

FADE IN:

PARADISE HILLS: a highly manicured Assisted Living Facility.  
Art Deco Style Buildings. Cobblestone Walkways.

The outraged quacking of HUNDREDS OF DUCKS.

ELDERLY RESIDENTS shuffle about on old legs or drift along  
the walkways in creaking wheelchairs.

A few of them, drooling with their eyes closed, appear to be  
dead.

A PARADISE HILLS EMPLOYEE (30s) checks their pulses.

EDDIE (V.O.)

I live in a Crackhouse for senior  
citizens. The brochure calls it  
Paradise Hills. Welcome to  
Crackhead Paradise. The adventurous  
among you will love our muddy duck  
pond and pigeon-shit walkways. Or  
stay inside and enjoy the friendly  
natives: lopsided grins and glassy  
eyes, drooling chins and days gone  
by.

INT. PARADISE HILLS - DAY

EDDIE (70s) wheels rapidly and expertly down a long sterile  
hallway.

EDDIE (V.O.)

We're a tribe of old hippies here  
in Crackhead Paradise. Stoned all  
the time. Mostly legal drugs. You  
know, the dangerous ones. The  
miracle of chemistry that  
transforms a multitude of zings and  
zabs and stabbing pains into one  
constant, bewildering throb that  
feels like it belongs to someone  
else. I know that thub thub thub  
well. And though it can't make me  
walk, it makes me fly.

He engineers an abrupt, swirling stop when he reaches door  
18.

Across the hall, from door number 17, comes the shrieking voice of a rancorous old prune named PRICILLA PRESTON (70S). Eddie cocks an ear to listen.

PRICILLA (O.C.)  
I am not a bank!

A younger but similar voice, Edith Preston (45), strains to sound reasonable.

EDITH (O.C.)  
Just loan it to us, Mother.

PRICILLA (O.C.)  
Why, so you can pay me back after I'm dead?

EDITH (O.C.)  
You have more than enough money to live out the rest of your life in Paradise Hills, Mother. The rest of it is just sitting in the bank gathering dust.

Another voice, rough and deep, issues from Garth Preston (43).

GARTH (O.C.)  
Cobwebs. Cobwebs.

PRICILLA (O.C.)  
What if I live longer than the doctors say? What if someone invents a cure for old age? What if I decide to have my fucking head frozen!?

Eddie chuckles, then covers his mouth.

He opens the door to room 18 but doesn't go inside.

GARTH (O.C.)  
When you talk like that, Mother, we have to wonder if you are competent manage your own affairs.

EDITH (O.C.)  
Perhaps we should seek Power of Attorney. For your own good.

PRICILLA (O.C.)

Oh, children. You know how much I love you. But if you take the smallest step in that direction, just the tiniest one, my attorneys will eat both of you and shit you off a cliff. Now get out! This is my house! Get out!

Eddie quickly wheels into his room.

INT. EDDIE'S ROOM - DAY

Eddie carefully closes the door, leaving it open a crack. He looks out and sees:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

GARTH, a tall, rigid man with who resembles a Nazi Undertaker.

EDITH, an even taller woman with thorny red hair.

Garth kicks the door to his mother's room.

Edith bangs the wall.

They move close to each other and start whispering.

EDITH

She looks better than when we took care of her, Garr. You said they go downhill fast when you stick them in a place like this.

Garth sways forward and backward as he speaks.

GARTH

It's supposed to be a slippery slope, Eed. A slippery slope.

EDITH

Not slippery enough.

GARTH

Well I'm not giving up. We owe it to her.

EDITH  
We don't owe her shit.

Garth opens the door. They go back inside.

Eddie opens his door wider and sticks his head out to eavesdrop on the conversation.

EDITH (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
But mother, you don't need the money. There's nothing here to spend it on.

GARTH (O.C.)  
Nothing. Nothing at all.

EDITH (O.C.)  
There are things we need that we can't afford.

PRICILLA (O.C.)  
You made that same argument a hundred times. Do you want me to play it back for you?

EDITH (O.C.)  
Put that damn tape recorder away!

PRICILLA (O.C.)  
Oh I'm recording everything, Edith. Every damn thing you or anyone else has to say to me. Don't ever forget it. Now Get! Both of you, get!

Eddie pulls his head back into his room, but keeps the door open a crack.

INT. EDDIE'S ROOM - DAY

Eddie watches Garth and Edith through the crack.

Garth slams the door to Pricilla's room so hard a multitude of doors rattle.

EDITH  
She could go another ten rounds just to spite me.

GARTH  
She certainly seems robust.

EDITH  
Are you satisfied?

GARTH  
Yes I am, sister. I don't feel the slightest remorse now. Not the slightest.

EDIT  
Finally. I'm sick of your vacillation. Every day I get older and poorer.

GARTH  
But it has to be perfect, Eeed.

EDITH  
It will be, Garrrr. Perfect from start to finish.

GARTH  
I'm sure mom would be proud.

EDITH  
You know, little brother, I believe that in many ways, she would be.

Eddie's shuts his door with soft click.

He presses his ear against the door and listens.

Nothing.

Then a soft knock.

He wheels towards his bed.

The door opens.

Eddie closes his eyes. Mouth goes slack. A rattling snore. A little drool.

Garth and Edith enter.

They look around the room, then surround Eddie.

EDITH (CONT'D)  
Are you awake? Hey, are you awake?

Eddie snores a little louder.

GARTH  
He's wasted. He heard nothing.

EDITH  
He's a busybody. I bet he heard everything.

GARTH  
So what? He's nobody. Nobody. They hate each other, anyway.

EDITH  
Maybe you're right.

GARTH  
Too bad he doesn't need the money.

EDIT  
Shut up! He could be faking it.

GARTH  
Naw, he's just a senile old fart.

Garth and Edith rummage around the room.

The go into the bathroom and look carefully at the pills in the medicine cabinet.

Finally they leave.

Eddie doesn't move for a while, then pretends to wake up, snorting and coughing and rubbing his eyes. He looks around, as if expecting to see them.

EDDIE  
(to himself)  
Now I really feel silly.

He opens the door and wheels into the hallway.

EXT. HALLWAY - DAY

Eddie can hear Pricilla sobbing from inside room 17.

He watches Garth and Edith turn a corner. He grips the wheels on his chair and lurches into hot pursuit.

OLD MAN KELLY (80s), cane in hand, suddenly hobbles out of his room and blocks him.

Eddie screeches to a halt.

Old Man Kelly jabs his cane at Eddie.

OLD MAN KELLY  
Your going to kill someone if you  
don't slow down, you old fool.

EDDIE  
Well quit jumping in front of my  
chair, you jackass.

Eddie moves his chair toward Old Man Kelly, tries to hint him  
aside. But Old Man Kelly stands his ground.

OLD MAN KELLY  
I'm thinking about lunch, Eddie.  
You in?

Eddie sighs.

EDDIE  
Sure. I'm in.

Old Man Kelly hands Eddie his cane, grabs the wheelchair and  
pushes him down the hallway toward the cafeteria.

OLD MAN KELLY  
I think Diane is there.

EDDIE  
So? We're not....we don't...we...

OLD MAN KELLY  
Right. Sorry, I forgot. When you're  
my age...

EDDIE  
When I'm your age I'll know when to  
keep my mouth shut.

OLD MAN KELLY  
I doubt that.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Old Man Kelly wheels Eddie into the cafeteria.

He spies Garth and Edith Preston sitting at a table with  
DIANE (70), a very handsome woman.

Eddie brakes the wheelchair and glares at them.

Old Man Kelly tries to push him forward.

OLD MAN KELLY  
Come on, Eddie.

Eddie holds firm, staring at Garth and Edith.

They do all the talking. Diane nods her head. Her ears are getting red.

OLD MAN KELLY (CONT'D)  
Eddie?

Eddie glances at Old Man Kelly, then back at the threesome.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
I suppose you need to know a little bit about Diane before we go on. I met her back when my knees still worked, although I had to be stingy with their use, like an old broken down car you only drive to the bank, or to make a beer run.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Diane enters arm in arm with MARGIE (70s), a refined lady, her face slightly lopsided from an old stroke.

Eddie winces and grits his teeth as he gets up from the table.

He takes a breath and confidently strides up to the two ladies.

He glances at Margie.

EDDIE  
Hi Margie.

MARGIE  
Hello Eddie.

Eddie extends his hand to Diane.



EDDIE

Hi. Welcome to Crackhead Paradise.  
It's nice of you to come and visit  
your parents.

Margie shakes her head.

Diane chuckles and takes his hand. She gives Margie a quick,  
sly glance.

DIANE

He must be that old dog you  
cautioned me about.

Eddie throws Margie a dirty look. Then he gives Diane his  
most charming smile.

EDDIE

Did she call me an old dog because  
I'm so loyal and friendly?

Diane continues to hold his hand. She looks Eddie in the eyes  
for an awkwardly long time. Then she pats their clasped hands  
and releases him.

DIANE

I can tell you're a good doggie,  
Eddie. I'm Diane.

Eddie, smitten, takes a deep breath.

Margie grabs Diane's arm.

MARGIE

Remember what I told you, dear. If  
you lie down with dogs, you stand  
up with fleas.

She leads Diane to a distant table while Eddie follows them  
with his eyes.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Eddie continues to stare at Diane, Garth and Edith.

Eddie shakes his head to clear his mind.

He notices Margie, sitting a few tables away, also sneaking glances at Diane sitting with Garth and Edith Preston. Their eyes meet for an instant.

Eddie finally releases the breaks on his wheelchair and let's Old Man Kelly push him into the Cafeteria line.

They get some food, bring it to a table and begin to eat.

OLD MAN KELLY  
Turkey Ravioli.

EDDIE  
Needs a little *No Salt*.

OLD MAN KELLY  
*No shit*.

They douse the ravioli with *No Salt*.

Garth and Edith Preston give Eddie an ugly look, then kick back their chairs.

They tower over Diane.

Garth smiles his icy, alien smile, then reaches down to shake Diane's quivering hand.

Edith whips out a compact and adds another coat of blood-red lipstick to her thin lips.

Then she takes Garth's arm. Together they take long, stiff steps to the glass door that leads to the courtyard.

Garth holds it open for his sister, then follows her outside.

Eddie wheels over to watch them through the glass door.

EXT. DUCK POND - DAY

A murky green Duck Pond, where hundreds of ducks and pigeons squabble over territory and leftover cafeteria food.

Garth and Edith walk along the cobblestone path.

The Plastic Alligator suddenly shoots up a geyser of water.

