

HELL'S RETIREMENT

Story by

Tomas Morris

Written by

Tomas Morris and Nancy Bevins

Tmorris487@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - NIGHT

In the distance, through a secluded, wooded area near the border of Georgia and Alabama sits a large, monolithic building. It's a "spider web" of circular and radial halls connect at the center.

INT. INDUSTRIAL KITCHEN - RETIREMENT HOME - NIGHT

Beneath an open fridge door, male feet in red scrubs protrude. A face buried inside the fridge, ORDERLY, 20's checks out the contents of staff lunches. He opens and closes Tupperware and brown bags labeled with names.

Snags a mini chocolate bar from a bag labeled Cindy. Stuffs the wrapper in his pocket. Carefully re-rolls the bag. Pulls a sandwich from a lunch-box, smells it, takes half.

Stops off at a Jell-o machine and dispenses a blend into a cup.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALL - NIGHT

Same Orderly strolls the halls, past parked wheelchairs and other ambulatory devices used to carry the infirm. It is obvious this is a home for the elderly.

Finishes his cup of Jell-o and deposits it on a wheelchair seat as he enters a room. Nonchalant, he's entered this room a hundred times before.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - PATIENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

The Orderly sets his half eaten sandwich on the night stand, takes the wrist of a sleeping man, OLD MAN ROB, 80's, bald.

ORDERLY

Your ticker still ticking, Rob?

He checks Rob's pulse against his watch. A pulse registers. He tucks Rob under the cover. Hits the lights as he exits.

Once dark, Old Man Rob's eyes pop wide open.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Male Orderly walks the dim, empty hall. A DISTANT DOOR SLAM. A CREAK. The sound is close. He turns his head to listen.

ELDERLY FEMALE (O.S.)
Help me... I can't get up.

This scratchy voice comes from inside a Patient's room.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALL / ROOM - NIGHT

Orderly opens the door into ink black.

MALE ORDERLY
Ma'am? Where are you?

From the door, he flips the light switch. Nothing. He looks up toward the bulb. BAM, a clawed hand draws blood as it grabs his throat and pulls him into

BLACKNESS.

EXT. ATLANTA - LOW-RENT APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Chipped bricks, peeling paint, overgrown bushes says it all.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Messy stoner, TOM, early 20's, with a mop of hair, ripped, and stained jeans sprawls on a couch. Plays Mega 3.

In walks JAKE, early 30's, the opposite of Tom in a respectable suit. He barks some type of INAUDIBLE orders to two MOVING MEN dressed in coveralls. The Men pick up mostly junk and haul it out the door.

EXT. TOM'S APARTMENT - LAWN - DAY

A pile of worthless junk stacks up on the lawn. The two Movers carry out the sofa with Tom still on it, controls in his hands.

TOM
Hey, what the F?

JAKE
Right there boys' that's fine.

He peels off a wad of bills, pays the Movers and they split.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Video games don't pay the bills.

TOM

You're kicking me out?

JAKE

Kicked. Past tense. You haven't contributed to the cause in months, bro. You don't even help keep the place clean! All you think about is your stupid games.

Jake goes inside and slams the door.

Tom sits frozen. His video game avatar, as motionless as him, gets killed. It starts to rain. Tom, his sofa, and screens get soaked.

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Big outdoor marquee reads: GET HIRED AND PAID TODAY! JOB FAIR ONE DAY ONLY!

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - JOB FAIR - DAY

One of those big open rooms with rows of piping and blue drapes that separate companies, non-profits and educational institutions. In each draped cubicle, decorated tables beckon to candidates. Two or three chairs sit behind the tables for the recruiters.

Down the aisle, a cubicle is labeled, CALLOWAY RETIREMENT HOME, balloons and decorations attempt to brighten the space.

PAROLE OFFICER, 50's, a regular Joe, signs a form. He straightens up and shakes the hand of JOHN, early 40's, tough, no-nonsense, wrestler's body with confidence.

JOHN

So, it's come to this, an old fart's home?

PAROLE OFFICER

They're one of our best placement companies. Sign here, call me weekly and keep your nose clean.

JOHN
 Hoss, look there...
 (points to other cubicle)
 Give me fast food, pleeeze!

PAROLE OFFICER
 You with knives and cash? In your
 dreams. Get you six months clean,
 we'll see about a
 (uses air quotes)
 "promotion."

From behind the table, RUPERT, late 50's, in a well-tailored suit, a sophisticated demeanor and pleasant features stands.

RUPERT
 John, is it? Glad to have you. We
 have limited staff housing on site
 so you can move right in.

JOHN
 Thank you, sir, but that's not
 necessary.

John pulls a stuffed pillowcase closer. PO puts his arm around John.

PAROLE OFFICER
 Yeah, it is. Closest town is 60
 miles away and you ain't got a car.
 (looks squarely at John)
 Stay away from the old dames'
 jewels.

JOHN
 You know I's never a thief!

Parole Officer doesn't quite believe this but splits anyway.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - FAST FOOD CUBICLE - DAY

In the line for the fast food sign-up, stands MARSHA, 30, exhausted in every way possible, wrangling two YOUNG KIDS. Next to her is MARSHA'S MOTHER, 60's, an older version of Marsha in appearance and demeanor.

MARSHA'S MOTHER
 I still say put child support on
 your good-for-nothing husband.

MARSHA
 Ex-husband.

MARSHA'S MOTHER
His Mama's got money.

Finally, Marsha has reached the front of the line. The CLERK, behind the table, pulls out a sign and places it in front of Marsha. It reads, CLOSED - FULLY STAFFED.

MARSHA
What?

MARSHA MOTHER
See it's a sign.

KIDS
When we going to eat. I'm hungry.
My stomach hurts.

The Kids cry and pull on Marsha's Mother to drag her to a snack table. Marsha rushes to the next available booth which happens to be.... Calloway Retirement Home.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - JOB FAIR - NIGHT

The worn out REPS from various companies pack it in. ATTENDEES thin out. In rushes Tom, his backpack weighs him down. He rushes from cubicle to cubicle, frantic. Collides and falls over, ELIZABETH, 50s, gray, stringy hair, rough-looking.

TOM
Watch out!!

He tries to save his precious backpack from landing under this big woman. She SCREAMS and crushes it.

Tom sits on the floor, rolls Elizabeth off his backpack. OOMPH. Left on her own, Elizabeth tries to get up. Tom starts to cry as he pulls items from his pack. Flash drives, cables, a mouse, and a precious laptop. Elizabeth straightens but takes note.

ELIZABETH
You know computers.

Tom slams a broken mouse against the wall.

TOM
Dang!

Elizabeth comes to her full height.

ELIZABETH
It was an accident.

Elizabeth looks at the mess. Goes to the wall, picks up the thrown mouse.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Let me help. You know computers?

A pathetic Tom looks up at her.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - CALLOWAY BOOTH - DAY

Elizabeth pushes Tom toward her booth and Rupert.

ELIZABETH
Rupert, meet Tom, computer genius.

Tom draws himself up, a bit more proud. He rubs his hand on his pants, extends it.

TOM
That's right, geek straight through.

RUPERT
You like working with seniors?

TOM
You mean old folks?

ELIZABETH
Our residents want to learn about wall posts, sending e-mails and how to "poke" someone?

TOM
Sure, whatever. You pay right?

ELIZABETH
Yes, it's all here in the contract. They are sweet old folks like your grandma and grandpa.

Elizabeth grins and pats Tom on his back.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Old Man Rob, awake, grizzled and bold, hobbles after a WOMAN in blue scrubs. When they cross under a light, can see she's covered in blood.

OLD MAN ROB
Hold on. Stop running or I'll snatch your nose.

Dazed, the Woman stumbles and falls. Old Rob grabs her by the ankle. She tries to squirm away. Somehow this old man is far stronger. He yanks her back as if she were a rag doll.

OLD ROB
 (like all old grandpas)
 I'm going to get your nose.

He clamps her nose with his middle and index finger. Twists hard and the bone and cartilage snap with a SICKENING CRUNCH. She SCREAMS.

Skin tears and slides off her nose like the glove off a hand. He holds the bloody, loose flesh, his smile a toothy grin.

OLD MAN ROB
 Got your nose.

The Woman writhes til she goes unconscious. A window looks onto this hall and behind the glass....

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

....finishing chart notes, DOCTOR ELI, male, 51, slick black hair looks up. In the corner JANITOR MIKE, 40, scruffy, baseball cap, mechanic-type leans on a broom.

DOCTOR ELI
 Witness the unusual strength
 exhibited by Rob.

JANITOR MIKE
 Like he's forty years younger!

DOCTOR ELI
 Aggression may be a side effect?

JANITOR MIKE
 Ya think? The son-of-a-bitch tore
 her damn face apart.

Janitor Mike sweeps up trash into a bin.

EXT. ROAD TO RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

A van rambles along the road. On the van's side, Calloway Retirement Home Logo reads: FEEL YOUNG AGAIN.

INT. VAN - DAY

Inside the van, John stares out the window, takes in all he missed while in the pen. Tom plays a game on his computer. In worn shoes, Marsha clutches a broken suitcase.

MARSHA

(to Tom)

My son likes to play plants versus zombies.

TOM

(barely looks up)

Oh, yeah, how old is he?

MARSHA

Seven.

John leans in.

JOHN

How you make those doohickeys move?

TOM

Where you been, the North Pole?

JOHN

Something like that.

MARSHA

I try to get him outside to play but the neighborhood's not good. If this works out, maybe we'll move.

She studies the countryside, as they enter a remote area. John leans into the driver, TATTOO, 32, arm's covered in tats steers with his pinkie.

JOHN

This place is out in the boonies.

TATTOO

(laughs)

Don't worry, we got indoor toilets and electricity.

Suddenly the van swerves sharp, Tattoo grabs the wheel with two hands. Everyone rattles to the side of the van.

JOHN

Whoa.

TATTOO
 (defensive)
 Damn, kid in the street.

Tom turns to see outside the window, hitchhiker, LAYLA, 20's, pale, withdrawn Goth, thumb extends and a cig dangles from black lipstick.

TOM
 Maybe she needs a lift--

But a little red sport coupe flies by. Tattoo steps on the gas, tries to get a look.

INT. SPORTS COUPE CONVERTIBLE - DAY

Driving the red coupe, ASHLEY, 20's, dazzles with a pricey wardrobe. She checks her looks in the visor vanity and clips it closed without even noticing the van she nearly ran over.

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - PARKING LOT - DAY

Ashley's sports coupe swishes in to park. The van pulls in behind her. Tattoo watches Ashley as he walks around to the van's side door.

He pulls the van's side door open. Resting inside on the door, Tom falls out as the door opens. From the concrete, Tom looks up to see the fancy coupe, then the shapely leg that steps from the driver's side.

He gets up slow, transfixed.

ASHLEY
 You there.

TOM
 (points to self)
 Me?

Ashley points her manicured nail to a Louis Vuitton trunk, two valises and a matching hat box in the back seat.

Tom GULPS, straps on his backpack. Ashley struts across asphalt in spiked heels and mini. Tom lugs the designer luggage like a pack mule.

John unfolds himself as he steps from the van's rear seat, stretches. Movement in the building's side window catches his eye. A screen tears open. An old GEEZER in night clothes, gets half way out the window, then he's YANKED inside.

The window slams shut and heavy drapes pull closed tight.

JOHN
 (to self)
 Know how you feel, buddy.

Tattoo distracts John, hands him his pillowcase.

TATTOO
 Travelling light?

JOHN
 Something like that.
 (to Marsha)
 You need help with that hunny?

Marsha grabs her old case, protective, and shakes her head. They head in. Tattoo zips away in the van.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME LOBBY - DAY

Tom drop the bags. Ashley gives him a twenty dollar tip. Tom stares at the bill until joined by John and Marsha. John nudges him.

JOHN
 Expecting a phone number?

Marsha looks around nervous.

MARSHA
 First time I'm away from my kids.

Just then the office door opens and Rupert motions them in.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - OFFICE - DAY

They all congregate in Rupert's private office with windows that overlook the main room.

RUPERT
 Thank you all for joining the Calloway Retirement Home. You haven't met Ashley yet.

Ashley smiles and waves. Tom brightens.

RUPERT (CONT'D)
 Ashley is joining us to finish her college community service.

ASHLEY

Points get me into Sigma Kappa.

Elizabeth butts in.

ELIZABETH

But we all have the same goal here,
to serve these special residents in
their last days.

(reflective)

Many fine people have worked here.

Rupert motions toward a wall of group photos of previous
staff members. Everyone wears a smile and happy face.

JOHN

Mr. Rupert, I thought this place
was Calloway Retirement Home. The
sign out front says Burman.

RUPERT

Correct. We've made changes and
haven't updated everything yet.

Rupert grabs the camera and motions all to bunch together.

MARSHA

Oh, no, I'm not fixed up.

Ashley, of course, is dressed to the nines and poses.

ASHLEY

I'm always ready for a photo op.

RUPERT

Smile.

SNAP - FLASH - FREEZE FRAME.

Rupert lowers the camera. KKQRTT sound comes over the two-way
radios that sit charging near Rupert's desk.

JANITOR MIKE (O.S.)

Call to base, base come in.

Rupert flips a switch.

RUPERT

Go for base. Yes, Mr. Mike?

JANITOR MIKE

Yes, sir, you have new staff coming
round for any tours?

Elizabeth intercepts the call, picks up a radio and speaks.

ELIZABETH
Elizabeth here. Get to work, Mike.

Elizabeth drops the radio and motions the recruits to follow.

