

MIRTH

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INT. 'BLEACHERS SPORTS BAR' - NIGHT

Bleacher's Sports Bar is a suburban strip-mall lounge with a big parking lot. The unpretentious decor consists mainly of neon beer signs and posters and sports jerseys in shadow-box frames. There are a dozen big flatscreen TV's playing sports highlight shows and a re-broadcast of a basketball game. Top 40 music plays loudly. It is late. A group of recreational league SOFTBALL PLAYERS, both men and women, are seated together at a table. A few other BAR PATRONS are scattered about.

No one is paying any attention to DANNY MIRTH, who tinkers with a Vegas-style bingo number blower in the cramped DJ booth on the karaoke stage. Danny is dressed in a colorful Hawaiian shirt with a big watch and a chunky gold bracelet. He is of indeterminate middle age: could be 40, could be 60. He's a bit overweight with a comfortable pleasant face and a nice smile. His teeth have been whitened. He has carefully brushed thinning hair, barbered in a country club style.

Behind him on the stage is a pull-down projection screen with a washed-out animated graphic that reads 'Bingo-Aloha' in cartoon bamboo lettering. Now and then a cartoon flamingo cartwheels across the screen.

Danny switches the ball blower on and off. He watches the numbered multicolor ping pong balls rattle and mingle softly under a clear plastic dome. He turns it off, satisfied, and slips the machine into its road case and buckles the lid.

A YOUNG MAN in a softball uniform, his cap turned backwards, comes wandering slowly out from a bathroom hallway carrying a beer. He passes along the front of the karaoke stage. Danny smiles at him, and the Young Man glances without expression at Danny. Danny continues to smile, watching the softball player weaving through a maze of empty tables.

Danny steps off the stage and begins collecting the bingo cards and the ink daubers that are scattered around the bar.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM AT A CHAIN HOTEL - THE NEXT DAY

The large room has brightly patterned carpet and windows that look out onto withered landscaping, and beyond that a parking lot bordered by a freeway.

A GROUP OF MEN sit around a large square of banquet tables draped in white tablecloths. There are scattered plates and coffee cups, a few canned sodas: the remnants of a light breakfast buffet. An autographed NFL 'The Duke' football, mounted in a glass case, is passed slowly along around the square of banquet tables.

The men are dressed in polo shirts and slacks, or pleated khakis with a variety of light pastel dress shirts. One man wears crisply ironed blue jeans with a satin warm-up jacket. Each man takes a beat and peers at the autographed football, nodding with approval as they pass it along. The glass, mirror and polished wood case is quite heavy.

There is a ceiling mounted projector and on the large screen, barely legible in the bright overhead lights: 'Cross Pointe Church RECEIVE POWER Prayer Breakfast'.

The autographed football in its display case has now been placed on a podium at the head of the room.

INT. SERVICE HALLWAY AT CHAIN HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

A cell phone is heard ringing as Danny Mirth walks down a long hallway. Under one arm he carries a jumbo-sized novelty bank check.

The hallway is long with stark lighting. There are stacks of banquet chairs and folded tables on rolling carts. No one else is in the hallway.

As he continues to walk Danny glances at the phone and silences it. He wears pleated trousers, zippered half-height cowboy boots and a patterned Cuban collar shirt fitted tightly over his thickened midriff. A laminated badge on a lanyard hangs around his neck, along with a silver cross on a chain.

(VIDEO INSERT: OVERHEAD BLACK AND WHITE SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE) INT. SERVICE HALLWAY AT CHAIN HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Danny is passing a mirror and stops. He leans the novelty check against the wall and stares at his reflection intently, adjusting his posture and the angle of his head.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM AT A CHAIN HOTEL - LATER

Several late arrivals, including Danny with his oversized novelty check, have taken up a position along the folding wall at the back of the room. The latecomers include a YOUTH GOLF TEAM in matching polo shirts, three adult-women CHEERLEADERS in uniform, and A YOUNG WOMAN with a beauty pageant sash draped over her tailored office attire. She is adjusting her beauty pageant sash. She takes a rhinestone tiara out of a tote bag, starts to put it on, and notices that several of the men at the square of banquet tables are watching her. She puts the tiara back in her tote bag.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM AT A CHAIN HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

PASTOR KENT, the founder of Cross Pointe Church, is leading the assembled in prayer. Pastor Kent is wearing jeans, a fitted suede bomber jacket and cowboy boots. The top two buttons of his shirt are opened to reveal a plain and heavy silver cross on a braided black leather cord. He wears a big military-style watch, and a thick black metal wedding ring. Some of the men around the square of banquet tables have left their seats and are on one knee. Others kneel completely with hands clasped, elbows resting in the seat of their chairs. One very large man, down on both knees, rests his forehead on a curled fist, mouthing words of a silent prayer.

PASTOR KENT

(praying)

...to cause the power of God to dwell in us the Lord Jesus Christ told us we would receive power, and so the father sent the Holy Spirit to apply the work of the cross to us...

Two HOTEL EMPLOYEES dressed in banquet uniforms enter the room. Both are women, one is young and the other late middle age. The older one carries a coffee urn. When they see that the men are praying they stop and the one with the urn bows her head in prayer. The younger woman looks around, hesitates and quickly leaves.

PASTOR KENT (CONT'D)

....and caused the presence of God to dwell in us and so we figured what better way to do that then to partner with 'the Warden', to show his truth and to bring that message and cause the power of God to dwell in the hearts of these righteous men...

Pastor Kent turns and puts his hand on the football

PASTOR KENT (CONT'D)

And dear Father, we thank you for your servant, Maxwell Warden, and his dedication to your word and truth, through his 'Game Plan for Life', Lord, and to the tremendous gifts you bless him with...

MAX WARDEN sits at the head of the of the banquet tables. Max Warden, aka 'The Warden', is a former NFL quarterback. He is middle-aged, tall with thinning blonde hair, and is blandly, perfectly handsome.

Max is not listening to the prayer, but does glance at Pastor Kent when he hears his name.

PASTOR KENT (CONT'D)

....and the expansion of those gifts into our youth ministry at Cross Pointe. And we know the truth is unchanging...and that's why you don't need to remember it....

As Pastor Kent continues his prayer Max looks about the room. He sees Danny. Danny smiles at Max. Max does not return the smile but continues to stare.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM AT A CHAIN HOTEL - LATER

The prayer breakfast is winding down. The attendees are mingling around the room as the Young Woman in the pageant sash takes a selfie with Max Warden.

The two female Hotel Employees are back setting up the coffee urn. They struggle to place it on a pedestal, and apparently it is missing a part. The urn is heavy, and hot. A couple of men sitting nearby pause their conversation to watch. One offers a bit of advice. The women both turn and smile.

At the head of the room beside the podium a PHOTOGRAPHER gets into position to take group photos. The photographer is being directed by BRAD ADAMS. Brad is short, middle aged, well groomed, overweight, and almost always dressed in Nike-branded polo shirts, baseball hat, and Dockers-styled slacks or shorts.

