those nasty fruit chunks, and all you end up enjoying are the little jimmies you ignored on top of the cake.

COLE

What's your point?

DARRYL

Don't forget about the little  
jimmies, man. They don't look like  
much, but the cake is shit without  
'em.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cole returns home with his bowling bag in hand. He keys open his mailbox and finds several "third and final notice" letters from utility companies.

His LANDLADY, 50s, a motorhead, beefy broad with tattoos all over, blows cigarette smoke in Cole's face as he unlocks his door. He is startled by her sleuthing presence.

LANDLADY

Murphy, I know everyone views me as  
a bit of a softee...

Landlady puts her cigarette out on her tongue like it's no big deal.

LANDLADY (CONT'D)

...but I've gotta crack down on the  
raised rent I talked about. We've  
got to keep up with costs. Times  
are hard.

COLE

Yeah, I know. I'm trying. Can you  
work with me on like a payment plan  
deal?

She gives him a look that says it all - "no."

COLE (CONT'D)

Just give me one more month.

LANDLADY

Three days or you're out. I don't  
care how you get it, just get it.

She pats him on the back, which nearly knocks him over.

INT. STAMOS' OFFICE - NURSING HOME - DAY

Stamos leads Cole into his office.

STAMOS

This isn't going to take long is  
it, Murphy?

COLE

No, I just had a question about my  
payche...

Stamos' cell rings.

STAMOS

I have to take this. I'll be right  
back.

Stamos leaves the office. Cole walks around the office  
checking things out.

The wall behind Stamos's desk is consumed by motivational  
framed posters. Ones that have: an eagle soaring  
(*excellence*), a marathon runner (*perseverance*), a hiker at  
the top of a mountain (*dedication*), and one of Stamos hugging  
a resident (*compassion*.)

Cole finds himself at Stamos' desk. Organized pamphlets of  
the nursing home litter it.

He flings open a desk drawer -

COLE

Oops.

Cole searches the drawer. The phone starts RINGING. Cole closes the drawer and goes to the next. RINGING continues. Cole picks up the phone and hangs it up.

Cole opens the next drawer. The phone starts RINGING again.

COLE (CONT'D)  
Alright, alright.

Cole thumbs through a file cabinet. He eventually finds one labeled *Payroll*. The phone RINGS.

Cole tears it open, searching and searching before finding *Williams, Kenny*. He takes Kenny's profile out.

The phone RINGS and RINGS. Finally, Cole picks it up -

COLE (CONT'D)  
What?!?

SOBBING MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Mr. Stamos.  
(pauses to blow nose)  
I'm calling in regards to my  
father, Karl Peters.

Cole grabs a note pad and scribbles down the name *Karl Peters*.

COLE  
(in best Stamos voice)  
Oh yes, Karl. He's a great guy.

SOBBING MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
He's de...he's de...he's deeead.

The caller breaks down on the line. Cole doesn't know how to handle it.

SOBBING MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. It's the first time I've  
said it out loud.



COLE

That's quite alright.

Cole rips the NOTE off and has it in hand.

SOBBING MALE VOICE (O.S.)

I was just calling to say we'll no longer need the room we put the deposit on last week. He was to move in this Friday, but obviously that won't be happening.

COLE

Of course.

Cole hangs up as the door handle begins to jiggle. Cole puts the file back in the drawer and jumps in a panic over the desk, making it to his chair.

Stamos enters to a huffing and puffing Cole.

STAMOS

What's wrong with you?

Cole shakes his head - "nothing." Glancing at his watch -

STAMOS (CONT'D)

I've got three minutes for you. Go.

COLE

Again, I appreciate the job and all. I'm going through some tough financial times.

STAMOS

Aren't we all? I've had to slash our budget nearly in half.

Cole laughs nervously. He unconsciously slips the NOTE in his shirt pocket.

COLE

That's just it. I've heard from some of the guys that they're making ten an hour. And a couple bucks doesn't mean much to most, but I could use whatever little boost I can get right now.

STAMOS

Well, that sounds very fair and reasonable, Murphy.

Cole brightens up.

STAMOS (CONT'D)

If any of it were true. I don't know where you heard these rumors, but I assure you, you're all on the same pay scale.

Stamos walks to the door and opens it.

COLE

But--

STAMOS

There are plenty of people who'd kill for a job right now if you want to dispute this any further.

COLE

Mr. Stamos. I just want what's fair.

Stamos holds out his wristwatch.

STAMOS

Time's up.

INT. DARRYL'S HOME - NIGHT

Still in work clothes, Cole enters. The place is modern with vaulted ceilings. It definitely has a woman's touch as can be seen by pre-arranged table vases and hung wine-themed paintings.

Darryl is on the couch watching television. As he sees Cole, he scrambles for the REMOTE, but Cole reaches it first and holds on to it.

COLE

I knew it. You're watching yourself again, aren't you?

Cole turns towards -

TELEVISION SCREEN

A Jackass-type show, *Slapass*, airs from several years ago. A YOUNGER DARRYL is shown getting made-up as an old man.

As an old man, Darryl pranks people into thinking the brakes of his motorized cart have gone out.

END TELEVISION SCREEN

Darryl walks up the screen and shuts it off and heads to the fridge as Cole sits down on the couch.

COLE

Do you want me to leave you alone so you can be by yourself with yourself?

DARRYL (O.S.)

Fuck off. I was feeling nostalgic.

COLE

I guess you're just nostalgic every time I come over.

Darryl comes out with a beer for Cole, who has his feet on the nearby ottoman.

KIM  
Oh, great, Cole's here.

Kim walks by and kicks the ottoman out from under Cole's feet.

COLE  
(shouting)  
Great to see you too, Kim. Your hospitality is up to par as always.

Kim exits to another room.

COLE (CONT'D)  
(to Darryl)  
Good to see her in a better mood.

DARRYL  
You come here to give me shit all night or what?

Cole grabs the ottoman and slides it back under his feet.

COLE  
I need to ask a huge favor, D.

DARRYL  
Sure, man, anything. Shoot.

COLE  
You know money's been tight and everything.

Cole peers around the corner to ensure Kim is out of earshot.

COLE (CONT'D)  
And I hate asking you this, but can I crash here for a while?

DARRYL

How long we talking?

COLE

I dunno. A couple months.

Kim BURSTS out of the next room.

KIM

Absolutely not. And you're not making any loans to him either.

COLE

Hey thanks, *Darryl*.

Kim gives him the bird. Darryl gets up to console Kim.

DARRYL

Babe, come on. Be a little reasonable.

KIM

That's what I'm asking you. I know he's your best friend, but he's mooched one too many times. It's not happening.

COLE

Says the golddigger.

Kim storms off back into the room, slamming the door.

DARRYL

Cole, you know I'd do anything for you. But I'm getting married soon and...

(Beat)

Well, you get it don't you?

COLE

No, I don't, D. Explain it to me.

DARRYL

C'mon, man. Don't be like that.

Pointing to the television screen -

COLE

You know, you had more balls when they were old and saggy than you do now. Do me a favor and ask Kim if you can borrow hers sometime.

Cole kicks the ottoman, but it doesn't flip over, so he picks it up and gently turns it sideways. He then walks down the hallway towards the door.

A final plea -

DARRYL

Cole.

There are engagement photos all over the wall. In the corner is an old movie POSTER with Darryl dressed as an old man along with a group of other pranksters entitled *Slapass the Movie*. Cole takes one long last look at Darryl as the old man and leaves.

EXT. COLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A note hangs on Cole's door that reads - *1 day, Murphy*. Cole, dressed in his orderly uniform, opens the door to leave for the day and rips the note off.

INT. CAFETERIA - NURSING HOME - DAY

Cole scrubs pots and pans with his hairnet on. He is clearly peeved. His cell phone beeps as he receives a text message.

COLE

What now?

He flips the phone open.

PHONE SCREEN

TEXT MESSAGE

*Opening act is sick. Can u do five minutes tonight? 7 o'clock. Get here early - Terry.*

Cole looks at his watch - 5:45. A nearby corner TELEVISION plays a newscast.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

And as you can see, bumper to bumper traffic here on the four-oh-five.

INT./EXT. - COLE'S TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Cole's truck drives in an open carpool lane as the rest of the lanes sit bumper to bumper in traffic.

COLE

I really appreciate you doing this.  
It's Rick, right?

From the passenger seat, Rick nods.

COLE (CONT'D)

Cole Murphy.

They shake hands.

RICK

No sweat, Cole Murphy. Didn't have a whole lot on the calendar anyhow.

COLE

You have no idea how much this means to me though.

Rick folds a five dollar bill into a worn, old WALLET.

RICK  
Hey, it's easy money.

COLE  
Geeze, look at that thing. Think  
it's about time for an upgrade?

Rick puts the wallet away, avoiding the subject.

RICK  
Never knew we had a comic at the  
home.

COLE  
Kind of hard to be funny at that  
place.

RICK  
You'd be surprised.

Rick feels the dashboard with his hands.

RICK (CONT'D)  
I haven't ridden in anything  
outside of that darn home van in  
years. Kinda feels good.

Rick reaches for the window roller. It isn't there.

COLE  
Here. I got you.

Cole presses down the automatic rollers and cracks the  
window. Rick closes his eyes and relishes the open air.

EXT. PARKING LOT - COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

Cole's truck parks in the handicap spot once again.



INT. COLE'S TRUCK - SAME TIME

Rick hesitates to exit.

RICK  
That's handicapped you know.

COLE  
Don't worry. I do it all the time.  
Besides, you're, well, you're  
seasoned.

INT. RICK'S TABLE - COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

Rick sits with a drink, laughing good and hard as he watches Cole on stage.

INT. STAGE - COMEDY CLUB - LATER

Cole hands off the mic to Terry as he exits to a decent amount of applause. A good set. Before he can exit -

TERRY  
Great work. Two Saturdays from now,  
opening act, I've got ten minutes  
for you.

Cole smiles and continues down the stairs -

TERRY (CONT'D)  
Oh, and Cole, this one's paying.

EXT. COMEDY CLUB - LATER

Cole and Rick exit, a huge grin on Cole's face.

RICK  
I must say that was pretty good  
there, Murphy.

COLE

Hey thanks.

Cole's smile quickly dissipates and he starts running.

COLE (CONT'D)

No!

EXT. PARKING LOT - COMEDY CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

His truck is being towed away. Cole continues to give chase, but to no avail.

EXT. NURSING HOME - NIGHT

A CAB pulls in front of the home's front doors.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Cole pays the Cabbie as Rick unbuckles his seatbelt.

COLE

Hey, Rick. I'm sorry about this whole mess. Thanks for coming out tonight anyhow.

Rick turns around.

RICK

You kidding me? First time I've been out in months. Thank you.

Cole sticks out his hand for a pound. Rick obliges.

INT. NURSING HOME - NIGHT

Stamos is sitting in a lobby chair reading a paper as Rick and Cole walk in. He folds the top half of his paper over.

