

**A WASP IN A NURSING HOME**

by

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FADE IN:

INT. FUNERAL HOME, PARLOR – NIGHT

Senior citizens form a line in a small room. Each clutching a rose stem. And each senior displays BANDAGED hands.

One by one, they approach an open casket. Place a rose on the deceased – MILDRED POWERS. She's dressed in black leotards. A black veil covers her face – for now.

At the back of parlor sits DETECTIVE SEYMOUR LIGHT, (30s), slender build, dark hair, intense eyes. Watching.

The detective leans toward the man sitting to his left.

ROSCOE DUKES, (80s), tall, long limbs, clutching a cane. He nods, but keeps his steely gaze on the casket.

DETECTIVE LIGHT

They say you knew her well.

ROSCOE

Yes, sir. She was the best female rassler of her era. Called herself, the Red Wasp.

DETECTIVE LIGHT

Every eye-witness account claims that old woman killed those guys. Are you people on speed prunes? No bleeping way that old lady killed those men. No way. Cause I know full well wrestling's as fake as my mama's jugs.

Roscoe turns to face Detective Light.

ROSCOE

So, Mildred was a rasslin' super agent. Undercover. She came here for a purpose.

DETECTIVE LIGHT

Which was?

ROSCOE

To repair her rasslin' suit. So the power would return, and she'd be resurrected.

INT. NURSING HOME, MILDRED'S ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

In the semi-dark, MILDRED is slumped in her wheelchair. In a meditative state. Roscoe knocks on her door, then enters.

He carries a small package in one hand.

ROSCOE

Guess what, gal? The magic thread ya'll ordered from Persia has done arrived.

MILDRED

Thank you. Kindly get my sewing needle and wasp outfit from the trunk. And my mask.

BACK TO PRESENT:

DETECTIVE LIGHT (V.O.)

I want the truth about what happened that night.

ROSCOE (V.O.)

We was in the dining room. The Samoan and his assistants was whippin' up dinner, as usual.

INT. NURSING HOME, DINING AREA - NIGHT (NEW FLASHBACK)

A near empty mess hall, with a long table. Old chairs.

About 10 senior citizens, including Roscoe, sit on one side of the long table. They face the kitchen door. And each clad in an orange jumpsuit. Plastic utensils in hand.

A napkin and drool cup strapped to their collars.

Two ASSISTANTS exit the kitchen. Each man pushes a cart with plates of food. They look like Chinese restaurant waiters.

They serve dinner to the seniors.

ELVIS (70s), hunched and rain thin, looks appalled.

ELVIS

Ouch! Fish sticks and Uncle Ben's rice. Again?!

BOOM - the swinging door to the kitchen flies open. Out steps the SAMOAN. In a white chef's outfit.

Big. It's a \$25 cab ride around this guy.

SAMOAN  
Who said that?

All the seniors point to Elvis. He points to himself.

The Samoan steps up to Elvis. Looks down.

SAMOAN  
You got a freakin' complaint?

ELVIS  
Mister, we have eaten this  
same slop for forty days.

SAMOAN  
OK, fine. No dinner and no TV  
for you. Go to your room.

Elvis lowers his head.

ELVIS  
No TV, too? I'm crushed.

Elvis stands and uses a walker to exit the room.

The Samoan picks up a remote control. Fires up the TV.

SAMOAN  
OK, some good entertainment  
for your seeing pleasure.

ROSCOE  
Plan 9...?

SAMOAN  
You read my mind, brah.

ROSCOE  
We do love Plan 9 from Outta  
Samoa. Just fabulous.

All the other seniors nod their heads.

LATER

The Samoan shuts off the TV. Glares at the seniors.

SAMOAN  
OK, how was the movie?

Each old-timer lifts a placard: 10, 10, 10, 10... 9.5?

The Samoan frowns. He storms to the 9.5 score card and grabs the collar of a granpa. Escorts gramps to the kitchen.

Everybody holds their breath...

Grandpa SCREAMS. CRASH – a window explodes in the kitchen.