Brad attempts to orchestrate a photo with Danny (holding the oversized check), Pastor Kent and Max. Max stares at Danny and ignores Brad.

BROCK WHITMAN and TURNER SABAN appear. They are both 25 years old, tall, fit, attractive and dressed in branded high-end athleisure-wear. Turner is holding the MVP football in its glass case and Brock is filming with his phone.

Brad directs Turner to hand the football to Danny. Danny can't take the football because he has the check. Max looks at the check, at Danny, and walks away. Brad takes the oversized check from Danny and offers it to Pastor Kent. Pastor Kent takes the check and turns to Brock who is filming with his phone. Danny is now holding the autographed NFL 'The Duke' football, mounted in its glass case.

Max reappears and stares at Danny holding the football. Some of the Young Golfers ask Max for a selfie.

Brad gets Danny holding the football and Pastor Kent holding the check to stand together and he then invites Max to join them for the photo op. Max stares at Danny and Pastor Kent as they smile back at him.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM AT A CHAIN HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Danny is now holding the football in the glass case as he gets his photo taken with the three Cheerleaders. Everyone smiles.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF CHAIN HOTEL - LATER

Danny walks to his car carrying the football. He has a big smile on his face. He glances around to see if anyone is watching him. No one is.

Turner and Brock are crossing the parking lot on the same path as Danny. Turner is carrying the novelty check as Brock looks down at his phone.

Danny is placing the football carefully on the passenger seat of his car as Turner and Brock overtake him. They say nothing as Turner waggles the novelty check and drops it off on the hood of Danny's car. Brock barely glances up from his phone as he and Turner continue on. Danny watches them as they climb into Brock's RAM 2500 Heavy Duty pickup truck. Turner puts on a pair of sunglasses flips down the visor to look at himself in the rearview mirror.

Danny's phone begins to ring. He stares at his phone, silences it. He loads the novelty check into the trunk and gets into his car. He reaches down and takes up an ignition interlock device and breathes into it. He starts his car.

INT. GLENN BROOKE MANOR SKILLED NURSING FACILITY - AFTERNOON

Just inside the entry doors beside the 'Welcome Desk' is a wall-mounted back-lit sign ('Glenn Brooke Manor') with a narrow planter of succulents beneath it. Glenn Brooke Manor is part of a national chain of nursing homes.

At the 'Welcome Desk' a SECURITY GUARD, a young woman, is chatting with the RECEPTIONIST, a young man. A little beyond the 'Welcome Desk' a large flat-screen plays a full-screen perfectly framed tropical aquarium video. Brightly colored fish dart through the water and around the swaying plants and there are corals formations and anemones and bubbles, and even the sound of bubbles.

The common spaces and some of the private rooms at Glenn Brooke Manor Skilled Nursing Facility are finished in comforting and dated domestic details: traditional living room furniture, valanced and curtained window treatments, faux fireplaces, china cabinets, etc. But Glenn Brooke Manor is a medical facility.

The main floor plan is that of a typical hub-and-spoke medical facility with a nursing station at the center. There are continuous handrails lining all of the hallways. Just past the lobby is the central nursing station. Portable medical monitoring devices are visible and an ATTENDANT is seen pushing a hydraulic patient lift in the background.

A hallway opens out into a 'Community Room' where a canopy of colored streamers are tacked to the ceiling over a small riser that serves as a stage.

Nearby a RESIDENT/PATIENT, a young woman in a hospital gown and a cervical collar about her neck sits in a wheelchair in front of a pedestal fan that nods back-and-forth. There are several card tables with jigsaw puzzles spread out. Several OLDER PATIENTS, male and female, are in wheelchairs, or sitting in the wide arm chairs with their 'rollator' walkers parked nearby.

CINDY MIRTH, a woman in her late 70's, sits in a wheelchair. She intently taps with her one free hand at a cell phone balanced in her lap on a faux fur throw. Her other arm is raised and fixed in a shoulder abduction orthotic. She taps at the phone and then brings it up to her ear.

She is dressed in a two-piece velour loungewear outfit, with a new white golfing visor cinched over her dyed brassy blonde hair. Her hair is darkened gray at the roots and the golfing visor is pulled down nearly obscuring her eyes. She is thin and wears no makeup. She stares around the room from under the golfing visor with the phone at her ear. She brings the phone down and places it on the faux fur throw again and begins tapping at it.

Behind Cindy in the Community Room a group of five RESIDENT PATIENTS attempt to follow along as a PHYSICAL THERAPIST leads a group exercise. Some of the Patients are seated on folding chairs, some on the seats of their 'rollator' walkers, and some are in wheelchairs. Each Patient holds a colorful pool noodle like a barbell and follows along as the Physical Therapist demonstrates curls and lifts. Synthesized marching band music plays loudly.

PAT, a tiny woman in her 80's, does not participate but sits nearby and surreptitiously watches. Pat is dressed in a faded pink crewneck sweatshirt with a lace collar and cuffs.

She is in a wheelchair and is fitted with a nasal cannula for supplemental oxygen. An IV drip is mounted to her wheelchair and she has a well thumbed bible with numerous bookmarks in her lap.

INT. COMMUNITY ROOM AT GLENN BROOKE MANOR - CONTINUOUS

VICKY PLUME, a Nurse Practitioner, and CONNIE HOBART, a medical assistant, are building a red, white and blue balloon arch over a hallway.

Vicky, middle aged, is dressed in dark blue fitted medical scrubs, and Connie, middle aged, is wearing American flag-themed scrubs. Vicky intently watches something offscreen as she tries to tuck a balloon into the arch. She gives up and lets the balloon fall softly as she walks quickly out of frame. Connie watches her go, and then bends over to pick up the fallen balloon. She carefully spreads out her legs as she bends over slowly, apparently in pain.

INT. MAIN SHOWROOM OF 'THE MAX WARDEN DEALERSHIP GROUP' - AFTERNOON

Max Warden's car and truck dealership. New cars and trucks are parked throughout a lofty and bright showroom with gleaming floors, potted palms and tall windows looking over a freeway. Each vehicle is festooned with red, white and blue helium balloons. Turner and Brock are killing time on an astro turf putting green. Brad Adams sits at a desk filling out a sales contract opposite an OLDER HUSBAND AND WIFE. As the Wife nods and listens to Brad, her Husband cranes his neck: he can just see 'The Warden', the famous NFL quarterback and owner of the dealership, at work through the glass wall of his office.

We can see Max is alone in his office watching a replay of a golf tournament on a large wall-mounted flatscreen.

INT. DANNY MIRTH'S LIVING SPACE - AFTERNOON

Under florescent lighting Danny uses a tablet device to take a picture of 'The Warden' MVP football in its glass box. The space is cluttered but not messy. In the background carefully arranged on a plastic folding table are more footballs and baseballs in mirrored display cases. There are framed collections of baseball cards. There are framed VIP lanyard credentials. Another table has several game-used major league sports jerseys in big frames pressed under glass leaning in a row against some crowded shelves. A long narrow vitrine of tar-streaked and autographed baseball bats sits on a microsuede sectional couch.