STAMOS  
Mr. Murphy, a word.

INT. STAMOS'S OFFICE - NURSING HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Cole sits across from an imposing Stamos at his desk chair.

COLE  
Give me a chance to explain.

Stamos laughs to himself.

STAMOS  
Murphy, at some point in life  
you'll realize that second chances  
aren't just given, they're earned.  
You can't just take a resident off  
the premises without notifying me.  
Especially when you're on the  
clock.

COLE  
Look, it'll never happen again. I  
promise.

Stamos tosses him his old hairnet.

STAMOS  
You're right. It won't. Mr Murphy,  
you're fired.

INT. COLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Two suitcases rest against an old couch. Cole sits by himself  
having a beer, hairnet on.

He turns on the television. An old episode of *Slapass* is on.

COLE  
Geeze, where's the remote?

Cole pats around the couch cushions - nothing. He pats at his pockets and pulls something out. The NOTE.

He unfolds it as it reads "Karl Peters. Deposit down. Just died."

ON TELEVISION SCREEN

A disguised old Darryl walks like an old man.

END TELEVISION SCREEN

Cole glances at the television and the note one more time. He rips off the hairnet and bolts for the door.

INT. DARRYL'S HOME - NIGHT

A series of hurried KNOCKS at the door. Darryl opens the door to see Cole with his two suitcases.

COLE

Is Kim here?

DARRYL

No, she's out with some friends.  
But I told you already that I can't  
have you stay here, man.

COLE

That's not why I'm here.

Cole tosses his suitcases inside.

COLE (CONT'D)

You're gonna make me an old sack of  
wrinkles!

INT. HALLWAY - DARRYL'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Darryl searches a key ring for a key. He finds it.

DARRYL  
Okay, but don't judge me.

COLE  
About what?

Darryl leads Cole down the hallway, past a laundry room, bathroom, and finally an office.

INT. OFFICE - DARRYL'S HOME - NIGHT

A keyed closet is unlocked and slides open. Inside - the holy grail of personal SHRINES: old movie posters, figurines, cardboard cutout promos from a fast food restaurant.

COLE  
Holy nostalgia.

Cole grabs the cardboard cutout out of the closet and looks at Darryl, who is ashamed.

COLE (CONT'D)  
It's okay. I still love you, buddy.

Cole pats Darryl's shoulder.

COLE (CONT'D)  
Almost as much as you love yourself.

Darryl picks up a figurine -

DARRYL  
What am I going to do? Throw it all away?

Darryl rummages through the closet looking for something as Cole examines a bobble head of Darryl.

DARRYL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Here they are.

MOMENTS LATER

A lineup on a nearby desk of five different old man prosthetic MASKS.

DARRYL

Take a seat and let the master operate.

START MONTAGE

1. Cole has an adhesive applied to his cheek bones and forehead with a wooden medical stick.
2. Darryl puts several different masks on Cole. It's a trial and error session. Some won't fit over his head, some are so baggy that his nose pokes out of the eye hole.
3. Cole rolls up his sleeves to reveal a bunch of dark, thick arm hair. Darryl approaches with shaving cream and a razor. Cole shakes his head "no."
4. Cole's arms are smooth as a baby's bottom.
5. Cole tries on a series of leisure suits, fedoras, framed glasses, and capped teeth. Darryl hands him a pair of arthroscopic shoes. Cole practices walking around in them.

COLE

I feel like I'm in a Shape-Ups commercial.

6. Darryl sits in a chair, the cardboard cutout directly behind him, raising a beer to cheers.

DARRYL

I think we're ready.

INT. DARRYL'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Kim enters with multiple bags of groceries. She walks over to Darryl and forcefully places them in his hands.

KIM

You won't believe what I've been through today. You know that wax I get from CVS for my upper lip and Mr. Chin? Well they ran out, so I had to go all across town...

Darryl sets the bags down.

DARRYL

Uh, sweetie. We have a guest.

Kim pulls Darryl aside to whisper -

KIM

Who? You could have told me before I started talking about Mr. Chin.

Darryl mouths "sorry" and rubs at her chin, smirking the whole time. She slaps his hand away.

DARRYL

Honey, this is uh, uh, uh --

Snapping his fingers trying to remember -

KARL/COLE (O.S.)

Karl.

DARRYL

That's right. Karl.

Cole's final product, KARL PETERS, stands before Kim. He's in a checkered suit, fedora, big framed glasses and prosthetic mask.

KARL/COLE

Karl Peters. I was taking a walk  
and got a little short of breath,  
so your kind boyfriend here let me  
in for some water. I hope I'm not  
intruding.

He puts on an old delay to his step. He carefully removes his  
cap and extends his hand to greet Kim.

KIM

Excuse the mess. So you live around  
the neighborhood?

KARL/COLE

I've been known to pop in from time  
to time.

She studies him, putting together a cordial smile.

KIM

Well, I apologize Mr. Peters, but  
I need to get ready for an  
appointment. Nice to meet you  
though and I hope your walk home is  
easier on you.

KARL/COLE

I hope so too.

Kim exits to the back of the house, both guys watching to  
make sure she's gone.

COLE

Dude! She didn't even have a clue.

Karl busts out in robot dance to celebrate the mini victory.

Kim returns.

KIM

Make sure to put the milk away  
before...



Mid-robot, Karl plays it off to scratching his head.

KIM (CONT'D)

It goes bad.

Kim shoots him a suspicious look, studying him head down to his clumpy old shoes.

INT. HALLWAY - NURSING HOME - DAY

Prosthetic shoes strut down a patterned carpet. As the steps continue, the shoes give way to suit legs.

INT. STAMOS' OFFICE - NURSING HOME - DAY

Darryl shakes Stamos' hand.

STAMOS

Well, when can we meet this young man?

Cole's spot on old man guise, enters. He's clearly worked on his old man walk and feeble handshake.

DARRYL

This is my grandfather.

Stamos and Karl shake hands.

KARL/COLE

Oh would you feel that grip. He's like a young John Wayne.

Stamos is flattered -

STAMOS

I'm a big fan of the Duke as well. What's your favorite film of his?

Karl is put on the spot. He hasn't seen any.

KARL/COLE

All of them really.

STAMOS

(laughing)

I totally agree. Hard to choose  
just one.

Stamos studies a form -

STAMOS (CONT'D)

Well, Mr. Peters, it looks like  
we've got you all set up in room  
two-oh-eight. If you need anything  
at all, just let us know.

EXT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF KARL'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Darryl carries an old leather suitcase for Karl.

KARL/COLE

Why thank you, Junior.

DARRYL

Don't get used to it, smart ass.

The room next door is Rick's. His door opens and out walks  
MEGAN, 27, his knockout of a blonde granddaughter. She's  
clumsy and personable enough to even out her imposing good  
looks. Darryl and Karl stop in their tracks and ogle at her.

MEGAN

Granddad, look. You've got a new  
neighbor.

Megan walks forward to introduce herself.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Just moving in?

The guys are caught in their tracks.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Sorry. I'm Megan. You guys need a hand at all?

Darryl keeps holding onto the suitcase, oddly out of his element.

DARRYL

We're Darryl. I'm, I'm Darryl.

KARL/COLE

(in Cole voice)

Hi, I'm...

(corrects voice)

Karl. No we're good.

Karl shakes her hand. She smiles sweetly as he holds the grip - a little too long.

Rick comes out to greet the new neighbor.

RICK

Welcome aboard. Karl is it?

They shake.

KARL/COLE

That's right. Thanks, Rick.

Rick and Megan look at each other confused. Darryl's eyes widen.

MEGAN

Oh, do you two know each other already?

KARL/COLE

No, but you mentioned his name a second ago didn't you?

MEGAN

Did I?

Saving face -

DARRYL

Yes, you did. Old folk homes.  
They'll do that to you.

Rick looks Karl up and down before returning his attention to his granddaughter -

RICK

Listen, sweetie, will I see you soon?

MEGAN

Yeah, I'll be by in a few days.  
Love you.

RICK

Love ya too.

Rick hugs Megan as she kisses his cheek. She turns to the boys and reaches inside her purse -

MEGAN

Oh and before I leave, you guys should take one.

She hands them both a FLYER for a "Walk to End Alzheimer's."

MEGAN (CONT'D)

If you're free at all later this month we're hoping to break last year's donation mark. Every bit helps, so it'd be great if you could come. Consider it my personal invite.

KARL/COLE

I think I can find a way to be there.

MEGAN

Great. It was nice meeting you  
both. Hope to see you around here,  
Karl.

KARL/COLE

Much obliged, Miss Megan.

Darryl waves and she's gone.

DARRYL

Dude, much obliged?

With his eyes, Karl motions to Darryl that Rick's still  
watching with interest.

Recovering -

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Let's get you moved in, Gramps.

INT. KARL'S ROOM - NURSING HOME - NIGHT

The room doesn't have a whole lot to it. The setup is similar  
to Rick's room. There's a bed with nasty summer camp sheets  
on it, a nightstand, and a chested drawer.

DARRYL

Not too bad.

COLE

Yeah, it could certainly be worse.

DARRYL

Like the bed of your tru...

Realizing the truck is gone -

DARRYL (CONT'D)

My bad. Sore subject.

Darryl tries to lighten the mood.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

No, I mean, you've got a nice bed, plenty of basic television, and I'm sure they'll even get you exercising some. You won't have to prepare any meals. Shit, we should all be so lucky.

Karl bounces on the bed a little to get a feel for the room.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

I gotta run, bud, but I'll be by in a few days.

Still in the old guy get-up, Karl and Darryl exchange a long drawn out secret handshake.

Darryl exits and Karl is left alone to further examine the place. He walks over to the mirror and takes a look at himself, his very old self.

COLE

What the hell are you doing?

He feels at his prosthetic forehead. Getting into character -

KARL/COLE

What in the Sam hill are you doing?

He wags his finger at himself in the mirror and chuckles.

INT. CAFETERIA - NURSING HOME - MORNING

A reflection of Karl making sure his mask is secure. He licks at his hand and pats down his fake grey hairs.

It's unclear where the reflection is coming from at first, but then the metallic toaster POPS up two slices of bread. Karl tosses them on a plate with pre-packaged butter and jam and turns around, nearly running into -

Kenny carrying a tray of hot watered-down eggs.

KARL/COLE

Kenny!

Kenny's facial expression doesn't change a bit as he's just going through the workday motions. Karl stands waiting for a response.

KENNY

Let's go, Pops. Don't wanna get  
burned now do ya?

Kenny nudges his way past Karl and sets down the tray.

Karl carries his toast through the cafeteria looking for a spot to sit. Much like high school there seems to be cliques - the vets, the red hats, the Asian-American card sharks, and so on.

Karl takes a seat by himself and starts on his toast.

As he takes his first bite, a man at the next table starts coughing up a lung.

With each attempt Karl takes to get his bite down, the COUGH thickens with phlegm, finally turning into to a full on hocked loogie. Karl is disgusted.

