



Digital Commons@

Loyola Marymount University
LMU Loyola Law School

LMU/LLS Theses and Dissertations

Spring 2021

Tom, Dick, and Harry

Andy Hammersmith

Loyola Marymount University, a.hammersmith1@gmail.com

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.lmu.edu/etd>



Part of the [Film Production Commons](#), and the [Screenwriting Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Hammersmith, Andy, "Tom, Dick, and Harry" (2021). *LMU/LLS Theses and Dissertations*. 960.
<https://digitalcommons.lmu.edu/etd/960>

This Thesis is brought to you for free and open access by Digital Commons @ Loyola Marymount University and Loyola Law School. It has been accepted for inclusion in LMU/LLS Theses and Dissertations by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons@Loyola Marymount University and Loyola Law School. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@lmu.edu.

FINAL THESIS
FEATURE SCREENPLAY PROJECT DESCRIPTION

Student Name: Andy Hammersmith

Thesis Logline: Presumed dead, a cantankerous retired assassin hides out in a senior living home. When the CIA tracks him down, he enlists his fellow residents to trade in their walkers for weapons to protect the facility from a death squad.

Tom, Dick, and Harry

Title

A teleplay written and produced and presented to the faculty of
the Writing for the Screen MFA Program in the School of Film &
Television at Loyola Marymount University of
Los Angeles, California

In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree

Master of Fine Arts

Writing for the Screen

By

Andy Hammersmith

Student Name

 DT

Student Signature

APPROVAL TO ADVANCE TO CANDIDACY

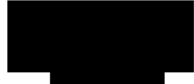
The following student has met all the criteria to advance to candidacy for an M.F.A. in Fine Arts with an emphasis in Writing for the Screen:

Andy Hammersmith

Student Name



SCWR 690 Fall 2020 Instructor



SCWR 691 Spring 2021 Instructor



Graduate Director Signature

Date: May 4, 2021

TOM, DICK, AND HARRY

Written by

Andy Hammersmith

FADE IN:

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

A random, shady Indiana station. A dirty Subway connects to the convenience store.

Two police cruisers and an ambulance corral around the four pumps. Emergency lights flash.

Crime scene tape surrounds a male corpse. Dressed in a red, white, and blue flag hat and a Budweiser t-shirt that barely reaches his navel. A half-eaten hot dog lies next to him.

GORDON GERSTMANN (late 60s) hovers over the corpse in a trench coat, neat shirt, and red tie. A determined, analytical gaze. An American flag lapel pin.

DUMB COP (30s) and DUMBER COP (40s) watch him from afar. Dumb Cop stands with an unwritten notepad. Dumber Cop SLURPS a red gas station slushie.

DUMB COP
I don't get it.

DUMBER COP
Yep.

DUMB COP
Choked on a hot dog.

DUMBER COP
At least he died happy.

Gordon puts on his reading glasses. Moves the corpse's shirt up to reveal a Lenin tattoo on the upper chest.

Gordon braces for a sneeze. Grabs his handkerchief just in time. He SNEEZES twice. Violent banshee sneezes. Bends over and away from the body. Wipes his nose.

Gordon's crucifix pendant dangles out from under his shirt. He tucks it away.

DUMB COP
Bless you.

GORDON
Thank you.

Gordon inspects the corpse's pockets. Pulls out a wallet with no ID and a crumbled piece of paper.

DUMB COP

What department did you say you
were from?

Gordon ignores the question.

GORDON

Gentleman, thank you for your
cooperation. This country needs
more men like you.

The paper reads "Sunnyside Assisted Living and Retirement."

Gordon stares at the piece of paper. Uncertain.

EXT. NURSING HOME - DAY

The sign reads "Sunnyside Assisted Living and Retirement."

Three homes connect to each other. The one in the middle
slightly larger than the other two.

A garden surrounds the grounds. A paved sidewalk encircles
the complex.

A GUEST pushes a RESIDENT in a wheelchair along the walk.
They enter the front doors.

INT. NURSING HOME - ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

A welcoming entrance. Bright colors. Flowers. An activities
calendar for residents on proud display.

The Guest and Resident enter through the double doors. Pass
by the guest bathrooms. The men's bathroom springs open.

HARRY ASHTON (mid-70s) emerges as a great curmudgeon of a
man. Sharp as a tack. Incredible shape for his age, broad
shoulders, muscles.

He stands tall and flexible. STOPS. Goes back into the
bathroom. Emerges again with a cane. A bit hunched over.
Looks both ways like someone might be watching.

INT. NURSING HOME - ACTIVITY SPACE - DAY

A cage RATTLES around. Little white ping pong balls topple
over each other. Each with a letter and number on it.

It's a Bingo ball cage. It stops abruptly. The small Bingo
ball door opens and a ball rolls out.

NANCY (40s) picks up the ball. Microphone in her other hand. Warm and energetic, lighting up the room. A genuine pep in her every step. All eyes on her.

NANCY

B. 12. B12. Like the vitamin.

Various table clusters full of ELDERLY RESIDENTS watch Nancy. Each with a Bingo card in front of them.

SUPER: ONE WEEK LATER

The overly competitive PHYLLIS (80s) raises her card in elation. A youthful spirit ready to jump out of her chair.

Her Bingo crew buddies and sycophants, RAYMOND the oblivious (80s) and LOUISE the meek (late 70s), cheer her on.

PHYLLIS

Bingo!

NANCY

We've got a Bingo. Congratulations, Phyllis!

PHYLLIS

Kiss my eighty-two-year-old ass, Harry. I'm number one!

Harry scowls and tosses his Bingo card aside.

HARRY

(under his breath)
Son of a bitch.

Harry nudges his lethargic table partner OTIS (80s), head back and fast asleep.

Nancy clears away Harry and Otis' table.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(to Otis)
What did I tell you? They're cheating. How else do you explain this? Luck? Give me a break.

NANCY

Settle down. It's just a game.

HARRY

Just a game. It's just a game, Otis. That's what they all say. Are you listening to me, Otis?

Harry taps at Otis's wheelchair. He grabs Otis' wrist, checks for his pulse. Otis comes to and nods.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I was worried for a second.

Nancy gathers up Bingo cards at each table.

NANCY

Alright, everybody. It's time for the parade back to the rooms.

Nancy hits play on a shoddy boombox. Ceremonial march music PLAYS through the questionable speakers.

Harry face-palms.

INT. NURSING HOME - INTERLINK - DAY

The interlink hallway connects all three sections of the facility. RESIDENT AIDES wheel RESIDENTS down the hall in a single file line.

At the back of the line, Nancy walks with Harry. Harry walks at a slow, steady pace with a cane.

Harry side eyes every corridor and tributary that they pass. His watchful gaze distracts Nancy.

NANCY

There's nobody after you. We're all your friends here.

HARRY

It's good to be suspicious. Suspicion keeps you alive.

NANCY

I shouldn't be saying this, but the other residents talk about you. All that mystery you've got going on.

HARRY

I told you a thousand times. I imported and exported fine wines.

NANCY

You traveled the world. You got to have all the excitement. I haven't left Indiana in ten years.

HARRY

How much is this dream vacation of yours? If I pay for it, will you shut up about it?

NANCY

I don't want your money. I just want to know about that sweetheart of yours. Give me one hint. You didn't even tell me her name.

Harry and Nancy arrive outside Harry's room.

HARRY

You're right. I didn't.

Harry stops the conversation cold. Reaches for his door. Harry cracks a half-genuine smile.

HARRY (CONT'D)

See you later.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - DAY

Size of a mid-star hotel room. A lounge chair, bed, nightstand, and closet.

An awkward kitchenette sits with a sink, a mini fridge, an untouched electric stove, and a coffeemaker.

Harry drops the cane. Lifts his one leg up on the bed. Slides up his pant leg to reveal an ankle holster.

He pulls out a compact Beretta pistol. Places it on the nightstand.

A window peeks out to an empty back yard. A quarter mile out, there's a public park. Happy FAMILIES frolic.

Harry peers out the window. Watches the families for an extended moment. A HUSBAND and WIFE lock their arms and wander the park.

He opens the closet. Parts the clothes and hangers. Inspects every inch of the boring space.

He peeks behind a still life painting on the wall. Nothing behind it.

On the opposite wall, he puts his ear to it and listens. Slides along the length of the wall. Nothing.

Underneath the bed, Harry pulls out a lockbox. Unlocks it and finds a key inside.

He brings the key behind the headboard of the bed. A false wooden piece opens up. There's another, smaller lockbox.

Inside, there's an old picture of a French-Algerian WOMAN (50s). She smiles on a French balcony.

Harry takes a long look. Handles it with care.

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A sterile space without many windows.

Pictures of dream destinations on the fridge. Italy, the French Riviera, and Spain. Pamphlets for a Viking River cruise through Europe.

Nancy places her bag and a pizza box on the counter. Next to a "Life Part Two Fund" jar. Coins and bills inside.

In a tiny living room, a full shelf of board games. Spy thriller novels and movies fill the shelf.

Fleming, Ludlum, Clancy, Le Carré, Lee Child. Enough to call the collection an obsession.

In a distant, forgotten corner there's a dusty moving box with the label "Family Stuff."

IN HER BEDROOM

Her bed is full of pillows and stuffed animals. A bastion of fluff and safety.

She collapses onto her bed. Several pillows and stuffed animals fall off.

INT. NURSING HOME - DINING AREA - DAY

Bright wallpaper walls. An artificially bright space. A few tables with clusters of residents at each.

The clock reads 9:00 a.m.

A whiteboard on the wall reads "Today's Breakfast: Sunnyside's Famous Sunnyside Up Eggs with Bingo Bacon."

At one table, Harry pokes at two eggs. Nobody sits with him.

Phyllis, Raymond, and Louise roll by Harry. Surround him at three flanks. Harry plays it cool.

PHYLLIS

You can't just lose, can you? You need to go around spreading rumors that I cheated.

Harry doesn't look at them.

HARRY

How else do you explain your winning streak?

PHYLLIS

Whatever card I choose is a winner. I've got the magic touch.

RAYMOND

The magic touch.

LOUISE

The magic touch.

Phyllis raises her index finger. Raymond and Louise shut up.

PHYLLIS

We'll see who's laughing next week when I wipe the floor with you again. See you around, bucko.

Phyllis wheels away. Raymond and Louise giggle after her.

They find a table at the far end of the dining area. Closest to the TV. On the table it reads "Reserved for Bingo Champ."

The TV shuts off. The GOLDEN GIRLS rerun disappears.

Residents HOOT and HOLLER. Point to the TV in protest.

JOY (50s) holds the remote. A tired, disgusted look on her face. Medical gloves on her hands. Sucks all the fun right out of the room.

JOY

Listen up, I'm only going to say this once. If you can't hear me, too bad. Firstly, our long funding drought ended when our very own resident, Harry Ashton, made a significant donation last week. We'll now be able to upgrade our quote "less than optimal security system." How cute.

Harry nods with pride. A few CLAPS for Harry's donation. A lone COUGH from the back of the room.

Joy shivers at the sound of the cough. Pulls out a Purell bottle and pours the contents into her gloves.

JOY (CONT'D)

Secondly, we have to make some cuts to the Bingo tournament this year. The Board Members and I decided to get rid of the Bingo Bonfire. We can't have open flames that close to the facility again. We barely recovered from last year.

BOOs from the residents.

JOY (CONT'D)

Boo all you want. There's nothing you can do about it. Nancy, tag in. I'm finished with them.

Joy throws a half-hearted wave to Nancy. Nancy offers a handshake to Joy, who ignores it and flees.

NANCY

Thank you, Joy. Who's ready for arts and crafts?

INT. NURSING HOME - ACTIVITIES SPACE - DAY

Rows of craft tables. Watercolor paints. Brushes.

Harry tries his best with a brush. Inspects his color choices. Deliberate brush strokes.

Phyllis, Raymond, and Louise chat over bright and lovely landscapes. Calm and serene.

Nancy patrols the residents. Observes the painting progress.

NANCY

Looks like we've got some Monet's in the works.

Phyllis leans over and eyes Harry's canvas.

PHYLLIS

What do we have here?

HARRY

Let's call it an abstract.

Harry holds up a putrid red blob. Something akin to a diseased heart. On a murky black and blue background.

Busy NURSE VIV (40s) shuffles through with a stack of paperwork. Stops to wave at the residents.

NURSE VIV
Harry, you've got a visitor.

HARRY
A what?

NANCY
Go on, Harry. It's your lucky day.

Harry wipes the shock off his face. Exits the room.

Nancy picks up Harry's work in progress.

NANCY (CONT'D)
You better have a name for this beauty when you come back. It's going on the wall with everyone else's.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - DAY

Harry cracks the door. Peeks inside. Enters in slow motion.

A violent SNEEZE fit breaks out. Gordon emerges from the lounge at the far end, which faces away from the door. Handkerchief in hand.

HARRY
You must have the wrong room.

Harry keeps his distance. Blocks the door.

GORDON
You look good for a dead man. I kick myself for not following my hunch sooner.

Harry gives up the momentary act. Pulls up another chair.

HARRY
How are you, Gordon? They haven't taken the car keys away from you yet?

GORDON
I'd never retire. Not with a lead like this. A dead Russian with an address in his pocket.

HARRY

I've heard a lot of stories in my day. This one takes it. If you'll excuse me, I have a painting to get back to. Let's speed this up.

GORDON

Let me guess, the KGB offered you some money to defect and you blew them off just like you did us?

HARRY

That's enough.

GORDON

They ambushed our boys outside Managua. With your information. I've been waiting forty years to ask you why.

HARRY

You weren't supposed to be there when it happened. You thought you were Roosevelt going up San Juan Hill. Couldn't resist the glory. I got myself out of there because we were never supposed to be in Nicaragua. It doesn't matter how I did it.

GORDON

You remember the oath we took at the academy? Whatever you do, you do it in the best interest of this country.

HARRY

You want some tea to go along with this rant?

Harry fills his kettle as Gordon goes off.

GORDON

Turn yourself in and they might let you live. I can't promise you what'll happen otherwise.

Harry stops with the kettle.

HARRY

You know I'm not going with you.

Gordon turns with his back to the open window. Backs up against it.

GORDON

I know what happened to your wife.
If you come in, I'll tell you who
made the bomb.

Harry looks to the headboard of his bed. Where the picture of
the woman lies.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Think of it this way. You don't
have to run anymore. I'm making you
an offer as a friend.

HARRY

Sometimes I try to forget we were
friends.

GORDON

If we weren't, I would've shot you
when you walked in.

HARRY

You've got it all figured out then.
Gordon the Geezer. You're younger
than me and somehow I always saw
you as an old fart. Trapped inside
the asshole of the good old CIA.

GORDON

It's over Tom. Or is it Harry? Is
that what you call yourself now?

A SCREAM from the kettle. Harry approaches it. He side eyes
Gordon all the way.

Gordon reaches into his jacket. Slow.

Harry throws the kettle at Gordon. Boiling water with it.

Gordon dodges the kettle and water. Off balance. Stumbles
toward the window. Falls out of it.

EXT. NURSING HOME - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Gordon falls two floors down. He hits the ground funny.
Clutches his left arm.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Harry flies to the window. Gun at the ready.

Gordon is gone. Nobody else around.

Harry hides his gun. Shuts the window.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A sinister blue room with an absurdly long table. A dozen BLANK FACES on either side. One empty chair among them.

At the head of the table, deputy director KEN BORNIUM (60s) sports Just For Men grey hair. A suit that's a tad small for him. Desperate to restore order.

TRENT DURHAM (30s) lingers behind Ken with a cold, deadly glaze. An attack dog with a short leash.

KEN

Public approval isn't where it used to be. The Cold War and the War on Terror didn't do us any favors.

The Blank Faces cycle through large binders.

KEN (CONT'D)

In your binders, you'll find our new protocols. We have the Senate Intelligence Committee breathing down our necks. It's going to be a lot of paperwork from now on.

The modern glass door swings open. Gordon slinks inside with a sling on his left arm.

The Blank Faces stare him down. Ken side eyes Gordon like a disappointed teacher.

KEN (CONT'D)

As I was saying...

Gordon sits with embarrassment. His chair CREAKS.

Trent paces with fury. A predator ready to pounce.

Ken shoots Gordon a death stare. Holds Trent back.

