

Senior Care

"PILOT"

Written by

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COLD OPEN

EXT. ARIZONA - THE SONORAN DESERT - DAY

A panoramic view of the scorching hot desert dotted by Saguaro cactuses under a perfect blue sky.

EXT. GOLDEN CARE ASSISTED LIVING - DAY

A single-story, large home that's been converted into an assisted living facility. A SIGN out front: Golden Care Assisted Living, Sun City, AZ - A Helping Hand

INT. GOLDEN CARE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Relaxing MUSIC. RESIDENTS sit on sofas and recliners facing a wall-mounted TV.

MR. KING (87), a tyrannical hotheaded resident makes a face as he watches the news.

ALMA ORTIZ (30s), warmhearted, cute conventional in a smart blazer is nearby assisting another RESIDENT. Mr. King slaps Alma's bottom.

ALMA

Mr. King! Do I need to put you in time out?

MR. KING

Turn off this stupid gloomy music, would ya? I can't hear one frickin' word on the TV.

Alma retrieves a remote headset and places it on his head.

ALMA

Here, now you can hear your show.

Satisfied, Mr. King shoos her away.

The door bell RINGS.

As Alma slips away, LINDA DAVIS (30s), African American, witty caregiver in scrubs with dragons on them, shows up.

LINDA

(sarcastic)

Your regional manager's here.

Alma vanishes just before Linda opens the door.

INT. GOLDEN CARE - ALMA'S OFFICE - DAY

An office with mountain and desert views and a SOCIAL WORK diploma framed on the wall.

Stressed, Alma runs through a list of names in her computer database showing "deceased in 2020" next to each name.

Linda enters, brimming with energy.

LINDA

You can't hide from her all day.
And she brought a knockout. Better
make sure you're near something
sturdy, in case you pass out when
you see him.

Alma forces a smile, trying to hide her anxiety.

ALMA

I've fallen behind on my franchise
payments, you know, 'cause we've
lost so many residents during the
pandemic.

LINDA

Corporations couldn't care less
about your reasons, Alma. They just
want your dough.

ALMA

Yeah, but I don't have any.

LINDA

Can't you get a loan?

ALMA

Who'd loan me more? Golden Care
financed my franchise, remember?
Plus, my thirty grand in school
loans and five more for my car.

LINDA

Credit card?

ALMA

Maxed out keeping this place
running.

LINDA

Honey, borrow from a loan shark -
being in debt is the new American
dream.

ALMA

No. I need a bulletproof plan to save my business before Helen takes over. She'll turn this place into a ruthless operation to exploit the elderly.

Linda gives Alma a hug.

LINDA

Good luck finding that plan.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. GOLDEN CARE - ALMA'S OFFICE - DAY

Alma is at her desk, with a PICTURE FRAME showing LOLA, her mother, embracing her.

HELEN GOLDMAN (40s), Caucasian, attractive, a natural born-leader, stands with a warm smile.

HELEN

Alma, I've done all I can. It's been six months, and HQ can't negotiate anymore. You'll need to catch up on your payments by the end of the week, or we take over.

Just then, Linda arrives and stops at the door.

LINDA

Mr. King wants his foot massage now.

ALMA

Linda, tell him I can't right now.

Helen leaves mumbling:

HELEN

That's why this business is going down to the toilet.

Alma looks at Linda hopelessly.

INT. GOLDEN CARE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

BEN KOWALSKI (30s), a hunk pharmaceutical sales rep and cocky ladies' man stands next to Helen.

HELEN

I wanted you to meet the residents here, so we can make the most of it when I step in.

MRS. HUNT (78), a friendly resident, who relies on a walker to move around due to her weight, rests on a reclining chair.

Helen signals with her eyes in Mrs. Hunt's direction and speaks in a hushed tone.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Barbara Hunt, former school principal, retired at the peak of her career. No children or immediate family. Husband died years ago. She's our jackpot.