INT. RETIRMENT HOME - EXAM ROOM - DAY

An urgent-care type room. Janitor Mike hangs up the radio.

JANITOR MIKE
Bitch.

And we see a room covered in blood.

DOCTOR ELI
You've got to hustle to clean this.

JANITOR MIKE
Yeah, your experiments are worse
not better. My lord, this mess!

DOCTOR ELI
Just get to work.

JANITOR MIKE
Me?

DOCTOR ELI
Why must we always debate? Janitors
clean.

Janitor Mike wrings out a blood-red mop with flesh mixed in.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALL - DAY

Elizabeth strides on with everyone following. John and Tom
let the ladies go first. Tom corners John.

TOM
I ain't up for cleaning bedpans.

JOHN
I didn't have a choice, but you?

TOM
Who could resist free housing?!

JOHN
Kicked out, huh?

TOM
I like to say, displaced.

Elizabeth stops at the end of the hall. She opens a closet.
Inside hang colored scrubs.

ELIZABETH
Your uniforms. Not exactly
flattering, but you can pick a
color you like.

John grabs the first one, brown, Tom green, Ashley holds pink
up to herself.

ASHLEY
Accessories will help.

Marsha takes the last one, gray.

MARSHA
Cuts down on laundry anyway.

ELIZABETH
You can change in the lockers and
leave your bags there.

She points to staff locker rooms behind them.

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - PARKING LOT - DAY

The Calloway van pulls up. The passenger door opens, out
jumps Layla with her bag.

INT. / EXT. VAN - DAY

Layla turns to the driver.

LAYLA
Thanks a lot.

VOICE (O.S.)
Girl shouldn't be hitchhiking? It's
dangerous out there on the road!

LAYLA
Didn't realize it was so far.
Thanks for the lift.

We see the arms full of fine inked art again. Layla stares.

TATTOO
It's an art form.

LAYLA

Cool. What's your name?

Tattoo tips his imaginary hat.

TATTOO

Tattoo and we'll see you later.

Tattoo watches her walk into the retirement home.

EXT. BACK LOT OF RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

Tattoo parks the van in back of the home. He gets out and pulls the logos off the side of the van.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALL - DAY

The tour resumes with the new Recruits in colored scrubs. Ashley wears her miniskirt with the scrub top.

ASHLEY

(off everyone's look)

Well, I'm in "uniform".

She tugs at the back of her skirt, while Tom gives her backside a double take.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - "PILL" ROOM - DAY

A generous room filled with locked cabinets, doors and a sink. Elizabeth leads the Recruits in. She unlocks a cabinet.

ELIZABETH

The Medicine room. Or as our residents affectionately call it, the "pill" room. When we distribute any meds, note it on this list.

Shows them the clipboard check list.

MARSHA

Wait. Us? We aren't nurses?

ELIZABETH

Relax. Look closely.

They get closer, Tom especially.

TOM

It's all over-the-counter stuff.

ELIZABETH
Exactly. Cough syrup, aspirin,
laxatives, easy.

Tom eyes another cabinet full of aerosol medicine cans.

TOM
Narbone? Never heard of it?

ELIZABETH
Exactly again. Narbone is not a
regulated drug either.

After Tom digs his nose out, Elizabeth locks this cabinet up.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
But this one is off limits.

Into the room hobbles PHYLLIS and PAM, 70's, grandmothers,
hair in high updo's with large glasses.

PHYLLIS
Youu-whooo, I came for my medicine.

ELIZABETH
Not now Phyllis, I'll get one of
the nurses to bring it to you.

The Elderly ladies take notice of the New Staff and perk up.
When everyone's eyes are on the Grandma's, Tom stashes a
pilfered Narbone into his backpack. John sees the cover up.

John makes sure his wallet is still in his hip pocket.

PAM
They sure look sweet. What's your
name you cutie patutie?

Pam squeezes Ashley cheeks. Ashley SQUEAKS. Pulls away.

ASHLEY
Please, my make-up. I'm Ashley.

Phyllis pinches Tom's ass.

TOM
Whoa, there.

...as he tries to shimmy out of the way.

PHYLLIS
We'll see you later, darlings.

PAM

Come by our room, we do make-overs.

PHYLLIS

Yes, Pam used to rep for Revlon.

Both Ladies GIGGLE as they leave.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - BACK HALLWAY - DAY

Layla slings her bag around her back as she breezes down the hallway. She slows to read names on the doors.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Layla stands outside a room. Name READS: SOPHIA ANDERSON

Layla peeks in. Rocking in a chair is grey-haired, SOPHIA, who knits with black yarn. Layla knocks, Sophia looks up.

LAYLA

Grams?

Sophia squints at the door. Layla rushes in.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - SOPHIA'S ROOM - DAY

Layla sits with her Grandmother who shows off her knitting.

SOPHIA

See, your favorite color.

Layla holds up the black yarn, laughs. She inspects the room.

LAYLA

I've come to bust you out, Grams!

SOPHIA

What'd you say, honey?

Layla makes motions to pack stuff up.

LAYLA

You don't belong here, I'll take care of you.

SOPHIA

It's tiny, but I don't get around so good anyway. And there's even a nurse who brings me Jell-o.

LAYLA

There's more to life than Jell-o?

SOPHIA

Well, strange things do seem to happen at night?

Sophia motions Layla closer to whisper more.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - EXAM ROOM - DAY

Elizabeth leads the Group into the room. And Wow, all the blood is gone. Doctor Eli looks up from a microscope.

ELIZABETH

Our resident physician, Dr. Eli.

DOCTOR ELI

Hi folks. Glad you can join us. You'll fit in fine, just remember anything with the word Doctor on it is mine, including the Dr. Pepper in the staff fridge.

That gets a chuckle. BANGS turn the group to Janitor Mike.

ELIZABETH

And this is Mike, our custodian.

JANITOR MIKE

You can call me Janitor Mike. And don't eat anything with the word janitor on it. It's cleanser!

Elizabeth's eyes roll. The others chuckle. Mike finishes dumping the waste can. Elizabeth leads everyone out.

JANITOR MIKE (CONT'D)

Your Dr. Pepper joke is old.

DOCTOR ELI

Hurry, we've got to have things ready. One more test, and we can launch.

JANITOR MIKE

That's what you said last time.

DOCTOR ELI

(back on the microscope)
Just the right mix of elements could eliminate the aggression.

Janitor Mike lifts a black cloth, fills Narbone cans.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - COMMON ROOM - DAY

Elizabeth leads the recruits into the room where RESIDENTS enjoy television, board games, cards or read books.

The RESIDENTS look over the new recruits. BINGO PLAYERS color in bingo card boxes. As each Recruit, in colored scrubs, enters the players mark off the corresponding color.

ELIZABETH

Our residents can enjoy many
leisure activities.

Marsha joins an older woman, DONA, heavy set, in the corner who makes dolls with realistic looking hair.

MARSHA

That's a very nice dolly. Did you
make that all by yourself?

DONA

Mh-hm.

ASHLEY

The hair looks so real. A weave?

Dona smiles and touches Ashley's silky hair.

DONA

Your hair is shiny.

ASHLEY

It should, with Dior conditioners.

DONA

I can make a dolly looks like you.

TOM

Put a bikini on that one.

The new recruits move on and don't see Dona open a tin can, remove a hair piece with bloody roots. She sucks the blood.

JENNIE, old, shivers, distraught, tugs on Elizabeth's sleeve.

JENNIE

Whe-n I go-ing to get my medi-cine?

ELIZABETH

Soon Jennie, soon.

JENNIE

I-I want my medi-cine now!

Jennie grabs Elizabeth. Pulls on her jacket, then her hair.

ELIZABETH

Jennie, Jennie, sit down.

Jennie wraps her hands around Elizabeth's neck. Elizabeth gags. Tom steps back to get out of the way.

John rushes in, pulls Jennie off. John cannot subdue her. An ORDERLY and a NURSE burst in to pull off the hysterical nut.

JENNIE

I PAY YOU FOR THIS! I WANT IT NOW!

The Nurse and Orderly carry Jennie out. Jennie sees the new night Staff. She points.

JENNIE (CONT'D)

I want them!

Elizabeth drops to an ottoman and massages her own neck.

ELIZABETH

I apologize everyone.

TOM

That old dame was strong.

ELIZABETH

Yes, well you've probably heard that happens with Alzheimer's.

Sophie and her walker enter, Layla follows.

TOM

Hey, we nearly ran you over.

Layla looks up at the group, confused.

TOM (CONT'D)

You was hitching.

LAYLA

Yeah, okay, sure.

ELIZABETH

(off the mother)

Sophia, is our newest resident. She's still getting settled in.

MARSHA
(to Layla)
And you're visiting? Hope my kids
turn out as nice you.

ELIZABETH
Well, folks we're nearly done.
(stern to Layla)
Visiting hours are over at 5.

Layla nods and Elizabeth guides the group out.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALL - DAY

Outside the Common room the Recruits gather around Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH
Alright, this is the end of the
tour. You are all going to make
great aides. Questions?

TOM
Yeah, when do we eat?

ELIZABETH
Oh, thank you Tom. You may eat
anything in the kitchen, after the
residents' needs are met.

MARSHA
I'm still not sure about taking
care of everyone here.

ELIZABETH
Of course, the best way to learn is
by doing. You will shadow a similar
crew member now for an hour.

Elizabeth hands each of them a sheet of paper.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Welcome to Calloway Retirement
Home, where you can feel young
again.

They each take their sheet of directions.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - EXAM ROOM - DAY

Elizabeth storms in as Dr. Eli injects Jennie.

ELIZABETH

Doctor, why are my residents
cracking up this early in the day.

Doctor Eli ignores her until he finishes. He meets her eyes
and grins; the animosity between them is tangible.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME OFFICE - VARIOUS - DAY

MONTAGE - The recruits learn their jobs alongside a STAFF
PERSON.

-- GYMNASIUM - NURSE teaches Ashley how to take the blood
pressure of a MR. And MRS. BIDON.

-- FRONT DOOR - Rupert shows John the security system.

-- CUSTODIAN CLOSET - Janitor Mike tries to show Tom where
the cleaning supplies are stored but Tom disappears.

-- EXAM ROOM - Nurse 2 shows Ashley the first aid kits.

-- KITCHEN - COOK shows Marsha the kitchen and pantry layout.

-- GARDEN ROOM - Tom hides in the garden room, grabs a smoke.

END MONTAGE

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

A slab of lean meat SIZZLES then is flipped on the grill by
MILLER, 60's a younger resident. Marsha strings an apron
around her waist.

MILLER

I've been a cook my whole life so
they let me "sizzle" in the
kitchen.

(ribs Marsha)

Get it? We might be dying, but
still got to eat and laugh.

Marsha organizes utensils around herself.

MARSHA

That's one way to look at it. Me, I
hope to open my own cafe someday.

(finds a meat thermometer)

I'll bake you up a southern fried
rump roast on Sunday.

She plops the thermometer into her apron pocket. Miller measures Marsha's rump against a roasting pan. Can't help himself and grabs her ass. Marsha whirls and slaps Miller.

MARSHA (CONT'D)

What the hell?

Miller apologizes with a mouth of meat. Marsha finishes quickly, grabs a knife and pockets cooking tools. She makes haste to get out of the kitchen.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - COMMON ROOM - DAY

A large wall clock chimes 5 p.m.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - OFFICE - DAY

Rupert looks at the clock on his desk. He opens what appears to be a large closet within his office.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - OFFICE CLOSET - DAY

Rupert enters a room filled with technical equipment. Security monitors line an entire wall. The screens display areas throughout the facility.

Rupert inserts several SD cards into a computer system, closes it, exits the room.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Rupert and Elizabeth meet at the entrance as the DAY STAFF exits. Dr. Eli with briefcase and Janitor Mike approach.

DR. ELI

The recruits appear to be fine specimen.

RUPERT

That's an odd coin of phrase, Dr.
(to Elizabeth)
Think they're ready?

ELIZABETH

Hope they do better than the last bunch.

JANITOR MIKE

They made a mess to clean up.

RUPERT

Well, that is your job. Let's go?

They all head out the door, Doctor Eli looks back sees the door automatically lock behind him. Satisfied.

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - PARKING LOT - DAY

The Staff get in their cars. As the parking lot empties, Dr. Eli and Janitor Mike stop at Dr. Eli's car.

They share unheard words. Then they each depart. The sun sets on the big monolithic building out in the middle of no where.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - BREAKROOM - DAY

Ashley, John and Tom drink coffee and sodas.

JOHN

Well, that wasn't so bad.

ASHLEY

My training went peachy. I got to take blood pressure with a stethoscope and everything.

Tom looks out the interior window into the Residents' area.

TOM

They seem to be settling in.

Marsha enters in with a tray of sandwiches.

MARSHA

Try my cucumber and cream cheese sandwiches. A southern favorite.

John stands to help her.

JOHN

Wow, haven't had these since I was a kid, at my mom's third wedding.

Ashley pulls off the cream cheese. Tom fiddles with his mobile phone.

TOM

Anybody get a signal?

Ashley pulls her phone out and checks.

ASHLEY

Damn.

TOM

Must be the hills. No towers. No bars.

John bites into a sandwich.

JOHN

See, it's good not becoming dependent on those things.

TOM

You're a Neanderthal!

Marsha looks around the room (no phone).

MARSHA

Maybe I can use the office phone to call my kids?

JOHN

Sure, it's not like we're prisoners, here.

Tom holds his phone up high in the air and walks around.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - HILLTOP - NIGHT

The hilltop is black. A car creeps up the drive, pulls under the trees and kills it's lights as the Retirement Home comes into view.

