

GRANNY PANTIES AND THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

by

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(based on the book: The Granny Monologue by Cindi Walton)
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FADE IN:

EXT: cemetery on a beautiful sunny September day.

KAY (A sixty year old woman) is seen brushing a stray leaf from a grave as she places a single rose on the headstone. She caresses the headstone but the name engraved on the stone cannot be seen. KAY pulls a blanket and picnic lunch out of the bag she is carrying and settles down next to the grave site.

KAY

I'm so sorry I never came back to visit you, that's why I'm here today. I wanted you to know that because of you, I see things differently. Our brief encounter has changed my life. I was angry back then, throwing adult sized hissy fits, so here I am...full disclosure and confession time

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT: A BUSY MEDICAL COMPLEX THAT HOUSES A WOMEN'S HEALTH CLINIC. SUNNY MID MORNING SPRING DAY

"SEVEN MONTHS EARLIER"

KAY, a sixty-year-old woman is seen leaving the medical clinic. She is fiddling to shove something in her purse and inadvertently steps off the curb and walks in front of the local nursing home transport bus as it approaches the medical complex. People scramble to help. In the chaos Kay can be seen struggling against those who are trying to help. Once the ambulance arrives and KAY is loaded and ready to be transported, it is last seen racing toward the hospital with its sirens blaring.

FADE OUT:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM FILLED WITH AN ARRAY OF MEDICAL EQUIPMENT NEXT TO THE PATIENT'S BED. LARGE OBSERVATION WINDOW WITH THE BLINDS PARTIALLY OPEN REVEAL AN ADJOINING NURSE'S STATION AND HALLWAY

KAY is in a hospital bed hooked up to IV's and machines. She has one leg in a cast and one arm is in sling as nurses fuss about her. Kay is staring at a spot on the ceiling as her thoughts whirl about her.

KAY (V.O.)

We've all used the phrase, "I feel like I've been hit by a bus" to describe how our bodies feel when we hurt from one end to the other. I'm here to enlighten you, when you're ACTUALLY hit by a bus, the pain is not evenly disbursed and hurts like hell. I now speak as an authority on such matters. After completing my annual Pap smear and mammogram, I left my gynecologist's office and stepped smack dab in front of the local nursing home transport bus. The initial details are a bit fuzzy but I was told, "I swore like a drunken sailor, asked Jesus to save me, and then requested that the attending paramedic fetch my purse." You see, I was in the process of stuffing my bra in the side pocket of my purse when I got hit. I hadn't intended on going anywhere but straight home after my appointment, so I didn't bother putting the damn thing back on...I would also like to point out, I highly doubt the person who witnessed my accident had ever been in the presence of a cursing sailor, thus making their judgement about my outburst irrelevant. It was one of those days when crap happens to you can't possibly begin to imagine the twists and turns that lay ahead.

INT: HALLWAY WHERE THE DOCTOR IS TALKING TO KAY'S HUSBAND
AND TWO DAUGHTERS

DOCTOR HORTON

Your wife is going to be fine.
There were no serious internal
injuries but the healing and
rehabilitation process is going to
take some time; that's why I
recommend that she be transferred
to High Point Nursing and
Convalescent Facility within the
week. With the injuries she's
sustained she'll need constant
nursing care as she heals, along
with some rehabilitation therapy
to get herself back on track.

Kay's husband Michael looks overwhelmed as his youngest
daughter Kristy interrupts the doctor.

KRISTY

But isn't High Point a nursing
home? Mom just turned sixty and
she still has her wits about her.

The doctor turns to address Kristy (Kay's daughter)

DOCTOR HORTON

In addition to being a long term
nursing home facility, High Point
also has a wing that is solely
used for short term rehabilitation
stays like what your mother is
going to require. Between her
broken hip, femur, clavicle and
internal bruising, she will
require assistance with her daily
care for at least the next six to
eight weeks and the first few
weeks will be the most difficult.
The length of her stay will depend
on how fast she heals and can
resume some of her own care.

CANDI (KAY'S OLDEST DAUGHTER)

Shit Dad! Mom's going to pitch a
fit and it's going to aimed at the
three of us. I take that back,
being the oldest, I'll take her
wrath more than Kristy!

(MORE)

CANDI (KAY'S OLDEST DAUGHTER)
(CONT'D)

I sure as hell am not going to be
the one to inform her that she's
headed for the "old folks" home.

Kay's daughters exchange nasty sisterly looks while
Michael, (KAY'S husband) sheepishly looks at the doctor.
Michael then turns and addresses his daughters

MICHAEL

That's why we'll let the good
doctor be the one to tell her. He
has all of the facts, medically
speaking that is and that's what
your mother needs to hear.

The doctor appears puzzled by the interchange between
Michael and his daughters. Kristy places her hand on the
doctor's forearm

KRISTY

Dr. Horton, I'm afraid my mother
can be a tad bit stubborn and
she'll fight this move with all
the energy she has in her. I
think what my father is trying to
say is... you're the only one who
has the upper hand at this moment
and we need you be the one to tell
my mother that she has no other
options. Believe me when I
say...WE NEED YOU TO BREAK THE
NEWS!

Dr Horton not fully understanding what awaits him, heads
into KAY'S room and appears to be giving KAY the news about
her transfer to the nursing home. A view from the open
blinds makes it obvious that KAY is not taking the news
well. Kay is agitated and with her one good arm, brushes
the doctor's hand away as he tries to calm her down.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT: HIGH POINT NURSING HOME SIGN AND BUILDING IS IN VIEW.

INT:KAY IS SEEN BEING CHECKED INTO HER ROOM #216 AT HIGH
POINT NURSING FACILITY

Kay is getting settled into her room. Her daughters are
hovering about and unpacking her belongings as the nursing
staff is going over some paperwork with her husband,

Michael. Kay is angrily watching her admittance to the nursing home as it unfolds before her.