A strong breeze catches the drops and spritzes Garth and Edith.

EDITH  
That idiot Tolly!

Garth steps onto the grass and kicks the Alligator.

GARTH  
I told him the damn thing doesn't  
work!

They continue along the path, then stop and huddled together.

A LAWN WORKER (20s) returns the Alligator to its original position.

Garth and Edith gaze into the cafeteria, pointing, nodding and shaking their heads.

They catch Eddie looking at them. They turn their backs.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Eddie wheels back to his table and taps Old Man Kelly on the shoulder.

EDDIE  
Hey, Old Man, you know the  
Prestons? Outside. Pricilla's  
brood?

OLD MAN KELLY  
Yeah, I know them. So what?  
Everybody knows them.

EDDIE  
Really? That's a kick in the pants.

OLD MAN KELLY  
What do you mean?

EDDIE  
I don't mean anything. Just, I'm  
surprised how many people seem to  
know them.

Old Man Kelly looks down and concentrates on his food.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
You talk to them?

OLD MAN KELLY  
Now and then.

EDDIE  
What about?

Old Man Kelly pushes away what's left of his ravioli.

OLD MAN KELLY  
I don't know, Eddie. The usual  
stuff.

He stands up and walks away without saying another word.

Eddie watches him leave, then wheels towards Diane, threading through the maze of tables and chairs.

Diane sees him coming, gets up, and leaves through the entrance.

Eddie stares after her, then turns and wheels back to the glass door to spy on Edith and Garth Preston.

Through the glass he watches them argue with an attendant, DIMWIT DRIZEN, (30).

GARTH shakes his finger at Dimwit, then storms down the pathway. He turns and takes a side entrance back into the building.

Edith takes out a checkbook and scribbles in it. She tears off a check and hands it to Dimwit.

Dimwit shakes his head.

Watching through the window, Eddie shakes his head.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
Crackhead Paradise attracts two types of employees: angles or demons. Guess which category Dimwit Drizen falls into? But we don't dare snitch to the Supervisor: *Mister Tolly*. Dimwit would just figure out a million nasty little ways to hurt us. But I console myself that someday he'll be in a worse place than this, Dimmer and more Witless than ever.

Eddie wheels out of the cafeteria.

INT. LONG HALLWAY - DAY

Eddie wheels slowly through the Long Hallway.

An EMPLOYEE (female, 62) gives Eddie a hostile look and follows him with her eyes.

ANOTHER EMPLOYEE (male 30s) does the same.

AND ANOTHER (male 45).

AN OLD LADY (80S) opens her door and steps into the Long Hallway. When Eddie approaches she fearfully ducks back into her room.

Eddie keeps moving. He comes to room 18, opens the door and wheels inside.

As his door closes, Garth Preston walks out of the Old Lady's room.

He goes to Eddie's door and presses his ear against it. He slowly, carefully tries the doorknob. It is unlocked.

INT. EDDIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

A dark room. Eddie awakens to a shadowy, ominous figure hovering over him.

MARGIE

Eddie? Are you awake?

The image clarifies into the face of Margie. She's sitting next to him on the bed.

Eddie blinks the fuzz out of his eyes.

MARGIE (CONT'D)

I hope you don't mind, Eddie. I came to visit you and I got tired of standing.

EDDIE

You're welcome on my bed anytime, Margie.

Margie gives him her lopsided smile.

MARGIE

I think we've shared enough fleas,  
Eddie.

Eddie sits up and pulls his wheelchair close.

EDDIE

What's going on?

MARGIE

I'm worried, Eddie. About Diane.

EDDIE

Is she okay?

MARGIE

Health wise, you know, it's always  
one thing or the other. But that's  
not it. She's acting funny.

EDDIE

Funny *ha ha* or funny *peculiar*?

MARGIE

Peculiar. Closed. Quiet. Like she's  
got some big secret she's afraid to  
blurt out. I heard she was having  
money troubles, but she won't talk  
about it. I thought maybe you ...  
since you were so close.

EDDIE

We're so far now, Margie.

MARGIE

She'll talk to you, Eddie. She  
needs someone who knows how to  
listen.

EDDIE

She's avoiding me.

MARGIE

Nobody avoids *you* unless you want  
to be avoided. Go and talk to her.  
She loves you, you know.

Eddie winces.

EDDIE  
I'd know if she told me. You  
telling me doesn't mean shit.

Margie stands.

MARGIE  
She's in the Rec room. You want me  
to wheel you?

Eddie pats his thighs.

EDDIE  
You want a ride?

Margie gives him a coy look.

MARGIE  
I've been on that ride. I'll pass.

She makes for the door, then stops and looks back.

MARGIE (CONT'D)  
Not that it was a bad ride.

She turns and leaves the room.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
It was a damn good ride, actually.  
But not as good as the one I had  
with Diane. Before I blew it like a  
rookie.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. DUCK POND - DAY

Eddie and Diane make love on a concrete bench.

Nearby, the ducks and pigeons battle over the contents of  
their open picnic basket.

In the distance, the plastic alligator sprays a geyser of  
water.

Eddie dismounts Diane and helps her sit up. They are both  
panting.

EDDIE  
Were you able to..?

DIANE  
If I weren't, Doggy, you'd be the  
first to know.

EDDIE  
Mmmm. Just making sure. I hate to  
leave an unsatisfied customer.

DIANE  
So romantic.

EDDIE  
Is that what you want? I can be  
romantic.

DIANE  
Really?

EDDIE  
How's this?

With great difficulty, he gets down on one knee.

Diane grimaces and shakes her head.

DIANE  
Eddie...

Eddie pulls a ring from his pocket.

EDDIE  
I love you so much, Diane. I want  
to spend whatever years or months  
or days or hours I have left with  
you. Will you marry me?

Diane closes her eyes and covers her face.

She stands up and towers over Eddie. Her eyes fill with  
tears.

DIANE  
I buried my husband ten years ago,  
Eddie. I won't bury another one.

She gets up and walks away.

Eddie watches her, then struggles to stand up and drag  
himself onto the concrete bench.



END FLASHBACK

INT. EDDIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Eddie drags himself off the bed and onto his wheelchair.

He wheels to the door and struggles with the knob before opening it.

EXT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Eddie starts off at a slow pace, but is soon spinning his wheels like a madman, zooming down the hall.

He takes the bend flawlessly.

EXT. HALLWAY AROUND THE BEND

Eddie continues speeding down the Hallway.

A YOUNG ATTENDANT (20s) jumps out his way.

YOUNG ATTENDANT  
Hey! Slow down!

Eddie presses the heels of his hands onto the wheels to slow them.

He drifts to a perfect stop right in front of the door to the Recreation Room.

INT. RECREATION ROOM - NIGHT

Eddie wheels into the Recreation Room.

Dozens of Elderly Residents play cards, watch television and chat on the community telephones.

Eddie looks for Diane. No trace of her.

He sees Pricilla Preston, leafing through an issue of Money Magazine.

He wheels over and spins around to face her. Pricilla lowers the magazine and presses the record button on her tape recorder.

PRICILLA

You here to complain about my snoring again, Ed? Because I can hear you farting all night across the hall, which is no great thrill.

EDDIE

Your snores are music to my ears, Pricilla.

Pricilla removes her glasses, let's them dangle from a gold chain.

PRICILLA

So what exactly do you want?

EDDIE

Well, I noticed your kids came to visit today.

Pricilla stares at Eddie.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Garth and Edith look well.

Pricilla's mouth twists into a sarcastic smile.

PRICILLA

Small talk, Ed? Really? Why don't you tell me what this conversation is about?

EDDIE

Okay, fair enough. I was wondering how you were getting along with your kids.

PRICILLA

Why would you wonder anything about me?

EDDIE

Why? Because I'm writing an article. The dynamics of the child parent relationship in a Retirement Community.

Pricilla probes him with her eyes.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I figure I can sell it to a magazine. Or maybe they'll print it in our very own *View from the Hills* Newsletter.

Pricilla furrow her brows.

PRICILLA

Where's your notebook?

EDDIE

You know me, I'm too stupid to listen and scribble at the same time. I prefer to listen.

PRICILLA

You should get a tape recorder, like me. Then there's no doubt. No uncertainty.

EDDIE

Yes. That's a good idea.

PRICILLA

What would you like to know?

Eddie adjust his wheelchair to buy some time.

EDDIE

Well, for one, how often do your kids come to visit?

PRICILLA

Once a week. Every single week.

EDDIE

You'd rather they didn't come?

PRICILLA

Why are you asking me that? You know they go on about their money problems. They don't have money to fix the house, they don't have money for a new car, they can never go on vacation. I don't get it. They never gave me grandchildren, they both work, but they're always broke. Too bad for them, but I don't plan to be one of those old fools who outlive their money.

EDDIE  
Does that happen a lot?

PRICILLA  
Hah. Ask Jack Smith. Or Harry Weitsman. Or your boyfriend Old Man Kelly. There's lots more.

EDDIE  
Really? I never thought about it.

PRICILLA  
Oh, it's a real problem, Eddie. You should write about that.

EDDIE  
Maybe I will.

Pricilla's balls her hands into bony fists.

PRICILLA  
Little Bastards!

EDDIE  
What? Who?

PRICILLA  
Garth and Edith. They can pry whatever's left of my money from my cold, dead fingers, but not a moment sooner!

Eddie backs up.

EDDIE  
Okay, Pricilla. Thanks.

He turns the chair and starts to wheel towards the exit.

PRICILLA  
Don't feel sorry for me I made the little Bastards!

Eddie give her a thumbs up as he wheels out of the Recreation Room.

EXT. JACK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Eddie wheels up to Jack Smith's Room and prepares to knock.

A Voice drifting from inside the room cause him to stop.  
He puts his ear against the door. The Voice gets louder.

JACK SMITH (O.C.)  
I need my pills, damn you! Yes, all  
of them! How the Hell would I know  
what those losers swallow! Jesus!

A phone slams down. Eddie lurches back as the door swings  
open.

JACK SMITH (CONT'D)  
What the hell!

JACK SMITH (80), a man of immense girth, grinds an unlit  
stogie between yellow teeth.

JACK SMITH (CONT'D)  
What are you, spying?

EDDIE  
What? No.

JACK SMITH  
Then why are you sticking your fat  
nose into my business? You're  
spying for someone, aren't you?

EDDIE  
No. I was about to knock.

Jack puts his hands on his hips and thrusts out his stomach.

JACK SMITH  
What for?

EDDIE  
I'm writing an article about the  
dynamics of the child parent  
relationship in a Retirement  
Community.