HEAR car doors open. TWO MEN IN SILHOUETTE approach the facility's 10 foot gated security fence. The light glints off the slick hair of one and the baseball cap of the other.

One of the two MEN produces a set of keys. He unlocks a small gate near the side of the building and the two men slip through. He closes and locks the gate behind them.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - BREAKROOM - NIGHT

The Recruits finish the sandwiches.

JOHN

I guess after our break we can start some rounds?

TOM

Yes, boss.

Layla darts into the room, checks behind to see if spotted.

TOM (CONT'D)

Layla?

MARSHA

Weren't you supposed to leave at 5?

LAYLA

Kinda short on funds. I'm gonna bunk with Grams. Just one night. I want to get her out of this place.

MARSHA

Why?

Layla stares at the plate of sandwiches.

JOHN

Hungry, kid? Sit your buns down.

John hands her a plate of sandwiches.

ASHLEY

Don't you think you should change?

Layla looks at her clothes.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Your goth look will scare these old coots. They may think the Grim Reaper has come to call.

LAYLA

All my clothes are black.

TOM

Ashley, be nice. We don't need any cat fights here.

Marsha nods asleep on the table.

JOHN

(off Marsha)

She looks beat.

John clears the plates and crumbs. Ashley checks him out.

MARSHA

(comes to)

Wish my first husband learned a few things from you.

ASHLEY

You could clean my kitchen anytime.

TOM

Yeah, God's gift to women. Tell me John, how much time you do in the pen?

John drops a few dishes.

JOHN

Are you always a jerk?

Another BOOM!

TOM

Relax John, it was a joke.

But the noise isn't from the breakroom. John looks around.

JOHN

That's not me. Came from the hall.

Tom throws open the door to the hall.

MARSHA

I'll check. Moving will help me wake up, plus I can look for a phone to call the kids.

JOHN

Someone just dropped their cane.

Layla takes another sandwich. Ashley gets up to follow.

ASHLEY

I'll tag along.

(to Layla)

Those carbs will go straight to your hips.

Tom gives the hips a look.

TOM

I don't mind.

Ashley takes her little vanity case with her.

TOM (CONT'D)
 (off case)
 Slipping into something a "little
 more comfortable"?

ASHLEY
 There's got to be one decent mirror
 with good lighting.

TOM
 And I need a smoke.

Tom checks out Ashley's mini-skirt as he follows her out.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tom turns right while the ladies walk down the corridor.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - EXIT DOOR - NIGHT

Tom pushes on the nearest door. It doesn't budge so he PULLS
 on the door. It opens but...

TOM
 Damn?

He stares straight into a steel casement. He studies the
 edges. It's like a garage door that has been lowered. Tom
 tries but it doesn't open.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ashley and Marsha step down the hall.

MARSHA
 I'm surprised you want to tag
 along. Being a volunteer and all.

ASHLEY
 Do you know how many carbs are in
 those sandwiches? I've got to walk
 them off.

She stops herself as she realizes Marsha made the sandwiches.

MARSHA
 That's alright honey. Southern food
 has never been dietetic.

Marsha points.

MARSHA (CONT'D)
Let's try that pill room.

ASHLEY
Yea, I saw a big mirror in there.

MARSHA
I think that's for security. The noise may have come from there.

ASHLEY
Yeah, these old timers seem to have a drug fetish.

In the shadows, a DROOLER old man stares as they pass. Then, he pulls a stroller and disassembles it into two spears.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - BREAKROOM - NIGHT

Tom sticks the cig behind his ear as he enters the breakroom, Layla notices.

LAYLA
Cold turkey, for the turkey.

TOM
Man, they really don't want these old dudes roaming around at night. I couldn't get out.

Layla answers between bites.

LAYLA
I'm glad it's secure. I wouldn't want my Gram wandering around.

Tom shrugs and returns his cig back to its pack. John comes in wiping his hands on a wet towel.

JOHN
(to Layla)
You full yet kiddo?

She nods and wipes crumbs from her mouth. Tom agonizes over those little crumbs disappearing from dark lips.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - PILL ROOM - NIGHT

Ashley and Marsha enter and freeze. The place is a mess, cabinets open, trays, meds, scattered all over the floor.

ASHLEY

What the...? Shitstorm?

Marsha scans the room. Her eyes settle on the cabinet with the Narbone. It's open and empty.

MARSHA

Look.

ASHLEY

They took the Narjoint stuff.

MARSHA

Narbone. But WHO took it?

The Drooler and two OLD MEN, in nice pajamas and "smoking" jackets join the women.

ASHLEY

Hey, Gramps what's going on.

They get very close. One strokes Ashley's hair, One rubs his hand down her ass. Ashley moves away.

MARSHA

That's quite enough.

ASHLEY

Stay back.

MARSHA

(to Ashley)

I've heard they get frisky with dementia. This way guys, No, NO!

Drooler sniffs Ashley's skirt.

ASHLEY

EAOW, this ain't frisky. Stop it!
Perverts!

Ashley pops her case, points the hair spray like a gun.
PSSST.

An Old Guy's hand knocks the spray can away. Marsha tries to pull them away.

MARSHA

Where's their strength from?

CANE MAN pounds Marsha across her back with his cane, a requisite tennis ball attached to the bottom. BAM, it makes a METAL SOUND on impact. The ball pops off, ball bearings spill out the cane's bottom and dance across the floor.

Ashley's heels catch on the bearings and she goes down.
Marsha pulls away to help.

MARSHA (CONT'D)
STAY AWAY FROM HER!

Three Old Men overpower Marsha.

MARSHA (CONT'D)
Get off me!

They drag injured Marsha out and SLAM the door.

Still on the floor, Ashley does her best to fight off the old guys by backing into the corner.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - EXAM ROOM - NIGHT

The group of Old Men drag Marsha into the Exam Room. They hoist her onto the examination table. They pull the straps tight and pin her arms to her side.

CANE MAN
Let's get back to the young one.

They race out, SLAM and LOCK the door. Marsha pulls against her bindings. Can't budge. Something moves in the corner.

MARSHA
Someone there?

In the corner, real quiet, it's Jennie again. But she's got her fix now. She crouches in the corner, inhales gas from a can of Narbone.

JENNIE
(in baby talk)
A present for me?

Marsha struggles on the table. Can tell something is off with Jennie. Talks calmly.

MARSHA
Hi, Jennie, think you can help me,
sweetie? Please?

Jennie shakes her head, YES. But then stays put. Her mind gone.

JENNIE
Me good mama.

Marsha struggles. Feels something poke her side. Uses her hand, feels the knife inside the pocket. She pushes the knife up, up, from outside the pocket.

ASHLEY (O.S.)

EOWAW!!

Marsha stops frozen. Then works faster at the knife. Almost has it. But when it clears the pocket it CLANGS to the floor.

MARSHA

NOOOO!

Marsha hears a SCREECH behind her as a medical tray heads for her. Jennie uses the rolling tray like a walker.

MARSHA (CONT'D)

That's it, Jennie.

Jennie stops, sees the knife on the floor, picks it up.

JENNIE

Oh, she's a good girl. Hehehe! Me
mama. She good girl.

Jennie looks at the knife, then at Marsh.

MARSHA

Yes, good girl. You're a mama? I'm
a mama too. Please cut the straps.
Can you?

Marsha tugs. Jennie holds the knife, her smile pops up.

JENNIE

I won't hurt you. You a good girl.

MARSHA

Please help. Ashley, needs help.

Jennie grins. Marsha's eyes grow moist. Jennie wipes Marsha's face. Her other hand flies up, full of pills. She jams them into Marsha's mouth.

JENNIE

I'm going to make you a good girl.

Marsha CHOKES, GAGS, turns her mouth back and forth. Marsha coughs up foam and pills. Jennie's face contorts in anger.

JENNIE (CONT'D)

No! No! Take your pills!

Marsha coughs and gags as a few pills go down her throat.

MARSHA

I'm a good girl. Use the knife, cut the strap. Can you cut?

Jennie raises the knife. She smiles, little girl-like and saws with the knife, back and forth.

MARSHA (CONT'D)

Good Jennie. My two kids, they're waiting for me. We can go see them.

JENNIE

My babies are...

The knife is nearly through the strap.

JENNIE (CONT'D)

Dead.

Marsha's eyes grow wide. Jennie, high as a kite, stabs at the air. Now she comes close to Marsha with that knife.

BZZZZT BZZZZT Phyllis comes from the corners of the room with the defibrillator, an electric HUM fills the air. She buzzes Jennie. ON and ON. The knife drops from Jennie's hands.

JENNIE (CONT'D)

No! She's good! She Mama.

Jennie drops to the floor. Marsha catches her breath.

PHYLLIS

Aw, she murdered her babies the same way. But Nana Phyllis is here to help you.

Through the glass window of the door, a man ducks down.

MARSHA

Dr. Eli? Dr. Eli, help.

Marsha struggles to see, blinks, is she seeing things?

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - BREAKROOM - NIGHT

Layla checks the clock, READS 8:45 p.m.

LAYLA

Grams should be asleep now.

Tom pulls his laptop from his backpack. John wipes down the table, heads to the kitchen. LOUD SOUND

LAYLA (CONT'D)
Is that a scream?

John stops.

TOM
Maybe a squeal? The old farts
getting a tease?

LAYLA
Gross. Who thinks of their gramps
coping a feel?

TOM
Just don't think of them as your
grandpa.

Layla can't believe he said this.

JOHN
Idiot. Her grandma is here,
remember?

Tom buries his face in a game on his laptop. Layla shudders
with the thought.

INT. RETIRMENT HOME - PILL ROOM - NIGHT

Still sprawled on the floor, Ashley fights. The Old Geezer's
hand makes it down her pink smock for a squeeze. Ashley uses
her eyelash curler, catches the Old Guy's fingers in the
device and squeezes with force. OWWW, he pulls out.

ASHLEY
Keep your filthy fingers off me!

Another DUDE grabs Ashley around her waist. Ashley throws a
PUNCH, gets dentures stuck to her knuckles. Ashley pulls her
stiletto off, gets a few good stabs in with a deadly heel.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
You sick fucks.

The Group pins Ashley down. Her mini skirt hikes up and now
the Old Men glimpse her pink lacy thong. Her struggles only
make her more exciting to the Geezers.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
No, no get off me!

One Old Guy's hand goes down his elastic waist, under that
plaid flannel, he strokes himself.

Ashley stretches to reach her overturned case. Twist, she plugs a cord into a socket. The Men are too excited with their hard-on's to notice.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - EXAM ROOM - NIGHT

Marsha relaxes a second, she remembers Phyllis from the tour.

MARSHA

Thank God, Phyllis can you help me.

Strong, Phyllis moves the zapped Jennie away from the table.

PHYLLIS

She did time. But when you're old they eventually release you.

Phyllis looks at the bindings.

MARSHA

Unstrap me!

PHYLLIS

Hmm, don't think Doc would like it?

MARSHA

What?

Suddenly, Jennie rises up behind Phyllis. Marsha SCREAMS.

PHYLLIS

(doesn't see Jennie)
Calm down, honey.

Jennie grabs Phyllis and throws her to the floor. She climbs on-top of the exam table with Marsha. Marsha feels in her apron for something, what? The meat thermometer. She pulls it out. She wiggles it toward her hand.

Jennie rises up over Marsha.

JENNIE

My baby. My little baby.

Marsha catches her breath. She nearly has one hand free. She moves her lips to a quick prayer. Jennie's smile collapses.

JENNIE (CONT'D)

I kill them like this.

That knife goes up in the air like a dagger. Marsha pulls her one hand free, breaks the last threads.

Up, up, up, the blade glints in Marsha's eye. She looses it in the blinding exam light above her.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
They's crying and crying like you.

MARSHA
No, I'm not crying. See.

Then the dagger comes down, the old woman's weight behind it. Plus that supernatural strength. Marsha begs. The knife comes down with Jennie's body.

JENNIE
Arghh!

MARSHA
Owwwhh!

Jennie goes limp on top of Marsha, her eyes shut tight. Marsha WHIMPERS in disgust, agony, pain? We don't know.

Marsha's one free arm pushes Jennie to the side. And there it is. The meat thermometer embedded in Jennie's chest, right where she landed. Blood soaks Marsha. She sobs.

Marsha unclenches the knife from Jennie. Cuts her other strap, gets off the exam table. Rubs her face. Blood smears.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - PILL ROOM - NIGHT

Drooler sticks his face in Ashley's crotch and yanks her pink thong off with his teeth. The rest of the Old Farts CLAP.

She kicks and SCREAMS.

Drooler tears open Ashley's pink smock. Lovely YOUNG breasts push against a pink bra.

Outside the room, Tattoo beats the glass on the locked door.

TATTOO
(through the glass)
Stop, stop it. NOOOO!!

Drooler looks up.

DROOLER
What's his problem?

OLD MAN 2
He wants a taste too!

Tattoo moves away from the window.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - PILL ROOM - NIGHT

Drooler pulls a tube of icy-hot from his pocket. Takes a big dab into his elastic waist pants and smears himself.

DROOLER
Keeps my prick going.

From the window, Tattoo is back. He sees Drooler.

TATTOO
(through the glass)
No!! You cock sucker's.

He disappears from the window. TOOTHY old man grins as Drooler nears Ashley. A Wrinkled hand comes down on top of Ashley's mouth. Her SCREAMS muffled.

Her eyes grow Wide as Drooler's old erection(implied) comes near. This brings a last burst of strength. She grabs her now HOT curling iron, opens the CLIP and rolls his wiener up in her HOT IRON.

DROOLER
ARRRGHHH!!!

These things get hot enough to BURN!