KEN (CONT'D)

If I'm going to make director some day, you better believe I'm cleaning this place up for good. No more renditions. Time to play by the rules again.

Gordon opens his binder. Shuffles through it with one hand.

KEN (CONT'D)
Any questions, you know where to
reach me. Trent, get them out.

TRENT
Get out!

Trent CLAPS and points to the door with fury.

TRENT (CONT'D)
Faster!

The Blank Faces dash out of the room. Faces change to terror.

INT. KEN'S OFFICE - DAY

A sterile glass office. The only humanity left is a faded
family portrait. Hidden behind a stack of corporate files.

Ken looms over Gordon, who sinks into the guest chair.

KEN
I told you to send somebody else.
Somebody younger for Christ's sake.

GORDON
I'm not that old.

KEN
You know what happens if this comes
back to me? This is all supposed to
be strictly off the books.

GORDON
I know you're worried. But I've got
a plan B.

KEN
This is the CIA. We're supposed to
be good at killing people. If we
need somebody gone, they'll
disappear. The Russians probably
have a two week head start on this
guy.

Ken gazes off to the nearby window.

INT. RUSSIAN INTELLIGENCE OFFICE - DAY

An old world, stuffy office of shadow and doom.

MIKHAIL (30s), too-serious with early grey hair, rushes in to find RUSSIAN INTELLIGENCE DIRECTOR (50s) reading the cartoon section of the newspaper.

He CHUCKLES to himself as he reads a Russian version of Marmaduke. Nearly falls out of his chair.

MIKHAIL
(in Russian)
Sir, it's been a month and still no word from Dimitri. I fear the worst.

Russian Leader looks down from his paper. Annoyed at the interruption.

RUSSIAN INTELLIGENCE DIRECTOR
(in Russian)
What do you want me to do about it? We don't have anymore money to go chasing these American spies. I'm closing the book on this.

MIKHAIL
I'll pay my own way. I will avenge Dimitri, if it takes me the rest of my life.

RUSSIAN INTELLIGENCE DIRECTOR
Knock yourself out. See if I care.

INT. KEN'S OFFICE - DAY

The same conversation. Only a short moment went by.

GORDON
They're ruthless, I know. But what if I can send in the Sleeper.

Ken's head cocks in surprise and interest.

KEN
The Sleeper? He's still alive?

GORDON
He hasn't retired if that's what you're asking.

KEN
Give him a call. But if you can't nip this shit in the bud I'm taking things over.

GORDON

It won't come to that.

KEN

We need a clean slate. If it gets out that he's still around, it'll be my ass at a congressional hearing.

GORDON

I'll take care of the whole thing. It's like it never happened. Scout's honor.

Gordon presents the Boy Scout salute.

INT. UNDISCLOSED SAFEHOUSE - DAY

Looks like a cold, unfinished basement in suburbia. The SLEEPER (50s) sleeps on bare mattress. Shirtless with worn out jeans. Rough and tumble physique. Scars everywhere.

RING. An annoying iPhone ringtone.

He springs up like Dracula. Walks to a closet. Pulls a hatch. Behind it are panels of guns and knives.

He opens a satchel and throws everything into it.

At a makeup table, he opens a box with the label "Elderly: 75-90." A number of actors' names on file, pictures of them in older years. Some dead, some still alive.

Sleeper flips through the file options. Robert Redford, Mickey Rooney, Dick Van Dyke. He chooses the latter.

Sleeper applies a white wig and mustache. A prosthetic nose. Fake cheeks and jowls.

EXT. UNDISCLOSED SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Sleeper exits, as if he's a new man. The Dick Van Dyke special on his face. His body contorts. Walks with a cane. A masterclass performance.

He struggles the satchel into a Ford SUV. Closes the trunk gingerly. Such dedication to the craft in his every step.

Slides weakly into the front seat. Turns the car on.

He puts in a CD. The Chitty Chitty Bang Bang soundtrack.

INT. NURSING HOME - DINING AREA - DAY

Harry eats at the "Reserved for Bingo Champion" table. Only a few scattered residents around.

Phyllis, Raymond, and Louise enter and stare at Harry.

PHYLLIS

That's my table, Harold. You want to sit there, I have to invite you. Those are the rules.

LOUISE

Yeah, Harold.

RAYMOND

Yeah, Harry.

Louise looks at Raymond with contempt.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

(apologetic)

I didn't know we were doing the name change thing.

Harry slurps the last of his soup. Leaves his seat and walks out. Ignores them.

HARRY

Whoops. My eye sight must be failing me.

PHYLLIS

Where are you going? The Golden Girls marathon starts soon. Are you too cool for Golden Girls?

Harry turns the corner. Disappears without an answer.

INT. NURSING HOME - INTERLINK - DAY

Across from Harry's room, an oxygen tank and wheelchair. Harry slows down and watches it with suspicion.

Harry inches up to his room. Slow to turn the knob.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - DAY

The door cracks open. Harry's eyes veer every which way. The coast is clear. Window is closed, barred, and blinds down.

Harry shuts the door. Locks it.

He opens the closet. Pulls out a suitcase. Already packed with clothes. Pulls out the lockbox from behind the headboard and puts it inside.

Harry places his ankle holster gun onto the nightstand. Next to a plane ticket for Paris.

He enters his bathroom. Shuts the door.

The airduct opens from the ceiling. Sleeper's head appears, upside down. Still in his elderly disguise.

The toilet FLUSHES. A sink faucet RUSHES.

Sleeper drops from the vent. The sink drowns out the impact.

Sleeper hides next to the bathroom door. Readies a garrote wire with his gloved hands.

The sink shuts off.

Harry opens the door, which swings to cover Sleeper.

A surprised Harry kicks the door again. Sleeper stops it with his arms. The garrote wire drops.

Sleeper throws a punch. Harry dodges it and jabs him. Sleeper jumps on Harry's back. Harry flips Sleeper over.

On the floor, Sleeper sweeps Harry's leg. Harry loses his balance. Hits the floor with a THUD.

Sleeper jumps on Harry and chokes him.

INT. NURSING HOME - INTERLINK - CONTINUOUS

Nancy pushes a cart down the hallway. A few doors down from Harry. Packs of cookies on the cart for each resident.

Nancy knocks on a random door.

NANCY

Gloria, I've got a special treat
for you. Don't worry, it's vegan.

Nancy opens Gloria's door and enters with a cookie package.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Harry rolls Sleeper over. On top, he punches Sleeper again and again. Sleeper takes it like a champ.

Sleeper reaches for his gun. Harry grabs it with one hand. They fight over the gun. Harry pops the gun clip out and throws it, but misses Sleeper. The gun flies across the room.

Sleeper rolls Harry over again. Harry stretches his arm for his kitchenette cabinet. Flicks the cabinet door open. Cleaning supplies inside.

Harry knocks over a can of Scrubbing Bubbles spray. He squirts foam into Sleeper's mouth. Sleeper spits it out.

INT. NURSING HOME - INTERLINK - CONTINUOUS

Nancy rolls up to Harry's door. KNOCKS on it.

NANCY

Harry, I've got a special...

THUD. Nancy puts her ear to the door. Throws the door in.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nancy finds Sleeper on top of Harry. Harry's face red and almost out of breath.

Nancy drops the cookie package in shock.

HARRY

Hel...help.

Nancy looks around. Finds the oxygen tank outside the room.

She rushes back inside. SLAMS the door behind her.

She bludgeons Sleeper's head, which crashes onto Harry. Harry GASPS for air.

Nancy drops the tank.

Harry slides out from under Sleeper's corpse.

NANCY

What did I just do?

Harry checks Sleeper's head wound. Feels for a pulse.

HARRY

You did good. He almost had me.

NANCY

He's dead?

HARRY

You better believe it. Nice shot. I thought for sure I'd have to finish him off.

NANCY

Who? How? But I thought you were just joshing me about all that spy stuff?

HARRY

I'm not a spy. I was...an assassin. It's a small, but crucial difference.

NANCY

Who's that then?!

Nancy points to Sleeper's corpse. His head oozes blood.

HARRY

Hell if I know. I made a few enemies in my time. This guy was probably CIA the way he moved.

Nancy spirals into a haze. Dizzy and in shock.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Nancy, you've been a real pal to me. You shouldn't have seen any of this. I know that.

Nancy slinks to the floor. Head in her hands.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Some people have been looking for me. I'm assuming that was their best guy. But now, who knows what kind of firepower they're going to send over here. Everyone in this home is in danger. Especially you. They'll take us all out if need be.

Nancy tries to wipe the blood from her hands. It doesn't come off. No matter how hard she tries.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You can walk away. It won't be easy, but I could get you out of here.

Nancy points to Harry's suitcase and plane ticket.

NANCY

Is that what you wanted? To leave us here. What about the police?

HARRY

This isn't police business. This is black ops. These guys throw the law out the window. This whole place is in danger.

NANCY

I can't just leave. Where am I gonna go?

HARRY

You understand that I'm talking about rogue members of this nation's intelligence agencies. An unlimited supply of maniacs with weapons. There's no going back.

NANCY

I can't quit now. There's no dream getaway for Nancy now. Sure, it's not the adventure I was hoping for.

HARRY

After your first kill, your original self dies. You'll never be the same. You're a new person now.

NANCY

Thanks for reminding me.

HARRY

Speaking of the dead, give me a hand here.

Harry and Nancy each take a side of the body. A blood pool under him.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Let's lift him. One, two, three.

They lift. He's heavy. Both of them struggle.

HARRY (CONT'D)

This guy's bleeding everywhere.

They put him back down.

NANCY

We can't just throw him out.

HARRY

I've thrown plenty of guys away,
but it's better if you chop them up
first.

NANCY

Oh my god. You really did that?

HARRY

It's dog eat dog out there. They'd
do the same to me if they had the
chance.

Nancy paces. Opens the door into the hallway.

HARRY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Nancy spots the wheelchair across the hall.

INT. NURSING HOME - INTERLINK - DAY

Nancy rolls Sleeper down the hallway in the wheelchair. A
large winter hat on his head that covers his gash. His eyes
shut.

Busy Nurse Viv walks by. Waves to Nancy and Sleeper.

NURSE VIV

How're you two doing today?

NANCY

(points to Sleeper)

Fine. Just fine. This one's zonked.
Too many Golden Girl reruns.

NURSE VIV

Who is that under there?

Nancy doesn't stop.

NANCY

Sorry. Got to run. This one is
ready for a nap.

Nancy fake laughs as she passes the Nurse Viv. Her face
contorts back to panic when the coast is clear.

NANCY (CONT'D)

(to Sleeper)

Just hang in there.

Nancy makes a sharp turn. Down towards a side exit. Sleeper almost slides out of the chair. Nancy straightens Sleeper up.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Stay calm, Nancy. Breathe.

She reaches the door. Types in a security code to exit. She takes heavy breaths in a specific pattern.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Harry pools the excess blood into paper towel after paper towel. Tosses the remains into a black trash bag.

Harry pockets the Sleeper's flip phone.

He picks up a wallet. Inside, the Sleeper's picture and a fake name. "James Williamson." Harry pockets the extra cash inside. Two five's and a twenty.

EXT. NURSING HOME - DAY

Nancy wheels Sleeper across the parking lot, towards her old Toyota Prius. Hides her panic. Sweat on her forehead.

HARRY (V.O.)
You'll need to drive up I-65
towards Gary.

She opens the back door. Pretends to help Sleeper. His arm around her shoulder, she holds tight. Maneuvers him out of the chair.

He collapses in the back seat. Rolls onto the car floor.

NANCY
Whoops.

Nancy closes the door. Throws the wheelchair in the trunk.

EXT. INDIANA INTERSTATE - DAY

Nancy's humble Prius heads north up the highway.

INT. NANCY'S PRIUS - DAY

Nancy checks her rearview mirror. Adjusts it. Checks both her side mirrors.

HARRY (V.O.)
 Follow Route 12 until the County
 Line and make a left. You can't
 miss it. It's the ugliest place
 you've ever seen.

Nancy spots sign for the offramp towards Route 12. She makes
 a left at County Line road.

EXT. LANDFILL - DAY

Three miles down the road, Nancy pulls off into the Landfill
 parking lot.

A large chain link gate separates the parking lot from the
 landfill. Green gases hover overtop the hell of disgusting
 trash mounds.

CREAK. The landfill gates slide open. A LANDFILL KING and
 QUEEN (50s) emerge from fog. Hoods block their faces. They
 roll out a hospital gurney with a large SATCHEL on it.

They approach Nancy in an eerie gait. Almost as if they float
 towards her like ghosts.

NANCY
 I was told not to say my name. But
 hello!

Nancy pulls out a written note. Nervous with a brave face.
 Reads from it.

NANCY (CONT'D)
 I was told to say...sorry I can
 barely read my own handwriting.

Nancy resets. Clears her throat.

NANCY (CONT'D)
 (reads from the note)
 I need to trade a friend for a
 friend. Did I say it right?

Queen pulls down her hood. An inviting, smiling face emerges.

QUEEN
 Where would you like the package,
 honey?

NANCY
 Umm. The trunk is fine.

King and Queen place the satchel in the trunk. They struggle with the weight of it. It CLINKS as it drops.

King pulls down his hood. Another inviting and smiling face, this time with a goatee.

KING

This one's on the house. Tell your friend we said "hi."

NANCY

How do you know...?

QUEEN

Made a generous donation to our landfill business. Really got us off the ground. Never met him in person, though.

King and Queen drag Sleeper out of the car. Place him on the gurney. They roll the Sleeper through the gates.

KING

Have a nice day!

The landfill gates shut behind the couple.

Nancy watches in amazement.

NANCY

(to herself)

What a beautiful couple.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - DAY

Harry unzips the same satchel on his bed. Nancy watches over Harry's shoulder.

Harry unpacks boxes of ammunition, pistols, submachine guns, a foldable assault rifle, and a sniper rifle.

HARRY

Can you smell that? You can tell they're fresh guns just by the smell.

Harry grabs a pistol. Disassembles it. Puts it back together.

He hands Nancy another, identical pistol.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Now it's your turn.

Nancy holds the pistol. Awkward and sideways.

NANCY

How about I do all the other spy stuff. Reconnaissance and all of that. I read Tom Clancy. I know a thing or two. Alpha, Bravo, Delta.

HARRY

That little shit Clancy wrote it, but I lived it. Besides these guns are for your protection.

NANCY

No guns for me.

Nancy puts the pistol back with the others.

HARRY

You want to stab somebody, instead?

Harry pulls out a large hunting knife from the bag.

NANCY

No, thank you.

HARRY

These weapons are an insurance policy. And you're buying in to it whether you like it or not.

NANCY

Even if I learn how to shoot one of those, I'm not a one woman army. The two of us can't do this alone.

HARRY

We can try. I've killed plenty of people with no help at all.

NANCY

What about the residents?

HARRY

I'm not teaching a bunch of old people how to blow somebody's head off.

NANCY

Mull it over for a bit. It might be our only chance. In the meantime, I have to go meet with everybody's favorite president, Joy.

HARRY
It could be worse.

Nancy stares at Harry. Frustration in her eyes.

NANCY
I don't have anymore time for guns.
Don't forget we're going to the zoo
tomorrow.

Harry ZIPS up the satchel. Turns in amazement.

HARRY
What?

EXT. NURSING HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

FAMILY MEMBERS push their resident RELATIVES through the tree-lined garden.

BEHIND A NEARBY TREE

Harry dials the Sleeper's flip phone.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - GORDON'S OFFICE - DAY

Gordon stares into his old Windows desktop. He's consumed on all sides by stacks of files and paperwork.

On his desk, a CIA logo mug, mini American flags stick out. A model plane covers up a photo of him with his two kids.

A cell phone RINGS inside a filing cabinet. Gordon fishes through a drawer and pulls it out. The caller matches the name found in Sleeper's wallet, "James Williamson."

GORDON
Is it finished?

INTERCUT

Harry hides behind the tree. Out of sight from other residents and visitors.

HARRY
Do you know how many numbers I cold
called before I got you?

GORDON
They said he was the best.

HARRY

I'd give Dick Van Dyke an A for effort. Now where does that leave you? Up shit's creek, if my calculations are correct.

GORDON

Who says I don't have a plan B?

HARRY

All I can say is I can't wait for plan C.