Danny takes another picture of the MVP football, different angle, and then sits in a big microsuede recliner. He flicks at the tablet device. A large empty aquarium with a mound of rocks and coral, the glass streaked with dried algae, can be seen on a stand behind him. A cable TV sports-talk show murmurs in the background and can be seen reflected in the aquarium. A mini fridge with mood lighting is within reach of his chair. Danny reaches for the remote that he finds there and the sound of a garage door chain motor whirs to life. He tips back in the puffy recliner, swiping at the screen of the tablet as the room begins to dim. Danny's phone rings, he glances at it, silences it. He takes a big sip on the straw of a large insulated water bottle.

INT. COMMUNITY ROOM AT GLENN BROOKE MANOR - AFTERNOON

Cindy Mirth, sits in her wheelchair and stabs with a long bony finger at the cellphone resting on the faux fur throw in her lap. The marching music from the exercise class can still be heard in the background. STUART, an elderly man in a sweater vest, scoots slowly backward, seated on his rolling walker, and comes up beside Cindy. Cindy does not see him. Stuart watches her struggling to make a call with her good hand, her other arm fixed in the shoulder orthotic. He says nothing as he reaches out for her phone. Cindy responds with a start and a glare, pulling the phone into her lap. Stuart seems to take pleasure in her reaction, giggling as he moves slowly down the hall. Pat sits alone along the wall and watches this.

INT. MAX'S OFFICE AT 'THE MAX WARDEN DEALERSHIP GROUP' - THE NEXT DAY

This is the first we see of the inside of Max's CEO office at the car and truck dealership. There are two chairs and a couch with a coffee table across from Max's big executive-style desk. Behind where Max sits at the desk covering nearly the entire wall is a glossy built-in display case with a thicket of arranged mementos from his athletic career. Among the plaques, trophies, bobbleheads, game balls, team photos and framed and signed jerseys are some family pictures and a large American flag folded military-style and sealed in a glass-topped triangular box. Looking down over the desk is a mounted elk's head with wide sweeping antlers. Boxes of random dealership swag, new golf attire and miscellaneous bits of new golf equipment are stacked and cluttered and spilling out of the corners.

Max is sitting at his desk rocking and swiveling in his big leather office chair. He is now watching live coverage of a golf tournament somewhere in a different time zone. Brad sits cross legged on the floor unwrapping some new electronics.

There is a new ring light, desk phone-camera tripods, microphones, etc. He sits surrounded by the new gear, opened boxes, film wrapping and shaped Styrofoam package inserts. Max swivels from watching the game to watching Brad. Brad looks happily absorbed as he arranges the unwrapped gear on the glass coffee table.

MAX

How much that shit cost me?

Brad snaps out of his reverie and looks around at the boxes and the gear on the coffee table.

MAX (CONT'D)

So how much of a kickback do you think the Pastor for selling my MVP ball? I mean it's his church, right?

BRAD

I don't think he'd, you know, I mean the Youth Group-

MAX

(interrupting)

He takes half. A big fat slick half. I give him, no you give him a part of my legacy and he turns around and pockets five thousand.

Turner and Brock enter each carrying large sealed cardboard shipping boxes. Max watches them maneuver past Brad to stack the big boxes with the other swag heaped in the corner of the office.

MAX (CONT'D)

Brad, what's this?

BRAD

New closer balls. Remember I told you they were coming?

MAX

(pivoting in his chair)

When am I supposed to fucking deal with that?

Turner and Brock stack the boxes and turn to look at the tournament playing on the flatscreen. A golfer is lining up a long putt.

BROCK

This guy sucks.

MAX  
 (turns and looks a moment  
 at the TV)  
 Is he that new choke-artist guy?

BRAD  
 When did he choke?

TURNER  
 Oh yeah he totally sucks.

MAX  
 (to Brad)  
 Remember Norman in '96?  
 (to Turner and Brock)  
 Augusta. Brad and I were there. We  
 watched it. Remember?

BRAD  
 I really thought Greg handled that  
 with class.

Max swivels in his chair to look at Brad.

MAX  
 How about not choking? Just win.  
 Handle that with class. It's a lot  
 easier.

On the TV the putt rolls past the hole.

TURNER  
 Dude missed.

BROCK  
 I called it.

INT. DINING ROOM GLENN BROOKE MANOR - DAY

GEMMA MCMAHON, the executive director of Glenn Brooke Manor, is meeting with the HEAD CHEF as they look over a new uniform for the kitchen staff. The Head Chef is modeling the new uniform. Gemma is in her late 50's, tasteful makeup, and is wearing a tailored double-breasted blazer pantsuit. Gemma has the Head Chef turn around. It is a formal chef's uniform: a starched white double-breasted coat with black piping, and herringbone patterned pants. Gemma has the Head Chef try on the traditional chef's toque that comes with the uniform.

In the foreground Vicky Plume crosses the frame. She is pushing a floor-based body hoist. One of it's wheels is sluggish, or has the brake set on one of the casters. Vicky struggles to push it.

She tries pulling it as opposed to pushing it and it nearly careens into Stuart, who is pushing himself backwards in his Rollator. He smiles and says hello to Vicky as he scoots by.

INT. INSTITUTIONAL BATHROOM - DAY

Danny Mirth stares into the mirror over a bathroom sink as he holds a hairbrush. He makes small adjustments to his posture and angles his head. His other hand holds his phone to his ear. He is on a business call.

DANNY

(on telephone)

Let him know that my company will  
make a donation to that  
scholarship fund...

(pause)

Yup.

(pause, listening, pacing)

That's right that would be your  
coverage and has the three factors:  
length of putt, number of golfers  
and total purse...

(listening)

...with the product you're never  
exposed...in fact it's great to  
have a winner...

(listening)

...our coverage takes that all into  
account. Once we issue the product  
you don't have to think about it.  
You and your wonderful group are  
free to enjoy your beautiful day  
and your tournament is covered.

(listens)

If someone wins. Yup. We handle  
the payout for your foundation. So  
that's why I say, bigger is the  
better...

(listens)

You're going to attract all the  
publicity you can handle.

(listens)

Yup, say can I sit down with the---  
and the, you and---

(pause, interrupted)

...I'd have to, we'd have to get  
those actual numbers...

(pause)

Danny, phone to his ear, leaves the bathroom. As Danny emerges from the bathroom we see now that he is in his mother's room at the Glenn Brooke Manor Skilled Nursing Facility. Cindy sits in the oversized lift-chair recliner tapping with her good hand at a handheld video slot machine that sits atop a small pillow in her lap. She is wearing her usual outfit of a colorful velour tracksuit and a golfing visor. She looks up as Danny paces across the room. It is a medium sized private room with a hospital-style electric bed with assist rails. There is a painting of wild horses running across a colorful desert landscape and a window that looks onto a parking lot. There is a large robust potted palm in the corner of the room by the bed. On the dresser beside the small closet are some personal items: a mylar 'Get Well' balloon weighted by a glittery plastic star, a vase of dried flowers and a framed family photo. There is a gym bag on the small couch by the door and the door to the hallway is half open. Danny paces as he talks.