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - BREAKROOM - NIGHT

The door FLINGS OPEN and BANGS against the wall. Tom and Layla jump as TWO OLD MEN storm in, armed with a weighted cane and a nail spike cane. Another TWO with black leather half-gloves cruise in wheelchairs, burning rubber.

TOM
Huh?

He can't comprehend the scene.

TOM (CONT'D)
Can we help you with something?

John re-enters, sees the faces but not the weapons.

JOHN
Ya'll hungry?

OLD MAN 1 charges John with a nail spike cane. John's reflexes kick in. He grabs the cane and uses his momentum to toss him into the adjacent kitchen.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - PILL ROOM - NIGHT

Drooler mounts Ashley. BAM, CRASH, an oxygen tank breaks the glass door window.

They turn to see Tattoo shove his hand through, unlocks the door. He's in.

TOOTHY

You just supposed to fetch them,
you don't get to fuck them.

ALL THE MEN

(to Tattoo)
Get out of here.

Tattoo moves with a force toward Ashley.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

John picks the Bugger up off the floor.

JOHN

You old coots trying to roust us?

Old Man 1 pushes John up to the grill.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(off his strength)
What the --?

John twists the old Man up, he lands flat out on the grill. Still hot, Old Man 1 squirms like a sizzling sausage.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - BREAKROOM - NIGHT

A melee ensues. The wheelchair Coots chase Layla with syringes round the big table. The needle gets close to Layla's butt. She swings her hips to the left. The needle catches her black fringe and dangles there.

TOM

Men, stop, stop.
(to Layla)
Maybe they need tranquilizers?

Old Man 2 with the nail spike cane swings away at Tom.

TOM (CONT'D)

Can I take him out? Then have him
put a hole in my in my head!

He kicks at Old Man 2. John busts back in, muscles bulge. Since their friend doesn't return, the rest of the Coots boogie fast. Wheelchair Man 2 pokes his head back in and shakes a fistful of syringes at them.

OLD MAN 2
We'll be back with more.

He wheelie his way out. Tom slides down the wall.

TOM
That was psycho.

PLOP they HEAR a noise in the kitchen.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

They all rush in to see Old Man 1 has rolled off the grill. Old Man 1 rises, swings his spiked cane high ready to strike.

Too late!

John snatches a cast-iron fry pan, lays the Old Guy out with a CLANG to the head. He sprawls on the floor, his spiked cane whizzes an inch from Tom, EMBEDS itself in the wall.

TOM
I'm just suppose to teach about the internet.

ASHLEY
Lock the door!

Tom, grabs a fork for defense, rushes to the door, locks it.

TOM
I need a cigarette!

LAYLA
Now?

TOM
We got attacked by a geezer gang!

Tom grabs a smoke from his pocket. John rips the electrical cords from the mixer and blender, yanks the Codgers hands and feet, ties them tight.

INT. RETIRMENT HOME - EXAM ROOM - NIGHT

A wicked CACKLE. Marsha spins round but she can't see anything.

VOICE (O.S.)
You're not being a very good girl.

Marsha freezes.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
See what happens when you don't do
as you're told.

It's Phyllis, she jumps from the shadows and repeatedly hits her with a large bottle of vitamins until Marsha passes out.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - PILL ROOM - NIGHT

Gagged and tied up with drawstrings from the old Geezers pants, all Tattoo can do is watch the horror.

Drooler recovers with a vengeance, he thrusts into Ashley (implied) way too hard for his age. His saggy ass peeks out of his smoking jacket. Until, YIKES, his hipbone pops out.

DROOLER
Shit! My back.

Two Old Men lift Drooler off Ashley, careful to keep his back straight. Toothy drops his drawers.

TOOTHY
Since you're out of commission...

He poises himself for a turn. The men lay Drooler on the floor. Toothy looks Ashley in the eyes.

TOOTHY (CONT'D)
Sure look sweet!

Ashley grabs the moment and rolls away, scrambles to her feet, bolts to the door.

TATTOO
(spits gag out)
Run, run, run like hell!!

She makes it out. Glory! Alleluia! Tattoo gets a boot to his groin! That shuts him up.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - BREAKROOM - NIGHT

John, Layla, and Tom pace.

JOHN
Ring the police.

Layla jerks her phone out. No bars.

LAYLA
Still no signal. Dead.

TOM
So are we, if we don't get out!

They all exchange glances as the realization dawns on them.

TOM (CONT'D)
No phones. No exit...

JOHN
...this is no accident.

John tries to open the window. It doesn't budge.

LAYLA
We've got to get to my Grams.

JOHN
Grab some shanks.

TOM
What?

John remembers he's not in prison.

JOHN
Knives. From the kitchen.

He rushes into the next room.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

John pulls knives from the block of blades. He passes them around. Now Tom's got a knife and fork, ready to toss greens.

TOM
This is insane.

LAYLA
Let's get my Grams and the others.

JOHN
Hell only knows what they've done
to Ashley and Marsha?

Tom drops the utensils, tries to lift a window, it won't budge. John hurls a chair at the window. The glass doesn't even crack.

They both try another window with the same results.

TOM
Come on open--

JOHN
Reinforced glass. Seen this before.

TOM
Yeah, prison?

JOHN
Something like that. Secured, so residents don't get out, but--

TOM
Can't use the doors either.

John opens the exterior back door, the steel casement.

LAYLA
All the doors must be rigged.

Tom fires up his laptop on a kitchen counter.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
This is no time for gaming.

Tom pecks away, doesn't even look up.

TOM
No. See those casings are lowered electronically.

LAYLA
You mean like a garage door?

TOM
Exactly. I mean they have to do them all at the same time, right?

JOHN
You doing that hacking thing?

Tom points two fingers at him.

TOM
Bingo.

JOHN
Doesn't that take time?

TOM
I can get into a bank in a month.

JOHN

Exactly, we don't have time.

He slams Tom's laptop closed. Tom opens his laptop back up.

TOM

Once we find everyone, we still need to get out. How you propose to do that?

JOHN

I don't know yet. Let's go.

Everyone but Tom leaves. John sticks his head back in.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You want to stay here by yourself and keep hacking? Okay by me.

Tom looks at the Old Guy tied up and now gagged.

TOM

No way, dude.

Tom throws his laptop into his backpack.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - BREAKROOM - NIGHT

Layla and Tom line up behind John as he cracks the door to the hall. John glances out, then opens it.

LAYLA

Don't wanta die in a retirement home.

TOM

That's funny because--

JOHN

Shut up Tom.

They all tiptoe out into the hall.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ashley pulls her torn smock tight around herself. Barefoot and limping, she keeps her back to the walls. She hides behind wheelchairs and patient lifts stored in the halls.

She's fucked up but at least she's alive.

ASHLEY
 (in relief)
 Damn.

HEARS footsteps approaching. She tries the first doorknob behind her. Ducks into the dark room.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - DARK ROOM / CLOSET - NIGHT

She stands motionless inside. HEARS several footsteps.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Feet rush past in prison boots, small black goth boots and high-top keds. Yes, we see it is John, Layla and Tom, maneuvering through the retirement home. Damn, so close.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - DARK ROOM / CLOSET - NIGHT

Relieved the footsteps pass. Ashley takes a moment. SNIFFS. Something smells sour. She turns to see what kind of room, feels for a light switch. Doesn't flip it on.

In the light that filters from the hall, her hands feel around the room. Broom handles, mop heads, they stink, her feet bump into a mop bucket. The room is small.

ASHLEY
 Janitor's closet.

She HEARS a voice outside.

VOICE (O.S.)
 Every night a fucking mess.

The door is thrown open. It's Janitor Mike. He grabs the mop and bucket. Closes the door. Whew, she made it.

But then the door opens again. Janitor Mike sees the bare-foot among the broom handles. He looks up dumb-faced, behind a mop head is a shaken Ashley.

JANITOR MIKE
 Well, my, my, my.

He pulls a syringe from his back pocket.

DIP TO BLACK:

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Janitor Mike drags Ashley's unconscious body out of the Janitor's closet. A COUPLE attack him.

JANITOR MIKE

Wait, wait, It's me god-damnit.

The old man ARTIST, takes his paint brush and brings it closer to Janitor Mike's eyeball. Janitor Mike blows his breath on Artist. He sees it is indeed Janitor Mike and puts his paint brush down.

The woman is Dona, she studies Ashley's face a bit too long.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - PILL ROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tom, Layla and John creep down the hallway.

A ROLLING SOUND, like a rusty wheel rises and falls in pitch. They stop, look at each and mouth, SHHH.

TOM

(whispers)

Maybe it's the girls. I bet it's all been a silly mistake.

From the corner of the hallway, behind them, THREE OLD MEN keep an eye on Layla, John, and Tom. They slobber and inhale cans of Narbone.

At the Pill Room door, Tom looks through the broken glass.

TOM (CONT'D)

Empty. But look!

It's of course a frickin' mess inside. Tom reaches in through the broken window and opens the door from the inside.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - PILL ROOM - NIGHT

All three enter the room.

JOHN

This isn't a good sign.

TOM

Wait, look.

He points to the pink thong. GULP.

TOM (CONT'D)
I don't think those belong to any
of the residents.

LAYLA
Or to Marsha.

ALL
Ashley?!

They survey the mess, John studies the broken locks and the empty Narbone cabinet. Tom starts to pick up the panties.

JOHN
Don't touch them.

John uses a pen, picks up the panties like a detective.

TOM
Yeah, very CSI. They're Ashley's.

LAYLA
Enough, sicko.

Tom sits and opens his backpack. He pulls out the Narbone can and reads the label.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
(to Tom)
What's that?

JOHN
He boosted it when we were on tour.

TOM
This must be what's giving them the
supernatural strength.

Tom opens the can and INHALES.

LAYLA
You idiot. What about side effects?

TOM
I'll give anything a try, once!

JOHN
Gesuz, let's keep going!

Layla stops everyone and points to boots in the corner. They all creep around the cabinet. Dead on the floor with a spear through his heart, blood everywhere is Drooler.

JOHN (CONT'D)
No need to check, sucker is dead.

LAYLA
What is happening here?

TOM
Looks like one of the old coots.
(off their look)
That's good isn't it?

JOHN
Exam room next?

They all stealth out the door. Tom pockets the panties.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The three stick together like glue now. They make it through the hall, oddly undeterred. As they pass a resident's room the door is open. Layla peers in.

In a macabre setting, hundreds of dolls line shelves from the floor to the ceiling. Yes, they are only dolls but they all stare, in costumes, different sizes and all look oddly REAL.

In an instant, Dona's face appears. The doll maker, sits on the floor making a doll with pieces of what looks like a real face and hair.

Layla SCREAMS. Then she faints.

JOHN
What! Who's there?

John eyes bug-out as he sees Dona. Tom tends to Layla, she is still breathing and so follows the "muscle". That being John.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - DOLL ROOM - NIGHT

John cautiously enters the room, Tom behind. It is large enough for a sitting area with a bed towards the back. Victorian style decorations and of course the hundreds of dolls all stare at him. Tom's eyes take in each macabre face.

TOM
Shit! Damn! What the f?

Dona sits on the floor with her tools. HUMMING.

TOM (CONT'D)
That looks like Mar--

John bonks him for silence. John gets his knife ready. He checks the room for any other Weirdos.

JOHN

Dona. Dona, whose doll is this?

She doesn't respond to John's presence.

TOM

Whose face is that, Dona?

Unnerved, Tom tries harder to get her out of this "spell".

TOM (CONT'D)

Is this Marsha? Where is Marsha?

Dona reels back and KICKS him, sends him across the room.

DONA

My dolly. She's my dolly.

Then she gets up and charges.

JOHN

Stop! Don't make me hurt you.

He STABS Dona in the leg as they struggle. This slows her down but only a little. John grabs black yarn, unravels it and wraps Dona's feet and hands.

He sits her on a chair. Threatens her with the knife.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What the hell, is going on here?

He pulls her hair away from her face.

DONA

(cackles)

You'll never make it out of here.
None of them ever do.

JOHN

Gag her.

TOM

What?

Tom attempts to gag her with a doll's dress. Blood drips from John's clothes.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tom rushes to Layla, she has revived. Tom looks up at John as he steps into the hallway, with blood and rage on his face.

JOHN
Get moving. Now.

Layla tries to stick her head inside the Doll Room.

TOM
No, don't.

Tom yanks the door closed. John, jacked on adrenaline, stalks down the hall as the others hurry to keep up.

Heading toward them is an OLD MAN, dragging an IV pole, sucking fluid from a tube attached to the bag.

Layla lifts her knife.

LAYLA
STAY AWAY FROM US!

John stares straight at the Old Man as they approach.

JOHN
Don't worry, he's not going to harm you.

TOM
Awe man.

JOHN
What?

Tom looks over his shoulder.

TOM
There's a whole army of them.

Layla and John turn to see a CROWD OF OLD PEOPLE armed with medical equipment and other make-shift weapons.

TOM (CONT'D)
Back away! I will hurt you!

LAYLA
Go back to your rooms. Get.

The crowd GRUNTS and charges.

JOHN
 (to Tom and Layla)
 Move it.

They run at the Old Man sucking on the IV. John BOWLS him over like a football linebacker. Tom takes that IV pole and swings it at the feet of the Crowd to trip them up.

A SECOND OLD MAN leaps from the shadows, clothes-lines Tom across the neck. Tom's feet fly up before him and he CRASHES to the floor on his back.

The Old Man grabs Tom's leg and drags him. Tom ferociously KICKS at him to no avail. Layla cowers against the wall.