GORDON

I'm trying my best here.

HARRY

How about I make it easy for you? You and I should meet. Tomorrow.

Gordon sinks in his chair. Dejected.

GORDON

I'll see what I can do.

Harry hangs up. Sneaks out from behind the tree.

Phyllis watches Harry from her window. Suspicious.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS'S - GORDON'S OFFICE - DAY

Gordon puts down the phone. Stares at it.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Gordon hides the phone in the filing cabinet. Tosses a stack of files over the phone. Shuts the cabinet.

The door swings open. Papers go flying. Gordon catches a few.

Trent appears in the doorway.

TRENT

Did you get that report done?

GORDON

Where's Ken?

TRENT

Busy. Is it done or not?

GORDON

Tell him don't worry about it.

TRENT
The lion sleeps tonight?

GORDON
Please...let's just...

TRENT
I need a clear answer.

GORDON
A-wimoweh, a-wimoweh.

TRENT
That's what I like to hear.

Trent spins out of the room and SLAMS the door. Papers go flying everywhere.

Gordon lets them go flying. Unable to catch them.

INT. NURSING HOME - JOY'S OFFICE - DAY

It's alarmingly clean and safe. Purell and Clorox wipes on the desk. It's like the white room from Willy Wonka.

A puffy couch adjacent to the desk.

Joy, in reading glasses, pores over legal documents.

Nancy enters and stops at Joy's desk.

NANCY
Hey there, Joy.

JOY
Sit down.

Nancy sinks into the puffy couch. The couch consumes her inch by inch. She squirms her way up. Fights to stay afloat.

Joy doesn't care enough to notice Nancy's predicament.

JOY (CONT'D)
I hear that you're still going ahead with the zoo field trip?

NANCY
All systems ready to go.

JOY

I do want to caution you. I haven't forgotten about the Spaghetti incident. Or the Liman Disappearance.

NANCY

I understand your concern.

JOY

And that time you took residents to Lollapalooza and forgot to tell anyone.

NANCY

That one I did let somebody know.

JOY

And they forgot to tell us, because they had dementia.

NANCY

Oh yeah...

JOY

You show these people a good time, but you're reckless.

NANCY

I think it's nice to give them a little freedom.

JOY

I get a lot of complaints, Nancy. Some of the residents' families aren't happy.

NANCY

(concerned)

They aren't?

JOY

What I want you to know is that another slip-up, any incident, any mistake on another field trip will be the last straw.

NANCY

Their happiness is top my priority.

JOY

But not their safety. You took them base jumping.

NANCY

Not against their will. Everybody
loved it.

Joy squirts a hand full of Purell. Rubs it in, but most of it
falls down onto the desk.

JOY

The Board Members want more beds in
this place. That's more money we
don't have. I need to make cuts
somewhere. Convince me that I
shouldn't throw you out of here.

NANCY

I won't let you down. They're going
to have a great time tomorrow.
They'll come back from the zoo as
good as new. Hey, that rhymed.

Joy stares at Nancy. Emotionless.

Nancy leans back and sinks into the couch.

EXT. ZOO - DAY

A welcome sign hangs over the entrance. A small, but fully
loaded zoo. All the ANIMALS you want to see without the
crowds of a big city.

The white nursing home bus pulls up. Nancy exits with two
wide-eyed high school volunteers. The nerdy boy scout QUENTIN
(17) and the anxious and phone-centric TATIANA (18).

NANCY

Thanks again for coming on such
short notice. Remember, you're the
designated buddies. Everyone sticks
together.

Quentin salutes Nancy. Tatiana nods nervously.

QUENTIN

At your service.

NANCY

You don't have to salute, Quentin.

TATIANA

Are we going to go up the big hill?

Tatiana doesn't look up from her phone.

NANCY

The what?

TATIANA

There's that big hill in the middle of the zoo? Are those wheelchairs going to make it?

NANCY

Oh sure, we've done it plenty of times. I believe in you.

Nancy goes back inside the bus.

The bus wheelchair conveyor belt ROARS to life.

Nancy guides Phyllis off the bus with her cane.

All Eight Residents stumble out one by one. Some on the conveyor and others on the stairs.

Harry is the last one off. Walks down the steps on his own. He watches everyone carefully.

Harry approaches Quentin and Tatiana.

HARRY

Keep a sharp eye out. Remember your exits. Stay in formation. We'll come out of this on top.

Harry shuffles away. Quentin and Tatiana eye each other in confusion.

Nancy passes by Harry.

NANCY

How much time do you need?

HARRY

Give me fifteen minutes. I need to find him first.

Nancy turns back towards the Residents.

NANCY

Let's go see some animals!

INT. ZOO - DAY

The Nursing Home Residents moves along. Wheelchairs and canes and walkers. Tatiana guides Phyllis along with her cane. Quentin pushes Otis in his wheelchair.

Harry stays behind, observes the crowds like a hawk.

Nancy corrals the group together. Eight Residents, Tatiana, and Quentin.

Nancy counts the heads of her group silently. She turns to smile at something.

NANCY

Look at the lions. Oh my God.

LION ENCLOSURE

A male lion sleeps on between a patch of tall grass.

A female lion rests on a large boulder above the male lion.

Phyllis nudges Tatiana.

PHYLLIS

Now those are a couple of stunners right there.

Raymond and Louise wander behind everyone.

RAYMOND

Where are the penguins?

LOUISE

On the other side of the park. Let's go find them.

RAYMOND

What about Phyllis?

LOUISE

They'll catch up.

Raymond and Louise float into the surrounding crowd and disappear.

Harry taps the lion enclosure glass.

HARRY

(to the lions)

Look alive out there. Watch your back, buddy. She's got your rear flank.

PHYLLIS

If he's not careful, she'll sneak up on him when he least expects it.

HARRY

He's smarter than you think.

PHYLLIS

Oh sure. She could swallow him whole if she wanted to.

Nancy appears between Harry and Phyllis.

NANCY

Okay, moving on! Everybody let's march over this way. It's time to see the elephants.

Harry and Phyllis send each other a smirk.

Just beyond Phyllis, Harry notices an older man folding a newspaper. It's Gordon. He walks off into a crowd.

The Residents follow Nancy one way. Harry scurries in the other direction, towards Gordon.

ALLIGATOR SANCTUARY

A series of rope bridges float overtop the alligator pit. They weave together in an elaborate maze. For children.

The alligators swim in a massive tank and crawl onto bastions of concrete mounds.

Harry follows Gordon onto one of the rope bridges. They both stop several paces away from each other. Nonchalant, as if they aren't meeting each other.

GORDON

Have you reconsidered?

HARRY

What are you an idiot? I'd rather swim with the alligators.

GORDON

It was worth a try.

HARRY

Where's does that leave us then?

GORDON

I didn't quit. I never quit.

HARRY

If you want a piece of me, I'm standing right here.

Gordon slides down the rope bridge. Unstable on his feet. Wobbles back and forth. Clings to the safety rail.

Visitors move along the rope bridge. It wobbles even more.

Harry and Gordon both stumble towards each other.

GORDON

They think you flew the coop. And we need to keep it that way. I've got something to show you.

HARRY

Oh yeah. So do I.

Harry starts to shake the rope bridge. It sways back and forth. Dangles over the alligator pit.

GORDON

No, I really do--

Gordon slips and bumps into another visitor. They fall back. Gordon loses his footing and slips over the guard rail.

Gordon falls onto a soft patch. He YELPS in pain. Clutches his already injured arm. Broken once more.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Not again.

Gordon stands and brushes himself off. Several alligators emerge from the water.

SCREAMS from the visitors. An ALARM raises.

Harry looks over the bridge and watches the alligators scramble. Shuffles away from the chaos.

Gordon fishes a Snickers bar out of his pocket. Throws it behind the alligators. In his other pocket, he throws a travel pack of Tums in the other direction.

Harry disappears into a crowd of people. Pretends like nothing happened.

ELEPHANT CAGE

A gate surrounds a large mound. A zookeeper hoses off three elephants inside.

Nancy and the Residents assemble at the surrounding gate.

Nancy counts the heads around her. Six nursing home Residents, Tatiana, and Quentin.

NANCY

Where's Raymond and Louise? Has anybody seen Raymond and Louise?

Quentin and Tatiana shake their heads. Tatiana doesn't look up from her phone.

TATIANA

I saw them go that way.

Tatiana points in a random direction.

Quentin jumps into frame in front of Nancy.

QUENTIN

I'll save them.

Quentin salutes again. His arm comes up to salute and almost hits Nancy, who dodges it.

NANCY

Take it easy. I'm sure they haven't gone far.

PHYLLIS

Those two knuckleheads probably went to the gift shop.

Nancy claps her hands and waves everyone into a circle.

NANCY

Quentin and Tatiana, I want you to keep everyone here. I'll go...

Nancy looks around and counts once more. Five residents, Quentin, and Tatiana.

PHYLLIS

Where's Harry?

PENGUIN TANK

A half-dozen PENGUINS swim around in the tank. Other penguins waddle on the surface.

Raymond and Louise wave at the penguins. Raymond's head sinks in sadness.

RAYMOND

I wish they would dance.

LOUISE

Keep waving, they'll dance.

Harry spots Raymond and Louise from a distance. Approaches and taps Raymond and Louise on the shoulder.

HARRY

Come on, you two. What are you doing away from the group?

RAYMOND

Hey, what's the idea?

LOUISE

We didn't even see them dance.

The Penguins hop in a dance-like pattern.

RAYMOND

Look at that!

LOUISE

I'm so happy!

Even Harry turns and notices.

HARRY

Wow, look at them go.

BIG HILL

It's a large, steep hill in the middle of the zoo.

Nancy passes OTTERS, FLAMINGOS, and CHEETAHS on the way up.

Behind her, Quentin pushes Otis up the hill. He struggles. Barely holds Otis steady. Otis is asleep.

NANCY

(to Quentin)

You weren't supposed to leave the group.

QUENTIN

(out of breath)

I had to help. But I didn't want to leave Otis unattended.

NANCY

Go back down. I'll take it from here.

Quentin uses his entire weight to push Otis up the hill.

ELEPHANT CAGE

Harry returns Raymond and Louise. They slink towards Phyllis like lost puppies.

PHYLLIS

You two nitwits almost ruined the whole day.

RAYMOND

Sorry, Phyllis.

LOUISE

Sorry, Phyllis.

Tatiana and the Residents watch from afar.

HARRY

Where's Nancy and that kid?

Tatiana points to the hill in fear. Harry turns around, notices the large incline behind him.

BIG HILL

Nancy inches her way up the hill. Almost at the top.

A sweaty Quentin pushes Otis' chair with all his might.

QUENTIN

I don't think I can hold him.

Nancy crests the top. A BEAR enclosure stares her down. Out of breath.

NANCY

Finally. That was a good workout.

Nancy turns and looks down the hill. Quentin falls to the side. Otis's chair rolls backward and barrels down the hill.

Nancy's eyes widen in fear.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Otis!

Nancy hustles down after Otis' speeding wheelchair.

Harry races up the hill toward Otis, as fast as he can run.

Otis's wheelchair swipes a churro stand.

Otis sails toward a family of four. The family's ANGRY FATHER (40s) pushes his two KIDS out of the way.

Otis' wheelchair bar clips Angry Father's leg.

ANGRY FATHER

Hey! Watch it!

A VENDOR pushes a snow cone cart out, stops the wheelchair cold, with Otis flying out the back.

Harry emerges at the last minute, catches Otis. They both CRASH to the ground. Harry cradles Otis, who wakes up.

OTIS

I haven't felt a rush like that since my Air Force days.

HARRY

That kid almost got you killed.

Nancy makes it to Harry and Otis. Quentin slinks behind everyone with shame.

NANCY

Otis, are you okay?

OTIS

Let's do it again.

The Angry Father walks over to Nancy.

ANGRY FATHER

That wheelchair almost killed my family. Are you responsible for this?

NANCY

Sir, we're sorry. I'm glad everybody is okay.

ANGRY FATHER

Why would you push an old man like that up this kind of incline?

Nancy nods along, while Quentin pokes his head out.

QUENTIN

Actually, sir...

Harry steps in front of Quentin.

HARRY

(to Angry Father)

It was an accident. So let's just move along.

ANGRY FATHER

I'm not moving until I get an apology from Poindexter here. My kids are ruined for life.

His Kids cower behind him in fear.

NANCY

Again, nobody got hurt. I'm sure
Quentin here is sorry.

Angry Father points his zoo brochure in Harry's face.

At this point, ZOO PATRONS encircle the two Men.

Tatiana, Phyllis, and the other Residents stand among the
Onlookers.

ANGRY FATHER

I'm not going to let it go. There's
a small cut on my leg. It could get
infected.

Angry Father pushes Harry back.

ANGRY FATHER (CONT'D)

Somebody is going to pay.

Harry grabs Angry Father's wrist, snatches the brochure away,
whacks Angry Father in the face with it.

NANCY

Harry! Stop it.

Angry Father staggers back. Throws a wild punch at Harry.
Harry snatches Angry Father's hand, spins him around, throws
him off balance. Angry Father hits the ground.

Harry still holds Angry Father's arm, this time in an awkward
angle. Harry twists the arm.

ANGRY FATHER

My arm! And my leg!

HARRY

You're embarrassing yourself.

Harry lets the arm go. Nancy helps Otis back into his chair.

NANCY

Time to go, everybody.

Behind the fight circle, two ZOO EMPLOYEES guide Gordon to
the exit.

GORDON

Thanks again for the help. Really
I'm fine. It's already in a sling,
so I can stabilize it.

INT. NURSING HOME BUS - MOVING - DAY

Quentin hides in the back. Tatiana sits next to him, cell phone in hand.

TATIANA

Mom, I'm going to church with you on Sunday. I need God in my life again.

Otis and unnamed Residents fall asleep in their seats.

Nancy stands at the front of the bus.

NANCY

I think we'll keep this whole situation between us. No need for Joy to find out. It all worked itself out.

Phyllis, Raymond, and Louise stare at Harry in amazement. Harry notices, but doesn't acknowledge them.

PHYLLIS

Are you going to tell us where you learned to do that?

HARRY

No.

PHYLLIS

Well, at least teach us then.

Harry turns to Nancy. Nancy winks at Harry.

INT. NURSING HOME - ACTIVITIES SPACE - DAY

A circle of engaged Residents watch Harry like a hawk. He lines up a series of objects on a table.

A pencil, a book, reading glasses, and a piece of paper.

Nancy stands watch over the room.

HARRY

Any one of these items can be used in self-defense.

NANCY

That's a piece of paper.

HARRY

Ever heard of a Chechen papercut?

Harry folds the paper. Sharp creases. Rips the paper. Folds it into a paper spear.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You get that next to somebody's neck, say goodbye to their jugular.

NANCY

For self-defense, right?

HARRY

Yeah. What she said. When I wasn't selling wine, my favorite hobby was self-defense.

Harry grabs the reading glasses off the table.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Ordinary, every day reading glasses. I guarantee you two kills per pair.

OOHS and AAHS from the Audience. A few confused faces.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I mean it. One time I...heard of a guy that accidentally got one of these in his kidney. Roll Otis up here, I'll show you.

Otis is surprisingly awake in his chair.

OTIS

Yahoo!

HARRY

That's the kind of excitement I want to hear.

OTIS

Do your worst, Harry. Let's fight.

HARRY

Remember, this is a simulation.

Harry breaks off one side of the reading glasses. Hands them to Otis. Otis grabs it and holds it out.

Harry exposes the lower right part of his stomach. A lone cat WHISTLE from the Crowd.

He pulls Otis' hand over and takes the sharp end of the glasses. Puts it against his stomach.

HARRY (CONT'D)

All Otis has to do is jab right in here. Like your life depends on it. Then boom, kidney transplant.

Nancy scans the Crowd. Many jaws drop.

PHYLLIS

I've got a pair of my own to use.

HARRY

You're way ahead of me. Let's partner up.

Two by two, Residents spar with each other. They practice chokeholds and close quarter combat maneuvers.

A smiling face on every Resident.

Nancy readies a snack table. Cups of juice, coffee, and cookies. She looks up and smiles back at her happy Residents.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - DAY

MONTAGE:

Harry watches Nancy disassemble a pistol. Slow and clumsy. She takes off three pieces then stops. Uncertain.