KAY (V.O.)

I'd left the house that fateful Tuesday, a woman who'd just turned sixty the week before and had never felt better or more alive in my entire life. In the course of one day, one event and one hospital stay...I was in an "old folks' home.

Once they'd scraped me off the pavement and transported my ass to the hospital. My husband was summoned, surgeries ensued and my world was suddenly a Broadway production with me starring in the leading role. I was toileted, medicated, fed, medicated some more and then it

happened...somewhere between a spoonful of pudding and a cold bedpan under my butt cheeks, it was decided that I needed to relocate to a wing in our local nursing home that was reserved for individuals requiring short term rehabilitation and care. I should probably add that this facility was none other than the nursing home which owned the bus that landed me in this bitch of a situation the week before. As much as I would have preferred to be at home in my own bed, the facts spoke for themselves as the doctor seemed to relish in telling me. I COULD NOT TAKE CARE OF MYSELF and apparently neither could my family. There was nothing to do at this juncture other than comply. Little did I know "compliance" would become a thorn in my side and a pain in my ass before this whole ordeal was done and over with. Crap happens and in my case a shit storm was brewing!

INT: HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF KAY'S ROOM

Three nursing assistants are talking outside of Kay's "Room 216"

AIDE 1: YOUNG PERKY OVERLY DRAMATIC
NURSING ASSISTANT ABOUT 18 YEARS OF
AGE

The poor thing! You know I once dated the paramedic who was first on the scene and he said she actually "plunged" in front of that transport bus! Walked right in front of a moving vehicle all the while making eye contact with the driver. I guess more than 100 people witnessed her trying to take her own life.

AIDE 2: A CHUNKY DOWDY WOMAN OF
INDISCERNIBLE AGE

Do you think she's really suicidal or maybe it's because she's senile? If that's the case, I wonder why she isn't over at Mercy General in the psychiatric observation ward if there's the slightest possibility that she may harm herself. We aren't adequately trained to deal with suicidal patients. If we find her not breathing or something, do we do CPR before we call 911 or after?

AIDE 3: STERN NO NONSENSE WOMAN WHO
APPEARS TO BE IN HER MID 30'S

I don't give a rat's ass why she walked in front of that bus. Senile, suicidal or just plain crazy, I have a full patient load and don't have time for that kind of bullshit. The sooner "granny" realizes she is getting no special treatment, the faster we can get her up and outa here! God I hate this hallway and the wack jobs they send us!

KAY HEARING ALL OF THIS IS GETTING PISSED OFF AND BEGINS
LOOKING FOR HER CALL BUTTON

KAY (TALKING OUT LOUD TO HERSELF)
 WHAT THE HELL! In the course of an hour I've been labeled "a poor old thing, a suicidal granny and apparently a pain in the ass by three health care professionals, none of whom have a MD, DO or any of the other professional letters behind their names! If I have to be here, then it's about time I meet Perky, Frumpy and ...I think I'll just refer to the last one as... Bitch!
 I swear I've been handed a ticket on the express train heading from womb to tomb. They wanna kill me not help me! Damn it all to the moon and back. I may be aging but I sure as hell am not old, or dead for that matter!

Seeing Kay's call light flashing, "Perky" the young aide and "Bitch" the stern aide rapidly walk away from Kay's room, only leaving the dowdy aide who will be referred to as "Frumpy" to answer Kay's call light.

FRUMPY (NAME TAG SAYS BETH)
 You need something sweetie?

KAY is visibly upset by what she has heard.

KAY
 I need my reading glasses. I think my daughter put them in the nightstand. I couldn't help overhearing part of your conversation and for the record, I AM NEITHER SENILE NOR SUICIDAL. I was preoccupied trying to stuff my bra into my purse and simply did not see the bus that hit me.

Kay realizes just how pathetic her excuse sounds and it's confirmed by the look on the aides face

KAY (V.O.)
 Damn! Now she thinks I'm bat shit crazy

Frumpy aide just stares at Kay trying to grasp what she has heard and appears skiddish around her delusional patient

FRUMPY

Oh! I'm sure that could happen to anyone who tries to discard their undergarments in public.

As the aide locates Kay's glasses. Kay takes a good look at her surroundings and suddenly notices the hideously wallpapered hall outside of her room

KAY

That awful wallpaper in the hallway reminds me of the fabric on my grandmother's davenport.

FRUMPY

Excuse me? Daven what?

KAY

You know...a davenport... couch

By the puzzled look on the aides face, Kay proceeds to offer an explanation

KAY (CONT'D)

A davenport is an extra long couch that a grown man can stretch out on and take a nap. My grandmother had both a davenport and a couch in her living room where you could find her "resting" her eyes with the newspaper covering her face every afternoon from 3:45 to 4:00.

FRUMPY

Why not just say she had two couches, a short one and a long one? Here's your glasses. Do you need anything else?

Kay is getting frustrated by the entire situation.

KAY

Yes as a matter of fact I do. I need you to get to hell out of here. Now scoot! Scram! Oh my god, just go!

Kay dismisses the aide with a sweeping motion of her hand and Frumpy nods as she leaves the room

KAY (V.O.)

There is no frickin way I will survive the next six weeks in this circus for old folks. Between the outdated furnishings and those three stooges, I'm either gonna have a nervous break down or kill someone... but right now I think I need a nap...

Kay is getting groggy as she starts to drift off, still holding her reading glasses.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN: EXT: BACK AT THE CEMETERY

Kay removes a thermos and pours herself a cup of coffee as she looks at the rose sitting on top of the headstone and begins to speak.

KAY

The move to the nursing home was a production in and of itself. It left me sweaty and panting like a pimply faced teenager in the backseat of a car. Okay, I'll be honest. I knew I wouldn't be staying in a private room with an ocean view, but I never realized that "Room 216" with Frumpy, Perky and Bitch would be the catalysts for one of my biggest life lessons, but you knew that, didn't you?(pause/sighs) I want you to know I get it now. Too bad I fought it all the way, but if only you could have seen it through my eyes! I know it sounds like an excuse but...