John grabs a chair and rushes the Old Man. John slams his chest with it... A BONE-CRUNCHING SNAP... and the Old Man stumbles into the darkness from whence he came.

Tom and John see the Old Man's bloody, severed hand gripping Tom's ankle.

TOM
 Oh, shit! Get it away.

Tom shakes the bloody hand off as John pulls him to his feet.

Tom grabs Layla and they all run.

Unseen by the three, in a dark corner two figures watch it play out. One is Doctor Eli. The other steps from the shadow, Janitor Mike. The two men exchange glances and grins.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - VARIOUS HALLWAYS - NIGHT

The three run, turn this way and that, down one corridor, then another.

LAYLA
 We've got to get to my Grams.

JOHN
 It's worth a try. Room?

LAYLA
 It's this way, 43.

TOM
 You sure she's not one of them?

LAYLA
 Of course not.

JOHN
Yeah, she's new, remember.

John leads down the last hall. Tom points out the room, first. He tries to open it, but it's locked.

LAYLA
Good, she's locked in.

Locks don't stop John. He finds an abandoned clipboard, a paperclip attached. He unfolds the clip and picks the lock.

TOM
Sweet.
(to John)
Perks of the "big" house?

John pushes into the room first. They all scamper in.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - SOPHIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Inside Layla rushes to Gram's bed. Tom checks out the room. John SLAMS the door, jams the lock, CLICKS it secure. Layla strokes her Grams hair and whispers.

LAYLA
Grams? Are you awake?

The older Woman wakes.

SOPHIA
Oh, Layla dear. Is that you? I was having such bad dreams.

LAYLA
(kisses her)
You're safe. My friends are here.

John walks the room behind Tom to make sure there are no surprises as everyone catches their breath.

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS rise and fade beyond the locked door.

Our threesome keep quiet until no sounds come from the hall.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
They're gone.

TOM
A fucking hand attacked my leg!

LAYLA
 (loud whisper)
 Shhh.

TOM
 We need to get outta' here!

LAYLA
 But what about Ashley and Marsha?

JOHN
 Right.

TOM
 They're dead.

LAYLA
 We don't know that? How can you
 just leave?

TOM
 You didn't see Dona. Making a doll
 withwith...someone's face. I
 think that was Marsha?!

JOHN
 Are you a coward?

TOM
 No, I'm just smart. Really, really
 smart, as a matter of fact.

John throws a punch at Tom, who blocks it with unusual strength. Ahhh, the Narbone kicks in. John and Tom TUMBLE to the floor and wrestle. But it's evident John cannot take him.

GRAMS
 Stop. You boys act like children!

LAYLA
 Grams, there are old folks trying
 to hurt us!

Layla gets between the two men. John wipes his brow.

JOHN
 Well, now we know.

TOM
 (breathless)
 What?

JOHN
 What that shit does. Your skinny
 ass could never take me otherwise.

LAYLA
 You were testing him?

JOHN
 Among other things.
 (to Tom)
 Don't you care about anyone else?

TOM
 Gee, someone else asked me that.
 Fine! Okay.

LAYLA
 We need to find Marsha and Ashley,
 then get the Hell out of here.

Tom unlocks the door, cracks it open, peers out.

TOM
 It-It looks clear.

LAYLA
 We can't leave my Grams.

They all turn and see the sweet woman. The way Old people are
 supposed to look. Tom looks around the room.

TOM
 I have an idea.

He moves to the back of the closet.

DIP TO BLACK:

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - SOPHIA'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The three stand at the door, ready to exit. Tom peeks out.

JOHN
 Me first.

TOM
 I'm good with that, but don't we
 need our weapons.

They retreat and get their knives. Now they try again.

JOHN
 Layla, lock the door behind us.

She nods in agreement. John opens the door and they head out.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

They cautiously move down the hallway, creep around a corner. HEAR classical music. John turns, looks at the others.

JOHN
Is that good or bad?

LAYLA
It's Mozart.

TOM
Killer's don't murder to classical?

JOHN
I smell paint--

LAYLA
--it's his Requiem....for the dead.

But it's too late, as the three enter the room ...

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - ARTS AND CRAFTS ROOM - NIGHT

They follow each other; for better or worse they are united. The room holds paints, thinner, still life watercolors, bold oils on canvas and even a few nudes. Then they freeze, dumbstruck at what they see in a back corner.

Artist, in paint splattered smock, clutches an artist's paint brush and palette. He paints over a nude female body that hangs from the wall. He uses meticulous strokes, painting a lush landscape on the body of an exquisite beauty.

Milky white skin. High, supple breasts, long lean legs slightly spread with her arms straight out like on a cross. They get closer, the face is covered with a disturbing mask.

John signals them to stay put, hidden behind easels. A SILENT SCREAM from Layla as she points.

LAYLA
There on the floor. Her scrubs.

She points to a pile of pink scrubs on the floor. Layla's knees buckle. Tom catches her, places her on art cushions.

LAYLA (CONT'D)
Poor Ashley.

TOM

Didn't think you really liked her?

LAYLA

No one deserves to die like...that.

John pulls his knife. But Layla rushes the Old Artist, takes a can of paint thinner, pours it over the Artist. He looks at her blankly, goes back to his paints.

JOHN

What?

Tom and John join her.

LAYLA

(to Tom)

Lighter.

He hands it over. She strikes it and lights the Artist up. John scrambles, for something, what?.

PPSSSST - John hits the Artist with a fire extinguisher of foam. The flames are doused. Layla just stares. Tom slides his lighter out of her hands.

TOM

Damn.

John picks up a can of Narbone off the floor. Shakes it. Empty.

TOM (CONT'D)

Thus the mad artistry.

John gently slaps Layla's face to bring her back. She looks into John's eyes. There's a moment. She takes Mozart off the turnstile and busts it across her knee.

LAYLA

He is not an artist.

Tom is transfixed by the beauty of the nude. Yes, it is malicious, but the human form, beautiful and the painting transforms the frame. Tom sees....

TOM

Wait. I saw something.

JOHN

(looks about)

Yeah, well, we are trapped in a corner here.

Tom climbs up on the ladder, touches Ashley's body.

LAYLA

Eaow, you are a sicko.

Tom turns to them.

TOM

No, she's warm. She's not dead, not yet anyway.

He rushes to the top rung. Removes the hood from Ashley's face. She breathes.

TOM (CONT'D)

He was painting not still life but real life.

They all move to get Ashley down from the wall.

INT. RETIRMENT HOME - EXAM ROOM - NIGHT

Dr. Eli surveys the room. A racket makes him turn. It's Janitor Mike who drops a pile of trash on the ground.

JANITOR MIKE

This is the worst it's been.

Dr. Eli studies the blood.

DR. ELI

Whose blood?

JANITOR MIKE

It was the old one. Marsha I think. She didn't make it.

DR. ELI

Obviously.

He surveys the room, sees the meat thermometer plunged into Jennie.

DR. ELI (CONT'D)

Creative. Ah what about the young Ashley.

JANITOR MIKE

Hiding in the cleaning closet.

DR. ELI

Alive?

JANITOR MIKE

I gave her to the Artist. She won't be alive long. You know what he likes to do with those paints once he's jacked up on Narbonne.

DR. ELI

Indeed.

Dr. Eli looks at the cut strapping with bits of human flesh connected.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - ART GALLERY - DAY

Ashley lays on stretched canvas on the floor. John, Layla and Tom use swabs of remover to dab at Ashley's painted skin. A smock has been draped over her nude torso.

She begins to move.

TOM

She's coming out of it.

ASHLEY

(confused)

What? Help me? I'm, I'm--

Layla pushes her back down to rest.

LAYLA

--alive?!

Layla finds a towel for Ashley to wrap around her waist.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

Here.

John gets up and scouts around. Ashley sits and pulls the smock over her head. Ashley helps her wrap the towel.

JOHN

(from afar)

Ready to move soon?

Ashley nods. Tom is close. He pulls the pink thong from his pocket.

Ashley remembers and starts to explode in tears as she grasps Tom. Tom waits, then instinctively holds her.

LAYLA

And you wanted to abandon her and Marsha?

Tom looks up into Layla's eyes. A change comes over him. He wants to help. He helps Ashley up.

TOM
John's right, we have to move.
We're sitting ducks here.

ELDERLY FEMALE (O.S.)
Please help me... my bones.

They don't move. SEE a clawed hand grasp the inside of the door jam.

ELDERLY FEMALE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Need my medicine...please...please.

With Tom's new found compassion, he starts toward the clawed hand. Layla grabs him.

LAYLA
Don't be an idiot.

They all race down the other hall.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The four turn right, left. Then they come. From everywhere, from the shadows, doorways, everywhere. The elderly ONLY WORSE. THE DEADLY ELDERLY.

In seconds, they're upon the four, grasping, clawing.

John SLASHES about with his knife, Tom and Layla PUNCH, KICK. They all SCREAM, SHOUT. Amidst the chaos, they get separated; Tom cradles Ashley and John with Layla.

Having no choice, they run in opposite directions to escape and survive.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tom and Ashley charge down the corridor, their shoes POUND and ECHO throughout.

TOM
Where's John? Layla?

ASHLEY
(weakly)
Just keep going, I can't look back.

Further ahead, from a SUITE doorway, two sets of eyes peer.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - SUITE DOORWAY - NIGHT

The eyes belong to Mr. and Mrs. Bidon.

MR. BIDON

You fancy having fun with the girl
or the boy?

MRS. BIDON

Can we indulge both?

MR. BIDON

We can't be greedy honey. If we
include our friends we can play
with both. You know how this
society works. Share the spoils.

TOM (O.S.)

(pre-lap)

Head for the courtyard.

Mr. Bidon nods to Mrs. Bidon.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tom leads Ashley down a turn.

ASHLEY

What courtyard?

TOM

The one place you can smoke here!

They SLIDE to a stop before a door. Tom YANKS on it. No good.
Locked.

TOM (CONT'D)

No, no.

Tom pulls harder, SHAKES the knob, BANGS on the door.

TOM (CONT'D)

We need the con's talent's,
breaking and entering. Damn.

Ashley despairs and slides down the wall. As she looks up to
Tom, she sees and points up. Above the door is an open
transom window.

Tom pulls her to her feet. Cups his hand.

TOM (CONT'D)

See if you can go through.

Ashley steps up into his hands. Tom raises her up. She pushes the window open wider. She goes through the transom. From inside she opens the door for him.

ASHLEY

Quick.

As soon as Tom disappears inside, she closes the door.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - B HALLWAY - NIGHT

John and Layla run full speed toward the facility's front door. John barrels right into the door, hopes sheer force will work. But no, it's that damn steel frame.

John ANGRILY BANGS on it.

JOHN

Shit! Shit! Shit!

John turns and scans the area. A FIGURE peers around a corner then ducks back.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Look.

John points to cameras hung in corners of the room.

LAYLA

Security system.

JOHN

If we find where they feed---

LAYLA

--we can use the monitors to find Tom and Ashley. And Marsha!

John follows the cord, stuck in the corners of the ceiling and disappearing into the Director's office.

JOHN

Of course. I heard a hum when we met in there at our introduction.

Old Rob and an old Woman, GLAM, in an evening dress, gloves and a fur scarf round the corner. The seniors casually grin.

OLD ROB

Care to join us for dinner?

GLAM

Yes, the chef is especially proud
of his jello desserts.

JOHN

Uh, you go ahead, we'll meet up.

The two seniors stroll away, then do a double take and
ATTACK!

Old Rob SAVAGELY WHACKS Layla in the leg with his cane. She
YELPS and goes down.

OLD MAN ROB

I got a joke for you.

Glam STABS John in the eye with a long cigarette holder. He
grimaces and HITS The Old Woman. It has little effect.

She responds with another jab, this one misses as John
sidesteps. Old Rob bangs his cane down on Layla. She SCREAMS.

John grabs the Old Woman's fur, pulls tight and chokes her.
Layla gets Old Rob's cane and uses it to trip him. Old Rob
lands on the ground next to Layla.

OLD ROB

There's something behind your ear.

The Old Woman goes unconscious from the lack of oxygen. John
tosses her aside. He heads for Old Man Rob, spins him around.

JOHN

Here's something. On your face.

He clenches his fist, cocks his arm back, and let's loose a
PUNCH that lays the old man out. John uses the old Lady's fur
to tie them together.

DARK FIGURES move down the hall. John scoops Layla into his
arms and hurries away.

LAYLA

YEAOW, my back --

JOHN

Sorry, I don't want to fight the
whole bunch.

They rush to stay out of sight. John eases open a bathroom
door and slips in, Layla in his arms.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - GARDEN COURTYARD - NIGHT

Tom finally enjoys that cigarette. Ashley looks up at the stars. This is open air but of course surrounded on all sides by the retirement home.

ASHLEY

We go up and over and we're out.

TOM

That's twenty-five feet---

She points at a tree in the middle of the courtyard.

TOM (CONT'D)

Only a monkey can swing that far.

Her look sends him into a chimp imitation and up the tree.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

John eases the door closed with his foot. This is a double door privacy entrance. He sets Layla down. Outside they hear the Figures SHUFFLE past. John is about to speak when they hear GRUNTING from within the bathroom.

They open the interior door, look along a row of stalls. See three elderly corpses stacked. Someone GRUNTS and two arms reach from the stall, drag the next corpse in.

John signals for Layla to stay, then he creeps to the stall. Suddenly, Janitor Mike steps out, wipes sweat from his brow. Their eyes lock. Janitor Mike grabs a nearby mop and charges. John ducks as the mop swings.

It SWISHES past, John pops up and KNOCKS Janitor Mike flat on the floor. Dazed, Janitor Mike climbs to his feet but John KICKS him in the face.