Harry grabs the pieces from Nancy. Finishes the disassembly in a swift motion. Reassembles it in ten seconds.

Nancy disassembles the same pistol. Into more parts this time, but unable to put it back together.

Harry, blindfolded, disassembles and reassembles the pistol. Even faster this time. Nancy stares him down. Annoyed.

She disassembles it one more time. Slow, but she gets it. She reassembles it. Shock on her face. Harry high-fives Nancy.

Harry pulls out a larger assault rifle. Nancy stares at it. Shakes her head "no."

INT. NURSING HOME, ACTIVITIES SPACE - DAY

Harry holds a kitchen knife. The Residents crowd around him.

HARRY

If you're holding a butter knife, just push harder. And then twist.

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

Every one of you should have two
butter knives on hand at all times.

Harry sticks the knife up his sleeve. He slides out the knife in a rapid motion. Stabs forward.

The Residents clap in amazement. Practice with their own butter knives. They stab the air with glee.

Joy observes the glee from a safe distance. She sprays Lysol into the air. Walks away with suspicious eyes. Leaves a cloud of Lysol behind her.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - HOSPITAL - DAY

A TIRED DOCTOR (50s) puts a new sling and cast on Gordon's right arm.

TIRED DOCTOR

Stay away from the alligators next time. That right arm is taking a real beating.

GORDON

When do you think I'll be able to take this off?

Gordon's phone BEEPS. It's a text from Ken.

TIRED DOCTOR

Mr. Gerstmann, you need to rest that arm.

Gordon ignores the Doctor. Peeks at his phone. The message from Ken reads "Where are you?"

GORDON

Oh, don't worry. I'm taking some time off.

INT. INDIANA BUSINESS HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

A three-star, modern design with mood lighting. Low-lighting hides all the dust that prevents it from being a four-star.

Fully-loaded with oddball Business People in exotic, bright colored suits. They pack the lobby 100 strong.

The HOTEL CLERK wears a forever smile behind the front desk. Types at their computer endlessly.

Gordon waits on the other side of the desk. Impatient, he tries to peek over the desk. Adjusts his arm sling. He puts down his briefcase and luggage.

GORDON
Are you absolutely sure?

HOTEL CLERK
Unfortunately, there's nothing we can do, sir. We always overbook for the salad dressing festival.

Gordon STOMPS his way to the exit. Through a crowd of Salad Dressing Magnates and Business People.

An EXCITED SERVER offers Gordon a sample cup from a tray.

EXCITED SERVER
French dressing, sir?

Gordon waves them off. Rolls through the revolving door exit.

INT. INDIANA LOVE MOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

A big neon heart hangs in the lobby. Behind the counter there's a display of items to buy: condoms, lube, edible underwear, and a collection of old porn VHS tapes.

The DEUCE THE MOTEL CLERK watches Gordon sign-in to the hotel ledger. With a grubby tuxedo and a bleached blond mustache.

GORDON
Do you get many singles here?

Deuce winks at Gordon, as if he received a sign.

DEUCE
Hold on, I can help you with that.

Deuce reaches underneath the desk. Pulls out a folder entitled "Night Friends." Full of headshots. People of all persuasions. Dossiers on each of them.

DEUCE (CONT'D)
Might I recommend Michelle? Or maybe Samson? They're both very strong and reasonably priced.

Gordon wipes the confusion off his face. Shakes his head.

GORDON
No...thank you. I'll be staying for one night. Alone.

DEUCE

You can pay to watch if that's more
your style.

Gordon's phone RINGS. A call from Ken. Gordon answers. Makes
the "shush" sign to Deuce.

GORDON

Hello. Yes, everything's fine. I'll
be back next Monday...My vacation
request must not have gone through.
Sorry about that. Bye.

Deuce grooms his mustache with a tiny comb. Waits for Gordon
to get off the phone.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Do you have any food here? I
haven't eaten all day.

Deuce reaches under the desk again. Emerges with various bags
of edible underwear.

DEUCE

Can I interest you in some
underwear? We have lavender and
passion fruit.

INT. KEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Ken hangs up the speaker phone. Trent sits on the desk.

KEN

Something smells.

Trent smells his pits. Sniffs around the room.

KEN (CONT'D)

With Gordon I mean. Go tail him. I
have a feeling this might be his
last vacation.

Trent pumps his fist like Tiger Woods hitting a long putt.

TRENT

You won't regret this.

INT. NURSING HOME - ACTIVITIES SPACE - DAY

A number of Residents in chairs and wheelchairs. All of them
face a CLARINET PLAYER (30s) with hair down to his knees.

Half the Residents asleep. Half of them watch in fear. Harry has a look that says "Help me."

Clarinet Player prances around the Residents. His hands move a mile a minute. A pretentious nightmare.

Nancy stands in the corner. Nodding off. She catches herself. Sits up straight and scans the Residents.

Joy appears and waves Nancy over.

INT. NURSING HOME - INTERLINK - DAY

Joy and Nancy talk in the adjacent hallway.

JOY

How's the clarinet player?

NANCY

He's a real...virtuoso.

JOY

He's a friend of the family. It's magic when he performs. Don't let any of those heathens sleep their way through it.

NANCY

They're eating him up.

JOY

I read in the paper that there was an accident at the zoo.

NANCY

It's really all a big misunderstanding, really. Everything is settled.

JOY

Some idiot fell into the alligator sanctuary. I was surprised to see that it wasn't one of the residents.

NANCY

Oh, that...I don't know anything about that. What a shame. Do you want to come in and say hello?

JOY

I don't mingle with them. It's best if I stay away. I don't want to catch whatever they have.

NANCY

They're just old. They won't bite.

JOY

I heard one sneeze the other day. I was separated by a door, but you can't be too careful. I once saw someone sneeze a quarter mile away and I was confined to my bed for a week.

Joy's phone RINGS. She looks at it. Grimaces.

JOY (CONT'D)

It's one of the board members.
Money, money, money.

Joy answers the phone.

JOY (CONT'D)

Hi, Jerry. I'm almost finished with the budget report.

Joy walks away without acknowledging Nancy.

Nancy's cheery face turns to an exhausted grimace.

INT. NURSING HOME - DINING AREA - DAY

Harry sits alone at a table. On the phone.

HARRY

What? Do you want me to pay your medical bills?

INT. INDIANA LOVE MOTEL - GORDON'S ROOM - DAY

Gordon paces around his heart-shaped bed. A dimly lit, velvet room with pink neon lights.

GORDON

I don't want your money. I need to meet with you. The situation has changed.

INT. NURSING HOME - DINING AREA - DAY

Harry looks around. Nobody else there.

HARRY

Jacob Park. It's public. It's safe.

GORDON (O.S.)

Fine...when?

INT. NURSING HOME - ACTIVITIES SPACE - DAY

Nancy reenters to find most of the Residents asleep.

Clarinet Player holds a clarinet in each hand. Alternates blows from one to the other.

CLARINET PLAYER

Why aren't you clapping?

Nancy scans the Residents. Harry is gone.

Clarinet Player serenades Phyllis. Leans close to her.

PHYLLIS

I'm giving you one chance to back up.

Clarinet Player doesn't move back.

Phyllis snatches one clarinet. Hits him in the knee cap. He falls down to the ground.

Phyllis pulls out reading glasses in her other hand. She presses them against his right kidney.

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)

Try me, Kenny G. See where it gets you.

Nancy rushes over. Clarinet Player curls into a ball.

NANCY

You can't hit people, Phyllis.

PHYLLIS

It was self-defense.

NANCY

I think that's the end of Music Appreciation, everybody.

Clarinet Player clutches his remaining clarinet.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

Clarinet Player blows two sad notes into his clarinet.

EXT. NURSING HOME - DINING AREA - DAY

Harry eats a fruit cup. The TV plays a rerun of GOLDEN GIRLS.

Nancy sits across from Harry.

NANCY
You left me with the five-foot
assassin. Phyllis is lethal.

HARRY
She's been following me around.
Don't let her leave your sight.

NANCY
Maybe we should recruit her full-
time. She's got moves.

HARRY
She's the most anno--

NANCY
Be nice. You should give her a
chance one of these days.

HARRY
I don't have time for this. I need
to get ready.

NANCY
We need to get ready. This is a
team effort, remember?

HARRY
This is still my problem. I've got
to get rid of this guy.

NANCY
We have to get rid of this guy. And
you can't miss this time.

HARRY
Cut me some slack. I'm seventy-five-
years-old.

NANCY

Since when? Your birthday isn't until June. I memorized everybody's birthday.

HARRY

I'd never tell you my real birthday.

NANCY

Tell me one thing that's true about you. One thing. I'll keep it secret.

Harry throws away his fruit cup.

HARRY

Her name was Adrienne. That's all you get for now.

Harry leaves the room.

Nancy stays in her seat. She can't help but smile at the thought of Harry and his past love.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

Harry assembles a sniper rifle in his room.

Harry watches a worker install security cameras in a hallway.

The Residents watch a movie while Harry sleeps in a chair next to a sleeping Otis.

Harry inspects windows and doors in the nursing home. Phyllis, with her walker, follows Harry from a distance.

Harry and Nancy stand in the backyard. Harry points to the park in the distance. Nancy holds a drum in her hand.

Harry and Nancy observe a blueprint map of the nursing home. Harry draws and makes notes on it.

Phyllis walks by Harry's closed door and listens inside.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. INDIANA LOVE MOTEL - GORDON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Gordon opens a suitcase. Inside, a bunch of CIA branded folders with a "Classified" stamp on it. A picture of Ken hangs with a slew of documents under him.

Gordon unlocks the room safe. A flash drive inside. He inspects it and locks it back in the safe.

Places a Kevlar vest, pistol, and holster on the grungy bed.

Gordon kneels against the bed. Rosary in his hand.

He mumbles a prayer to himself.

GRUNTS and MOANS from next door. In a disco DRUM RHYTHM.

Gordon does the sign of the cross.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - DAY

Harry opens the window. Draws the curtains until there's only a small gap between them.

He pushes his nightstand next to his chair, both several feet away from the window. The chair faces the window.

Harry places the sniper rifle and bipod on top of the nightstand. Loads ammunition into the rifle.

He points it out the window. Looks through the scope. Aims the rifle at Jacob Park in the distance.

EXT. JACOB PARK - DAY

Not a particularly crowded day, but a few COUPLES and FAMILIES find their way around the grounds.

Gordon approaches an isolated bench next to a large oak tree. Far from the playground and picnic areas. His right arm still in a sling.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - DAY

Harry sits in his chair. Hunches over the sniper rifle.

He pulls out his cell phone.

EXT. JACOB PARK - DAY

Gordon sits on the bench. Observes the Park Visitors in the distance. Blissfully unaware.

His phone RINGS in his jacket pocket. Gordon pulls it out and answers. Looks around him. Suspicious.

GORDON
Where are you?

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Harry has one hand on the sniper trigger. His phone rests under the sniper. On speaker.

HARRY
This is the meeting, Gordo. Don't
move a muscle.

EXT. NURSING HOME, BACKYARD - DAY

Nancy gathers a small group of Residents. Each Resident sits with a drum in front of them.

Nancy holds binoculars with one hand. Observes the park across the way. A drum stick in her other hand.

Residents BANG on their drums.

NANCY
It's therapeutic drumming. Go
freestyle, everybody.

Phyllis looks both ways at the group. One Resident missing, Harry isn't there.

PHYLLIS
Where's that idiot off to now?

NANCY
Harry isn't feeling well today.

EXT. JACOB PARK - DAY

Gordon holds still, phone to his ear. A red dot appears on his chest. He gazes down at it.

Gordon finds the source of the red dot. The nursing home window in the distance.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Harry, on his cell, flicks the safety off his sniper.

HARRY
(into phone)
You fell for the oldest trick in
the book.

EXT. JACOB PARK - CONTINUOUS

Gordon ducks behind the bench. The red dot follows him.

GORDON
(into phone)
I'm worth more to you alive.

EXT. NURSING HOME, BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Nancy checks her phone. It's a text from Harry. "Time to go."
Nancy BEATS her drum harder.

NANCY
Let's try a basic time signature.
One, two, three, four.

Residents BEAT their drums in a variety of loud rhythms.
Everyone is in their own time signature.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Even harder. Really let it out.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Harry's finger finds the sniper trigger. Ready to squeeze.

HARRY
(into phone)
It's just business.

EXT. JACOB PARK - CONTINUOUS

Gordon freezes behind the bench. Eyes dart around frantically
for an exit. DRUM BEATS in the distance distract him.

GORDON
(into phone)
If you kill me, I won't give you
the bomb maker's name. Your wife's
killer goes free.

EXT. HARRY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Harry looks up from his scope. Finger off the trigger.

GORDON (O.S.)
Come down here and we'll talk.

EXT. JACOB PARK - CONTINUOUS

Gordon slinks up from behind the bench. Out from his makeshift cover.

A new red dot appears on Gordon's chest.

HARRY (O.S.)
Gordon, duck!

BANG. A silent bullet grazes Gordon's good arm.

Gordon YELPS. Falls off the bench. Rolls underneath the bench. He army crawls behind a nearby tree.

EXT. HARRY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Harry spins his scope to find the source of the shot.

He brings the sniper rifle up to the window. Parts the curtain. Checks the scope again.

HARRY'S POV: Far into the tree line beyond the park, a camouflaged SNIPER. The glint shines off the Sniper's scope.

Harry ducks. BANG. A silent bullet flies through the open window and hits the painting on Harry's opposite wall.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The Sniper slinks away. Covers their sniper rifle. Fades into the foliage like a chameleon.

EXT. NURSING HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

Nancy spots Gordon rushing out of the park. His jacket wraps around his wounded arm.

She spins to find Harry's open window. Harry waves Nancy up.

NANCY
I'll be right back.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - KEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Ken spins around in his desk chair to find Trent. Trent paces in front of the desk. A rash all over Trent's body. He itches himself all over.

KEN

Does anybody in this building know how to kill somebody? Is it really that hard?

TRENT

I'd never fired that rifle before. And I think I was lying on some poison oak.

KEN

There were probably witnesses all over the place.

TRENT

The armory didn't have my favorite rifle. I prefer--

KEN

Enough. First, our public enemy number one comes back from the dead. Then, Gordon goes AWOL. Get the squad ready. It's time for plan D.

Trent perks up like a dog waiting for treat. Scratches at his neck. Only making the rash worse. Now a harsh pink color.

TRENT

Really? You mean it?

KEN

We don't have time for more mistakes. Let me know when you're ready to rock.

TRENT

I'll go call the boys.

Trent claps his hands in excitement. Heads for the office door. On the way out, he hits the top of the door frame. Trent's hand hits a sign that reads "Make Things Happen."

Ken shakes his head at Trent.

EXT. CIA BLACK OPS TRAINING CENTER - RURAL VIRGINIA - DAY

Way out in the sticks. Fifty miles from a sizable town.

A massive outdoor complex built with a firing range and obstacle course. The CIA's version of a summer camp.

FIRING RANGE

Four open stalls to shoot down range at paper targets. Paper targets of elderly people with canes and walkers.

Trent and three other muscle-bound MERCENARIES cosplay as Seal Team Six. Sunglasses, beards, military boots, etc.

LONG BEARD MERC, CLEAN SHAVEN MERC, and FAUX HAWK MERC. All 30s and with their respective beards and haircuts.

They assemble complex assault rifle rigs. Add silencers, scopes, and laser sights.

They fire guns into the paper targets. Most shots hit center mass or in the head.

They high-five each other and GRUNT like a high school football team.

OBSTACLE COURSE

A trench runs under barbed wire. Four columns for each man to crawl under.

A jungle gym, wooden hurdles, and large wooden ladders accompany a long and intricate course.

Trent crawls under barbed wire. The three Mercenaries watch him. Long Beard steps forward.

LONG BEARD

This is a nursing home we're hitting, right?

TRENT

Yeah, why?

LONG BEARD

You think they've got barbed wire?

Trent stops mid-army crawl.

TRENT

What's the CIA motto, boys? Be prepared.

The three Mercenaries shrug and crawl under the barbed wire. They army crawl after Trent.

Trent leads them through the rest of the obstacle course. Over wooden hurdles and climbing up massive towers with rope.