DANNY (CONT'D)

...that would be making all three putts, an amateur golfer sinks the five, the fifteen and the twenty-five foot putts...

(listens)

Yup, and you'd have your winner, and the PR, now think what that does for your PR factor..

(listens)

I could do the 10,000 but have you thought of 50,000.

(listens)

That was us, we were the first out with that product...

(pause)

The three-putt fifty thousand dollars, that was us...

(listens)

Insurance products, yes.

(listens)

Our coverage takes all that into account, once we issue the product. You just enjoy your tournament enjoy your charity, you and your wonderful group.

(listens)

Stage it on the practice green at the clubhouse, right in full view of the deck there.

(listens)

Pavilion. Yup, that's right, the pavilion. A terrific clubhouse at Eagle Falls. Yup. Pavilion.

(pause)

With the phone to his ear, listening, Danny goes to the door and closes it. It takes him a couple closings before the latch catches. As he turns and resumes his pacing the door slowly swings open again. Cindy has looked up from her game device to watch all this.

DANNY (CONT'D)

A Flop Shot...yeah we were the first, with that product, 'The Flop Shot'...

(listens)

the premium takes it into account...

(pause)

...everything included, yup, say can I sit down with the---all the details are in the contract and how about I have my gal send that over...

(listens)

oh, well okay, that I will do.

Oh...alright....okay, bye now.

Danny looks at his phone. He looks up at the door to the room that is open, again. He sees Connie passing by.

DANNY (CONT'D)

(to Connie)

Excuse me, hello.

Connie stops and stands at the doorway.

DANNY (CONT'D)

We need more towels in here. There's no towels.

CONNIE

Who took the towels?

DANNY

(pause)

Do I talk to you about that?

CONNIE

What do you mean?

DANNY

There are no towels. Do you understand English?

CONNIE

Yes. I understand you.

DANNY

Okay. How do I get more towels for my mother?

CONNIE

Okay. I just don't understand how-

Danny's phone begins to ring. He glances at his phone, looks up at Connie and takes a step to the door and closes it in Connie's face. Danny declines the call on his phone and is staring at it as the door slowly creaks open. Connie is still standing there. Danny stares at Connie.

INT. MAX'S OFFICE AT 'THE MAX WARDEN DEALERSHIP GROUP' -  
AFTERNOON

Turner and Brock are sitting on the couch unwrapping packages. There is a big box on the floor full of the white footballs, each individually wrapped. They are commemorative balls designed for autographing.

Max sits at his desk and palms one of the white leather footballs. In his other hand he shakes a black paint pen ink marker. Brad has set up the ring light and is focusing on Max as he sits at the desk. Brad is filming Max. Max spins a football ball several times on its wide axis, catching it expertly after each rotation. He finds a familiar balance and slowly, smoothly, applies his autograph. The action is mechanical and rote.

Max stares at the football he has just signed.

MAX

I fucked this one up.

Brad fumbles to pause the filming, then takes the football from Max. He looks at the autograph.

BRAD

See if you can clean this off. The ink is still wet. Here.

He holds the football out to Brock and Turner, who look for a long moment at each other. Turner finally takes the football, handling it gingerly so to not get ink on his hands. Brock takes another new ball out of the big carton and begins unwrapping it. There are already three unwrapped new white footballs on his desk, and Max picks up one up. He spins it in his palm, expertly as before, rattling the ink marker pen in his other hand as he watches Turner struggling.

Turner has found a box of facial tissues and is trying to wipe the ink off the football.

The ink is drying and smearing and the tissues are shredding and sticking to the ball and he's getting ink-clotted kleenex on his hands.

TURNER

This isn't coming off.

They all look at Turner, who holds the ball away from himself. He looks squeamish.

MAX

Fuck it then. Get it out of here.

Turner glares at Brock, who is now sitting back comfortably on the couch. Turner leaves the office with the football and a handful of shredded ink-stained tissues. Brock has a little smile as he takes out his phone. Max shakes the paint pen and watches Brock sprawled on the couch staring at his phone.

Turner comes back into the office. He no longer has the football but is looking at his hands. There is a bit of ink on them. He seems afraid to touch anything. He grabs another handful of tissues.

Suddenly Max darts a quick hard pass of the football at Brock on the couch, who barely reacts in time to keep from getting hit in the face by the ball. Brock's phone goes flying and the ball careens across the floor rolling under a side table. Brock tries to laugh it off. Turner laughs as Brock crawls after the football. Max smiles and swivels in his big leather chair. Brock stands and turns and whips the ball hard at Turner, who neatly deflects it.

MAX (CONT'D)

Hey. What the fuck. We're in a meeting here.

Turner picks up the ball, smiling. Brock is not smiling as he straightens his hat and picks up his phone. Throughout this exchange, Brad has watched with an alarmed look.

INT. NURSING STATION AT GLENN BROOKE MANOR - AFTERNOON

Connie and Vicky are at the central hub nurses station. As Vicky works on the computer, Connie leans on the counter and massages her lower back with her fist.

VICKY

You need to use the body hoist next time.



CONNIE

I tried to use it. Red and them were using it.

VICKY

You couldn't wait?

CONNIE

No. Also, what happened to having three hoists?

VICKY

Yeah. Tell me about it. Something is up with the wheels on the new one. I almost crashed it into Stuart.

CONNIE

You mean dirty old man Stuart?

VICKY

The other Stuart died. You knew that. Don't mess with me.

CONNIE

He was so sweet.

VICKY

I know.

CONNIE

Anyway I asked her that during my review.

VICKY

What? What review?

CONNIE

I asked her why we don't have a third hoist already.

VICKY

Oh, shut the front door.

CONNIE

My back is messed up. I'm tired of this. Anyway she just looked at me and goes 'Did you do the training?'

VICKY

What training?

CONNIE

There's a video or something.

VICKY

She calls that training?

There is the sound of raised voices, and then some amplified 'Sabre Dance' music.

INT. COMMUNITY ROOM GLENN BROOKE MANOR - CONTINUOUS

On the low riser that functions as a stage 'THE AMAZING AL' is in the middle of his magic act, the source of the 'Sabre Dance' music. 'The Amazing Al' is Al Hendricks, a self-styled and part-time 'Magitainer'. Al is middle-aged, tall with thinning hair and a gleam in his eye. He is prone to awkward eye contact. Dressed in a ruffled tuxedo shirt, black tie, black velvet vest with acid washed jeans and new white sneakers, Al works his patter with a wireless microphone headset and a small portable PA system mounted on a tripod. Several residents are asleep in their wheelchairs, but most look on attentively. Vicky appears, pushing Pat in her wheelchair. Pat indicates to Vicky a place along the wall. Vicky gets Pat situated and they exchange a smile. Vicky gives Pat an affectionate pat on the arm and departs.