Jack takes the stogie out of his mouth.

He steps over to Eddie, raises his leg and shoves his  
wheelchair against the wall.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Shit! What the hells wrong with  
you?

Jack gets up close and personal.

JACK SMITH  
You come to rub it in my face?!

EDDIE  
What?

JACK SMITH  
You bastard.

Jack steps back and looks down at Eddie.

EDDIE  
I'm sorry, Jack. I forgot about  
your son.

JACK SMITH  
Yeah well you know what? I haven't.  
So fuck you.

EDDIE  
Yeah, fuck me.

JACK SMITH  
Tell you what, Ed. When one your  
kids gets Cancer, be sure to stop  
by.

He flicks the wet cigar stump at Eddie.

It hits his forehead, bounces off and falls onto his lap.  
Eddie brushes it off.

JACK SMITH (CONT'D)  
Oh, I'm sorry, I forgot. You only  
shoot blanks.

Jack slams the door.

JACK SMITH (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Asshole!

Eddie stares at the door for moment.

EDDIE  
Asshole!

He turns and slowly wheels down the corridor.

EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

How could I forget. Maybe my mind is gone. Maybe my mind is getting as moldy as my fingernails. For all I know I'm laying in a hospital room, with tubes up my mouth and nose and veins and penis, slipping into my last coma of the evening. This whole experience could be some pathetic delusion. Maybe it's the pills. The crack. No, I need to at least believe I'm sane, whether I am or not. I need to talk to Harry Weitsman. Of all the people here he's got the best reason to kill Pricilla. Yeah, a real hate affair.

As Eddie labors down the corridor, a door slams open.

Garth Preston steps out and walks steadily towards him, shoes clicking on the white terrazzo floor.

Eddie stops and shrinks into his chair. Adopts a glazed, senile look.

Garth stops and stares at him. He walks around the wheelchair. Stoops down and puts his face right up to Eddie's.

He coughs in Eddie's face, then lets out a nasty laugh and clicks down the corridor.

After his footsteps grow faint, Eddie opens his eyes and wheels over to Harry Weitsman's door. He knocks.

HARRY WEITSMAN (80s) opens it immediately.

HARRY

Eddie! How's it going, Eddie?

EDDIE

Going, going, going, but not gone.

HARRY

Come on in. You want some seltzer?

EDDIE

No, but thanks.

Eddie wheels into Harry's Room.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - DAY

HARRY

Murder She Wrote is coming on in a few minutes. You can stay and watch.

EDDIE

Maybe. Hey, uh, Harry, I notice Pricilla's Garth son came to visit you.

HARRY

Yeah, Garth. We know each other from before. When I dated his mom. He thought I got a raw deal, the way she sued me and all, cost me my job and my house and the best relationship I ever had. She's barking dog crazy, that bitch.

EDDIE

Is that what he came to tell you?

HARRY

Yeah. He wanted to tell me. That. So what are you up to?

EDDIE

I'm writing an article. About romance in retirement homes. You know, it's the latest trend, with Viagra and all.

Harry smiles and nods his head.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I figure you and Pricilla...

HARRY

I hate that woman. I can't believe we both ended up in Paradise Hills. Now she's a big bitch in a small pond.

EDDIE

That much, huh?



HARRY  
Sued me for palimony, assault,  
violating her civil rights. I  
spent three months in jail, Eddie.  
For nothing. That scorpion will  
leave the world a better place.

EDDIE  
What happened to the girl you...?

HARRY  
Left her for?

Harry drifts for a moment. Eyes turn soupy.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
She wasn't strong, Eddie. Not  
strong. But sweet, and beautiful,  
and willing. Pricilla murdered her,  
far as I'm concerned. I hope I live  
long enough to drool on her grave.

He collapses onto his bed.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
I think I'll pass on Murder, if you  
don't mind.

Eddie wheels himself out of Harry's room.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Eddie steels himself and heads down the corridor. He is  
visibly exhausted. He fights for breath. Fights to keep his  
eyes open.

He stops for a moment. Eyes flutter.

EDDIE  
No!

He grits his teeth and continues wheeling.

INT. EDDIE'S ROOM - DAY

Eddie is laying under the covers when the phone rings. He  
sits up and looks around for moment, disoriented. Then he  
reaches for the phone and hits the speaker.

EDDIE  
Hello?

DIANE (O.C.)  
It's me.

EDDIE  
Diane. What...?

DIANE (O.C.)  
I need to see you. Right away.

EDDIE  
Okay.

DIANE  
Outside. By the ducks. Where we  
used to...

EDDIE  
Okay.

DIANE  
Hurry.

Eddie rushes off the bed and into his wheelchair. He lurches towards the door, then stops, spins around and heads for the bathroom.

EDDIE  
(to himself)  
Fucking bladder!

EXT. DUCK POND - DAY

Eddie blasts down the cobblestone walkway.

He scatters a gaggle of furious ducks.

He passes the plastic allegator and gets splashed. Wipes the water out of his eyes and continues at full speed.

When he gets to the grass he slows down. He works the chair around the bushes and into the clearing with the bench.

Edith Preston is waiting.

EDITH  
Hello, Edward.

Edith Preston imitates a smile. She steps around and grabs the handles of Eddie's wheelchair.

EDDIE  
(panting)  
Where's Diane?

EDITH  
You sound like you could use some fresh air, Edward. Let's take a little walky, shall we?

She pulls Eddie out of the clearing and back onto the path.

She steers him away from the main buildings.

Eddie looks back and sees Dimwit Drizen watching. Dimwit waves goodbye and blows him a kiss.

Edith starts pushing the wheelchair a brisk pace. She increases the speed.

Soon she's trotting like a horse, her sharp heels clicking on the walkway. She isn't the least bit winded.

EDITH (CONT'D)  
Beautiful day, isn't it Edward?  
Beautiful day to stay alive.

She turns Eddie out of the grounds of Paradise Hills and onto the public sidewalk.

Eddie takes a look back. Paradise Hills is a shimmering mirage.

Edith pushes faster and faster up the sidewalk, toward a busy four-lane street.

She gives the chair a wicked shove, sends him careening towards the traffic.

Eddie tries to grab the wheels but they tear through his palms.

Just before he hits the street he jams a hand brake.

His wheelchair whips around and tumbles onto the grassy median, into a patch of stickers.

He looks up. Edith Preston is smiling down at him.

EDITH (CONT'D)

It's so nice to see you, Edward.  
I'm so glad we could have such a  
pleasant chat.

She turns and walks away, humming.

Eddie lays there for a while, watching the traffic wiz by.

He closes his eyes for a moment.

When he opens them, he laughs.

With a smile on his face he struggles to upright his  
wheelchair and begin the long trek back to Paradise Hills.

EDDIE (V.O.)

This is the best time I've had in  
years. Thank you Edith. Thank you  
Garth. I've been so depressed the  
last decade or so, knowing that  
I've tasted my best food, had my  
best sex, achieved the most I will  
ever achieve in this lifetime. And  
I've watched so many of my friends  
die the slow death. Not me. I want  
Death to lop off my head in one  
fell swoop, not peck me to death  
like a damn chicken. So bless you,  
Garth and Edith. Blood has been  
drawn. It's personal. It's war.  
It's good to be alive.

INT. EDDIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Eddie, covered in mud, grass and urine, wheels into his room  
and collapses on his bed.

Immediately he gets up and dials the phone. Hits the speaker.

The phone rings. It's picked up, but nobody answers.

EDDIE

Diane?

DIANE (O.C.)

Oh, thank God, Eddie.

EDDIE

Are you okay?

DIANE (O.C.)

Not now.

The phone goes dead.

Eddie lays back on the bed.

He takes a deep breath and raises his right leg. Tests the knee. Rotates the ankle.

He raises his left foot. The pain twists his face. He clenches his lips to keep from screaming.

EDDIE

(to himself)

Not the hip. Please God, not the hip.

He tests his arms. His wrists. His fingers. His neck. Each induces a different level of pain.

He returns to his left leg. Moves the knee. Rotates the angle.

In spite of the pain, he moves his hip. He smiles and pats it.

Then he leans back and closes his eyes.

INT. REC ROOM - DAY

Clean, shaved and dressed, Eddie sits at a table and writes a letter.

The letter is addressed to his Attorney.

It reads as follows:

*Dear Marcus,*

*I know this sounds crazy, but I believe that Garth and Edith Preston are planning to kill their mother Pricilla so they can get their grubby hands on her money. They've intimidated a lot of other folks here, too. Jack Smith might be part of the plot, but I don't know for sure. Harry Weitsman wants to see Pricilla dead, too, but he seems too open about it to be the murderer. They've even got Diane scared out of her mind. Remember Diane? I told you about her. Anyway, that crazy, ugly old bitch Edith Preston kidnapped me and tried to kill me. As of this writing, she has not succeeded.*

*I'm sending you this so that if anything bad happens to me, like I die under mysterious circumstances, you'll have my back, like you always have.*

*I'll call you too, soon as I get to the Rec Room. The damn room phones don't get an outside line.*

*Best Wishes,*

*Edward Chandler*

Eddie seals the letter in an envelope and starts to wheel over to the mailbox. Dimwit Drizen steps in front, blocking him.

He reaches out and takes the letter.

DIMWIT DRIZEN  
I'll put that in the mailbox for  
you, Mr. Eddie.

Eddie snatches it back with surprising speed.

EDDIE  
That's okay, I'd rather do it  
myself.

Eddie starts to maneuver around Dimwit, but gets blocked again. Dimwit tries for the letter again.

DIMWIT DRIZEN  
I insist.

Eddie spins to the left. Dimwit goes to block him. \

Eddie spins around and zips past Dimwit.

He flicks the letter in the mailbox.

DIMWIT DRIZEN (CONT'D)  
You're a slippery one, aren't you?

EDDIE  
Funny, that's what they say about  
you.

Eddie wheels out of the Rec room with Dimwit Drizen's eyes burning into his back.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Eddie wheels over to Pricilla's room.

He knocks. No answer.

EDDIE  
Pricilla? You in there?

He twists the doorknob and opens it a crack.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Pricilla?

He opens the door and wheels inside.

INT. PRICILLA'S ROOM - DAY

Pricilla is sitting on her bed, one hand on her tape recorder.

Jack Smith is sitting next to her.

Pricilla hits RECORD.

JACK SMITH  
I told you he'd break in. He's a thief.

PRICILLA  
You were right. And a murderer.

EDDIE  
What?

PRICILLA  
Jack told me everything, Eddie.