OPEN FIELD

The three Mercenaries tumble around with close-quarter combat maneuvers. They throw punches, kicks, and slash knives at each other. A mix of complex fighting styles.

They high-five some more. Wipe the sweat off their brows.

Trent emerges with a birthday cake and lit candles. Bedazzled with a Buzz Lightyear design. He and the two other Mercenaries sing "Happy Birthday" for Faux Hawk.

Faux Hawk wells up with tears.

INT. INDIANA LOVE MOTEL - GORDON'S ROOM - DAY

Gordon sits on his CREAKY, heart-shaped bed. Opens a tiny bottle of vodka. Pours it onto a washcloth. Dabs his wound.

He GROANS in pain as he stretches his sling arm to bandage the other arm. He wraps the bandage tight and tapes it.

MOANS and BANGING from next door.

Gordon opens a pack of edible underwear. Bites off a piece. His face lights up as he takes another bite.

GORDON
Not half bad.

Gordon washes down the underwear with the rest of the vodka.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - DAY

Harry takes the painting with a bullet hole off the wall. Nancy inspects the window.

Harry runs over and pulls the shade down.

HARRY
Get away from the window.

NANCY
You said they're gone.

HARRY

Nobody's ever really gone.

NANCY

We're not any closer to ending this. Now there's another guy we have to worry about.

HARRY

Shh.

Harry turns on the radio. He turns the dial to the heaviest METAL he can find.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Now the guy who's hunting me is being hunted by another guy.

NANCY

This always happens like this. I should've seen it coming. The lead spy always gets betrayed halfway through.

HARRY

We're not talking about a book or some stupid movie.

NANCY

The Bingo Tournament is only a few days away. This place will be swarming with people.

HARRY

I'll think of something.

NANCY

It's usually the Russians. No offense to them.

Harry takes out a knife and pries out the bullet from the painting. Inspects it in his hand. Sniffs it.

HARRY

This is American made. Somebody else at the CIA wants the both of us gone.

EXT. HARRY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Phyllis KNOCKS on Harry's door.

PHYLLIS

Turn it down in there, Metalhead!
Some of us are trying to take our
beauty naps.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Harry turns the radio down. Rushes to the door.

Nancy hides in the closet. Behind Harry's shirts and coats.

Harry opens the door. Feigns a sluggish posture.

HARRY

I turned it down.

Phyllis squints at Harry. Unsatisfied.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Is there something else I can help
you with? I'm not in the mood.

PHYLLIS

Since when do you love Death Metal?
I thought I was the only one.

HARRY

Oh...well, I like to take the edge
off sometimes. It's my personal
remedy.

PHYLLIS

You should've come to therapeutic
drumming today. Would've been right
up your alley. But I guess you were
too busy.

HARRY

I had a bad headache this morning.
Turned out to be a 100 degree
temperature.

PHYLLIS

You do look 100. Years-old.

HARRY

Very funny. Now mind your own
business.

A RUSTLE from the closet. Harry closes the door slightly.
Phyllis stretches to see over Harry, but she's too short to
get a clear line of sight.

PHYLLIS

What was that?

HARRY

Like I said, mind your own business.

PHYLLIS

Is there somebody in there? There is, isn't there?

HARRY

Goodbye, Phyllis.

PHYLLIS

All this sneaking around and the phone calls. You're spending an awful lot of time with Nancy.

HARRY

You're imagining things.

Harry closes the door. Waves to Phyllis as it closes.

PHYLLIS (O.S.)

I'm watching you.

Nancy exits the closet.

NANCY

That's just what I need. Another rumor for Joy to pester me about.

HARRY

We can't let her see us together. If she catches you coming out of here, everybody and the mailman will hear about it.

NANCY

She's probably waiting down the hallway just to be sure I don't come out.

HARRY

Sneak out the window if you want. You can rappel down. I'll tie a rope for you.

NANCY

I'm hoping for a less dangerous exit. I need to get ready for tomorrow.

HARRY
What's tomorrow?

NANCY
We're going to the basketball game.
Remember?

HARRY
Son of a bitch.

Harry's phone RINGS. He picks it up. Caller reads as
"Unknown."

Harry answers, but doesn't say anything.

GORDON'S VOICE (O.S.)
We need to talk. Again.

INT. INDIANA LOVE MOTEL - GORDON'S ROOM - DAY

Gordon takes the bandage off of his wounded arm. Prepares a
sewing kit and scissors.

MOANS and BED CREAKS from the other room. Gordon shakes his
head in annoyance.

He pulls out a crucifix pendant under his shirt. Stares it
down. Looks up at the ceiling.

GORDON
(to the necklace)
I'm sorry you have to hear this.

Gordon inches a needle towards his wound. Closes his eyes.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Gordon grabs his sidearm. He crawls toward the window. Peeks
out the curtains.

Gordon opens the door. The lock chain stops the door from
going any further.

Nancy stands on the other side.

NANCY
Hello.

GORDON
Are you with the motel?

NANCY

No, I'm...Harry. I'm with Harry.
Harry sent me.

GORDON

I don't know what he told you, but
you need to go.

NANCY

I'd like to call a truce. It's
obvious you two won't kill each
other any time soon. We're having a
field trip tomorrow and we'd like
to invite you. No guns. Just funs.

Nancy throws out a nervous chuckle. Gordon stares at her, no
reaction to her joke.

Nancy hands over a ticket through the slot in the door.
Gordon inspects it.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Thanks for your time.

Nancy scurries away. Down the motel steps.

Gordon shuts the door. Locks it. Stares at the tickets.

INSERT: The ticket reads "Indiana vs. Purdue. 1 p.m."

EXT. INDIANA BASKETBALL ARENA - DAY

Hoosier FANS parade inside.

Staff scan tickets. Inspect bags and purses. Guide fans
through metal detectors.

The nursing home Residents corral in Hoosiers gear.

Except Phyllis, who wears Purdue gear from head to toe.
Purdue-colored streamers flow from her walker.

Hoosiers BOO and throw thumbs down at Phyllis. She gives them
all sarcastic waves and winks.

PHYLLIS

Keep it coming. I love it. I'll
show you where you can stick those
thumbs. Once a boilermaker, always
a boilermaker.

Raymond and Louise approach Phyllis with their Hoosier gear.
They join in the playful BOOING.

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)
Traitors. Get out of my sight.

Harry scans the flow of Fans. Nancy nudges him.

NANCY
He'll be here. In the meantime,
let's have some fun.

Harry follows the Residents through the security gate.
Harry's metal detector BEEPS.

Security pats him down. Harry feigns a COUGH. Buckles his
knees. Leans into his cane. Like he's going to faint.

Security stops mid-pat. Lets Harry through.

INT. BASKETBALL ARENA - DAY

ON THE COURT

Two minutes into the second half. Indiana is up by three
against Purdue.

NOSEBLEED SECTION

The Residents take up an entire row. Nancy sits on an aisle
seat.

Tatiana sits in the middle of the row, next to an empty seat
meant for Quentin. Talks into her phone.

TATIANA
Mom, I don't like basketball. We're
so high up. It feels like I'm on
the edge of a cliff and I'm going
to fall.

Tatiana waves for Nancy. Nancy spots Tatiana out of the
corner of her eye.

TATIANA (CONT'D)
Nancy, can I leave early and still
get volunteer hours for the day?

NANCY
It's the whole day or no deal.

Tatiana goes back to her phone. Angry.

TATIANA
She won't let me.

ON THE COURT

A Boilermaker swipes at a Hoosier's arm. A REF BLOWS a whistle. Foul.

The Boilermaker raises his hands in protest.

NOSEBLEED SECTION

Phyllis throws her popcorn. Tries to stand.

PHYLLIS

Come on! You call that a foul?

INDIANA FANS behind Phyllis BOO her.

Phyllis turns around with an angry fire in her eyes.

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)

You want a piece of me? Just try me.

The Fans behind her cower with fear. Sit down in shame.

Raymond and Louise hold Phyllis back.

At the other end, Harry sits with an open aisle seat to his right. Otis asleep on his left.

In the stairwell to Harry's right, Fans fly up and down the stairs every few seconds. One guy in a hat, blazer, and arm sling rushes down the stairs toward Harry. It's Gordon.

Gordon drops into the empty aisle seat.

Harry spins around. Grabs Gordon by the lapels.

GORDON

Take it easy.

HARRY

Can't be too careful.

Harry lets Gordon go.

ON THE COURT

A Hoosier drives the paint. A Boilermaker fouls him.

The ball bounces off the backboard, hits one side of the rim, then the other, and drops into the net.

The hometown Crowd goes WILD for the And One.

NOSEBLEED SECTION

Everyone, even the nursing home Residents, rise to their feet. Slow, but steady. Except for Otis, still asleep.

Gordon and Harry exchange intense and cautious stares.

GORDON

Let's take a walk.

Gordon climbs the stairs next to him. Harry stands reluctant. Follows Gordon up the stairs.

Nancy eyes the two from her seat. Harry turns and catches her eye. Shrugs at her.

INT. BASKETBALL ARENA - CONCESSIONS AREA - DAY

Concession stalls line the walkway that encircles the arena. Nachos, hot dogs, beer. Long lines for every stall. TVs play the game for Fans waiting in line.

Harry and Gordon stroll in between Fans. Hot dogs in hand. Each fan passes with more and more food.

Harry and Gordon each ready a hotdog under condiment dispensers.

HARRY

Somebody wants us both gone. And they can't shoot for shit.

GORDON

I figure they wanted to close the loop. Get rid of you and your connection to the Agency. Me.

HARRY

Whatever happened to a severance package? You're a patriot after all. To a fault, but a patriot nonetheless.

GORDON

I kept you alive. Now I'm running just like you. And I've got something of theirs. It was a matter of time they found out.

HARRY

You son of a bitch. Don't involve me in your school yard fights. Next time, do me a favor and kill me.

The Fans CHEER and YELL. Harry and Gordon pause their walk. Stop in front of a hot dog stall.

One Fan stands out amongst the crowd. It's Mikhail, the overachiever Russian Agent from before. He hides behind a huge popcorn bucket and sunglasses. Face paint with the Indiana University logo on one cheek.

Mikhail approaches them. Holds the popcorn close. His hand cut into the back of the bucket. A gun inside with popcorn over it.

Harry spins and extends his hand out. Blocks Mikhail coming any further.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Can I help you?

Gordon reaches into his coat for a shoulder holster.

MIKHAIL
Put your hand down.

Gordon puts his hand to his side.

HARRY
One of yours, Gordo?

GORDON
I don't think so.

Mikhail pushes the popcorn bucket against Harry. Harry peeks inside the bucket. Spots a pistol hiding under the popcorn.

Harry wipes his mouth with a napkin. Throws it into Mikhail's popcorn bucket.

HARRY
What do you have in there, a pea shooter?

Harry grabs a handful of popcorn out of the bucket. Chomps on it. Casual. He CHEWS loudly.

Gordon freezes. Side-eyes Harry and his nonchalance.

Mikhail stares a hole in both of them. His popcorn bucket quivers with nervousness.

Distracted Fans pass without a care in the world.

MIKHAIL
Down that hallway. Now.

Mikhail points Gordon and Harry down an empty access hallway. Mikhail scans a keycard at a door labeled "Employees Only."

INT. BASKETBALL ARENA - EMPLOYEE HALLWAY - DAY

Harry and Gordon enter a back hallway that leads into concrete infinite. Spotty lighting. No security cameras.

Mikhail blocks the door. The face paint sweats off of him.

Harry pops the remaining handful of popcorn into his mouth. CHEWS it down. Still calm.

Gordon surveys the hallway behind them. The only immediate exit is through Mikhail.

MIKHAIL

(to Gordon)

Open your jacket. Hands where I can see them.

Gordon opens his jacket. Reveals his shoulder holster.

Mikhail grabs Gordon's sidearm out of his jacket. Stuffs it into his back pocket.

HARRY

Can I have some more popcorn?

MIKHAIL

You American pigs.

GORDON

I resent that.

HARRY

We deserve it. A little bit.

MIKHAIL

You killed my best friend. He was looking for you and he's dead because of you.

Gordon stops. Adds up the situation in his head.

GORDON

Wait a minute...I know what happened. Remember that Russian guy I found at the gas station?

HARRY

What about him?

GORDON

The guy who had your address in his pocket.

HARRY

Oh yeah.

GORDON

He choked on a hot dog.

MIKHAIL

Is this some sick American euphemism?

GORDON

No, he really choked on a hot dog. Coroner's report came back clear as day. He choked on it of his own volition.

HARRY

Couldn't resist a gas station hot dog. We've all been there. Went down the wrong way.

MIKHAIL

Regardless, somebody will pay for this.

HARRY

I'll pay. Let me pay.

Harry reaches into his back pocket. Gordon grabs Harry's hand and stops it in place.

GORDON

Harry, you're talking to a man with a gun.

HARRY

I usually keep some cash on me. If my friend here would just let go of me.

Mikhail extends the popcorn bucket.

MIKHAIL

Any last words?

GORDON

We've got to do something.

HARRY

You think I'm going to let popcorn boy blow our brains out? Settle down.

GORDON

You're not funny, Harry. You never were.

MIKHAIL

Shut up! Turn around!

Harry KNOCKS on the walls. They're solid.

GORDON

We could try yelling for help.

MIKHAIL

No one will hear your screams of agony. You'll die slowly for what you did.

HARRY

It's not my fault your friend can't chew his food.

MIKHAIL

Turn around. Now!

Harry spins. Punches the popcorn bucket into Mikhail's face. Popcorn goes everywhere. Including Mikhail's open mouth.

Harry and Mikhail fight over the gun. Harry clicks his heel. A knife pokes out of his shoe's toe. Harry kicks Mikhail several times in the shin and then the gut.

Gordon grabs the popcorn bucket. Smashes it over Mikhail's head. Mikhail runs full speed into a concrete wall. Knocks himself flat on the ground. Fidgets as his stomach bleeds.

Harry snatches the gun from Mikhail. Points it down on him.

Gordon pulls the sidearm out of Mikhail's back pocket.

HARRY

Thanks for the assist.

GORDON

I haven't seen a shoe knife in years. Dipped in poison?

HARRY

Of course.

Mikhail's head turns. Tongue sticks out. He's gone.

INT. BASKETBALL ARENA - CONCESSIONS AREA - DAY

Harry and Gordon exit the employee hallway. Dust themselves off. Straighten their shirts.

GORDON

I need you to come by later. Take a look at a few things. We're in this together now.

HARRY

I'm not a huge fan of that, but you're not giving me much of a choice.

GORDON

Knowing Ken, he'll send the Squad next. And you don't want to mess with them. They got rid of an entire wedding party. Even killed the people who didn't RSVP. There's still time to get yourself out, but I can't promise what they'll do to the others at your home.

HARRY

We've all got a target on our back now. I'm not leaving anyone behind. Not this time.

GORDON

I'm staying at this place off Route 3. Right off the highway.

HARRY

Isn't that the Love Motel?

GORDON

Don't start.

HARRY

Tell you what, the group needs to eat. We'll stop at that Family Restaurant across the street there and walk over.

GORDON

Stay safe out there. See you later.

Gordon leaves Harry in a sea of Fans. Harry glances up at the nearest TV. Indiana is up by four.

INT. BASKETBALL ARENA - NOSEBLEED SECTION - DAY

Harry slinks back to his seat.

Quentin walks down the stairs. Holds two trays full of drinks. They wobble in place.

He sits in Gordon's place. Harry rolls his eyes.

QUENTIN

I hope Diet Pepsi is okay. They
don't have Coke products.

ON THE COURT

The score is tied up. 78-78. Ten seconds to go.

Purdue has the ball. Point Guard dribbles at the top of the key. Waits for an opening. Launches a three-pointer.

SWISH. It goes in. The buzzer CLANGS. Game over.

The home crowd goes quiet. A few Purdue fans CHEER.

NOSEBLEED SECTION

Phyllis rises with elation. Nearby Indiana Fans side-eye her and cower in defeat.

PHYLLIS

What did I tell you? Suck it,
Hoosiers!

INT. CIA BLACK OPS TRAINING - CONFERENCE CENTER - DAY

Trent points to a blueprint of the nursing home on a large flat screen monitor.

Birthday cake on a table in the corner.

TRENT

We have four main entry points. Two
emergency exits in the main
building.