Cindy Mirth sits at the back of the room in her wheelchair and taps at the phone in her lap with her good hand. The Amazing Al can be heard introducing a magic trick called 'The Holy Grail'. Stuart, now using a quad cane, appears and approaches Cindy from behind. Stuart begins to give Cindy a shoulder rub on her arm that is in the abduction orthotic. Cindy is startled and kicks her chair into motion backwards as her phone slips out of her lap onto the floor and her chair rolls very freely, but slowly, into Vicky and Connie's balloon arch. The arch shudders and then very slowly falls over, bounces a little. A single balloon pops. Cindy and Stuart stare at one another. And then Stuart is weirdly nimble as he moves away with his quad cane. Pat, sitting off to the side, has watched this entire event.

Connie appears and surveys the scene. Cindy pops several more balloons as she tries to untangle her chair from the capsized balloon arch. She can only move one wheel with her good hand and so she only gets more entangled, popping more balloons. Connie says nothing, but bends very slowly to pick up Cindy's cellphone. The 'Amazing Al' can still be heard performing his 'Holy Grail' trick.

INT. MAX'S OFFICE AT 'THE MAX WARDEN DEALERSHIP GROUP' - THE NEXT DAY

Turner and Brock are unpacking a big box of new hooded sweatshirts. Each sweatshirt is wrapped in plastic. They are sorting them by size and place them on the floor along a wall of the office. They work rather slowly. Brad sits on the couch holding a big frappuccino drink. He taps and swipes at a tablet device in his lap.

On the big flatscreen a famous professional athlete is doing physical therapy in a very posh workout room, and talking to an attractive blond female reporter.

Max leans back in his big executive-style leather office chair as he picks up a post-it note off his desk.

MAX

'Hall of Fame Branding Blitz. 2pm'.  
Who the fuck wrote that down?

BRAD

I did.

MAX

Guys, what do I always say?

TURNER

(quickly)  
'That's not what a blitz is'?

BRAD

'You are the brand'.

MAX

(pause)  
Let's break it down.

Max waves the note at Brad.

MAX (CONT'D)

I'd like to adjourn the branding  
pow wow.

BRAD

You want to end it?

MAX

I said adjourn.

BRAD

That means end it.

MAX  
Fuck you Brad.

BRAD  
Max, I have to say the Prayer  
Breakfast was a success.

MAX  
How'd you talk me into that?

BRAD  
That donation, a youth  
organization, a celebrity pastor, I  
mean, dang.

(Brad looks at his phone)  
That's been trending. It's been  
trending, somebody called it  
'transformative'.

MAX  
Who somebody? Anyway that's not  
what I asked.

BRAD  
We talked about it.

MAX  
Who's 'we'?

BRAD  
You and me. We talked it over.

MAX  
(staring at Brad)  
Okay when we were talking it over,  
did we say we were talking it over?

BRAD  
Yeah. We did.  
(points to his phone)  
And it's got you trending. The  
league and the fanbase and the Hall  
of Fame see you engaged in  
community. It's what you gotta do.  
That's a mega church. You donated a  
piece of transformative legacy. The  
league loves that. The Hall of Fame  
loves that. You know that looks  
good on your bio.

MAX  
I've got a great fucking bio.

Turner and Brock have finished their sweatshirt sorting job and have taken a seat. Brock looks at his phone, and Turner picks up one of the white leather footballs.

BRAD

Your bio is fantastic. That you've been nominated five times speaks to that. This is part of the final polish. Part of the metrics.

MAX

The metrics?

BRAD

The metrics of polish.

MAX

(long pause)

So why'd that preacher just sell my ball?

BRAD

Pastor Kent didn't sell it. It was a high profile auction. For their youth group. That got you trending. I'm making sure it shows up on all the channels.

MAX

What channels?

BRAD

Twitter, the Youtube....

TURNER

(he has one of the  
'Closing Balls' football  
and is spinning it much  
like Max was)  
We should do a TikTok.

MAX

(looking at Turner)  
Give me that ball.

Turner tosses the ball to Max. Max fails to catch it. The ball rolls under the desk. Turner jumps up and retrieves the ball and then hands it to Max. Max leans back in his chair and begins to expertly spin the ball in his palm.

MAX (CONT'D)

You know it's on the memorabilia market already. Somebody check. You know it is.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

And when I get nominated again it's gonna triple in price and I won't see any of it. Who the fuck was that guy anyway?

BRAD

What guy?

MAX

That beer salesman who bought my ball. Goddamn, Brad.

Max keeps spins the ball faster as he glares at Brad. Everyone is watching Max as he handles the football, tense.

MAX (CONT'D)

So who is he?

BRAD

He's a promoter. He worked with us on the breast cancer thing we did. Made a big contribution to your scholarship fund.

MAX

Breast cancer scholarship?

BRAD

He promoted that putting contest at the tournament.

MAX

And now he owns my MVP ball. He's hit the big time. So he's a bookie. What's his name?

BRAD

Think about it this way: it wasn't sold, it was donated. And auctioned--that's high profile, serious leverage to your bio...I mean-

MAX

(interrupting)  
What's his name?

BRAD

Danny Mirth.

MAX

Who's looking to see if he's flipped it?

BRAD

'The Warden' supporting a big brand church, that's what's trending.

MAX

I bet it's already been resold.

BRAD

Hall of Fame. We need to stay on top of the trending.

MAX

(mimics Brad)

'We need to stay on top of the trending...'

BROCK

(suddenly engaged)

We should do a TikTok.

Max looks at Brock for a long beat, and feints at him with the football. Brock flinches, throwing his hands up. Max and Turner burst out with a laugh. Brad looks around and then joins in on the laughter.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF A CHICK-FIL-A - THE NEXT DAY

Danny is sitting in his car. He's on the phone.

DANNY

I'd love to sit down with you and 'The Warden' and talk that through. I've got a new product would be a great fit. Been having a big impact on tournaments like yours.

(listens)

This one's a new kind of putting contest.

(listens)

That's a cause I care strongly about and tell 'The Warden' we'd double that impact. Love that scholarship idea, say..

(listens)

Okay, shall do Brad, until then.

Danny is smiling as looks at his phone. He takes up the ignition interlock device and blows into it and starts his car.

INT. ENTRANCE LOBBY OF GLENN BROOKE MANOR - CONTINUOUS

From across the lobby, Connie, wheeling a portable nursing station, watches as Danny Mirth pulls into the parking lot. He's carrying some bags from Chick-fil-A as he quickly enters and avoids the Welcome Desk and slips down the hall to Cindy's room. Connie turns and gets the attention of Vicky, who is playing a board game with Pat and Stuart.

INT. CINDY'S ROOM, GLENN BROOKE MANOR - MOMENTS LATER

Danny sits on the couch, he is on his phone and eating a Chick-fil-A. Cindy sits in her wheelchair playing the handheld video slot machine with her good hand. The game sits atop a pillow in her lap. She is dressed in a different coordinated velour track suit with her golf visor. Danny notices Cindy has only one slipper on.

DANNY

Ma, where's your other slipper that I got you?

Cindy does not look up as she methodically taps at her electronic game.

CINDY

I want you to call Mitch.