JACK SMITH  
Now everybody is going to know what a piece of garbage you are.

EDDIE  
What are you talking about? What's going on?

Pricilla aims the tape recorder at Eddie.

PRICILLA

Jack told me how you tried to cut a deal with my kids. To murder me. For my money.

EDDIE

Jack's insane.

PRICILLA

How were you going to do it? Smother me? Switch my pills?

EDDIE

Really, Pricilla? You believe that?

PRICILLA

Not at first. So I called Edith. And Garth. They confirmed everything. That's why they roughed you up, so you'd back off.

EDDIE

Pricilla, trust me, that's not what happened. The truth is -

PRICILLA

Writing an article. Ha! I knew you were lying. Now get out of here. You're lucky I don't call the police.

Jack shakes his head.

EDDIE

It's not over between us, Jack.  
(and to Pricilla)  
You know better.

Eddie backs out of Pricilla's room and heads down the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Just a few doors away, Eddie almost bumps into a CLEANING CREW.

EDDIE

Somebody moved out, huh?



CLEANING WOMAN ONE  
Mmmm, that the way it go around  
here. And that mean somebody new  
movin' in.

Eddie nods and moves down the hallway. He shouts back:

EDDIE  
What room number?

CLEANING WOMAN ONE  
Seventeen!

Eddie stops and spins around.

The Cleaning Crew comes to door number 17.

They open it.

Eddie can hear Pricilla scream at the Cleaning Crew.

PRICILLA  
Get out! I don't care what your  
damn paper says, you idiot! Do I  
look dead!

Eddie turns and wheels like crazy towards the cafeteria.

He stops at the entrance.

Diane is inside, eating at a table by herself.

Eddie wheels himself inside.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Eddie starts to wheel towards Diane's table, but Diane flicks her eyes at Dimwit Drizen, standing guard over the Sweet & Low.

Eddie changes direction and heads for the food. He take a small piece of meatloaf and several packets of catsup

He wheels to a table in the center of the room. Wolfs down the meatloaf.

He opens several ketchup packages and uses them to write on his plate.

He wheels to the tray return and places his fork and knife in the dirty silverware container. He tosses the empty ketchup packages in the trash.

He glances at Dimwit Drizen, who is watching him like a hawk.

As he returns his plate to the dirty plate bin, he angles it towards Diane.

In ketchup lettering it reads: DUMPSTER NOW

Eddie places the dish under another one and smears it a bit for good measure.

He wheels himself away from the tray return and down the aisle toward Dimwit Drizen.

When he is right in front of Dimwit he does a wheelie, spins and lands on Dimwit's foot.

Crunch.

Dimwit screams!

DIMWIT DRIZEN

Get off me!

Dimwit grabs the wheelchair and tries to force Eddie off his foot. Eddie grinds and twists.

DIMWIT DRIZEN (CONT'D)

Ah! Get off me! Oh my God!

EDDIE

Eh? Eh? What?

Dimwit Drizen bends down and clutches the armrests.

With a grunt and a sob he lifts Eddie and the wheelchair off his foot.

He staggers to a table and collapses.

Eddie wheels out of the Cafeteria, chuckling.

EXT. DUMPSTERS - DAY

Eddie wheels into the alley and heads for Diane, who is waiting by couple of green dumpsters.

She runs to meet him. Hugs him hard and gives him frantic kisses.

DIANE  
I am so, so sorry. What Edith did to you, I just want to rip my heart out.

EDDIE  
(accusatory)  
I've been hurt worse.

Diane steps back and sighs.

DIANE  
Physically?

EDDIE  
That too.

DIANE  
I can't believe what you did to Mr. Drizen.

EDDIE  
Good old Dimwit.

DIANE  
He'll make you pay.

EDDIE  
He'll try.

DIANE  
Remind me not to get on your bad side.

Eddie pats his crotch.

EDDIE  
My bad side misses you.

DIANE  
Don't be crude, Eddie. We're not, like that, anymore.

Eddie pats his lap again and give her a doggy-eyed look.

Diane shakes her head.

DIANE (CONT'D)  
I'm serious, Eddie. I'm not sitting  
on your lap.

EDDIE  
I could be dead by tomorrow, Diane.  
Will you deny me this one, last  
pleasure.

DIANE  
You always go for the cheap shot.

EDDIE  
That's what you tell me.

Diane lets out an exaggerated sigh and sits on Eddie's lap,  
her legs draped over an arm of the chair.

She doesn't see him wince with the pain.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Comfy?

DIANE  
No.

EDDIE  
Me neither. But its worth it.

DIANE  
Hmmm.

EDDIE  
So what's going on with you and the  
ever delightful Garth and Edith  
Preston?

Diane takes a moment to get her thoughts in order.

DIANE  
A few weeks ago, maybe longer, they  
asked me to keep an eye on  
Pricilla. Watch what she eats, when  
she takes her pills, the whole  
routine. To better take care of  
her, they said. It didn't NOT make  
sense, and Lord knows I need the  
money. Then a couple of days ago  
they started asking me about you.  
They really pressed me, Eddie.  
(MORE)

DIANE (CONT'D)

Said they thought you were a danger to their mother. I told them it was crazy, and I thought I convinced them. Edith told me she wanted to talk to you, ask you a few questions and put an end to the whole silly thing. That's when I called and told you to meet me at our place. I'm so, so sorry. I didn't know what she had planned. I don't know what's going on with them, and you.

EDDIE

Listen.

Eddie moves slowly down the alleyway with Diane on his lap, speaking the whole time.

EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I sing like a canary. I tell her everything I know. How I eavesdropped on the Prestons. How I overheard Jack yelling about the pills. About Harry Weitsman and Old Man Kelly's suspicious behavior. Finally, I tell her about Jack's accusation, and Edith Preston's confirmation of the lie. Damn, I just put Diane's life in as much jeopardy as my own.

Eddie brings Diane back to the dumpsters.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I think Dimwit is their bitch. He was there when Edith pushed me off the property.

DIANE

Mr. Drizen told me that Mr. Tolly would be very unhappy with me if I so much as winked at you.

EDDIE

Mr. Tolly's involved? The head honcho?

DIANE

I don't know. Maybe Mr. Drizen's just trying to make himself sound all high and mighty. But he told me Mr. Tolly could make things very unpleasant around here for me. I'm not used to this kind of stuff, Eddie. You're the tough guy. You're a fighter.

EDDIE

I thought I was a lover.

Diane gets off his lap.

Eddie surreptitiously massages his thighs.

DIANE

You're a fighter, Eddie, not a lover. You'll go as far as you have to, to win a fight. You'll even risk your life. But when it comes to love, you take a few punches and call it quits.

EDDIE

That's not true, Diane. You knocked me out.

DIANE

Is that how you see it, Eddie?

EDDIE

That's how it happened.

DIANE

Uh huh. And this fight with the Prestons - how many rounds are you willing to go before you throw in the towel?

EDDIE

What?

DIANE

I've got to be honest, Eddie, I'm scared.

EDDIE

I won't let anything happen to you.

DIANE  
I'm not scared for myself.

She throws her arms around Eddie and kisses his cheek.

DIANE (CONT'D)  
You're still my good little doggie.

She turns and enters the building.

Eddie waits by the garbage bins.

A sudden wind sweeps away the clouds.

The sun splashes into Eddie eyes. They tear up.

He wheels himself inside.

INT. RECREATION ROOM - DAY

Eddie wheels into the Rec Room. Passes Diane without saying a word.

He joins Old Man Kelly by the chess table. Old Man Kelly is playing himself.

Eddie studies the board.

EDDIE  
Mind if I cut in?

OLD MAN KELLY  
You want to take over from me or my alter ego.

EDDIE  
Your alter ego is about to lose, so I'll take him.

OLD MAN KELLY  
Always rooting for the underdog.  
But I warn you, my alter ego is a sore loser.

Eddie moves a knight.

EDDIE  
You know, Old Man, I got to tell you, those Prestons are getting on my last nerve.

Old Man Kelly moves his Queen.

OLD MAN KELLY  
Then keep your nerves out of their  
way.

Eddie moves another knight.

EDDIE  
They bother you, too?

OLD MAN KELLY  
You could say that.

EDDIE  
I just did.

Old Man Kelly slides a bishop, but his shaking hand knocks  
over one of Eddie's knights.

He puts it back in place.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Whose side are you on, Kelly?

Old Man Kelly doesn't look up.

OLD MAN KELLY  
How many sides are there, Eddie?

EDDIE  
There's a right side and a wrong  
side. It doesn't get any more  
complicated than that.

He drags his Queen all the way across the board to put Old  
Man Kelly in check.

OLD MAN KELLY  
I heard what you did to Dimwit.  
Good one.

He chuckles, then moves his king.

OLD MAN KELLY (CONT'D)  
I also heard what Mrs. Preston did  
to you.

EDDIE  
I thought that was the best kept  
secret in Crackhead Paradise.



OLD MAN KELLY  
It was. It kept getting told all  
over this place.

EDDIE  
So?

OLD MAN KELLY  
The thing is, I took some money  
from them.

EDDIE  
Jesus, Kelly. For what?

OLD MAN KELLY  
It's complicated. I've outlived my  
money. They offered to pay my rent.

EDDIE  
Why? Why the hell would they do  
that?

OLD MAN KELLY  
Can't say, Eddie.

EDDIE  
Won't say.

Eddie checks his king with a knight.

OLD MAN KELLY  
You asked me which side I'm on? I  
prefer to stay on the outside. I  
don't know what's going on, and I  
don't want to. But nobody tells me  
who I can hang out with, that's for  
sure.

Old Man Kelly takes the knight and checkmates Eddie.

OLD MAN KELLY (CONT'D)  
Underdogs usually lose, Eddie.

Eddie backs up and makes his way out of the rec room.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Eddie wheels down the hallway and stops at the door to  
Margie's room. He knocks. Margie opens the door and invites  
him in.

INT. MARGIE'S ROOM - DAY

MARGIE  
What's the news, Eddie.

EDDIE  
Well, the fact that you let me in  
your room should make the  
headlines. A lot of folks don't  
seem to like me so much nowadays.

MARGIE  
I like you just fine.

He shuts the door. Her room is just like Eddie's room, except  
for minimal decorations.

Margie sits on the bed, across from Eddie, hands on lap, legs  
pressed together like a proper lady. Her shoulders tremble.

EDDIE  
I like you just fine, too.

Margie smiles.

MARGIE  
You talk to Diane?

Eddie nods.

EDDIE  
They got their claws deep into that  
poor woman.

MARGIE  
The Prestons?