The three Mercenaries fork at pieces of birthday cake.

Long Beard doesn't notice the frosting in his beard. Clean Shaven wipes the frosting off with a napkin. Faux Hawk grabs another slice.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Can you put down the cake for two seconds?

LONG BEARD

(cake in mouth)

How many bogies are we talking?

TRENT

Over under, forty.

CLEAN SHAVEN

Over under? You mean we don't know?

TRENT

We're working on it. For now, we're working off of Gordon's intel.

FAUX HAWK

Who's Gordon again?

TRENT

Doesn't matter. I'll put it this way. If somebody sees you, shoot them. No witnesses.

INT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - DAY

Deteriorated leather booths. Huge laminated menus full of bland food. Months from being closed down.

Nursing home residents pack into tables. Quentin and Tatiana collect everyone's coats and place them in an empty booth.

A WAITRESS (40s) and her TRAINEE (20s) approach the mass gathering.

WAITRESS

Hey, you two. We've got hooks for those coats up front.

Quentin salutes the Waitress. His eagle scout uniform underneath his jacket.

Tatiana checks her smartphone. Uninterested.

TATIANA

Do you have wi-fi here?

Nancy exits the bathroom. Claps her hands.

NANCY

Everybody, tell the nice lady what you want for dinner.

WAITRESS

We're still serving lunch.

NANCY

Late lunch. That for all intents and purposes will be your dinner.

Harry nudges Otis, who fumbles with the gargantuan menu.

HARRY

Order me the Fat Stack, Otis. Don't let them put butter on top.

OTIS

You can count on me.

HARRY

I can't, Otis. That's why I'm worried.

OTIS

I'm wide awake. Where are you going, anyways?

HARRY

To the bathroom.

OTIS

How long do you plan on being in there?

HARRY

As long as it takes.

Harry hustles by the tables. Grabs a newspaper. He taps his watch at Nancy. She nods in recognition. Harry disappears into the bathroom.

Phyllis squints at Harry and Nancy. Suspicious.

INT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - BATHROOM - DAY

Your typical one person bathroom, but the wet floor sign stands in an inch of water.

Harry locks the door behind him.

HARRY

What is it, monsoon season?

Harry wades through the water. Finds the window at the far end of the sink.

Harry raises the window. Slips out the one-story drop.

INT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - DAY

Nancy slips out of her seat. Cell phone in hand.

NANCY

I have to make a call. Joy wants me to check in with her. Quentin and Tatiana, are you going to be okay in here?

Tatiana doesn't look up from her phone.

TATIANA

You can count on me.

Quentin stands and salutes Nancy. Bumps into Otis.

OTIS

(to Quentin)
Watch it, will ya?

QUENTIN

Whatever you need, ma'am.

NANCY

What did I say about the salutes?

QUENTIN

Sorry, ma'am.

INT. INDIANA LOVE MOTEL - GORDON'S ROOM - DAY

Gordon opens the room safe. Pulls out a USB drive.

Gordon places the USB and classified document folders onto the bed. He opens one to the picture of Ken. Another one has a picture of Trent.

Harry and Nancy observe the cluster of documents on the bed. Harry picks up the USB drive.

HARRY

What am I looking at?

NANCY

(whispers to Harry)
It's a USB drive.

HARRY
(sarcastic)
Thank you, Nancy.

NANCY
I just thought you might have
missed the USB era.

GORDON
For the last five years, I've been
compiling a list of all the
documents incriminating the CIA
with extrajudicial killings.
Documents linking us to you, Harry.
An initiative created by this man.

Gordon taps the picture of Ken.

HARRY
What the hell do you want me to do
with this?

GORDON
It's not safe with me.

HARRY
You're off your fucking rocker if
you think I'm taking this off your
hands.

NANCY
Can we do this a little faster?
We've got some residents waiting
across the street.

INT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - DAY

Phyllis checks her watch. Slinks out of her seat. Motions to
the bathroom, the men's room still "occupied."

She grabs her walker and rolls by the Residents. Raw
determination toward the exit.

PHYLLIS
I'm going to get some air.

Quentin follows after her.

QUENTIN
Hey, I don't think--

PHYLLIS

Don't follow me, kid. Remember what happened the last time you tried to help?

Quentin slinks back into his seat.

Tatiana pats him on the shoulder.

TATIANA

It's not worth it. Just let her go.

EXT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - DAY

Phyllis snoops around the parking lot. No sign of Nancy.

She peeks through the van window. Nobody inside.

PHYLLIS

Something stinks to high heaven.

She pulls out her cell phone. Clicks on Nancy's name.

Phyllis pulls out her binoculars. Scans the horizon. Finds the Love Motel across the street. A gas station next door.

INT. INDIANA LOVE MOTEL - GORDON'S ROOM - DAY

Harry and Gordon stand far apart. Nancy caught between them.

Harry holds the USB. Drops it on the bed.

HARRY

Where do you expect me to hide this? I'm not your whistle blower.

GORDON

This is proof of an internal coup. This guy Ken wants the Agency to himself. He'll kill anybody standing in his way.

NANCY

Let's flush it down the toilet. Then nobody has to deal with it.

GORDON

This will let people know what really happened. It's for the good of the country that we leak this.

Nancy's phone RINGS. It's Phyllis.

NANCY
Hold on a minute.

Nancy exits onto the balcony.

EXT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - DAY

Phyllis holds her phone in one hand. Binoculars in the other.
She scans the horizon once more.

She stops at Nancy on the balcony.

NANCY
(into phone)
Is everything okay?

PHYLLIS
Busted.

Nancy turns to spot Phyllis with her binoculars. Nancy
freezes in a mixture of terror and embarrassment.

INT. INDIANA LOVE MOTEL - GORDON'S ROOM - DAY

Nancy flies into the room.

NANCY
It's Phyllis. She found us.

HARRY
What?

GORDON
Nancy, you should take the drive.
It's not safe with us.

NANCY
Yeah, no.

Gordon hands Harry and Nancy their jackets.

HARRY
You owe me something. That name.

GORDON
Take the drive and I'll give it to
you.

Harry hesitates. Caught between Nancy and Gordon.

NANCY
Can we talk about this later? We
have to go. Bye!

Nancy rushes outside. Harry turns back to Gordon. Rips the
USB drive away Gordon.

HARRY
You owe me for this one.

GORDON
We'll be in touch.

Harry runs out behind Nancy and SLAMS the door.

EXT. FOUR LANE ROAD - DAY

Phyllis waits on the median. Cars WHIZ by on either side of
her. She steps down into the other two lanes. Ready to cross
the rest of the road.

Cars HONK and swerve out of the way.

PHYLLIS
Blow it out your ass.

Phyllis makes the "honk your horn" motion with one arm.

EXT. INDIANA LOVE MOTEL - DAY

Harry and Nancy run together towards the road.

NANCY
We're both running out of a love
motel. This looks bad.

HARRY
Phyllis needs help.

NANCY
Scram, I'll save her.

Harry dives into a bush. THUD. Out of sight.

EXT. FOUR LANE ROAD - DAY

A large truck BARRELS for Phyllis, who's made it to the final
lane of the road to cross.

Nancy rushes to Phyllis, with one lane left to cross.

PHYLLIS
There you are. I knew you were
sneaking around.

NANCY
Phyllis, move!

The large truck HONKS as it barrels toward the Two Women.
Nancy sweeps Phyllis off her feet. Leaves the walker behind.

PHYLLIS
Get your mitts off of me.

Nancy rushes Phyllis to the sidewalk.

The truck SMASHES Phyllis' walker into a hundred pieces.
Pieces fly into the other lanes of traffic. The tennis balls
soar into the air.

A few cars SLAM on their brakes. A few close calls, but no
car accidents.

NANCY
Are you okay?

PHYLLIS
That bastard owes me a new walker.

NANCY
Let's go back to eat.

PHYLLIS
What the hell are you doing at the
Love Motel?

NANCY
Phyllis, can you keep a secret?

PHYLLIS
Do you know who you're talking to?

NANCY
Can you make an exception?
I'm...seeing someone.

PHYLLIS
You're seeing Harry. Admit it!

Nancy turns back to the Love Motel. PATRONS pour out of their
rooms to check the commotion. Most in underwear or towels. A
Tuba Player and Samson from the Night Friends catalogue.

A SLOVENLY MAN exits a second floor room. Cigarette in mouth. Cheeto dust everywhere. Beer belly peeks out of a tank top. He peers over the ledge. Observes the strange road scene.

NANCY

That's him. That's...Jeff.

Phyllis squints to find the not-so heavenly creature.

PHYLLIS

Hubba hubba. You dirty dog, you.

INT. FAMILY RESTAURANT BATHROOM - DAY

Harry climbs inside the window. He opens the stall door.

He reaches into his pocket. Pulls out a stink bomb. Drops it in the toilet. Holds his breath and flushes.

INT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - DAY

Nancy carries Phyllis inside. Phyllis rides piggy back.

Harry exits the bathroom. Otis and Raymond wait by the door. Ants in their pants.

HARRY

Gentlemen, I'd wait if I were you.

Otis and Raymond poke their head in. COUGH at the smell.

INT. NURSING HOME - INTERLINK - DAY

Nancy returns Otis to his room. Shuts the door.

NANCY

Have a good night.

Harry waits outside his door for Nancy. She saunters over with bags under her eyes.

NANCY (CONT'D)

When is this Squad supposed to be here?

HARRY

He'll tell us. For now, it's business as usual.

NANCY

I was going to sleep, but I haven't finished setting up for Bingo.

HARRY

I don't think I'll be sleeping much either. I've only got a few hours this week.

NANCY

You'll call if you hear anything?

HARRY

I'll call.

NANCY

Promise?

HARRY

What do I look like? I'll call.

Harry cracks a genuine smile. Nancy hugs Harry. Harry is caught off guard. He hugs back.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Harry opens up a laptop. His personal feed for every security camera in the facility.

Four live cameras show up in four boxes on the screen: one for the main entrance, another shows the activity space, a third shows the back door, a fourth shows the dining area.

He clicks a button. A new four boxes appear. Each box points to another hallway or exit door.

Harry takes it off his jacket. The USB drive falls out.

INT. NANCY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Nancy opens a storage closet. Pulls out party decorations, the bingo cage, and bingo markers.

Nancy places the supplies on her desk. Her desk calendar has X's on it leading up to a day marked "Vacation."

Nancy takes the calendar and throws it in the garbage.

Nancy RIPS open a bag of balloons. Balloons fly all over.

INT. NURSING HOME - ACTIVITIES SPACE - DAY

Nancy ties one last inflated balloon to a table full of them. The bingo cage rests on it.

A long table of refreshments sits off to the side.

A sign reads "To allow for concentration, please do not sit with your loved ones. Take a seat in the gallery."

The gallery comprises of twenty or so VISITORS in folding chairs. One small row taken up by BOARD MEMBERS in suits.

Residents sit three or four to a table.

Phyllis, Raymond, and Louise align their bingo cards and count their marker chips. Stack them into neat piles.

Everyone is there except for Harry.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - DAY

Harry unlocks the secret hideaway from behind the bedframe. Takes out the picture of Adrienne on the balcony.

He places it on the nightstand.

Harry reaches into his closet. Pulls out a suit with a dusty cover over it.

He unzips it. It's an out-of-style black suit. A little snug, but he makes it work.

He finds a tie to wear. With Looney Tunes characters on it.

HARRY

You always hated this tie.

Harry ties it on. Looks back at the picture. Puts it into his inner jacket pocket.

INT. NURSING HOME - ACTIVITIES SPACE - DAY

Harry enters in his suit. Straightens his tie.

Phyllis pulls up her binoculars. Inspects Harry from afar.

Raymond and Louise ogle Harry. Nudge at Phyllis.

PHYLLIS

Pick your jaws up off the floor.
We've got some Bingo to play.

Harry finds his seat next to Otis.

OTIS
How long have you had that suit?

HARRY
I was saving it for a special
occasion.

Nancy admires the suit from afar. She grabs a microphone that
plugs into a tiny amplifier.

NANCY
Welcome one and all. It's that time
of year again. The Big Bingo
Bonanza tournament. In accordance
with Indiana law, please pause for
the National Anthem.

Some Residents stand with canes and walkers. Others sit
upright in their wheelchairs.

Nancy presses play on a boombox. An old-timey INSTRUMENTAL
revs up. Five seconds into the tape, it skips. Resumes at
normal speed, then skips again.

Nancy CLICKS and SMACKS the boombox. Rewind, Fast Forward,
then she gives up. The National Anthem plays double time.

Gordon slinks into the activity space. Hand over his heart.
Takes a seat in the gallery. A protective gaze over the area.

Harry spots Gordon. They nod to each other.

The final six notes ring out. The tape finally dies.

The Residents and Visitors settle into their seats.

Otis slumps over asleep in the chair next to Harry.

Nancy sets the boombox aside. Grabs the mic again.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Thank you all for coming. Today
we're here for one reason. Bingo.

Otis lifts his head. Half-awake.

OTIS
Bingo!

NANCY
That's right, Otis. And we all know
the rules. Best of Seven rounds.

Nancy rolls the bingo cage behind her.

NANCY (CONT'D)
 Everybody settle in. If you have a
 Bingo or you need help, just ask
 for Quentin or Tatiana. They'll be
 patrolling. And remember, in this
 tournament, only one card per game.

Quentin and Tatiana pass around drinks to each resident
 table. Wear matching Big Bingo Bonanza t-shirts.

Nancy opens the cage door. The first number rolls out.

NANCY (CONT'D)
 The first number of the official
 tournament is...N-42.

The Residents reach for their markers. A few place markers
 down on N-42. Others aren't so lucky.

Harry places a marker on N-42. Breathes a SIGH of relief.

Phyllis doesn't place down a marker. No N-42. She peeks at
 the other residents' cards. Plays it cool.

PHYLLIS
 It's fine. We're just getting
 started.

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Nancy grabs another bingo ball from the cage.

NANCY
 O-89. O-89.

Harry finishes a line of five markers on his card.

HARRY
 Bingo.

Phyllis looks at her card. Four in a row, one shy of a Bingo.

PHYLLIS
 (mocking)
 Bingo.

NANCY
 We have a winner.

Quentin and Tatiana help Residents clear their boards.

NANCY (CONT'D)
 Alright, everybody. Rotate. Those.
 Cards.

Phyllis is reluctant to give her card over to Louise. Grips it close like it's her own child.

Harry hands his card to Otis. Cool as a cucumber.

HARRY
 I might as well spread a little
 love. Every card I touch today is
 red hot.

Phyllis relinquishes her card to Louise. Louise hands her card to Raymond.

LOUISE
 That's a lucky one. I almost got
 Bingo.

PHYLLIS
 I'll be the judge of that.

Joy's head bobs in from around the hallway corner. Eyes squint to see how things are going.

Nancy spots Joy's eagle eye. Keeps her smile going.

Harry looks over to Phyllis. Puts down his wallet.

HARRY
 I'll make you a wager.

PHYLLIS
 How much?

HARRY
 How much do you have?

Nancy steps between their two tables.

NANCY
 Hey now, no cash money wagers.
 That's against the rules.

Joy nods with approval at Nancy's objection. Quickly ignores Nancy to schmooze with Board Members in the gallery.

Nancy glances back. She makes sure Joy isn't looking.

NANCY (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 This is important, guys.
 (MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)
 My head's on the chopping block. So
 go shush yourself. Got it?

Harry and Phyllis settle back into their seats. Frozen by
 Nancy's assertiveness.

NANCY (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 Thank you.

The cage rattles over and over. A cluster of Bingo balls
 appear on the main table.

The clock's second hand speeds up. A half hour goes by.

Nancy grabs another ball.

NANCY (CONT'D)
 N. 57.

Phyllis places a marker down. Completes a row of five.

PHYLLIS
 Bingo!

RAYMOND
 Bingo!

PHYLLIS
 I got it first.

LOUISE
 I got a bingo, too.

Phyllis side eyes Louise. Inspects Louise's bingo card.

PHYLLIS
 There was no I-95. Look alive,
 Louise.

LOUISE
 I heard I-95. I want an official
 double check.

Quentin and Tatiana rush to the main table.

Nancy observes the called bingo numbers. Finds the "I"
 section. No I-95's to be found.