Ben raises his eye brows.

HELEN (CONT'D)
The only caveat is Alma.

BEN
Why?

HELEN
She's set to be Mrs. Hunt's legal and financial rep.

As Ben nods, Helen walks to Mrs. Hunt. He follows her.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Mrs. Hunt, how are you, dear?

MRS. HUNT
Hi, Helen.

Mrs. Hunt looks cheerful when she sees Ben.

MRS. HUNT (CONT'D)
I didn't know you had a handsome son.

HELEN
(abruptly)
He's not my son.

Ben smiles at Mrs. Hunt as she swoons a bit.

INT. GOLDEN CARE - ALMA'S OFFICE - DAY

Alma glances at a document on her desk and picks it up. The document reads:

"Arizona Financial Power of Attorney - Barbara Hunt, the principal, grants Alma Ortiz, the agent..."

Then, MR. ARMSTRONG (71), an athletic charming resident, who looks much younger than his actual age, comes in and sets up a chess board on the small round meeting table.

ALMA
Sorry Mr. Armstrong, but I can't play today. My boss is here and I've got a lot of work to handle.

Mr. Armstrong looks disappointed at Alma.

INT. GOLDEN CARE - FOYER - DAY

An anteroom with a two-seat sofa and a small side table.

AIDAN (30s), an Adult Diaper supplier, negotiates with EMILY(30s), Vietnamese-American, agile, hardworking and cyborg-like.

Emily's badge reads "Emily Nguyen - Chief Nursing Officer". Aidan takes a few packs out of his bag.

AIDAN

I've got some samples of our latest incontinence underwear to show Alma. It's a brand-new line--

EMILY

What's the cut?

AIDAN

Wait, is Alma cool with this?

Emily gazes at him in silence for a moment...

AIDAN (CONT'D)

Okay. Twenty percent?

Emily checks the diaper's price and does some mental calculations.

EMILY

Deal.
(harsh)
This is between you and I.

Aidan nods.

AIDAN

How many are we talking here?

EMILY

Five per day, for all residents.

AIDAN

Not everyone wears diapers. How are we going to work that out?

Emily points to her badge, staring at him.

EMILY

Copy that.

INT. GOLDEN CARE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

With Ben by her side, Helen gestures toward Mr. Armstrong.

HELEN

Just so you know, Mr. Armstrong's
the only fully autonomous resident.

BEN

Why is he here then?

HELEN

His daughter didn't want him to
live alone after his wife passed.
And he refused to move to Vermont
with her.

BEN

Why didn't they hire a caregiver to
live with him?

HELEN

A live-in caregiver's expensive.
And risky. That's why his daughter
pushed him to live here. You know,
24/7 assistance and all.

BEN

Got it.

Alma walks in.

HELEN

Look who's finally out of her cave.

Helen wraps her arm into Ben's. Alma notes it.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Alma, this is Ben Kowalski. *Cure
Pharma's* top sales rep.

BEN

(to Alma)

I thought your residents could use
some samples from the world's best
pharmaceutical company.

Helen clocks the way Alma swoons and Ben grins. Rolling her
eyes, she immediately gets abrasive.

HELEN

Are you handling Mrs. Hunt's
finances yet?

Before Alma can respond, Helen receives a PHONE CALL.

HELEN

Sorry, I have to take this.

Helen walks off, apprehensive. Ben and Alma get lost in each other's eyes, until Linda barges in, killing the moment. From a washbasin located near the living room, she shouts.

LINDA

Can you brush the crowns for me?
Need to prepare the meals.

Alma agrees and walks to the washbasin. Ben follows.

INT. GOLDEN CARE - WASHBASIN - CONTINUOUS

A frameless mirror and on the counter, four dental implants soaked in four glasses of water. Each labeled with a name.

Alma starts rinsing the dentures with a toothbrush.

Ben moves close to her. There is a wooing in the air.

BEN

Sorry to hear about your mother.