EDDIE  
Yeah. Some kind of business  
arrangement.

MARGIE  
Like what?

EDDIE  
I'm not sure.

Margie gets up and takes a hot pot out of her underwear  
drawer.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Contraband!

Margie shrugs.

MARGIE  
Arrest me.

She adds two cups of water. Plugs it in.

MARGIE (CONT'D)  
You know I like my cup of tea in  
the afternoon.

EDDIE  
Umm. And first thing in the morning  
too, if I remember.

MARGIE  
Well then you just stop  
remembering, okay?

EDDIE  
I'll try.

Margie assembles the tea bags, pours the water, and stirs in honey.

They sip their tea for a few moments like they don't have a care in the world. Eddie drains his cup.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
I wish I knew what's got Diane so  
freaked out.

MARGIE  
I can't imagine, Eddie. At our age  
we got Death standing on one side  
of the river and Everything Else  
standing on the other. How can  
Everything Else be scarier than  
Death?

EDDIE  
Diane's only seventy, and she's  
healthy. Could have another twenty,  
twenty-five years left. You and me,  
we can see the Grim Reaper waiting  
for us in the corner scratching his  
ass.

MARGIE

I suppose.

EDDIE

I'm just a retired salesman,  
Margie, but I'm not going to go  
quietly. I need to know if I can  
count on you.

MARGIE

That depends. Are you asking me to  
shoot a rifle or just treat the  
wounded?

EDDIE

At least stick up for me when it  
goes down. Will you do that?

Margie gets up and opens the door.

MARGIE

That really troubles me, Eddie.

EDDIE

What?

MARGIE

That you feel like you have to ask.

Eddie blows Margie a kiss and wheels out of her room.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Eddie rolls down the hallway and heads over to Harry  
Weisman's room.

Before he can knock Harry opens the door and blocks the  
entrance, a nervous look on his face.

EDDIE

Harry, what's wrong? You okay?

HARRY

I'm, I'm fine, Eddie. What do you  
want now? What are you doing here?

EDDIE

Can I come in?

HARRY  
No. Not, not now.

EDDIE  
I came to warn you, Harry. About  
the Prestons. Garth and Edith.

Harry shakes his head and makes a stop sign with his hands.  
Eddie ignores him.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Stay away from them, Harry. They're  
evil. I think they're planning to  
kill Pricilla.

Harry lets out a big sigh, hangs his head, and steps aside to  
reveal Garth and Edith Preston standing behind him.

Eddie rolls back as they advance.

Harry ducks inside and shuts the door.

Edith steps around and grabs the handles of Eddie's  
wheelchair. Garth towers over him.

GARTH  
You're a very annoying old man.  
Very annoying.

Edith leans close.

EDITH  
Let it go, Edward. It's over.  
Nobody's going to believe you.

EDDIE  
(gloating)  
Oh, they'll believe me. I sent a  
letter to my attorney exposing your  
whole plan. So if anything happens  
to Pricilla, or me, you're both in  
deep shit.

Garth laughs.

GARTH  
You mean this?

He reaches into his black coat pocket and withdraws the  
letter.

Garth reads it out loud.

*Dear Marcus,*

*I know this sounds crazy, but I believe that Garth and Edith Preston are planning to kill their mother Pricilla for her fortune. And they've intimidated a lot of other folks here. Jack Smith might be part of the plot, but I don't know for sure. Harry Weitsman wants to see Pricilla dead, too, but he seems too open about it to be the murderer. They've even got Diane scared out of her mind. Remember Diane? I told you about her. Anyway, that crazy old ugly bitch Edith Preston kidnapped me and tried to kill me. As of this writing, she has not succeeded.*

*I'm sending you this so that if anything bad happens to me, like I die under mysterious circumstances, you'll have my back, like you always have.*

*I'll call you too, soon as I get to the Rec Room. The damn room phones don't get an outside line.*

*Best Wishes,*

*Eddie Chandler*

EDITH

You dare call me an ugly bitch! I  
am not ugly!

She grabs Eddie's wheelchair and crashes it against the wall.

Eddie sprawls on the floor.

Garth step forward, picks up the wheelchair and drops it on him.

Edith laughs.

EDITH (CONT'D)

We'd love to stay and chat, Edward,  
but we are in mourning.

GARTH

That we are, dear sister.

EDITH

You will say a prayer for our  
recently departed mother, won't  
you, Edward?

GARTH  
Yes, do, Edward. I'm sure Mother  
needs all the prayers she can get.

Garth folds the letter and slips it into his pocket.

Edith takes his arm. They step briskly down the hallway.

They cross the bend.

Harry Weisman opens the door and steps outside. Sees Eddie.

He shuffles over as fast as he can to remove the wheelchair.

He tries to help Eddie stand, but Eddie brushes him off.

EDDIE  
I can do it!

HARRY  
Fine. Should I call a doctor, or  
would you prefer to treat yourself?

EDDIE  
I'm fine.

HARRY  
Look, Eddie, whatever it is, it's  
over. Let it go.

EDDIE  
Really? Do you seriously expect me  
to forget that Garth and Edith  
murdered their mother?

HARRY  
We don't know that. And it's not  
our business. You got to move on so  
you can enjoy whatever time you  
have left before you...move on.  
That's what I've learned - in life,  
sometimes you just have to move on.

EDDIE  
That funny. What learned in life is  
that you should always stand your  
ground.

HARRY  
And yet somehow we both made it to  
eighty.

EDDIE

Go figure.

Harry shrugs and goes back into his room.

Eddie wheels down the corridor.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Eddie, looking worse for the beatings, wheels towards his room.

He comes to his door, but stops.

He spins around and turns the knob on Pricilla's door.

He enters.

INT. PRICILLA'S ROOM - DAY

The room is stripped bare.

The Cleaning Crew is running wet rags over every square inch. The room looks brand new.

EDDIE (V.O.)

Not a trace of Pricilla. They even bleached out her smell. I guess the same thing is going to happen when I die. Won't be a smudge left of me. No badly painted walls or torn couches, no cat urine in the carpet, no dog hairs stuck to the vents, no nail holes or frayed curtains. I will have come and gone and not left enough of my life's energy for a decent haunting.

The Cleaning Crew gather their equipment.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Didn't you guys come here by mistake yesterday?

CLEANING WOMAN ONE

Yes sir, we did indeed. Weird, huh?

EDDIE

Too weird.



The Cleaning Crew exits.

Eddie closes the door. He checks the dresser, the closet, the windowsills, the bathroom. Nothing.

He slides off his wheelchair and onto the floor.

He pulls himself to the bed and looks underneath.

Something is taped to the bottom of the bed, way in the corner.

He drags his body towards it, his useless legs dangling.

It's a tight fit. The bed is low to the ground, with barely enough room to crawl.

Eddie reaches out and grabs the object.

The door opens. Two feet and a cane enter the room.

DIMWIT DRIZEN  
What the hell!?

Drizen comes closer and starts whacking Eddie's legs with his cane.

DIMWIT DRIZEN (CONT'D)  
How does it feel, old turd?

Eddie tries to scramble out, but Dimwit Drizen hops onto the bed.

It sinks low, crushing Eddie against the floor.

Drizen bounces up and down several times. Jams the springs into Eddie's back and neck.

Mashes his face against the tile floor.

Eddie takes a deep breath and braces the muscles in his back and shoulders. The underside of the bed continues to beat him down.

Suddenly Drizen hops off the bed and drags him out by his feet.

Eddie sticks the taped object in his mouth.

Dimwit Drizen picks Eddie up and helps him into his wheelchair.

DIMWIT DRIZEN (CONT'D)  
 Are you all right, Mr. Eddie? You  
 must have wandered over here by  
 mistake. Let me help you there, old  
 fella.

Standing behind Dimwit Drizen is Old Man Kelly.

OLD MAN KELLY  
 Is Eddie alright?

DIMWIT DRIZEN  
 Sure, he's fine. Mr. Eddie is a  
 tough old bird. Aren't you Mr.  
 Eddie?

Eddie nods his head.

DIMWIT DRIZEN (CONT'D)  
 He just needs a little rest.

OLD MAN KELLY  
 I'll take him.

DIMWIT DRIZEN  
 Sure. That would be great. Now you  
 have a nice nap, Mr. Eddie. I'll  
 come check on you later.

He smiles at Old Man Kelly, who doesn't smile back, then  
 hobbles out with a bandaged foot and a cane.

Old Man Kelly tries to wheel Eddie into his room, but Eddie  
 waves him away.

OLD MAN KELLY  
 Sure. But I will check on you  
 later.

Old Man Kelly leaves. Eddie wheels into his room.

INT. EDDIE'S ROOM - DAY

Eddie takes the tape out of his mouth, stick it under his  
 pillow and closes his eyes.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
 I could use a pain pill right about  
 now, maybe a dozen.  
 (MORE)

EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I don't know how bad my body is broken, but after all those years as a salesman prepared me for a time like this. Take a few deep breaths. Okay, good, lungs work. Taste the saliva. Good. No flavor of blood. I can also vouch for my heart - I can hear it beating. I don't know about my bladder, though.

Eddie forces himself up and into the bathroom

There is the sound of pissing.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Shit. Blood.

He returns to the room and dresses in slow motion, wincing from the pain.

He Slips the tape into a pocket and wheels out of his room.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Eddie wheels himself down the hall towards the entrance to the Paradise Hills Pharmacy.

INT. PHARMACY - DAY

Eddie enters the Clinic.

The Pharmacist, HEATHER (30s) gives him look of warning. She appears angry. She shakes her head. Her face is flushed.

Eddie stops his forward roll and start to back out, but not fast enough.

Garth steps around a corner and confronts him, a furious look on his face.

GARTH

What do you want here!

HEATHER

That's my question to ask, not yours. And that's not the way I ask it.

Garth gives Eddie a black look and turns to Heather.

He twists his face into a brief smile.

GARTH  
Consider what is best for all  
concerned.

He nods at Eddie.

GARTH (CONT'D)  
Nice to see you're well, Edward. I  
heard you got up on the wrong side  
of the bed this afternoon.

He starts to leave. Eddie blocks the exit.

GARTH (CONT'D)  
Don't push me, old man.

EDDIE  
Why don't you try to throw me out  
of my wheelchair now, Garrrr?

Eddie locks the wheels. Garth steps back a pace.

HEATHER  
Eddie, let the man leave.

Eddie unlocks his wheels and moves towards Garth.

Garth shows a brief but obvious look of fear.

Eddie stops, turns, and backs up to opens a space for Garth  
to pass.