NANCY
 Sorry, Louise. I'm not seeing it
 here. How many Bingos do we have
 out there?

Nancy counts five hands. The fifth hand belongs to Harry.

Harry raises his hand in a casual way.

HARRY
(mouths the words)
Bingo.

A GASPS and CLAPS from the gallery.

Even Gordon stops his constant hawk-like gaze to CLAP.

MINUTES LATER

The third game is under way.

Harry's card is a scattered mess.

Phyllis' card isn't much better.

NANCY
Remember, four corners. Four
corners, folks.

She rolls the cage.

Gordon's head droops. He catches himself. His eyes catch someone at the window.

A TALL MAN (30s) in sunglasses. All black suit. An earpiece in one ear. Paces in the backyard.

Gordon catches eyes with Harry. Harry nudges toward the window. Gordon sends back an affirmative nod.

Gordon slinks out of the gallery. Heads for the door.

Nancy grabs the next bingo ball.

NANCY (CONT'D)
B-9. B.9.

EXT. NURSING HOME, BACKYARD - DAY

Gordon scurries out to find the Tall Man. Tall Man turns to find Gordon heading for him.

Tall Man wears sheer terror on his face. He reaches into his jacket. Awkward, but fast.

Gordon reaches into his jacket in response. Still sprints at break neck speed toward Tall Man.

Tall Man pulls out a crumpled piece of paper.

Gordon pulls out his sidearm.

Tall Man SCREECHES at the sight of Gordon's gun. Tall Man runs away, through the garden. Not looking where he's going. Towards the window of the activity space.

He heads straight for the window into the activity space. Full speed. Nothing can stop him.

INT. NURSING HOME, ACTIVITIES SPACE - DAY

Nancy holds a bingo ball.

NANCY

Do we have a bingo?

Harry and Phyllis both raise their hands. Glare at each other. Each try to raise their hand higher than the other.

SMASH.

Tall Man BLOWS through the window. Topples over with broken glass everywhere.

The Residents turn in shock.

Nancy's jaw drops. Rushes to help.

The Visitor Gallery jumps up in unison. Many of them run to the far side of the room.

Harry hops to his feet. Ready for action.

Gordon puts his gun away. Stops at the hole in the window.

Tall Man points at Gordon. Terror in his eyes. Extends the paper in his hand.

GORDON

(fake concern)

I saw...I saw what happened. What a terrible accident.

Harry snatches the paper from Tall Man's hand.

HARRY

(reading it over)

TV station?

TALL MAN
We're doing a spot on the bingo
tournament.

A CAMERA OPERATOR wanders inside. The side of the camera
reads Action News 8.

GORDON
Oh...

HARRY
Whoops.

Gordon and Harry glance at each other.

HARRY (CONT'D)
(mouths the words)
Get out.

Gordon sprints out the open window.

Nancy and Harry help Tall Man to his feet. Tall Man brushes
the glass off of him.

NANCY
Are you okay?

Tall Man passes out. Falls into Harry's arms.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Let's take fifteen.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - DAY

Harry paces, on his phone.

HARRY
(into his phone)
Just stay out. You can watch the
place from a distance. I'll cover
the inside.

EXT. JACOB PARK - DAY

Gordon sits on a swing at the playground. Holds his phone.

The swing next to him taken by a YOUNG BOY.

GORDON
(into his phone)
I'll be at the park.

Gordon hangs up. Stares at the ground in shame.

ICE CREAM GIRL approaches Gordon. Vanilla ice cream on her face. A stern expression for Gordon.

ICE CREAM GIRL
Can I have the swing now?

GORDON
Five more minutes.

Ice Cream Girl shakes her head.

Gordon hands her a five dollar bill.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Five more minutes?

Ice Cream Girl takes the five. Saunters away.

INT. NURSING HOME - ACTIVITIES SPACE - DAY

Nancy sweeps up the glass.

Joy talks to the Board Members in the gallery. They all WHISPER and nod to each other in a huddle.

Dumb Cop and Dumber Cop walk in circles by the window. Writing down useless notes.

Nancy assembles a neat pile of glass with a broom. Ready to sweep up. She readies a dustpan next to the pile.

Joy steps on the glass. Her feet kick the glass pile everywhere. Oblivious.

JOY
(to Nancy)
The Board wants me to put a stop to this. Give me one good reason we should continue.

NANCY
The residents love this event. It's something they look forward to every year. If you want to steal that away from them, be my guest.

JOY
Excuse me?

NANCY

One man flies through a window and you're ready to end the whole Bingo tournament.

JOY

That's exactly what I want.

NANCY

You don't need a window to play bingo. We could use the fresh air.

Phyllis hobbles over from the refreshment table.

Joy steps back. Avoids eye contact with Phyllis.

PHYLLIS

Try and cancel Bingo. See what happens.

Phyllis slowly raises a butter knife from under her sleeve.

Raymond and Louise nod as they emerge from behind Phyllis.

Otis wheels over from his table.

OTIS

Cancel Bingo and we riot!

PHYLLIS

You heard him. Harry and I aren't done yet. You want to stop it, you have to go through me.

Other Residents stand from their chairs. Raise their canes. Shake their walkers.

RESIDENTS

BINGO! BINGO! BINGO!

The Board Members cower together in fear. Dumb Cop and Dumber Cop drop their notepads. Flee out the broken window.

JOY

You can have your Bingo. Just don't hurt me or my friends over there.

RESIDENTS

BOO! GET THEM OUT! GET THEM OUT!

NANCY

You heard them, Joy.

JOY
Nancy, you know what this means
don't you?

NANCY
Get out. Now.

The Residents rally behind Nancy. A semi-circle of intimidation.

Joy and the Board Members leave the room in defeat. Joy stops shy of the door. She turns back at everyone with a sinister glare. Waits for a reaction.

Everyone's already forgotten her. Joy exits in silence.

Nancy stands defiant and grabs her mic.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Now then, back to Bingo.

Harry walks in, unaware of what just happened.

HARRY
What did I miss?

Quentin and Tatiana hide underneath the main Bingo table.

QUENTIN
(eyes closed)
Is it safe now?

TATIANA
You can do it, Quentin. Be strong.

INT. NURSING HOME - ACTIVITIES SPACE - LATE AFTERNOON

The sun begins to set. Cut up trash bags cover the hole in the window. The bags FLAP and SHAKE with a gust of wind.

Residents clear their Bingo cards. Marker chips fly off.

Nancy, Quentin, and Tatiana rotate the Residents' cards.

NANCY
It's been a crazy day, but it all comes down to this. The Blackout game. Phyllis and Harry are neck and neck.

MONTAGE:

Nancy picks up a ball.

Harry puts down a marker.

Phyllis puts down a marker.

Nancy rolls the Bingo ball cage.

Louise massages Phyllis' shoulders.

Otis squirts water into Harry's mouth from a water bottle.

Harry puts down another marker. His board half-full.

Phyllis puts down another marker. Her board half-full.

Harry wipes the sweat off his brow.

END MONTAGE

Nancy reaches for the final Bingo ball. CRACKS her neck.

NANCY (CONT'D)

This is it. This is for all the marbles.

Nancy holds up a sack of marbles.

NANCY (CONT'D)

First prize will receive this bag of inedible marbles. Please don't eat them. We don't have a budget for cash prizes anymore.

Residents faces sink at the thought.

Phyllis' card needs one more. Her hand hovers with a marker.

Harry's card needs one more. His eyes laser focus on the final open square.

NANCY (CONT'D)

G...68. G-68.

Harry places a marker down.

Phyllis does not. Her head sinks.

Harry stands with elation.

HARRY

Bingo!

Quentin takes Harry's card to Nancy's table. Tatiana brings over Phyllis' card. They inspect the pulled numbers against the two cards.

Nancy watches the two helpers like a hawk.

The Residents wait in silence.

Nancy grabs Harry's card. Raises it.

NANCY

No Bingo.

GASPS from the Residents.

HARRY

What?

NANCY

Sorry, Harry.

HARRY

Check the card again.

NANCY

Quentin and Tatiana looked at it. I triple checked it. No mistakes allowed. According to section four of Tournament Bingo code, your win is null and void. By default, Phyllis wins.

Harry flips the table.

HARRY

This is a setup.

NANCY

Calm down.

PHYLLIS

You tried to cheat. You couldn't beat me fair and square.

HARRY

I didn't cheat.

PHYLLIS

Then shake my hand.

Harry refuses. Walks away.

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)

You're not sticking around for the after party?

Harry rounds the corner. Down the hallway.

Phyllis POPS a champagne bottle. Pours a tower of champagne glasses. The other Residents OOH and AAH as each glass fills.

Nancy follows Harry down the hallway.

Joy steps out from behind a door. Blocks Nancy.

JOY
Follow me. Now.

Nancy reluctantly follows Joy.

INT. NURSING HOME - JOY'S OFFICE - DAY

Joy doesn't make eye contact with Nancy.

Nancy sinks back into the dreaded puffy couch.

JOY
You're gone. Tonight. End of discussion.

NANCY
I can--

JOY
Nope. You can't. And I wanted to keep you. I believed in you. I always did.

NANCY
You always hated me.

JOY
"Hate" is a strong word. Let's put it this way, I don't have a replacement. Otherwise you'd have been gone by now.

Nancy pries herself out of the couch. Leans over Joy's desk.

NANCY
You might not like how I do things around here, but these residents want more than three hot meals and a bed to sleep in. You'd turn this into a cellblock if it would save you a buck. I hope you find somebody as dedicated as me, because those residents expect the best. And they deserve it.

JOY
Are you finished?

Nancy points to the puffy couch.

NANCY
Burn that couch. Now I'm finished.

Nancy takes a pump of hand sanitizer on the way out.

INT. NURSING HOME - INTERLINK - NIGHT

Harry walks alone to his room. Phyllis follows after him.

PHYLLIS
Don't get your mitts in a twist
over a Bingo game.

HARRY
I didn't cheat. For once in my
life, I didn't.

PHYLLIS
Take it easy. We all love you.
You're family. Sure, we're
competitive. But it doesn't have to
be like that all time. Why don't
you come over for coffee one day?

HARRY
Are you asking me on a date?

PHYLLIS
You said date. I said coffee.

HARRY
Goodnight, Phyllis.

Harry disappears into his room. Defeated.

Phyllis shakes her head. Disappointed. Walks away.

INT. NURSING HOME - NANCY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Nancy packs up pictures of her and Residents. Stuffs them
into a cardboard moving box. Fights back tears.

INT. INDIANA LOVE MOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

Gordon watches a Hallmark movie on TV. Pops a Benadryl.

MOANS and BANGING from the other room.

Gordon ignores the noises. Turns up the volume.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Gordon observes the door with caution.

He grabs his sidearm. Dips behind the bed. Aims at the door.

GORDON

Who is it?

The door unlocks from the outside. The knob turns and door opens. The lock chain stops it.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hello, satisfied customer. Today only, we have a two Night Friends for one special.

Gordon drops the gun. Relieved.

GORDON

I told you before, no thank you.

BOOM. The door flies open. The lock chain rips apart.

Ken enters with Deuce the Motel Clerk as a human shield. Gun against Deuce's head. Deuce holds his hands up in fear.

KEN

I've got a perimeter outside. There's nowhere to run.

Gordon dives for the floor behind his bed. GROANS as he hits his injured arm. Grabs his gun.

KEN (CONT'D)

Throw out your gun and I'll let him go.

Gordon's sidearm slides out from behind the bed. Both his hands peek out like bunny ears.

GORDON

Alright. Easy.

Ken lets go of the Deuce.

DEUCE

I wasn't lying. There really is a special today.

KEN

Get out.

Deuce rushes out. Ken shuts the door.

Gordon doesn't hide any longer. Sits up on the bed, in full view of Ken's pointed pistol.

GORDON

Who did you bring with you?

KEN

Trent and a few of his friends.

GORDON

I never liked that kid. He could never sit still. Made me nauseous.

Gordon slinks his hand into his sling. Hiding something.

KEN

I'll make this easy for you. Do you want to die now or later?

GORDON

What ever happened to "by the book?" What ever happened to the good old US of A?

KEN

We've always been a bunch of bastards. But so is everybody else. That's why we have to watch our backs. People can't trust us if they find out people like Harry are playing Bingo in Indiana.

GORDON

I know what Harry did. I know what I did. But it's you that worries me.

KEN

Come again?

GORDON

It's a shame that it came to this.

Gordon adjusts his sling. His hand peeks out. Holding a phone. He has a text message ready to send.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Promise me you'll do a little self-
reflection when this is over. It
did me a world of good.

Gordon clutches the phone with one hand. His crucifix
necklace in his other hand.

Ken shoots Gordon in the chest. Center mass. Gordon falls
back onto the bed.

His phone falls to the ground. "Message Sent" appears on
screen, with a WHOOSH confirmation noise.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Harry's phone lights up. A text from Gordon. "Tonight."

Harry slides his sidearm into his ankle holster. Pulls an
assault rifle out of the closet.

Inserts another pistol into his shoulder holster.

INT. NURSING HOME - INTERLINK - NIGHT

Nancy exits her office with the cardboard box. Full of her
supplies. Locks the door behind her.

BUZZ. She reads her phone. Message from Harry. "Tonight."

She drops the box.

EXT. NURSING HOME - NIGHT

A Humvee rolls up in the parking lot. Looking mean and built
for a warzone.

Out steps Ken in an all black suit and trench coat.

After him is the Squad: Trent, Long Beard, Clean Shaven, and
Faux Hawk. Clad in armor, padding, and night vision goggles.

KEN
Let's get this over with. They're
about to die anyway.

EXT. NURSING HOME - INTERLINK - NIGHT

All eerie and quiet in the hallway.

Nancy rushes for Harry's room.

Harry runs for Nancy's office.

They meet at the center of the hallway. Both tense.

NANCY

Can I have a gun?

Harry hands over a spare pistol from one shoulder holster.

HARRY

You can still get out of here. Slip out the back while you have time.

NANCY

It's too late for that.

INT. NURSING HOME - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Harry and Nancy peek out the front windows.

HARRY AND NANCY'S POV: Outside, Ken and the Squad approach. They split off into different paths. Three motion for the back door.

HARRY

Stay low. Regroup at the activities' space.

Harry shuffles to the dining area. Nancy watches him leave.

NANCY

Good talk.

EXT. NURSING HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Long Beard and Clean Shaven each throw a hook onto the roof. A long rappel rope dangles off the side of the building. They each tug at it.

Faux Hawk stops behind them. Points to the giant tarp over the broken window. He pulls the tarp back, reveals the large hole in the window.

FAUX HAWK

There's a giant hole here.

Long Beard and Clean Shaven attach the ropes to their belt harnesses. Both climb the side of the building. Ignore Faux Hawk Merc.

FAUX HAWK (CONT'D)
Okay, nobody listen to me. Fine.

Faux Hawk somersaults into the hole like an action star.

INT. NURSING HOME - DINING AREA - NIGHT

Harry finds three night NURSES eating around a table.

Harry points his assault rifle at them. They freeze, drop their utensils.

HEAD NURSE (50s) leads the two other Nurses into the kitchen.

HARRY
Everybody up. This is for your own good.

HEAD NURSE
Harry, calm down.

HARRY
Everybody in the kitchen now.

INT. NURSING HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Harry files the three Nurses into the walk-in refrigerator.

HARRY
Can't explain now. We're in danger. Lockdown protocol. Hold this door shut.

Harry surveys the refrigerator full of food and supplies.

HARRY (CONT'D)
If all else fails, throw ice cream at them. I'll be right back.

The Nurses observe the row of ice cream cartons next to them.

Harry SLAMS the door. Shuts the Nurses inside.

EXT. NURSING HOME - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Long Beard and Clean Shaven detach their harnesses. Find a metal box jutting out from the roof.

Long Beard opens the box. A bunch of wires appear. He clips several of them.

Clean Shaven opens an air ventilation shaft. Climbs down into it. Shuts it behind him.

INT. NURSING HOME - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

All the lights go out. The HUM of the air conditioning goes silent. Almost pitch black inside.

Trent opens the front doors. Night vision goggles attach to his helmet. Rifle in tow. Ken behind him.

KEN

You guys bring extra goggles?

Trent ignores Ken's comment. Motions his rifle down either side of the hallway. Nobody in sight.

TRENT

Clear.