FADE TO BLACK:

INT: THE DINING ROOM IN AT HIGH POINT NURSING HOME AND KAY IS INTENTLY WATCHING AS RESIDENTS ARRIVE. SOME ON THEIR OWN AND OTHERS WITH ASSISTANCE OR IN WHEELCHAIRS. KAY STARTS FIDDLING WITH THE CONDIMENT TRAY AND BECOMES IRRITATED AS SHE REALIZES THAT MOST OF IT IS "FAKE"....

DINING ROOM AIDE

Good afternoon Miss Kay. Would you like the fish sandwich, healthy burger or cold plate platter?

KAY

(sarcastically replies) What's the difference? Around here everything is served cold, plate and all! I have a question for you? Where is the real salt, real butter, real creamer and real sugar. Everything on this condiment tray is salt free, fat free, sugar free and taste free.

DINING ROOM AIDE

That's because of the dietary restrictions, but you can request the real stuff....

Kay cuts the aide off mid sentence and is grabs the aides arm....speaking slowly and animated

KAY

Listen clearly (she looks at the aides name tag) Aimee, I have no dietary restrictions and you can't tell me that every person here has them either. Are these people even aware that they have the option of using REAL stuff in their coffee or on their food? Since I am now aware of it... I WANT REAL CREAM IN MY COFFEE AND REAL SALT ON MY FISH SANDWICH...which is what I will be ordering, thank you very much!

The aide walks away clearly shaken by Kay's outburst. Kay turns to lady next to her.

KAY (CONT'D)

Makes you wonder where they find these imbeciles, doesn't it?

FADE OUT:

EXT: BACK AT THE GRAVE SITE AND KAY IS NIBBLING CHEESE AND CRACKERS

KAY

I now realize that my outburst was a bit much but everything about that place seemed to be strategically planned to make the residents feel old and unable to make decisions for their own lives. Like the case of Ms. Peltzer. I'm sure you met her during your stay. She was such a dear lady and had her wits all about her...

Kay has a flashback to her encounter with Ms. Peltzer at the nursing home. Lunchtime at High Point. Kay is seated next to a very elderly lady named Mary Lou Peltzer who has been served a healthy burger and limp french fries for lunch.

Mary Lou Peltzer (a ninety six year old resident}

Oh how I would love to have some Heinz ketchup and salt on these fries, but I can't on account of my high blood pressure and heart problems.

Miss Peltzer picks at her meal and pushes it away.

EXT: BACK AT THE GRAVE SITE AS SHE CONTINUES TO NIBBLE AT THE LUNCH/SNACKS SHE HAS BROUGHT.

Kay once again begins to talk to whomever is buried at this particular site. She is riled up and on a rant

KAY

GIVE ME A BREAK! If a hand full of salty French fries dipped in Heinz ketchup was going to be the death of a ninety six year old woman...then I do believe it was her time to go. Once again, aging somehow translated into a group of people being treated like little children without the childhood perks of lollipops, French fries and yes...SALT! That damn place made me feel old. Why do we even use the word old?

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

I prefer to say "I am aging!"
 Old makes me think of something
 that is no longer of any use,
 something musty and dusty that
 needs to be thrown out or
 replaced. Damn it...I'm not old! I
 realize that some of the residents
 needed to have decisions made for
 them, but they were the minority,
 and you and I both know that's the
 truth. Just because you can no
 longer drive or need help
 navigating to the bathroom, it
 doesn't give people the right to
 take away your dignity. Look what
 they did to Mrs. Pritchard and
 Mr. Thompson...that was downright
 cruel, probably illegal too.

Kay is lost again in her thoughts as she finds herself back
 at the nursing home in Room 216. Two new aides are being
 shone the ropes by the aide Kay refers to as Perky and Kay
 overhears their conversation.

PERKY

This hall is really pretty boring.
 The real action is over on the
 East wing. Two of the residents
 just got caught having sex.

AIDE 1:

Oh My God! That is so disgusting.
 Can those old guys even get a hard
 on?

AIDE 2:

Isn't that against the law or
 something? It's all so perverted!
 It creeps me out to think about
 all of that loose wrinkly skin
 rubbing around, GROSS!

Kay is fuming by what she has overheard and throws an empty
 cup at the doorway which causes pain to her injured
 shoulder. The aides turn toward her door as Kay starts
 wagging a finger at them.

KAY

Get in hear right this instant!

Perky starts walking toward Kay's room while the two new
 aids remain in the hallway.

KAY (CONT'D)
I MEAN ALL THREE OF YOU! GET YOUR
SORRY ASSES IN HERE NOW!

The two new aides approach with caution, whispering between themselves.

AIDE 1:
(whispering) Isn't she
the resident who tried
to commit suicide?

AIDE 2:
I heard she was mental and needed
a psych evaluation.

Perky approaches Kay's bed all smiles and Kay is clearly
pissed off

KAY
Listen here Perky and you too,
thing one and thing two. I heard
the three of you talking in the
hallway about Norma Pritchard and
Ed Thompson and you should be
ashamed of yourselves. What the
hell kind of training do you
morons get before they let you
work here?

Perky jumps up, ready to answer Kay.

PERKY
We have six weeks of...

Kay points a finger at Perky.

KAY
For the love of God Perky, SHUT
UP! What I meant to ask is where
is your compassion and
sensitivity? DON'T ANSWER ME, JUST
LISTEN! Just because Mrs.
Pritchard and Mr. Thompson are no
longer able to totally care for
themselves because of physical
ailments, they are both operating
on full mental cylinders and have
a right to seek out companionship
and comfort.

Pointing at the new aides, Kay continues her lecture.