Karl then sips his coffee. As he sets the mug down, he is joined at the table by Stamos and a GHOSTLY RESIDENT, void of hardly any expression.

STAMOS

We've got some fresh eggs and  
turkey bacon. Looks delicious.

Stamos fixes the resident up with a napkin tucked into his shirt. He packs up some eggs on a fork and tries feeding it to the resident, but most of the egg goes on the floor instead.

STAMOS (CONT'D)

Alright, Let's try this again.

Karl has now lost all attempts at finishing his toast and lets the toast fall to his plate like a brick.

Stamos is damn near force feeding the resident the eggs, but most of the shoveled food ends up on his cheek or the floor again.

KARL/COLE  
(to Stamos)  
Have you ever tried those eggs?

Stamos is caught off guard, but shakes his head "no."

KARL/COLE (CONT'D)  
You'd be spitting them out too.

Karl gathers his tray and slides over some pepper and some ketchup. The ghostly resident manages a subtle nod.

INT. GAMEROOM - DAY

A knight slowly glides on a chess table. Karl is playing alone.

Clearly bored, he glances at a pocket watch, part of his outfit, and sees that it's just after 8 a.m.

He nervously taps the next chess piece on the table.

KARL/COLE  
I gotta get out of here.

EXT. NURSING HOME - DAY

The home's VAN has a line of residents loading up. Karl speed walks towards the line and piles in, no clue where it's heading.



INT. VAN - DAY

Karl sits next to Walt, wearing his Navy fishnet hat. Rick sits a few rows behind.

KARL/COLE

Any idea where we're heading?

WALT

It's Market (click) Monday.

KARL/COLE

Oh yeah, what's that?

WALT

What (click) does it (click) sound like?

Rick laughs at what Walt says.

Walt motions to the next row. Ladies in the next several rows thumb through COUPONS, vigorously cutting them out and stacking them together like a deck of cards.

One of the ladies, Pearl, makes eyes at Karl. He nervously waves as she rubs coupons on her saggy cleavage.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Double sliding doors open to a herd of nursing home folks on a mission. They have lists, coupons, and their purses clinched tight.

Karl pushes a cart down the produce aisle.

Georgia picks up a pear and gets nose deep into smelling it. Felix squeezes apples, picking them up and setting them down until he finds the right one. Pearl then grabs some grapes and nibbles at them as sexy as possible - staring directly at Karl.

Karl speeds his cart away.

A HOT BRUNETTE, 20s, strolls by with a handbasket. She accidentally drops a pre-made salad bag. Karl seizes the opportunity and picks it up for her.

In Cole voice -

COLE

Drop something, beautiful?

The blonde grabs the salad bag and takes off from the pervert old man.

START AISLES MONTAGE

1. Otis cruises by in an electric shopping cart nearly hitting Karl. He uses his oxygen tank to drag along items on the shelves, knocking them in his basket with ease.
2. Rick checks the content of soup labels, pulling out reading glasses in the process.
3. Georgia pulls out a carton of eggs and lifts the top to ensure none are broken.
4. Hands pull at Lactaid milk, bran cereal, and orange juice.
5. Thumbs are licked by different dried-out lips and then rummage through a variety of coupons.

INT. CHECKOUT STAND - GROCERY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Karl approaches a line, but a MOM, 40s, with two kids - one riding under the cart, the other in the top handle area - spots him coming and races in front of him.

Karl, seeing heavy lines at each open checker, goes to the self-checkout line instead.

INT. SELF-CHECKOUT - GROCERY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

As Karl goes to pay with his credit card, an "Error" sign pops up on the screen.

Karl looks around for help and finds an EMPLOYEE, 17, chewing gum and texting with a sign above her station that says "Ask Me for Help."

KARL/COLE

Excuse me?

She rolls her eyes -

EMPLOYEE

Yeah?

Karl points to the debit machine.

KARL/COLE

The machine's got an error.

She swipes a key card and enters a code to fix the machine. She's dealt with this before. Overboard enunciation -

EMPLOYEE

Slide your card slowly and wait for it to ask for you signature.

Karl slides it again, but again an "Error." Still obnoxiously enunciating -

EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

You have to do it slower.

He swipes *slowly*, but it's still a no-go. Growing frustrated -

EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

Don't you people pay with checks?

She picks up the store intercom -

EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

Todd, self-checkout. Todd, self-checkout.

TODD, a spring chicken of a manager, upbeat and attentive, approaches his employee.

EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

This guy's having problems with his card or something.

TODD

Alrighty, sir. Let me take a look-see.

Todd checks the machine.

TODD (CONT'D)

Sir, I can take care of this for you. I'll just need some ID.

Karl reaches for his wallet and starts to pull out his ID, but realizes he only has a license for Cole.

KARL/COLE

I-uh-I forgot it.

EMPLOYEE

(under her breath)

Of course.

TODD

I'm afraid I can't complete the transaction without an ID. Do you have any cash?

Karl points to the bag - some bananas, a box of cereal, and a jug of milk.

KARL/COLE

Get a lot of identity thieves buying bananas and cereal do ya?

TODD  
Store policy, sir.

Karl looks in his wallet - one DOLLAR.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Karl exits with one singular banana in hand. He searches the lot for the van and notices it is already on the move.

KARL/COLE  
Hey!

The van continues.

KARL/COLE (CONT'D)  
Hey, wait!

Karl takes off in a full sprint, juking carts, jumping over hedges, and spinning off of other parking lot shoppers like he's Jim Brown. Several pedestrians stop and stare at the athletic old man.

He finally loses wind and the van takes off without him.

He looks around for help, but everyone just goes back to business as usual - iPod headphones are plugged in, a cell phone goes to an ear, and eyes go to the ground.

EXT. SIDEWALK - LATER

Karl walks down the sidewalk eating his banana. Seconds later, and it starts to RAIN. Hard.

INT. LOBBY - NURSING HOME - DAY

Karl, holding a wet paper above his head, enters the front door, drenched and upset.

INT. KARL'S ROOM - DAY

Karl enters and turns on the lights to find Pearl lying on his bed. She undoes her Velcro shoes and kicks them off.

KARL/COLE

Pearl, I think you're in the wrong room. Let's get you back home.

Karl reaches for her arm to escort her out.

PEARL

No, I'm exactly where I want to be.

She grabs Karl's arm and pulls him to the bed. He sits up and tries to escape, but she inches closer.

PEARL (CONT'D)

You know all the girls talk about how handsome the new guy is.

KARL/COLE

(nervous)

Oh, do they? That's nice.

Karl continues to inch away from her, but she scoots right along -

PEARL

And I've seen the eyes you make at me.

KARL/COLE

No. No eyes were made, I swear. I mean, it, ah...maybe it's the glaucoma!

He continues to inch away, but reaches the end of the bed and has nowhere else to move.

PEARL

I haven't been with anyone since my husband you know.

KARL/COLE

Is that so?

She caresses his cheek. He is going to lose it.

PEARL

I'm ready though. Just be gentle, I had my hip done in May.

She whispers in his ear -

PEARL (CONT'D)

Both of them.

Pearl leans in for the kiss, but Karl does a side somersault to avoid it and escapes on the other side of the bed.

KARL/COLE

Pearl, I think you've got the wrong idea about me.

Pearl is now playing a blocking defense on him as he tries to escape the room.

PEARL

Need a little preview before you pay the price of admission, I get it.

Pearl drops her gown, standing completely naked in front of Karl.

KARL/COLE

Oh dear God.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Karl frantically runs down the hall.

INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Karl speed walks past other residents, tripping over canes and dodging orderlies pushing laundry carts.

PEARL (O.S.)

Karl, come back.

Karl turns around to see Pearl, dressed in his bathrobe, gaining speed on a Rascal. He turns a corner and enters -

INT. EMPLOYEE'S LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Karl looks around to make sure the coast is clear and starts peeling off his clothes and old man gear, quickly transforming back into Cole.

INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Pearl dismounts her Rascal and pushes open the door to -

INT. EMPLOYEE'S LOCKER ROOM - SECONDS LATER

The door flies open to reveal Cole in an orderly's uniform.

COLE

Can I help you, ma'am?

Pearl eyeballs the room for a trace of Karl.

PEARL

No, I just thought...

Cole squeezes by Pearl.

COLE

If you'll excuse me.



INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Exposed for the first time, Cole guards his face best he can with a cafeteria tray as he passes residents and orderlies.

INT. EMPLOYEE'S LOCKER ROOM - SAME TIME

Kenny clocks into work and opens up his locker to change for the day. When he opens up his locker, Karl's outfit and mask fall out. He picks them up with a confused look.

INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

As Cole makes his way up the stairs, he spots Stamos talking to a resident and immediately turns around, sprinting towards the front entrance.

EXT. NURSING HOME - SECONDS LATER

Megan, carrying a birthday CAKE, is about to enter the home. Cole exits in a hurry and smacks right into her, sending the cake flying to the ground. Recognizing Megan -

COLE

Oh my gosh. I am so sorry.

Megan puts her hands over her mouth.

COLE (CONT'D)

It's not that bad. See.

Cole tries to scoop the cake back in its box, but it's clearly in shambles.

COLE (CONT'D)

I mean as long as you eat around the dirt and stuff.

She's still upset, so Cole takes a bite.

COLE (CONT'D)  
Yumm...delicious.

Cole forces a smile, but spits out dirt and gravel, wiping at this tongue. Finally, Megan lets loose a small laugh.

INT. BAKERY CAFE - DAY

Cole and Megan check out different options that line the bakery display cases. A few random patrons fill out the place.

MEGAN  
It's really not that big of a deal,  
you didn't have to do this.

COLE  
Are you kidding me? I murdered your  
cake. It's the least I can do.

MEGAN  
It's not like you meant to do it.

COLE  
K, so it was involuntary  
cakeslaughter, but I still owe you  
a new one.

They continue to stroll the counter.

Free samples of cake cubes are on a platter. Megan takes a bite, but has chocolate FROSTING all over her finger.

MEGAN  
What do you think about this  
frosting?

Megan holds out the finger full of chocolate. Cole hesitates.

MEGAN (CONT'D)  
Oh come on, I'm not going to hold  
it out here forever.

Cole licks it off her finger.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Well, what do you think?

COLE

I love it.

INT. TABLE - BAKERY CAFE - LATER

Megan and Cole have some coffee, an order number waiting at their table for the cake.

MEGAN

So what's the craziest thing you've ever done, Cole?

COLE

I don't know, I guess work at the home.

Megan laughs -

MEGAN

I was thinking I'd hear skydiving or something like that, but I can see it. Just be thankful you don't actually have to stay there.

Cole pauses from sipping his coffee.

COLE

Yeah, that'd be pretty crazy.

MEGAN

Oh my gosh, could you imagine?

Cole laughs nervously.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I don't know though. At the same time, you don't get there without having lived a full life first.