Trent does a series of wild hand signals. Ken shakes his head in confusion.

KEN

I don't know what the hell that means.

INT. NURSING HOME - ACTIVITIES SPACE - NIGHT

Faux Hawk enters the open window. Puts the tarp back in place. He inspects the space.

Bingo equipment still sits on the table. Deflated balloons.

Nancy peeks out from behind the nearby hallway.

Nancy sticks the gun in her back pocket. Goes prone. Rolls across the open hallway. Behind a pillar on the other side of the hallway.

The gun falls out of her pocket. She reaches for it. Catches it before it hits the ground.

Faux Hawk none the wiser. His boots SQUEAK in the silence.

She crawls under the Bingo table. Behind the tablecloth.

Faux Hawk paces around. Inspects the refreshment table. Picks up a cup and smells it. Suspicious. Takes a sip.

Nancy tosses some bingo markers to the other side of room. PING. The plastic sings in the silent room.

Faux Hawk snaps to attention. Follows the noise. Passes by the Bingo table with Nancy under it.

Nancy pulls out the gun from Harry. Points it at Faux Hawk. Her finger slips across the button for the gun's bullet clip.

THUD. The clip hits the ground.

Nancy throws the rest of the gun at Faux Hawk, who turns in time to get HIT in the face. His night vision goggles CRACK.

Faux Hawk rips his broken goggles off. Inspects them.

FAUX HAWK

Hey. Those were expensive.

Nancy grabs the Bingo cage. SMASHES him over the head.

Faux Hawk falls down. Unconscious.

Bingo balls RATTLE and BOUNCE everywhere.

EXT. NURSING HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Long Beard rappels down the side. Enters through the tarp that Faux Hawk did.

INT. NURSING HOME - ACTIVITIES SPACE - NIGHT

Nancy is gone. Faux Hawk's body fidgets on the ground.

Long Beard nudges at Faux Hawk's unconscious body.

A silhouette appears behind Long Beard. It's Nancy again, with the Bingo cage.

POP. A silent shot rings across the space. Long Beard drops down like a brick. Dead.

Faux Hawk lifts his head. Seeing stars.

Another shot POPS Faux Hawk in the head. Dead.

Nancy turns to see Harry, rifle at the ready. Smoke rises from the barrel.

NANCY

I had him.

HARRY

Shh.

NANCY
(whispers)
I had him.

HARRY
What happened to the others?

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - NIGHT

PING. PING. Two silent shots fire into the lock and door knob. The door swings open.

Clean Shaven enters. Night Vision goggles on, silent assault rifle and laser sight points around the room.

He passes through into the bedroom. There's a human-size mound in the bed. Under the covers.

Clean Shaven FIRES three more shots into the bed. He approaches the bed, throws the covers open. It's a column of pillows.

He opens the nearby laptop. The four cameras appear.

CREAK.

Clean Shaven turns behind him. Phyllis stands in the doorway in a housecoat. With a flashlight and her walker.

PHYLLIS
You picked quite an hour to play
G.I. Joe.

Phyllis turns on the flashlight. It beams into the room. Directly into Clean Shaven's eyes.

Clean Shaven covers his night vision goggles. FIRES two shots at Phyllis. Phyllis ducks out into the hallway.

PHYLLIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Jesus, buy me dinner first.

Clean Shaven throws off the goggles. Sprints for the doorway. Rifle at the ready.

His feet stick to the ground. A mix of sticky chemicals trap his boots to the tile floor. Pries his boots off. The soles rip off into the tile. He races into the hallway.

INT. NURSING HOME - INTERLINK - CONTINUOUS

OUTSIDE HARRY'S ROOM

Clean Shaven follows after Phyllis, who is halfway down the hallway. She ducks into a room.

Clean Shaven chases after her. Trips on a set of dentures. He looks back to find dentures all over the floor.

He gets up to find Phyllis, Raymond, and Louise in a semi-circle. Phyllis with her walker. Raymond with an oxygen tank. Louise with a cane.

Raymond and Louise hit both of Clean Shaven's arms. He drops the rifle. Falls to his knees. Jumps back up without the gun. Arms up in a boxer's stance.

Phyllis picks her dentures off the floor. Pops them in her mouth. Raymond and Louise each pick up a pair of their own.

PHYLLIS

I don't think so.

Phyllis thrusts her walker against him. Clean Shaven takes it from Phyllis. Prepares to strike.

Otis rolls up behind Clean Shaven. A pair of reading glasses in hand. Jabs him in the kidney. Clean Shaven WAILS in pain.

OUTSIDE JOY'S OFFICE

Ken stands behind Trent, trying to pick Joy's office lock.

KEN

Did you hear something?

TRENT

What? Sorry, I was in the zone.

KEN

Shoot it open, for Christ's sake.

TRENT

I took a class on this. I'm almost there.

Ken nudges Trent.

KEN

Check out that noise.

TRENT

I'm almost done.

KEN

Now.

Trent picks up his rifle. Slinks away like a stubborn child.

OUTSIDE HARRY'S ROOM

Raymond and Louise put a quilted blanket over Clean Shaven.

Otis sits in his wheelchair holding Clean Shaven's assault rifle. Takes the clip out. It's empty. He tosses it.

OTIS

I hate guns.

Phyllis steps out from her room with her walker. Rope in her hands. She wraps it around Clean Shaven's limp legs.

PHYLLIS

Just in case he springs back to
life.

Nancy rounds the corner. Stops at the scene. Takes it all in. Speechless, but impressed.

NANCY

It's a long story. I'll explain
later. There's two more where that
came from.

PHYLLIS

What are we waiting for? We've got
more than enough feet to kick two
asses.

MINUTES LATER

Trent heads down the same hallway alone. Towards Harry's room.

One door SLAMS behind him.

He spins back. Sees a figure in a wheelchair. In the same helmet and pads as him.

He inches toward it. Nudges the helmet. Otis tips forward. Asleep. The helmet falls off.

It catches Clean Shaven off guard. Otis leaps from his chair. Knocks the rifle out of Trent's hand.

Trent throws Otis off of him. Otis lands back in his chair. His hand still on Trent's rifle.

Otis rolls into darkness. Clutches the rifle.

OTIS

Never wake an old man from a deep
sleep.

TRENT

Give me that back! It's my favorite
gun.

A WHISTLE from the other direction. Down the hall.

Trent spins around again.

At the far end, Phyllis sits in a wheelchair. Raymond and
Louise stand behind her.

Trent adjusts his night vision goggles.

Phyllis sits with the wrath of God in her eyes. Nancy appears
next to her. Pushes Phyllis' chair full speed towards Trent.

Phyllis flashes a flashlight. Raymond and Louise each flash a
flashlight of their own. The three lights blind Trent.

Trent pulls out his boot knife. Readies it in a fighting
stance. Itches his scarred, poison oak neck.

TRENT (CONT'D)

I'll take all of you! I'll gut you
like pigs. Elderly pigs!

Phyllis holds out two butter knives as Nancy pushes her.

PHYLLIS

Fuck you, piggy boy!

Phyllis' knives connect with Trent, who stumbles back. He
CRASHES through a window.

Nancy wipes her forehead. High-fives Phyllis.

INT. JOY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ken reads through a folder of documents from the filing
cabinet. Turns toward the doorway to find Harry.

Harry steadies his rifle.

HARRY

We've all had enough for one night.

Ken peruses the files.

KEN

Wanted to see it for myself. A
nursing home. Old Gordon was right.
Too bad he had to go.

Ken takes the file in his hand. Lights it with a lighter.

KEN (CONT'D)

Even if you made it out of here,
you'd always be running.

HARRY

You know...you're a lot shorter
than I thought you'd be.

Harry pulls the trigger. The rifle JAMS. Inconveniently.

Ken tosses the remains of the file into a bin. It flames out.
Nothing but ash.

Harry drops his rifle. Reaches for his ankle sidearm.

Ken tries to pull out his gun. It's stuck in the holster.
Then flies out. On the ground in front of Harry.

Ken lunges for Harry. They both grapple for Harry's gun.

Both Ken and Harry have their fingers near the trigger of
Harry's gun.

INT. NURSING HOME - INTERLINK - NIGHT

A distant BANG.

Nancy wheels Phyllis down the hall.

PHYLLIS

Where are they?

NANCY

This way. Let's go.

Nancy pushes Phyllis down the hallway. Double-time pace.

INT. JOY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ken punches Harry twice in the face. Reaches for a boot
knife. Stabs Harry in the gut.

Harry grips the knife, unable to move it. Falls over.

Ken picks up both his gun and Harry's gun. Points both of them down at Harry.

KEN

That's enough. You've been a real pain in the ass. Now it's time for you to go.

Harry opens his eyes. Lies flat. Still.

HARRY

Couldn't think of a better line?

PING. An unsilenced pistol blast. It hits Ken in the chest. Ken FIRES off two shots toward the doorway.

Harry flinches as the shots fly over him.

Ken falls limp. Bullet in his chest. Drops his guns.

Gordon appears in the doorway. Holds the smoking gun. Slumps to his knees.

Gordon opens his jacket. A Kevlar vest underneath. Two bullet holes in the vest. One from earlier and one fresh one.

Harry reaches for the knife in his gut. Tries to pull at it. GROANS in pain.

Ken sits up, all his weight on one arm. Reaches for his gun.

KEN

(to Gordon)

You're not the only one with Kevlar. Why don't you-

BANG. Another bullet hits Ken in the head. Dead. His body slides over and SMACKS the ground.

Gordon falls down next to Harry. They both exchange a relieved, exhausted stare.

HARRY

What took you so long?

GORDON

He already shot me once today.

Gordon turns onto his side. GROANS. The last bullet missed his vest. A pool of blood forms.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Now he really got me.

Phyllis and Nancy appear in the doorway.

HARRY
I'll get you out of here.

GORDON
You go on ahead. I owe you something.

Gordon reaches into his jacket. Pulls out a bloody envelope. Hands it over to Harry.

HARRY
Is this part of your American martyr fantasy?

Gordon chuckles to himself.

GORDON
I blew it. I never did catch you.

Gordon CHUCKLES to himself. Closes his eyes. Dead.

Harry staggers to his feet. A reverent glance toward Gordon. He falls into a nearby chair. Weak from the stab wound.

HARRY
Phyllis, I don't expect you to--

PHYLLIS
You're spies, aren't you?

HARRY
Never mind.

PHYLLIS
Get out of here. You think they'll believe an old bag like me?

Nancy hugs Phyllis. Helps Harry to his feet.

NANCY
Thanks, Phyllis.

PHYLLIS
No, thank you. I skewered a man with butter knives. Now I can die a happy gal.

Nancy hugs Phyllis.

HARRY
Somebody check the kitchen fridge.

Harry feels at his wound. His palm full of blood.

NANCY
We're going. Now.

EXT. NURSING HOME - NIGHT

Nancy wheels out Harry in a wheelchair. Heads for her car. She opens the passenger door.

Harry locks the brakes. Climbs into the passenger seat.

NANCY
We're going to the hospital.

HARRY
We're not going to-

NANCY
Shut up. My car. My rules.

Harry turns his head at Nancy's fiery delivery.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The emergency room entrance. Nancy's SCREECHES to a halt. Under an overhang. Automatic doors lead inside.

Nancy HONKS the horn several times.

Harry climbs out of the car on his own. Hobbles to the entrance. Blood rushes down his shirt. All over his hands.

Nancy rushes out and grabs him. Holds Harry up.

Two ER NURSES grab him. Put him on a gurney.

Nancy rushes up to the gurney. Follows behind. Harry grabs Nancy's hand. Squeezes one time.

HARRY
Get out of here.

NANCY
I'm not leaving.

ER NURSE
(to Harry)
Come on. We've got you. Is she family?

HARRY

(to the Nurses)

I don't know this woman. She found me on the side of the road. Some lunatic jumped me.

Harry winks at Nancy.

Nancy stops cold dead. Changes her demeanor.

NANCY

It all happened so fast.

Harry's hand slips out of hers. The gurney goes through the automatic doors.

Harry nods to Nancy. Mouths the words "Go."

Nancy looks down at her bloody hands.

Nancy hops in her car. PEELS out of the ER lot. Faster than she's ever driven before.

EXT. SMALL TOWN COFFEE SHOP - SOUTH DAKOTA - DAY

A one-horse town. Modest lot. On an empty main street.

SUPER: THREE WEEKS LATER, SOMEWHERE IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

A few cars in the parking lot.

INT. SMALL TOWN COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Only two coffee pots for the whole place. A long, empty counter. A TV hangs in the corner.

ON TV: A SMOOTH-TALKING ANCHOR (40s) sits at a desk.

SMOOTH TALKING ANCHOR

The Senate Intelligence Committee met today to discuss the leaked reports of alleged crimes within the Defense Department. The documents incriminated the former Deputy Director at the CIA in a massive coverup of illicit dealings and extrajudicial killings.

A SERVER emerges from the kitchen. A stained apron and a bandana around her dyed hair. Her nametag reads "Rita."

It's Nancy. Blink and you wouldn't recognize her.

She picks up an old pot of coffee. Fills up for two MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN at a table.

ON TV: Flashes of the Senate Intelligence Committee hearing. Stern Congressmen wag their fingers at CIA Suits.

Nancy pops the coffee pot back into its resting place. Leans against the counter. Peeks back at the TV.

ON TV: The Smooth-Talking Anchor returns with at their desk.

SMOOTH TALKING ANCHOR (CONT'D)
No word yet on what the disclosures
mean for the future of the CIA.

EXT. SMALL TOWN COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Nancy exits. Exhausted. Walks to her used Nissan Sentra.

Nancy fiddles with her keys. Unlocks the car.

VROOM. A car races by the coffee shop. So fast the make and model are a blur.

Nancy ducks. Her head pokes out from behind the car. She walks over to the street. Looks both ways. Nothing.

INT. NISSAN SENTRA - NIGHT

Nancy slides into the driver's seat.

A small FedEx box. She gingerly picks it up. Looks inside.

Stacks of \$100 bills. \$10,000 altogether.

A note on top reads "You deserve a vacation."

Nancy picks up a stack of bills. Flips through it. Smiles.

EXT. FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Somewhere north of Paris. Meadows stretch in every direction.

A set of train tracks stretch into the horizon. A passenger train makes its way along them.

INT. FRENCH TRAIN - DAY

Only a few PASSENGERS on the afternoon train.

Harry hands an Inspector his ticket for inspection. Harry wears fake eyeglasses and fedora.

EXT. FRENCH CEMETERY - DAY

A modest cemetery outside a French village.

Harry stands over a small headstone. It reads "Adrienne Barrande. 1947-1995."

Harry lowers his head. Reverent.

INT. FRENCH NURSING HOME - ACTIVITY SPACE - DAY

The upscale version of its American counterpart. Chandeliers and white table cloths.

Tables full of elderly Residents. Each with Bingo cards.

Harry wears a visitor's badge. Finds his way to a table.

He sits across from Frenchman CHARLES (80s), who stares down at his Bingo card. White hair. Slow, arthritic movements.

A NURSING HOME STAFFER (40s) calls Bingo numbers. A French version of Nancy. Similar pep and happiness in every step.

Note: All French will be in italics.

NURSING HOME STAFFER

B-12.

Harry slides across his picture of the French-Algerian Woman. The one from his secret compartment.

CHARLES

Beautiful woman.

HARRY

She's dead.

CHARLES

Shame. How did it happen?

HARRY

A bomb.

Charles pauses. Lost in thought. Refuses to look Harry in the eye. Inspects his Bingo card.

HARRY (CONT'D)

The man who planted it is dead. But
the builder isn't.

Charles slowly raises his right hand. A cloth napkin covers a
small revolver.

CHARLES

You'll never leave here alive.

Harry raises his own gun. Above the table. Points it at
Charles' face.

ONLOOKERS GASP. A few run away.

Harry looks over at the Nursing Home Staffer. She spots the
standoff. Her eyes widen. She drops her microphone.

HARRY

I've lived a long life. And I'm
pretty damn tired. Let's settle
this like men.

Charles squints and cocks his head at the sentiment.

Harry smirks. Enjoys the awkward silence.

Charles sweats as he waits for Harry's follow up.

Harry places his gun on the table.

HARRY (CONT'D)

What about a game of Bingo?

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END