She nods. Both attempt to conceal the intense chemistry between them.

BEN (CONT'D)

Why is she hospitalized?

As in a war movie, Alma's head spins replaying the ordeal.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

I/E. 19TH AVE. & NORTHERN ROAD - PHOENIX - DAY

LOLA is at the traffic light in a compact car when she hears her phone RINGING.

She rummages through her purse to locate her phone, not realizing her car is creeping into the intersection.

She finally finds it, hits accept and we hear Alma.

ALMA (V.O.)

(muffled)

Hi mom. What time are you coming home?

LOLA

Hold on, hold on. I'm trying to put it on speakerphone. Where the hell--

INT. GOLDEN CARE - ALMA'S OFFICE - DAY

Suddenly, the phone clicks off.

ALMA

Mom.. Mom?

Alma calls back and it rings non-stop until it drops.

I/E. 19TH AVE. & NORTHERN ROAD - PHOENIX - DAY

The aftermath of a horrible T-Bone car accident. The right side of the small sedan completely destroyed by a large SUV that is smashed into it. The bumper lies on the ground, the hood crunched beyond repair.

The deployed airbags envelop Lola's upper body as her face bleeds. A piece of shattered glass is lodged into her head. She looks unconscious.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. GOLDEN CARE - WASHBASIN AREA - CONTINUOUS

Alma's eyes express remorse and agony.

ALMA

She gave up her whole life to raise me, and just because she answered my call, now she's stuck like this.

He nods, as if wanting to hold her.

BEN

I wish I could say the same about my mom...

(then)

Don't get me wrong, she's great. But she's always worked nonstop.

ALMA

I don't know how mom managed to find time to be around. She always worked overtime.

BEN

You're lucky.

Their eyes meet.

BEN (CONT'D)

We only used to see my mom in the evening, for like five minutes, before going to sleep.

ALMA

That must've been rough.

BEN

I got used to it.

He places his hand on her arm.

BEN (CONT'D)

Hey, if you need any help with --
anything... let me know. I'm
friendly with all the doctors in
town.

ALMA

(smiles)

Thanks.

Helen walks in.

HELEN

(to Ben)

Here you are. I was looking for
you.

Helen looks surprised to see Ben with Alma.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Alma!

INT. GOLDEN CARE - KITCHEN - DAY

A hanging whiteboard calendar marked up with appointments and
reminders hangs on the wall.

Linda prepares the residents' food trays for lunch.

Alma walks in to help. As she stares at the large portions,
she reacts like a lightbulb goes off in her head.

ALMA

That's it!

LINDA

What's up?

ALMA

Why don't we just serve smaller
food portions?

LINDA

That's your plan to cut costs?

ALMA

Well, some of our residents could use a little less, you know, for their health. It's a win-win.

LINDA

That's peanuts. You need at least twenty grand.

ALMA

Got any better ideas?

Linda stares at Alma.

ALMA (CONT'D)

Let's give it a shot.

Alma scoops away some of the food from the plates, and heads to the residents before Linda can even respond.

INT. GOLDEN CARE - DINING AREA - DAY

In a makeshift cafeteria, residents dine.

Mr. Armstrong sits with Mr. King while Mrs. Hunt sits with LIZ (80s), another resident.

Alma walks in with a tray as Linda follows. Alma places the tray in front of Mrs. Hunt.

ALMA

Here you go.

MRS. HUNT

Oh, this isn't mine. It's probably Liz's.

She drags the tray to Liz and Alma drags it back.

ALMA

No, Mrs. Hunt. It's yours.

MRS. HUNT

Why is it so small?

ALMA

Well, you're on meds for cholesterol, diabetes, and arthritis.

Mrs. Hunt wrinkles her forehead.

MRS. HUNT

What do my meds have to do with my meals?

ALMA

These conditions are related to weight, you see.

MRS. HUNT

(speaks louder)

Are you fat-shaming me?