Garth tries to be nonchalant, but dashes through.

The moment he leaves Heather collapses on the couch.

Eddie wheel across from her.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
Oh good Lord, this is too much for  
me.

EDDIE  
I'm sorry, Heather. Garth and I  
have issues.

HEATHER  
Not that. I'm glad to see he's  
afraid of someone. But...

EDDIE  
What's going on?

HEATHER  
Eddie, I'm in a mess of trouble.

EDDIE  
If you gave the Prestons some  
pills...

HEATHER  
I did, Eddie. Just some extra pain  
pills because he said his mother  
was hurting. You know how I feel  
when people are in pain.

EDDIE  
Do you have any proof? That they  
asked you for the pills?

HEATHER  
No. What should I do?

EDDIE  
Don't do anything. They're done  
with you, now that Pricilla's dead.

Heather laughs bitterly and covers her face with her hands.

HEATHER  
He wants more pills.

EDDIE  
What! For who? Pricilla can't get  
any deader.

Heather looks away and shakes her head.

HEATHER  
I think that wherever Pricilla is,  
she's not going to be lonely for  
long.

Eddie adjusts himself in the chair.

EDDIE

Don't you think if people suddenly start dying around here someone is going to get suspicious?

HEATHER

People are always suddenly dying around here, Eddie. It's what they come here to do, no offense.

EDDIE

None taken. Are you going to give them more pills?

HEATHER

I don't know. He threatened to accuse me of killing Pricilla, of causing her overdose.

EDDIE

That's not true. It'll never stick.

HEATHER

It doesn't have to stick. The accusation alone will cost me my job and every penny I've saved. Even if I win, my reputation will be ruined.

EDDIE

But you can't just give Garth the pills. What if he's planning to murder someone else? Hell, he probably wants to murder me.

HEATHER

Maybe I should talk to Mr. Tolly, confess the whole thing. What do you think?

EDDIE

I'm not sure. Garth and Edith have their greasy tentacles in more than a few pockets around here. I don't know about Mr. Tolly yet.

Heather takes Eddie's hands.

HEATHER

Help me, Eddie.

EDDIE  
I will, Heather. I'll bring them  
both down.

Heather leans back and brushes away a few tears.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
By the way, do you have a tape  
player I could borrow?

HEATHER  
Just the one I keep for dictation.

EDDIE  
That should do.

Heather removes a tape player from a drawer and hands it to  
Eddie.

Eddie backs up and heads for the door.

HEATHER  
What do I do if he demands more  
pills?

EDDIE  
Give him some placebos. Buy us some  
time.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Eddie wheels slowly down the corridor. Looks around  
suspiciously.

He sees MR. TOLLY (50s), a bloated, flushed man.

Mr. Tolly glances at Eddie. Watches him suspiciously as he  
wheels past.

Eddie wheel over to the Rec Room.

INT. RECREATION ROOM - DAY

Eddie goes to the phone bank. He takes out his Calling Card.  
Tries to make a call.

PHONE MESSAGE  
Your code is invalid. Please try  
again.

Eddie tries again.

PHONE MESSAGE (CONT'D)  
Your code is invalid. Please try  
again.

EDDIE  
(to the phone)  
Nicely played.

He puts the phone back on the hook.

DONNY GEER, (70s), zips over in an electric scooter.

DONNY  
Hey Eddie, what's up?

Eddie spins around and looks into Donny's smiling, open face.

EDDIE  
Nice wheels.

DONNY  
You like this baby? A bit more than  
I usually go for, but I'll leave it  
for some deserving soul when I move  
on to the Great Beyond.

EDDIE  
That is one sweet ride.

DONNY  
Thanks.

EDDIE  
You heard Pricilla passed on,  
right?

DONNY  
Yeah. I'll miss her. We got along  
real good.

EDDIE  
Really?

DONNY  
Sure. Well, I get along with  
everyone, you know? I'm not  
judgmental. Everyone has their own  
Karma.



EDDIE

I guess. I didn't know her that well.

DONNY

She respected you, Eddie. She told me. She didn't like you, but she respected you.

EDDIE

She said that?

DONNY

She did. Said you guys were too much alike to get along.

EDDIE

What? Me? Like Pricilla Preston? Stubborn? Opinionated? A freakin' pit bull? I resent that.

DONNY

She said it, not me.

EDDIE

Right. Okay. But how about her kids, huh? What a couple of -

DONNY

Nice folks, yeah. She was lucky to have them.

EDDIE

Huh?

DONNY

Lucky for me, too.

EDDIE

How's that?

DONNY

It's cause of them I can afford this wheelchair. Hell, it's cause of them I can afford to stay in this awesome place.

Eddie jets forward.

EDDIE  
 What did you do, Donny? What the  
 hell did you do?!

DONNY  
 What? Nothing. What do you mean? I  
 didn't do anything bad. I just made  
 a deal.

EDDIE  
 What kind of deal?!

Donny clams up. Set's his mouth into a tight frown.

DONNY  
 I'm not enjoying our conversation  
 anymore.

He backs up with a flick of his pinky.

EDDIE  
 Sorry, Donny. I just...

Donny spins around and zips down the aisle. Eddie tries to  
 follow.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
 Come on, Donny, I'm sorry - can you  
 just slow down a bit?

Eddie watches Donny's back as he heads through the open doors  
 and down the corridor.

Eddie wheels out of the Recreation Room.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Eddie wheels into the cafeteria.

Dimwit Drizen is refilling the boxes of pepper, no-salt, and  
 Sweet & Low. He sees Eddie and smirks.

Eddie builds some speed, coasts, then takes a bottle of blood  
 pressure pills out of his pocket.

Drizen steps to the side to protect his bandaged foot.

As Eddie rolls passed the condiment counter, he reaches out  
 and grab an enormous handful of Sweet & Low.

He drops it on his lap and speeds up to make his getaway.

Dimwit comes stomping after him.

DIMWIT DRIZEN  
Hey, you, back with that!

Eddie does a wheelie and kicks into high gear, tearing through the dining room.

He looks back.

Dimwit Drizen, red-faced, follows as fast as he can limp.

He begins to gain.

Eddie pops open the pill bottle and spills the little blue capsules behind him.

Dimwit slips, falls and crashes into a table.

A bowl of hot oatmeal spills into his face.

Eddie stops his chair and spins around.

Dimwit Drizen rolls onto his elbows, blinking oatmeal, legs wide open.

Eddie lurches the chair forward so the right wheel jams into Dimwit's groin.

Dimwit doubles in pain.

Eddie leans forward and brushes the Sweet and Low off his lap.

EDDIE  
Here's your damn Sweet and Low!

He holds up his empty pill bottle.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Now I need more pills.

He take a victory lap through the Rec Room. The eyes of the other Residents are upon him.

Diane and Margie, with admiration.

Old Man Kelly, with respect.

Donny, with reproach.

Harry Weitsman, with fear.

INT. PHARMACY - DAY

Eddie wheels inside. Heather joins him in the Lobby.

HEATHER

I can't believe what you jus did.

EDDIE

Wow. News travels pretty fast in a place where everyone moves so slow.

HEATHER

You're just making things worse.

EDDIE

I have a reputation to uphold.

HEATHER

As what, a crazy, violent old man? They're gonna throw you outta here.

EDDIE

They can try.

Eddie hands her the pill bottle.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Can I get a refill? And I need to see the files on Diane, Harry Weitsman, Donny, Old Man Kelly and Jack Smith.

HEATHER

Not Jack.

EDDIE

Why not?

HEATHER

He passed away an hour ago. His information has already been archived.

EDDIE

How did he die?

HEATHER

They don't do autopsies for every old person who dies here, Eddie. Everything is listed as a natural cause.

Eddie shakes his head.

EDDIE

Can you get me the files?

Heather steps over to the computer.

HEATHER

I have to put in my password.

EDDIE

So?

HEATHER

If I'm a suspect, they'll trace everything I did on the computer.

EDDIE

We can't let them get away with murder.

HEATHER

You don't have any evidence.

EDDIE

Then help me find some.

Heather's mouth twitches. She bites her upper lip. Finally she types a password. Gets up and moves the chair.

Eddie wheels around and takes over the keyboard.

The Resident Database opens with a search box in the center of the screen.

HEATHER

You search. I'll refill your prescription. Do you know how to use a computer?

EDDIE

I'll figure it out.

He stares at the computer for a few seconds. Sighs.

EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Growing old turns us all into time  
travelers. Suddenly we're living in  
a future world of gadgets we can't  
use, people we never heard of,  
words that make no sense.

He types in Diane's name and hits enter. A window appears  
with several information boxes.

EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Here it is, the sum total of who we  
are as far as Crackhead Paradise is  
concerned. Just enough info to keep  
us medicated and bury us in the  
right cemetery. Nothing about our  
hobbies, marriages, careers, what  
we fear, who we love, all the  
failures and accomplishments of our  
lives. Still, I feel like a voyeur

Eddie quickly tabs through the information.

Diane Simpson

Unit 12B.

Born January 12, 1940

New York, New York

Date of Arrival: October 1, 2006

Husband: deceased

Children: none

Emergency contact: Margaret Stone.

Eddie clicks through the medications and several more screens  
to get to the end.

Next of Kin: Garth Preston.

Eddie returns to the main menu and types in Jack Smith.  
Quickly tabs through the same information to Next of Kin:  
Garth Preston.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Shit.

He checks the file on Harry Weitsman, goes right to next of kin: Edith Preston.

He finds Old Man Kelly's record. Stops briefly at Emergency Contact. It lists Eddie. He goes to next of kin: Edith Preston.

He checks Donny's record. Next of kin - Garth Preston.

He notices a button called Saved Searches and clicks it.

It reveals a search entitled *No Money No Children*. He clicks it and a list of names appear, including the ones he just looked at.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Damn.

He looks up and sees Heather looking over his shoulder.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Heather, let me ask you a weird question.

Heather hands him his pills and takes a seat.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

People my age, we're not too old to buy life insurance, are we?

Heather recites the answer.

HEATHER

If an elderly individual is in good condition they can buy up to a million dollars worth of life insurance, for about six thousand dollars a month, for up to 5 years.

EDDIE

Shit, Heather.

HEATHER

I didn't know what they were up to, Eddie. I thought they were helping people who were desperate for money. They paid me to run some searches, and one thing led to another. I didn't know they were so

-

EDDIE  
Impatient.

HEATHER  
Yes.

EDDIE  
You have to call the police.

HEATHER  
If I do it's over for me. I ran the search. I gave them the names. I supplied the pills. And we still don't have any evidence.

