

Granny's Got A Gun

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EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

GRANNY (70s) watches two PARAMEDICS wheel a battered and bloodied GERIATRIC WOMAN on a gurney to an ambulance.

A POLICEWOMAN (30s) approaches Granny, pad in hand.

POLICEWOMAN
Did you see what happened, ma'am?

Granny gives her a hard look.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
They owned the streets.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A Russian HOOLIGAN (20s) stands on the corner vaping. A sedan pulls up, more primer than paint. Hooligan exchanges cash for a brick-sized plastic-wrapped bundle.

CU: The sedan's rear wheel leaves frame. A moment later, a wheelchair's front wheel glides into frame.

Hooligan's too busy unwrapping the bundle to notice Granny. She clears her throat loudly and he looks up.

Granny smiles the sweetest, most innocent of smiles.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
But this Granny's had enough.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Granny sends a stream of mace into Hooligan's face.
- Hooligan doubled over, wheezing. Granny flicks open a collapsing cane, trips him, and clubs him.
- Granny pulls wads of cash and a gun from Hooligan's baggy pants. She checks the ammo, pleased.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And now she's got a gun.

EXT. RUSSIAN GANG HOUSE - NIGHT

A run-down house, Russian rap music blaring from inside, the same sedan parked outside.

INT. RUSSIAN GANG HOUSE - NIGHT

HOOIGANS partying, which is mostly standing around looking cool. A few girls gyrate to the "music."

SMASH! A Molotov cocktail crashes through the window. Fire instantly erupts on the carpet and spreads up the legs of a few Hooligans.

EXT. RUSSIAN GANG HOUSE - NIGHT

Hooligans run from the house screaming as the fire spreads. A few rush out with guns ready for anything.

They weren't ready for Granny, sitting in her chair with the sweetest smile. She swiftly guns each of them down.

Screams from the house as Hooligans burn. Granny turns down her hearing aids and wheels away, still smiling.

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - EVENING

A burned and bandaged Hooligan points at Granny sitting outside talking with an ORDERLY.

The Russian MOB BOSS next to him has a murderous look.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
But this gang isn't going to let
some Granny get in their way.

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

Makeshift fortifications have turned the Retirement Home into a fortress. GERIATRICS armed with small calibre guns stand behind cover.

Mob Boss, armed with a heavy machine gun, leads an army of Hooligans up the street towards them.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Granny's gonna need a bigger gun.

Suddenly, gatling gun fire erupts through a second floor window into the Hooligans.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Granny grips the gatling gun, cackling. The vibrations shake Granny's dentures loose.