KAY (CONT'D)

As for you two idiots here's a news flash...OLD PEOPLE HAVE SEX AND LIKE IT! You seem to think that sex is reserved for young people and firm bodies. For the record, your generation has not invented anything new that hasn't been done by the generations before you. How dare you twits embarrass two consenting adults, making them feel like a couple of kids who got caught in the act. How about respecting their right to some damn privacy? Now quit your damn gossiping and one of the three of you help me get my ass to the bathroom, unless you'd rather I sit here and pee myself, which I'm more that happy to do since you seem to prefer treating us like babies.

FADE OUT:

EXT: BACK AT THE GRAVE SITE. KAY HAS TAKEN HER SHOES OFF AND IS MASSAGING HER TOES. SHE ONCE AGAIN BEGINS A CONVERSATION WITH WHOMEVER IS BURIED AT THAT PARTICULAR SITE

KAY

It was so wrong on so many levels. It seemed like the residents were being stripped of their rights and demoted to the status of "child" again. Their only crime was the natural order of things...they'd gotten old. That's exactly how they made me feel on my first day of physical therapy...

Kay once again drifts off into a memory from her stay at High Point nursing home and her first day of physical therapy. The aide that Kay refers to as "The Bitch" wheels Kay to the door of the physical therapy room, but stops short of opening the door up for Kay and turns to walk away.

KAY (CONT'D)

Hey, come back here! You can't Leave me here!

The aide keeps walking and turns back to snarl at Kay.

THE BITCH

My job was to get you down to PT
and I did. Knock on the door and
someone will answer it. (Smirking)
PT's not on my floor, so your not
my problem... see ya!

KAY

GET BACK HERE AND SAY THAT TO MY
FACE YOU MISERABLE HUMAN BEING!

The aide disappears as Kay struggles to knock on the door. Furious and pissed off, she starts to knock when the door flies open almost hitting her wheelchair.

YOUNG MALE REHAB AIDE NAMED BILL

"Well who do we have here? You
must be our little lady from room
216, we were wondering if you were
coming!"

Bill wheels a stunned Kay into the therapy room and pushes her into a circle of wheelchairs where a red ballon is being batted back and forth.

YOUNG MALE REHAB AIDE NAMED BILL

(CONT'D)

Hey everyone, look what I found
Outside the door!

FADE OUT:

Ext: back at the cemetary. Kay has dumped her purse onto the blanket and is sorting through its contents. Kay continues her rant at the unknown gravesite.

KAY

I still can't believe that
horrible aide just dropped me off
at the door like I was a package
from Fed-Ex and then to have some
kid announce "look what I found
outside the door!" like I was a
stray puppy or something. The
whole encounter just proved my
point that we were treated with no
respect or dignity. Rehab was a
joke in and of itself. I was
supposed to be there to exercise
my body, not my patience.

(MORE)

KAY (CONT'D)

That damn circle of wheelchairs looked more like our local Wal-Mart parking lot with carts going every which way and then to have us bat around a balloon like we were at a kid's birthday party. None of it made any sense. It was as if the minute I made contact with the fender of that damn bus, I instantly fell down a rabbit hole, similar to the one Alice in Wonderland found herself in. Come to think of it, that damn place affected everyone who came through it's doors. It sure as hell turned my family into a bunch of idiots I no longer recognized. What until I tell you that story!

FADE OUT:

Int: Kay is in her room 216 and is waiting for her husband and daughters to bring her the items that she has requested. Michael and her daughters Candi and Kristy are in the hallway bickering back and forth about the items in the bags they are carrying. As they approach Kay's room, they suddenly plaster fake smiles on thier faces. Kay witnesses this from her vantage point on her bed and knows something is up.

KAY (CONT'D)

Hi guys! Is there anything wrong?

CANDI (KAY'S OLDEST DAUGHTER)

Why would you say that mom? We were just discussing the items we bought you.

KAY

What in the hell did the three of you buy? I only asked for some new underwear and my nighties from home. By the number of bags you're holding, it looks like you bought out the store, but I don't see my overnight bag. Don't tell me you forgot my nighties. I'm getting tired of these hospital gowns.

KRISTY (KAY'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER)
 Mom, Candi and I were going
 through your drawers and think it
 still might be too difficult for
 you to get into your nightgowns,
 so we bought you these.

Kristy proceeds to extract three hideously ugly, over-sized
 housecoats from the first bag.

KAY
 What in the world possessed you to
 buy those hideous things? For
 God's sake I'm sixty years old not
 eighty. Between the front snap
 closures and pockets deep enough
 to house a couple of Shihtzu's,
 now all I need is some saggy knee
 hi stockings and I'll look like a
 character from a Carol Burnett
 skit.

CANDI (KAY'S OLDEST DAUGHTER)
 Mom, we don't know who Carol
 Burnett is.

Kay is extremely perturbed and having a hard time
 controlling the rage she feels.

KAY
 Oh My God, you know who Carol
 Burnett is! She did that funny
 skit from Gone With the Wind where
 she wore a pair of drapes that
 were still on a curtain rod and
 tried to waltz down the stairs
 like Scarlet O'Hara.

Candi and Kristy exchange puzzled looks, not sure what
 their mother is talking about. Just then the aide known as
 FRUMPY enters the room dragging her Eeyore persona with
 her.

FRUMPY
 Looks like you hit the jackpot.
 Those housecoats are so pretty and
 practical. I actually own this
 blue one."

Frumpy picks up the ugliest housecoat of the entire lot.
 Kay shakes her head and takes a deep breath.

KAY

My request was simple....BRING ME MY NIGHTGOWNS. They button done the front and are sleeveless. How can they be any harder to get on and off than these old lady clown suits?

MICHAEL

Sweetie calm down, the girl's were only trying to help. What would you like us to do?

KAY

Not that it matters what the hell I want, but since you asked....TAKE THE DAMN THINGS BACK AND BRING ME MY NIGHTGOWNS! Did you at least get the underwear I asked for?