Linda looks at Alma as if saying "I told you so."

ALMA

(speaks softly)

Changing your diet might help you shed some pounds and, in turn, boost your health.

MRS. HUNT

Who do you think you are to advise me on my weight? Are you a doctor?

All the residents start to look up at the commotion.

MRS. HUNT (CONT'D)

You're not allowed to change our diet without a nutritionist or a doctor's authorization.

Alma stares at Mrs. Hunt with despairing eyes.

MRS. HUNT (CONT'D)

(shouting)

I can report you, you know!

At a distance Linda and Mr. Armstrong share a look of pity.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. GOLDEN CARE - DINNING AREA - CONTINUOUS

The room is deathly quiet. Then...

MR. KING

What does an old fart need to do to
get some food around here?

Linda runs and brings Mr. King his tray and places it in
front of him.

Mr. King looks at it, frowning.

MR. KING (CONT'D)

Are we birds now? 'Cause if so, I'm
fixin' to fly on outta here.

Alma addresses everyone in the room.

ALMA

We need to change our eating habits
to live a longer, healthier life.

MR. KING

Do you realize we don't have many
years left...

Mr. King has a "senior moment" and glances around, as if
looking for answers. Then, he turns to Linda.

MR. KING (CONT'D)

How old am I?

LINDA

87.

MR. KING

(shouts at Alma)

I'm 87. Do you think people at my
age care to live longer? We just
want the least painful ending and
you want to take away simple
pleasures like a big meal?

Everyone stares at him, awestruck.

Helen followed by Emily comes to see the fuss.

Mrs. Hunt points to Alma as she addresses Helen.

MRS. HUNT
Your protégé.

Helen looks at Mrs. Hunt, confused.

MRS. HUNT (CONT'D)
Tell her about Golden Care meals'
policy.

ALMA
Mrs. Hunt, I run this facility. I
know the policies. And I assure you
that a cup is a standard amount
needed for a healthy diet.

MRS. HUNT
Baloney.

MR. KING
Baloney! Now that sounds good!

Helen waves Emily over.

HELEN
Make sure Mrs. Hunt's taken care
of.

EMILY
Of course.

MR. KING
Me too. I want an adult size meal.
With some baloney on the side. And
a Heineken!

Emily leaves.

HELEN
Mrs. Hunt, I'm sorry for this
incident. It won't happen again.

Helen turns to Alma.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Alma, come with me.

Alma follows Helen, her eyes full of anger.

INT. GOLDEN CARE - FOYER - DAY

Ben opens a box with personal hygiene items. He pulls a few
items from the box, as he negotiates with Emily.

BEN

Ten.

EMILY

Come on! You can do much better than ten.

BEN

Things are tight right now.
(off Emily's glare)
Twelve max.

EMILY

Fifteen and we close the deal.

BEN

You're merciless, Emily.

EMILY

I'm pragmatic. At least with me you can negotiate.

BEN

This is a rip-off.

EMILY

Well, I learned from the pros.

She shoots him another intense stare and he shrinks.

INT. GOLDEN CARE - ALMA'S OFFICE - DAY

Alma comes in first, stomping.

ALMA

How dare you undermine my authority in front of my residents and staff?

HELEN

You're welcome for saving your ass. If they file a complain with HQ, your license will get revoked.

Unable to contain her rage, Alma explodes.

ALMA

Let me see if I get this straight: when I make decisions for the residents, I get in trouble. But when it comes to how you handle things, it's a whole different story, isn't it?

HELEN

Excuse me?

ALMA

I became a social worker to help,
not to take advantage of residents.

HELEN

Who takes advantage of residents?

Alma rolls her eyes, offended.

ALMA

Don't underestimate me. I might be
naive, but I'm not stupid.

HELEN

I also wanted to save the world
when I first became a psychologist.

Alma laughs.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Life got tougher, and I realized
that I'd have to help myself first
in order to help others.

ALMA

Is your definition of helping
yourself exploiting vulnerable
people?