John peers into the stall and sees the toilet has been slid to the side. A hidden shaft holds a corpse at the bottom.

An OUT OF ORDER sign outside the toilet is merely a prop to hide the shaft. Layla peers over John's shoulder.

LAYLA

What is it?

JOHN

A dump.

LAYLA

For corpses?

JOHN
They'll stink up the place. They
have to get rid of them.

John turns Layla's eyes away from the sight. John puts his
boot on Janitor Mike's throat.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Where does that go?

Janitor Mike gets a glint in his eye, answers way too fast.

JANITOR MIKE
To a sewer. It runs down the
mountain to a river.

JOHN
A sewer? That's the way out, then.

Janitor Mike makes a stab at covering his mistake.

JANITOR MIKE
No man, that's only in the movies.
Too small. Can't do it.

JOHN
We'll take our chances.
(to Layla)
Once we find everyone.

John yanks Janitor Mike to his feet.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Tom has climbed out on a limb and appears to be a jump away
from freedom...the roof. He looks down.

TOM
I'll either make it or go splat
among the daisies.

ASHLEY
You'll make it. You have to.

Just then the door opens and in strolls Mr. and Mrs. Bidon
with their gardening get-up.

MR. AND MRS. BIDON
Hello, dear.

Ashley looks up, Tom motions her to stay cool.

Mrs. Bidon goes to work with the hand cultivator (looks like a claw) in the large pots on a table near Ashley.

MRS. BIDON

All these weeds.

She turns the soil with gusto, takes up plants with the weeds. Nonchalant, Ashley picks berries to "cover" herself.

ASHLEY

I can make potpourri from these.

Absently, she stuffs them into her pocket. Tom looks at the roof, within reach and then down at Ashley. He can't leave her. He attempts to move stealthily among the branches but his movement causes leaves to drop.

The leaf floats down, down, down. Both Tom and Ashley watch it, hold their breath that it doesn't give Tom away. It drops in front of Mr. Bidon. Whew, Bidon doesn't seem to notice and with one pull, the weed wacker fires up.

At the sound, Mrs. Bidon turns the CLAW on Ashley. Ashley KICKS and STRUGGLES.

Mr. Bidon aims the wacker at her. Tom can't stand it, he grabs a limb, swings like Tarzan on top of Mr. Bidon. His branch breaks.

Ashley swings the fallen branch at Mrs. Bidon's feet. It connects, a SOLID smash and the old Dame goes down. Ashley dashes for the door. She turns to check on Tom.

TOM

Go. I'll go back up.

He points to the tree.

ASHLEY

I'll bring John.

After she's gone, Tom scampers up the tree, but Mr. Bidon raises the weed wacker and laughs.

MR. BIDON

I don't have to climb.

VRRRROOOOOM. The weed wacker cuts into Tom's leg. SCREAMS.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ashley bolts through the hallway.

ASHLEY
John! John! Help.

Hear steps approach, slides to a stop, swings open a door.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Janitor Mike gasps for air. John yanks Mike's belt off.

JANITOR MIKE
Didn't take you for a homo?

John uses it to tie Janitor Mike's hands behind him.

JOHN
Take us to Dr. Eli.

John slides the knife under his throat.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You or anybody out there try
anything, you die first. Got it.

On a gut kick, Janitor Mike nods acknowledgement. John pushes him through the door. Layla follows with the mop as a weapon.

INT. / EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - GARDEN ROOM - NIGHT

Pam and Phyllis have joined the Bidon's.

MRS. BIDON
(rubs her wounded leg)
Go fetch that little bitch.

MR. BIDON
(he points up)
I got the boy treed. Meet up in the
gymnasium.

PAM
Got it! Get it! See you soon.

Phyllis and Pam head out. From the tree, wrapped round with the nylon from the weed wacker, Tom hangs upside down.

DIP TO BLACK:

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Ashley hides behind an elliptical as Pam and Phyllis enter with butterfly nets.

PAM

I know you're here sweetie. We can
smell your designer perfume.

Ashley holds her breath in the cramped space. Their shadows
crisscross in front of the elliptical and weight machines.

A weight machine tips over, lands, pinning Ashley.

PHYLLIS

These machines need to be good for
something.

Pam and Phyllis stare down at the trapped Ashley.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

John steers Janitor Mike to the Exam Room door, Layla
follows. John leans into Janitor Mike's ear.

JOHN

Open it slow.

Janitor Mike turns the knob. The three step in.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - EXAM ROOM - NIGHT

Across the room, Doctor Eli gasses Miller, laid out on a
table. John glances to the large tank on the floor. The words
NARBONE II printed across it.

JOHN

What're you doing? Stop!

Doctor Eli spins around. Layla closes and locks the door.

LAYLA

You're the cause of this sick mess.

DOCTOR ELI

You don't have a clue, do you?

John holds the knife on the Janitor.

JOHN

Let us out or I'll cut his throat.

DOCTOR ELI

I don't care. Kill him.

Janitor Mike's eyes bulge. John SHOVES Mike against the wall
and charges Doctor Eli.

JOHN

Bet you care about -- yourself?!

John pushes Dr. Eli up against the wall. Layla guards Mike.
John presses the knife against Dr. Eli's throat.

DOCTOR ELI

Okay, okay. Calm down. We give the
residents gas--

JOHN

We see that -- Narbone. What is it?

DOCTOR ELI

An experimental pharmaceutical.

JOHN

For?

DOCTOR ELI

Until the first ray of sunlight, it
dramatically increases cognitive
ability and heightens bone strength
to unbelievable levels.

(Pause)

Not so much the bone joints. Still
have to figure that one out.

JOHN

You're testing drugs?

DOCTOR ELI

Experimenting. The fountain of
youth always has an appeal in this
country, all the way back to Ponce
de Leon.

JOHN

I don't care about no de Lion.

John spots Jennie, dead on the floor in the corner. The meat
thermometer stuck in her gut.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What have you done with her?

DOCTOR ELI

Ahhh, yes, well, you see we are
still working out the kinks.

JANITOR MIKE

We'll all be rich, don't you see?

Miller bolts upright, out of his inhale coma. He rips off the mask, jumps to his feet. Using only one hand Miller slams the exam table over to John, knocking John out cold and since Miller is jacked-up he grabs the only thing "hot" in the room--Layla! And he's gone.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Tom wakes up tied to a flat bench. He struggles.

TOM

Fuck. No.

Mr. and Mrs. Bidon appear.

MR.BIDON

How's it going young man?

TOM

Let me go, I promise, I won't tell no one.

(pause)

I can get you people? No wait, you like drugs, right?

MUFFLED sounds pull Tom's attention to Ashley tied to a chair with Pam and Phyllis on either side.

MR.BIDON

As you see, we have no problem getting things.

PAM

We've got a bet going.

PHYLLIS

Who can make you two the prettiest?

Mrs. Bidon takes off Tom's green scrubs with scissors. He's left with only Mickey Mouse boxers.

MRS. BIDON

Isn't that sweet? Look honey, he has little Mouse ears.

PAM

(to Ashley)

Where should we start?

Phyllis raises a pair of scissors over Ashley.

ASHLEY

I escaped those sick fucks to be
attacked by you crazies?

TOM

You have me, let Ashley go.

MRS. BIDON

Didn't take you for chivalrous?

Mr. Bidon gags Tom's mouth. As motors whir on Ashley.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - EXAM ROOM - NIGHT

John is tied down to the exam table, out cold with the
Narbone mask on him. Janitor Mike and Doc adjust controls.

JANITOR MIKE

You sure about his, Doc?

DOCTOR ELI

Don't you worry your little head,
it's another experimental.

JANITOR MIKE

Trying to OD him?

Janitor Mike increases the dials with gusto.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - BALLROOM - NIGHT

OLD MEN guzzle beer when the door swings open, Miller drags
in Layla.

TOOTHY

Look what the cook brought us,
boys. Tender, white "meat". Ha-heh.

MILLER

We're gonna dance. Put on Sinatra,
something sexy.

An Old Man drops an album on an ancient stereo. Miller tries
to dance with Layla. Her feet drag, she doesn't move.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Pretty stiff for your age?
(to the men)
Shall we teach this lady to dance?

The Old Men bring out a cross beam, hooks, long loop screws
and fishing line.

The men go to work. Put loop screws in her joints, wrists, knees and legs. Tie off line. Layla screams through the pain. We don't quite know what they are building. Close up's of each section.

TOOTHY
Ready for the ball?

MILLER
Limber as a ballerina, now.

This gives old man, SLIM an idea. He digs in a box and brings out netting. He fastens it around Layla's waist like a tutu.

Old Men climb ladders and as they hoist her up, we see they have created a macabre, life-size bloody marionette. They make her dance!

She MOANS in pain as her skin tears under her body weight. Miller dances with Layla as the men move her like a puppet.

TOOTHY
This is beautiful.

Her wounds bleed, Miller licks the nectar off her arms.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Phyllis rushes in with a make-up box, pops it open near Pam.

PHYLLIS
You said nails?

Both ladies pull a pair of pliers from the make-up box.

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)
I'll do the right hand.

Ashley clenches her hands closed tight.

PAM
Now, now. Open up.

Ashley shakes her head.

PHYLLIS
OPEN YOUR DAMN HAND!!

Phyllis SLAMS the pliers on Ashley's hand. Ashley grimaces, but opens her palm. There are the red berries, she shoves them into Phyllis's face and down her throat.

Phyllis COUGHS and HACKS.

PAM
What is that? What'd you do?

ASHLEY
Jerusalem Cherry - Poisonous.

Phyllis SCREAMS. SPITS. Clutches her throat.

TOM
(muffled)
That's my college girl.

PHYLLIS
Oh, my god, what do I do?

MRS. BIDON
Stay still! The poison will spread.

Mr. Bidon pushes her into a wheelchair.

MR. BIDON
I'll get Doc.

PHYLLIS
Am I going to die?

ASHLEY
I hope so, you bitch.

Pam RIPS a fingernail from Ashley's hand. Ashley CRIES.

PAM
Might as well proceed.

Pam dips the fingernail in a small can of paint. Phyllis sits perfectly still. Pam puts the fingernail on the bare finger tip, then nails it back in with a hammer. Ashley SCREAMS.

INT. RETIRMENT HOME - EXAM ROOM - NIGHT

John has been left alone on the exam table, passed out and hooked up to the Narbonne.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Pam steps back and admires her handiwork. Ashley's hands are covered in blood. All of her fingernails have been ripped off and pounded back in place.

Phyllis feels her pulse expecting the poison to take effect.

PAM
Oh, I like the color.

MRS. BIDON
Going for style?

PAM
Eyebrows now?

Phyllis nods. Pam pulls a box cutter from the makeup kit and slices pieces of Ashley's forehead around the eyebrow. She tugs at the loose skin, tears it. Ashley writhes in agony.

Mr. Bidon enters with a milk shake LAUGHING.

PHYLLIS
Where's the Doc?

MR. BIDON
You're not crooking, least not yet.

PAM
Thank God.

MR. BIDON
You might puke, that's all.

Phyllis rises like a Phoenix. Grabs that box cutter.

PHYLLIS
Let me even them up.

Pam pins a shaking Ashley. Her brows will never match.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - BREAKROOM - NIGHT

Toothy "dances" with Layla to the scratchy record. He looks at the setting with a smile, then looks into Layla's tortured eyes. In the distance they hear Ashley's SCREAM....

TOOTHY
(off scream)
Your friend is having some fun.

The men force Layla to sway to the tunes.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Phyllis takes a can of Narbone, inhales the gas, gets a jolt of energy. Pam and Phyllis stare at Ashley.

PAM
Nice set of lungs. Hair next?

MR.BIDON
Now, let's get her date ready.

The two Bidon's begin their work on Tom.

MRS. BIDON
Any suggestions honey?

Pam and Phyllis rotate Ashley to face Tom. They take a seat beside her and light up cigarettes.

PAM
Yes, make him virile.

Mr. Bidon takes a catheter and sticks it into Tom's penis (implied). Tom squirms and his gag comes loose.

TOM
Ahhhh! No. Don't.

MRS. BIDON
That's deep enough.

Mr. Bidon takes a marble from his pocket and puts it in the end of the catheter.

TOM
What the hell!?

Mrs. Bidon fetches an oxygen tank.

MR.BIDON
Careful with that.
(pause)
Don't inhale any of it.

He takes the tank, connects it to the end of the catheter. He spins the pressure knob to maximum. HISSSSS! The marble shoots through the catheter into Tom's penis.

TOM
AAAHHHHHH!!!

Mrs. Bidon nudges her husband. Tom VIOLENTLY SHAKES.

TOM (CONT'D)
Bitch Stop!

MR.BIDON
Don't talk to my wife that way!

TOM
 (frantic)
 Sorry. I'm sorry! Just let me go.

PAM
 (off Ashley)
 Jeez she is looking old.

PHYLLIS
 All those screams make wrinkles.

PAM
 Pass me the Botox.

PHYLLIS
 We don't have Botox.
 (pause)
 Use this.

Phyllis passes a clear bottle filled with liquid and a towel.

PAM
 You sure are clever.

Ashley sees the bottle label, ACID. Pam dabs it on the towel.

ASHLEY
 Noooooooooo!

The gymnasium door opens, Tattoo struggles in, sees the mess.

TATTOO
 Ladies, ladies, let's get you
 proper ingredients!

Tattoo charms the two old Dames, kisses their hands on greeting, then grabs the cloth from Pam and wipes both ladies faces with it. Their flesh sizzles and steams, and disfigures their faces.