FRUMPY

Now, Now, it's not good for you to get all riled up. Your family is just trying to take care of you. Let's get you tucked back in... Maybe a nap will cure your grumpies!

KAY is now pissed and beyond frustrated as she turns and points a finger at Frumpy.

KAY

IF YOU NEED A NAP, THEN GO TAKE ONE! IF NOT, LEAVE!(SARCASTICALLY) IF I NEED YOU I KNOW THE DRILL....PUSH THE DAMN CALL BUTTON AND WAIT AN HOUR FOR ONE OF YOU IMBECILES TO RESPOND. YOU CAN LEAVE NOW SINCE I APPARENTLY HAVE MY OWN PERSONAL IDIOTS HERE TO ASSIST ME.

FADE OUT:

Ext: back at the grave site. Kay is laying on her back and looking at the sky. She sits up and addresses the head stone. She is angry and crying at the same time.

KAY

It's as if getting hit by that fricken bus made me suddenly speak Latin and no one understood me anymore. Upon entering a nursing home your loved ones become possessed by some

alien life force or at least that's what happened to my bunch. If the housecoats weren't bad enough, the underwear situation made me "batshit" crazy. I think you'll finally see my point. I'd handed my oldest daughter Candi my credit card, and asked her to pick up a half a dozen panties that were one size larger than what I normally wore. I thought they'd be easier to get on and off while I was still recuperating. I've always hated the feel of elastic around my waist so I wear a modified bikini style. The cut's simple, full butt coverage, ample leg openings and they fit just below the belly button. Cotton crotch, no frills or lace. I've worn the same brand and style forever, and both of my daughters were well aware of this. With this tidbit of info you can understand my shock and dismay as my eldest child pulled out the biggest and ugliest pair of under-britches I've ever laid eyes on.

FADE OUT:

INT: ROOM 216 KAY'S DAUGHTER CANDI HAS JUST PULLED OUT THE LARGEST PAIR OF GRANNY PANTIES KAY HAS EVER SEEN AND HANDS THEM TO HER MOTHER. KAY IS FLABBERGASTED AND PERPLEXED AT HER DAUGHTER'S PURCHASE.

CANDI (KAY'S OLDEST DAUGHTER)

Before you get your panties in a bunch, OH, I forgot you're not wearing any! (Candi laughs at her own joke)

Kay gives Candi a stone cold chilling look, the kind that only a mother can give to warn her child to "stand down"

KAY

That's not funny on so many levels and I can't even fathom what the hell you were thinking when you purchased these...um things. If I could get my hands above my head I could use them as a parachute. (Kay struggles to lift a pair above her head)

CANDI (KAY'S OLDEST DAUGHTER)

Before you get all pissy mom, they were out of the brand and style that you wear in the next larger size. These were on sale, it's not like you have wear them forever. But you have to admit they have ample leg room.

KAY

(Throwing them at her daughter)
By the looks of them, they have
AMPLE everything. I'm just
curious how you went from my
modified bikini cut to underwear
that reaches my armpits. There
were no boy cut or regular pants
available? I swear to God on my
first born...for the record that's
you...I am going to go off the
deep end and take all of you with
me if you guys don't start
listening to me. Other than being
a little banged up, I'm the same
person I was before the accident.
I'm sick and tired of being
treated like I'm old and incapable
of knowing my own mind. It's bad
enough that I'm told when to get
up, what to eat and when to go to
the bathroom. I do not...LOOK AT
ME so I know you're listening. I
repeat, I do not need to have you
dressing me like I'm old too! A
little respect would be greatly
appreciated, I take that back...I
DESERVE and DEMAND that you, your
sister and your father for that
matter...give me the respect I've
damn well earned after all these
years

FADE OUT:

EXT: BACK AT THE CEMETERY AND KAY IS DEEP IN THOUGHT AND
THEN BURSTS OUT LAUGHING.

KAY

For God's sake it seemed to go
from bad to worse and every time I
expressed myself, those girls of
mine treated me more and more like
a senile old lady. I think the
very fact that the residents at
High Point were treated like
children is what made Mr.
Brewster's rebellion so
entertaining to watch. I'm not
sure if you ever met Harold
Brewster, but I'm sure you saw him
in the dining hall. He damn well
knew how to make an entrance.

FADE OUT:

Int: Perky the aide is helping Kay from her room to the dining hall. Kay notices that as she passes the other female residents in the hallway, they are dressed in pant suits or have added jewelry and scarves to their regular housecoats and robe attire. All of them appear to be wearing a large amount of rouge and red lipstick too.

KAY (CONT'D)

My God the hall smells like an Avon Lady collided with the BenGay aisle at Walgreens and why do these women look like they are playing dress up? It's like a senior citizen version of "The Body Snatchers!"

Perky has no idea what Kay is referring to, but she loves to gossip. Pery begins to give Kay the lowdown in her annoyingly animated way.

PERKY

OMG KAY, You always say the funniest things...(laughs) BODY SNATCHERS...THAT'S FUNNY! Anyway, all the ladies are trying to impress the new guy, Harold Brewster. He moved in four days ago...the same day you got in such a snit about your physical therapy and decided to stay holed up in your room for the last few days. I told you that eating in your room all by yourself wasn't a good idea. It has been a hell of a fun week around here, so let me catch you up to speed. Harold is what my grandmother referred to as a "dapper gent." I guess in the old days that's what you called someone who was sharply dressed and well groomed.... and Mr. Brewster sure is that! He dresses casual for breakfast. Yesterday he wore khakis and a polo shirt. God, he smells good too! Old Maggie Collins from East Hall said his cologne is called "English Leather." I caught her walking by and sniffing over his shoulder while he ate breakfast a day ago.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

Anyway, what I was saying is that Mr. Brewster spiffs himself up for the later meals. He came down to supper wearing a dinner jacket last night and I guess he damn near caused a group heart attack with the ladies. Did you know the male to female ratio at High Point is 1 guy for every 9 of you gals that are in here? Doris, (pause) You know Doris, the weird chick with the pink hair...she works in the kitchen. According to her, the dining room was like a fish tank last night what with the ladies circling him like a bunch of hungry piranhas.