Samoan hustles back to the dining area, armed with a

ROLLING PIN

which he taps repeatedly against his open palm.

SAMOAN

That got me in a medieval kind  
of vendetta mood. So, you know  
the drill. Roll out the dough.

All the seniors place their hands on the table.

The Samoan leans across and runs the rolling pin over the  
first senior's knuckles. YOWW. Repeats the action, all the  
way down the line.

The old-timers WAIL in agony.

Just then – a BZZZZZ from the entrance of the dining room.

All eyes crawl to a wheel chair. In the wheel chair sits the

RED WASP

a small figure, dressed in black leotards, gloves and a black  
cape. And wearing a tight, red mask.

The Wasp lifts herself out of the wheelchair. Flexes her  
legs. Stretches. Does light calisthenics.

She then circles the Samoan. The seniors gasp in confusion.  
The assistants snap photos on their iPhones. Roscoe grins.

SAMOAN

Who is you?

The Red Wasp pulls out a newspaper clipping. Holds it up.

INSERT

LADY WRESTLER TURNS CRIME FIGHTER: LOOK OUT, SAMOAN...

SAMOAN

What the --

PUNCH – a gloved-fist smashes through the news clipping, into  
the Samoan's nose. He HOLLERS, grabs his face. Blood spurts.

The Samoan points at his assistants. The two asses split up. Wasp keeps both in her sight. She assumes a fighting stance.

SAMOAN  
Kung fu?

RED WASP  
Buzz kill.

The Red Wasp turns and runs toward the back wall. The two assistants give chase.

Wasp runs up the wall. Upside down along the ceiling. The assistants try and land on their backs.

The Wasp seems flies down from the rafters. Knee drops one guy's neck. SNAP. Head punches the other guy – CRACKLE.

The Samoan goes on the attack. The Wasp turns and delivers a double-front, snap kick to the Samoan's OHH-LEES. POP, POP.

This drops the Samoan to his knees. He grabs his crotch.

But in a blink, the Samoan rises. Red Wasp dives and give him a flying head-scissors. Finishes it with a helicopter spin.

Sends the Samoan crashing into a table.

Again, the Samoan wobbles to his feet. Sucks in a breath and executes a fighting kata of his own. Then charges the Wasp.

Red Wasp catches the Samoan and performs a belly-to-belly suplex. Flips Island boy overhead. He scrambles to his feet.

Samoan is pissed. He pulls a switch-blade.

Wasp is poised. She pulls a silver STINGER.

They circle each other. Weapons flash. Samoan lunges. Red Wasp side-steps, and plunges her stinger into his chest.

Samoan dude freezes. Looks down at his wound. Crumbles to the floor. The Wasp swoons and falls on top of him.

Both dead.

INT. FUNERAL HOME – NIGHT (PRESENT)

The place is empty, except for Roscoe and Det. Light. And the casket. Roscoe pulls the red wasp mask from his pocket.

DETECTIVE LIGHT

Bravo. That's some kick-ass story. Too bad it doesn't fly.

ROSCOE

Mildred requested the mask be placed on her after death.

DETECTIVE LIGHT

My theory is that you senior scampers planned the attack. Ambushed your tormentors. Beat the holy crap out of them. The Samoan didn't die from a Wasp sting. He died from a knitting needle through the heart. You got some nerve framing an old, broken woman. Dressing her up in a Halloween costume. You guys should win an Academy Award for Geezers Gone Wild.

Roscoe nods in the direction of the casket.

ROSCOE

I'd like to pay my respects.

DETECTIVE LIGHT

Be my guest.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME, GARDEN – SAME

Detective Light stands under a full moon. A cell phone to his ear. Places a smoke in his mouth. Lights up. Exhales smoke.

DETECTIVE LIGHT

(in the phone)

Nothing gets past me.

BUZZing noise from the bushes. The cop reaches for his gun.

FLAPPING wings, and a blast of air blows past the detective. He falls back on his keister. Glances up to see

against the full moon. A silhouette of

A GIANT WASP

as it soars into the dark night.

FADE OUT.