COLE

And that's their reward? I'd rather die young. Trust me, it ain't that great in there.

MEGAN

I get that. There's a definite sadness, but it's kind of wonderfully amazing too, right?

COLE

I think you've had too much frosting.

MEGAN

I'm serious. There's something to the life each of those people have lived - the love, the loss, the wisdom and life experiences - that we'd only be so lucky to one day have.

COLE

I guess when you put it that way, it sounds a little better than a faceplant from 40,000 feet.

They share a laugh as the boxed cake is delivered.

EXT. NURSING HOME - DAY

Cole carries the cake for Megan to the front door.

MEGAN

You gonna come on up?

Cole is clearly acting nervously, hiding behind the front pillars.

COLE

I can't.

MEGAN

You have more cakes to ruin or something?

COLE

Actually, yeah, I think there's a seven-year-old with a Spiderman party that needs destroying. I should probably run.

Megan playfully pushes his shoulder -

COLE (CONT'D)

No really. I wish I could, but I'm meeting a friend in a minute.

MEGAN

Alright, well don't be a stranger. I teach over at Churchill Elementary if you're ever around. My kids love visitors.

COLE

Okay, you're on.

They share a flirtatious smile and she heads inside.

EXT. NURSING HOME - DAY

Cole waits for Megan to enter the home and then scurries to the side of the home, finding his window on the second floor.

Using a rain gutter, he begins scaling the side of the home.

INT. KARL'S ROOM - NURSING HOME - MOMENTS LATER

The room appears empty, but GRUNTS can be heard coming from outside of the window.

Cole clumsily falls through the window. As he gathers himself, he surveys the room and notices his Karl clothes neatly folded on the bed. The mask rests on top.

Lying down next to the clothes is Kenny.

KENNY

You's a damn fool, Murph.

Cole nearly falls back out of the window in shock -

COLE

Geeze, man, don't do that to me.

KENNY

How the hell you expecting this to work out for you? Someone's gonna catch that ass, and when they do...

Kenny shakes his head.

COLE

Don't worry about it. Besides, it's just temporary.

Cole closes in on Kenny to plea -

COLE (CONT'D)

As long as a certain orderly keeps this a secret.

KENNY

Shit, bro, I ain't gotta fold the corners, you make your own bed.

(beat)

Probably shit yourself in it too.

Kenny cracks himself up. Cole ushers him out of the room.

INT. KARL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Karl hoists his suitcase on the bed and flips the top open. Inside - a couple magazines, some clothes, an iPod dock, and a twelve-pack of beer.

The beer has a note on it - *Got you a gift for your new place, D.*

Karl cracks open a bottle and sets up the IPOD player.

INT. RICK'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Rick flips open the covers to his bed and slides in. He has a sip of water, before kissing his index finger and pasting it on the picture of his wife. Lights out.

MOMENTS LATER

A RHYTHMIC BASS thumps from the next room, startling Rick in his sleep.

RICK

Who is this son of a bitch?

INT. KARL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Karl is transferring clothes from the suitcase into the closet. He's listening to some type of 80s ROCK, doing air guitar motions and leg kicks in between hanging clothes.

A KNOCK at the door.

Karl opens it and it's Rick. The MUSIC gets to a particularly obnoxious guitar solo.

KARL/COLE

Hi, Rick right?

Rick points to his ears.

KARL/COLE (CONT'D)

Sorry, let me get that.

Karl goes to turn off the iPod.

RICK

Hey pal, you got neighbors now.  
Remember that, alright?

KARL/COLE

Yeah, sure. Sorry. I'll keep it  
down. I was gonna hit the hay here  
anyhow.

Rick starts to leave but notices a beer in a Koozie open on  
the counter and stops in his tracks.

RICK

You got anymore of those?

Karl smiles.

INT. KARL'S ROOM - LATER

Empty beer cans line the nightstand.

Karl lies on the bed with his shoes off having a beer, Rick  
sits in the chair, feet on top of the suitcase, also drinking  
a cold one.

KARL/COLE

So what about that granddaughter of  
yours? She seems like a sweet gal.

RICK

Yeah, she sure is. Boy, she gets me  
sometimes with flashes of her  
grandma though.

Rick's talk gets energized as he leans forward in his chair -



RICK (CONT'D)

You shoulda seen my gal back in her day. The eyes on this one, they just absolutely cut through me no matter what I was feeling. I coulda had a real red ass at her for something or another, and all she'd have to do is just shoot me her baby blues. Killed me every time.

(beat)

I think I've got a picture here somewhere.

Rick thumbs through his wallet and flashes a photo of his late wife. It's the same old beat-up wallet.

RICK (CONT'D)

Yep. Doesn't nearly do her justice, but you get the idea.

KARL/COLE

She's gorgeous, unlike that wallet. You had that thing since the service or what?

Rick closes it up and looks it over. Some loose coins fall out of a hole. He picks them up.

RICK

Just after actually. This was the first thing she ever gave me. It's made it fifty-three years. It can last a few more.

Rick looks down and thumbs the edges of the wallet before putting it away.

RICK (CONT'D)

What about you? You ever have yourself a lady?

Karl laughs nervously -

KARL/COLE

Funny enough, I've never gotten around to that quite yet.

RICK

(laughing)

Oh yeah? Never too late I suppose.

Rick looks at his watch.

RICK (CONT'D)

However, it is getting a little late for me.

(beat)

Thanks for the nightcap.

He toasts Karl. Karl nods -

KARL/COLE

Any time.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

Some faulty BRAKES hiss. The nursing home van pulls up to the curb, braking hard.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

Walt slaps on a wrist guard. Georgia cools her hands at the air vent. Rick and Otis put on league button-up shirts with "Moonseed Oaks" on the back. Felix ties Bubba, wearing a Moonseed Oaks bowling shirt, to a chair.

A row of old feet shed shoes, revealing argyle socks. The old folks place on bowling shoes, all owning their own pair, except Karl in an eyesore pair of rentals.

FELIX

Gotta get you your own pair. Gonna have to earn em first though, right?

He nudges Walt with an elbow. They chuckle a bit.

RICK (O.S.)  
You pansies ready to beat Sunshine  
Living?

Karl looks up to see Rick, in his patented derby cap.

KARL/COLE  
Who's Sunshine Living?

INT. FRONT ENTRANCE - BOWLING ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

The Sunshine Living BOWLING TEAM walks in through the sensor doors. Feeble old bad asses strutting around in SLOW-MO.

EDGAR, the leader of the squad has a large cigar in his mouth and a salty biker's goatee.

INT. LANES - BOWLING ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Edgar and his team walk up, gingerly but intimidating nonetheless, to Karl, Rick, and the rest of the team.

EDGAR  
Afternoon, ladies. Ready for a  
repeat of last month's shellacking?

Edgar and his crew laugh.

RICK  
I don't know Edgar. I'd like to say  
yes, but I guess it just depends.

Barely poking out of Edgar's jeans is an adult diaper. Rick nudges Felix who sees the flap of diaper.

FELIX  
Yeah, it's never easy to know for  
sure. Sometimes you guys can carry  
quite the load.

The fellas snicker. Karl takes it in - this in unbelievable, they act just like us.

WALT

It's really (Click) a tough (Click) thing. Sometimes you just (Click) lose control.

Edgar's crew is in on the joke at this point.

SUNSHINE BOWLER 1

Keep up your jabbing. We'll be sure to wipe the floors with ya out on the lanes.

RICK

(laughing)

Well, as long as you remember to wipe.

They lose it, a full blown HYSTERIA of laughter.

Edgar walks by, purposefully brushing shoulders with Rick. Both men wince in brief pain. Their bodies aren't what they used to be.

MOMENTS LATER

Balls spill out of the ball dispenser. Liver-spotted hands are cooled at the vent. Hairy eyebrows cringe over in focus.

MOMENTS LATER

Rick and Karl are seated waiting for their turns. Rick pats Karl on the back -

RICK

You're up, champ. Let's see what you got.

KARL/COLE

Just don't hate on the new guy if I mess up.

RICK

Just let it roll and the pins will fall where they may.

Karl goes up to the ball rack and grabs a ball. Too heavy. He grabs another. Too Small.

EDGAR

(to crew)

Jesus crimany. Who is this guy?

(to Karl)

It's called bowling. You try to knock down those little white pins down there.

SUNSHINE BOWLER 1

I gotta get back by four to take my pills. Hurry it up.

Karl grabs a third ball. It'll work.

He pauses, rocks his neck from left to right, and then bounces on the balls of his feet a few times.

He looks back at Rick and the boys and gives a wink. He winds up and tosses the ball.

CU ON BALL

A perfect spin as it smacks right into the center of the pins. A STRIKE! The boys go crazy.

OTIS

Alright!

Sunshine Living's faces say it all - uh-oh.

KARL

(to Edgar)

Is that good? I want to knock all  
the little white pins down, right?

He high-fives his teammates and returns to his seat.

MONTAGE OF ROLLS

1. Otis rolls, lifting his oxygen tank in celebration.
2. Edgar high-fiving the Sunshine crew after a strike.
3. Walt absolutely lasers one down the lane. At first it goes down the gutter lane, but towards the end of the lane it ricochets off the gutter, back into play and gets a strike. The crew celebrates.
4. A Sunshine Living bowler rolls a strike.
5. Rick completes a spare, as does Karl.
6. Felix granny styles one slowly down the lane, a perfect strike.
7. Edgar rolls a strike and puts both arms in the air in celebration.

END MONTAGE

Scoreboard reads a near tie. It all comes down to this. Rick stands behind Karl, rubbing his shoulders.

RICK

Down nine. We're gonna need you to  
close out this frame, Karl. No  
pressure, but you make this and we  
live another day for the league  
title.

Karl looks over and Edgar holds both hands to his throat.

Karl takes a deep breath, goes through his routine of the neck roll and calf raises, and executes his roll.

He turns around towards the spectators before the ball even hits, simply listening for it. PINS FALLING. Boom - he fist pumps for the win.

Sunshine Living is crushed. Karl is swarmed by his mates, lifting his arms in celebration.

EXT. BALLPARK - DAY

Karl, Rick, and crew lift their arms in celebration while sitting in the stands of a baseball game.

A CONCESSIONS WORKER walks the aisles carrying a crate of sodas. Rick flags him down and passes some CASH through the crowd, the cash changing several hands.

EXT. CHURCHILL ELEMENTARY - DAY

A SCHOOLKID's hand takes a dollar bill as Cole gives it to him in exchange for a crate of milk cartons.

Cole knocks on a classroom door with the milk, smiling as a sea of students and their teacher, Megan, smile at him.

INT. NURSING HOME - DAY

Felix has a smile from ear to ear as he revs up a Rascal. Beside him is Walt in a Rascal of his own.

The two race around different obstacles in the home: circling the ping pong table in the rec room, weaving in and out of cafeteria tables, and getting "air" off the handicap ramp.