As Kay enters the dining room there is the clinging and clanging sounds of walkers and canes as a large group of women are vying for a spot next to an older well dressed gentleman. Kay motions for Perky to stop pushing her wheelchair.

KAY

Since you appear to have the inside scope to the latest happenings here, give me the Readers Digest version of why Harold Brewster is in this place?

Perky looks confused

KAY (MUMBLING TO HERSELF)

(Shit you don't know
what in the hell a
"Readers Digest is.)
JUST GIVE ME ANY INFO
YOU HAVE AND MAKE IT
QUICK!

Perky gets exited and animated as she begins to brief Kay on Mr. Brewster.

PERKY

Well, he is a seventy six year old widower who suffered a stroke and has limited use of his left arm. OH MY GOD, YOU SHOULD SEE ALL OF THE CLOTHES AND SHOES HE HAS...

Kay gives Perky a stern look that says "move it along"

PERKY (CONT'D)

Anyway, his son felt it would be better for Harold to be somewhere where his meals and whatnot were provided since he can more or less take care of himself. His room looks like something out of an old movie. He's got a wing back leather chair that has brass studs going up the arms and he had maintenance move out the freestanding wardrobe that is standard in all of the rooms and he had his own cherry armoire moved in. He's the one that started the rebellion!

Kay interrupts Perky

KAY

Rebellion? Now what is sam hell are you rambling about now?

FADE OUT:

Ext: Back at the Cemetery talking to the headstone again

KAY (CONT'D)

I have to hand it to Mr. Harold Brewster for shaking up Whiney Wine Thursdays. That's what I called the nursing homes pathetic attempt to host Happy Hour on Thursdays. The entire facade was a joke in and of its self. Pushing around a beverage cart at three in the afternoon offering four ounces of beer, boxed wine or lemonade does not constitute a "Happy Hour" and neither does offering "saltless" saltines and a cheese wedge. Well I guess Harold had brought his own stash of sherry with him and poured himself a drink in front of Aide Bitch who in turn went whining to the muckety mucks up in the administrative office. When they attempted to confiscate Harold's sherry, he declared...

FADE OUT:

Int: The residents are congregating in a hallway outside of their rooms, some in wheelchairs, others milling about with

walkers or canes as they chitchat amongst each other. An aide is pushing a cart that holds dixie cups, boxed wine, bottle of beer and lemonade along with saltines and cheese squares. She is distributing it to the residents of the nursing home. A sharply dressed Harold Brewster in his room addressing the administrative staff as he places his right hand over his heart.

HAROLD BREWSTER

"The last I knew this was still America where an adult citizen has the right to exercise their rights. I'm well over the legal drinking age of twenty one and after my stroke, my doctor advised me to live my life as normally as possible and that my dears... includes my daily sip of sherry.

Mr. Brewster raises his sherry glass to the nursing home brass and continues to sip his glass of sherry.

FADE OUT:

Ext: Kay back at the grave site laughing

KAY

I guess Harold's doctor intervened and scolded the administration for their treatment of Harold and the other residents, who with their doctors approval should be able to have an adult beverage more than once a week on Whiney Wine Thursdays. According to Perky, the residents and their families were bombarding upper management with their demands. Serves High Point right for treating everyone like they were under house arrest when their only crime was getting old. Maybe now you can see why I was so damn bitter about my stay in the nursing home. Time and time again I watched a system fail the very people they were supposed to help. Even my GYN let me down with her assessment of my aging innards.

FADE OUT:

INT: Room 216 Kay's OB/GYN stops in to check in on her.

DR. SALLY WEBER

Well, I see you got yourself in quite a pickle after you left my office. I thought I'd pop in and see how you're doing.

KAY

Let's just say for the sake of argument, I've been better and this place is doing nothing to improve that. So let's cut to the chase, are you here to tell me I have cancer in my boobs or somewhere in my hooaha region?

DR. SALLY WEBER

On the contrary Kay, Your mammogram came back normal, no changes from last year and as far as your so called "hooaha" (laughing) everything looks like it should. Your vaginal walls have gone from the reddish color of your youth to the grayish pink which is normal for a woman of your age.

Kay looks looks mortified.

FADE OUT:

Ext: Once again Kay is talking to the headstone

KAY

Not only did being in the nursing home make me feel old but now I have confirmation that my lady parts have gone from the color of a fresh salmon filet to that of a decaying trout. It's bad enough that I see I'm aging every time I look in the mirror, now I realize my insides are falling apart too! In the middle of all of my complaining you're probably wondering why I came today. I guess in spite of all the things that I found wrong with the nursing home and the system in general, my brief encounter with you changed everything and I wanted you to know that.

(MORE)

KAY (CONT'D)

I only wish I would have sought
you out one last time before
you...you know...um, died. I still
remember the first time I saw you.

FADE OUT:

INT: KAY IS HOBBLING TOWARD THE DINING HALL WITHOUT
ASSISTANCE

PERKY

Hi Ms Kay! Need any help?

KAY

Thanks, but I need the practice
since I'll be busting out of this
place soon.

PERKY

Did you hear that last night they
snuck in the mayor's wife. I
heard it from Larry the night
janitor. She apparently is
loosing her mind or something.

KAY (STOPS AND STARES)

What is wrong with you people? So
what if the mayor's wife was
admitted at night? You act like
this is some damn private clinic
where a celebrity is scurried in
under the cloak of darkness for
plastic surgery or a drug
overdose. Thank God I won't have
to deal with this crap much
longer. JUST GET OUT OF MY WAY
BEFORE I WACK YOU WITH MY CANE!