HELEN

Do you think it's easy to run an
assisted living facility? This is
only your first year. Wait and see
what's coming.

ALMA

You chose it. It's your job to
assist them, not to take advantage
of them.

HELEN

Give it time and you will do the
same.

ALMA

Go to hell!

Abruptly, Alma leaves and slams the door on the way out.

INT. GOLDEN CARE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mr. Armstrong reads a book.

Alma storms in and sits next to him looking for solace.

ALMA

Large food portions are really
unhealthy.

MR. ARMSTRONG

I know, dear.

A cell phone on the table starts VIBRATING. Alma picks it up.

ALMA

Whose phone is this?

She peeks at the screen and sees a naked picture of Helen.

ALMA (CONT'D)

Oh my god!

MR. ARMSTRONG

That pharmaceutical rep who came
with Helen, left it here.

Alma looks speechless.

MR. ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)

Everything okay, Alma? Looks like
you've seen a ghost.

ALMA

Something like that...

INT. GOLDEN CARE - KITCHEN - DAY

Helen gives Emily instructions.

HELEN

Make sure all residents are content
with their meals.

EMILY

I'm with you on that one. They
don't like when we mess--

HELEN

Alma doesn't realize that when
residents or their families start
to complain, it's like opening a
can of worms.

EMILY

That's for sure.

HELEN

This isn't a non-profit. It's a business like any other. She has to run it as such.

EMILY

Absolutely.

HELEN

Always give 'em what they want to keep 'em quiet! If you give them a reason to complain, they'll find a bunch of bullshit to bitch about.

EMILY

Tell me about it--

HELEN

And instead of making money and growing her business, she'll be putting out fires.

Emily looks at Helen with admiration.

INT. GOLDEN CARE - RESIDENT ROOM - DAY

A spacious bedroom with a large bed and a nightstand with a wallet along with a family picture.

Mr. King dozes off, mouth open, snoring and drooling.

Linda gently touches his chin to shut his mouth.

Standing by Mr. King, his adult grandchildren, MATT (20s) and SAM (20s), express their annoyance.

MATT

Since when does grandpa sleep in the middle of the day?

LINDA

Him? Rarely. But catnapping's very common for his age group.

Mr. King snores loudly.

MATT

It's like a dinosaur's hibernation!

SAM

Any idea when he'll be up?

LINDA

He didn't mention it to me.

Sam gives Linda a disapproving look, then shifts his attention at Mr.King's wallet on the nightstand.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Is something wrong?

SAM

Grandpa usually gives us an allowance when we visit.

LINDA

Yeah, Mr. King is quite generous.

Linda notices Sam reaching for the wallet and quickly intervenes, blocking his access.

LINDA (CONT'D)

I'll tell your grandpa that you came over.

They glower at her.

MATT

Come on, Sam.

Matt and Sam exit, clearly upset.

LINDA

Leeches. Only show up when there's something to gain.

INT. GOLDEN CARE - ALMA'S OFFICE - DAY

Alma holds a letter from the car insurance company.

ALMA

(reads)

After further investigation, we regret to inform that your claim is denied. Lola Ortiz is liable for the accident.

(tosses it, angrily)

Damn it!

Linda barges in, cheerfully waving.

LINDA

Hellooo. Snack time!

(off Alma's startled face)

What's going on?

ALMA

I'll have to move Mom here.

LINDA

Why?

ALMA

The frickin' insurance rejected my claim. I can't afford to keep her in the hospital.

LINDA

Take a rock salt bath to get rid of this voodoo shit that infected you!

Alma holds her head, exasperated.

INT. GOLDEN CARE - FOYER - DAY

Helen chat with Ben in hushed tone.

HELEN

Mr. King, a former airman, built his fortune from nothing.

BEN

Really?

HELEN

At twenty-seven, he bought his first store with money saved during his service days.

BEN

Ah, the good old times.