EDDIE  
They killed Pricilla, and Jack, and they plan to kill Harry, Old Man Kelly, Diane, everyone on the list. They're murderers!

HEATHER  
They'll never get away with it. Someone will get suspicious.

EDDIE  
Who? If they place the insurance with different companies, who would know? Like you say, people die here every day.

HEATHER  
We don't know if anything you're saying is true. Maybe they're making legitimate business deals. Maybe Pricilla and Jack died by accident. It does happen every day. If I accuse Garth and Edith, they'll accuse me.

EDDIE  
Heather...

HEATHER  
I need to think.

EDDIE  
Okay. You do that. Think real hard. And thanks for the refill.



INT. EDDIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Eddie pops the cassette into the player and hit play. Nothing. He hits rewind. It spins for several seconds and stops. He hits play.

PRICILLA (O.S.)

Pricilla Preston, October 10, 2008. Something is going on, but I can't put my finger on it. The little monsters keep pressuring me for more money. If I could turn back time and relive their precious childhoods I would have beaten the hell out of them like my parents did to me. I despised them for it, but I was soft on my children and they despise me anyway. But that's not why I'm making this tape. I thought my across-the-hall neighbor, that insufferable bore Eddie, wanted to kill me. Jack Smith swears Eddie tried to recruit him and my kids corroborate his testimony. But something doesn't sit right. I don't like Eddie at all. He's a nosy, arrogant fool who thinks all the dried up prunes in this place want to have sex with him before they die. I was glad when his knees finally gave out and he had to take to the chair. But in all my years as a prosecutor I learned to size people up real good. I'm never wrong. And Eddie is no killer. On the contrary, he's the kind of guy that would risk his life for someone he didn't even know. Or like. Like me. So if Eddie is innocent, why would my kids and Jack make up a story and accuse him of something he wasn't planning to do? Only one answer presents itself. They are planning to do the very thing they accuse of Eddie of. I wouldn't put it past them. I believe my life is in danger. I have no proof, nobody to turn to, except the one person they've accused of trying to kill me.

(MORE)

PRICILLA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 (There's a knock on the  
 door.)

PRICILLA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Who's there?

JACK SMITH (O.S.)  
 Jack.

PRICILLA (O.S.)  
 Go away.

JACK SMITH (O.S.)  
 I thought you might want to join me  
 for lunch. They're having turkey.

PRICILLA (O.S.)  
 Sure, sure.

(The tape player sounds  
 like it's being shoved  
 under a blanket, followed  
 by footsteps and the door  
 closing.)

(Then the shush of the air  
 conditioner. Then the  
 door opens. Footsteps.  
 The door closes.)

EDITH (O.S.)  
 Gar, quickly. Quickly!

GARTH (O.S.)  
 Shout at me again I'll rip your  
 tongue out.

EDITH (O.S.)  
 "The blue ones!"  
 (A pill bottle shaking.)

EDITH (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 No, the other blue ones, you  
 Jackass.

GARTH (O.S.)  
 They're all fucking blue!

EDITH (O.S.)  
The blue ones with the dark blue  
band. Count them.

GARTH (O.S.)  
Eight.

EDITH (O.S.)  
You sure?

GARTH (O.S.)  
I can add, Eeed, and I don't need  
your telling me what to do all the  
time. It's getting-

EDITH (O.S.)  
Quickly, damn you!

GARTH (O.S.)  
Bossy bitch.

EDITH (O.S.)  
Just do it. Quickly. Close the  
drawer.

(A drawer slams.)

EDITH (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Come on, get your ass out of here.  
(Footsteps. The door  
closes.)

Eddie shuts off the tape player.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
Okay, Eddie, breath slowly, give  
your heart a chance to calm down.  
You got everything you need to save  
your friends and put a stake into  
those two vampires. Just don't have  
a heart attack and blow it. With  
the tape and the testimony of  
Heather and Diane and all the  
others, I can put Garth and Edith  
in jail until they're old enough  
for Crackhead Paradise.

A knock on his door.

Eddie doesn't say a word. The door opens.

An OFFICE WORKER (20s) enters.

OFFICE WORKER  
Mr. Tolly would like to see you.

EDDIE  
I'll stop by as soon as I take a  
nap.

OFFICE WORKER  
Mr. Tolly wants to see you now,  
sir.

EDDIE  
After my nap!

OFFICE WORKER  
Mr. Tolly said...

Eddie closes his eyes and fake snores. The Office Worker leaves and slams the door.

EDDIE  
Okay, let's go see Mr. Tolly.

He takes the tape from under his blanket and puts it in his pocket. He hops onto his wheelchair and leaves the room.

INT. MR. TOLLY'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

Eddie waits while MISTY (20), the receptionist, taps her cellphone and giggles. She's got a sweet face and a low-cut blouse overflowing with implants.

Mr. Tolly opens his door and gestures Eddie inside.

INT. MR. TOLLY'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is dark wood and stiff chairs.

Mr. Tolly shuts the door and takes a seat behind an expansive desk. He sits back and scratches his chin.

MR. TOLLY  
Edward, we need to talk to you  
about some problems you're causing  
here in Paradise. Do you know what  
I'm talking about?

EDDIE

I suppose you're talking about the accident I had with Dim...with Mr. Drizen.

MR. TOLLY

Was it an accident, Edward?

EDDIE

Of course.

MR. TOLLY

Because in my experience, a lot of what our elderly residents call accidents are actually quite deliberate. They accidentally knock over food they don't want to eat. Or accidentally soil themselves when they feel they're being ignored. Or accidentally run over people they don't like in their wheelchairs. I might add, it is not uncommon for a depressed resident to accidentally take an overdose of pills.

Eddie gives him a blank look.

MR. TOLLY (CONT'D)

I know you are all there, Edward. More than most of the residents and probably more than most of the staff. So don't insult me by pretending otherwise. Something is going on, and I'd like to know what it is. What do you say, Edward?

Eddie wheels close and leans forward.

EDDIE

Something *is* going on, Mr. Tolly. Something very bad. Something you won't believe.

MR. TOLLY

What would that be, Edward?

EDDIE

You're going to think I'm crazy out of my mind, but what I'm about to tell you is the absolute truth. Not only that, I've got evidence.

MR. TOLLY

Evidence?

EDDIE

Yes, sir. A tape. A recording.

Mr. Tolly's eyes widen past surprise, just a fraction, bordering on fear. Enough to give Eddie reason to pause.

MR. TOLLY

Yes? You were saying?

EDDIE

Um, well, I...

MR. TOLLY

Take your time, Edward. No hurry.

Eddie reaches into his pocket and closes his hand around the tape.

Just then the intercom buzzes.

Mr. Tolly hits the speaker.

MR. TOLLY (CONT'D)

What is it Misty? You know I'm in a meeting.

MISTY

(agitated)

It's the Prestons, sir, they knew you were with someone but they wanted me to let you know that they are waiting. For, for their appointment. They...

MR. TOLLY

Ask them to wait. Just a minute, Misty. Okay?

MISTY

Yes sir.

Mr. Tolly turns to Eddie and puts the smile back on his face.

MR. TOLLY  
You were saying? About a recording?

Eddie stares at Mr. Tolly, lets his eyes glaze over a bit.

MR. TOLLY (CONT'D)  
The recording, Eddie?

EDDIE  
Huh? What recording?

MR. TOLLY  
You said something bad was going on here. That you had some kind of evidence?

EDDIE  
Yes, something bad is going on. I tried to make a call the other day, and all I got was a tape recording. Said my calling card was invalid. That's bullshit. I want a new card.

Mr. Tolly glares at Eddie for a moment, then gets up and opens the door.

Eddie starts to wheel out.

Mr. Tolly bends over and whispers.

MR. TOLLY  
We're all watching you, Edward.

Eddie wheels out and shouts over his shoulder.

MR. TOLLY (CONT'D)  
And I'm watching all of you.

INT. MR. TOLLY'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

Eddie wheels over to Garth and Edith, then slowly moves past them.

Edith makes to grab the handles of his chair, as if to tip it over.

Garth stops her.

Edith hisses as Eddie leaves Mr. Tolly's Waiting Room.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Eddie wheels towards the pharmacy. Whereever he goes, PEOPLE are watching.

They appear to mopping or painting or making repairs, but their eyes are on him.

He wheels next to a YOUNG MAN washing the wallboards.

EDDIE  
Nice job, son. Fine job.

YOUNG MAN  
Yeah, whatever.

Eddie clutches his left arm and take a deep, rattling breath.

EDDIE  
My, my heart! I need a nitro pill.  
Quick.

YOUNG MAN  
Where? Where's your room?

EDDIE  
No time. Pharmacy. Quick!

The Young Man grabs Eddie's wheelchair and rushes him around the corner and down the hall. They enter the pharmacy.

YOUNG MAN  
Quick! Nitro pills! This man's  
having a heart attack.

An ELDERLY PHARMACIST comes out from behind the counter.

ELDERLY PHARMACIST  
What are the symptoms?

EDDIE  
Where's Heather?

ELDERLY PHARAMCIST  
Are you okay, sir?

EDDIE  
Yeah, yeah, false alarm. Sorry,  
son.

The Young Man throws up his arms and stomps away.



EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Where's Heather?

ELDERLY PHARMACIST  
Heather is no longer employed here.  
I'm sorry, but is there anything I  
can do for you?

EDDIE  
Did she leave a forwarding number?  
I never got to say goodbye.

ELDERLY PHARMACIST  
I'm sure she did. Let me look.

She begins rummaging through her desk.

ELDERLY PHARMACIST (CONT'D)  
And you are?

EDDIE  
My friends call me Eddie.

The Elderly Pharmacist's expression changes.

ELDERLY NURSE  
I, I don't seem to be able to find  
it. But if you want to check back.

EDDIE  
Yeah, I'm sure. Thanks for nothing.

Eddie leaves the Pharmacy.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Eddie turns the corner and spots a man heading his way.

Dimwit hobbles toward him. He has a neck brace and a large  
gash on one cheek.

EDDIE  
How they hanging, Dimwit? Sweet and  
low, I hope.

DIMWIT DRIZEN  
You think you're funny, don't you?  
You think you're tough?

EDDIE  
And charming. Don't forget  
charming.

Dimwit blocks his wheelchair.

DIMWIT DRIZEN  
Shame about Harry, isn't it?

EDDIE  
What?

DIMWIT DRIZEN  
Yeah, just got the word, Harry  
kicked the bucket. Got his face  
stuck under a pillow. He wasn't a  
friend of yours, was he?