As Felix's Rascal breaks through a finish line made of toilet paper, Karl waves an orange flag.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Flags flutter off of a table booth with a poster reading "Walk to End Alzheimer's."

Megan and Cole hand out flyers at a busy pedestrian intersection.

Cole does the robot with the flyers in hand, passing one off in mid-robot form.

INT. GAME ROOM - NURSING HOME - DAY

Karl and crew watch *Price is Right* on television.

Karl walks out with a black straw with an olive on top to resemble Bob Barker's old skinny microphone, and does the Barker swinging arm gesture. The crew laugh.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Cole brings snacks to Megan inside a theater and takes a seat. An armrest divides their seats. Megan lifts it and slides closer, leaning onto his chest. A beat and then she sneaks in a kiss.

INT. LOBBY - NURSING HOME - DAY

Karl enters the front doors with Rick and Felix, laughing over something.

Darryl is waiting for him, looking anxious.

DARRYL

Hey, Granddad. You got a minute.

KARL/COLE

(to the guys)

I'll meet up with you in a bit.



EXT. NURSING HOME - DAY

Darryl and Karl walk outside the facility.

DARRYL

I'm just a little concerned about you, man. This wasn't ever supposed to be a long-term thing, right?

KARL/COLE

And it's not.

DARRYL

You got any job leads?

KARL/COLE

No, but I'm looking.

DARRYL

Like where?

KARL/COLE

Places. With ties and slacks and regular paychecks. What's it matter?

DARRYL

Just looking out for you is all. I don't think it's healthy to stay here any longer than you have to.

Karl stops walking.

KARL/COLE

I appreciate it, but really, I'm fine. You wanna do me a favor? Come to my show on Saturday.

He gives him the secret handshake.

DARRYL

We'll be there.

As he's walking away -

DARRYL (CONT'D)

I'm serious though. Don't stay here too long. These places can do some funny things to you.

INT. NURSING HOME - MORNING

A group of THIRD GRADERS, about 30 of them, sheepishly pile into the home, Megan leading them in.

They all circle around her -

MEGAN

There's some very special people here that are excited to see you. I want you to try to talk with at least two senior citizens here before you leave today.

She holds up two fingers and the class follows suit, mimicking with two fingers. TYLER, 9, a tubby, obnoxious little fella, pleads with her -

TYLER

Do we have to Ms. Megan?

MEGAN

If you want extra recess this week you do?

She's got them there. The students begrudgingly spread out looking for old folks.

INT. GAME ROOM - NURSING HOME - DAY

Karl, in bathrobe, watches a ball game, his feet up on a coffee table.

Tyler approaches and sits next to Karl. He simply stares at him for several seconds.

KARL/COLE  
What is it, kid?

TYLER  
I'm supposed to talk to an old person.

KARL/COLE  
That so? What you wanna talk about?

Tyler just shrugs and pulls out a PSP.

KARL/COLE (CONT'D)  
Kid, this isn't how a conversation goes. You ask me questions and then I answer.

TYLER  
Do you guys have wi-fi here?

Tyler continues to play the PSP. Karl starts to grow upset.

KARL/COLE  
No, not like that. Stuff like, "How are ya? What's your name?"  
(beat)  
You follow what I'm saying, kid?

Tyler keeps playing.

KARL/COLE (CONT'D)  
Are you even listening to me?  
That's rude you know.

Tyler doesn't acknowledge him for a second. Karl rips the PSP out of his hands.

KARL/COLE (CONT'D)  
What is with you kids today?

Tyler starts to cry.

Realizing what's just happened -

KARL/COLE (CONT'D)  
Oh, God. I'm becoming one of them.

INT. KARL'S ROOM - NURSING HOME - DAY

Karl bends to put his shoes on for the day and strains his back.

INT. BATHROOM - NURSING HOME - DAY

Karl, in a v-neck, pops Advils with tap water, glancing at his worsening image in the mirror.

INT. CAFETERIA - NURSING HOME - DAY

Karl eats oatmeal by himself.

INT. GAME ROOM - NURSING HOME - DAY

Karl lies on the couch filling out a crossword puzzle, only to fall asleep midway through.

LATER

He stumbles awake from his mid-day nap.

KARL/COLE  
I gotta get some help.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

It's raining outside of an old church. Karl runs up the steps without an umbrella.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Karl kneels at a pew in the last row of the church, dripping wet. It's not regular church hours, and only a few parishioners are there to light candles and say private prayers.

He looks around to watch what other people are doing. Some do the sign of the crucifix and kiss their thumbs, others stick their hands out in the open air and make the sign of the cross like a priest might. Karl does a half blend of both, never getting it quite right.

KARL/COLE

God, if you're up there and listening, Karl and I got a few things to tell ya. And if you could find it in your heart, if you have a heart, because you're God and you probably don't need one...but if you have one, please just give me a hand here. I'm running out of ideas.

At the rear of the church, Rick and Megan enter, shaking off umbrellas. Rick heads toward the confessional, leaving Megan alone.

As she enters, she recognizes Karl and taps him on the shoulder.

MEGAN

Hi, Karl. Mind if I join you?

Karl is surprised at Megan's presence and glances towards the roof of the church.

KARL/COLE

Holy sh...  
(to Megan)  
Of course, hon.

Karl goes from kneeling to sitting and slides over to make space for Megan.

MEGAN

I didn't know you were a churchgoer.

KARL/COLE

Neither did I.

(Beat)

Where's your grandpa?

She points to the confessional area.

MEGAN

He carries more than he should with him.

KARL/COLE

I suppose we all do.

MEGAN

Today would have been their anniversary.

KARL/COLE

I bet that's hard on him.

MEGAN

I think he just feels guilty for being alive still if that makes any sense. Like he should have gone when she went.

KARL/COLE

Sweetie, it's never that simple. If it were, we'd all choose the easiest way to go.

MEGAN

Like falling out of a plane.

KARL/COLE

I'm sorry?

Megan laughs to herself a little.

MEGAN

Nothing, it's just something silly  
my friend was saying the other day.

Leading -

KARL/COLE

Your friend?

Megan opens up -

MEGAN

Or boyfriend. I don't know what to  
call him yet.

KARL/COLE

But you're leaning towards  
boyfriend?

MEGAN

I guess so, yeah.

Karl smiles.

KARL/COLE

Tell me about this lucky guy.

Megan lets her hair down.

MEGAN

Well, he's very handsome of course.  
Probably almost as cute as what you  
used to look like in your heyday.

She jokingly elbows Karl.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

And he's really funny and sweet.

KARL/COLE

Sounds like a catch to me.

MEGAN

But I just don't know. I feel like I can't get to know who he really is, like he's always on guard. And that scares me a little.

KARL/COLE

I'm sure he's just waiting for the right time to open up.

MEGAN

I guess it's like you just said, we tend to choose the easiest way out. We'll see. I'm pulling for him.

Megan makes the sign of the cross and stands to leave.

KARL/COLE

Me too.

EXT. COMEDY CLUB - DAY

A maintenance worker changes the names on the marquee. On the very bottom, in much smaller letters it reads - **Cole Murphy**.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Megan is on yard duty, on her cell, while her class enjoys recess -

MEGAN

You're going to do amazing. I'm so excited to see you. I won't even laugh at the other performers just so I can save all my laughs for you. The best for last.



INT. KARL'S ROOM - NURSING HOME - SAME TIME

Cole puts the finishing touches on masking up as Karl for the day while on his cell.

COLE

Better make that best for first,  
I'm just doing the opening set.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - SAME TIME

MEGAN

Whatever. They just want to start  
the show off with a good act then.

A little kid ties another little kid to a pole with a jump rope. Megan gives him the eye, and the kid slowly lets it loose.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Listen, I gotta get back to the  
kids, but I'll see you at seven.

INT. LOBBY - NURSING HOME - DAY

Karl makes his way down with a smile from ear to ear. The residents he pass, however, wear faces of sorrow. The more he passes, the thicker the sorrow.

A group of them are huddled. Rick is one of many on the outskirts.

KARL/COLE

(to Rick)

What's going on?

Rick gestures to Felix sitting on a bench holding a loose dog COLLAR. He's full of tears as residents console him.

RICK

That old dog's all that really kept  
poor Felix going.

KARL/COLE

He seemed fine the other week.

RICK

Here today, gone tomorrow. It's how  
it goes around here.

Karl cuts through the huddle to Felix, kneeling beside him.

KARL/COLE

I'm sorry, Felix. He was a good  
pup.

FELIX

Thanks.

KARL/COLE

Is there anything I can do?

Felix wipes at his eyes and gives a pathetic shrug.

KARL/COLE (CONT'D)

You just gotta get your mind off it  
is all. Come on. Bubba wouldn't  
want to see you like this.

Karl helps Felix up and walks into -

INT. GAME ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

He flips on the television -

KARL/COLE

Maybe a nice movie to clear your  
mind. Let's see what's on the tube.

He turns the television on and it's playing the death scene  
of *Marley and Me*. Felix starts to bawl even harder.

Pearl gives Karl a nasty look -

PEARL  
Sensitive as always.

KARL/COLE  
Okay, okay, what about some ping  
pong?

Karl shuffles Felix over to the table and has to physically  
stick a paddle in Felix's hand.

KARL/COLE (CONT'D)  
Comin at ya.

Karl serves, but Felix just stands there taking the serve in  
the chest.

KARL/COLE (CONT'D)  
One more time, bringing the heat.

Karl lofts a soft bouncer that trails off the table. Felix  
just drops his paddle and turns to stare at the wall behind  
him. The huddle gathers again for support.

Karl approaches Rick -

KARL/COLE (CONT'D)  
What do we do? We gotta get his  
mind off of this somehow.

Rick mulls it over a beat before -

RICK  
I've got it.

He stands and gets everyone's attention -

RICK (CONT'D)  
The best medicine is laughter,  
right? I know just where to take  
you.

Felix cleans up his act a bit -

FELIX  
You do?

KARL/COLE  
You do?

Karl's jaw drops as Rick puts his arm around him, squeezing him tight.

RICK (CONT'D)  
You bet. I know this great comedy club. And we'll all go with you, won't we?

The huddle pats Felix on the back. Karl breaks free from the pack -

KARL/COLE  
Listen, guys, I don't know if taking Felix to some smoky club is what he needs right now.

FELIX  
It's better than staying here.

Fishing for an excuse -

KARL/COLE  
Well, what about Otis? How's he going to do.

Otis picks up his oxygen tank and taps at it with his cane -

OTIS  
Fresh this morning.

KARL/COLE  
You guys go on ahead. Truth is, I've been battling something bronchial for the last week.

He pounds at his chest.

RICK

You'll live. Look, Felix needs us.  
It was your idea to cheer him up,  
wasn't it? We'll have some laughs,  
open up those tight lungs of yours,  
and be back without a hitch.

INT. HOME VAN - NIGHT

A lockjawed and seething Karl rides next to Rick. The hydraulics on the van make him bounce up and down as he braces himself on the windows.

INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

Darryl, Kim, and Megan sit at a table having a few drinks. Megan checks her cell phone.

MEGAN

He should be here by now.

EXT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

The van comes to a stop. Residents pile out in a slow, deliberate fashion.

Megan stands near the front door scanning the lot for Cole. She picks up her phone and dials.

INT. HOME VAN - NIGHT

Karl waits to get off the van as his cell rings in his pocket. He opens it up to see "Incoming Call: Megan."

Karl continues to grow frustrated as Otis' oxygen tank cart gets caught on a seat while he exits the van, further preventing Karl from exiting himself.

INT. GREEN ROOM - COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

Comics prepare for their sets - flipping through flash cards, making face contortions in mirrors. Karl nudges his way past them.

INT. RESTROOM - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Karl changes in the restroom, catching his shirt on a cabinet hook, which sends him into angry fits trying to shake it off.

A COMIC barges in as Karl is about halfway out of his gear.

COLE

Hey, buddy. A little privacy.

The comic starts to close the door, but takes a second look and walks right in.

COMIC

Holy shit, that's pretty damn good.

The comic doesn't leave -

COMIC (CONT'D)

Is it Latex?

COLE

I don't know, man. Can you give me a minute here?

He does. Cole removes the final remnants of Karl.

INT. MEGAN'S TABLE - COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

Cole, in jeans and a button-up shirt, walks to his friends' table.

DARRYL

There he is.

Darryl stands and gives him a man hug.

COLE  
Sorry I'm late guys.

KIM  
There's a surprise.

Cole goes in for a hug on Kim, who sits still with her arms crossed. Cole rubs her head like a little kid instead, which he knows pisses her off. She works to restraighten it.

Cole circles around to Megan -

COLE  
Hey there.

MEGAN  
I was getting worried you weren't going to make it to your own show.

He leans in and hugs her -

COLE  
I know, I'm sorry. I'm just not really feeling like myself today.

A WAITRESS, 20s, comes by with a tray of drinks and sets them down.

DARRYL  
Take a seat and have a drink already.

Cole glances over to the corner of the club.

INT. SENIORS' TABLE - COMEDY CLUB - SAME TIME

The senior citizens take over a booth on the other side of the club.

INT. MEGAN'S TABLE - COMEDY CLUB - SAME TIME

Cole refocuses to their table -

COLE

I can't, guys. I'm on soon and I  
want to get ready.

Darryl grabs Cole's shoulder and forces him into a seat.

DARRYL

Bullshit. You're not on for another  
hour, and we've already ordered you  
a drink.

Cole concedes -

COLE

Alright, one drink.

MEGAN

So what's in your set tonight?

Cole grabs his drink, a gin and tonic, and downs it in one  
giant gulp.

COLE

Uhh, I can't tell. It's a surprise.

Cole stands to leave -

COLE (CONT'D)

I'll be back, there's a few buddies  
I've got to say hi to real quick.

Cole gives Megan a kiss on her cheek, taps Darryl's shoulder,  
and messes with Kim's hair again. Kim grabs an ice cube out  
of her drink and throws it at him.

KIM

You're such a dick.



COLE

I love you, Kim.

Megan and Darryl give each other a confused look. Darryl shrugs.

INT. RESTROOM - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Cole grabs a bag from under the sink and hurriedly pulls his Karl gear out.

INT. SENIORS' TABLE - COMEDY CLUB- NIGHT

Rick, Felix, and the rest of the crew sit in a booth. A stack of tennis ball walkers, canes, and oxygen tanks rest on the ledge behind the booth.

Karl joins them at the booth.

RICK

Fall in the toilet there, Karl?

KARL/COLE

Something like that.

Felix and Rick scoot over to make room for Karl. The waitress comes up and takes their order.

WAITRESS

How sweet is this? What brings all of you down here tonight?

FELIX

Don't patronize us, honey. We're old, not dead.

Rick puts his arm around Felix.

RICK

C'mon now, Felix. We're just a group in need a of a few good laughs.

The waitress puts down drink napkins in front of each of the seniors.

WAITRESS

You came to right spot then.

Walt picks his napkin up and blows his nose.

KARL/COLE

He'll have another.

The waitress pulls out an electronic order TABLET.

WAITRESS

Okay, what can I get you all?

RICK

We're fine, darling. Just going to watch the show.

WAITRESS

I'm sorry, but it's a two drink minimum.

Georgia leans over to Rick -

GEORGIA

What about cinnamon?

RICK

(enunciating)  
A two drink minimum.

OTIS

We have to drink to watch? I'm not paying six dollars for some danged soda I could pay thirty-seven cents for at the store.

Otis starts to gather his things.

KARL/COLE

Otis, relax. Just get a drink.

OTIS

Well, what do you have?

MOMENTS LATER

The waitress returns with a full tray of drinks.

WAITRESS

Three ginger ale and orange juices,  
a warm skim milk, a grapefruit and  
soda, and...

(to Karl)

For you, two beers and a whiskey  
straight up.

She sets the whiskey in front of Karl. He pounds it before  
she can leave and sets it back on her tray.

KARL/COLE

Another.

Rick takes notice -

RICK

You on a mission?

Karl doesn't respond, taking to his beer instead.

MOMENTS LATER

Empty shot glasses and beer bottles sit in front of Karl.

KARL/COLE

Be right back I've gotta hit the  
head.

RICK

Again?

Karl motions to the array of empty drinks on the table.

INT. COMEDY CLUB - SECONDS LATER

Karl walks through the crowd towards the Green Room, but is roughly intercepted by Darryl.

DARRYL

Cole. What the hell are you doing,  
man?

Karl looks around and sees Megan and Kim at their table talking away. He grabs Darryl by the jacket and ushers him to-

INT. GREEN ROOM - COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

Karl drags Darryl past several comics.

INT. RESTROOM - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Karl slams the door shut. He shifts his voice back to Cole -

COLE

You've gotta help cover for me. I  
feel like Benjamin Button out  
there.

Darryl pushes cole Karl back a step.

DARRYL

Dude, what have you been drinking?

COLE

Just a few shots.

DARRYL

A few shots? You've been gone like five minutes. You're blowing it with Megan by the way.

COLE

I know. I can't help it. Felix's friggin' dog died.

DARRYL

What? Who's Felix?

COLE

My buddy at the home?

DARRYL

Aww, Cole, you've got buddies there now?

Cole is caught off guard at this -

COLE

I mean Karl's buddy. You get what I mean. Stop interrupting and listen.

Darryl pretends like he's adjusting something in his ear -

DARRYL

Got my volumes turned up and ready, sir. Lay it on me.

COLE

Point is his dog died and they wanted to cheer him up, and of course Karl had to come along, and now I'm completely fucked.

Karl leans over at the sink and stares at himself in the mirror.

DARRYL

Okay, so why don't you just go out there right now and tell Megan the truth? I'm sure she'd think it's kind of funny.

COLE

Are you kidding me? "Hey, Megan, just wanted to let you know I've been living in a nursing home because I'm too broke for my own place, and oh yeah, I'm also dressing as an old man and posing as his grandson. But we're still on for Water for Elephants this Friday, right?"

DARRYL

Good point. That's pretty fucked up, dude.

Cole shoots him a look.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Alright. Just think a minute. You can do this. First thing's first, let's get Cole back to Megan.

Darryl starts undressing Karl. The Comic from before suddenly opens the door. He lets out a girlish SCREAM.

INT. MEGAN'S TABLE - COMEDY CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Kim and Megan sit at a table alone sipping their drinks.

KIM

Yeah, I don't see it either, but I've just had like fifteen people tell me I look like an Italian Beyonce.

MEGAN  
(a polite lie)  
Oh yeah? I can see that.

KIM  
Right? We can't pick who we look  
like I guess.

Darryl and Cole return to the table.

DARRYL  
Look who I found.

COLE  
I'm sorry. It's always kind of  
crazy before a set. Lot of  
handshaking and mingling.

MEGAN  
Don't worry about it. Just remember  
when your set's done that I like to  
shake hands and mingle with you  
too.

COLE  
K, you got it.

Darryl KICKS Cole under the table, using his eyes to motion  
to the other end of the club where a MANAGER and the waitress  
are in an apparent disagreement with Otis. The scene is  
starting to draw spectating attention.

COLE (CONT'D)  
I gotta get back. I'm sorry.

Cole speed walks through the club to -

INT. RESTROOM - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Cole changes back into Karl, sweating profusely. He has all  
the clothes on but forgets to put the mask on. He reaches for  
the door, but takes one more glance in the mirror -

COLE

Not good.

Cole grabs the Karl masks and puts it on.

INT. SENIORS' TABLE - COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

Karl gets to the scene of the disagreement where Otis is now threatening the manager with a cane. The manager talks into a walkie-talkie as a couple BODYGUARDS turn the corner.

KARL/COLE

(to Manager)

What's going on over here?

MANAGER

He refused to order a second drink and then made a remark to our waitress here that it was a real "Jap" move on her part to charge him for one.

Karl pulls out some bills and gives them to the waitress.

KARL/COLE

I'm sorry, I'll take care of it. He doesn't mean anything by it. It won't happen again.

MANAGER

It better not.

KARL/COLE

We're good.

The manager and bodyguards slowly peel away.

MOMENTS LATER

Karl rubs his temples while sitting in the senior booth.



KARL/COLE

I can't do this anymore.

Karl stands looking over to the table with Darryl and the girls. While walking towards them -

COLE

Just be honest. She'll get over it.

About ten feet from their table he is intercepted by Terry the show promoter.

TERRY

Jason told me about this, but I had to see it for myself. Holy shit, this is great.

Terry grabs him by the arms and sizes him up.

TERRY (CONT'D)

This is the type of move that separates you, Murphy. You getting up there looking like this doing Viagra and Leisure World jokes. Genius! Now get up there and kill it. You're up.

COLE

What? No, I need a minute.

INT. STAGE - COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

Terry pushes Karl up a flight of side stairs to the stage.

KARL/COLE

Terry, just five minutes.

Terry brushes by him as the lights go out and a STAGE LIGHT focuses on Terry jogging out on stage. Holding the mic -

TERRY

Welcome every one to tonight's show. We've got one hell of a lineup including one of the best opening act getups I've seen in a while.

Terry looks over to Karl, who is about to have a heart attack.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Everybody give it up for Cole Murphy.

Karl continues to stand in the dark.

INT. MEGAN'S TABLE - COMEDY CLUB - SAME TIME

Megan and Darryl clap crazily. Darryl gives Kim a nudge, and she musters a few light claps.

INT. STAGE - COMEDY CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Terry holds the mic waiting for Karl to come out.

TERRY

(to Karl)

This is your shot, pal. Don't blow it.

Karl slowly walks out into the light.

INT. MEGAN'S TABLE - COMEDY CLUB - SAME TIME

Megan goes from whistling and hollering to a face of confusion.

Darryl's face goes from smiling to sincere worry.