HELEN

His greedy family's bleeding him dry. Phantom billing is the only way to get anything there.

BEN

Um-hum

INT. GOLDEN CARE - ACTIVITY ROOM - DAY

A large area with tables, couches and, a craft-filled shelf.

A PHYSIOTHERAPIST helps LOLA ORTIZ(50s) in a wheelchair looking pretty rough, stand up and stretch.

Alma and Mr. Armstrong chat.

ALMA

Mom needs ongoing physio to recover.

MR. ARMSTRONG

She'll pull through.

ALMA

She needs to 'cause she's all I have, Mr. Armstrong. After my father ditched us, she took on the role of both parents.

Mr. Armstrong hugs her, and she leans on his shoulder.

INT. GOLDEN CARE - KITCHEN - DAY

Linda chops fruit as Mrs. Hunt is nearby, questioning her about Lola's current living arrangements.

MRS. HUNT

Why does Lola get to stay here for free?

LINDA

Well, did you expect Alma to kick her own mother out?

MRS. HUNT

But isn't that against Golden Care's policies?

LINDA

This isn't high school, Mrs. Hunt. Nobody cares about these stupid rules.

Mrs. Hunt seem unimpressed by the response.

INT. GOLDEN CARE - ALMA'S OFFICE - DAY

Helen and Alma make some amendments.

HELEN

I shouldn't have undermined your authority in front of your residents.

ALMA

And my staff.

HELEN

Right. But do you realize the implications of your actions?

Alma almost lets a sarcastic smile out, but holds it back.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Golden Care is known for its warm atmosphere.

ALMA

I know that.

HELEN

We don't want to upset the harmony of the residents or HQ.

ALMA

Well, we need to improve some systems.

HELEN

Settle your long-overdue franchise fee first, and then we can start working on improving our systems.

Alma glares at Helen, clearly angered.

INT. GOLDEN CARE - ACTIVITY ROOM - DAY

KAT (mid 30s), fit in-home nutritionist holds an iPad and touches the screen to show a menu to Mrs. Hunt.

KAT

See? Nothing's changed. You can eat everything as you did before.

MRS. HUNT

Only that now I'll have microscopic portions.

KAT

You need to increase more fluids into your diet too.

MRS. HUNT

Is it legal to starve us?

KAT

I guarantee you won't be hungry.

MRS. HUNT
(sarcastic)
Of course I won't.

KAT
Also, I need you to take
yoga classes daily.

MRS. HUNT
What? I have to eat less and
exercise more?

KAT
I know it's hard to get out of the
comfort zone at first, but once you
do, you'll be healthier for it.

MRS. HUNT
Hmm...

INT. DESERT BANK - DAY

Anxious, Alma negotiates her loans.

MARY (30s), focused on her screen, delivers the news.

MARY
I'm sorry, but we can't refinance
your car and student loans. You're
already behind on your payments.

ALMA
I understand. But my business is on
the line, and the residents I care
for have nowhere else to turn. If I
could get a small loan, just five
thousand? It could buy me time with
my franchisor while I bring in new
clients.

MARY
With your high debt and low income,
you don't qualify for another loan.
I wish I could help.

Alma's expression sinks as she contemplates her next move.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. GOLDEN CARE - ALMA'S OFFICE - DAY

Devastated, Alma skims Mrs. Hunt's POA. As she reads, certain underlined words come into focus:

Arizona Financial Power of Attorney - Barbara Hunt, the principal - grants Alma Ortiz, the agent - the authority to do anything that the law allows - including withdrawing money from the principal's accounts, selling the principal's property, and taking out loans using the principal's name.

Alma's expression shifts, as if an epiphany has struck her.

INT. GOLDEN CARE - RESIDENT ROOM - DAY

Mr. King wakes up with wet pants, drooling and groggy.

Emily comes to assist, but he waves her off.

MR. KING

Take your icy hands off me! Get
Linda in here now.