EDDIE  
I'm going to kick your ass, Dimwit.

DIMWIT DRIZEN  
You think 'cause you're old, 'cause  
you're crippled, I won't hurt you?

EDDIE  
I don't think you can hurt me.  
Unless you get lucky enough to  
catch me under another bed.

DIMWIT DRIZEN  
Give me the damn tape, old man.

EDDIE  
What tape?

DIMWIT DRIZEN  
I'll gouge it out of you, if I have  
to. In fact, I'd prefer it.

EDDIE  
Gouge away.

DIMWIT DRIZEN  
Maybe I'll just break a few  
fingers.

Dimwit grabs Eddie's wrist with one hand, turns it palm up,  
then grabs one of his fingers.

Eddie reaches over and take Dimwit's thumb and squeezes it between the second and third knuckle.

Dimwit drops to his knees and screams.

EDDIE (V.O.)  
Big mistake, Dimwit.

Eddie executes another move and breaks Dimwit's wrist. His mouth opens in a silent scream.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
My profile says I'm a retired salesman, but it doesn't say what I sold.

Eddie strikes his face and busts his nose, still gripping his thumb with one hand.

Dimwit begs for mercy with his eyes, but Eddie twist his arm and breaks it with a downward chop.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
I made a fair amount of money endorsing a line of Martial Arts Supplies, as one of the top ranked fighters in the UFC.

He grabs Dimwit's head and smashes his jaw against the wheel.

Dimwit falls to the floor unconscious.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
You may not thank me for it, but I went easy on you.

Eddie wheels away.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Eddie wheels into the cafeteria.

The place is packed.

Outside an ambulance screeches into the parking lot.

As Eddie wheels through, the crowd parts.

Eddie moves to the front of the line and takes ten slices of bread.

He wheels over to a table. The NEARBY DINERS get up and move to other tables.

Eddie breaks the bread into little bits and puts them on his lap.

Mr. Tolly walks through the door, shadowed by Edith and Garth.

The room gets quiet.

EDDIE

Hello Mr. Tolly. Edith. Garth.  
Stopped by to pick your next  
victim?

EDITH

You need to stop spreading those  
vicious rumors, Edward!

GARTH

Vicious! Just vicious!

EDDIE

You need to stop killing folks!

MR. TOLLY

Edward, you have it all wrong.  
Garth and Edith Preston have gone  
out of their way to do a lot of  
nice things for the residents of  
Paradise Hills. And instead of  
thanking them you've concocted some  
bizarre conspiracy theory. Trust  
me, Edward, it's all in your mind.  
You need medication. We want to  
help you.

EDDIE

By purchasing life insurance and  
then killing me? Like you did to  
Jack. And Harry. Like you're  
planning to do with Old Man Kelly,  
and Diane and every other childless  
resident here.

EDITH

That's insane!

Mr. Tolly takes her arm.

MR. TOLLY  
Edith, let me.

He moves in Eddie's direction.

MR. TOLLY (CONT'D)  
Edward, you need your pills.

EDDIE  
For God's sake, Tolly, they killed  
their own mother!

GARTH  
That's a lie! We loved mom!

Mr. Tolly beseeches the residents.

MR. TOLLY  
Can't you all see how deluded he  
is? His mind is gone.

He looks around for agreement, but none is forthcoming.

MR. TOLLY (CONT'D)  
He brutalized Mr. Drizen!

Mr. Tolly moves a bit closer.

EDDIE  
Dimwit tried to steal my evidence,  
folks. I have a tape recording.

GARTH  
I told you!

EDITH  
Shut up you idiot!

MR. TOLLY  
Why don't you show us this alleged  
tape recording, Edward? Everyone is  
anxious to hear your evidence.

Mr. Tolly is two tables away and moving closer.

EDDIE  
I'll show you. I'll show everyone.  
Follow me.

Mr. Tolly lunges at Eddie, but Eddie moves too fast. He  
wheels towards the exit with a lap full of bread crumbs.

DIANE  
Let him get the tape!

OLD MAN KELLY  
Yeah, let him prove it, or be  
proved a fool!

Eddie bangs the glass doors open and keeps going.

Mr. Tolly, Garth and Edith follow, along with the rest of the Residents.

EXT. DUCK POND - DAY

Eddie rolls down the pathway and heads for the spitting alligator.

He glances back. Mr. Tolly is closing fast.

Edith and Garth run stiffly in his wake.

Everyone else is hobbling behind at full speed.

Eddie grab a handful of bread crumbs and tosses them over his shoulder.

The ducks waddle onto the path.

The pigeons descend.

Eddie continues to spray bread crumbs along the path behind him, working the ducks and pigeons into a feeding frenzy, a living barrier of wings and beaks and webbed feet.

Garth and Edith and Mr. Tolly wade through, kicking the ducks aside and slapping off the pigeons.

Eddie reaches into the alligator's mouth, grabs the baggie with the tape inside and holds it above his head.

Mr. Tolly, Garth and Edith catch up, along with dozens of residents.

GARTH  
Give me the tape.

EDITH  
You vicious little man.

Edith tries to snatch the tape from Eddie's hand, but Old Man Kelly is too fast.

He hooks Edith's arm with his cane and yanks her off balance.

Edith trips and splashes into the muddy green lake with a shriek. She claws at the grassy bank.

EDITH (CONT'D)  
Help me Garth, help me!

Garth glances at her but makes no move to help.

Mr. Tolly slugs Eddie, then grabs his wrist and starts to pry open his fingers.

The tape is visible.

Eddie's hand begins to open.

Just then Donny lurches into Mr. Tolly with his electric scooter.

The impact knocks Mr. Tolly off his feet, right into Pricilla, who had just pulled herself onto dry land.

The two of them tumble into the lake and disappear under the water.

Eddie tosses a last handful of bread crumbs so they surface in a gaggle of hungry ducks.

Eddie's laugh is cut short by Garth's hands on his throat, from behind, choking.

GARTH  
Give it to me.

Eddie opens his hands.

EDDIE  
Don't have it.

Garth releases his throat and turns to the crowd.

GARTH  
Who's got the tape?

He grabs Old Man Kelly.

GARTH (CONT'D)  
You, give it to me.

OLD MAN KELLY  
I ain't got it, Garth.

Garth grabs Diane.

GARTH  
You - give it to me.

Diane knees him in the groin.

Garth doesn't blink. He slaps Diane, grabs her arm, and slaps her again.

Blood trickles from the corner of her mouth.

Eddie tries to dart forward, but Pricilla and Mr. Tolly, back on dry land, grab his chair from behind.

GARTH (CONT'D)  
This ends now. I'll beat this old  
bitch to a pulp unless someone  
gives me the tape.

He slaps Diane again. And again.

Eddie struggles to move, to stand. He screams in rage and frustration.

GARTH (CONT'D)  
I'll bust her fucking face open!

Garth pulls back a fist.

GARTH (CONT'D)  
Who's got the fucking tape?

HEATHER (O.C.)  
I've got the tape.

Heather holds the tape in her hand.

Standing next to her is a SHERIFF (30s), gun pointed at Garth.

SHERIFF  
Touch that old lady again and I  
will separate your head from your  
body.



Garth releases Diane, who falls to her knees.

Edith and Mr. Tolly back up, look at each other, and raise their arms.

The sheriff handcuffs the three of them and puts them in his car.

Heather helps Diane stand and checks her out. Eddie ignores the praise and back-patting and wheels into the Cafeteria.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Eddie wheels down the hall towards his room.

INT. EDDIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Eddie lays in the dark with his eyes open.

There's a knock on the door.

EDDIE

What?

Heather enters. She rushes over and kisses him.

She hands him a copy of the St. Petersburg Times.

The headline: "Murder in Paradise. Elderly Resident Exposes Deadly Insurance Scam."

There's a picture of Eddie.

HEATHER

You're a hero, Eddie. The reporters came and talked to everyone. They want to interview you and..."

EDDIE

No. No reporters.

HEATHER

Oh, okay. Well, the police want to talk to you. You know, you're at the center of this whole thing. The community is buzzing.

EDDIE

Garth and Edith?

HEATHER  
In jail.

EDDIE  
Mr. Tolly?

HEATHER  
In jail.

EDDIE  
Dimwit?

HEATHER  
Not in jail.

EDDIE  
Too bad.

HEATHER  
At least not until he's well enough  
to leave the hospital.

Eddie nods his head.

EDDIE  
How is...how is...Diane?

HEATHER  
She's fine. She wants to see you.

EDDIE  
No. Just tell her I'm sorry.

HEATHER  
Sorry for what?

EDDIE  
What do you think? For sitting on  
my wrinkly ass while Garth kicked  
the shit out of her.

Heather looks away.

HEATHER  
Oh. I see. I understand.

She gets up and walks to the bathroom. She returns with a  
glass of water.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
Here, take these, Eddie.

She hands him a tiny paper cup with some pills.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

You take care of yourself, Eddie.  
Get some rest. I'll come back and  
check on you later.

Eddie lays back and closes his eyes.

There's a knock on the door.

EDDIE

Go away.

Diane enters. She walks cautiously over to the bed, sits down  
and crosses her arms.

DIANE

You let me down, Eddie.

EDDIE

I'm sorry.

Diane puts her hand on his chest. Eddie swallows hard.

DIANE

Do you know what I was thinking  
about, the whole time Garth was  
slapping me?

Eddie shake his head.

DIANE (CONT'D)

The whole time I'm thinking, when  
Eddie gets hold of you, he's going  
to tear you into little pieces and  
feed him to the ducks. I was  
looking forward to seeing your  
legendary fighting skills.

EDDIE

Yeah, quite a legend. I'm sorry. I  
let you down. I just want to die,  
okay?

DIANE

I didn't think you were in a hurry  
to get to Heaven.

EDDIE

I wasn't. But now...

DIANE

It's not your fault the police came too soon and ruined everything. I was really looking forward to a good climax.

Diane runs her hand down Eddie's chest, across his stomach, and a little bit lower.

DIANE (CONT'D)

You owe me a good climax, Eddie.

Diane kisses him. Eddie glances at the growing bulge under his blanket.

EDDIE (V.O.)

That pill Heather gave me was no damn painkiller. I am outraged. How dare those two women conspire to manipulate me into performing sexually? I'm not going to take this lying down. Then again, I'm not in such a hurry to get to heaven anymore. Maybe I'll take a slow boat.

Diane climbs on top of Eddie. They kiss passionately.

EDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You can leave now. You've seen enough. Seriously, go on.

FADE TO BLACK.