DANNY

What happened to your slipper?

CINDY

They stole my slippers.

DANNY

Who did? You have one on, you know.

CINDY

What?

Danny steps over to Cindy and gently plucks off her one slipper.

DANNY

(holding up fuzzy slipper)  
This is the right one. Where's the left one?

Cindy still does not look up and keeps tapping at her game. The game emits the sounds of falling coins and a 'jackpot' theme song.



CINDY  
I want you to call Mitch.

DANNY  
It's not a good time to sell the house and buy a condo. We need to wait.

CINDY  
Why?

DANNY  
It's not the right market.

CINDY  
What do you know about that?

DANNY  
I know a lot about the market.

Cindy has resumed tapping steadily, expertly, at the video slot machine game.

CINDY  
Call Mitch. He knows about markets.

DANNY  
I'll call Mitch. And Mitch will tell me it's not the right time to sell a house to buy a condo.

Danny's phone rings abruptly, very loud. Danny silences it. Cindy has stopped playing and looks at Danny. The game in her lap keeps up its merry boops-and-beeps soundtrack. Danny is flicking at his phone. Cindy's gaze suddenly empties, and she looks around the room. Danny watches her.

CINDY  
I want to go home.

DANNY  
I know Mom. I'm working on it. I'm taking care of it.  
(pause)  
I'll call Mitch, okay?  
(pause)  
Hey Ma, they tell me you're doing great on the physical therapy.

Danny looks around and sees a pair of sporty-looking slip-on shoes.

Hey remember I got you these? How about lunch.

(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

Let's go out for lunch. You hungry?  
Let's get your shoes on. Okay?

Cindy looks up at Danny.

CINDY

Okay.

INT. MAX'S OFFICE AT 'THE MAX WARDEN DEALERSHIP GROUP' - DAY

In Max's glass-walled office beside the showroom floor a golf tournament plays with the volume down low on the big wall-mounted flat screen. Brock and Brad are again setting up a ring light and camera-phone rig on the large desk. Max sits at his desk gripping and working his fingers over the laces of one of the signed white autographing footballs and watches the golf tournament. Pastor Kent is sitting on the couch also watching the tournament. Max pivots in his chair and watches as Brad and Brock fumble again with the ring light.

MAX

(now staring at Pastor  
Kent)

How tall are you?

PASTOR KENT

Six one.

Max looks around at Brock and Turner and Brad.

MAX

You all know what that means,  
right?

No one says anything. Brad glances at the golf tournament playing on the flatscreen.

Max gives the football a spin on his palm.

MAX (CONT'D)

They say there's a four inch  
difference between being five-  
eleven and six-one. Right Brad?  
Brad how tall are you?

BRAD

Five eight.

MAX

That means Brad is five foot four.

PASTOR KENT  
Is this how you sell a truck?

MAX  
Do I call you Pastor Kent?

PASTOR KENT  
That is my calling.

MAX  
Not Preacher?

PASTOR KENT  
I'm a pastor and a preacher. But not all preachers are pastors. I'm just a faithful steward called by God. I teach the bible, train men and proclaim the word of God.

BRAD  
Amen. Right?

MAX  
You'd look good doing all that in a new RAM 35-hundred.

PASTOR KENT  
I think I look good either way. But that's just God's glory. And I am really six one.

MAX  
Swear on a bible?

Pastor Kent laughs and Max, smiling, softly tosses him the football. Pastor Kent catches it.

How many kids you have?

PASTOR KENT  
Five. Four boys and a girl.

MAX  
Four boys? Give that ball to your oldest. I bet he'd like to see you in a new RAM.

PASTOR KENT  
He might. You could be correct. It never hurts to have the heavy goods.

(he looks at the bull elk trophy hanging on the wall behind Max)

(MORE)

PASTOR KENT (CONT'D)

Speaking of which, that's a real moment of truth.

Max swivels in his chair and they all look up at the elk head trophy.

BRAD

Max, didn't you bag that with Troy Aikman on the Hunting Channel?

MAX

I never went hunting with Aikman. Aikman's a pussy.

BRAD

No, wait, right...

MAX

I never went hunting with Aikman. But you know I shot this bull in Montana when it was taking a crap.

They all look at the bull elk trophy.

MAX (CONT'D)

Yeah. It came right on up the draw and stopped. I thought he stopped because he heard me. Or saw me. But he just stood there, kind of trembled and he hunched. And then he just started to poo.

BRAD

Oh okay I thought that was the buck out at the lake house, and this one...

MAX

This is a bull. An elk is a bull, not a buck.

As they are looking at the elk Turner enters the office carrying two identical sets of brand-new golf clubs, still in their packaging. They watch as Turner leans the clubs in the corner of the office, alongside the other swag and goods arranged there.

MAX (CONT'D)

(to no one in particular)

Did I buy those?

TURNER looks at BRAD.

BRAD

They sent those up from Houston.

(to Pastor Kent)

'The Warden' is in a charity pro-am every year down in Texas. I told them if you're putting his name and likeness on the splash page then, come on. She said they were gonna send three sets. I just thought...

MAX

Where's the third set?

Turner and Brad look at each other.

TURNER

It's still in the truck. I could only carry two.

Pastor Kent is taking a closer look, sliding one of the wrapped clubs from the bag.

BRAD

Max you want those to go to the storage unit?

PASTOR KENT

These are beautiful sticks. There's a YouTuber I follow just reviewed them.

MAX

Maybe I'll sell you a set.

Brad steps over to the shelves of Max's memorabilia.

BRAD

(indicating the triangular folded American flag in a case on the shelf)

Pastor, have you seen The Warden's 9/11 flag?

EXT. PARKING LOT OF GLENN BROOKE MANOR - AFTERNOON

Danny Mirth wheels his mother across the parking lot outside Glenn Brooke Manor. Cindy has on the sporty shoes and is now wearing very large sunglasses and a colorful scarf.

INT. ENTRANCE LOBBY GLENN BROOKE MANOR - CONTINUOUS

Connie is carries an armload of towels and pauses at the glass entry doors to watch Danny Mirth rolling his mother across the parking lot toward a Shari's Restaurant that is just visible. Vicky appears.

VICKY

Why don't you use a cart for that.  
You know that's not good for your  
back.

CONNIE

Couldn't find one.

Connie nods her head towards Danny and Cindy as they roll across the parking lot.

VICKY

You know if he checked her out this  
time?

CONNIE

Probably not.

EXT. PARKING LOT 'MAX WARDEN DEALERSHIP GROUP' - AFTERNOON

Brad Adams cradles four loose white autographed footballs in one arm and a large to-go coffee in his other hand. He is smiling. In the background BROCK and TURNER are seen, each carrying a set of the new wrapped clubs. As he is walking Brad drops a football. He watches it roll under one of the new cars in the lot. He looks around. Brock and Turner are gone. There is no one nearby who might help him. He circles the car to see if it rolled out the other side...carefully balancing the coffee and the three remaining white footballs.