EMILY

Nothing would make me happier.

Emily leaves, smirking.

INT. GOLDEN CARE - KITCHEN - DAY

Linda prepares a green tea for Mrs. Hunt who sits on her walker as she waits.

Emily walks in.

EMILY

The *King* woke up and wants you.

LINDA

He'll have to wait.

EMILY

I'll finish here. Go.

LINDA

Fine.

Linda leaves.

EMILY

Better her than me dealing with
that creature.

Mrs. Hunt smiles awkwardly.

INT. GOLDEN CARE - RESIDENT ROOM - DAY

Mr. King manages to sit up by himself as Linda stands by him.

LINDA

Well well well, look who slept like
a baby.

MR. KING

Why are my pants wet?

Linda stares at him.

MR. KING (CONT'D)

Did I piss myself?

Linda smirks.

MR. KING (CONT'D)

What are you waiting for? Get me
some dry pants.

Linda helps Mr. King stand up and walks him to his bathroom.

INT. GOLDEN CARE - ALMA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Alma holds the document tightly and hope shines in her eyes.

Lola comes in, struggling to maneuver the wheelchair.

LOLA

Alma.

Quickly, Alma puts the POA face down.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Mrs. Hunt's asking how long I'll be
living here. I don't think she
likes me being here.

ALMA

She might not like it, but we
aren't doing anything wrong.

LOLA

I feel she's criticizing me for
living here for free.

ALMA

Her judgment's the least of my concerns right now. I'm worried about how to get out of this financial hole, mom.

LOLA

God will help us, my dear.

ALMA

I'm not going to sit here and wait for God to get us out of this hell!

LOLA

No hables así, hija.

ALMA

Do you know that on top of my franchise loan, my car, and my student loans, I'm now liable for your medical bill?

LOLA

We'll find a solution.

ALMA

We need over three hundred thousand to pay our debt! And I've worked very hard to make something of myself and get us out of the dump that jerk left us in.

LOLA

Que está pasando contigo?

ALMA

I won't lose my business, mom! I can't go back to that crap life.

Alma rushes out angry as Lola stays, unable to recognize her own daughter.

INT. GOLDEN CARE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mr. King and Mrs. Hunt sit together, absorbed in the TV show.

Alma enters, removes two cereal bars from her pocket and hands them over.

ALMA

Hope you like it.

Mr. King takes his.

MR. KING

What's this? Bird food in another format?

MRS. HUNT

Stop being a grumpy old man and thank her.

Mrs. Hunt takes her cereal bar and opens it, happily.

MRS. HUNT (CONT'D)

Thank you, dear.

ALMA

My pleasure.

Mr. KING

Tweet, Tweet.

Alma leaves, sporting a smile.

INT. GOLDEN CARE - ACTIVITY ROOM - DAY

It's poker time. Mr. Armstrong shuffles the deck. Ben sits nearby reviewing a list of medication on his laptop.

Mr. King enters, ready to play.

MR. KING

Hey, *Stanley*. Come and play with us, would ya?

BEN

My name's Ben, sir.

MR. ARMSTRONG

Alma plays with us every day.

This catches Ben's attention.

MR. KING

But thanks to you and *Blanche*, *Stella* can't play today.

BEN

Who is...? What?

MR. KING

(to Mr. Armstrong)
Doesn't he know *A Streetcar Named Desire*?

MR. ARMSTRONG

(whispers)

Look at him! He only knows

(air quotes)

selfie.

BEN

Alma plays with you every day?

MR. KING

She plays, cooks, serves and --

MR. ARMSTRONG

Does yoga too.

MR. KING

She thinks we're her babies.

(whispers to Ben)

Her foot massages could use some work.

MR. ARMSTRONG

Why are you complaining? It's not even part of her job. She massages your feet out of compassion, you old geezer.

Mr. King laughs as Ben nods, having a realization.

INT. GOLDEN CARE - CHANGE ROOM - DAY

Helen gives Mrs. Hunt a bag of toiletry samples.