DARRYL

Oh no.

INT. SENIORS' TABLE - COMEDY CLUB - SAME TIME

The table all claps, but Rick's applause comes to a halt.  
Felix leans in -

FELIX

What the hell is Karl doing up  
there?

RICK

Trying to figure that out myself,  
Felix.

INT. STAGE - COMEDY CLUB - SAME TIME

Karl walks out with the mic in his hand, floundering for  
words. He squints.

KARL'S POV

The crowd is in the dark, the stage light nearly blinding  
him. He can hear WHISPERS, glasses CLINKING, but his vision  
is limited to what's directly before him in the first row.

KARL/COLE

I-uh.

He looks over to Terry on the side of the stage motioning  
with his hands for Cole to pick it up.

END POV

Karl puts his hands over his eyebrow, trying to gaze into the  
crowd.

KARL/COLE  
(being honest)  
It's funny, I can't remember my  
set.

A few CHUCKLES can be heard. Karl picks up on the laughter  
and starts playing with it.

KARL/COLE (CONT'D)  
That's because I'm a member of the  
most discriminated group in  
America: old folks.

INT. MEGAN'S TABLE - COMEDY CLUB - SAME TIME

Megan leans across the table and pokes at Darryl.

MEGAN  
Darryl, what is going on?

Darryl pretends like he can't hear her.

INT. SENIORS' TABLE - COMEDY CLUB - SAME TIME

Rick finishes his beer -

RICK  
That son of a bitch.

INTERCUT KARL ON STAGE, MEGAN AT HER TABLE, AND RICK AT HIS

Karl starts to move around on stage, his comfort level  
growing with each old man step.

KARL/COLE

You see, we're life's clear Pepsi,  
its Montreal Expos, the middle  
daughter Judy on Family Matters,  
the Keanu Reeves in Speed 2  
negotiations - replaced, brushed  
aside, and forgotten.

LAUGHTER from the crowd.

KARL/COLE (CONT'D)

Which is fine by me because the  
less you notice, the more I get  
away with.

Megan has her arms folded and is utterly disgusted.

MEGAN

You're friend is sick.

Darryl keeps pretending he can't hear her. Kim leans in -

KIM

I think she said that Cole's a  
dick. I think I like her.

Karl takes his glasses off, breathes on them and cleans them  
off on his shirt before replacing them.

KARL/COLE

That door I didn't hold for you...  
Yeah, I saw you. I just didn't feel  
like waiting for your fat ass to  
get off your blueear do-hickey and  
walk through the door. That time I  
accidentally tripped into your  
girly's fake melons...  
I was just testing the produce at  
the local market. And when I  
swerved into your lane...yeah, not  
old...drunk...and loving it. Deal  
with it.

More LAUGHTER from the crowd.

Rick pays his check from the waitress, wanting to get out of there.

Megan puts her coat on.

Karl continues on stage -

KARL/COLE (CONT'D)

There's one spot in particular that we're sure to get away with anything, and that place, my friends, is church.

Karl hikes up his pants.

KARL/COLE (CONT'D)

See you think we're there to make good on our life before it's too late. And that's exactly what we want you to think. Truth is, it's a great place to score free booze, hear some good music, pick up on singles, and just let it rip.

(Beat)

I'm serious. If you ever listen really closely during the hymns you can hear it.

Karl holds his hands to his ears.

KARL/COLE (CONT'D)

There's something special about passing gas off of a pew. It's a rite of passage for the elderly - our version of sending a young boy out into the woods to return as a man. See the sound can't be duplicated. It's like a man-made conch shell reverberating off of the walls of the Grand Canyon. With enough of us, it starts to sound like a twenty-one gun salute.

Karl removes his cap, holds it over his heart and make a RATATAT gunshot sound.

The crowd CRACKS up.

EXT. COMEDY CLUB - SAME TIME

Megan exits steaming mad. Standing ten feet from her is Rick, also boiling up. They finally notice one another, see each other's upset and both head back for the door.

RICK  
I'll kill him.

INT. STAGE - COMEDY CLUB - LATER

Karl stands on stage having just finished his set to a thunderous round of APPLAUSE. Terry walks out with a mic.

TERRY  
Give it up once again for Cole  
Murphy.

LIGHTS come on and Karl is standing there completely exposed, finally making eye contact with the crowd - most notably, Rick and Megan in the back of the club. Karl rushes off stage, brushing by Terry.

KARL/COLE

Megan.

Karl weaves through the crowd, bumping into the waitress and knocking her drinks over.

KARL/COLE (CONT'D)

Megan, wait.

Cole continues to weave through the club, before coming face to face with Rick. Rick grabs him by the shirt -

RICK

You've got a lot of nerve you little prick. Use me to get to my granddaughter, huh?

Rick shakes him violently.

The old folks, Darryl, Kim, and seemingly the entire comedy club surround the scene.

Megan breaks again for the door.

COLE

Rick, please. I just need to talk to her.

RICK

Oh you won't be. I'll make sure of that.

FELIX

Rick, what's going on?

RICK

Here's what's going on, Felix!

Rick tears the Karl mask off, revealing Cole's face.

The old folks GASP. It takes them all a beat to process what they're seeing?



FELIX

How could you, son?

The old folks each give Cole a stare of disgust. Otis winds up his cane before security restrains him.

RICK

C'mon, guys. Fun's over.

COLE

Guys, I'm sorry. I didn't mean for this to happen.

They continue to walk out, Georgia running over Cole's foot with her wheelchair.

As Cole tends to his foot, Darryl pats him on the back -

DARRYL

I don't know what to say, man. It was a good run while it lasted.

Kim walks up and pulls at Darryl's shirt, giving Cole a filthy look in the process -

KIM

Let's go, Darryl.

She tugs Darryl away, leaving Cole completely alone, mask off.

The club patrons return to their seats and life goes on all around Cole, everything going dark as the crazy stage lights flash past his solemn face.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE DUGOUT - MORNING - TWO WEEKS LATER

A light strikes Cole's bearded and worn face as he lies down on the dugout bench. It's evident by the loose fast food wrapper, sleeping bag, and line of ants crawling on his cheek that he's in a rough spot.

He GROANS and wakes up, swiping away the ants from his cheek. He reaches on the dirt below him and grabs his cell phone. He dials and waits through a recording.

COLE

Megan, it's me, Dickhead. Again. If you need to reach me I'll be at...actually it's probably better to just call. I didn't really know how to fix this, but I'm going to, you just have to hear me...

A BEEP signals that he's run out of time on the message machine.

COLE (CONT'D)

Out.

Finally, he pulls the sleeping bag over his head.

INT. MOVIE MULTIPLEX - DAY

Cole, wearing sweatpants, an old pee-wee basketball jersey and his growing beard, waits in the ticket taker line. His pant pockets are clearly full of outside food and drink, an old slice of pizza dangling out.

All of the PATRONS standing in front or behind him are elderly.

The TICKET TAKER, 17, with his stained theatre polo tucked in to black jeans and light-up tennis shoes, scopes out Cole. Without changing his bland expression whatsoever -

TICKET TAKER

Sir, you can't bring outside food in here.

COLE

This isn't outside food.

TICKET TAKER

Sir, there's a slice of pizza in  
your pocket.

Yes, there is, among other items.

COLE

So? I bought it at the counter.

Cole's stomach has something bulging out as well. The ticket  
taker uses his theatre-issued flashlight to poke at it.

TICKET TAKER

Is that a rotisserie chicken?

Cole knocks the flashlight away.

COLE

Maybe.

The ticket taker shakes his head.

TICKET TAKER

I'm sorry, you can't bring that in.

Cole just stares at him as Ticket Taker grabs the items and  
throws them away. The line behind him grows.

INT. THEATRE - DAY

Cole, surrounded by old people, sprawls out in a theatre  
chair.

He reaches down, pulls up his pant leg, where a flask of  
whiskey and a Ziploc full of bacon rest in his sock.

He pulls a piece of bacon out, takes a bite and chases it  
with the whiskey. An OLD WOMEN stares at him.

COLE

What do you want? Watch your movie.  
And in case you didn't know, in the  
end -- she dies!

INT. RICK'S ROOM - NURSING HOME - DAY

Rick lies in bed reading a book. A RHYTHMIC BASS bounces off  
the walls. Rick perks up and opens his door to -

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

A JANITOR with a radio on his cart empties the trash. He  
waves to Rick, who waves back, taking a look at his  
neighbor's now empty room next door.

INT. CAFETERIA - NURSING HOME

Georgia, Otis, Felix, and Walt sit at a table stabbing at  
their plates. Walt takes a black straw and puts an olive on  
the end like Karl did for his Bob Barker mic. They all shoot  
him a look.

WALT

What?

INT. DARRYL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kim is watching some awful reality show like "Housewives of  
New Jersey" in the background as Darryl leaves a message on  
his cell-phone -

DARRYL

Hey, buddy. Just wanted to see if  
you got my texts or calls? You'll  
get through it. Just do me a favor  
and keep yourself busy, alright.

BEGIN MONTAGE

1. A swimming pool aerobics class. An out of control Cole does a cannonball in the middle of it.

2. People at church in the middle of communion. Cole goes to the wine and chugs it, spilling it onto his t-shirt, elementary school kids and seniors in the congregation staring on.

3. "Family Glow-Bowl Night" at the bowling alley. A barefoot Cole throws a ball that skips over two lanes and smashes into a closed lane's pin guard. People stare as he is kicked out, refusing to let go of the bowling BALL.

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Megan is at her desk zoning out as her students enjoy birthday cake to celebrate one of the kid's birthdays. A STUDENT, 6 with pigtails, approaches her desk with a slice -

STUDENT

Ms. Evans, do you want a piece?

The student accidentally gets chocolate frosting on her finger and licks it off.

STUDENT (CONT'D)

It's really good.

Snapping out of it -

MEGAN

No thanks, sweetie.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - MORNING

Cole is passed out on a bench using newspapers as blankets and somehow managing to use a bowling ball as a pillow.

Some MORNING WALKERS, two women in their 40s, walk by. The SHUFFLE of their shoes wakes Cole up; he has a severely stiff neck.

Unable to move his neck, he positions his entire body to view the women walking. They pump their arms in stride and continue to walk.

COLE

That's it.

He pulls a newspaper off himself and glances at the date.

Cole leaps to his feet, hurting his neck in the process.

EXT. PARK - DAY

It's the big day, "Walk to End Alzheimer's" banners hanging all around. Hundreds of WALKERS are out donning iPods, stretching, eating energy jelly beans, and applying anti-chaffing deodorant sticks to their inner thighs.

A 70s FUNK BAND plays on a stage, something like James Brown's "Get On the Good Foot."

Cole, still looking like a slob with sweatpants and a dirty basketball jersey, wanders through the swarms of walkers.

He ducks under some race flags, his stiff neck limiting his movements. A race OFFICIAL, male, 50s, stops him in his tracks.

OFFICIAL

Where do we think we're going...