PERKY (WALKING AWAY)

Oh my! Someone is grumpy this
morning. Maybe you need a nap
after breakfast.

KAY GIVES PERKY A SCATHING GLARE BUT PERKY IS OBLIVIOUS TO
KAY'S DISGUST. PERKY JUST SMILES AND WAVES AS SHE WALKS
AWAY.

KAY (talking to herself)

I swear I'm gonna snap and really
give them something to talk about.

KAY ENTERS THE DINING ROOM AND NOTICES FRESH POTS OF PETUNIAS ON EACH TABLE AND THE LITTLE LADY WHO IS CHECKING EACH POT TO SEE IF HAS BEEN WATERED AND IS TURNING SOME TOWARD THE SUNLIGHT. KAY FINDS A SEAT AND CONTINUES TO WATCH THE SWEET LOOKING WOMAN WHO STOPS TO CHECK THE POTTED PETUNIAS AT KAY'S TABLE.

KAY

Good Morning, the petunias are so pretty. It's nice to see real ones on the tables for a change. By the way, I'm Kay Walton.

Kay extends her hand to the old woman who takes it and smiles.

ROSE PAHL (THE OLD WOMAN)

Well it's nice to meet you Kay, I'm Rose Pahl. I live down on North Hall and usually eat in the other dining room. I knew the church was bringing in these potted plants today and I was just making sure they were watered. A few of the plants are kind of puny so I've been turning them to catch the morning light. Well I'd better head back to my neck of the woods since they'll be serving our meal soon. Please stop in if you ever get down my way. I'm in room 411, that's down on North Hall, I think I may have already told you that. Well you have yourself a lovely day. In my book...if I am lucky enough to wake up, it's all wonderful after that!

KAY

It was nice meeting you Miss Rose, you have a nice day too!

Kay watches Rose walk away and finds herself smiling. She picks up the pot of petunias at her table and says to the plant...

KAY (CONT'D)

Now that is a kind and sweet woman, she'll make sure you don't die in this damn place.

Kay finishes eating and as she leaves the dining hall she stops and heads in the opposite direction of her room.

THE BITCH (AIDE)
 Hey You! Your room is the other
 way, did you forget or something?

KAY (ANGRY)
 No, I did not forget anything, not
 that it would matter to you. I'm
 going to go for a little stroll or
 do I need your permission, warden?

The Bitch just shrugs her shoulders and walks away
 saying...

THE BITCH
 WHATEVER... as long as you don't
 fall down and extend your stay,
 neither of us would want that now
 would we?

Kay is fuming and tries to raise her cane toward "The
 Bitch" and becomes unsteady.

KAY (TALKING OUT LOUD TO HERSELF)
 Lucky for her I'm unable to run,
 otherwise I'd tackle that bitch
 and shove this can up her ass....

Kay notices that other residents have heard her and are
 staring. She holds up her head and feebly heads toward the
 North Hall in search of Miss Rose Pahl.

INT: WEST HALL. KAY IS WALKING DOWN THE WALL AND STOPS.
 SHE IS MESMERIZED BY THE WALLPAPER ON NORTH HALL. IT HAS
 VIBRANTLY COLORED PEACOCKS WHICH ARE PEEKING OUT FROM VASES
 OF CHERRY BLOSSOMS WITH TINY SONG BIRDS IN FLIGHT.

ROSE PAHL (THE OLD WOMAN)
 It draws you in and takes you
 away, doesn't it?

Kay turns toward the voice and finds herself standing in
 front of the very woman she was in search of.

ROSE PAHL (THE OLD WOMAN) (CONT'D)
 It is so nice to see you again.
 Would you like to come in and
 visit for a spell?

FADE OUT:

Ext: once again at the grave site...Kay is running her hand
 gently over the stone and we see the name for the first

time, Rose Emma Pahl...date of death is August 30, 2015 is engraved on the head stone.

KAY

You invited me in for a cup of tea and I remember the warm cozy feeling I had the minute I entered your room, I guess I should say home, because that's what it felt like, "your home." I was amazed that a room the same size as the one I had could look so much like a drawing room from days gone past. I remember you telling me that after your husband's death and the sale of your home, you took the items that held the dearest memories with you, and never looked back. You said your little room at High Point nursing facility would be the last home you would ever have and you were fine with that. Damn I wish I had known you sooner.

FADE OUT:

Int: Rose Pahl's room. It contains 2 floral patterned high back chairs, an old, well preserved cherry serving cart that is holding an electric tea kettle and a full tea service on a lace doily. A side table holds old pictures of her husband and a teen-aged girl. Draperies cover the windows and a small record player is present in place of a television.

KAY (CONT'D)

Your room is so warm and inviting. It's hard to believe it's the same dungeon I've been living in.

ROSE PAHL (THE OLD WOMAN)

Rose motions for Kay to sit and proceeds to fix some tea.

ROSE

I take it you don't much like it here my dear, I have shortbread cookies, would you like some?

KAY

No thank you on the cookies, tea would be just fine.

(MORE)

KAY (CONT'D)

As far as my stay here, I can honestly say I detest it and am counting down the days until my escape like some convict who's anticipating an early release from prison. It's as if the mission statement here is to strip you of your independence and make you older than your years the minute you set foot in the door and don't get me started on the help...INCOMPETENT doesn't begin to describe them.

Rose quietly makes the tea and hands a cup to Kay and then sits down. Silence fills the air for a moment and Kay fidgets until Rose looks up with tears in her eyes and begins to speak.

Rose PAHL)

I want to tell you a story and I want you to listen...understood?

Kay sits up straight and nods her head to indicate she is indeed listening to Rose.