The old ladies MOAN as their flesh peels off. The Bidon's are aghast and FROZEN.

MR.BIDON
 Tattoo, what's gotten into you.

TATTOO
 Pretty girls shouldn't go to waste.
 There's better uses for them.

Ahh, Mr. Bidon gets it. Phyllis runs for the can to RETCH.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

John BURSTS into the gymnasium. He surprises the Bidons. They inject Tom one more time.

TOM

AHHHHHH!

MR. BIDON

(to John)

Get out!

Mr. Bidon charges John. John snatches up a dumbbell from a nearby set of weights and CRACKS Mr. Bidon's skull with it. Bidon drops and John finishes him off with the knife. Tom GRUNTS in pain.

Mrs. Bidon, SCREAMS HYSTERICALLY. She rushes John, scratches and claws him. John wraps her throat with the oxygen tube. She fights back as he twists it tight.

Somehow John turns the oxygen on and notices how weak Mrs. Bidon becomes. John jerks the tube, SNAPS her neck. She spews green blood on him as he thrusts her body aside.

Pam disfigured backs away. John picks up the dumbbell and throws it. It NAILS Pam in the middle of the back, knocks her to the floor. John hurries to Tom's side.

JOHN

Tom. Tom. Can you hear me?

Tom GRUNTS in pain.

JOHN (CONT'D)

It's alright kid. I'm here for you.

John unties Tom and picks him up slowly.

JOHN (CONT'D)

The oxygen, it weakens them.

Tom grunts and points a shaky finger at Ashley. Tattoo unties Ashley. But it's too late, the loss of blood and acid have taken their toll and she is lifeless. Dead.

JOHN (CONT'D)

This is more disgusting than things
I've seen in the pen.

John takes towels and wraps them around Tom. Tom goes to Ashley and tries to help her. Tattoo covers her with shower towels left in the gym. Tom pulls the towel off her face.

TOM
No, she can't be gone!!

Tattoo looks up at John.

TATTOO
I tried to help her.

John wonders if he is friend or foe.

TOM
He's on our side John. I saw him
burn those two winches.

JOHN
Tom, we've got to find Layla and
Marsha and get out of here.

He picks up Tom and rushes out.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

John clutches his knife and carries Tom through the hallway.

TOM
Don't leave me?! My penis was used
as a garbage disposal?!

JOHN
Yeah, I'd say you've done enough.

TOM
Me? I've never done enough.

They manage a meek chuckle in this mass of chaos.

JOHN
There might be one thing you can do
that will speed things up.

John carries Tom into...

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - OFFICE HALL - NIGHT

Outside Rupert's office, John sets Tom down. He takes a pick
from his wallet and unlocks the door with grace.

They slip inside.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - OFFICE - NIGHT

Tom flips on the light. John slams it off.

JOHN
Damn, dude.

John looks around the room. Feels under the desk. His face registers, he flips a hidden switch and a secret door opens.

TOM
This is Mission Impossible shit.

It opens to a security monitoring room. John pulls Tom in.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

John forces Tom into the "control" seat.

JOHN
Show me the evil and find me Layla.

A weak Tom is now in his element. He types and takes control of the cameras, forcing them to spin around and see all.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Wait, there, stop.

On the screen, in one of the many halls.

ON SCREEN: INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Janitor Mike and Doctor Eli drag a body towards a camera. John bangs the counter. BANG BANG.

JOHN
Can we hear them?

Tom does some quick typing.

TOM
If they mounted mikes.

Click, click and sound bursts forth.

JANITOR MIKE
...got a few bodies to shove down
the chute. A lot more folks killed.

DOCTOR ELI
Collateral damage. When you're
done, meet me in the Exam Room.
(MORE)

DOCTOR ELI (CONT'D)
 We've got to return what Narbone we
 can and clean up before Rupert
 comes in.

JANITOR MIKE
 Shit, not me?

DOCTOR ELI
 You're still the Janitor.

JANITOR MIKE
 Not once this Nar junk works. We're
 gonna be rich, right? You said so.

Eli nods him off, Janitor Mike GRUMBLES as he slips into the
 bathroom. Eli walks out the way he came.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

John rubs his face.

JOHN
 Now scan these thing-a-ma-gigs for
 Layla?

John attempts to work the dials. Tom takes over.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 I'll drill good old Janitor Mike
 while he's alone.

TOM
 Lock me in, please.

Tom keeps scanning and flipping dials, while John splits.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

John stalks the hall, his knife ready. He notices the
 Television Room. No one watches as the Television blazes a
 late night infomercial on "instant health". He slips inside.

INT. RETIRMENT HOME - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Tom flips all kinds of dials, and some end up controlling the
 televisions and lights of course.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - TELEVISION ROOM - NIGHT

A brief spot of relief, John puts his back against the door and slides down to the floor.

His eyes flutter with exhaustion. Then he spots "her" on the floor. He can tell by the clothes. Marsha. Dead. SHREDDED. No face, cause Dona has that already. From the blood streaks across the floor, she's been dragged here.

JOHN

Marsha?

He crawls to her, checks her pulse, but she has to be dead. The television bursts on to an episode of MURDER, SHE WROTE. The old folk's favorites.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Oh, my god.

The floor CREAKS on the television as the on-screen Murderer approaches. But it's in the room, John spins around. Grotesque pops up from the couch, tosses a body part.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Tom dials in the TV room. The lights flash and the TV changes to the LOVE BOAT.

JOHN (O.S.)

(looks up)

Tom, are you doing that?

TOM

Trying to open the windows.

But John can't hear Tom...

JOHN (O.S.)

(looks at camera)

Help me out man?

Tom flips another dial and...

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - TELEVISION ROOM - NIGHT

The lights go on and off, John can't make out Grotesque. He ducks, stands, knife ready, Grotesque slinks back into the shadows. John steps over Marsha quiet.

The room goes dark.

Suddenly, Grotesque bursts from the dark, latches onto him.

He rolls and KNOCKS her off. They both spring to their feet. Grotesque moves snake-like and smiles a horrific toothless grin. John gets a good PUNCH to her face.

She takes it with ease, moves toward him. Her clawed fingernails go for his heart. Green blood oozes from her eye.

John draws his knife and sidesteps. She passes and whirls around to face him.

JOHN

Let me pass before I kill you.

She moves closer, licks the air with her disgusting tongue. She tries to lick his face, he twists his head away.

JOHN (CONT'D)

This is for Marsha.

He SLICES her face with the knife, she goes into a frenzy and jumps on him. John SHOVES her away, then STABS her. She viciously SCRATCHES him.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Tom cannot see who has the upper hand on the monitor but he can hear it. Hears -- someone get SAVAGELY PUNCHED several times.

TOM

(to self)

Come on John, you got this.

Hears a knife SLICE A THROAT. A heap DROPS.

TOM (CONT'D)

John, John, you still there?

Silence.

Tom works the dials frantically. Then the monitor to the TV room comes in. Against the sound of the LOVE BOAT in the background Tom sees John laid out on the floor. The grotesque body of Grotesque on top of him.

Tom moves near the screen.

TOM (CONT'D)

No. No.

He tries to focus the camera, to zoom in, see if John breathes.

INT. RETIRMENT HOME - TELEVISION ROOM - NIGHT

All of a sudden, Grotosque heaves up because John is pushing the body off himself. Green blood sprays everywhere. She drops in a heap, twitches and convulses as she dies.

JOHN

Should've moved, you rag.

He hears Layla's SCREAM echo throughout the facility. His face tightens and he picks up the pace.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Tom jumps up and down, relieved his hero lives. Now off that Layla scream he tunes in different rooms.

TOM

Okay, Layla, where are you?

Tom turns more dials on more screens.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - EXAM ROOM - NIGHT

John crouches low as he sneaks back into the exam room. Moves towards the oxygen tanks.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

A security monitor tunes in the Exam Room. Tom stops.

TOM

John. Good, come on back to me,
dude, I'm starting to like you.

ON SCREEN: Tom sees the door inch open.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - EXAM ROOM - NIGHT

Doc Eli's white lab coat sleeve pokes around the door. In the back of the room, John looks through a pile of equipment.

Doc Eli walks up slow and quiet. He picks up a wood slate.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Tom is on his feet, yells at the screen.

TOM
John! Behind you. Stop. FUCK!

Tom clutches his head. On the SCREEN: Doc Eli closes in.

TOM (CONT'D)
Omg, omg, I can't watch.

Tom bangs the monitor. Then he spots a microphone on a stand.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - EXAM ROOM - NIGHT

John pulls trash off an oxygen tank. In the shadows, Doc Eli raises the slate... KREQTTT loudspeaker screeches in.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE
John, duckkkk!!

John spins, sees Doc Eli and blocks the blow.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Tom sets the microphone down.

TOM
(to self)
Beat the shit out of him, man.

Relief covers his face as he sinks into the chair.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - BREAKROOM - NIGHT

The dance continues with the old Hacks playing Layla as a marionette. She heard the announcement too.

LAYLA
Tom? I'm here, Tom?!

Miller looks around the room. Where's the voice from?

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - EXAM ROOM - NIGHT

John pulls Doc's stethoscope off and WHIPS Doc with his own scope. Doc Eli curls into a ball.

JOHN

I know about the oxygen.

John SLAMS the Doctor's head against the floor, renders him unconscious, grabs a oxygen tank and exits the room.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

John enters the hall wields his knife and tank. He moves toward the breakroom, OLD PEOPLE appear and come at him with canes, spikes and makeshift weapons of all sorts.

JOHN

Outta my way!

One Old Man swings a spiked cane, it rips through John's leg. He CRIES OUT as it tears flesh.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch!

The Old Cranks surround him. He flips on the oxygen tank, aims the air tube, FIRES. They go weak. John swings the tank, it takes one down after the next. They drop.

He limps on.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - BREAKROOM - NIGHT

Miller watches two OLD COOTS dance with Layla to the scratchy record. The door bursts open. It's John.

Two Old Men move in on him. John tries to shoot the oxygen but the tank has gone empty. John tosses it aside. He goes for the knife. A STAB to the gut of one, a SLASH to the other's throat and they're down.

Miller jumps to his feet but doesn't move as John brandishes the knife. John rushes the dancing Men, they back off. The Men up on the ladders drop the cross and exit fast.

Layla collapses. John scoops one arm around her waist and moves toward the door. Miller points at John.

MILLER

You won't get out.

John rolls the useless oxygen tank at him.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

John helps Layla past his carnage of Old People. They turn the corner, he sets her down and cuts all cord remnants.

JOHN

We're gonna get Tom and get out.

LAYLA

(weak)

And Grams.

JOHN

Of course. These old people aren't at fault. That crazy doctor and janitor doses them for a sick game.

John finishes cutting the lines.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - BREAKROOM - NIGHT

Miller walks to the intercom and clicks it on.

MILLER

Ladies and gents, we're down to the last few night staffers...

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

John and Layla look around as they hear Miller's voice boom from the loudspeakers.

MILLER (O.S.)

... the big guy, John, has a hefty reward on his head. Free Narbone for life. Bring him to me. Now!

JOHN

Shit!

(to Layla)

Get your Grams. Go to the bathroom, escape down that chute. You're small enough to fit. That Janitor is creeping around so be careful.

She nods as he helps her up.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Go. I'll get Tom and meet you.

She limps off. John grips his knife and heads back the way he came. Suddenly, they are everywhere.

OLD PEOPLE come from the shadows, from rooms, they brandish walkers, canes, IV poles, everything and anything.

John has no choice, he wades straight into the fray. SLASHES back, forth, CUTS THROATS, STABS CHESTS, green blood spurts.

They BEAT him and BEAT him. He SLASHES and STABS. They BEAT, they POUND, he finally goes down.

John sees an oxygen tank but can he get to it in time...

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Layla hurries, a shadow passes to the right. Layla jumps as Old Man Don appears in front of her. He tries to grab her, but his strength wanes.

OLD MAN ROB
Help me to my room? The sun is
coming soon. I feel so weak.

Layla pushes him back and away.

LAYLA
Stay away.

A half naked OLD MAN appears.

NAKED MAN
I need my pills.

LAYLA
Go away.

Layla brings her knife up. The Crowd of Old Men who raped Ashley appear.

DROOLER
Don't forget about this.

Old Men drop Ashley's body in front of her. Layla screams.

LAYLA
GO AWAY!

Layla darts into the Common Room.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - BREAKROOM - NIGHT

The door swings open and a slew of Old People drag a beaten and bloody John into the room and throw him on the floor.

Miller steps up. He looks across the room and SNAPS his fingers. A ROLLING sound. A wheelchair appears. He motions to the others. They hoist John into the chair and tie him to it.

Miller steps behind the chair and grips the handles. He leans down to John's ear.

MILLER

Now you're just like us.

Miller wheels John across the room through another door. John doesn't say anything, keeps a poker-face.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Miller wheels John up to the stoves and deep fryers. He locks the wheelchair so it won't roll. He steps around and faces John, who slowly looks up.

Miller licks his lips, steps away and rolls up a cart with hot sauce, BBQ Sauce, Ketchup, corn on the cob and veggies.

Though weak, John tries to pull loose from the wheelchair.

MILLER

Been a cook nearly my whole life.
My daddy used to carry me to his
little Bar-B-Q restaurant. He made
the best Lamb.

Miller licks his finger.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Customers loved the way he mixed
and matched meals.

JOHN

I can help you.

MILLER

You know the one thing I learned
from watching him? The best meat is
when you cook the animal alive or
just killed.

(whiffs the air.)

The aroma it gives off, it's just
not the same as store bought meat.

JOHN

Listen, I can help you.