INT. SHARI'S RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Danny Mirth and Cindy Mirth are finishing their lunch. Danny has helped Cindy remove the orthotic so that she can eat. They are sitting at a window seat. THE SERVER brings the check. Danny Mirth takes it up.

CINDY

Let me see that.

DANNY

No. I got this.

CINDY

Give it to me.

Danny gives Cindy the check.

CINDY (CONT'D)  
Where's my purse?

DANNY  
Where's your purse?

CINDY  
Where?

DANNY  
Did you bring it?

They both take a long time looking around them in the booth. Danny sticks his head under the table and disappears, searching. Cindy cannot bend that far over, but tries to peer under the table around her. She looks up and sees that she is alone. She has forgotten what she was looking for. She looks around confused at the other diners, who ignore her. A look of pained confusion passes over her face and then Danny appears from under the table, red faced from the exertion. Cindy's confusion is only somewhat abated.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
I'm going to check your room.

CINDY  
For what?

DANNY  
Your purse.

CINDY  
Why?

EXT. SHARI'S RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

From the parking lot, looking into the restaurant, Danny is seen getting up from the table. Cindy watches Danny. When Danny passes behind her there is again the bewildered look on Cindy's face, with her head swiveling in various directions. Danny exits the restaurant and crosses the parking lot toward Glenn Brooke Manor.

(VIDEO INSERT) EXT. GOLF COURSE PUTTING GREEN

Video footage from a cellphone, as the kind posted on YouTube, of several men in golfing attire leaning on their clubs as they watch a fellow golfer attempt a 30' putt. The shaky footage is filmed from a distance on a windy summer day, the sun low on the horizon.

A small crowd of onlookers is gathered at the edge of the putting green, most of them other golfers. It is clear by the cellphone footage, and the paltry crowd assembled, that this is not a professional tournament.

The audio is muffled by the wind. The golfer takes his shot and begins walking behind his ball, half skipping as the ball rolls clearly to the hole and drops in. He begins screaming, tosses his club and pumps both fists in the air as he runs a big circle around the putting green. Another golfer is chasing him, laughing and yelling 'You son of a bitch! You son of a bitch!' Men are high-fiving each other and waving their golf clubs in the air. The man chasing the golfer who made the putt finally catches him and they both tumble to the grass and roll over one another laughing and screaming. People can be seen approaching the putting green, drawn by the commotion. Everyone is smiling.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CINDY MIRTH'S ROOM GLENN BROOKE MANOR - MOMENTS LATER

Danny stands at Cindy's doorway looking at the door swung half open. He hesitates and enters the room.

INT. CINDY MIRTH'S ROOM GLENN BROOKE MANOR - MOMENTS LATER

Gemma McMahon, the executive director of Glenn Brooke Manor, appears with Vicky at the open door of Cindy's room. They stare into the empty room, and as they look at each other Danny appears, red faced, on his knees from behind the far side of the bed. He stands holding a purse and a left-footed fuzzy slipper.

GEMMA

Mr. Mirth, how are you? I'm glad you came in, you've been getting my messages?

DANNY

Who do I talk to about the door?  
The door won't lock. It won't even stay shut.

Gemma and Vicky look at the door. Vicky tries the knob.

GEMMA

These doors don't lock and I'm sure you can understand why, we need to be able to access the rooms to care for our guests, but how are you?



DANNY

This door doesn't even shut.

Gemma and Vicky step inside the room. Vicky shuts the door. The latch catches and it stays shut.

DANNY (CONT'D)

(pause)

It doesn't stay like that. It was open when I came in. Just now. My mother has been missing some things from her room.

GEMMA

A lot of times we find that things are simply misplaced.

(looking around the room)

Where is your mother?

DANNY

Her door was standing wide open when I came to the room.

GEMMA

(steps over to look in the bathroom)

Is she here?

DANNY

I'm going to get her, she's just over at the Shari's.

GEMMA

How did she get there?

DANNY

I took her out to lunch.

GEMMA

Oh that's nice. You left her alone?

DANNY

I just came back to get her purse. We are lucky it was here. Like I told you, the door was wide open.

GEMMA

Nurse, let's put in a work order on the door to Mrs. Mirth's room.

VICKY

I don't think I do that.

GEMMA

Make a note then.

VICKY

Make a note to who?

GEMMA

Just make a note to me, and I'll take care of it.

(turning back to Danny)

Mr. Mirth, we need to talk. There are several things, as you know, that I need, that I would like to discuss with you, one of them being it's always a requirement that you let us know if a guest is to leave, even just for lunch. You need to see we are notified at the Welcome Desk. That's for your mother's well-being.

DANNY

She's been noticing things missing from her room.

GEMMA

Maybe just misplaced. But let me send the nurse with you over to the Shari's and let's get Mrs. Mirth back in her room and you and I can sit down and discuss some steps we need to take. You've been getting our emails and messages?

(to Vicky)

Nurse, can you accompany Mr. Mirth, I'm sure it's fine but let's go get Mrs. Mirth.

VICKY

I can't leave the floor. You know that.

GEMMA

Okay. Fine. Mr. Mirth we're going right now. You and I. She shouldn't be left alone at a restaurant. And then we can sit down in my office and talk. Your mother is still in our care. For now.

There is a sound of someone struggling with the door latch. The door finally opens and Connie is standing there. They all look at her.

CONNIE  
 You left your mother alone at  
 Shari's?

EXT. SHARI'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Cindy can be seen through the window, sitting in the booth, joined now by The Server, who sits holding Cindy's hand. The SHARI'S MANAGER, wearing a name tag and a tie, stands outside the restaurant scanning the parking lot. An OLDER COUPLE exit Shari's and look back through the window at Cindy, who watches them.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF SHARI'S RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Danny (carrying his mother's purse) and Gemma are crossing the Shari's parking lot. Danny is a step or two in front of Gemma and his phone is ringing. Danny looks at his phone and stops. Gemma glances at Danny and keeps walking.

EXT. SHARI'S RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

The Shari's manager and the waitress, along with Gemma and Cindy, all look on through the restaurant window as Danny paces outside talking on his phone. He is holding his mother's purse. He is smiling and gestures excitedly and paces a step, turns and sees his mother staring at him. He takes a step toward his mother.

DANNY  
 (into his phone)  
 ...yup, will do. I'll have my gal  
 pull those files and call you just  
 as soon as we get eyes on that.  
 (listening)  
 Good to--hey tell 'The Warden'  
 (the line is dead and  
 Danny glances at his  
 phone)

He opens his mother's purse and finds her wallet, his smile unfading.

INT. MAX'S OFFICE AT 'THE MAX WARDEN DEALERSHIP GROUP' - DAY

Brad, seated on the couch, has just ended a phone call. Max is at his desk. The ring-light rig has been pushed to the side. On the big flatscreen over the couch behind Brad a harness race is entering the final stretch.

There is a closeup of a jockey, satin blouse streaked with dirt, leaning back in a sulky as he flicks at his horse with a whip. A wide shot shows the race is happening somewhere with blue skies and a palm fringed lagoon.