ROSE PAHL

"You are much younger than most of the residents who reside here and arrived because of an unfortunate accident. It sounds like your first encounters here at High Point weren't with the starting line-up, but rather the bench warmers." (Kay smiles at the baseball reference) Since your first encounters here were negative, is it possible that they have stunted your ability to see beyond your own disappointment? You don't send a child to school expecting the teacher to meet all of your child's needs, now do you? It's no different here. Family members and residents alike must make themselves heard. Kindness abounds in this place but you refuse to even see it. (Speaking like a teacher...firm, yet gentle) Perhaps if you got off your high horse, the view would look a lot different.

Kay is stunned as she looks into the eyes of Rose who begins to speak with authority.

Getting old is a privilege that many are denied and my daughter was one of them. You don't even realize how blessed you are.

Rose takes Kay's hand into hers as a tear rolls down her eyes as she nods to the pictures of a young teen girl.

ROSE PAHL (CONT'D)

My husband and I lost our only child Claire, in a swimming accident. She was only fifteen years old. (Rose pauses, lost in thought)

From the time we're born we are in such a rush to grow up, to walk and talk, head off to school, marry and start a family. We're in such a hurry scrambling to see what's around the next corner and guess what? In the process of all that growing up, we grow old; and then we pitch a fit, as if old age just jumped up outa the bushes and snatched us up like a fox in a hen house. But that's not what happened. We're human, we squander our youth trying to be an adult and once we get there we become so busy with our lives that we never notice just how fast the clock of life has been ticking. Getting old is a privilege and until you realize that, you will never see the good that truly exists in people, including those working here, in this very nursing home.

FADE OUT:

EXT: GRAVE SITE OF ROSE PAHL KAY IS ONCE AGAIN TALKING TO THE WOMAN BURIED THERE.

KAY

I wish I'd known how much meeting you would change my life.

(MORE)

KAY (CONT'D)

I'm ashamed to admit I should've come back to the nursing home and thanked you for heading me in the right direction. I can honestly say that I'm not afraid to get old now...that doesn't mean I am looking forward to a turkey neck and varicose veins but I think I can say, what a minute...I KNOW I can say that I want to age with dignity and not become the hardened old bitch I was during my stint at High Point. By the way, that very night after our conversation I saw something in the dining room that made a light go off in my otherwise darkened soul. I had no more gotten seated for supper when....

FADE OUT:

Int: Kay is seated in the dining hall when she notices an elderly man begging to be taken back to his room, he is refusing to eat and is being badgered by the staff to eat something when a young man who is a server in the dining room over hears the ruckus and approaches the elderly man

AIDEN (MALE DININGROOM AIDE)

Good evening sir. I work in the kitchen and couldn't help overhearing that you don't want to eat?

ELDERLY MAN

Nothing tastes right and it doesn't matter whether I eat or not...gonna die anyway.

The aide kneels down so that he is face to face with the elderly gentleman and gently places a hand on the man's arm.

AIDEN (MALE DINING ROOM AIDE)

Sir, there must be something that sounds good? Cookies, pie, toast...something.

The nursing aides start to refute what the dining aide is saying when suddenly the elderly man grabs the young mans hand.

ELDERLY MAN (SMILING)

You know I've always loved jello. My wife would make it with fruit and put freshly whipped cream on top.

AIDEN

Let me go see what I can round up for you, but you have to promise to give me a minute and not leave. Can you do that?

ELDERLY MAN

I guess I could wait a minute or two if these others (points to the nursing aides) will just scadaddle and stop hovering.

Aiden gestures for the others to back off as he scurries into the kitchen. Kay is watching all of this play out when the young man returns from the kitchen with a bowl of jello with whipped topping. It is being served in a fancy bowl which is not part of the dinnerware regularly used. The elderly man smiles as he sees the wiggly dessert being set before him.

AIDEN (MALE DININGROOM AIDE)

I know that your wife probably put the fruit in the jello before it set up. I added strawberry and orange jello cubes to some fruit cocktail and gave you an extra large dallop of whipped cream. I think it will taste about the same if you make sure you have a little of the jello, fruit and topping in each spoonful.

As Aiden removes the jello from a serving tray and places it in front of the elderly man, he also sets down a plate that appears to have a grilled cheese sandwich on it, a cup of coffee and a glass of juice. The elderly man is digging into the jello and smiling, barely noticing the other food before him. He gently pats the man on the back as he gets ready to walk away.

AIDEN (MALE DINING ROOM AIDE)

Enjoy the jello ad let me know if you need anything.

Aiden motions for the the other aides to stay away as the old man finishes his jello and begins to pick up the sandwich. Kay is watching all of this and finds herself smiling.

KAY (TALKING OUT LOUD TO HERSELF)

I'll be damned, that kid managed to get that old man to eat without belittling him in the process. Way to use reverse psychology. I guess it works no matter what age you are.

Kay begins to scan the room and sees other acts of kindness and gentleness. Aides bending down and interacting with the residents, gently wiping the faces of residents who can't feed themselves. Some residents are smiling and laughing at something an aide has said.

FADE OUT:

Kay is gathering up her stuff and repacking the bag she came with. She approaches the head stone, the camera now pans the other two stones that are next to Rose's, they belong to her husband and the Rose's daughter that had drowned.

KAY

You were right about me being blinded by my own pity party, there were good people people working at the nursing home and I refused to see the truth, judging and condemning the entire facility based on a few bad eggs. I'm so sorry that you never got to see your daughter grow up. I have taken my own two for granted. I always assumed I'd go first, but now I realize that nothing is guaranteed in this life. Like you said, old age is a privilege that many are denied. YOU, my dear lady were a gift that was sent to me before it was too late. I never knew that the day I saw you tending to the potted petunias in the dining room... you would become the rose among my thorns. I have much to learn and I do believe you are going to be the one to teach me(pause) I'll be back. I'm pretty sure I still have a lot to learn and I know your gonna wanna hear it,

Kay picks up the single rose, kisses it before placing it back on the headstone, wiping a tear away from her eyes. Gathering her bag, Kay playfully walks away with a spring

in her step as the song "The Last Rose of Summer" plays through the credits.

THE END

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