MILLER

You got a favorite meal. What do you call it? An um, last meal.

Miller grabs a potato peeler.

JOHN

I know all about the Narbone. The gas makes you do this. It's not your fault. That wacko Doc is tripin' you. There's oxygen in the hallway. Breath it and clear your head, man. You'll understand.

Miller stares expressionless at him for a second. Then he cocks his head back and LAUGHS, BIG AND BOLD. He squats down before John and looks him in the eyes.

MILLER

I do understand. You're the one who don't.

(pause)

You see...

He leans in close.

MILLER (CONT'D)

The Doc does this -- because we pay for it! We ALL pay for it! We want to feel young again! Full of life!

He stands and LAUGHS and LAUGHS and LAUGHS.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME- TELEVISION ROOM - NIGHT

Layla sees a bloody Dona making a doll on top of the couch. The dolls looks like Marsha and Grotesque.

DONA

Nice hair, I'll show you how to make a dolly.

The doll that Dona makes looks a lot like Marsha. Layla recoils in disgust. Dona looks up.

DONA (CONT'D)

Doesn't she look pretty.

Layla darts into the hall. Dona pulls out bloody scissors.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - KITCHEN - DAWN

John is hung up now like a side of beef. Miller sharpens his knives.

MILLER
When you get old, you'll understand. Being bored you got to find ways to entertain yourself.

JOHN
Screw you.

MILLER
Do you want some?

JOHN
Give me the knife I'll cut the piece myself.

MILLER
Nice one.
(pause)
I have to say -- This Night Shift lasted longer than the prior crew.

JOHN
At least some of us will get away.

MILLER
I don't think so.

JOHN
The gas effect clears at sun up.

MILLER
True for everyone, except me. I pay for extra dosing. Gets me through the whole damn day and then some.

JOHN
They'll make it out through--

MILLER
-- the Men's room?

Miller knowingly grins and tests his sharpened knives.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - SOPHIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

At the door a faint tap.

LAYLA (O.S.)
Grams. It's me open the door.

Buried in the closet, under mounds of clothes up pops Grams.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Tom still tries the dials, frantic.

TOM
One of you has got to work the
frickin doors!

He notices movement on the screen. Cradles the monitor.

TOM (CONT'D)
Layla.

ON THE SCREEN: Layla leads Grams down the hallway.

TOM (CONT'D)
You're alive.

A tear nearly runs down his cheek.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Tom hears a familiar voice on audio screeching in. He searches the faces on every monitor.

TOM
John? Buddy, where are you now?

Then he sees it. Uses the remote to zoom the camera. On the SCREEN: John comes into focus. But with the zoom, the cuts, bruises and pain are larger than life.

TOM (CONT'D)
Oh, you assholes!!

John's degradation is apparent. ON THE MONITOR: The breakroom scene unfolds.

MILLER
We all know about it. Same old
story. You found the chute in the
bathroom and you think you can get
out that way.
(pause)
Here, we do not waste things. You
know us old folks.
(MORE)

MILLER (CONT'D)

Under that stall where we shove the bodies, well, that's our blender.

JOHN

(wide-eyed)

What?

MILLER

Yes, our blender. We use the dead bodies to make Jell-o.

John uselessly struggles to free himself. From John's POV, the knives come toward him, slicing and dicing. Blood splatters everywhere.

OFF THE MONITOR: Tom slumps in his chair. Then frantically zooms all the dials. He finds her.

ON A MONITOR: INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Layla motions her Grams to stay put behind a column and lamp. Layla creeps near the bathroom door.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Tom rushes out of the room.

TOM

NOOOOO! Layla, it's not a sewer!!

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - RUPERT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

As Tom passes through the office, he doubles back and grabs one of the radios from the charging rack.

Turns it on to listen.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

Janitor Mike, beaten and bloody, feeds the last of the bodies into the chute and ambles out of the bathroom.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Layla hurries through the hall as Janitor Mike steps out from a doorway. She ducks behind a large potted plant and waits until he disappears around a corner.

She rushes down the hall and enters the bathroom.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

Layla moves the toilet and peers down into the chute.

It's a pool of blood with body parts floating in it. She covers her mouth in revulsion and jumps in.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - UNDERGROUND SHAFT/CORRIDOR - DAY

Layla lands with a SPLASH and wades through the disgusting mess.

She sees a shaft of light a couple hundred feet off and hope fills her eyes. She moves back to where she came from to get her Grams.

Suddenly, a WHIRRING sound like that of a blender rises to a high pitch and a whirlpool appears before her in the blood, spinning faster and faster.

It tugs her, she digs her heels in and leans back, fights it. She tries to scramble back but the suction is too strong.

LAYLA

No, No. NOOOOOOO!!!!

She grasps the wall, feels for something, anything, to grab. Ashley's body passes her, Marsha's body and then other bodies and body parts.

The suction increases and pulls her off the wall. She spins round and round, sinks into the vile mass.

INT. BATHROOM - SUBMERGED IN BLOOD/BODY PARTS - NIGHT

She twirls around, hits stainless steel blades, slices her, and other bodies and parts, to small pieces. Everything is sucked through a strainer at the bottom of the narrowing blender shaft.

INT. RETIRMENT HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tom nearly bowls Grams over.

TOM

Where is she? Where!!

GRAMS

She said to wait. She went to see if it's safe.

Tom races to the bathroom door. Disappears inside.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - OUTSIDE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tom comes out of the bathroom door and nearly collapses.
Grams walks toward him.

TOM

Grams, how are you at running?

He nearly picks her up as they whiz away.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Tom pulls Grams along, pulls the radio from his belt clip.
Flips it on. KRQRTT as it tunes in. Holds it to his mouth.

TOM

John, I'm coming for you. Can you
hear me?

Releases and rushes along with Grams.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Miller and the old Folks have a barbecue going on the stove.
Miller hears the radio call over the wall intercom. He walks
over and pushes the talk button.

MILLER

Hey, John's a little indisposed
right now.

Hanging upside down, John struggles to answer.

JOHN

Go, Tom, save yourself.

TOM (O.S.)

They won't get away with this!
These people have families who know
where they are! The police will
come!

Miller LAUGHS HEARTILY.

MILLER

Where they going to look? In
Georgia for the Calloway Retirement
Home? You're not in Georgia.

(MORE)

MILLER (CONT'D)
 You're in Alabama. No one's coming.
 No one's ever going to come.

He LAUGHS and LAUGHS and LAUGHS.

TOM (O.S.)
 I hope you die, you bastard!

MILLER
 Oh, I'm sure I will.

He takes a bite of sliced meat.

MILLER (CONT'D)
 But to be polite, your friend here
 first.

Miller sticks the knife into John's throat. John GURGLES.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tom clutches Sophia as he HEARS the knife, the blood spurts, a bucket clangs. He hears John GURGLE. Then he hears John's blood drip into the metal bucket.

TOM
 (Wretches)
 John? John, I'm coming for you!

SILENCE

Tom falls to his knees. Crawls toward John, but he knows, John is gone.

MILLER (O.S.)
 This'll make good blood sausages.
 His blood does have a strange
 aroma.

Tom switches off the radio, can't stand it any more. Sophia doesn't quite know what is going on.

SOPHIA
 (sees Tom)
 You're a caring man.

She holds Tom's hand. Behind her back Sophia grips a knitting needle.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

John's black scrubs are stained with blood. The bucket hangs around his neck as blood collects in the bucket.

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - PARKING LOT - DAY

Early morning, the sun climbs over the horizon. Cars pull onto the parking lot as the day Staff arrives.

Rupert and Elizabeth unlock the gates.

Sun shines, grass grows, scenes of a bucolic countryside.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Janitor Mike slops a mop about, cleans the mess in the kitchen. Miller steps in and sees Mike's been beaten badly.

MILLER

What the Hell happened to you?

JANITOR MIKE

(rolls his eyes)

Long story.

Miller shrugs, turns a lever on the wall and pulls it. Cubes of blood red mixed with bright green jell-o plop out of a wall spout, into a bowl.

MILLER

Today's Jell-o is delightful.

JANITOR MIKE

It's always good.

MILLER

That's because it's always fresh.

Elizabeth strolls in, waves to the guys, grabs three bowls and heads for the Jell-o dispenser.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - EXAM ROOM - DAY

Elizabeth enters, balances the three bowls of Jell-o, and is immediately taken aback. Across the room, Doctor Eli sits on an exam table rubs his beaten and bruised face.

ELIZABETH

Rough night?

DOCTOR ELI
We've made great strides with the
product.

Janitor Mike brings in an empty trash can.

JANITOR MIKE
Last of the dead one's is down the
chute. Test results will be in
soon.

ELIZABETH
Good! We want this drug on the
market. We'll make some real money.

She takes her Jell-o and leaves. Janitor Mike washes up.

JANITOR MIKE
Next time, let's include her in our
test subjects!

DOCTOR ELI
Eh--- The gas I gave John was
garlic gas. Seasoned him for the
folks.

Janitor Mike shakes his head with a grin as he continues to
clean.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - SOPHIE'S ROOM - DAY

Tom locks the door and tucks Sophia into her bed.

SOPHIA
Well, where is Layla?

TOM
You'll be safe here. I'll come back
with a car and take you to her,
okay?

It's a lie of course. Sophia smiles a faint understanding.
And in that second Tom sees red on her lips. Is that blood?
Wait, is she one of them?

But he moves to the window. Tom looks out the blinds. The
steel gates are up on the windows now. He sees all the
commotion of arrivals. He tries to open the window.

Suddenly the window opens and Tom breathes in the fresh air.

MILLER (O.S.)
 (from intercom)
 Breakfast is ready.

Tom slips out the window. Sophia waves, as if going out the window is as normal as can be.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Residents shuffle through the food line. Some are seated and eating, Dona is among them.

Nurses bring food to those immobile.

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

Tom keeps his back pressed against the building. He takes a breath, forces a smile as he looks into the bright, blue sky.

He stays to the bushes, stealthily makes his way to the front gate and quickly sneaks out.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - OFFICE - DAY

Rupert meticulously hangs the framed photo he took yesterday of the new recruits. He finds the perfect space among the photos of past crews. Elizabeth brings in two Jell-o's.

ELIZABETH
 Tom was the last.

RUPERT
 Tom? Really? You need to check the video. See how the staff did.

ELIZABETH
 The residents seem to have had fun.

She hands him a bowl.

RUPERT
 I heard.

Rupert levels the photo, then faces her.

RUPERT (CONT'D)
 Was he taken care of?

ELIZABETH
 Should be by now.

RUPERT
Who won the human bingo game?

ELIZABETH
Dona, the doll lady.

RUPERT
That's another first.

ELIZABETH
And she picked the colors at
random.

Rupert presses a button on his desk microphone.

RUPERT
Good morning Residents. Hope you
all had a good night. So in last
night's bingo--

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - COMMON ROOM - MORNING

A small group of Residents sit in the common room, reading,
playing games, and doing crafts.

RUPERT (O.S.)
-we have a winner.

Everyone looks up, listening in anticipation.

RUPERT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Dona!

Dona looks up from her doll in surprise.

DONA
Bingo! Bingo!

The other residents congratulate her and APPLAUD.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - OFFICE - DAY

Rupert turns to Elizabeth.

RUPERT
Well, we need a new night staff.

Elizabeth nods and stands.

ELIZABETH
I'll send Tattoo to scout for a job
fair.

RUPERT

What name will you give the retirement home this time?

ELIZABETH

What about Dona Retirement Home in honor of her win. And I think the home is in Mississippi this time.

RUPERT

Sounds good. Bit of a drive, but what can you do?

She walks out.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Tom hurries down a sidewalk as fast as his injured body will allow. When he's about a hundred yards from the facility, he does a victory SHOUT.

He raises his arms to the sky, he's finally liberated.

A sudden motion behind him. A car HOPS the curb onto the sidewalk. BANG -- it hits him!

He flails through the air like a rag doll.

SPLAT on the sidewalk. His head hits the concrete. His cheek presses against the pavement, eyes stare straight ahead, blood runs from his mouth. He's DEAD.

INT. CAR - DAY

Both women wear medical bandages around their face, leaving only their eyes and mouth peer out, Pam's behind the wheel, Phyllis rides shotgun.

PAM

We got him.

PHYLLIS

Thought he was free. Ha!

She swerves the car around to run over him again.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - SOPHIA'S ROOM - DAY

Nurse Emily enters with a tray of food.

NURSE EMILY

Miss Sophia, why you still in bed.

She puts the tray down and fluffs up Sophia's pillows.

SOPHIA

My granddaughter was here.

NURSE EMILY

You don't say, have a nice visit?

She picks up the tray and places it in front of Sophia.

SOPHIA

Oh, Jell-o. I like your Jell-o.

Nurse Emily waves good bye as she leaves.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A POLICE OFFICER studies Tom's corpse. Phyllis comforts Pam.

PAM

I don't know what happened? I stomped on the brake.

PHYLLIS

But it was the gas!

Phyllis SOBS.

POLICE OFFICER

You'll get a citation but the judge will probably deem it an accident considering your age.

The Police Officer exams the two women faces.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

What happen to your faces?

PHYLLIS

Cosmetic surgery. You know how we old ladies got to stay young.

Behind them, Tattoo drives the van out onto the open road. He waves from the open window. The new logo on the side READS:
DONA RETIREMENT HOME: FEEL YOUNG AGAIN WITH DONA

TATTOO

(under his breath)

You bitches.

Phyllis and Pam wave.

PAM

Such a nice boy. A little peculiar,
but overall nice.

The Retirement Home sits perched on a hilltop. All appears
quiet and peaceful.