MAX  
 (Staring fixedly at the  
 TV)  
 So what did he say?

BRAD  
 I think, Max, we get him in here  
 and you turn on the charm and we  
 just get a hook in him, I got an  
 idea now, before we talk about the  
 ball--

Max jumps suddenly out of his chair.

MAX  
 (yelling)  
 Come on you little bitch! Be there!

Brad is startled. Then he sees that Max is looking at the harness race on the flatscreen. Brad stands and turns and watches with Max.

BRAD  
 (standing up and stepping  
 closer to the TV)  
 Wow. You got a bet on number six?  
 Yessir, now that is a going-

MAX  
 That's my bitch!

His horse wins the race ends and Max slaps his desk, smiling.

A YOUNG SALESMAN from the dealership has taken a couple steps into the office where he was watching the end of the race. Pointing at the TV he smiles and starts to say something. But then he sees Max, arms hanging loosely at his sides, staring at him. Brad looks away and glances at his phone and back at the TV. The Young Salesman leaves without a word.

MAX (CONT'D)  
 Who the fuck was that?

BRAD  
 He works here Max. He's one of the  
 salesmen.

Max stares at Brad, and then turns around to look for his chair.

INT. GEMMA MCMAHON'S OFFICE GLENN BROOKE MANOR - DAY

Danny is seated in a comfortable wingback chair across the desk from Gemma.

Danny is looking at a Glenn Brooke Manor Skilled Nursing Facility brochure from the display rack on Gemma's desk. Beside the brochure display is an intercom desk phone. Gemma taps for a long time at a keyboard and then studies the large computer screen.

Gemma's office is designed to look like an upper middle class living room: valance curtains, a seating area with a gas fireplace, coffee table and a pair of matching wingback chairs with side tables. There is a big flatscreen TV above the fireplace. A baking competition show from the Magnolia network is playing with the sound muted. On the wall opposite, in an ornate frame with a brass picture light, is a large reproduction of an English fox hunt painting.

Gemma continues to alternately tap at the keyboard and then study the large computer screen. Danny is looking around the office. Gemma keeps typing, looking, typing. Danny looks at his phone. Just then it rings, and he silences it. When he looks up Gemma is watching him. She smiles.

GEMMA

Okay. I wanted to make sure we had the full picture here. Before we had this conversation. It's been a little over a month since we sat down. You are a busy man.

DANNY

I've been traveling a lot. For work.

GEMMA

For your protection I am going to record this conversation.

Gemma pushes a button on a small tape recorder that sits on her desk. Something isn't right and she tries another button. She stands up to get a closer look at the device without picking it up. She tries another button. There is a beep, and she sits down.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Okay. So we've met the therapy goals for your mother. It's been a blessing to see that. She's really worked hard.

DANNY

Okay. Yup. She's a fighter.

GEMMA

We've really enjoyed Cindy. She is a blessing. Okay. And then moving, very quickly now, to her return home.

DANNY

Okay. What we'd like-

Gemma looks back at her computer monitor and interrupts Danny.

GEMMA

We discussed accessibility ramps for the home. For your mother's home. How's that work going? Were you able to partner with any of the contractors we recommended?

Danny leans forward, glances down at his phone then looks up at Gemma. She is scrolling with her mouse and looking at the monitor screen.

DANNY

Yeah. We're going on a different direction on that.

GEMMA

Okay...  
(looking over her computer screen)

...multiple floors, four steps at the front door, three steps up from the garage level to the main living space level...

DANNY

Wow. That's our house. That's her house.

Gemma looks very directly at Danny.

GEMMA

We did the walk-thru of her house a week after Cindy was admitted. Remember we did the checklist.

Gemma looks carefully at her computer monitor.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

That was over three months ago.  
It's part of the aftercare survey.  
I can print it out again if you  
want.

DANNY

Oh sure. Yup. I moved recently.  
Still living out of the boxes. The  
thing is, the quality is all over  
the map.

GEMMA

The quality.

DANNY

Yup. Of the contractors.

GEMMA

Shall I print out the list of our  
recommended contractors again, so  
you have that?

DANNY

Yeah why don't we do that.

Gemma glances again at the tape recorder. She taps at her  
keyboard and somewhere in the office a printer starts to  
work.

GEMMA

How about the stairlift? I think  
really that the carpeted stairs and  
your mother's mobility issues. Like  
I tell all the families, the state  
agencies are really toughening up  
on survey requirements, and we'd  
hate to see you running into the  
red tape just when you get Mom  
back.

DANNY

Yup, I do have the red tape  
handled. Probably by the end of the  
week, and, if you got another  
brochure on the stairlift deal I'll  
make sure we go with your guy.

Gemma begins typing. Danny watches her. She scrolls and taps  
with the mouse, adjusts herself in her chair, then reaches  
over and plucks another brochure from the rack. She slides it  
across the desk as she smiles at Danny.

GEMMA

(quietly, gently)

Is there someone else in your family we could bring into the conversation? To help the process.

DANNY

Nope. Just me. I'm handling this. Just a bit of red tape I guess. I just need a little time.

GEMMA

I understand. Have you considered outside legal council?

Gemma grabs another brochure.

DANNY

What?

Gemma places another brochure on the desk then crosses her hands, settling them on the desk. She looks intently at Danny.

GEMMA

We are here to help. As you know we are at the end of your mother's 100 day Medicare limit. Cindy's therapy goals have been met. We need to look at your options. And our facility needs to consider its options.

Gemma leans over to make sure that the tape recorder on her desk is recording.

DANNY

I'll make it happen.

GEMMA

Perhaps another facility until you've made the upgrades. There are other types of facilities in the Glenn Brooke system.

DANNY

Other types of facilities.

Gemma looks back at the computer monitor.

GEMMA

So let's discuss Cindy's discharge.



DANNY

Okay. I don't think that's something we'll do just yet.

Gemma looks back at her computer, scrolls and taps.

GEMMA

We are required, okay. We are ready to release her into your care, or to arrange for her transfer to another facility. We have discussed this previously. You signed an agreement of understanding, and you have been getting our communications, I can see the acknowledgements.

DANNY

I'm in the process of moving. And so actually I don't think I have gotten the communications.

GEMMA

As you know Glenn Brooke Manor is a skilled nursing facility and not an extended care facility. Have you given the power of attorney option any further thought?

DANNY

I don't know about that option.

Gemma thumbs again through the brochures.

GEMMA

Power of attorney can be transferred to Glenn Brooke Manor, and we can make the care decisions for the family and see to it that your mother is placed in a facility to best meets her needs. Now I know this is overwhelming. That's why we're here.

Gemma slides one brochure across the desk and is searching the rack for another. Danny takes the brochure off the desk and glances at it.

DANNY

Tell you what. I'm in a position to do something for you here.

Gemma stops and looks at Danny.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I'm in a position to contribute to  
the quality of life at your  
facility.

GEMMA

I'm sorry, what are we discussing?

.....continued: for complete script please inquire: [curtis.vodvil@gmail.com](mailto:curtis.vodvil@gmail.com)