HELEN

This is from Ben's drug company. There's a new moisturizer for mature skin there.

Mrs. Hunt takes the bag, excited.

MRS. HUNT

Thanks, Helen! You always think about me.

HELEN

Happy to hear you feel that way!

MRS. HUNT

Of course dear, why wouldn't I?

HELEN

Well, after I recommended you to live here, you seem to have forgotten about me...

MRS. HUNT

Don't be silly. Is this because I gave Alma the power of attorney?

HELEN

Well, it feels like you can't trust me anymore.

MRS. HUNT

Of course I trust you. I chose her only for practical reasons. She's here every day.

HELEN

Phew! I thought you didn't like me anymore.

MRS. HUNT

Don't be jealous, honey.
(holds Helen's arm)
You're still my favorite.

Helen forces a smile.

INT. GOLDEN CARE - ALMA'S OFFICE - DAY

Alma glances at Mrs.Hunt's bank account on her computer, looking as if her conscience starts to weigh on her. But then, she makes a transfer of \$150,000 from Mrs. Hunt's bank account to hers. In the comments field she types "three years assisted living prepayment".

We see SUCCESSFUL TRANSFER.

Then, in a series of screen shots, we see Alma pay off her overdue franchise mortgage and medical bills.

Then, she runs out.

INT. GOLDEN CARE - HALLWAY - LATER

As Alma scurries away, Lola stops her.

LOLA

What's happening?

ALMA

I'm caught up with my late fees.
Have to tell Helen.

LOLA

Wait. How did you get the money?

Alma stays silent.

LOLA (CONT'D)

I wish I could have helped more,
but we've always lived within our
means.

Alma looks at Lola embarrassed.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Where did the money come from?

Alma remains quiet.

INT. GOLDEN CARE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mr King, Mr. Armstrong and Mrs. Hunt doze off watching TV.

Linda switches off the TV, waking up Mr. Armstrong.

MR. ARMSTRONG

I wasn't sleeping.

LINDA

Of course not, I was.

They share a friendly smile, and Mr. Armstrong heads off to bed.

MR. ARMSTRONG

Goodnight.

LINDA

Sweet dreams, Mr. Armstrong.

Now Linda gently taps Mr. King and Mrs. Hunt.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Time for bed.

Mrs. Hunt, with a contented look, slowly opens her eyes.

MR. KING

Let me sleep. It's warm in here.

LINDA

You need to sleep in your room.

Mr. King gets up and Linda helps him. As they walk out...

MR. KING

(to Linda)

Always bossing me around.

LINDA

Always nagging.

With a laugh, Mrs. Hunt follows them.

INT. GOLDEN CARE - FOYER - LATER

Helen leans in, sharing her strategy with Ben.

HELEN

I've got you ten new insomnia
prescriptions and ten for anxiety.

She beams with confidence, but he seems indifferent.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Go ahead and bill all my residents--

BEN

How did you even get so many?

HELEN

I have my sources.

BEN

Some of their family members keep a
close eye on every expense.

HELEN

Oh, don't worry. These
prescriptions are bundled with
others. No one will notice.

BEN

This isn't right, Helen.

He exits abruptly, leaving Helen taken aback.

INT. GOLDEN CARE - ALMA'S OFFICE - LATER

Alma looks out the window, guilt painted across her face.

Ben enters with purpose, closes the door behind him, walks up to her and kisses her softly, leaving her with no time to react.

After a moment, they let go and their eyes lock.

ALMA
What was that?

BEN
I... it's all new for me.

ALMA
Aren't you with Helen?

BEN
Yes, but there's nothing there.

ALMA
Does she know that?

BEN
I don't care what she knows. What I care about is that your good heart makes me want to be a better person.

ALMA
Fuck!

BEN
What?

Alma sighs, then hugs him passionately.

But her eyes reveal a different story...

END OF SHOW