Cole shrinks a bit, caught.

OFFICIAL (CONT'D)

(tone change)

...without a race number?

Official pins a number on Cole's jersey.

OFFICIAL (CONT'D)  
(like a Mentos commercial)  
Now get out there and walk.

EXT. RACE - PARK - DAY

Cole power walks through walkers trying to find Megan. Every time he passes a blonde woman he has to turn his entire body in order to see if it's Megan. None of them are.

He picks up the pace, now at a full sprint through the walkathon.

ANGRY WALKER  
Everybody's an all-star.  
(shouting)  
It's a Walkathon, Prefontaine.

Cole runs through, contorting his body to try and find Megan. He makes several laps, running through the walkers.

While running backwards, he trips and falls in front of one of the registration tables.

MEGAN (O.S.)  
Cole?

Cole rolls over to see Megan, in an official race shirt.

MEGAN (CONT'D)  
What is wrong with you? I got your  
twenty-seven voice messages and  
your useless texts. And do you know  
why I didn't respond?

She gets in his face -

MEGAN (CONT'D)  
Because I don't want to talk to  
you!

She starts to leave, but Cole reaches for her arm.

COLE

Just give me one minute.

MEGAN

Is this a thing for you? Already conquered nursing homes, why not ruin Alzheimer's walks now too.

COLE

To be fair they wouldn't really remember.

Whoops -

MEGAN

What is wrong with you?

Megan walks off through the vendors as Cole gives chase and catches up -

COLE

Megan...

Megan turns around -

MEGAN

Do you see these people?

Megan points to the walkers. Because of his neck Cole is forced to move his whole body to look at what she's pointing at. He then repositions to look at her.

COLE

Yeah.

MEGAN

No, I don't think you do. Really look at them.

Cole does so in his awkward fashion.



MEGAN (CONT'D)

These are people who've lost  
everything in the people they love.  
They don't need you here and  
neither do I.

Cole returns his head to face Megan.

COLE

I didn't just dress like an old man  
for the hell of it, Megan.

A VOLUNTEER, a female in her 20s, walks up -

VOLUNTEER

Meg, I've got a registration  
question when you get a sec.

MEGAN

Okay, I'm coming right now.  
(to Cole)  
Just save it, alright? I don't have  
time for people who can only think  
of themselves.

Megan walks off with the volunteer.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Hours have passed. The funk band packs up their gear and  
other vendors begin breaking down tents.

Volunteer untucks her shirt from the day while standing next  
to Megan.

VOLUNTEER

Geeze, how long's he going to keep  
this up?

EXT. RACE CIRCLE - SAME TIME

Cole is chugging along, walking the race path. His face says it all - exhausted. A few steps behind him is Angry Walker trying to keep pace, but finally falling to the ground.

EXT. PARK - LATER

Angry Walker is helped to his car by some racers.

EXT. RACE CIRCLE - LATER

Cole continues to walk, one slow step at a time. Some volunteers come and remove the "Walk to End Alzheimer's" banner.

COLE

Did I end it?

Megan watches on and finally cracks.

MEGAN

(to Cole)

Okay, just stop already.

COLE

Not until you talk to me.

Megan walks out to the race circle.

MEGAN

Fine, you wanna talk, let's talk.

COLE

Thank you.

Cole collapses to the ground.

EXT. PARK - LATER

Cole and Megan are sitting against a chain-link fence surrounding the park.

MEGAN

I just don't get how you could do this to me. And to them.

Cole is speechless.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I confided in Karl and you just let me.

COLE

I know and I'm sorry. I wanted to tell you, I just didn't want you thinking what you think now: that I'm some kind of freak.

MEGAN

Good work on that.

COLE

What I mean is that as much as I hate to admit it, some of the best times I've ever had were in that home. I just want to make things right again.

MEGAN

Then maybe you should be telling them that.

INT. GAME ROOM - NURSING HOME - DAY

Rick and crew relax, playing various games and activities. Rick has a remote in his hands and is flipping through channels. Kenny comes in and shuts the television off.

KENNY

Bereavement counseling, counselor's  
room. Let's go, folks.

Rick hesitates.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Oh come on, hurry it up.

The old folks begrudgingly rise from their positions.

INT. COUNSELOR'S ROOM - NURSING HOME - MOMENTS LATER

The same room from Stamos' session. The old folk saunter in -

FELIX

If I have to hear of another  
nightmare Walt had, I swear.

Waiting in the room already is Megan. Rick spots her and goes  
up to hug her -

RICK

Sweetie, what are you doing here?

MEGAN

You'll see in a minute.

The old folks take a seat. SHOEBOXES with a particular  
resident's name on each box sit in front of each chair. Rick  
reaches for the box -

RICK

What's in the box this time?

DARRYL (O.S.)

Please don't touch those.

Darryl enters and makes his way to the front of the room.  
Kenny closes the door to the room behind him.

RICK

For the love of crap, does it ever  
end with these guys?

Darryl takes his stance behind a podium -

DARRYL

No, it doesn't, Rick. Not yet.  
Ladies and Gentleman of Moonseed  
Oaks, my name is Darryl Froehlich,  
former television entertainer...

He waits for a reaction, but there is none.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

...and friend to Cole Murphy or as  
you knew him, Karl Peters. Some of  
you may have some harsh words for  
Mr. Murphy -

GEORGIA

Lying -

RICK

Backstabbing -

WALT

Two (click) timing -

The room goes quiet -

PEARL

Dirty little man-tease.

All eyes turn towards Pearl, Megan showing particular  
interest.

DARRYL

I was going to say that you may have some harsh words that we could hold until the end. But since you got them out, let's continue. For the last time, people, Mr. Karl Peters.

Darryl nods to the door, Kenny opens it up. In walks Cole, dressed as Karl yet again.

Karl walks to the front of the room.

RICK

Is this some kind of sick joke?

Karl walks to the front of the room and shakes Darryl's hand. Rick starts to get up to leave.

KARL/COLE

No, for the first time in a while, it isn't. Rick, please, this will only take a minute.

Rick shares a look with Megan and sits back down.

KARL/COLE (CONT'D)

Every single person in here has a reason to be angry with me. Karl and I betrayed your trust, but we never meant to.

RICK

Save the apologies, Murphy. It's falling on deaf ears.

Walt, with giant hearing aids, looks at Rick -

RICK (CONT'D)

Sorry, Walt.

KARL/COLE

Maybe you're right, Rick. A quick apology can't fix what I've done to you.

Rick and the rest of the crew stare back with angered, hurt faces.

KARL/COLE (CONT'D)

And that's why each of you has a shoebox in front of you again. Go ahead and open them up.

Hands open up the boxes.

Otis holds up a PAINTBALL GUN.

OTIS

This ain't Korea, boy. What gives?

KARL/COLE

It's a choice. Each of you has a chance to take a shot at me. But what I'm hoping is that you'll look further in the box -

Karl is suddenly struck by a blue PAINTBALL.

The shot came from Rick's gun, a wry smile on his face.

RICK

These things have a hair trigger. Don't they, Georgia?

Georgia shoots one off and pelts him.

GEORGIA

Sure, do. What do you think Walt?

Walt shoots one off.

KARL/COLE

Okay, they were supposed to be a metaphor, you don't actually have to use them.

Felix fires one. Then another flies in, and another and another, until Karl is painted head to toe in paintballs. Karl shields himself for the onslaught.

KARL/COLE (CONT'D)

Alright, enough! You got me.

Karl rips off the mask, standing again as Cole.

COLE

Just look through the rest of the box already!

The old folks and Megan dig through the boxes. Each is filled with a unique memento:

Georgia pulls out a racer flag for her wheelchair.

Pearl pulls out a romantic novel.

COLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

When I came here, it wasn't to take advantage of you guys. I was homeless and you took me in. But you gave me much more than a place to stay. You taught me that friendship can come in the oddest of places...

Felix pulls out a photo of Bubba, Felix, and Karl.

COLE (CONT'D)

That there's no use in giving a good gosh damn to what the naysayers think.

Otis and Walt pull out a new bowling wristguards.



COLE (CONT'D)

That a man lives and dies with the weight of his actions.

Rick pulls out a new wallet and a notepad. Attached to the wallet is a note that reads, "For when you're ready."

COLE (CONT'D)

That the people you can count on are the ones who aren't afraid to tell you what a dumbass you've been.

Cole looks over to Darryl and Kenny and nods.

COLE (CONT'D)

And that even a dumbass sometimes gets a second chance.

He glances over to Megan and smiles.

COLE (CONT'D)

It's because of each of you, that even though I am again homeless, I had somewhere that I could once call home.

The group continues to stare on at Cole.

COLE (CONT'D)

So that's it. That's all I've got. I'll leave you be now.

Cole grabs the Karl mask and walks out in silence, head hanging down as he passes his old mates. He comes to the door, takes one last look at the room, mouths "thank you" to Megan, and dumps the Karl mask in the trash. As he reaches for the handle.

RICK (O.S.)

Cole.

Rick stands up, holding his derby cap in his hands.

RICK (CONT'D)

We play Sunshine Living in the  
championship this Sunday. Could use  
the support if you're around.

COLE

Count me in.

Megan smiles at Cole and he smiles back before leaving.

SUPER: 6 MONTHS LATER

INT. STAGE - COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

Cole has the mic during a set -

COLE

The other day I asked a good friend  
of mine if he was afraid to die.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

Rick takes a roll and gets a strike. Sunshine Living bowlers  
are crushed. Rick high fives his teammates and looks at the  
tables behind the lanes to find Cole and Megan sitting and  
cheering.

COLE (V.O)

And he said, "Truth is I am..."

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

It's a fixer-upper to say the least, but it's a house. Cole  
and Megan carry boxes up the front steps. In the driveway is  
his old truck, back in action.

COLE (V.O.)

And so is everyone else.

INT. DARRYL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Darryl takes a piece of frilly art down off a wall and replaces it with a movie poster from his heyday.

He is centering the poster and turns around to Kim who gives him a thumbs up, even though it is absolutely killing her.

COLE (V.O.)  
But it's better than being afraid  
to live.

INT. PRICE IS RIGHT STUDIOS - DAY

Megan and Cole cheer in excitement with matching Bob Barker t-shirts.

COLE (V.O.)  
You've got to be able to laugh at  
life once in a while.

INT. COUNSELOR'S ROOM - NURSING HOME - DAY

The room is filled with seniors. Cole is standing at the front with a dry-erase pen, going over some points on the whiteboard, which reads "Laughter Therapy 101."

Stamos has a mic in his hands and is reading from flashcards.

The group claps for him.

COLE (V.O.)  
Because if you think that whoever  
it is above didn't make you with a  
sense of humor in mind.

INT. STAGE - COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

Cole continues at the mic.

COLE

Then you obviously haven't worn  
adult diapers.

Megan, Darryl, Kim, Kenny, Stamos, and all the old folks are  
at one big table laughing.

FADE TO BLACK.